

587695 H Even "The Old Lady in Dubuque" -and Others



Read what the old lady from Dubuque had to say:

"I had expected fantastic extravaganza and . . . Throughout the "Beggar on Horseback," I became . . . It is a telling stab at . . . Done with a directness that never misses, a subtlety that is equally

pointed, it. . . . Cy Slocum seed it with me and. . . . Completely fergettin' his rheumatics, he jumped up like a prairie dog and. . . . Thet there drummer is mighty dinged fetchin' when. . . . We are stayin' on copyin' captions at the Criterion fer to make old Mandy Brown's eyes pop out when . . ."



Read this statement made by the two traveling salesmen:

"It seems that there were two traveling salesmen. . . . It was a long trip and they became acquainted in the smoking compartment when. . . . 'I never have,' the first one said, chuckling as. . . .

Leaning closer, the other. . . . Purple in the face, the first one nearly rolled from his seat. . . . 'The Movies are improving,' he said. 'What movies?' . . . The Criterion. . . . Porter stuck his head in. . . . 'Next stawp Noo Yahk,' he . . ."



Mr. Horace Steadman, Passport Photographer, writes in to say: "I took my seventeen year old daughter to. . . . After seeing the twenty-third performance, not counting matinées, she. . . . Her friends were delighted as well.... My old mother (God Bless her)

... to the Great American Nation...."



READ WHAT MARC CONNELLY AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, AUTHORS OF "BEG-GAR ON HORSEBACK" HAVE TO SAY:

"This is the most epoch making play we have ever written. This is the most epoch making motion picture we have ever seen written around the most epoch making play we have ever written. This is the best testimonial we have ever written . . . so far."-George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.



Permit a quotation from a letter received from H. W. Bilge, professional Politician:

"Not so long ago, I was addressing an audience in Waterveliet. . . . Somehow the crowd was not with me. . . . By chance I mentioned "Beggar on Horse-

back" and. . . . Hats were tossed wildly in the air. . . . Prohibition, Amundsen, starving Armenians, all, all, were forgotten in that mad wave of. . . . So I was elected by a large majority. . . ."



And, if this testimony is insufficient, read what the dramatic critic of "The Leather Punch and Heavy Hardware Assistant Traders' Journal and Almanac" has to say :

"Beggar on Horseback" presents no sales resistance problem in

... The buying public flocks.... A graph of the daily turnover shows. . . . Meaty with pointers for the true Big Business Man, it. . . . Coupled with the film is a drama in four scenes, eulogizing a Shoe King. . . . The story of how he rose from a mere Shoe Prince is. . . . Clearly depicted are the intimate details of office life with. . . . No high pressure salesman should miss. . . . No low pressure salesman should fail to see. . . .



From Washington, by telegram, comes the message: RĆD STA KLXCV YYYY YY NL R.

TM RCD TM RCD 8:11. 8574 8475.

SAW BEGGAR HORSE-**BACK GORGEOUS UNDER-**

LINE. THIS TO USE EXTRA WORDS.

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2:40-8:40

TWICE DAILY Until August

at the

CRITERION Broadway and 44 St.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5. Vol. 1, No. 20, July 4, 1925. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by the F-R Pub. Corp. ن باری رو باری رو باری رو باری



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

We Sophisticates

O insidious small town influence shall sully our altruistic Broadway institutions. Not while Herr Jansen is conscious! It came about that Mr.

George S. Rappleyea, the gentleman from Dayton, Tennessee, who instigated the Scopes trial as a test case, was in our city lately, on business of the trial. And, when his brief case was closed for the last time, he and Mrs. Rappleyea fared forth with some local friends, even unto the resurrected Hofbrau Haus of Herr Jansen and his two sons.

The party dined together; Mr. Rappleyea danced. He danced joyously, with light feet and a carefree heart. Presently one of Herr Jansen's satellites approached him.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but you can't dance like that here."

Mr. Rappleyea frowned, he gaped.

"But . . . but . . ."

The satellite did not seem interested in further discussion: he remained obdurate.

So Mr. and—Mrs.—Rappleyea left the floor, too sur-

prised to object, and Mr. Rappleyea was heard murmuring disgustedly to a friend:

"You New Yorkers should come to some of our church dances down at Dayton if you want to see some really snappy hoofing."

The Week

M AYOR HYLAN, with others of the faithful, goes to Rye Beach on an outing and Rye residents bend greater efforts to excluding visitors. Homeopaths extol the virtues of their science and numbers of youths learn for the first time, from news of a New Jersey murder case, that its scientific name is cantharides. Lightning strikes an arm of a cross atop one of St. Patrick's Cathedral spires

> and a burlesque house in Kansas City is burned to the ground. Mr. William H. Anderson appeals to the drys for prohibition, and separate maintenance, and a physician declares that milk is dangerous as an adult beverage. A young man is arrested for stealing to pay his tuition at a dramatic school and Mae Murray is reported to have been offered a \$350,000 contract by a German movie concern. General Smedley Butler announces, again, that he will make Philadelphia arid and Great Britain reports a stock of 147,746,126 gallons of whisky. President Coolidge, arriving in Swampscott, recommends Whittier's "Snowbound" for Summer reading and the Rockefeller Institute advises that urban life is healthier than rural. The Modern Woodmen of America bar bootleggers from membership and the Ku Klux Klan contemplates ask-

ing the President to review its parade in Washington.

A mountain topples over in Wyoming and the Allies say that they will evacuate the Ruhr in two months.

The Prince of Wales celebrates his thirty-first birthday by dancing all night and a London paper prints a leader proclaiming that America is going to the dogs because of prosperity and jazz.

In Washington, D. C., a Sister of Mercy is killed



during a rum chase and American marines fire on Chinese who are rioting against foreigners. A Judge, in Colorado, sentences a reporter to write a story on the evils of speeding and a Judge, in Wyoming, rules that the Sinclair naval oil leases are legal and proper.

Change

HE old brownstone-fronted apartment at 45 Fifth Avenue is gone. Perhaps the new sixteen story dwelling that is to rise from its grave will be the same number . . . but that will be all. So, at least, I thought, enjoying the melancholy, until yesterday I happened by the excavation next to the Salamagundi Club.

Once I was a frequent caller at Forty-five. And always I associated it with the old janitor who came slowly to admit me to its dim interior. A round, complacent man, solemn, conservative with thirty years below Fourteenth Street and east of Sixth Avenue. So that I thought, when the news came that Forty-five was to be no more, how little must be my grief compared to his.

His was a world of Old New York and that world was moving on, ruthless. His castle was demolished, his wrinkled black coat would be put away in a trunk already antique; the tinkle of a hand-pulled bell would be only in his memory.

And then yesterday I walked by and saw the excavation gaping, grave-like, and in its midst, ghosts of ghosts, my old janitor.

His wrinkled black coat was gone; in its place was a newly pressed sack suit. He beamed slowly at me. Could I speak to one whose sentimental soul so drew him back to old scenes? But he saved me from having to make such a delicate decision.

"Sixteen stories, it's going to be, sir . . . and they've promised me a job in it."

"You . . . you're going to stay?" "Times change," he answered, but there was no sigh. "Next week the steel begins."

Ghosts of ghosts . . . times change . . . does no one serve memories to the end . . . or must everyone of us live?

Learning

JAPANESE, Jewelry, Journalism . . . Foods, Football . . . Dancing, Dietetics . . . Philosophy, Pottery . . . Tumbling, Typewriting . . . Wrestling, Zoology."

Catch as catch can, no holds barred and down the throats of fourteen thousand "students" is all manner of knowledge thrust, while into the coffers of the Twenty-sixth Summer Session of Columbia University flows a steady stream of the gold.

Fourteen thousand busy pencils, writing notes . . . to the glory of knowledge, to that blonde across the aisle. Thirty-two State clubs meeting and re-meet-ing. "Can we get some real stuff for the final banquet?"

Eyes glazed with intellectual indigestion . . . "chew your learning? Why there's hardly time to gulp. How about the Saunter Inn for lunch. Hey, Bill!"

Excursions up and down the island, round and about the island, north and south under the island. "We-all ain't a-goin' to miss nothin'."

"Jim's got a book; what'er I need one for? Gee, I never could keep awake in morning classes, even when I was in school."



A Safe and

"Japanese, Jewelry, Journalism . . ."

"Step right up, folks, get your education . . . on your right, the line . . ."

Art for Art's Sake

FRESH from the campus and with his new sheepskin properly stowed away in moth balls, an original youth decided to enter the bond business. But —be patient—his originality was such that he decided to concentrate on the highly paid favorites of stage and screen.

After brief thought—did we note that he was from New Haven?—he selected Miss Ann Pennington, and to her wrote a letter on the stationery of his new firm, explaining what he proposed to do, and asking from her the favor of an interview that he might go further into the prospects of bond selling among her theatrical friends.

There was a guarded hint that Miss Pennington might, if she wished, profit somewhat by whatever deals he was able to swing; guarded because—did we say that he was young and naïve?—our hero feared to mention money and thus offend artistic sensibilities.

In time a package was delivered to the youth among one morning's mail. He opened it, and out tumbled his own letter, unopened, and six photographs, endorsed:

"Faithfully, Ann Pennington."

Mortal Combat

THE editorial mailed fist of the S.E.P. is gloved in velvet. But Mr. Curtis's powers have long "intimated" that regular contributers to the Post are not likely to be so regular if they prostitute their art to Chicago, via Park Avenue.

Later came a bull from the Vatican at Philadelphia that illustrators as well as authors were private property. Of course, if one used a pseudonym....

The victims wailed, to no avail: "Must we begin again to catch that bug-a-boo, 'a well-known name?"

And now, a further complication, for *Liberty* has passed that charmed circulation figure—1,000,000 weekly. No longer is it the unresisting victim. Of late, hints have dropped about the palace-like halls of 247 Park Avenue that those writers, and artists, who play with *Liberty*, should not take license to extend to others in the weekly periodical field. Hints, that's all, thus far; but who can doubt that when it climbs to 2,000,000 the Chicagoan journal will take as firm a stand as that now maintained by Philadelhia's pride?

A hard life, that in the arts.

WHAT Price Glory" is nearing the completion of its first year in New York and has already earned its authors—Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings—agreeable fortunes and pleasant reputations. Several companies of the play will go on tour next season and the returns, both as to finance and repute, may well be said to have just begun.

It is the thought of the sense of the above paragraph that disturbs what should be the nightly sleep of one of New York's struggling literary boys.

For, it seems, that about two years ago Mr. Stallings approached the young man in question with a proposition. Let, said Mr. Stallings, us write a play about the Marines.

The young man, with infinite patience, pointed out Mr. Stallings's mistake to Mr. Stallings. The

Sane Fourth



4

public, he made clear, would have none of war plays. Mr. Stallings should forget his mad notion. . . Mr. Stallings tried to argue the matter, but he was shouted down. And so he met Mr. Anderson, and with Mr. Anderson he wrote "What Price Glory" and with Mr. Anderson he is basking in the monetary and other glories of his piece.

In the meantime, the young man who knew that the box-office public did not

want war plays is tossing restlessly on his couch o' nights.

Source

T is a noble work that I is a more and Stieglitz and John Quinn and other dignified press agents of modern art have done. Because of them, artists such as Matisse and Hartley, Demuth and Branchusi are not without honor in their own country, or in others, and a goodly number of our generation has been persuaded to enjoy the thrill induced by the juxtaposition of quaint angles and vibrant colors whose beauty they would not have seen if there had been no "barker."

Indeed, the works of these

prophets has now become so generally popular that the form, if not the spirit discovered by them, has been appropriated by the decorative artists. To-day sees the dress houses and even the Fifth Avenue department stores displaying "Cubist fashions"---scarves patterned like composite photographs of all the abstruse countenances in Euclid's book of open curves, gowns that are marked with subtle diagrams on the variation of the triangle (and so enchanting withall that all married ladies are warned against them as likely to attract the triangle into the life of Cæsar's wife), sports blouses done in bands of gradated color and roundish forms which proclaim their nepotal relation to Cezanne. So fast, in this day of speedy intercommunication, can a new philosophical expression be popularized! But it is, as usual, for the women that these crumbs from the philosophical table make bread puddings. We have seen something approximating a Modernist tie, but as yet no Post Impressionist socks or Orphist suspenders in the exhibits of the smart haberdashers!

Note on Appearances

ONE notices increasing activity on the part of those crews which devote themselves to cleaning the fronts of office buildings, whether by the sand blast method, or any other. This, perhaps, because in Summer weather conditions are better suited for work of such nature; and, also, because in Summer such street incidents as occasional falling flurries of sand are likely to be more irksome than they are in other seasons, although they are never pleasant.

One factor, and perhaps a major one, in the employment of cleaning crews on more buildings is the fact that the ordinance against the use of soft coal within the city limits is not enforced as rigorously as once it was. The regulation was relaxed during the war and the period of license subsequently extended because of post-war shortages of anthracite coal.

This condition, however, no longer obtains; but no tightening of the municipal enforcement of its laws has as yet been noticed.

Is there, one wonders, a large exterior building cleaners' vote?

Temperament

I T is reasonably certain that the walls of the city will stand even if the New York Yankees should prove no better baseball team this season than they seem to be; yet, such is the universal interest in sport that one may be forgiven an inquiry into the reason for their present fall from eminence.

The fall from eminence, one learns after discreet inquiry, was preceded by va-

rious falls from grace. Certain of the more important members of the team, one hears, have become addicted this season not only to looking upon the wine while it is red, but to gazing into the depths of the gin while it is silver, to surveying the beer while it is amber, and to inspecting the Scotch while it is diluted.

There are no new glories for these veterans; and against the desires of tired men for relaxation and refreshment, not all the threats, nor all the cajoleries of their manager, Mr. Miller Huggins, can avail.

They have spent the first flush of youth; and with it they have lost the gnawing desire for victory above all else.

Embarkations

THE wettest wedding reception on record took place when Dorothie Newton Sharp was married to Russell Grace D'Oench at Oyster Bay not so long ago.

It all came of the pursuit-complex of the guests which led the newlyweds to plan their departure by speedboat instead of motor car. As they ran down the lawn, leaping flower beds and rounding refreshment tables, about a hundred frolicsome guests took up the chase to the dock. All this was very merry and continued to be so until the running crowd induced a feverish shimmying on the part of the wharf. Just as the bride and groom jumped into the waiting boat, some twenty feet of dock crumbled under the unaccustomed load and dumped the gay pursuers into the Sound.

By some chance there were no fatalities-other



than sartorial. Bouffant, pink bridesmaids became wilted wisps; cutawayed young cut-ups became life savers, while anxious mammas became hysterical on the bank.

Everyone knows there are two things to do to avoid pneumonia when you fall overboard. One of these is to change to dry clothes. Both precautions were taken and the evening went brightly on; only a few persons accusing the host of being in cahoots with Tappé and Brooks Brothers.

In Our Midst and Out

WITH the stragglers to Continental jungles: Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, hardy Dean of Barnard. Mr. George H. Doran, publisher to Mr. Arlen. Mr. E. V. Lucas, scrivener. Mrs. Donn Barber, widow of architect.

Mr. Samuel Reyburn, merchandiser, still commending Coolidge economy. Mrs. Percy A. Rockerfeller and the Misses Rockerfeller, of higher financial spheres. The Misses Madeline Marshall, Helen MacKellar, Betty Whales and Lillian Shaw, ladythespians. Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, henchman to Morgan.

Mr. Charles Baskerville, alias Top Hat. Mme. Marie Dressler, amazonic comedienne. Mr. George F. Peck, superdispenser of clock hose. Mr. John Grier Hibben, president of Country Club University, with Mrs. Hibben.

Miss Priscilla Bibesco, five-year-old daughter to His Most Extraordinary Rumanian Minister, with nurse. Mr. Henry E. Dunn, of financial Social Register, with Mrs. Dunn and son Dunn. Mr. William John Cox, Encyclopedist's publisher. M. Julien Champenois, of French Universities in America. Mr. Joseph Urban, scenic specialist. Mr. Sherwood Eddy, Y.M.C.A. With him, Mrs. Eddy. Nine real Eli's for Mr. Norman B. Woolworth's wedding abroad.

To our land of crime wave: Mrs. Starke, mother of Lady Northesk, she who was Miss Jessica Brown of Winter Garden. General Peppino Garibaldi, grandson to patriot, uttering pessimisms about world peace. Mme. Lucrezia Bori, of high notes. Mr. Frank J. Marshall, international pawn mover and our national champion. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Warburg, he son to Felix. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sell, he editor to Harper's Bazar. Sir Henry Wood, wand waver and detached admirer of Jazz. Lady Maxwell, vacationing from London stage, which knows her as Nora Delaney. One M.P., Sir Herbert Austin. Sir John Ward with his Lady, a-visiting motherin-law, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Pop Momand, who keeps up with the Joneses. Mynheer van Hoogstraten, for New York Stadium concerts. Herr Hans Kindler, 'cellist. Mr. John Held, Jr., Sargent to the flapper, and Mrs. Held.

For South America's Buenos Aires, to enchant Prince of Whales vocally, Mme. Frances Alda of opera. Only as far as Bermuda, for true cinema atmosphere, Miss Bebe Daniels, artiste, and Mr. Frank Tuttle, to direct. To seek deep peace in the opposite direction, Mr. Harpo Marx to Maine.

For points all over the compass, Mr. Rea Irvin, Mr. Al Freuh, Mr. Reginald Marsh, artist trio extraordinary. Relinquishing bachelordom, Mr. Irving Bacheller, author of "Silas Strong," wed to Mrs. Mary E. Sollace. Scoring Dawes Plan in Paris, Mr. William Harrison Dempsey, forced by Dawes Plan to part with six thousand dollars worth of marks, taxes upon Berlin exhibitions. Enchanting London, Mr. Vincent Lopez, Jazz King. Mr. Al Woods, farces and furniture.

To Southampton only, Mr. Secretary Mellon. To City of Angels, Mr. Percy Marmont, to do "Lord Jim" for cinema. There, Milord John Barrymore, ready for "Moby Dick, the White Whale." To Atlantic City, Mr. Morris Gest, of charred veal cutlet hat.

Week's Mot

A CERTAIN young man about town is, to all intents and purposes, a resident of the night clubs. Sunset finds him entering this or that resort with determined tread and dawn finds him wearily departing, to seek his couch against the evening's repetition of the same procedure.

As may be known, Mr. Buckner has been padlocking many of the young man's haunts. And when the matter came to Mr. David H. Wallace's attention recently, with its implication that the aforesaided young man was finding it increasingly difficult to find where to spend his night club hours, another Wallace *mot* was unleashed.

"Three more padlocks," said Mr. Wallace, "and the young man will read a book."—The New Yorkers



THE STARS, DEAR BRUTUS

B ELLE BART, the noted astrologist who predicted, days before it occurred, the re-election of Coolidge as President, has nobody but herself to blame. She should never have had anything to do with the *Daily Mirror* when Mars was in such sinister conjunction with Taurus.

She might have overlooked Mars, but Taurus should have warned her.

Some months ago the *Mirror* (the *Mirror* is the one that looks so much like the *News*) hit upon the brilliant idea of running a Daily Horoscope. Hearing of this, a newspaper syndicate offered a boiler plate daily Horoscope at the extremely reasonable price of five dollars a week.

The offer was scornfully rejected. *Mirror* readers were entitled to special service.

The young man who supplies the daily recipes and soothes the nostalgic correspondents of Lonely Hearts column, was assigned to the Horoscope job. He promptly asked for a raise and was sternly denied.

The young reporter forthwith purchased a twentyfive cent paper-backed volume on astrology. It was copyrighted. A mild form of innocuous deception, entirely justifiable under the circumstances, was resorted to.

On Monday, instead of running the Monday Horoscope, the new expert on the secrets of the heavens ran a Tuesday Horoscope. On Tuesday he ran the Wednesday Horoscope.

The second week he rewrote the Horoscopes.

The third week, to avoid monotony, he hit upon the device of pasting up one half of the Monday Horoscope with the corresponding half of the Tuesday Horoscope.

He introduced a Pollyanna flavor into each day's contribution.

He thumbed his nose at the stars. No matter on what day you were born, your future was a radiant one under the kindly forecasting of this young reporter.

After a few weeks he discarded the text book altogether, and used his imagination, which is not copyrighted.

The feature was a flop. It brought scant mail. It was decided to engage an expert. So a deal was made with Belle Bart, perhaps the foremost star-dopester in the country, the astrologer who, a whole month before the baseball season of 1924 ended, predicted over her signature that the Giants would win the pennant. Miss Bart charges \$20 for a ten minute seance. But being informed that the publicity she would get running the column was priceless, she agreed to run the feature gratis, for a time at least. In addition to writing the Daily Horoscope, it was agreed that she would furnish personal Horoscopes to any *Mirror* readers who wrote in for them.

The results were astounding.

Apparently the readers of the *Mirror* recalled instantly that Miss Bart was the astrologer who, as far back as November, 1918, prophesied the end of the war.

The day after the first column appeared, the *Mirror* received over a thousand letters. The following day the mail exceeded 1,500 letters. It was a gusher. There was gold in them that hills. And it didn't cost the *Mirror* a dime.

But they reckoned without the stars. Venus was just then in disturbing juxtaposition with Aries.

Miss Bart insisted that each letter received be answered. The ethics of her profession demanded it. It was suggested to her that a form letter would suffice. She spurned the notion indignantly.

If she were to continue the column, each letter would have to be answered promptly—and personally. They would have to be signed, dictated and read, by Belle Bart herself, who, as long ago as 1924, predicted that Madison Square Garden would be torn down.

That, said Miss Bart, at the rate the letters were pouring in, would take at least a dozen stenographers. At \$50 per stenog, only \$600 per week. For her own services, she would be content, for the time being, with the nominal fee of \$200 a week, which would barely cover wear and tear on the vocal chords. The postage wouldn't run much over a hundred a week.

At this point, several little asterisks to denote the passage of time.

You will note, if you read the *Mirror*, that Belle Bart doesn't run the Department of Astrology any more. Professor Bart is out. The work is now being done by a staff reporter, who writes under the name of Faida Maige.

And to make matters worse, the *Mirror* is offering \$100 a day for the best Horoscope sent in by readers. That's \$600 a week, which would have covered the secretarial expenses suggested by Miss Bart.

Why should people pay \$20 for a Horoscope when they can get \$100 by sending one in to the *Mirror*?

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The stars are mute. Taurus, especially.—Pier Glass



PROFILES



G EORGE CREEL is incredible to me. After knowing him intimately for fifteen years, I am not sure that he can be. There are many aspects of him that are convincing, or at least sufficiently probable—and many other aspects that are more or less believable, if you are not too hard-boiled; but by no conceivable act of faith can all his aspects be put together into any really plausible human being. People are not like that. They simply aren't. Not in my experience.

Creel, for instance, is what is called a funny man. He is witty. He is humorous. And he is most witty

and most humorous about himself. "When this war broke out," he said officially, as chairman of the Committee of Public Information, "I thought the Ukraine was a musical instrument." And solemn asses. criticizing America's part in the war, have since groaned editorially: "President Wilson then appointed, as executive head of the nation's Board of Information, a man who did not know that the Ukraine was not a musical instrument."

Once, during the war, when Creel was seriously worried about his youngest child, he said to a visitor in his office: "And think of it! I once had my choice of children or a pool table, and I chose children." And the visitor, being a loyal friend, only reported the remark, under his breath, as a confidential sidelight on Creel's lack of family feeling.

When he was Chief of Police in Denver, he called his patrolmen together and cautioned them: "I want you to stop beating up drunks. The city government is supported and your salaries are paid with money that comes from barrooms in taxes and license fees. These drunks are helping to pay your wages by patronizing the barrooms. Treat them as friends and benefactors. If you meet a drunk, take his arm and escort him to a street car. If necessary, ride home with him, help him to get his front door open, carry him upstairs and put him to bed."

And the town raged at him. When the Denver clergymen proposed that he should close the red light district by putting patrolmen on guard at the doors of the houses, he replied: "I'm not going to station any of my men on the doors of these houses. It's no place for them. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You ministers seem to love snooping around down there. You're always at it. I'll appoint you special deputies to sit on those stoops, and I'll bet you'll like it." And next Sunday every Denver church rocked with pious denunciations of Creel.

That is all very well. A funny man is a funny man, and anyone could do a charming profile of Creel as a humorist. But the trouble is Creel is what is called a reformer, and everybody knows that no reformer ever had a sense of humor. He was seriously engaged in trying to do something sensible for Denver's red light district when he so joshed the

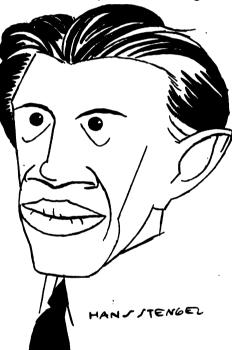
ministers about their campaign of suppression. He wanted to rouse the community to its responsibility for the saloon when he lectured his patrolmen about beating up drunks. With his remark about the Ukraine, he began his propaganda against America's ignorance concerning conditions in Europe, and he carried on his program of enlightenment with all the fervor of a crusade. As a matter of fact, Creel is not primarily a funny man at all. He is fiercely serious. He is blindly and often boringly serious, with the endless enthusiasm of some sort of angry Peter Pan who has never lost the ideals of adolescence.

As his first act when he became head of the Committee on Public Information, he called together the newspaper representatives in Washington,

and said, in effect: "You men have been running the government. You've been running the country. That is all very well in time of peace, but this is war. This is where you abdicate. All government news, in future, will come from the office of the Committee on Public Information."

And the newspapermen, smilingly infuriated, took as their password "Get Creel." They never got him. They never even worried him. When the attacks on the committee were at their height, he summoned the heads of its branches and said: "I want you to understand that this committee is the administration's yellow dog. We're here to take the kicks. You can defend any other branch of the government, but you can't defend yourselves. You won't have time to, if you're properly on your jobs. Go ahead, now, and be darned glad you're not in the trenches."

Some months later, the most virulent and the most



George Creel



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He thumbed his nose at the stars. No matter on what day you were born, your future was a radiant one under the kindly forecasting of this young reporter.

After a few weeks he discarded the text book altogether, and used his imagination, which is not copyrighted.

The feature was a flop. It brought scant mail. It was decided to engage an expert. So a deal was made with Belle Bart, perhaps the foremost star-dopester in the country, the astrologer who, a whole month before the baseball season of 1924 ended, predicted over her signature that the Giants would win the pennant. Miss Bart charges \$20 for a ten minute seance. But being informed that the publicity she would get running the column was priceless, she agreed to run the feature gratis, for a time at least. In addition to writing the Daily Horoscope, it was agreed that she would furnish personal Horoscopes to any *Mirror* readers who wrote in for them.

The results were astounding.

Apparently the readers of the *Mirror* recalled instantly that Miss Bart was the astrologer who, as far back as November, 1918, prophesied the end of the war.

The day after the first column appeared, the *Mirror* received over a thousand letters. The following day the mail exceeded 1,500 letters. It was a gusher. There was gold in them that hills. And it didn't cost the *Mirror* a dime.

But they reckoned without the stars. Venus was just then in disturbing juxtaposition with Aries.

Miss Bart insisted that each letter received be answered. The ethics of her profession demanded it. It was suggested to her that a form letter would suffice. She spurned the notion indignantly.

If she were to continue the column, each letter would have to be answered promptly—and personally. They would have to be signed, dictated and read, by Belle Bart herself, who, as long ago as 1924, predicted that Madison Square Garden would be torn down.

That, said Miss Bart, at the rate the letters were pouring in, would take at least a dozen stenographers. At \$50 per stenog, only \$600 per week. For her own services, she would be content, for the time being, with the nominal fee of \$200 a week, which would barely cover wear and tear on the vocal chords. The postage wouldn't run much over a hundred a week.

At this point, several little asterisks to denote the passage of time.

You will note, if you read the *Mirror*, that Belle Bart doesn't run the Department of Astrology any more. Professor Bart is out. The work is now being done by a staff reporter, who writes under the name of Faida Maige.

And to make matters worse, the *Mirror* is offering \$100 a day for the best Horoscope sent in by readers. That's \$600 a week, which would have covered the secretarial expenses suggested by Miss Bart.

Why should people pay \$20 for a Horoscope when they can get \$100 by sending one in to the *Mirror*?

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The stars are mute. Taurus, especially.—Pier Glass



PROFILES



Incredible Mr. Creel

G EORGE CREEL is incredible to me. After knowing him intimately for fifteen years, I am not sure that he can be. There are many aspects of him that are convincing, or at least sufficiently probable—and many other aspects that are more or less believable, if you are not too hard-boiled; but by no conceivable act of faith can all his aspects be put together into any really plausible human being. People are not like that. They simply aren't. Not in my experience.

Creel, for instance, is what is called a funny man. He is witty. He is humorous. And he is most witty

and most humorous about himself. "When this war broke out," he said officially, as chairman of the Committee of Public Information, "I thought the Ukraine was a musical instrument." And solemn asses, criticizing America's part in the war, have since groaned editorially: "President Wilson then appointed, as executive head of the nation's Board of Information, a man who did not know that the Ukraine was not a musical instrument."

Once, during the war, when Creel was seriously worried about his youngest child, he said to a visitor in his office: "And think of it! I once had my choice of children or a pool table, and I chose children." And the visitor, being a loyal friend, only reported the remark, under his breath, as a confidential sidelight on Creel's lack of family feeling.

When he was Chief of Police in Denver, he called his patrolmen together and cautioned them: "I want you to stop beating up drunks. The city government is supported and your salaries are paid with money that comes from barrooms in taxes and license fees. These drunks are helping to pay your wages by patronizing the barrooms. Treat them as friends and benefactors. If you meet a drunk, take his arm and escort him to a street car. If necessary, ride home with him, help him to get his front door open, carry him upstairs and put him to bed."

And the town raged at him. When the Denver clergymen proposed that he should close the red light district by putting patrolmen on guard at the doors of the houses, he replied: "I'm not going to station any of my men on the doors of these houses. It's no place for them. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You ministers seem to love snooping around down there. You're always at it. I'll appoint you special deputies to sit on those stoops, and I'll bet you'll like it." And next Sunday every Denver church rocked with pious denunciations of Creel.

That is all very well. A funny man is a funny man, and anyone could do a charming profile of Creel as a humorist. But the trouble is Creel is what is called a reformer, and everybody knows that no reformer ever had a sense of humor. He was seriously engaged in trying to do something sensible for Denver's red 'light district when he so joshed the

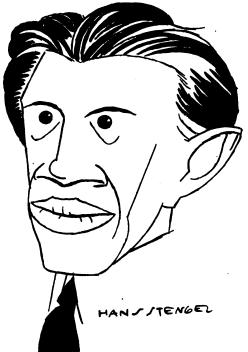
ministers about their campaign of suppression. He wanted to rouse the community to its responsibility for the saloon when he lectured his patrolmen about beating up drunks. With his remark about the Ukraine, he began his propaganda against America's ignorance concerning conditions in Europe, and he carried on his program of enlightenment with all the fervor of a crusade. As a matter of fact, Creel is not primarily a funny man at all. He is fiercely serious. He is blindly and often boringly serious, with the endless enthusiasm of some sort of angry Peter Pan who has never lost the ideals of adolescence.

As his first act when he became head of the Committee on Public Information, he called together the newspaper representatives in Washington,

and said, in effect: "You men have been running the government. You've been running the country. That is all very well in time of peace, but this is war. This is where you abdicate. All government news, in future, will come from the office of the Committee on Public Information."

And the newspapermen, smilingly infuriated, took as their password "Get Creel." They never got him. They never even worried him. When the attacks on the committee were at their height, he summoned the heads of its branches and said: "I want you to understand that this committee is the administration's yellow dog. We're here to take the kicks. You can defend any other branch of the government, but you can't defend yourselves. You won't have time to, if you're properly on your jobs. Go ahead, now, and be darned glad you're not in the trenches."

Some months later, the most virulent and the most



George Creel

powerful of Washington's newspaper publishers sent a reporter to Creel with offers of a truce and invitations to a parley. Creel replied that he would be glad to see the great mogul any time he called. The reporter returned with a more insolent message, warning Creel that he had better call at the newspaper office and make terms. Creel said: "Tell your boss that he's the degenerate son of a degenerate father, and I wouldn't speak to him if I met him on the street."

A New York newspaper proprietor, finding that he needed friends at court, printed an editorial lauding Creel and a flattering cartoon defending him. That was followed by a confidential emissary who came with an olive branch.

"How would you feel," Creel asked him, "if a large, frightened, wet dog was trying to crawl into your lap?"

With another New York editor he carried on a controversy which he won easily. A friend of the editor tried to get Creel and him to lunch together. "No," Creel said, "I can't afford to make friends with him. I've got to have someone I can lick."

In spite of these impracticabilities of temperament, or perhaps because of them, he has the gift of inspiring loyalty, of winning trust. President Wilson was regarded as a cold man, but when Congress turned from the war to level all its batteries at Creel, the President sent for him to say: "Don't let these men worry you. They attack you because they're afraid to attack me. If they attempt any serious action against you, I'll go down to the House myself, and appear before them, as your counsel."

Creel got the same sort of loyalty from his staff, and it was because of this loyalty that he proved himself an able executive. The work of the Committee on Public Information was superbly done, under difficult conditions, with only a fraction of the money that was used by similar bureaus in other countries. A government official came from Australia in the last months of the war to ask how the committee's work had been organized. "There's no national morale anywhere," he said, "to compare with yours in the United States. I was here when war was declared. I was here six months later. The change now is incredible. We have nothing like such a morale in Australia. And, as I see it, your committee has done the trick."

Creel was always the real and only head of that committee. He made the decisions and he directed the work. He has the vitality of the very devil. He can slave at routine with a fine frenzy. He has an obstinately independent initiative. He undertook activities for the committee which only a very bold gambler would have dared to try, and he made them a success. With every appearance of temperamental impracticability, he commanded efficiently a staff that controlled the activities of an army of hundreds of thousands of volunteers. He had, for example, a hundred thousand public speakers serving the committee at one time, under accurate supervision and direction. He had no politicians on his staff and no political appointees under them. He had few friends in Congress and fewer on the press. He had never any backing in Washington but President Wilson's, yet he was as freely humorous and cocky in his comments on Wilson as on anybody else.

To continue the incredibilities. Creel is always referred to as the war-time censor, though neither he nor his committee had anything to do with censorship. He is supposed to have fed the country a propaganda of hate, although he wisely avoided preaching hate, and no story of German atrocities, for example, was ever put out by the committee.

"President Wilson," he directed, "foresees that we have not only to make war but to make peace, and if we stir up hatred of the Germans, peace may become impossible." Creel is supposed to have supplied the country with a war-time diet of patriotic lies, yet no one on the committee was allowed to put out any story which he had not first fully investigated and found to be true. "I've learned this much as a muckraker," Creel said. "Nothing works but the truth." That was the policy of the committee and every departmental head tried to carry it out. Some inaccuracies occurred; some ill-founded statements got publicity; but there was never a known falsehood put out by Creel or any of his associates, despite the cynical belief to the contrary that is now so common.

Creel is an inexhaustible adolescent with the ideals of adolescence, a sense of humor that begins at home but does not stay there, an honesty that is as careless as if he were completely irresponsible, a quick pugnacity that quickly forgets its bruises, almost no selfconsciousness and certainly none of its inhibitions, an imagination that deceives him more often than anybody else, a really radical mind that his outgrown a lot of his early social dogmas, and a vivacity that uses the contradictions of his temperament in the quirks and oddities of a humorist. He has his faults, but if I were picking a friend, I should prefer Creel's faults to the lickspittle virtues of most men.

-Harvey O'Higgins



GO CHICAGO!

HICAGO turns out more gunmen and indignant authors than any other community of which I have knowledge. The answer is easy. A moderately noble or sensitive soul after two years' residence in Chicago must either shoot or yell.

Chicago's reputation as a cultural center is a myth which I have had my share in evolving. It is based chiefly on the literary and art activities of a dozen men

who, with the exception of Carl Sandburg have been hounded out of the city as undesirable citizens by the newspapers and the police.

There is no city north of the Mason and Dixon line as active in the cultivation of witch-burning morality, as terrified by ideas, as Rotary Club ridden as Chicago. I doubt whether there are four hundred people in Chicago who would not be violated by the radicalism of the editorials in the New York World or morally stunned by the dramatic criticism in the New York Sun.

I doubt further whether there are two hundred people in Chicago who would dare not to wear a carnation on Mother's Day or who would be seen on an elevated train with a copy of Bob Ingersoll's "Ten Mistakes of Moses."

Generalizations, however, are usually evasions. Chicago's individual cowardice and herd-inspired ethics are best reflected through the mental processes of its leaders. One may read Chicago's newspapers year in and year out without encountering a single doubt that the political, or ethical hysteria of the moment being megaphoned through the press was not the will of God.

The illusion that now and then arises that Chicago is a "fighting minded" metropolis is, as I have mentioned, nothing more than based upon the nervewracking howls a dozen or more men have let out as they were being booted out of the place by the art and literary vigilantes of the town. The literary critics of Chicago are aesthetic descendants of those Epworth Leaguers who saw in Whitman's poetry nothing more than the dangerous ravings of a profligate and in the work of Poe no more than the mouthings of an undesirable citizen.

A civilized or semi-civilized man writing for a Chicago publication has two alternatives before him. He can either turn into a drunkard, as most of them do, or imitate Lewellyn Jones of the *Evening Post* and hide his intelligence in a style so dull and intimidating that it becomes harmless.

Chicago has never been able to support a single experimental theatre, since Maurice Brown's embittered exodus some eight years ago, nor has it ever been able to support a single vaguely modern publication, nor a single first rate artist. Its art critics without exception bow down before the unrivalled banality of a Lorado Taft, its literary critics read books with their wives' eyes fearful of having to answer at the dinner table for saying something in print of which the neighbors may not approve.



I realize at this point that a detailed exposé of Chicago will strike most readers of this gazette as a rather ludicrous and mysterious enterprise. After a six months' residence in New York I have still to discover anybody who knows more than three Chicagoans by name. Nevertheless, the notion that Chicago teems with bellicose and art enraptured journalists has been continually put to me as a fact by these same New Yorkers. One can handle myths only with statistics. And the myth that Chicago's cultural average is higher than that of Blue Ointment, Iowa, is one which a half hour survey of that windy and benighted town immediately disposes.

There is, for instance, the Chicago Grand Opera Company which in the last six

years has degenerated into a public enterprise as musically significant as an electric piano in a chop suey joint. There are also, for instance, such incredible organizations as the Midland Authors' Society, comprised chiefly of old maids and widowers who write amorous jingles for the humor columns in the daily press. Every two weeks these laurel crowned aesthetes dress up and indulge themselves in a literary banquet and a free-for-all manuscript reading endurance contest.

I am aware that there are similar organizations in New York. The difference, however, lies in the fact that such societies are regarded by journalistic New York as highly humorous institutions whose pretenses and pronouncements offer targets for *mots* good and bad. In Chicago such aggregations are amazingly hailed by the press and all its critics as fountain heads of learning, wit and culture.

New Yorkers with vague memories of B.L.T. of the Chicago *Tribune*, Ring Lardner, H.E.K., Percy Hammond and other capering journalists may feel inclined to doubt these dismal words. And the answer is that Chicago was not always what it is to-day—that before prohibition and before the Rotary Clubs and the Kiwanis spirit strangled the life out of the city's publications there was a high noise in the town and much journalistic entertainment from day to day.

The prevalence of crime in Chicago, no less than

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THE NEW YORKER

the prevalence of enraged authors has helped, oddly enough, to foster the myth of Chicago's virility. There are on an average of 310 murders a year committed in Chicago, half of them by professional gunmen. The evolution of one of these professional gunmen is, psychologically, on a par with the evolution of a literary iconoclast in Chicago. I have known a number of both and both have usually been an identical answer to the city's backworldism. Tired of having his pious neighbors point their fingers at him for coming home late and sometimes not altogether sober, and inarticulately outraged by the delirious highmindedness of the community-a high-mindedness which makes everybody afraid to do or say anything which everybody else will not consider high-mindedthe superior Chicagoan frequently draws a gun and begins shooting policemen. Exactly as the budding literary man loads his fountain pen with red ink and goes Berserker.

Only in one department does Chicago raise its head above the stupidity which distinguishes its normal cultural life—and this is in the department of dramatic criticism.

For reasons too involved to enumerate, the dramatic critics of this metropolis have not been browbeaten into automatic mouth pieces for the moral chicanery of the newspapers they serve. As a result there are to be found such men as Ashton Stevens and Frederick Donaghey miraculously holding their jobs and their integrity at one and the same time.

There is a grave possibility that these fulminations may, to the preoccupied eye of the intelligent New Yorker, resemble a great to-do over the aldermanic elections in Pasadumkeag, Me. I answer that my conscience is heavy with the guilt of having too long been silent concerning the city in which I lived for fifteen years—and that I feel much better now.

-Ben Hecht



T looks at this writing as if Al Smith had suffered another of those disastrous defeats that he always finds so helpful.

They are now speculating on the likelihood of a contest next year between Smith and Wadsworth for the U. S. Senate. In choosing between those two, where would the strong up-State dry crowd jump? Our rough guess is, the Hudson River.

Mr. Coolidge recommends "Snow Bound" for Summer reading. While the President is on his vacation, keep cool with Whittier.

The President, we read, declined twenty honorary degrees during the open season. If he had accepted them all he'd have found himself by this time an interCoolidgeate society. The production of coal was evidently one of Nature's little errors. At the present time, it seems, nobody can afford to own a coal mine, to work in one, to sell the stuff or to buy it. *

Says a *Times* headline, "500 little children calm as they see flames destroying brewery across the street." Happily they were too young to realize the bitter tragedy of it.

Tennessee may be largely composed of illiterates, but it might be just as well to let some city that is without a tabloid newspaper cast the first aspersion.

Probably there will be hawkers at the Scopes trial crying, "Get your Darwinning colors."

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Hylan was recently endorsed for a

third term by a lot of prominent citizens—in fact, a job lot.

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Dr. Seward of the American Institute of Homeopathy advises people to "look for the funny side of life" and he endorses the comic strips in newspapers. When the doctor gets time perhaps he will try to explain these conflicting statements.

* * *

Now that Dorothy Perkins has been sentenced to three years in prison we hope that ladies will think twice before killing gentlemen unless they are actually annoying.

* * *

Fifteen thousand students are learning warfare by mail. We are going to sign up for this course and the next time there is a war we shall send it a postal card.—Howard Brubaker







WEARY CADDIE: Well, chief, if ya find any o' them old Jew cities, let me know.

A Bend From the Waist to You, Mr. Macfadden

E VERYBODY is thinking about big muscles at one time or another.

Muscles are the great equalizing forces of life.

You know how successful a man or woman with them feels at a social party. Everybody looks and says: "My!" On the other hand everybody looks at a suave, sleek, slippery and oily sheik and says, "My!"

Ask any piano lifter or navvy how he got his big muscle and he will tell you how. He will not tell you that he attained beautiful vigor by spending half the night in riotous living, half the night in dancing, half the night in drinking from his hip pocket and the other half with a cigarette in his lips. This sort of thing would never have made him a strong man. It would not have given him vim, vibrancy, vitamines or vagrancy. It would not even have made him a good glass blower.

He will tell you different. He will tell you to make something out of your life. And now is the time to make something out of your life. Everybody should make something out of his life.

He will tell you to get out against Nature: out in God's sunshine. You must clutch the rain and rub it against your bare legs. That is, if you have legs. And, of course, if it rains.

He will tell you to get going after that big prize of strength, bulging head muscle, bulging ear muscle, bulging skull muscle and bulging brow that is the reward of all readers of Groping Passion, Bareback Confessions, Swabodo Swats, True Lies, Defective Stories, Beautiful Moronity, Physical Sufferance and the Daily Blahfick—all of which are my publications. And to the young man or woman with a goal in life *I* can only say: Eyebrows raise, eyebrows lower, thumbs stretch, thumbs relax, one two three four, one two three four!

Get full of pep! Get full of enthusiasm! Get full of hop! Get full!

Make the house in which you live (not your real house where you go every night after work, but your beautiful body) a piece of mechanism. Eat more rye bread.

And do not forget the soul! Do not starve the spiritual sector!

Think of the spiritual side!

Expand it! Contract it!

Pep it! Unpep it!

Enlarge it! Disenlarge it!

Inhale! Exhale!

One two three four! One two three four!

-Nettles

The Counter Man

The counter man in a cafeteria has his moments.

"Two fried eggs!" whispers the wilted little client. "Two fried!" roars the counter man. He'll show who's boss here!

"On both sides," whispers the client.

"Turn 'em over!" bellows the counter man.

The eggs come out of the kitchen fried on both sides.

Well, there!—Leonard Hall

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par. Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?





SUMMER IN THE CITY OF LIGHT

Americans in Paris

ABBLE-gabble-gabble-toot-a-fay! Listen at them! Of all the God damn, heathen languages! It's no wonder that half the time they don't even understand what they're saying to each other. That's a fact! Just try their own chatter on them sometime, if you don't believe it. If you don't say it just so they get sore and pretend they don't understand. Yeh! Get this, now. . . . Hey, waiter! Bring me an order of can-ee-tonn ah lah press, see?"

"Some pressed duck? Yes, sir!"

"There, now! What did I tell you? See how fresh he got? Had to say it all over again in English. Had to pass me a little call-down just because it didn't mean anything to him in French. He'll get a fat tip for that—I don't think!

"But they're like that everywhere in this sap's town. Look at the guy at our hotel—the clerk sort of fellow in a cutaway Prince Albert coat downstairs. The other day I was passing by with the wife and I said to him, just to be friendly more than anything, 'Say, what the hell's that little bird-bath arrangement between the bathtub and the washstand for, up in our bathroom?' Well, sir, you know what he did? He just stood there, looking at me and the wife and swinging his arms like a scarecrow in a cyclone, and he couldn't say anything! You see, I guess they got names for everything in their language, but they got no way to explain things out. "My God! Look at the way they're hacking up that duck! Turns your stomach, don't it? I wouldn't give a good hamburger steak smothered in onions for all the so-called food in France! Look at them horrduvvers all laid out there in the open with no fly-net over them! They certainly wouldn't stand for that in the States—too unsanitary. And look at that wine bottle! Hey, waiter! Take this bottle back and wipe it off! What do you mean by bringing me out a bottle like that, all covered with dust and dirt? God, these people are dirty! They don't seem to care.

"They do everything the same as they did it in the year one. Everything's slip-shod and out of date. Look at the shine they put on your collars in the laundry. Makes them look like celluloid. Look at all that useless tail they put on their shirts. Look at the size of their money—big enough for bedspreads. Look at how thin the postage stamps are. Look at the old-fashioned horns on the autos. Look at the women—not what you could call a real pretty girl in town! And look at what they charge for this duck —seventy-five francs, for the love of Pete. Why, that's over \$3.75 in money! This morning at the American Express they'd only give me 18.50 francs to the dollar, too.

"Ah, everything's wrong with this country! Next year, me to the Maine woods. I got enough of this parly-voo to last me a lifetime. I've had a rotten time here and I'm man enough to admit it when I'm stung!"



The English in Paris

OH, I say, garsong! Here, garsong! Stupid beggars, aren't they, the French? Mong Jurr! Gar-song! Have you ever been in New York, old thing? Extraordinary place, New York. Garsong, ung gin et bittahs, see voo play. Voo nahn avvy pah? Non-sens, mong cher homme, certainmang vooz avvy! Ally regardy! Ally! Ally! Now, then, where was I? Oh, yes! The Americans, extraordinary people! Perfectly extraordinary! Oh, tray bien, then, garsong, apportez-moa ung lemon squash! Comment? Ung lemon squash, you ass-there, therelike that the extraordinary American woman is drinking!"

"Ah, oui, monsieur! C'est une citronade que vous commandez!"

"Citronade, if you like, silly, but it is a lemon squash, you know. No wonder these blighters leaned so heavily on us in the war, eh-what? Well, as I was saying, when I went out to New York last year, I met the most extraordinary American girl. Took me around to see all the extraordinary buildings in



New York. Quite barbarous, you know, but she tries. Like all her extraordinary race she's savage when it comes to the dollars and hasn't the slightest conception of the hospitality they boast so much about. Why, do you know, I hadn't been stopping at their house in New York for three months when her father came around and told me that they were going to Paris! Fancy! With a guest in the house! I hadn't got half enough of New York, either, buthere I am. What was I to do? It was either come along with them or move over to the George T. Brown's-and Brown is a worse rotter than my host. I couldn't have stuck it with him for more than a month or two. My host is bad enough. If I didn't remind him of it now and then, I believe the closefisted old scoundrel would let me go about Paris paying my own cab fares! Really, you know!

"Here! Ici! Garsong! Damn these French! Why we ever came over and won their war for them, the Lord only knows. Filthy rats! Hi! Garsong! L'addition pour this lemon squash, you idiot! What! THREE FRANCS for a lemon squash in a café like this! But, my God, that's sevenpence-ha'p'ny! Where's the proprietor? Manager! Captain! Here, you! I will not be imposed upon in this outrageous fashion! Upon my word, that's nearly as much as a lemon squash would come to in London! Oh, I say! What do you take me for—an American?"



The Germans in Paris

SO, so! This is Paris! Well, well, well—the damn fools! Haw-haw-haw! We lost the war, then, hey? Prosit, August, drink deep! Look where the mark is and then look where the franc is. I die laughing! 'Make the Germans pay,' eh, August? Haw-haw-haw! Drink deep! Hey, Kellner! What's that? I call you Kellner if I please! Two more seidels of this awful beer! And be damn quick! Drink deep, August! Now we go find some bum blutwurst and try to think of home, eh, August? No! No! No! Don't leave him no tip—he's only a damn Frenchman!"

The French in Paris

ALORS, Gaston, 400,000 American visitors ought to spend at least, say \$1,500 each during their stay in Paris. Some spend less, some much more. That makes \$600,000,000 or 12,000,000,000 francs. Then a hundred thousand English ought to part with at least fifty pounds a head. That makes about 475,000,000 francs. The Germans should be good for 300,000,000 francs and another 500,000,000 should be picked up from the other visitors. That is, roughly, 13,275,000,000 francs in all. Do you know, Gaston, there are times when I almost think it is worth the trouble!"—Ralph Barton





A Tipping Tragedy

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The Theatre

A^T about this time of the year the managers pass in revues.

▲ There have, thus, recently been the unveilings of "The Garrick Gaieties," "The Grand Street Follies," George White's "Scandals," and "Artists and Models, Paris Edition."

At some time in every life, there comes a moment when a definite decision must be made. This department is about to make its plunge. To wit, we, being of sound mind and body, choose the professional entertainments and deed over all the high-minded amateurs, and semi-pros to the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, and anybody else that wants them.

So far as civilized entertainment is concerned, there is, to this adult observer, hardly the makings of a choice between "Artists and Models" and the "Scandals," on the one hand, and "The Garrick Gaieties" and "The Grand Street Follies," on the other foot.

"Artists and Models," for instance, is about as excellent a revue as the town has seen in recent years. The show has beauty, grace, speed, imagination and humor. If anything has been left out of that description, moreover, it will be included in next week's NEW YORKER, if observing readers will write in and report the lacks.

Chief among the comickers is Phil Baker, who is so good that we again devote a moment to our favorite speculation as to why he is not better. The best guess is probably that rousing audiences to mirth comes too easily to him and that he consequently does little about it. At all events, Mr. Baker may circulate word around the clubs, if he so wishes, that he is now within striking distance of being proclaimed a great comedian by this department before long, if he'll do a little work at his trade.

There are, further, Brennan and Rogers, with Mr. Rogers doing the things that were Bert Savoy's. (Even a longer acquaintance with the new team fails to remove the weird impression of seeming to see Bert Savoy on the stage again, so closely does Mr. Rogers resemble him and his methods.) For the "you don't know the half of it, dearie" Mr. Rogers is beginning to substitute "She killed all the good in me," and with excellent comic effect.

When the boys who went to France this Summer to see the unadorned coryphées of the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris return, those of us who have attended the current "Artists and Models" will have reports to make to them that will make them wish they had remained in God's Country, where they belong.

The new "Scandals" is a first class edition of George White's annual entertainment. Mr. White is himself still the country's foremost stage dancer and he is able in some way to impart much of his genius to the radiant young women who make up his choruses. He has, too, an eye for beauty, a good sense of rapid comedy, and an ability to make much of uncelebrated principals. In addition, his show contains several songs that will make restaurant history during the months that lie ahead, and "Miller and Lyles," that were of "Runnin' Wild," in two hilarious bits of typical negro musical comedy humor.

And now to the semi-pros.

"The Garrick Gaieties" is amusing, in a casual way, and has several high spots that would fit well into its more ambitious rivals. It is, in almost every way, far superior to the current "Grand Street Follies." One of the ways is that it is on Thirty-fifth Street and the other show is on Grand Street.

The outstanding features of the "Garrick Gaieties" are the imitations of Pauline Lord and Ruth Draper by Peggy Conway and Edith Meiser, and the songs by Lorenz M. Hart and Richard Rogers. (There is, too, a highly comic sketch, professionally written but amateurishly acted, by Morrie Ryskind and Arthur Sullivan.) An eccentric youth named Sterling Holloway shows promise at times, but his determined burlesque of his rôles defeats his purpose frequently. He will, apparently, have to learn the bitter lesson that it is the better comedian who is content occasionally to sacrifice the obvious laugh.

It takes all of this department's good will to give the Grand Street Follies more respectful attention than it would the graduating exercises of Harry Hillman Academy in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (barring the efforts of Albert Carroll and Sadie Sussman). Throughout the evening in Grand Street, the net impression is of a group of minor children dressing up in the attic in Mama's picture hat and Joe's Tuxedo and having applied lampblack to the cheeks and slid down the bannister to the living room, crying, "Look, Auntie, I'm Al Jolson."

The fault lies probably more in the material supplied than in its interpreters. What, for instance, is one to do with a sketch called "They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms," in which the characters are Ephraim Cabot, Abbie, Ray Dooley, the Gorilla, the Show-Off, Aloma, Cleopatra, Old English, Carla, the Pugilist, Amy, Don José and Ben-



venuto Cellini? Well, sir, it turns out that the Show-Off is always saying "Sign on the dotted line" and the Pugilist barks constantly "Is Zat So?"—and the audience screams with delight.

Albert Carroll gives some creditable imitations of Joseph Schildkraut and Lynn Fontanne (though they in no way compare with his last year's John Barrymore and Emily Stevens) and Sadie Sussman is excel-

lent as the Mary Hay of Ciro's. The rest is dismal except a burlesque of "What Price Glory," with an effeminate captain and sergeant, which is not funny any more after the first six seconds. —H. J. M.

Music

AFEW gentle objurgations concerning vocal masters and their methods, uttered in this department a few weeks ago, have reaped an unexpected collection of incitements to further demurrers against the gentry who are Teaching America to Sing. One eminent professor urges us to "pour vials of wrath on the vocal wreckers," which is truly a temptation. However, we're out of urns of ire, but if anybody

cares to ship us a few, f. o. b. THE NEW YORKER, we'll throw a pouring party to which all vocal wreckers are invited.

Yet the encouragement from the pioneering spirits who read this rubric leads us to further dissertation on the events of the last month, which proved to be one of the most interesting musical moons of the year. There weren't many public concerts, but anyone who felt that way about it could hear some half dozen different auditions for various worthy enterprises. And these auditions, it seems to us, were more indicative of our musical trends than a cycle of recitals.

Our principal observation is that music teachers seem to be instructing their charges in almost everything except music. The guiltiest, the doctors of song, evidently devote most of their time to lectures on "tone making." We confess, not too cheerfully, to having heard somewhat more than 300 singers this June, and, according to our statistics, fourteen-possibly fifteen-of these seemed to enjoy their vocation. It was patent that almost all of them had been taught to sing miscellaneous vowel sounds at various vocal altitudes. After acquiring a degree-not a great one-of proficiency in this desultory business, these singers apparently were pushed in front of copies of "Vissi d'Arte" or "Eri Tu." In the assorted symbols on the printed page they saw just so many more vowel sounds to be emitted at more or less definite points on the scale. It isn't essential that we inflict on you the conclusion of this absorbing mechanical process. If you attended any vocal auditions, you heard it. If

you didn't-so much velvet for you!

Something of the same order was obvious in the pianists and fiddlers who performed for the stricken judges, with this difference: whereas the singing mentors generally taught their customers how to produce unpleasant noises, the instrumental bosses had drilled into their disciples a notable technical expertness. But in many good reproductions of the notes of the Grieg

piano concerto and the Mendelssohn violin concerto there were few convincing performances of the music. One could almost hear the professor whispering, "now cross the thumb under" or "up bow!"

Well, what are you going to do about it? Well, what we would do about it would be something like this:

We should insist that the young singer or instrumentalist spend at least two Winters listening to music, and we shouldn't worry much about his technical progress in the interval. We should try to interest him in music first, and twenty-seventh or twentyeighth in such matters as tone production, passages in sixths or spiccato bowing. *Exordium*: we should struggle to show the student what he was try-

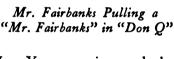
ing to do before we attempted to instruct him in musical engineering.

With which we wish you a pleasant July, and promise to abstain from preaching until we hear more auditions.—R. A. S.

Art

FTER a few visits to the Summer shows we A were about to surrender a few of the front line trenches, and woefully admit that there was not much use in fighting any battle unless there was an army of occupation eager to settle in the captured territory. For, alas, the army seems satisfied to sit and smoke in the shelters and let the outposts do the worrying and expose themselves to the snipers. They seem content with things as they are. Or perhaps, it is a matter of desertions. Where do the moderns go when the Summer comes in? Rampant and roaring as they are in the Winter in town, Spring finds them far afield or fishing. The answer may be that the moderns know that their market is non-existent in the Summer months. It is a time when the cottagers dash in from Newport or the Hamptons to pick up a pair of sport shoes or a new picture for the room that's to be done over. Anything smart in the sport shoe will do, and anything comfortable in the picture frame.

The Macbeth Galleries have as shrewd a show as we have seen this off season. Cool and calm and reassuring, with a dash of antiquity here and there



to show class and lineage. It is a pretty show and well may the galleries gloat in their art notes that the dear public, scared and mystified for a few seasons by all this talk about moderns, has returned with confidence to art as it is found by the old divining rod of "I know what I like."

There is a drop of rebel blood in the ranks. Leon Kroll has a picture of hills and houses, a little jumbled it seems to us and not as well realized as some of his things in his Winter show. But Kroll does not belong to the men around him and we wonder why he was included. This will be a good time for a belated apology to Kroll. At the time of the Spring Academy show we made the apology, but art notes being at the glut then, the paragraph was sacrificed by the printer. We had been a bit snooty about Kroll in his own show earlier in the year. It was Kroll with a lot of other Kroll. But at the Academy it was Kroll in the wilderness and he was a giant on those walls.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS" bears family resemblance to "Nanook of the North," in that it records the workaday world of the authentic Eskimo. But it does not stress the Cold Man's bitterstruggle with Unkind Nature. Rather, it looks—and why shouldn't we all—on the Brighter Side of that Frigid Life, getting at the spirit of very, very happy community life and romance amongst the Arctic real estate dwellers.

If you can avoid the arctic wastes of subtitles and overlook the faulty patchwork cutting, the reward will be several illuminating flashes into the Cold Man's gregarious life. You will gather that he swaps yarns, races reindeers, likes gumdrops, Charlestons and enjoys a mild form of the marriage joke. He laughs considerably although it never occurred to us that there was anything to laugh about that far north. This picture should prove a boon to all lovers of raw seal.

Were it not for Greta Nissen, the great Menjou, Edgar Norton and the shrewd germanic direction of William de Mille, "Lost—A Wife," wouldn't be very much. The story is far too trivial and silly. However, the early parts of the film are rich with skillful, clear and humorous pantomime. Towards the end the pantomime grows heavy with ordinary bedroom variety farce. Then by merely training the eye on the pleasant images of the aforementioned actors, the mind is removed from the plot and the entertainment is saved. All in all, it is fascinating celluloid fare.

A dozen pious references to Divinity, two or three

reels of straight reform work by May McAvoy and George Fawcett and a number of deadly all night orgies, help to make "The Mad Whirl" (at the Piccadilly till the 5th) one of the best cinema sermons of the day. It is a splendid propaganda picture issued by the M.P.P.M.W.L. (Motion Picture Producers' Moral Welfare League—Universal Branch) to save Pleasure-Mad Lads for Ascetic Marriage with Clean Young American Womanhood.—T. S.

Books

BROUSSON, secretary to Anatole France in his old age, was so clever with his private notebook that you wonder to what extent France lent a hand —for he was aware that the notes were being kept for publication. Those who have seen them in the original will not be amazed to learn that they are toned down here and there in the translator's version. Still, "Anatole France Himself" (*Lippincott*) is racy enough and is decidedly entertaining otherwise.

To common knowledge of what its subject was like and what he thought-about Woman, religion, Woman, Napoleon, chastity, style, marriage, Paul Bourget, love, death, Woman, etc.---it adds chiefly that (as John Pollock says) there was life in him very late, and he was not the tedious aged celebrity of report. Brousson revered him but saw through him: through his prima donna vanity, his pretense that he valued his Academy membership only for aweing the art dealer whom he was jewing down, or the functionary who caught him being sylvan in the Bois. He detested reverent idiots after his autograph, but they got it, and at a word from "Madame" he would stand forth and do his great-man act for her guests. As a "satyr" he may have had a sort of obsession after all; in his zeal to score off both Napoleon and male deficients, he tries for a carom! But following the overwrought theoretic sex stuff published recently, these glimpses of the lusty and unabashed old rooster of Penguin Island are as refreshing as Walt Whitman found the beasts.

Rosa Lewis, a most distinguished London caterer and long mistress of the Cavendish Hotel, has known everybody who was anybody, from monarchs to Americans, and has given no more of her ready damns for any of the lot than she thought their qualities warranted. Mary Lawton had endless trouble getting her to tell her story; once started, she was as talkative as a spankable child. At times she is exactly like one and equally irritating, but on the whole "The Queen of Cooks" (Boni & Liveright) is both livelier and more readable than gossipy memoirs often get to be, and her own inexhaustible personality is the best thing in it.—Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



Bill Tilden

HAVE just returned from several months in Europe, where I was continually being impressed with the way that our love of sport and our splendid sporting ideals are permeating almost every nation of the older world. Sport has taken Europe by storm, and the efficiency methods which have put us at the top of the world of sport are being copied not alone in England, France and the larger countries, but even in the smaller nations on the Continent.

What interested me most of all was a zaboga tournament which I was lucky enough to see in Rusinia, one of the smaller of the Balkan states. Zaboga is very popular in Rusinia. It is played by two contestants, with a ball, a net, and two round-headed racquets. As showing how American methods are being adopted in foreign sport, I was pleased to see



Manuel Alonzo



Onda

SPORTS

under the umpire's chair the following articles: a hammer, a pair of scissors, a penknife, box of talcum powder, rule book (1925), pair pliers, button hook, shoe horn, handkerchief, belts, a pair of garters (men's), smelling salts (ladies'), chewing gum (children's), steel picks (for removing dirt from shoe spikes), powdered rosin, safety pins, adhesive tape, aromatic spirits of ammonia, cloth (for cleaning eye glasses) and other things.

In the finals, Tyherd Phever, the national zaboga champion, was playing his young rival, Felix Smalpocks. Very unexpectedly, young Smalpocks obtained an early lead and somewhat selfishly insisted on keeping it. Phever naturally became annoyed at this, and suddenly discovered that the surface of the zaboga court was to say the least, untrue. He complained bitterly, out loud, even going so far as to manifest his dislike to the large audience of Rusinians on the sidelines. Before long young Smalpocks led his elder rival by two koblicks to one, thus needing but one koblick to win. Phever was so incensed at this, that he went over to the chairman of the tournament committee, told him the surface of the court was miserable, and that he intended to stop, then and there.

The chairman was in despair. The large audience had paid a vast sum to see Phever play, and lacking the fine sporting spirit of American audiences they would have taken his default in bad part. But Phever insisted. He could not play. The chairman then became angry.

"Ya vanda Karoi—" he began, heatedly in the quaint Rusinian patois.

Or, in free translation, "Looka here, if you quit now I'll see the newspaper boys up there in the press box give you the worst razzin' you ever got."

Obviously, there was nothing to do but go on. Phever returned much disgusted to the court and took his defeat as a good Rusinian. In fact, the applause at the end was almost overwhelming.

But as soon as he was through he walked over to the press box and accosted Zut Nirvana, representative of the Rusinian *Daily Tageblatt-Impirik*. Which accostation, being translated from the quaint patoisiran:

"Say, whass 'is I hear about you making a bum outa me?"

"Who? Me? Oh, no, not me,





Among Those Present

Mister Phever. I don't know nothing about it," replied Zut quickly.

The champion then attacked Manx Katz, the sports man of the Rusinian Oysterish Stew, and Fluvr Q. Shvrink, who held the same position on the Rusinian Evening Kust. One and all, they disavowed any knowledge of the sorry affair, until at last Mr. Phever was obliged to retire to the dressing room without the satisfaction he so keenly desired.

As Manuelo Pelota, the famous old zaboga professional said in broken English to me after the match:

"Honest to God, if I'd known twenty years ago how much money there was in being an amateur (he did not say sportsman), I'd never have turned professional."

Yale finished the end of a perfect year—from an athletic viewpoint—by sweeping the river at New London and routing the Princeton baseball team the next afternoon at the Polo Grounds. They defeated Princeton in football, hockey, and baseball, and were victorious over Harvard in football, hockey, track, baseball and rowing. A young Harvard athlete explained to me the other day the reasons for the Crimson's lowly estate in the world of intercollegiate athletics. He



Vincent Richards





declares the men who pick the athletes to be supported through college are bad pickers. It seems, or so he tells the story, that all colleges nowadays get around the so-called amateur restrictions by turning over to incoming athletic stars certain privileges, or, as they are called, concessions. Thus one youth will be given the laundry privileges for the college, another the concession to sell score cards and drinks at the big games, and so on. Strange to say, there are always as many concessions as there are likely looking athletes coming to college.

The young man from Cambridge then used that ugly word, "favoritism," which has been heard before from the same source and in somewhat the same connection. The men who do the athletic picking, are not, so he tells me, using their best judgment. Instead of choosing men who can punt sixty yards and pitch no hit no run games, they are passing out the gifts of the athletic gods to young men who stumble over their own interference when they have a clear field, and who issue at least four passes per inning in critical baseball series. He does not claim, as I understand his argument, that the donation of concessions to athletes which goes on at Cambridge is germane only to that institution. He simply remarks that in the picking of future front page athletic performers, there is dirty work at

the crossroads of Soldier's Field and Boylston Street.

He may, of course, be several thousand miles from the real reasons for the decline and fall of football teams at Harvard. And then again he may possibly be very much closer than that. At any rate, the matter is one for at least a raised eyebrow. Especially when you stop to think that college education in athletics is supposed to turn out our highest type of "amateur" sportsmen.

Mr. Jack Dempsey, our popular moviepugilist, who is now viewing Europe in peacetime, is reported to have been seen lunching in the French capital with none other than Suzanne Lenglen, champion of all the Latins. Decidedly a case of Greek lunching with Greek, for Mme. Lenglen has had as many turbulent encounters in her field as Dempsey in his. More, as a matter of fact—and of a more purely personal type.—J. R. T.

Anderson's new society is called "The American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance." If contributors find this a hard name to put on a check, no doubt Anderson will take cash.

• • •

The motto of our city administration seems to be, "Mike makes right."

Speaking of Prohibition

In the Good Old Days: "Well, what'll you have?" "How about another?" "Same all 'round." "Set 'em up again." "Just one more." "Happy days!" "Here's lookin'." "Over the river." "Down the hatch." "Best o' luck." "Here's to crime." "Cheerio." "Prosit." "Health." "Bottoms up." To-day: "Well, what'll you have?" "How about another?" "Same all 'round." "Set 'em up again." "Just one more." "Happy days!" "Here's lookin'." "Over the river."

- "Down the hatch."
- "Best o' luck."
- "Here's to crime."
- "Cheerio."
- "Prosit."
- "Health." "Bottoms up."

🕅 WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD 🐓



by habit, but we have a head start on the boys this week. We wish to give an advance tip that the Lido is having a new program, starting July 14. Basil Durant known to everv stepper-out, particularly and those who have frequented the Lido, is introducing a new dancing partner, Miss Kay Durban. This is her professional debut, as she hails from the social ranks of Dayton, Ohio, with a string of Junior League activities of the dramatic sort to her credit.

We are not snoopy

We have not spied

F OR dining in a leisurely manner there is no place in New York more delightful than the Crillon. Not for grabbing a quick bite as you dash to a play do we recommend it, but as a restaurant in which you dine comfortably and tastefully in a pleasant setting.

First of all we would be in favor of any place with such decorations. Winold Reiss, a well-known, Central European artist of our town, is responsible for the design of the paneling, the menus, the murals and the furniture. He has handled it in an expert manner, with the large balanced masses and simplified motifs familiar in modern work from Vienna and München. On the ends of the main salon are large mural paintings, which Mr. Reiss changes to suit the weather. In Winter, Latin dancers in warm reds and browns are seen, but in Summer he substitutes refreshing panels of snow-capped mountains, painted in icy blues and greens with lots of whites. The cooling illusion is sufficient to make it agreeable to order breast of chicken with mushrooms under a glass bell, or even roast beef, on the warmest evening.

Off the central rooms are smaller sections, some on different levels, others cut off by glass screens, with many sofa tables. This makes for that intimate quality found in some of the small, smart restaurants in Paris.

Whenever we have been to the Restaurant Crillon in the years since it was opened we have noted the service and cuisine to be of the first order. the young lady yet, but with her rumored charm and his experience, they should make a bright spot in the night life.

The lights have been turned on again in that big half watermelon at the Plantation. The first and most renowned of Broadway's colored cabarets has had a second blooming. The new show is a "wow."

We have made excursions into the night clubs of Harlem and glanced over a few other coon entertainments in our evenings out—but the show at the Plantation is the most ambitious and best we have struck. We'll go further than that and say we consider it the best cabaret performance at this time in New York.

The man who did the costuming knew what he was about, because he has used colors to bring out the orchid hues in the skin of the slightly dusky performers. Elaborate changes are made and there is nothing of the tawdriness of the usual negro presentation. The girls' costumes for the "Tiger Ladies" song and the flower ones for the finale are exceedingly clever in design; and the gigantic razors of the "Harlem Executioners" took my eye.

We went just a little mad with the whirling rush of one act right on top of another. "Hey! Hey! The Charleston!" hardly seeped into our consciousness before there was a flood of harmonica music, banjos, or tap dancing. It is this high speed and apparent joy in the

performance that distinguish these negro shows from similar white efforts. They start you off with croony songs, yearning for some locale or person south of Richmond, and by gradual increase in pace bring on the finale with a crescendo of singing and dancing. This mounting speed seems to delight the performers, but it leaves the audience in a state of collapse with barely enough strength left to pound on the table for more. This Plantation show has a breath-taking tempo that put us completely out.

The songs are good, but the things that pleased us were the dances. We had been to the opening of the "Scandals" the night before and seen the variety of Charlestons offered up there this year, but we prefer the Plantation dancing.

The white paled fence surrounds the dance floor as of old, and the other decorations are the same. And at the entrance the sight of a ponderous, fat mammy cooking waffles in her little log cabin clinches the cotton-land atmosphere.

There was a big crowd out for the reopening; although the people were largely of Broadway and the theatre, the social side was also represented. Elsie Janis and "Ma" Janis were in a large ringside party with Lenore Ulric. Others present were Frances White with a very glossy Valentino haircut; Marion and Madelaine Fairbanks; Ben Bernie; Charlie Amory; Cyril Hatch; Diana Kane; Frisco; Ruth Kresge; Bill Kugeman; Katharyn Martin; Bobbie Coverdale and Mrs.; Mary Floyd-Jones with Herb Western; the usual members of the Maloney family; and Billy Moore, son of "Dinty."

There are two performances at the Plantation each evening. One is scheduled for quarter past twelve and the other for two o'clock.—Top Hat





THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth

This play still remains first on the list of what you must see, unless you want to hunt up Admiral Plunkett to find out what became of him.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw Of course, this piece was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, but that shouldn't be held against it forever. Pauline Lord does the season's finest bit of acting in it.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA-Guild

Here is the long-heralded production of Shaw's comedy of Ancient Egypt, with Helen Hayes as Cleopatra and Lionel Atwill as the city feller.

IS ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street A fresh, vigorous comedy, in what passes in the theatre for the American language.

THE FALL GUY-Eltinge Another play in American, better constructed but not quite so amusing.

LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty

A tuneful and merry musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, the Astaires and Walter Catlett the leading attractions, in the order named.

ROSE-MARIE-Imperial

A gorgeously sung and handsomely mounted musical play, with Mary Ellis as the highly tuneful heroine.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

The graybeards, aged around forty, will tell you that is the funniest revue Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced. And so it is, thanks to W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

Certainly the most beautiful of the town's musical comedy offerings. Thrown in are Mr. Leon Errol's very funny legs and a song or two of merit.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mystery plays, if you haven't got that in your card index under "painting the lily in Newcastle."

TELL ME MORE-Gaiety

Here is another first-rate Gershwin score, with good clowning by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

THE STUDENT PRINCE-Jolson's Good music, with excellent voices for it, and a nice sentimental book made out of Heidelberg."

ENGAGED-The Fifty-second Street A revival of a Sullivanless play by W. S. Gilbert, full of high spirits and merry moments.

MOVING PICTURES

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE-Loew's Theatres

- The fascinating Mr. Menjou and a splendid cast making history in Alice Duer Miller's Story. In Manhattan, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 3, 4 and 5; in Brooklyn, Thursday and Friday, July 9 and 10.
- **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**—Criterion What, among other things, is wrong with America, as trenchantly told by Kaufman-Connelly and imaginatively screened by James Cruze. Preceded by "Business is Business," a playet by George S. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker.

DON Q-Globe

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks being his usual athletic self.

LOST-A WIFE-Loew's American

Most of the movie critics are excited about Greta Nissen who makes her debut herein. Mr. Menjou assists. Showing Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 8, 9 and 10.

KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS-Strand

The herculean trials of Aguvaluk, mighty Eskimo hunter to win Kivalina, blushing, blubber-eating ingenue, the wicked old witch docor notwithstanding. An authentic picture of Eskimo life. Reviewed in this issue. Showing Manhattan, Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4; Brooklyn Strand, July 5 to 10, inclusive.

PATHS TO PARADISE-Rivoli

Mr. Raymond Hackett leaps into stardom, displaying fine comedy sense and great gifts of magnetism in an Arsene Lupin role. Showing Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4.

SIEGE-Loew's

Mr. Svend Gade, pure Nordic, proves his salt in a story with real honest-to-goodness characterization for a change. Showing State and Metropolitan Theatres Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4; Loew's Manhattan Theatres, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 8, 9 and 10.

ART

AMERICANS—Macbeth Galleries A pretty show of the best of the conservative school, Henri, Ryder, Kroll, Hassam, etc.

WATER COLORS-Montross A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

SUMMER SHOW-New Gallery Interesting things by the younger moderns.

MUSIC

- STADIUM CONCERTS—Lewisohn Stadium, 138th Street and Amsterdam Ave.
 - The Philharmonic Orchestra in regular symphony programs every evening, beginning Monday, July 6.

GOLDMAN'S BAND-New York University Stadium, University Heights Mayor Hylan's favorite band, almost every night. Consult daily papers for schedules and programs.

SPORTS

- YACHTING-Larchmont Yacht Club, Larch-mont, N. Y.
- Saturday, July 4, annual Independence day meeting in Long Island Sound.

RACING-Empire City Track, Yonkers, N. Y. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 8, 9, 10. BASEBALL

At Yankee Stadium, Philadelphia vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, July 3, 4.

At Polo Grounds, Philadelphia vs. New York, Sunday, Monday, July 5, 6. Pitts-burgh vs. New York, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 7, 8, 9, 10.

OTHER EVENTS

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES-Central Park Saturday, July 4. Exercises by Police Riot Squad and the military. Speeches by Mayor Hylan, Commissioner Enright and Colonel Peter E. Traub of Governor's Island. Various other demonstrations throughout parks in city.

Theatre Guild Productions Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

Caesar \hat{N}_{D} Cleopatra Th., W. 55 St. Evs. 8:15. Guild Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15 Tel. Columbus 8229.

Garrick Galeties

Sparkling Musical Revue Garrick 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40 Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted

with Leo and Pauline Carrillo Lord Klaw Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE Woot 42d St.

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirs. 458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat. LATESTI GREATESTI FUNNIESTI

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

of 1925-Glorifying the American Girl WILL ROGERS-W. C. FIELDS

Eugene O'Neill's ESIRE Greatest Play

UNDER the ELMS with WALTER HUSTON

Now at COHAN THEATRE, B'way & 43d St.

Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS

ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

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Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected.

IN OUR MIDST-AND OUT

> About all sorts of who'swhoersand what they'reup to

These regular features and a hundred and one other newsy items appear weekly in

THE NEW YORKER



THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

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THE NEW YORKER

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"Tell Me a Book to Read" Some of the Season's Novels We Think

Best Worth While

- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A substantial, intensive romance on the Conrad order.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). The fellowships are the Fates, and their cruelty appears in a sex frustration.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). "Dolly Dialogues" up to date, and otherwise better than the originals.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfzer). Another installment of Proust's great sequence novel, in Scott Moncrieff's translation.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). Something new and superior in romances of Revolutionary times.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). Fitzgerald, "grandfather of the Long Island flapper," ripens as a novelist.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltser). One of those high-minded women, married to one of those too-serious men. In the end, he dies of it.
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). The rector's hard lot, and his wife's, are the wages of his selflessness.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page), and ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). Two of the year's best novels, of which by this time everyone has heard.

SHORT STORIES

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (Doram), and BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (Boni & Liveright). Worth the while of any but the short story fan with old-fashioned mental habits.

GENERAL

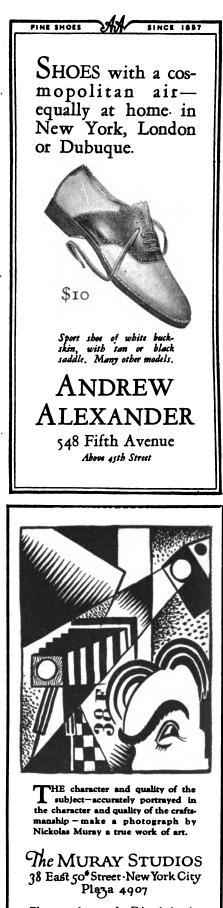
- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin). Two volumes. The best work on Keats.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). A philosophy for any one whom science has been making unduly materialistic.
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf). Lumbermen's yarns in the process of becoming classic myths.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (A. & C. Boni). Hobo memories; the real thing.

Illusion of Seclusion

Far from the gadding crowds I fled To find soul-resting solitude, Out through the countryside I sped Seeking a blissful interlude, Up where the mountain forests stood, Where men are men, and trees are wood.

And there my soul, in ecstacy, Gushed out like bubbling soda pop From prison cell of glass set free; Until I found my mountain top Was shared by other thousands who Were seeking sweet seclusion, too. —George A. Peck

A Yonkers father was fined for torturing his daughter's persistent suitor. The comic strippers and weeklies ought to fight for an appeal. That decision strikes a blow at one of the world's most durable jokes.



Photographers to the Discriminating

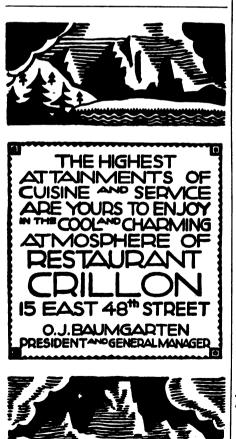
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X





POINTS WEST

E L PASO is strategically situated on exactly the same spot that it was 65 years ago when a man named Ben Dowell discovered an artesian whisky well just where the Passively Naughty (Paso del Norte) Hotel now stands. For many years the flow of whisky from this well was constant and uninterrupted and El Paso grew rapidly. Recent seismic legislative changes have however brought about a change in the liquidacious formation until at the present time the underground flow, although still very abundant, is of a pockety nature.

Due to its location in the arid Southwest, El Paso has a very dry atmosphere which makes it the best place in America for people who have tuberculosis. Due to its location across the river from Juarez, El Paso has a very moist atmosphere which makes it the best place in America for people who do not have tuberculosis.

The principal points of interest in El Paso are: the Point of Saturation; ten for no trump; seven or eleven and that of a pistol.

The town's greatest natural curiosities consist of James G. McNary, who almost became Comptroller of the Currency, whatever that is; Albert B. Fall, who lives in a large mansion on Golden Hill and is locally looked up to as the Man with the Black Bag; eight local plutocrats who don't belong to either the Rotary or Kiwanis speak-easy clubs; one honest automobile mechanic and a barber who won't work for women.

The climate of El Paso is very elastic. It is hot in Summer and cold in Winter, but none of the Old Timers ever suffer either way. They know how to overcome changes in temperature. In the Summer, instead of going to Alaska to cool off, they go to the State National Bank and try to borrow money. Thereafter, during the remainder of the hot season, they suffer from frost bite and chilblains. To keep warm in Winter the men who know get on the school board. They sweat while others freeze.

El Paso's morality can be highly recommended. Its Chief of Police and Sheriff both say that the place is as good as the majority of its citizens want it to be. This gives everybody a chance to go ahead and have a good time and still leaves the preachers with plenty to talk about.

-Owen P. White

JERSEY CITY INCIDENT

THE Horseshoe District lies between the smug heights, the docks, and the railroad yards. It is a land of strange folkways. One fine Summer morning at 1 o'clock a young man with a black bag, walking home from an auto ride, was stopped by a local policeman. He submitted to a search of the bag and of himself. Nothing incriminating found but the law was not satisfied. The suspect wore no hat; he said he had gone out without one. And so a confrère was called in. They consulted, then asked the young man his name, address, occupation and financial status, coming back with cunning to the crux of the matter: where was his hat?

First Sherlock (*incredulous*): He ain't got no hat?

Second Echo: What? No hat?

They examined the bag again and then hailed a passing Ford and ordered the driver to take the young man to the Lackawanna Ferry, explaining:

"It ain't safe to let you walk. If the man on the beat at Sixteenth Street saw you ain't got no hat, he'd hit you first and then run you in. And you can't blame him. He's got the last beat in Jersey."

In the Ford there were two negroes in front, an unshaven white man and a girl in back seat. It was an odd combination. The negroes did not look like chauffeur and footman: they wore no livery.

and footman; they wore no livery. Sherlock: "What you got in that bag?" "Clothes."

- "What kind?"
- "Shirts, socks."
- "Anything else?"
- "Underwear."

"Underwear! That's a ———" (adjective not even used on New York stage as yet) "thing to mention in the presence of a lady."—Ulysses

MIAMI BLUES

SUMMER time in Miami, tourists all gone and real estate dealers selling to each other to keep in form.

Alligators that have been "wrestled" all Winter getting well-earned rest.

Little Spanish boys that play jai lai have gone back to Spain to shoot a few Riffs.

Armies of surveyors running around in motor boats surveying home sites for the next tourist harvest (bumber crop expected).

Lot of native Miamians sadly surveying cigar box full of Pari Mutuel tickets as souvenirs of the racing season.

Clusters of green cocoanuts and big black mosquitoes.

Corny's tabloid cussing the F. E. C. railway for not building overhead crossings.

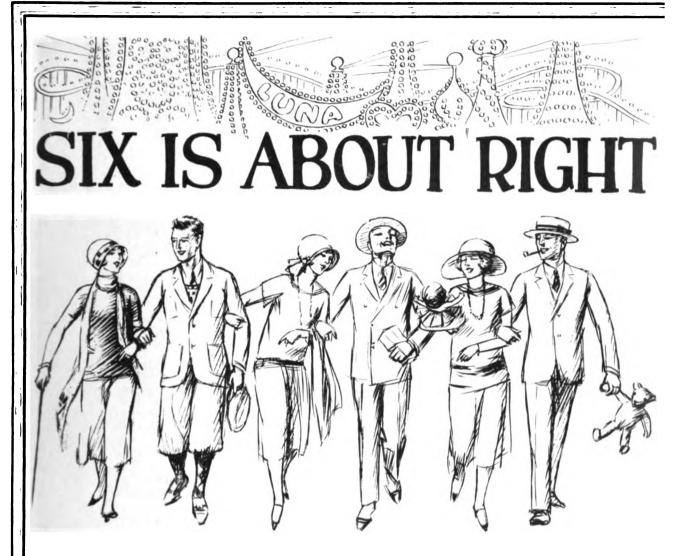
Bootleggers and gamblers getting ready to elect a new Sheriff.

All real estate operators planning BIG-GER and BETTER subdivisions.

New hotels, new apartment houses and new crops of mosquitoes from the Everglades.—John Tucker Battle



24



JUST for fun some evening, get up a congenial crowd. Six is about right —easy to keep together—but the more the merrier. Come to Greater Luna Park and have a ridiculous good time. It's wonderful what a lot of good it does just to let go and thoroughly enjoy oneself—and Luna's the place to do it. Perhaps you would prefer to come in the middle of the week. In one visit, you'll hardly experience all the thrills in the greatest amusement park in the world. We're sure you'll want to come again.

GO TO LUNA PARK THE HEART OF CONEY ISLAND JUST FOR FUN



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MINERAL

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* P ...

• Among those sailing · · · • on the Leviathan, July 4th

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However, not everyone can spend the Glorious Fourth on the Leviathan. For those left behind we only mention that Aquazone is on sale in the best drug and grocery stores, clubs and restaurants. Open one bottle and discover a unique mineral water. If you can't get it at the first try, call Vanderbilt 6434.

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POULTRY CATCHING ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

The Week

DARING jewel robbery takes place in Maiden Lane and the police start handing polite warning cards to pedestrians. President Bryan, of Indiana University, asks educators to stress morality in their teachings and Miss Evan Burrows Fontaine continues suing Cornelius Vanderbilt Mr. Whitney. A fund of \$20,000 is bequeathed to Princeton for a course in practical ethics and a Y. M. C. A. conference decides that the whipping post might help in curbing crime. Herrin, Illinois, reports that noon-day prayer meetings have made the town a haven of brotherly love and a man who cables Rome, offering to save souls, is sent to Bellevue psychopathic ward. A man bites a dog in Pittsburgh, thus finally fulfilling the Park Row requirement as to news, and Judge Olvany announces sternly, from Tammany Hall, that his is the Voice of the Faithful. The Treasury surplus is \$250,000,000 and France starts deflating its currency as a preliminary to settling war debts. A professor

asserts the earth is 100,000,000 years old and Mr. Alfred W. McCann declines to become associated with Mr. William Jennings Bryan in the Scopes trial. The American Automobile Association drafts a code of ethics for motorists and an acting police captain admits endorsing cards soliciting the courtesies of the road for his friends. Mr. Horace B. Liveright is indicted for publishing Maxwell Bodenheim's "Replenishing Jessica," and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris fights a bull in a Spanish ring. In California, an earthquake occurs in Santa Barbara, and Charlie Chaplin, Jr., is born.

Campaign

MR. EMORY R. BUCKNER, United States Attorney in these parts, has an eye to the Executive Mansion in Albany, from which eminence, they

> say, one gets a good glimpse of the White House. Having convinced the up-State sections of his Prohibitory good faith by affixing padlocks to supper clubs in town, he has gone lately to the extent of advising local Rotarians that citizens should vote as they drink; or, putting it into words Candidate for Governor Buckner did not see fit to use, to vote wet. Obviously, this is a bid for support from the city at large, without which, late elections have shown, a statesman has little chance of becoming His Excellency, The Governor of the State of New York.

Mr. Buckner, one presumes, does not intend that his advice be taken seriously in, for instance, Washington, D. C. It would be altogether too much to expect Congress, for another instance, to vote as it drinks. What, then, would happen to the Volstead Act?

For Washington is not the driest town in this country, as several enterprising magazine editors have discovered. There are at least two instances of editors having despatched special writers to Washington, saying to them, "Get the exact lowdown on drinking at the capital. Names, places, facts—everything. We'll print the whole story."

And when the writers turned in their authenticated accounts of festivities in high places, one editor hurriedly tore up the manuscript and consigned it to the waste basket, while the other, more frugal, had his re-written into innocuousness.

Victims

PROHIBITION'S toll has fattened largely on those places the town could spare least: the colorful, traditional eating and drinking establishments, to the crowded assemblage of whose ghosts have gone lately Shanley's and Browne's Chop House.

The padlock is no great threat for the newcomer, who can move east or west as the enforcement needs of the moment dictate. But against the places which depend for success on traditional association with a particular locality, it has been a real weapon. This, of course, without considering the natural law-abiding inclinations of their proprietors.

Without the sale of liquors, cafés have a hard time. Even hotels feel the loss of their bar patronage to such extent that the re-modelling of ground floors into bazaars is becoming almost epidemic. When such a staid institution as the St. Regis seeks this source of additional revenue, it is reasonable to expect few to remain for long without stores flanking their entrances.

I recall what Mr. James Regan said, privately, when the Knickerbocker Hotel closed as such.

"The bar in the Knickerbocker used to take in four thousand dollars a day," observed Mr. Regan, "and when you remove four thousand dollars of profitable daily revenue from a hotel's receipts, you have to do some tall thinking to make them up.'

Appreciation

*HE three-a-day vaudevillians are flocking back to town, crowding Broadway about Forty-sixth Street and west to the N. V. A. clubhouse. And with them, the usual tales, of which the first concerns a monologist who tried out new material, against next season, in a small Indianan town.

Guarding against failure, he instructed the orchestra leader at a signal to swing into several popular songs, of which he sang parodies; always, they say, sure-fire in the Dubuques of our land. He had recourse to this expedient even sooner than he had expected. Even then, the audience was coldly indifferent. Cold to parodies. Hopeless.

The manager came to speak to the monologist after the first performance.

"You got a swell act," he informed the vaudevillian. "It's good stuff, even if it is too smart for this town. They don't get it. It's too wise for them. Of course, I got it. I laughed. It went over big with me.

"But, say," cautioned the manager, "you know you didn't sing the right words to them songs."

HE incident of Dr. and Mrs. Rappelyea being requested to leave the dance floor of the Hofbrau, gave me pause on re-reading last week the account of this happening. Was this, I wondered, really a broad-minded town. And then, before my eyes, the answer was printed in an evening newspaper. It was an advertisement inserted by a company which rents

limousines by the hour, day, or evening. "Our instructions to our chauffeurs: eyes front and mind your own business."

Fame

MR. CARL VAN VECHTEN has been enjoying two fruits of fame lately, one synthetic, one real, the former in being stopped by various agitated souls and asked if he really is Mr. Harry K. Thaw. To which Mr. Van Vechten's whimsy is to reply affirmatively and to launch then into voluble discourse on the life and habits of the rabbit.

The real, the juicy fruit, came when Mr. Van Vechten received advice from the office of his publisher, Alfred Knopf, that an order had been received from

Joliet Prison for a complete set of Mr. Van Vechten's remuneratively-condemned works. Joliet Prison is the present abode of the Messrs. Loeb and Leopold. The order for the books, forwarded through the authorities, came from the latter whilom carefree youth.

Climax

*HIS is the month of Mr. David Belasco's fiftieth anniversary in theatrical enterprise. In its appropriate celebration there will be talk of a Great Master, venerated. And in the same breath will be mention of Mr. Belasco's three current hits, "The Harem," "Ladies of the Evening" and "The Dove." In the irony of such juxtaposition, in the inevitable recollections of the Great Past, there will also be pathos. Because there was a time when there was no anniversary needed to speak of David Belasco as The Great Master. And now, without the stimulus of a shining banquet table, it is not Master but Showman, that one hears.

It was only ten or twelve years ago that Mr. Belasco rose above his contemporaries, overawing an older generation of critics with the solemnity of his gongannounced curtains, his impressive sets, his mastery of showman's detail. Then came younger and more impertinent observers, better craftsmen, and new life behind the footlights. Audiences, while as numerous as ever, were no longer overawed.

Mr. Belasco is no failure as he reaches his anniversary. But one wonders, when his secretaries bring



him typewritten statements of his box-office receipts, if there is not a moment of yearning for those glorious, still days when the name Belasco was whispered almost in reverence.

Limitation

NOW that even our home telephone hunting ground, the Bryant Exchange, is being dialized,. we call to mind a clash between this mechanical expedient and operatic temperament.

It was Miss Anna Fitziu, of the Metropolitan galaxy, who went so far as to get hold of a real vicepresident of the New York Telephone Company in her demand to have her number changed back to operator service.

"My dear lady," the v.-p. replied gallantly, "anything within reason. But . . ."

"I've always had a telephone beside my bed. This idiotic new contraption won't work."

"Extraordinary. I shall have an expert sent up. He will make what repairs-----"

"Repairs? Not at all! I had it put there especially so that I could knock it over in case of burglars and I've knocked this silly thing over half a dozen times and nothing ever happens."

Play Plagiarists

THIS theatrical year comes near record breaking in the number of plagiarism suits which have found their way to court. First, Federal Judge Knox turned over the enormous profits of Leon Gordon's "White Cargo" to Miss Ida Vera Simonton, authoress of the novel "Hell's Playground" . . . along with admonitions. Then Judge Garvin termed Guy Bolton an "unconscious" play pirate and awarded royalties from "Polly Preferred" to Ossip Dymow.

Now, waiting trial are actions involving Channing Pollock's "The Fool" and Mr. Sidney Howard's justly popular "They Knew What They Wanted." An old suit, nearing trial, concerns George M. Cohan's "O'Brien Girl," and Mrs. Wilson Woodrow believes the feature movie, "The Iron Horse" owes too much to her book "Building the Union." Last week "The Gorilla" was charged with being a rehash of a Mr. Humphrey's "The Octopus."

Most of these cases go back no further than a year and a half. Yet there must always have been plagiarism. It is only recently that our judiciary, apparently, have come to take disputes over authorship as seriously as arguments regarding the rights to a new can opener.

THE current legal authority on plagiarism is Mr. M. L. Malevinsky of O'Brien, Malevinsky & Driscoll. Mr. Malevinsky is a fanatic on the subject of play writing; he has written a book about it which will be published in the Fall. A huge man, heavy-set, he will entrench himself behind his desk in the Knickerbocker Building and hold forth for hours upon his favorite subject while an ante-room full of callers shuffle impatiently. Yet Mr. Malevinsky would not say that there was any more real plagiarism to-day than there ever was.

"The trouble," he told me, "was that until recently there was no legal or literary definition of a play upon which to base comparison. Cases were thrown out of court for lack of evidence."

But now there is Mr. Malevinsky's own algebraic formula definition, read into his defense of Guy Bolton. It segregates a play into its elements and gives a letter to each.

"(A) A basic emotion . . . plus (B) Personification by character . . . plus (C) Motivation through crucible, conflict and complication to ultimate . . . climax."

There are, all together, nine points, duly elaborated. But a similarity in two plays of their "A plus B plus C" elements is enough to brand them, on this theory, as derived from the same ideas. It is the demonstration, by such means, according to Mr. Malevinsky, that has made so much difference in the court's attitude. In his seriousness Mr. Malevinsky is cruel, even to mercilessness.



Bridge at Manhattan Beach

"My formula," he holds, "makes a play so simple a sixteen-year-old mentality may grasp it." Then, with a humorless gleam in his eye, he will add, "Authors and Judges will now understand what a play is really about."

T was Mr. Malevinsky's enthusiasm which helped Miss Simonton to win her suit over "White

Cargo." But his formula, the child of his heart, turned against him when he set to defending Guy Bolton. Judge Knox understood so well that he only modified his verdict with the much-quoted phrase "unconscious plagiarism." But Mr. Malevinsky is far from discouraged and daily he is called upon to test out some new allegation of piracy with his magic symbols.

I may be that the more recent suits are righteous attempts to obtain justice. And

on the other hand, perhaps the financial exchange which followed the "White Cargo" award has turned a few of our unknown playwrights' heads. When it has been demonstrated to the world that great riches follow the establishment of a case against a big hit there is always the temptation to try one's hand. But the putting of play piracy suits upon a sound legal basis can not but eventually lead to the greater protection of the greater number.

WITH the slight exception that Miss "Texas" Guinan possibly does not and certainly cannot sing, the ensuing anecdote must be added to the list of the most delightful of the season. It has appeared, out of the hand of Mr. Zittel himself, in Zit's Weekly, but it is worthy of other printings. Thus, in other words:

There appeared at the entrance to Miss Guinan's Club, well after midnight, a gentleman and a lady who indicated that they would enter. The guardian of the portals said them nay. Entrance is by card alone, and though a card of entrance to Miss Guinan's is about as difficult of achievement as fallen arches, nevertheless it remained that the gentleman and the lady had no card and could not enter forthwith. However, the guardian would be pleased to ascend the steps and invite Miss Guinan to inspect her wouldbe guests.

He returned in ten minutes, with the news that Miss Guinan was singing and could not be disturbed. He returned in twenty minutes, with the news that Miss Guinan was still singing and could still not be disturbed. He returned in thirty minutes, with the news that and so on. And he returned in forty minutes with Miss Guinan herself, her voice stilled for the moment.

Miss Guinan examined the gentleman and the lady and gave them entrance to her little kingdom. The lady was Mary Garden. I Thappened in front of the Ritz. The sport model Minerva was a poem of body design shining with polished nickel, the chauffeur, a trim guardsman in perfect fitting livery. The faultless gentleman in gray tweeds, stepped to the sidewalk and helped a glorious lady to alight. One of the lower order of loitering encomiasts was overheard to allude to her as a wow, but the combined votaries of beauty, led by

Buonarotti, Shelly, Ziegfeld and Poiret and George Moore could not have chorused a more sincere or expressive paean of Sight of her would praise. have driven Degas insane and Ned Wayburn to suicide. Passers-by stopped. Divinity was treading earth. Suddenly she stopped and tapped a tiny foot. Her lovely eyes darkened. Clouds gathered in the heavens and bystanders burst into tears. The chauffeur and doorman started forward in alarm; her companion bent over her in tender solicitude. She was

about to speak....

Then came her voice, something between static in a railway station broadcaster and the creak of wagon wheels on a zero morning:

"Cheest! I lef' my choon gum!"

Purple

COLORS come and go, but purple seems to be with us for the Summer. It wasn't so long ago that the best-dressed girl we know waxed indignant in the shade of her purple hat. Purple, as *the* color, no older than the Spring, was becoming "common."

"But," we remonstrated, "isn't it always that way. Smart people (with compliments) take up a fashion and inside of a week it is selling in cotton, marked down, on Fourteenth Street."

"Hn-hun," she nodded, "only usually it takes months, or seasons, before we have to drop it. But purple is too conspicuous a color. They were on to us like a shot."

But over the Fourth we saw her with a purple parasol . . . and reproached her.

"It isn't so bad in the country," she defended herself, "one forgets that the streets are glutted with it."

"Only pity us," was her answer, "who have to cross Fifth Avenue a dozen times a week-day."

The Week's Mot

THE papers have been full of the fact that there are now 6,000 graduates of schools of journalism in the width and breadth of the land. This was being discussed in the presence of David H. Wallace, and Mr. Wallace remarked:

"Who knows but what in that list of clear-eyed eager, forward-looking young men and women there is not one who is destined to become marbles editor of the New York World?"

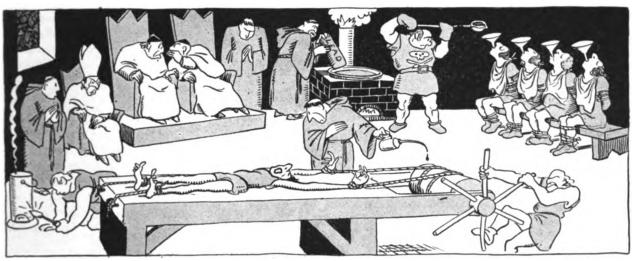
-The New Yorkers



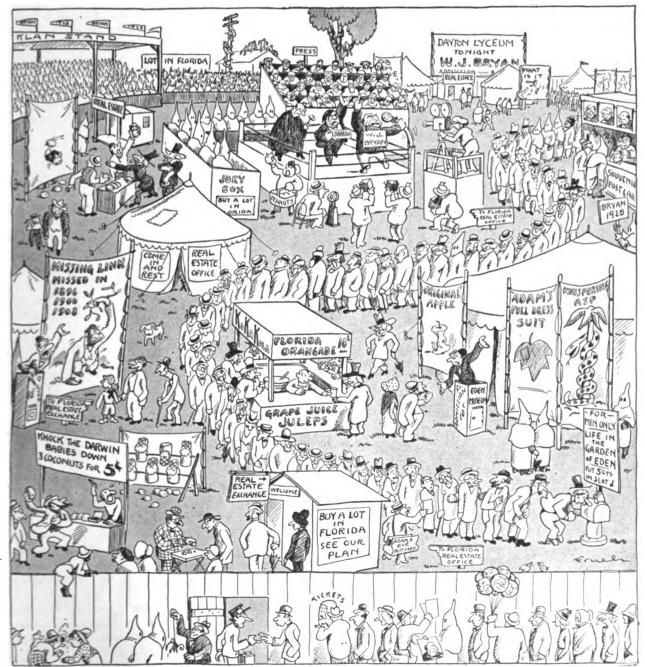


£ .,

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS



-AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE"





DAYTON, TENNESSEE

A Summary

IGHT here in Dayton within a block of my hotel are two better exponents of evolution - than little Scopes. One is John Billingsley, the blacksmith, who reconciles science and the Bible, and the other is Mr. Davis, the agnostic printer. It is a pity their indictment was not somehow managed.

Billingsley used to teach a country school in these mountains. He got me a piece of red cedar to whittle on while he told me of his career as an educator. Red cedar is the stuff for beginners at whittling. I was sitting on a nail keg and the conversation was

dragging because I didn't have anything to whittle, and I didn't have any toothpick, either. The blacksmith tossed me this piece of red cedar, I whittled myself a toothpick, and that was the beginning of a friendship.

Mr. Billingsley said he had always had two classes in geography---one he taught that the world was flat, and one he taught that the world was round, according to the religious beliefs of the pupils' parents. I was sorry when a farmer named Lee came in and wanted to know if Billingsley was ever going to quit gassing and shoe that mare.

I can't say just how they should have gone about it to indict Mr. Davis, the agnostic printer, for teaching evolution, but I do believe a way could have been found. There are people in

Dayton who would be willing to indict Davis for anything-on general principles.

Either of these gentlemen would have been better material to work on in court than the present defendant. The fact that Davis is a social outcast because of his want of faith, living alone with his books and his flowers, wouldn't cut any ice. The defendant will be convicted anyhow. This will happen to Scopes whom everybody likes. But Billingsley or Davis, either one, would have given the modernists a better run for their money. They are "characters." One has a learned understanding of the Darwinian theory which he got from books. The other has a common sense conception of it which he thought out for himself over his anvil. Additionally, at the trial they could have planned a diversion of some of the personal publicity to themselves instead of letting Darrow and Bryan absorb so much of it, with the New York and Paris joint entry, Mr. Dudley Malone, and the others contesting among themselves to split the balance.

But it is young Scopes who is going to trial. I repeat that it is too bad. It is too bad because it shows a lack of consideration for Scopes, who is a good fellow, but (perhaps on that account) is sick of the bargain he made to submit to arrest at the coaxing and coaching of luminaries of the Progressive Dayton Club and be a hero while town and townsmen get publicity-not to mention the more tangible proofs of attention which courtroom crowds and sightseers with money to spend can bestow.

Mr. Scopes went into this thing young and inex-



In Whose Image?

perienced. He is still young, but he has found this hero business different from what it is cracked up to be. He ducks out and hides in the swimming hole along the crick when he hears that a new reporter or photographer has come to town. The only name I know for that cool mountain rivulet is Scopes Crick. But no reporter or photographer need count his day lost on that account. If Scopes, nominal principal, with boyish impulse is so foolhardy as to play hooky from the spotlight which shines for him, it is different with the supernumeraries. There is an organized waiting list, a methodical roster by which they come to Dayton and stand their turns on appointed days and dates, hailing from points as remote as Florida, Chicago and New York.

This makes things hum at the Rexall Store-which is the place of business of R. E. Robinson, "the hustling druggist." It is Dayton's civic center. (What say we drop in and shoot a Coca-Cola?) Its soda fountain does for a public forum. There, in the course of the day, you can find anyone you wish to meet or find out anything you wish to know. Its news and bookstand does for a Carnegie Library. Of course it cannot afford everything that is in print. You cannot buy "The Descent of Man," the Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, Scribners, or the Mercury. But you can get Breezy Stories, Live Stories, True Marriage Stories, Ranch Romances, the Saturday Evening Post, "An Elusive Lover," by Bertha M. Clay, and the Bible. For the ills that flesh is heir to the advertisements displayed suggest Dr. C. B. Caldwell's Syrup of Pepsin, Wine of Cardui and the complete "line" of sterling Rexall custom-compounded materia medica-a remedy for every affliction. You can get a good five cent cigar; the late Tom Marshall died too soon.



You can meet people and get acquainted. You can get acquainted with the hustling druggist himself. You can get him to tell you How It Started. He will give you the authorized, orthodox version. To question any of its details is a grave matter, like tampering with the first chapter of Genesis or the U. S. mails.

Ten days before the trial began the Chattanooga News took a whirl at the higher criticism, and printed the real story of the origin of the Scopes case. A girl reporter named Nellie Kenyon dug it up and it was a slick piece of work. But Miss Nellie's was an evanescent triumph, I'm afraid. It was a sensation locally, but the outside papers didn't print it much. The orthodox version will pass into history, like the fable of Washington and the cherry tree. "So you are from New York," observes Mr.

Robinson, the hustling druggist, "I'm afraid you will find Dayton a pretty small place after New York. But we keep alive. I was in New York when they had the subway strike. Went to Boston and they had the police strike. Yes, sir, strikes all along. But Mr. Coolidge certainly handled that situation in Boston. I give him credit for that. The Rexall convention was in Boston then. Went right ahead as if nothing was happening. Mr. Liggett, the head of Rexall you know-owns all your chain drug stores hack East, too-he wants to know if I am coming to the convention this year. I tell him no, that Dayton's got a better convention of its own. Ha! Ha! Well, make yourself at home in the store. Make it your headquarters."

You tell Mr. Robinson that you have been assured by 343 people that his store is Where It Started. But you wish to know the inside on How It Started. Big, important matter like this . . . those seemingly trivial details are interesting. . . And this whispering about mysterious, secret prearrangement . . . publicity stunt?

"That's a good joke," says the hustling druggist. "Publicity stunt! Started right in my store here and I didn't know enough to send it in to the Chattanooga *Times* and I'm their local correspondent. This thing just happened. Four young fellows around a table there. Just happened ... like most big things, when you get right down to it. They just happen. We had no idea... Of course, eventually we did expect a little notice in the papers. Testing the law and all. Maybe make the *Literary Digest*. But nothing like what you see. We're as surprised as anybody."

The only difference between the orthodox version and the real version of the start of the Scopes case is that the former insists that the thing was the result of a chance meeting between Scopes and three others in the drug store at which an argument started over evolution and Scopes consented to be arrested to test the law.

But actually the origin of the case was not so naive. A fellow named Dr. George Rappleyea, a Ph.D. and a civil engineer for a coal mine over the mountain, thought the thing up and recommended it to the hustling druggist, who is also president of the local school board, and some others. Lawyers were engaged and everything before Scopes was brought in. But I don't know that that makes any great difference, after all. As a starter John Mendi himself couldn't have acquitted himself any better.

Have I mentioned that the population of Dayton is 1,903. Well, it is; and the fundamentalists outnumber the modernists, though perhaps not more greatly than 1890 to 13. These figures include the foreign element which comprises three Jews, one Greek and a family of Roman Catholics. I have heard the Greek very well spoken of.

There are two paved streets and two hotels. Both hotels have telephones in the lobbies and rooms with a bath on the same floor. At the Aqua we offer the Pulitzer Prize for Eating An Entire Meal. It has not been won yet—not because the food is bad but because there is so much of it. Six vegetables for supper last night. There are two drug stores, two banks, three garages, two blacksmith shops, one semiprofessional distributor of cawn whisky, one moving picture theatre accommodating 75 people, five churches accommodating 1,903 people, one pool hall, one two-bit poker game and one limousine, a Lincoln owned by Harry Lawrence, the Ford dealer.

This town differs from other east Tennessee towns because it is newer and more progressive. It was founded in the eighties when the railroad came through from Cincinnati. It belongs to the twentieth century. It ought to have a Rotary Club and Mr. Robinson, the hustling druggist, ought to be the president. Dayton took the county seat away from Washington, which is more than one hundred years old, but has no railroad, no hustling druggist and will never catch the eye of Rotary International. It is a restful Southern hamlet of character. You couldn't get up an evolution test case there on a bet.

Dayton is plenty Southern and accommodating, though. I went into Parham & Brady's to buy a bathing suit so I could go swimming with Scopes the next morning. There wasn't a suit in the store that would fit me, but Mr. Parham said he reckoned we were about of a size and couldn't he lend me his suit? He had never seen me before, and I didn't carry any letters of introduction.

"Perfectly all right," Mr. Parham, interrupted my thanks. "Our little town hasn't much to offer a fel-



low from New York. Wouldn't have you miss a swim. Drop in anytime. Make the store your head-quarters."

I never got to swim with Scopes though. That night the professor (excuse me, he doesn't like to be called that and I'll oblige him; few do) Scopes took a girl to a country dance and a couple of New York newspaper photographers sneaked out there and set off

a flash that lit up a township. Scopes was so upset that he wouldn't leave his boarding house the next forenoon. Poor devil, they nearly drive him crazy.

Dancing is variously regarded down here. Some think it sinful. The night Scopes went to that dance I went to a Holy Roller meeting with a lady reporter from New York. The preacher told us dancing was sinful. It is also sinful to drink whisky, wear a necktie or "run after" women, he said. He said he spoke as an old sinner who had done all three in one evening. He summed up the pursuit of women in one word which I have not heard ordinarily passed in mixed company.

But most of the young folks in Dayton seem to dance just the same, and they also wear neckties. The American Legion boys would have given a dance in their hall last Washington's birthday, in fact, but the bank which holds the mortgage wouldn't let them. There are some finished poker players in Dayton and some fine games, especially among the lawyers, but bridge hasn't got a foothold yet. The girls do not smoke, but they bob their hair and roll their stock-The young bloods roll dice and drink cawn ings. with elaborate secrecy. Everybody but a few exiles like Mr. Davis, the agnostic printer, goes to church. Mr. Davis is an old man with a university education and an interesting past. He is probably as good a Bible student as there is in Dayton, and has been a lay officer in the Episcopal Church.

The better element took a printing press away from Davis lately. Originally the press belonged to a printer Davis was working for. Davis and this employer didn't hit it off very well because Davis would not go to church, but when the employer seduced a fourteen-year-old girl he had to leave town and Davis got the press, on a debt. But Davis did not have it long before a prominent resident of Dayton sued him for it. Davis went to court with what looked like a good case. But the first question the other side's attorney asked Davis was, "Are you or are you not an atheist?" The scholarly old printer suggested that the question was irrelevant because any answer he migh be able to make would scarcely throw any light on the press issue. The printer lost his case. God is always relevant in Dayton.

Another time Mr. Davis tried to get hold of the tottering weekly Dayton *Herald*, but a band of public spirited citizens bought up the sheet for a minister's son, and kept the entire press of Dayton on the side of the Almighty.

Lately Dayton hasn't been able to keep such close tabs on its lone confessed agnostic, however, because there is so much else going on. The roster of visiting notables certainly eats into one's time. Mr. Darrow was No. 1 on the list. His coming was a great event, an anxiously waited event. There had been

> misgivings about how Darrow would "go." Darrow had them himself. But notwithstanding, Darrow got by in Dayton.

> The old master who has won a hundred hostile juries won again. His ill-fitting clothes which he might have picked up at a second hand store on South Halsted Street, his lazy, ambling gait, his toothpick, his mannerisms, his homely, drawling speech—all this captivated the simple citizens of Dayton; the great man was one of them in half an hour.

> "I see that down here you wear suspenders, too," he told old Ben McKenzie, crafty country lawyer, who is re-

garded as the only possible match for Darrow on the prosecution side.

"Yeas, suh," said Ben. "The same deficiencies of nature prevail here as elsewhere, I reckon, requirin' a little material assistance to keep our pants up."

"Do you believe in God, Mr. Darrow?" asked an awed young lady.

"What is God, ma'am?" inquired the old lawyer with the simplicity of an humble seeker of the light. "God is love," said the young lady.

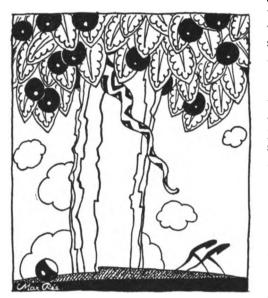
For a moment Mr. Darrow was lost in reflection, "God is love," he repeated, "Yes, then, I believe in God."

Darrow mixed with the townfolks, give and take —at the hotel, in the street, in the Rexall Store. The Progressive Dayton Club gave him a "banquet" at the Aqua Hotel. Darrow responded to a "toast," relating his experiences as a country lawyer in southern Ohio many long years ago.

"... so I set up practicing law and playing a little poker on the side ... but I had to eat ... pretty soon playing poker and practicing a little law on the side ... saved up railroad fare and went to Chicago ... yes, sir, got a three thousand dollar fee in that case ... biggest fee I ever earned ... not the biggest fee I ever got, understand ... but biggest fee I ever earned"

So Darrow won Dayton, which regards him as almost worth converting.

Bainbridge Colby, next on the spotlight roster, has made the next-best impression. Maybe the best impression. It is hard to compare the impression Colby made with that of Darrow, they are so dissimilar. Colby made no attempt to meet the inhabitants on their own ground. Colby was himself—the poised,



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cultured, assured, keen aristocrat and gentleman, with generations of "position" behind him. Dayton appraised him and found him genuine. The east Tennessee mountains have their gentlemen and aristocrats, so they know the breed.

Dudley Field Malone has not scored so well, especially in Dayton. He did better in Chattanooga where he addressed the Civitan Club. It was a good Civitan Club speech. Mr. Malone was no more carefully dressed than Mr. Colby when he arrived, but possibly Mr. Malone brought his clothes from Paris. Possibly some of his etiquette was unconsciously acquired in Paris. It seemed a little foreign to the lobby of the Aqua Hotel.

His ponderous yellow leather dressing case, with labels of continental watering places, was an item for comment by contrast with Darrow's battered little valise. Bainbridge Colby might have brought six trunks; for him it wouldn't have mattered.

As I write this, Bryan has yet to make his appearance in Dayton. Bryan has waited until last. There will be twice as many newspapermen in town when he comes as when Darrow came. The Commoner's reception will eclipse those of his predecessors. Dayton is Bryan territory. Bryan, defender of the faith and of the Ku Klux Klan—he is above criticism, like a biblical character.

In all this rigmarole, imagine Scopes. They track him down and drag him out to lend an aspect of verity to the proceedings. They whisk him off to Knoxville, to Chattanooga, to New York. They picture him as a flaming young genius, a new D'Artagnan, feared and fearless, challenging the powers of darkness within their own picket line.

That's stimulating, but it isn't accurate. When the plans of the promoters of this trial reached a point where a defendant was required they picked Scopes because they could get him. However certain of his D'Artagnan-like qualities they fancied themselves to be they were less certain of the spelling of his name which in early private memoranda is impartially rendered as Scoops and Scoapes.

Scopes is twenty-four and young for his yearsmore immature than his pictures make him out to besimply a shy, likeable, sensible, religious, strawberry blonde boy who is nonplussed by the whirling events. Yet there is something to Scopes. Perhaps he lacks only experience. In a situation where everything conspires to make him a trifle ridiculous he bears himself well; his perfect modesty is wonderfully refreshing.

Through this pageantry walks a shabby man. Mark him. He needs a haircut and a shave, sometimes a fresh collar, always a shine and a respectable suit of clothes. He is probably the best known lawyer in Tennessee. He is worth a million dollars. He is John R. Neal of Knoxville, chief of counsel for the defense and major domo of the visiting trained seals. He is a bachelor, an aristocrat, a cultivated man of the world. He can talk to a Tennessee mountaineer or a foreign ambassador in his own language. He is the brains of the defense. He is a puzzle. He is supposed to have political aspirations and here he is lining up in a flashy fight which eighty per cent of the people in Tennessee regard as an assault on the Bible. He is enjoying himself. I asked him if he knew there was a sign painter in Dayton who could discuss Michelangelo, Raphael, Manet, Monet and Degas, and contrast the Reverend DeWitt Talmadge's conception of hell with that of Dante.

"I did not. What is his name? I must meet him."

The man's name is Jim Hughes. He is a fundamentalist and he hasn't much use for the Honorable John R. Neal. "The Judge [meaning Mr. Neal] is one of these fourth dimension fellows," Jim confided over a Coca-Cola, "he ought to get down to earth."

So the Scopes case. So Dayton. The town is in carnival attire. Mr. Robinson, the hustling druggist, has stretched a banner across the street in front of his place, reading "WHERE IT STARTED." On the revival meeting tabernacle opposite the Aqua Hotel another big sign has appeared. It says "READ YOUR BIBLE." "The Mansion," a deserted manor house of olden days on the mountain side, has been temporarily rehabilitated for Dr. Rappleyea to move into and entertain the visiting scientists. There is an acre of hot dog stands, and the camp followers are drifting in.

Ribald Southern Railroad freight brakemen shout "All out for Monkeyville!" because they know it annoys the inhabitants. Roy Shelton, the local Ford mechanic, has cast a commemorative medal which shows an ape's head in bas-relief and the words, "Dayton, Tenn., 1925." It sells for sixty cents. Cawn whisky is getting more accessible. A male quartet under my window renders "My Adeline."

My neighbor, Billingsley, the blacksmith, says the cause of science will be served somewhat. He will close his shop and watch the trial. Jim Hughes, the sign painter, says Darwinism has signed its death warrant. George Milton, the publisher of the Chattanooga News, darkly suspected of evolutionist leanings, drives up to Dayton once or twice a week. He stands on the curb in front of the Aqua Hotel and looks up and down the street.

"What do you make of it?"

"Symptomatic and significant," says he, "but not important."

That is a Southern editor's colloquialism for "So, so." Right in the main, I think, but like so many Southern editors, Mr. Milton is conservative.

I personally estimate that the outcome of this trial will be that Dayton gets a Rotary Club and that Scopes won't be invited to join. He is not a leader in his line.—Marquis James Dayton, Tenn.





SOMERSAULT



HE is well known to you all. A leading lady in her own right, and a success. But once she tossed the handkerchief in an acrobatic act. She herself became an acrobat, long before she ever dreamed

of going into the legit. For some years she played the varieties, and she got so she did her handsprings and somersaults subconsciously.

She broke into the legit via the stock company school, an arduous but excellent university. She finally reached stellar heights in the Brooklyn stock company where she broke in as a super. She was beginning to be talked of. There were rumors that a certain theatrical manager was interested. He was due to see her work during the week the stock company played "The Bird of Paradise." The play was a hit. The audience at each performance went mad over the climax in the fourth act.

The besotted white man had married the Hawaiian Princess. The Hawaiian sun's flower-fingered grip was in his brain. ' But he heard the call of his own kind, and tossed the Princess aside. Before that, she had incurred the enmity of the village priest by forsaking her gods for the white man. The priest, in rather an Irish brogue, had chanted the prayer of death.

Forsaken by the man she loves, the Princess is about to go back to her people . . . to forget. A native arrives and tells her the volcano is all het up. The fire god is angry and demands a human sacrifice. She remembers the dread portent of the prayer of death. She knows she must die. She will jump into the volcano and appease the fury of the fire god.

A wow. They ate it up. The stage crew had labored overtime to create that volcano. It was made of thin slats of board covered with canvas, in the form of a hollowed platform across the stage, about four feet high. At the right towered a higher platform, representing a crag above the mouth of the volcano.

On top of this she made her appearance for the great climax of the play, posing for a brief moment, breathing her prayer to the fire god. Across the mouth of the volcano red canvas was stretched. Under that canvas sweating stage hands crept about on their hands and knees to give the effect of angry, bubbling flames. Other stage hands manipulated sulphurous torches which gave forth a frightful smell and much smoke. In the centre was a pile of mattresses. The simples in front held their breath in an agony of suspense. The red canvas rolled. The lights changed. This made the red canvas appear gray. The leaping flames were now burning, seething lava. The smell of sulphur was overpowering. The firegod waited, waited . . and she would leap, just as the curtain began to fall.

It happened on Saturday night, the closing night of the show. She was just ready to go on for the volcano-leaping bit when the stage manager, who played the village priest, gripped her arm as she stood in the wings.

"Do you know who's in front?" he demanded, in an awed whisper. "Belasco!"

Her heart beat tumultuously. "He's here to see the show," said the stage manager. "Can you imagine?"

Fool! Did he think Belasco had come to see the miserable show? It was she he had come to see. She shouldered the stage manager aside and ran up the stairs which led to the top of the crag. Her heart clamored when she realized that all evening Belasco had been watching her work. She had been planning for weeks to reach him in his office, And now he had come to see her work. Mohammed had come to the mountain.

When she reached the top of the crag and looked down, she didn't see the lurching canvas, the faces in the audience, the smoke creeping up, the stage hands waiting impatiently for her to jump, so that they might strike the set. She was not an Hawaiian Princess about to sacrifice herself for her people. She was not the lowly acrobat who used to toil in the three-a-day. She was an embryonic Belasco star.

She visioned Belasco coming back-stage. She saw herself greeting him, explaining to him that she would consider it a privilege to work for him for a pittance, for nothing at all; pleading with him not to judge her capabilities by the makeshifts of her present environment. She saw herself getting the chance she had so long dreamed of-rehearsing in a real play, by a real author, with real scenery and a real director-Belasco seated at one side, watching, approving, making his priceless suggestions.

She saw herself in the premiere of the great play, on Broadway. In front of the theatre was a sign whose glorious brilliancy pierced her heart with an exquisite pain. There was a named blazoned on it-her name.

She realized it was time for her to leap. Deep from her subconsciousness came an impulse out of the past, which she couldn't restrain. Horrified, she tried to hold herself back from the fatal move. But it was too late.

She leaped, but in mid-air, before she disappeared into the crater, she turned a graceful, expert-and complete-somersault.-Pier Glass



PROFILES

The Daddy of Sunday Painters

HIS being a cynical country there may never be a monument or tablet reared to Clinton Peters, the daddy of the Sunday painter. For the Sunday painter is to the art-artist what the Sunday driver is to the owner of the Hispano or Rolls-Royce, who wishing to hurry to his country estate, finds the road blocked or traffic stalled by the amateur who drives on Sunday.

The Sunday painter, if you do not already know, is the American man, woman or child who finds his compensation in this materialistic world through the

outlet of canvas, paints and brushes. He does not like golf, or he finds it too remote or expensive. He is tired of the Sunday papers and, being intelligent, does not have to go to church. He has always had a secret desire to paint. Why he didn't is another story, or a play or a movie-its right name is economic pressure. And if he is an American he doubtless feels that his vice must be kept secret-a he-man being expected to ride horses, walk links, or fish streams.

Enter Clinton Peters, father of at least a thousand Sunday painters, and teacher of some half dozen who have become famous. A high percentage,

according to the charts and graphs which show that in the precarious business of art less than one-tenth of one per cent of the art pupils arrive. Added to the list of those who have derived their art education from Mr. Peters are those who have already arrived and who have found the Peters Sunday classes a pleasant way to new fields.

When young Peters finished Julians back in 1888 ie had no idea of teaching. But good teachers are rare gifts and when one is born the gods usually see that eventually he is set aside to light the way for others. Peters in the Academy days, like many another student, had painted a portrait of his doctor in lieu of cash payment of a bill. The portrait was sitting around his Paris studio when it caught the eye of an older artist, who was immediately impressed. He grabbed the canvas and rushed Peters into a cab. Then they drove around to a framer's and made a dicker for an old frame, getting a bargain for one cut down. Then the portrait was taken to the Salon. As any story writer knows, it won the prize. Not only the prize for that year, but subsequent prizes in Berlin, Munich and later in Chicago, where it was



Clinton Peters

sent for the World's Fair.

From then on Clinton Peters was a successful portrait painter. Too, he bought art for a time in Paris for American firms, and then, coming to America, settled in Baltimore. In that Southern capital he painted all of the nobility and most of the politicians. A disastrous fire, followed by the failure of the bank where he had all of his money, changed the course of his life. He began to teach. He had already undertaken the art education of his daughter Betty. She, by the way, exhibited in the Academy the first

year out and in a few years was painting portraits as fast as she could at one to two thousand dollars each. Betty Peters has adorned the domes of many a State capitol with flattering likenesses of coal barons, Senators Whoozis, Flim and Flam.

The first outside pupil was Jean Walker, a young miss sent on by her father from St. Louis in 1907 to learn art. Mr. Peters still points with pride to Miss Walker. He had agreed to teach her for three years. At the end of two years family reverses called Miss Walker back to the Mississippi. But Miss Walker was so advanced that she was made assistant to Vanderpoel, who

had come from Chicago Art Institute to head the St. Louis Fine Arts. Upon Vanderpoel's death two years later Miss Walker was given his place.

At that time the Peters classes numbered over a hundred and the artist found no time for his portrait painting. Simon Vedder and William Bancroft were called in to help him, but that did not relieve Peters of enough burden. So he let the school dwindle and confined his efforts to his Saturday and Sunday classes. In that period there were many who have made themselves rich or famous. Off hand, Peters lingers over the names of Margaret Fuller, Tracey Hoppen, Percy Muncey (who painted Harding), Clarence Bush, Paul Jennewein, Jerry Farnsworth, Edwin Shippen, Percy Crosby, James Thomas Rawles.

Clinton Peters had a one-man show at Ainslies last Autumn, the exhibit including portraits done over a period of thirty-five years. It was a remarkable chronicle of a portrait painter, starting with the greyed-out tones of the Whistler era to the harsh pigmentation of the latter day trade. Peters will tell you that sitters keep up with the styles and he has tried to follow the market. In doing so perhaps

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Peters looks upon art as any of the plagues or fevers: once it attacks you, it should be let run its course. It is to be expected in youth, of course, and can be easily directed. But when it hits old age—the thing to do is to be patient and try your best. Peters never discourages the embryo artist. He says that in his thousand he has had only two failures; and those were men who had defective vision. He points with pride to Edward J. McGanney, a retired lawyer who at 72 joined the Sunday classes and at 76 last Fall had a creditable portrait in an exhibit.

The Sunday class of to-day is a cross section of New York. In a dirty studio atop the old Lincoln Arcade there is room for about eighteen easels and stools. You will find some twenty or twenty-five huddled into a half circle around the model. Mr. McGanney's neatly pressed, grey-striped trousers and white spats are a weird contrast to the torn trousers of the next student. This boy works in a tailoring shop during the week. Some day he will be a great artist and paint murals. He is Italian and he ought to know. Then there is the girl from Detroit. Her father invented something on an automobile engine. When not at Newport or Palm Beach her limousine (with two men on the box) brings her to the Sunday classes.

Then a watch repairer from Tiffany's and a boy who helps a plasterer during the week. Perhaps the next number from the hat fell to Adolph Triedler, one of the best poster artists in the country. Triedler, confined to the limits of printing presses during the week, likes to throw color on a Sunday without thought of off-sets or color plates. And so it goes, with here and there a school teacher, a young girl who works in a millinery shop and hopes to learn designing, or perhaps Alfred Lunt or Leslie Howard, widening their scope of art.

The class is from 9 until I with twenty minute

THE NEW YORKER

periods. During these four hours Peters shuffles his way through the maze of easels, with here a suggestion or there a wail. Woe to the student who lets him take his brush. For Peters will become so engrossed he may finish the portrait himself. And during all criticism, there is a running fire of anecdote, memories of Julians, hours spent with Sargent, tiffs with Whistler, comments from Gerome. And there are also modern instances: topics of the art world of to-day, recent exhibits and caustic remarks about fellow craftsmen.

For Peters has one hate and that is a good one the modern. He has all the classic stories to refute these rebels and he searches avidly for new wisecracks to add to his collection. Art reached its apex in America with Sargent, according to Peters, and a great crisis came into his life with the Sargent show last year. Here was his greatest painter and here also was the portrait of the Stotesburys, at least nine feet high with six-inch heads! Peters never recovered from that discovery. Drawing also is his god and he has the old-fashioned idea that all artists should first learn to draw.

Peters is the ideal teacher. He never discourages the pupil. And though he purports to hate the moderns he encourages them if they come into his classes. A great Academician once told me he informed ninety per cent of his girl pupils that they ought to go home and wash dishes. Not so Peters. Every woman or man is an artist, he says. He respects their efforts and tries to show them the mere mechanics of proportion, balance, composition, form and color. Being human, he may like best the pupils who follow his technique, but he does not insist that they fall into his mould. So between his spoken tirades against the moderns he goes about his class inadvertently preaching the gospel of the moderns: "You are a little out of drawing but you have something there."

—Murdock Pemberton

OF ALL THINGS

SANTA BARBARA richly deserves the sympathy and generosity of the American people. When it had an earthquake, it called it an earthquake. The news was sent out by realists, not realtors.

* *

The Herald Tribune recently printed a column of letters praising the Pacific coast climate as superior to our Eastern brand. These letters, by some curious chance, were all from New York, Wappinger's Falls and Lenox, Massachusetts.

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Probably the New Haven Railroad never really expected to get away with that forty per cent increase in commutation rates. This was merely a hymn of hate against its natural enemy, the travelling public. The New Haven has no sympathy with gadabouts.

* * *

Rhode Island has the right idea in compelling motorists to drive at least thirty-five miles an hour. Those disobeying the rule will soon leave the road and those obeying it will soon leave Rhode Island.

* * *

The Governors who have been touring in Maine made a brief sortie into Canada. It is generally assumed that their consciences were their guides on this part of the trip.

* * *

"Seventy-one per cent of all voters," says Hylan, "favor my re-election to office." Leaving, obviously, twentynine per cent "interests." "Maybe some legislature," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "will attract attention by repealing the law of gravitation." The one at Albany has already abolished gravity.

* * *

A man was fined a dollar the other day for blowing a police whistle when he wanted a taxi. The reasonable part of the story is that a cop came promptly when he wasn't needed.

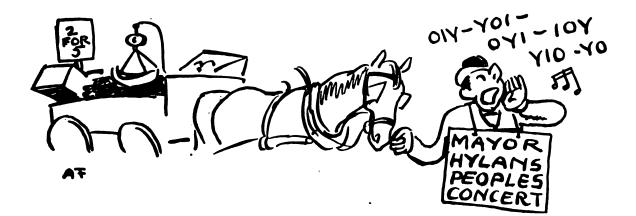
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A college dean declares girls go hungry to buy clothes. Another theory is that they go hungry so their clothes will fit.

* * *

The overnight mail brings Chicago within a stone's throw of New York. This is an opportunity that should not be missed.—Howard Brubaker





STALWART GUSS MINFF

HEN Guss Minff was a little lad of eight, his Aunt Nellie(1) noticed him playing with an axe. He was chopping at the leg of his grandfather's favorite armchair with all the devoted energy only youth can muster. Fearing, however, that he might blunt the hatchet, his aunt reluctantly took it from him, receiving for her pains two swift kicks in the shin. Smiling, if possible, she told the boy that, as a reward for his good behavior, he might practice his five-finger exercises for an hour on the piano; or, if he preferred, he might wash the breakfast dishes, since Thursday was always the hired girl's day off, when the Minffs had a hired girl, which was five years before(2).

"Naughty, naughty," said his Aunt Nellie(1) playfully.

Guss Minff said nothing (3). He rarely said anything. He knew, even in boyhood, that there are some things a man cannot say. Instead of indulging in idle talk, he rose and left the room. In a short time he returned and, still silent (4), seated himself at the foot of his grandfather's armchair. Watching him out of the corner of one eye—it was her better eye,fortunately—Aunt Nellie perceived that the boy had a saw in his hand. Grimly he set to work on the chair leg at which he had been hacking, and in a few moments he had sawed through it.

"The boy will be a great man some day," sighed

his aunt, wiping a tear away from her better eye. "He has the great gift, perseverance—or is it cussedness?"

How truly the good woman spoke(5). What vision was given her, even beyond that of her better eye, that she might know then that some day her little nephew, Guss Minff, who had shown his talent by chopping and sawing the leg off a chair, would one day be the owner of a fleet of moving vans of such great number that they kept the furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Mich., working twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, in futile effort to meet the demand. Yet such was, and is, the case(6).

It was some time afterward—twenty-five years, to be exact—when Guss Minff, now a man, full-grown and strong in his young manhood, came into his own. He was working as helper for a moving van company. One day a contract for moving the contents of a piano warehouse was let to his concern. The foreman of the movers was ill. (It was shortly after Volstead.) To sturdy Guss Minff the boss entrusted the task of moving all those pianos.

Guss Minff made good. I cannot emphasize this fact too strongly. When he faced the big test, the vital moment of his career(7) he was equal to it.

Three hundred eighty-seven pianos he moved—AND NOT ONE OF THEM LIVED TO TELL THE TALE.

From then on his life was a series of growing successes.—James Kevin McGuinness.

(2) The Congressional Record (p. 688, Vol. 1972, Fifty-ninth Congress; Memorial Day Remarks of the Hon. Flyan Assee, Iowa, delivered Nov. 26, 1904) strangely makes no reference to this highly important incident, although it brings in everything else that ever happened in the history of the world.

(3) The American Mercury ("Rowdy Guss Minff" by Bishop Manning, July, 1925) credits the boy with saying, under these circumstances, "So's your old man," but this does not seem logical as, at the time of the supposed remark, Guss Minff's Aunt Nellie had to old man, her father having died some time previously; that is to say, fifty years before, and she being a spinster.

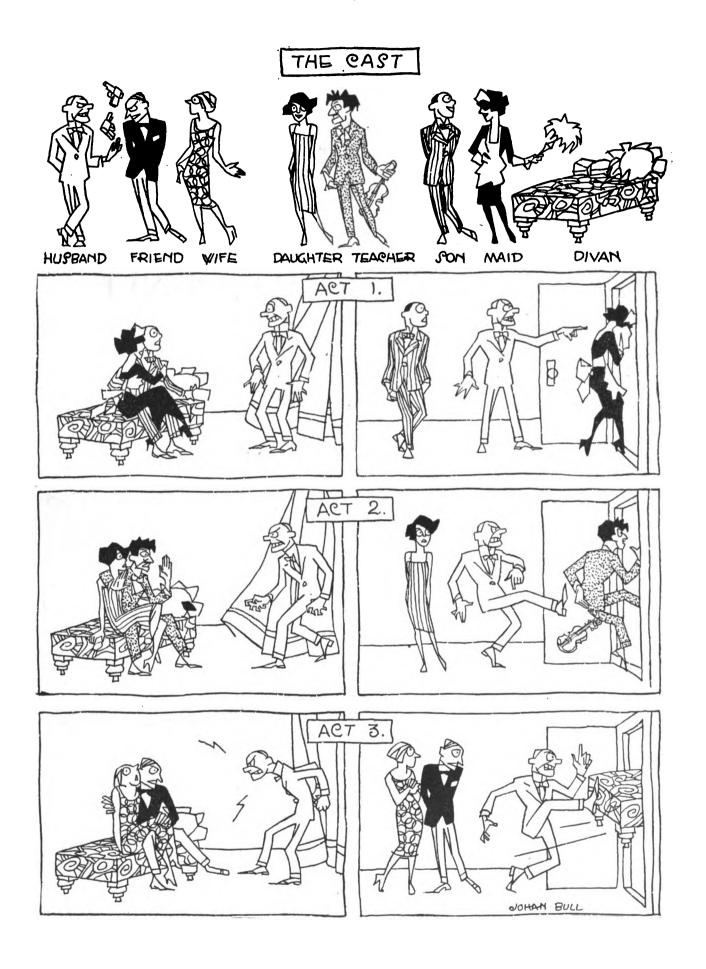
(4) Dr. John Roach Straton in his "Mugging Around—A Tale of the Big City" asserts that Guss Minfi whistled. With this view the author of the present memoir is in utter disagreement. (5) The writer has no sympathy with those (Edna St. Vincent Millay in her "The Eve of Guss Minff"; Adolph Ochs in his "Tabloid Days"; The Associated Press Annual Report, 1899, and Burt L. Standish in his "Dick Merriwell at Vassar") who assert that Aunt Nellie called her nephew a "pernicious imp." She spoke with a decided lisp and so hardly would have attempted the difficult word, "pernicious."

(6) The American Magazine, April, 1918 ("He Moves Worlds" by Henry L. Mencken.)

(7) The Journal of Experimental Medicine, Special Christmas Number, July, 1920 ("What a Mug He Was," by Charles Evans Hughes), does not agree wholly with my interpretation, holding that Guss Minff faced the crisis of his career when he ran a vanload of whisky from Boston to New York and, being in danger of capture by Internal Revenue agents, drank his entire cargo to destroy the evidence.



⁽¹⁾ The Encyclopedia Britannica says it was his Grandaunt Kate, but when the writer went to consult this work, the page was torn out.



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The Theatre

HERE has, and it's like suddenly going deaf, been a week with no openings of new shows at all.

In such an emergency, there is a definite and standardized procedure for the writer on things dramatic, with an obligatory space to fill. He must turn out a little piece on the best ten Hoosizes of the year—the best ten plays stolen from "Within the Law," the best ten rewrites of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," the best ten ankles in drawing room comedies,—or perhaps you get the idea by now.

This department refuses to be stampeded. Whenever a new show is produced, we have decided, we shall revisit an old one. We shall, in fact, revisit an old one when no show at all is being produced.

And so to "What Price Glory."

The chief impression of a tenth recent visit to the Plymouth Theatre must be one of admiration for the way in which the acting level of the play has been kept up. More often than not, a company engaged in interpreting a hit becomes listless and goes through its lines in a perfunctory and slightly bored way. (Across the street from the Plymouth, at the Klaw, the Pulitzer Prize Play came close to complete ruination during the season from the weird antics of several of its players.)

Louis Wolheim and William Boyd, in particular, continue to be Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirk as if every night were opening night, with success or failure to be achieved by the way in which their rôles are played. . . . It is "What Price Glory" this season that has made the "I don't know where to go tonight, I've seen every show in town" just the least bit more than silly. The answer is to go see "What Price Glory" again.

And then, in the same street, is "Rose-Marie," at the Imperial Theatre. There is very little in this show that cannot be seen again and again with pleasure. In particular, the theatre-goer who depends upon this department for suggestions as to his theatrical pleasure—come out, come out, wherever you are is advised to wander into the Imperial Theatre at about ten o'clock each night, or at about four on matinee days, to hear and see the "Totem-Pole" number, a chorus evolution that must be without doubt the best chorus effect that this town has yet seen.

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Still on Forty-sixth Street is another play that, too, brings fresh pleasure upon a fresh visit.

This is "Is Zat So?," the comedy by James Gleason and Richard Tabor that crept shyly and almost hopelessly into town on the very night that the more distinguished critical gentlemen had other shows that called them. No play of recent years has been so broadly amusing, so boisterously hilarious as "Is Zat So?"

There is, moreover, material here for the psychologist in the audience behavior nightly of some soberminded people who sit through the first few minutes of the show with their reason imploring madly that they rush out into the night and who then spend the rest of the evening in competitive, if only figurative, rolling up and down aisles in reaction to the mad antics of Mr. Gleason and Mr. Robert Armstrong.

—Н. Ј. М.

Music

THERE'S nothing like being all wrong. Two weeks ago, this department despatched cynically the probable attendance at the "Aida" performance of the Maestri Salmaggi and Acierno, and only 24,000 commuters arrived at the Yankee Stadium to make us out a liar.

Where the maestri uncarthed this gathering we cannot tell, but we're glad to report that there seems to be a demand for opera in ball parks.

However, we adhere to our strictures about ball parks as opera houses. The stage for "Aida" was parked somewhere near the centre field bleachers, with the audience in the grand stand. Consequently, Bernardo De Muro, the two-thousand-dollar-a-night man, Mme. Rappold and their associates had to holler as no opera singers ever bellowed, to reach the home plate.

What with projecting their voices across a distance equivalent to a good three-bagger and competing with the frequent and ostentatious open-air subway service east of the Stadium, the artists were compelled to discard such trifles as nuance, dynamics and subtlety of phrasing. If this was not the most illuminating performance of "Aida" ever offered, it was easily the loudest, with Signor De Muro keeping on even terms with the Interborough.

Even so, the show was a good one.

The lighting proved to be oddly effective, and the

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conventionalized scenery served as an unobtrusive background.

The wide open spaces were kind to such voices as penetrated them, and Maestro La Rotella, an unusually graphic conductor, kept the opera moving with ample spirit. After no little whistling and applause from an impatient crowd of hot dog connoisseurs, the opera got under way at about 9.40. At midnight, it was helf over . For all we

was half over. For all we know, it's still going on.

Not the least of the enchantments of the occasion were a vigorous, well-pantomimed address to the orchestra at about 9.15 by an orator unknown to this department, the off-stage revels of the ensemble between acts, the sudden exodus of the horses for reasons which we hesitate to suggest, and the obvious tedium of the camel. The elephant had not yet appeared at 12:30 a. m., but it was suggested that he might have erred into the Polo Grounds. Signor De Muro, who

probably will appear in more midnight operas, seems to have an extraordinary tenor

voice and a flair for effective operatic posturing. Concerning this importation, more will be set down when there is an opportunity to hear him as a tenor rather than as a megaphone. Mme. Rappold sang easily and expertly, and seemed to be oblivious of passing trains, and there was an interesting bass named Ivan Steschenko. And if you don't believe that it was a regular performance of "Aida," we add that *Amonasro* was loud and tremulous and *Il Re* indistinct and tremulous.

Mayor Hylan's Central Park Concerts have served to bring into evidence an unusually able orchestral conductor. He is Maximillian Pilzer, who led a scratch orchestra, unrehearsed, through a light but tricky program in a manner reminiscent of Dr. Stock of Chicago. Mr. Pilzer not only presents his scores without "readings," but he gives his men a beat that is helpful and easy to follow. We hope that he'll appear soon under less impromptu circumstances, but he's worth hearing in any surroundings.—R. A. S.

Art

THE Summer show at the Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries follows the fashion set by White and Ziegfeld. It is a pleasing little group of the half way, or middle of the road men; a step up from the staid conservatism of the Macbeth show and several flights from the Daniel or Weyhe exhibits now current. It, too, is a sort of finale of the things that have gone before during the busy season and permits a retrospect of such men as Melchers, Luks, Speicher, Kroll, Henri and Dougherty.

One of Kroll's pleasing portraits, a nude, is the high

spot of the show. We have seen her around for some time, but she loses little of her charm. A threequarters length she stands with her drapery caught around her just at what Havelock Ellis refers to as the "interesting triangle." She is sedate and modest and youthful and makes no pretense at being much else. Kroll we like better at his out-of-doors play for there he loosens somewhat the tight hold of his brush.

> Not so sedate or modest is the nude of George Luks also on the same wall. After reading the life of some artists we feel that no appreciation of any man's art can be voiced unless you know the man. Painting, of the right sort, is emotional and unless you know the complexities of a man's soul, you should tread lightly in making hurried judgments. Luks, to a stranger is rather a muddy braggart, whereas to a friend he is always earnest if sometimes defiant. His "Street Corner" is a picture that any one should have been proud to paint. Here is the artist forgetting that he is a naughty boy, and going We wish he had more such



Cecile Sorel

through with his job. moods.

Eugene Speicher contributes the girl with the green jade necklace, one of the best pieces of his earlier show in the Winter. Then there is a flower group by Melchers, a stunt thing not without easy charm. The boy with the green sweater, by Henri, seems to travel around. It has come to rest at least for the Summer, in this show.

Some Indian lilies by Glackens, and a seascape by Doughtery are other colorful bits of the show. To us the back room of the Rehn firm offers the most exciting in this show as in the previous ones: water colors and pastels by Melchers and Luks away above the oils of these gentlemen.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

WITH gratifying fidelity to Edmond Rostand's masterpiece, "Cyrano de Bergerac" has been done into color pictures by the Italians. A Frenchman, one Pierre Magnier, plays Cyrano. Judging from his magnificently well-seasoned interpretation, he has done this part before.

M. Magnier has caught the fierce independence, irony, and poetry of the character and livens him with a moving romantic sweep. His performance culminates in the finest piece of acting in the finest scene we have ever seen on any screen anywhere. We realize that these are strong words but—perhaps this will explain—we are secretly in the employ of the Mussolini Foreign Agents.

Very incidentally, the American producer (loud cheers) would do well to look upon the ending of this picture and reflect (if he does this sort of thing).



Should there be any doubt about the effectiveness of the tragic ending, after he witnesses the death of *Cyrano*, we'll eat celluloid and move to Germany.

In "Paths to Paradise," Mr. Raymond Griffith establishes himself as a genuine comedian of the rank of Menjou and Chaplin. He puts a wealth of subtlety into very unsubtle though sprightly material, playing every moment of the reels with speed, precision and supremely pleasant self-assurance. Than which no man can say more for his fellow man.

Mr. Robert Hichens presumably looks at the map of Africa and says, "What a wonderful view! Here are Arabian Nights---with Destiny written in the Stars. Here are Burning Expanses of White Hot Sands and Mysterious Arabs whose every word is Epigrammatic Wisdom. Here are White Men, who, crushed by Conventional Jiltings, find surcease in arak. Here are Snakes, Camels, Dancing Girls, Oases, Touregs, Beni-Moras and Quaint Eastern Customs. I have an idea! I shall draw an Occidental Marriage Triangle on the map. What a novel it should make!"

So Mr. Hichens must have written "Snakebite," out of which "The Lady Who Lied" (at the Strand) has been made. Virginia Valli and Lewis Stone manage to haul their triangular selves out of the Sahara, after seven boring reels, to a happy ending at Venice, "City of Laughter and Tears, Carnival and Romance, Etc., Etc."

"The Lucky Devil" (at the Rivoli week starting Sunday, July 5) is supposedly the poetry of the democracy. In it are extolled the very spirit of American Romance: the open road, the do-and-dare Frank Merriwell hero, the cute but simple heroine and the thrill of the motor car. As a high point in action, it has an auto race, in which the F.M. hero drives his racing car backwards across the finish line to victory and the purse that will pay the hotel bill and win the cute but simple heroine. Richard Dix does his best and the picture is not without pleasure for the Juke Family.

"The Boomerang" is one of Dean David Belasco's former stage successes, contributed by the Great Educator to the cinema. Despite this anointed genesis, the picture manages to be mildly unfunny. It is bunk about bunk. It does contain, however, one (1) costume ball (which may have been used in the films elsewhere) at which the members of the orchestra dispensing the jazz, are scantily attired as satyrs.

Curiously the movies have their funny side. Apropos the contortionistic make-ups of Mr. Lon Chaney, the story has it that two directors were walking down a Hollywood boulevard. One of them spied a ta-

rantula skidding in the dust by the wayside and made to kill it.

The other was quick to restrain him. "Don't do that," he cautioned, "it might be Lon Chaney."

-T. S.

Books

I AM writing to convince Mr. Bryan," says Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn in "The Earth Speaks to Bryan" (Scribner's), which is what you would suppose it, and has a solemn dedication to young Scopes, whose trial the president of the Museum of Natural History takes most seriously. The moment Tennessee's Pardner owns himself convinced, THE NEW YORKER will get out an extra.

Unquestionably G. B. Stern is good. It doesn't seem to matter how many of what kinds of people she chooses to write about. Think of the multitude of characters in "The Matriarch," and of how she could make you keep track of them, and like it, all the way!

In "Thunderstorm" she contents herself with 'Vanna the cook, her husband Ettore the factotum, and their four "signori," English, and half the novel is just their daily life about a villa.

In the latter half, the "signori" have a grand, and finely comic, squabble over a prospect of going back to England. As things turn out, they can't go, so the mothering 'Vanna and the strutting Ettore are left happy in their service, not desolate.

That is the story. Something à la Barrie? Or insipid? Not for a sentence. G. B. Stern is present at that villa every minute, joyously alive, with her keen eyes on six real humans who are neither Whimsicalities nor bores. And "Thunderstorm" (Knopf) is as well worth while as "The Matriarch," and better for Summer reading.

You could call "A Good Man," by George F. Hummel, a Shubert revival of "Babbitt."

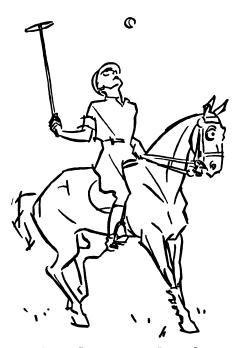
Arthur Somers Roche used to be a safe bet when you wanted a mystery yarn. Lately his stuff has been subject to spells of a sort of religiosity, and his "The Pleasure Buyers" should be read by agile skippers.

"Here Comes the Bride" (Doran) is a batch of Irvin Cobb's recent Wit-and-Humor papers. Unless you stick to Cobb through thick and thin, read something else.

-Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.





Polo, Lacrosse, or Tennis?

HE American Army polo team lands this week in the United States from its two-game victory over the British Army four at Hurlingham last month. These soldiers are certainly deserving of every congratulation. It is a difficult thing to go three thousand miles to a foreign country and come away victorious in any form of sport; and the more so in polo than in any other game because the result does not entirely hinge upon the player alone. Where men may be but slightly subject to the difference in playing conditions, ponies often are greatly subject to them. That the ponies as well as their riders were giving their best may be gathered from what the polo correspondent of the London Observer has to say about the first match played June 21 which was won eight to four by the American team. He says:

"When it came to a race for the ball

SPORTS

down the field, or a quick turn to get there first, the Americans were always just that much in front of our men that makes the difference between victory and defeat. Major Beard and his men are to be heartily congratulated on their achievement."

Coming from such a source, this is as high praise for horses and players as can be given.

I remember Norman Brookes several years ago discussing the qualities that go to make a champion, remarking that in tennis the real champion made use of weather conditions. "Heat, light, wind, bounce, all these he works to his own advantage," he said, "That is why he is a champion."

These words came back to me with great force last Spring in talking to young René Lacoste, the present French tennis champion, who at the age of twenty won world tennis honors at Wimbledon last week. We had been talking about the torrid heat of Forest Hills last September, and I was asking him whether he was bothered by the temperature in his match with Bill Johnston.

"Ah," he said, "ça m'est égal. Changes of ball, changes of climate, changes of diet, all that does not affect me. Give me three days with a new ball in a strange country and I am as good as ever.

Which I submit are indeed the words of a champion.

Here is a story of the early days of



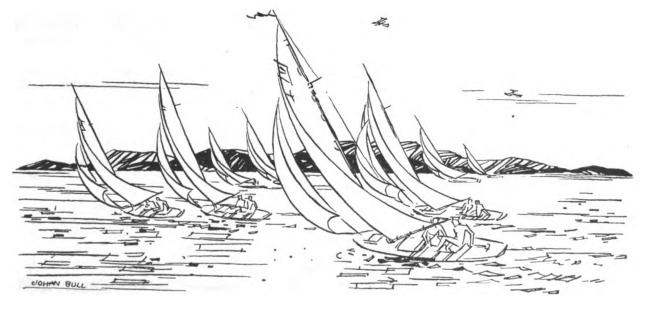
Washburn

who knows the game intimately and is in close touch with all the French players. In the late summer of 1921 my friend met Marcel Dupont, at that time one of the doubles champions of France, on the street. Dupont had just played in a tournament at Le Havre and been beaten by a youngster named Lacoste.

"A schoolboy, a mere schoolboy who can do nothing but poke the ball into the court," said Dupont in disgust at his defeat at the hands of this sixteen-yearold boy.

My friend happened to be at Le Touquet the next week, and had a look at Lacoste who was defeating Paul Feret in the finals. He felt at once, so he told me, that France had a champion and a real champion in the making. Feret did not feel that way about it. "He is usethe young star told me by a Frenchman less, this young Lacoste, he can do noth-

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ing but push the ball back and back," he Austrian is not given the use of his said. My friend said nothing. Until the following month when Danet, another prominent player, who was beaten by Lacoste at Dinard began also to complain. Then he spoke:

"Attention. You deceive yourself. He is good, that type, there. In two, in three years, you will see." Danet was unconvinced. But the other was right. Of all those who saw this schoolboy struggling to make headway with his game in 1921 and 1922, he alone realized that Lacoste had the courage and the determination and the brains of a champion. One of the things Lacoste mentioned this Spring to me was the fact that the younger player in France gets little or no encouragement. He must work out his own salvation for himself. A bitter school; but a place at the top of the heap is the reward for the man who can stick it out.

Last Summer Lacoste was easily the best player in Europe. This year he is far ahead of his fellow continentals, pressing close upon the heels of Tilden and Richards and Johnston. In fact, there is nothing to show that he will not at least hold his own with the last two named. Next year-well, next year is another year. But be sure of one thing, Lacoste will not stand still.

If I were asked to name the second best player in Europe I am not sure that it would not be Von Kerhling of Hungary, semi-finalist with Morpurgo in the doubles last week at Wimbledon, and winner of the All-England Plate. It was Von Kerhling who beat Borotra of France in the Davis Cup match in Prague earlier in the Spring. I shall never forget the first time I saw Bela Von Kerhling, several years ago at Monte Carlo. The French, with that charming inconsistency which characterizes the race, had declared that enemy aliens could play in France in team matches, but not in tournaments as individuals. Von Kerhling who had come over from Prague for the Monte Carlo tournament was sick over this ruling, and was obliged to spend the week on the sidelines watching players he could easily defeat win first prizes. He did play one or two practise matches for a few of us, and greatly impressed those who saw him with the power of his game. He hits a low topped forehand drive with speed and great accuracy and has a fine volleying game. In the Olympics in Paris last Summer he was beaten by Norris Williams in a five-set match.

De Morpurgo and Von Kerhling are both called "Baron" over the wires from London, although neither of them are allowed the title in their native land. Titles are, I believe, forbidden in Hungary. In Italy Morpurgo as a former holds your overcoat.-Forks

handle. Before the war, the present Italian tennis star lived in Trieste, entering service at the age of fifteen in the Austrian Air Service and later transferring to the German front where he became a leading ace. I have been told that Von Kerhling was also in the same squadron; at any rate he served in a cavalry regiment in the Hungarian army and later became a German airman. After the war Morpurgo went home to find himself an Italian by the terms of the Peace Treaty making Trieste Italian territory. He is often spoken of now as the Italian champion. This is a mistake for he never enters their championships although he does play on the Italian Davis Cup team.

Meanwhile the great and only Suzanne Lenglen delighted fifteen thousand people by winning the Wimbledon tournament without the loss of a set and with the loss of but a few games. In the French championships at Paris in June she went through five matches to win the title, dropping only seven games. At Wimbledon she won the tournament with the loss of but six games in five matches, a total of thirteen games in ten matches, in the course of which she scored a dozen love sets. At present Suzanne is as easily in a class by herself as Tilden. The French Tennis Federation recognizes this in their annual classification. They don't attempt to make her place clear, they simply call her, "hors classe." Out of class. She is certainly all of that.

-J. R. T.

The Waiter

HE keeps out of sight as long as pos-sible, to give the busboy a chance to get acquainted.

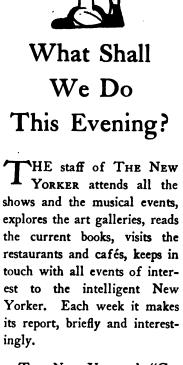
If there is anything he wants to get rid of, he murmurs, "The —— is very nice, sir." Conversely, when the kitchen runs short of a popular dish, he suggests confidentially, "I wouldn't recommend that, sir."

He maintains his poise, and that of his pencil, with sublime patience, and then adds "B & B" without your permission.

If you have ordered coffee with your meal, he brings it later, just the same, as this may force some dessert on you.

He is always ready to have your butter renewed when you don't need it.

If you tip him the right amount, he flips it out of sight in cold silence, to re-mind you that you have spoiled the whole meal for him. If you tip him more than you should, he says "Thank you, sir." If you tip him twice as much as you should, he says "Thank you very much sir," and



THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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DON'T wear that fragile lace wrap, dear, because this is to be one of those *bon voyage* parties." This husband to wife speech intimates something of the character of those midnight ship sailings, but it would take a robust volume with appended maps of the city to give the true tone. Daylight seeing-off parties have been gay enough, but the hectic pace of these night farewells is something else again.

In the afternoon three, or four, successive cocktail parties in honor of the departing one lead up to a dinner of salutation. New guests are accrued, at a usurious rate, throughout the progress of the afternoon, so the precaution of a buffet supper is wise for the ultimate host of the evening. Knowledge that, for the one o'clock in the morning sailings, passengers are expected to be aboard ship at eleven, lends an intensive zest to the early evening. Concentrated elbow-bending takes a large part of the time, although the desired effect can best be achieved by varying it with practicing the Charleston, general dancing, and "Sweet Adeline."

All the guests, that is all those who are still mobile, escort the voyagers to the liner and continue the festivities until the last call for "All ashore." There must have been a lot of impromptu sailings this season, if appearances can be relied on. Some people are lucky enough to fall asleep and remain unnoticed on a strange ship until after the pilot has been dropped.

Our endurance is fast waning, so thank goodness, we won't have to attend but one more send-off. We shall be the protagonist in such an act ourselves to-morrow, and need merely relax into our berth when the sailing bell rings. Our friends can scurry away without us this time. Of

course we don't feel any particular confidence in our health on the following day. What with one thing and another, there may be a certain vague indisposition that our maternal ancestor, and travelling companion, may not deem purely marine.

Our friends, when they leave us at the ship, will hie themselves to one of the night clubs for a few hours of stepping, plain and fancy, before morning.

Revisiting the Beaux Arts Restaurant for dinner we found Miss Fay Marbe entertaining with her songs and dances. She's easy on the eyes; and after her performance we were all for patting her on the back, because it's one of the most beautiful ones we have ever beheld. She has a couple of clever little songs and dances alone, then winds up her program by doing a tango with her brother.

We had a very tasty dinner, in which even the cantaloupe was good. That's a rare thing in this season of poor melons. We strongly suspect Burbank of having spent the past Winter crossing cantaloupe with cotton-batten for the New York trade.

The restaurant is on the eighth floor of the Beaux Arts Studios building with its windows looking out over Bryant Park toward the north. The stray breezes get scooped up by these windows and are brought inside for the refrigeration of the diners. That's just one more of our hot weather hints.

Miss Marbe dances at eight o'clock, so there is plenty of time to see her before leaving for a play, or you may return after the theatre to see her second performance at twelve.

Ross Fenton Farms is one of the popular roadhouses along the Jersey Coast. It is near Allenhurst and draws its clientele from all the neighboring resorts. Its music is great stuff, and the possibilities for food and dancing out of doors are of the best. The dance floor and tables are on a terrace by the water, where a brilliantly dressed gondolier loiters at the oar of his gondola. He gives a good performance as a newly imported Venetian with no English vocabulary, and for our part, we like our atmosphere straight and strong.

Canoeists by the dozen languidly float about in front of the terrace listening to the dance music. We don't know whether it more strongly recalls screnades on the Grand Canal in Venice, or church services at Half Moon Bay in the Thousand Islands. You may settle that among you, dear readers, according to your past training and present morals.



The presiding spirit, other than the festive spirit of such occasions, at Ross Fenton is Frank Ford, of Mirador in New York and Fleetwood in Miami fame. He manages in a manner that keeps the same crowd coming back and bringing its friends year after year. —Top Hat

It would be just like some inconsiderate jaywalker to get himself run over while reading one of those police department warning cards.

Mussolini's play, "Gentlemen, We Begin," was written ten years ago when he was a Socialist. If it is produced in Italy, he will no doubt have himself arrested for treason.

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Colonel John Coolidge having happily survived his operation, there seems every reason to hope that he will live to attend three or four more of his son's inaugurations.

There is a difference of opinion among scientists as to whether acquired characteristics can be transmitted. Probably the question cannot be settled until Charlie Chaplin's boy is old enough to walk.

Another Load Off the Mind

African Monkeys Now Protected; Scientists Feared a Shortage.

-Heading in the Times

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

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THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth By long odds the one show you should see, or forever hold your peace.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA-Guild

A Theatre Guild production of Shaw's com-edy, with Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill in the title roles.

THRY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw Another Guild production, in this instance of the play that has just won the Pulitzer Prize. Pauline Lord does the season's best bit of acting in it.

IS ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

The American language is used herein to portray the experiences of a couple of prize fight people who wander into high society. Very unplausible and very comical.

THE FALL GUY-Eltinge

Another play in American, with many amusing moments.

ROSE-MARIE-Imperial

The best musical play of the year, if you care -though perhaps you don't-for good singing, grand scenic investiture, and chorus num-bers that are rhythmical and beautiful.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

The most mirthful "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has produced, with W. C. Fields, Ray Dooley and Will Rogers as the chief fun-makers.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

A gorgeously staged show, with many beau-tiful girls and some comic antics by Leon Errol.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mystery plays.

ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden In many ways the best all-around revue this town has ever seen. And the Gertrude Hoff-mann girls are truly wonderful.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apolio

A good edition of Mr. White's annual entertainment.

LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty

You will, one imagines, enjoy a musical comedy that has fooling by the Astaires and music by George Gershwin.

TELL ME MORE-Galety

Another Gershwin score, with some comic interludes by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes. GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

A Theatre Guild revuelet, youthful and full

of high spirits.

ENGAGED-The Fifty-second Street

A revival by the Stagers of Gilbert's "En-gaged," with much ensuing hilarity.

MOVING PICTURES

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

Mr. Menjou and the Misses Vidor and Bronson in lively discussion of that Middle Age Marriage Problem. At Loew's Brooklyn and Bronx Theatres, Friday and Saturday, July 10 and 11.

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly showing the great god Bunkum in his underthings. Delightfully screened by James Cruze. Pre-ceded by a playlet by Mr. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker: "Business Is Business" (as you know). Still at the Criterion.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

The life and death of that quaint-nosed intellectual French super-Rover Boy, done exceedingly well by in an imported film. Running at the Colony.

- DON O
- Mr. Douglas Fairbanks cracks a whip and the affairs of Spain jump to attention and right themselves. Still at the Globe. KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS
- The real home-life of the real igloo of the real Eskimo with a nose-rubbing love affair between two scal-munchers thrown in for heart interest. Plus a peep at the aurora borealis. At Brooklyn Strand, Friday and Saturday, July 10 and 11. No showing listed for week of July 12.

LOST-A WIFE

Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou settle their ridiculous marital difficulties in a number of delightful lubitschean reels. New York Circuit Week of July 13. Loew's

PATHS TO PARADISE

Mr. Raymond Griffith, in a silk hat and winning manner, cheats cheaters and the rich, but proves that, after all, you cannot cheat love. Loew's State Week of July 13. SIEGE 1

Two generations of Lady clash with Mr. Svend Gade directing the fireworks in Ibsenesque manner. Loew's New York out-lying circuit until Wednesday, July 15.

ART

MID-MODERNS-Frank K. M. Rehn Pleasant show of stuff by Luks, Melchers and Henri.

AMERICANS-Macbeth Galleries

A pretty show of the best of the conservative school, Henri, Ryder, Kroll, Hassam, etc.

SUMMER SHOW-New Gallery

Interesting things by the younger moderns. MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS-At the Lewisohn Stadium The Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by

Van Hoogstraten, appears nightly. The Deni-shawn Dancers will trip it two nights next week. GOLDMAN'S BAND-New York University Eddie and his boys still drawing crowds, de-

spite the Mayor. Evening concerts Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, July 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 17.

SPORTS

TENNIS-Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L. I. Saturday, July 11, and following days. Long Island championships in single and doubles.

YACHTING—Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn.

Saturday, July 11. Races in Long Island Sound.

BASEBALL

At Polo Grounds, New York vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 10. New York vs. Chicago, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 11, 12, 13, 14. New York vs. St. Louis, Wed-nesday, Thursday, Friday, July 15, 16, 17.

GOLF-Grassy Sprain Golf Club, Bronxville Friday, July 17. Metropolitan Golf Associa-tion Open Championships.

POLO-Dinner at the Biltmore Hotel

Friday, July 17. General Pershing and the leading polo authorities of the country on hand to welcome back the victorious American Army four.

Theatre Guild Productions Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

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Lord Carrillo Klaw Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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A conscientious calendar of events worth while

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Engene O'Neill's Greatest Play



FASCINATING SHOPS

that would grace a King's Highway, glorify a peasant's road or, as they do, foresooth, make a shoppers' treasure house of the sidewalks of New York, are posted within these columns for your wise selection. Therefore, O Shoppers, wander thou no more o'er the desolate city streets, in a fog of indecision, but let THE NEW YORKER serve as a guide to some quiet shop, of a million sweet delights.

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). Young English domesticity in Italy makes life happy for its native servants.

- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). The rector, being selfiess, has a rocky life and thankless children.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A better historical novel—period, 1770-1780—than any one thought of writing when such novels were the rage.
- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A woman among sailors off the African coast. Conrad-esque, and with credit.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). Easily the best thing going in the light Summer fiction line.
- UNVELLED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Selface). A clever problem novel, the problem being of mismated temperaments.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). Have the flappers who came out when Fitzgerald did grown up as much as he has?
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Seltzer). The ultimate in psychological fiction. A treat for any one who reads late Henry James.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). It charges up an inferiority complex to the Fates.

SHORT STORIES

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (Doran), and BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (Boni & Liveright). Stories in the modernist spirit, with considerable distinction.

GENERAL

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knop). The mythical Paul was as big as a mountain, and so was his blue ox Babe, as any confiding lumberjack can tell you.

CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). For those who feel the need of a philosophic faith consistent with science.

Brggars of Life, by Jim Tully (A. & C. Boni). Hobo memories.

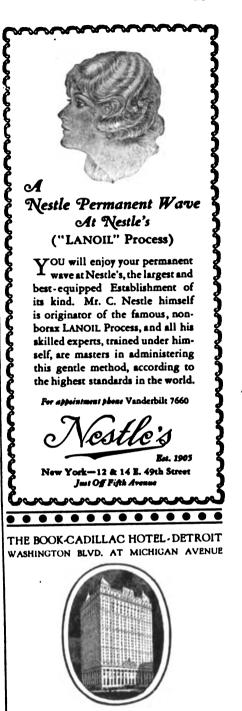
THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS, by Mary Lawton (Bons & Liveright). A "shadow" autobiography of Rosa Lewis, the spirited London caterer.

A Few European Similes

AS rare as a private bath in a Greek hotel. As difficult as a Russian passport. As late as an Austrian train. As full of bumps as an Irish road. As impressive as a Swiss concièrge. As jovial as a London bus driver. As gay as a Spanish funeral. As scarce as a bottle of German near-beer. As American as a Paris supper restaurant. —C. G. S.

Orchids, through some new discovery in horticulture, soon will be as cheap as primroses. This will make it necessary for chorus girls to learn the name of another flower.

"Foresees Crowding in the Subway," says a *Times* headline. Another of these crystal gazers apparently.



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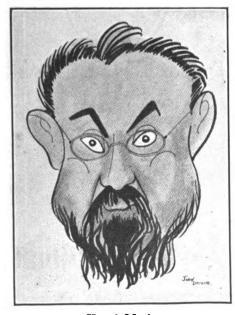
FROM PARIS

THE talk during intermissions of the Russian Ballet, just over and off for London, was not so much about the décor by Matisse, or Georg Auric's "Les Matelots," or the greatly discussed music of young Vladimir Dukelski, as it was about the three famous beauties, whom fate perversely enough tempted to wear costumes of red that night.

Mary Garden for one, up from Nice for a week of festivity, leaving her magnificent new villa which she has been decorating herself, wore red velvet, luscious, fruity red, with hat, shoes and bag to match. With her famous pearls. Ganna Walska sat in a box, her regal head and matchless shoulders rising from a very low décolletage of red chiffon. And the Baroness de Meyer carried away the other corner of the triangle, also in red velvet, that wouldn't have dared come near the other two.

Lord Berners got in just in time, and amused everyone with his priceless anecdotes. He is a smallish man, with a very brisk, military mustache, very high forehead and a monocle. He loathes trains, so he has had built a colossal Rolls-Royce and he travels from Rome to Paris at least once a month, and amuses himself highly by playing on the small piano built inside the car, or lying on his back looking up at the sky through the plate glass roof which adorns and triumphs over the ingenuous whole.

When someone urged "Texas" Guinan to come to Paris and open a place of her own, she declined, because "I can crack Sonny Whitney or one of the Vanderbilt boys over the head," said she, "but you know, you can't go walloping those nobles around like that. And unless I'd do my stuff, there would be no show."



Henri Matisse



Mary Garden

"Texas" might have changed her mind, for someone sneaked up behind the beautiful Princess Lucienne Murat, and with all the hoydenish delight of a gamin slapped her on the shoulder so that the echo resounded through the promenade. Everyone enjoyed it, even the Princess, who laughed heartily.

Nina Koshetz, who was with the Chicago Opera for several seasons, and gave innumerable concerts in New York, strolled about, in royal purple. She is a tremendous success in Paris this year. In fact, she sings every place one goes. Indeed, one of the papers finally wailed out that one began to wonder if there were another singer in Paris. Some woman came up and complimented her on her figure. (Koshetz is at best a healthy testimonial to the period of operatic beauty.)

"I sing wiz my voice, not wiz my figure—my shape," Koshetz retorted in the loveliest speaking voice in the world. "I am Russian. I muz eat caviar and lobster and camembert, or I cannot be happy to sing. So!," and it was all dismissed with one magnificent gesture.

Sir Paul and Lady Dukes were at the Ballet, and also at the Stravinsky concert, with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. And Ganna Walska again. Fania Marinoff and Regina Wallace, touring Europe on a sort of one-night stand itinerary, were chatting with Avery Hopwood, Clifton Webb and other New Yorkers. Jean Cocteau brought Marcelle Mayer, the most talked about young pianist on the Continent, who is to play with the New York Symphony in the Fall. And Eva Le Galliene and Mercédès de Acosta, radiant and gracious, in spite of the sad failure of their Jeanne d'Arc.

Henri Matisse, with sharp eyes, reddish grey furry beard, and most amiable smile was several times at the Ballet, accompanied by his son Pierre. Stravinsky came one night with his niece, a very tall lady, with strange long eyes, and silver gauze wrapped turban-wise around her head, almost sheathing her eyes.

Of course Dolorès, Mrs. Tudor Wilkinson, always is the last word in excitement, wherever she appears (and you may be sure if the function is smart and notable, she will be there). Her hair is now cut exactly like a man's. Very close to her head, and very tight, and smooth as a satin cap, although not in the least artificially sleeked. It is like softly stroked burnished gold. She wears the most simple costumes, but of course if she dressed up to her beauty it would be more than one could bear. She is called, all over Paris, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Fanny Ward came back and lost her husband on the boat. He went on to London and she came here to a special physician who will operate on her dog. Maurice, who is making a terrific sensation at the Embassy with Barbara Bennett, came up to Harry Reichenbach at Ciro's, and for a few moments was convulsed.

"It's the first American wise-crack I've heard in half a year," he spluttered. "I told Harry I had a headache and would have to look up a doctor. 'You don't mean a doctor,' he tells me, 'you need a chiropodist.' Oh! Oh!"

The Reggie Vanderbilts, Jules Glaenzer and his bride, Thelma Morgan Converse, Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall were at Clifton Webb and Mary Hay's opening at the Acaciae. Mary has not been going around at all. She comes out to dance, and then disappears completely until the next night. Leon Leitrim and Florence Walton were watching them the other night, themselves just having returned from Spain where Ambassador Alexander Moore gave the most lavish affair of the year for the King and Queen, and at which Leitrim and Walton danced.—Argus



Avery Hopwood

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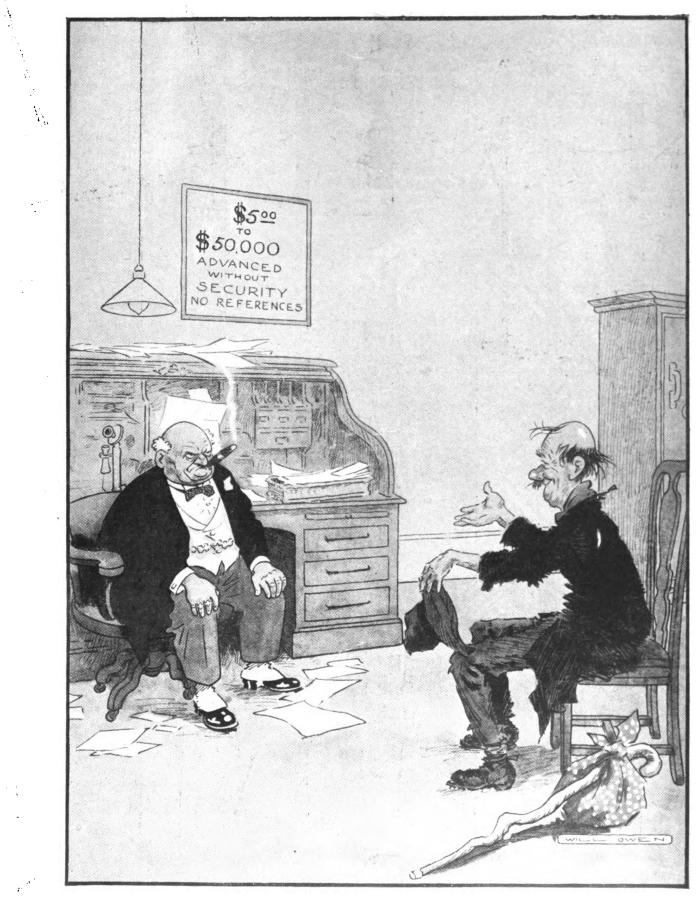
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THE OPTIMIST

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Migration

A LONG, slow swing of the same pendulum-like power which shifts the vogue in night clubs and restaurants is the migration to inland resorts which the new Summer Social Register delicately points out. The Hamptons have fallen off, Newport has weakened and of the coasts only New England, boasting "the prestige of the Summer White House," has held its own.

Why the swing is away from the shore is less simple. Waterfront acreage is hard to hold and financial pressure is not social. Moreover, the same influence which has added zeros on to the 400 has brought many things within the ban. The fragments of our battered conservatives turn and twist uncasily, seeking readjustment, new barriers.

And then, perhaps, in explaining any change, there is always the possibility of plain, ordinary *ennui*.

CORROBORATIVE evidence of the storming of

conservative fortresses by Undesirables comes with Southampton's latest protest against scanty bathing costumes, "worn usually by strangers."

Just what these costumes were or were not, the Southampton Bathing Corporation did not say, but they ruled that stockings and a cape must be worn "while walking down to the water." This ordinance to apply "especially at week-ends and during tennis week."

From a psychological viewpoint, it is hard to say just what part diminishing bathing costumes has played in the migration away from the shore. It would first be necessary to know just what kind of figures wore them.

And, if human nature has not changed too radically, one may suppose that the figures were of a sort to make the viewpoint other than purely psychological.

The Week

THE Ku Klux Klan prepares for its Washington demonstration and Governor Smith's daughter, back from Rome, says the Pope never heard of Al. Big Bill Edwards plans a football team at Police Academy and the Sobol gas filling stations announce that they have suffered nineteen hold-ups in the last fortnight. The Sanctity of Marriage Association

campaigns to forbid re-marriage of divorced persons and a Staten Island doctor wants to round out his score by helping three thousandth baby into the world before quitting. Americans form a new Lafayette Escadrille to fight the Riffs and the Parisian press complains that A. E. F. members are deserting their French brides abroad. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch moves to end war profiteering and Southern newspaper editors adopt a code of ethics. A man writes 12,125 words on the back of a postal card and the Post Office Department reports a deficit of forty millions. Mme. Vera

Nemchinova, danseuse, insures her legs for \$150,000 and an English professor foresees legless humans some time hence. In Rome, jewels stolen from St. Peter's are recovered and, in Bayonne, a safe in a synagogue is rifled. Mayor Hylan says he will run again, anyway, and the late Mr. Charles F. Murphy's estate is appraised at two millions, plus. "Ma" Ferguson reviews the Texas National Guard and General Andrews decides against using women as orators for Prohibition enforcement. John T. Scopes faces trial in Dayton, Tennessee, and a minister urges that the Statue of Liberty be replaced by one of Christ. The Bible is read through, in Akron, by forty-five of the devout in seventy-one hours, twenty-seven minutes and political experts predict that the Hon. William Jennings Bryan will make Holy Writ his next presidential platform.



Piracy

2

A RTHUR BRISBANE, among others, has bought what was once a pirate island. Something in boyhood dreams, after all. Consider the case of the boy who dreamt he would become another Captain Kidd and grew up to be a Hearst editor!

MESSRS. LEFKOWITZ & PITOFSKY, "Creators of Better Coats and Suits," have recently been boasting, by circular letter to New York's publications, that they have signed a ten years' contract with Mrs. Julia Lydig Hoyt to design for them.

It is with relief that I read "Mrs. Hoyt . . . will work with us such hours as do not conflict with her theatrical work." At present those hours are twentyfour to a day, but Mrs. Hoyt has said that she will take up her career again in the Fall.

MRS. HOYT has very nearly arrived. She has come to the point where face creams bid for her endorsement (and she has endorsed them). Editors have asked her to write notes on social etiquette (and she has written them). The motion picture industry and the stage have known her and now she is a designer "at the highest salary ever paid to an American."

Mrs. Hoyt's career is not particularly an original one; she has merely done better in it. Slim, dark beauty has an added asset. In essence, it is a capitalization of the modern American passion for aristocracy.

Such a career is yearly offering more and more inducement to the eligible young ladies of our overflowing social register. It gratifies suppressed desires for public attention and, incidentally, it pays. Moreover, the exploitation of a "society name" requires much less scheming than a girl's enemies will admit.

Rotogravures and tabloids, expressing the nationwide lust for familiarity with "aristocracy" (and onelegged men flying kites), have built up an avid market for pictures. "Society" is always "news." The appetite is sharpened when the majority of girls who are solicited for pictures give out their photograph perhaps only twice in a lifetime: when they "come out" and when they are married. The remaining minority, hazily sensing the gratification of some half-formed instinct, have no more to do than acquiesce to repeated telephone requests and to allow their photographer to "release" their pictures. Their names are enough; if they are pretty besides....A hundred society reporters help to keep the ball rolling.

Before such a one is a year "on the shelf," the aimiable young lady will have acquired a commercial value. The public feels it knows her, is warmed with recognition when they come upon a fresh picture, or see her on the far side of a fashionable restaurant.

Here again, the ranks are cut down. A few rest upon their laurels, turn over their market value to ever-bidding charity organizations. But the others have become caught up in the game. Their ears are not deaf to suggestions that it will be worth their while to be seen at this night club opening, wearing that modiste's gowns.

I know three girls who last season received discreet checks, each for one hundred dollars every month, for the pleasure of their company once or twice a week in the grill room which a conservative hotel was attempting to make fashionable. Of course their entertaining expenses were zero and, the ball rolling, their popularity mounted by bounds.

Another charming young lady received a commission from a Park Avenue rival of Callot Soeurs for every dress a personal friend of hers bought. Still another, more enterprising, opens a shop of her own. Examples are without end.

Nor is there, in these broadminded days, much hypocrisy to the business. Beyond these steps wait open remunerative endorsement of this and that "beauty preparation," far flung picturization in the advertising columns wearing "model by . . ." And still further beckon all sorts of careers, in

And still further beckon all sorts of careers, in dress making, in department stores, if one has the other attributes, on stage and screen.

I REMEMBER the opening of a large department store on the Avenue before which one young lady mailed her personal cards to her entire calling list with, in handwriting on the reverse, the words: "At home on the Second Floor."

THE reaction of the usually conservative powers towards this feverish capitalization is complex. The war has broken down the prejudice against "doing



Sunday on the Coney

things," against trade, against careers for hitherto protected girls. But with the war also has come an increased appreciation of the genuine. And about the advancement of one's interests by the sole use of one's name there is an aroma of insincerity, of hypocritical pretense.

If such a young lady as Miss Constance Binney fights her way to stardom, no amount of spot light may cheapen her. The worth has attracted the attention. But if the play is the other way about, commercial value the parasitical attachment to the flabby interest of the mob, that is another story. The world, however, is so full of compromises, that it is hard to point and condemn. Mrs. Hoyt, for instance, may turn out to be a very good designer indeed.

Shirts and Strips

O UR student of the comic supplements has been upset for sometime over the disappearance of a signature from his favorite strip. "Polly and Her Pals," for twenty years the growing child of Mr. Cliff Sterrett. Yesterday he came to us and told us, in high indignation, of the extraordinary cause of Mr. Sterrett's disappearance from the Illustrator's Club.

Mr. Sterrett's work, he explained, was syndicated through Mr. Hearst's King Features service, nationwide. But Mr. Hearst is not the villian. His power is insignificant compared to the L. P. A. A., the Laundrymen's Protective Association of America.

Mr. Sterrett ran afoul the L. P. A. A., our student dilated, in a full Sunday page drawing. In it one of his characters, Ashur Url Perkins, was discovered trying to convince a millionaire of the worth of his new invention, the Perkins Indestructible Shirt. In successive pictures the garment was shown in test, under a motor truck, in a stone crusher and flung from the Woolworth Building. When he had almost carried his point, Ashur Perkins made the mistake of sending his Indestructible Shirt to a steam laundry to be freshened up. In twenty-four hours it was returned, utterly ruined.

There was something prophetic in the tragedy of that last drawing for only another twenty-four hours elapsed before the King Features Syndicate received a special delivery from the home of steam laundries, the Laundrymen's Protective Association. The letter was an ultimatum.

The cartoon, this letter was quoted as saying, had done irreparable damage to the laundry trade in America, an industry which each year pays \$48,-000,000 in wages to honest American artisans. The L. P. A. A. had connections, affiliations. . . An immediate printed apology from Mr. Sterrett was demanded.

The letter was referred to Mr. Sterrett.

"Thank Heavens," said our friend, "he refused to reply, in print or script, to so ridiculous a charge."

"But," we expostulated, "you can't mean to say Mr. Sterrett lost his job for . . ."

"See for yourself," was the answer, "the L. P. A. A. neither forgives nor forgets."

Pangs of Remembrance

I T isn't fair! Of some thirty-six random Summer reminiscences submitted in kindness to the attention of The New Yorkers, eighteen are direct references to alcoholic concoctions and all but a few theatrical recollections directly suggest indulgence. Of course we remember "The Doctor's cocktails"

Of course we remember "The Doctor's cocktails" mixed by the "Commissioner" at the Astor . . . the highball sign at Forty-second and Broadway . . . the "Old Virginia Mountain" between the acts under the smile of Old King Cole . . . the Sunday afternoon absinthe drips at the Lafayette . . . Champagne at the Claremont on a June night . . . the Manhattan bar at cocktail time . . . the Ancient and Honorables in the Buckingham bar . . . the Navy in mufti at Shanley's . . . the horseshoe bar at the Waldorf . . . the blue dawn of the West Forties. . . .

Of course ... but why bring that up again? It's merely driving us down the street to that place that gave us the card last week and the rumor has just reached us that they are back to serving Scotch in tea cups, accompanied by a large earthenware tea pot filled with soda.

Art in the Getting

SO many go for so many reasons! But there are always, at this time of year, on each outbound ship, a few of those earnest souls who speak of "going

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Island Boardwalk

4

THE NEW YORKER

to pick up a few pictures . . . find something we like on the Rive Gauche."

Not of that fold, but leading it, is Mr. Robert Dudensing, energetic junior member of the art firm by that name. It is his pleasure, during the Summer, to act as an amiable guide to the rest of the flock, to seek

out their needs in Paris and to buy for them. He is a silent councillor, the server of extravagant American dollars, a fanatic at giving them their money's worth.

It is amusing, toward Fall, to listen to tales of discoveries, canvases acquired "for nothing," and to wonder just how many of these are the fruit of Mr. Dudensing's unending search.

NOT long ago I lunched with an Assistant District Attorney of the County of New York and our conversation became, at my in-

sistence, his monologue. Michael Arlen may make charming conversation out of "this and that," but my friend, the Assistant District Attorney, talked of thieves and wove fascinating fabric from fact.

HE told, over coffee, of the leader of a crew of "sharpsters," a gentleman financier who only recently opened an account with a bank in the theatrical district for ten thousand dollars. For a fortnight the capitalist kept his account active, so that the tellers might come to know and recognize him. Meantime, he observed the routine of the bank's personnel.

One paying teller, the sharpster noted, left the bank for his luncheon each day at one o'clock and was relieved punctually by another. Also, the lynxeyed crook discovered that, in the case of certifications and dubious checks, the tellers telephoned for information to the bookkeeping department, situated out of sight.

At about two minutes before one on the chosen day, the sharpster passed in to the paying teller a check for eight thousand dollars, requesting that it be certified. The teller picked up the telephone receiver.

"How about John Doe's check for eight thousand dollars?" he asked. Back came a laconic "O.K."

Promptly at one o'clock the relief took place. The crook returned to the same wicket and to the new teller submitted another check for eight thousand—to be certified.

"How about John Doe's check for eight thousand?" the new teller inquired over the telephone.

Thereupon the sharpster's understanding of human reactions was proved accurate. The bookkeeper had answered this query only two minutes, or so, before. He presumed, naturally, that the question was about the same check. "O.K." he droned into his instrument.

THERE was another tale which my friend, the prosecutor, advanced with a wry smile.

One of the shrewdest of confidence men-a de-

bonair soul whom it was impossible to dislike beyond the call of duty—was to go on trial in the Criminal Courts' Building. On the morning of the day set, he appeared, accompanied by counsel, in the office of my friend, who was to conduct the case on behalf of the outraged people of the State of New York.

> "Got to have a postponement until to-morrow morning. It's important. Would you mind continuing bail until to-morrow?" he asked. His lawyer supported the plea. Partly because such are professional courtesies and partly because he felt kindly toward the self-acknowledged confidence man, the Assistant District Attorney consented.

> There being nothing else on his calendar for the day, my friend took advantage of his unexpected leisure to lunch at a fashionable hotel uptown. As he entered the lobby, he saw the confidence

man in deep conversation with another, an older man.

The Assistant District Attorney walked over and greeted them.

"Hello there," said the confidence man, suavely. "Do you know Mr. ——?"

"Yes," said my friend, grimly. "I know him. He's my father-in-law."

"In that case," murmured the confidence man, his smile fading, "I shall have to be going."

My friend turned to his father-in-law.

"How much money have you on you?" he inquired.

"Eighty thousand dollars," the elder man replied, and demanded testily: "What the devil did you mean by breaking in here? If you hadn't come along I'd have made a quarter of a million this afternoon beating a poolroom on the races."

Mirrored Stars

THE ominous conjunction of stars which brought about the misunderstanding between Miss Belle Bart, astrologist, and the *Daily Mirror*, recently chronicled in THE NEW YORKER, is not yet ended.

The slim, wide-eyed, young horologist waxes indignant in her "American Academy of Astrology" on West Fifty-seventh Street and tells of instituting suit for \$550, two weeks' back pay. And Mr. Walter Howey, the managing editor of the *Mirror* who engaged Miss Bart, complains bitterly that one should have no personal doings with mystics who, figuratively, wind ordinary mortals about their little finger.

Miss Bart is sailing for France this Saturday with the avowed intention of explaining to the French Government just how the stars feel about the fate of the French nation. She leaves her suit against the *Mirror* in legal hands, for before Miss Bart turned her large eyes skyward she was a practising lawyer. Or was it before? Perhaps the stars had already told her that at some future date a situation would arise



where it would be to her advantage to have astute legal training.

The Wcek's Mot

CYNICISM, it seems, will remain the most applauded note of the Summer.

Item. Recently there was a gathering of a few friends at the home of Ring Lardner. The talk, under the skilful guidance and coaching of Mr. Lardner, was general and enervating. And then, because of the sudden entrance of an alien spirit into the room, it was necessary to change the subject.

It was changed to something harmless like religion. Mr. Lardner, to help matters along, remarked that "God is love." Whereupon David H. Wallace, who had been sitting quietly in a corner, said simply, in a soft voice that shook the room like thunder, "And I am Dudley Field Malone."

Passage

WORKMEN, gnawing black bread and cheese, sprawl at noon hour in the halls that once entertained an earlier Edward, Prince of Wales... he who was later Edward VII. Delmonico's ceased to be sometime since, but the old wound bled again when the actual demolition began last week.

Possibly, Delmonico's might have been saved as a tradition, but finances and the changes of Fifth Avenue's complexion forbade.

One of the conditions under which the Harriman

National Bank constructed and let the building was that no portion of the establishment on Forty-fourth Street ever should be used for business other than that of a restaurant. So, when Prohibition came, it was impossible for the proprietor to change the ground floor into stores and retain the upper stories for dining rooms. He did, indeed, contemplate such action for a time, until he re-read his lease. Finally, he had to waive the unexpired term of his agreement.

Now we are to see yet another skyscraper, this one on the site where once they dined; where once they danced; across the street from old Sherry's, long since a bank, orchestraed only by adding machines.

Market Note

R ECOVERY from recent blockade conditions has been slow but steady. Money is looser and the recent hot weather has considerably improved the market for quickly convertible gin. Prices for the week range as follows (One case lots, except where noted):

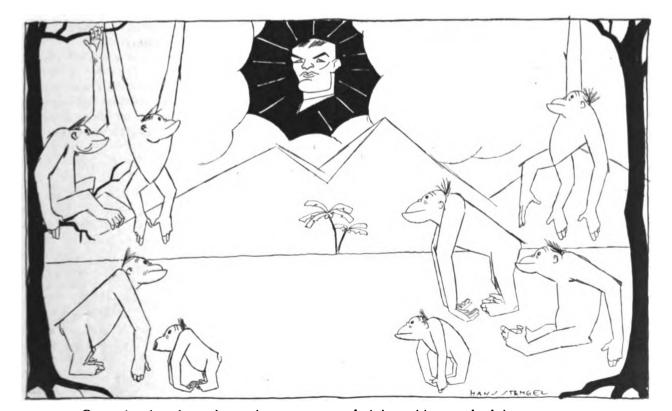
Scotch, imported, \$60 @ \$65; domestic, well-disguised, \$45 @ \$55.... Rye, imported, \$65 @ \$70. ... Gin, in Gordon bottles, \$15 @ 20; with other English labels, \$20 @ \$26.... Alcohol, in gallon tins, \$8 @ \$10.... Light Wines, labeled, \$20 @ \$30; in bulk, 12 quarts, \$12 @ \$15.... Beer, bottled, per gross, \$35; per stein, \$ $\frac{1}{4}$ @ \$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

Indication for increasing prosperity, slight cutting in price, coupled with increase in volume.

--The New Yorkers

Onward and up from clam to brute all things were meant to evolute. The monkeys, realizing that, once in a solemn council sat—

And, lo, a vision caught their eye, the lovely Arrow Collar Guy. With such a shining goal in view they evoluted into you. —Hans Stengel



F anybody asked me which is worse, the movies or the radio, and which I figured was more responsible for the collapse of intellect which distinguishes the activities of the Republic outside of New York, I would answer without hesitation, "The movies." I have encountered innumerable shortsighted New Yorkers who are convinced of just the opposite and who hold that the radio is by far a more baleful instrument for the dissemination of platitude and backworldism than the movies. But this is ridiculous.



promising influence upon the mind of the country when the movies arrived and with them a horde of literary troglodytes exhumed from the pages of Godey's Lady Book and the Golden Treasury of Wit and Learning. Way Down East, East Lynn, Chinatown By Night, Ten Nights in a Barroom, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Life's Shop Window, and a thousand other battered and shamefaced melodramas of vice defeated and virtue triumphant which were beginning to gather the well-earned dust of oblivion, sprang lustily into existence overnight.



practy?) than any other five mediums; that it has provided instantaneous and almost world-wide publicity for every addleheaded bromide monger with a good pair of tonsils -that it is, in short, an outrageous menace to the civilization such as exists

I am willing to admit

that the radio has done

more to coarsen the musi-

cal taste of the Republic than the entire era of

Hawaiian folk songs was

able to accomplish; that it has converted more dolts

to the science of chiro-

practise (or is it chiro-

in the hinterland. In arguing the superior merits of the movies as a blight I do not find it necessary as do my opponents to close my eyes to the virtues of their contention.

In fact, I think my case is strengthened by the simple admission that I hold all they say about the radio to be gospel, but granted this-granted every indictment they can muster to their side-anybody but a child of four could see at a glance the movies are by a wide margin the more devastating influence upon the Republic. It will take the radio at least a good twenty years to catch up. And when they do, it may even be too late. It is more than likely that the hinterland may be platitudinized beyond the capacity for receiving any further impress even from a medium so powerful as the wireless.

In this present discussion the radio may indeed be dismissed. It is as yet no more than a toy cannon vaingloriously aimed at the soul of our vanishing individualism and sanity. The movies got in first and they did the job up fine. The movies arrived just as American drama and literature were, after a horrendous battle beginning with our Pilgrim Fathers, just emerging from their Pollyanna swaddling clothes. In the intellectual history of our nation Los Angeles will be remembered by our great grandsons as the Waterloo of America's mental progress.

The thunderings and howlings of our primitive iconoclasts, the distracted caperings of our early aesthetes were just beginning to exercise a mild but

The public, ever ready despite its up hill fight for philosophical normalcy to embrace every idealization of its platitudes, drove the startled prophets of reason from its back doorstep and opened its pocketbook and its eye to this new evangel. In less than five years the movies, through the manufacture and sale of some six thousand masterpieces, had restored the mid-Victorian (What am I saying!), the stone age school of moral literature to its full dimensions.

Absurdly enough, the movies have, during their

last ten years, been attacked on the grounds that they were lewd and corrupting, that they wallowed in scenes of illicit passion and-and illicit passion. How the devil anybody ever can achieve a state so intellectually cross-eyed as to conceive of the movies as a "demoralizing" influence is beyond my ability to reason, at least at this moment. The movies have, by recourse to Babylonian trappings, resold the platitude that life is a moral phenomenon on a bigger and grander scale than ever in the history of the world.

They have demoralized the thinking processes of an entire generation. They have borrowed the inferiority inspired taboos from their millions of spectators and manufactured them into an endless roll of They have restored to the confused mind of drama. the citizenry the beliefs that if worst comes to worst the United States Marines will rescue little Nell from sin, that if anybody tries to defy the moral laws to which they subscribe the Canadian Mounted Police, Rin-Tin-Tin, a bolt of lightning, or a cloudburst over the Grand Canyon will put an end to them; that a miscreant who has stolen another man's wife and has had to wade through blood and danger to accomplish his purpose is a coward and that the thirty-five fully armed horsemen who pursue him over hill and dale and battle him to the death are all superb heroes; that a young inventor who has had his patent for making steel in a new way stolen from him by a malefactor of great wealth will eventually triumph over the latter and very likely become his son-in-law.



In short, the movies have brought back on the national stage every devise of dramatic unreality by which a people can coddle itself into feeling that its frustrations, vanities, fears and envies are the soul heights of the race. Which is something that nobody however prejudiced can say about the radio-yet.

Perhaps the most dramatic effect the movies have

exercised has been upon their participants. Not only does an increasing flood of Pollyanna twaddle flow from Los Angeles, but along with it comes an equally endless flood of rumor concerning the Neronian secrets of the movie colony. In this respect the movies obviously tower above the radio. No one has yet risen to denounce the licentiousness of radio announcers and to point out that life behind the microphone is fast turning these centlemen and gentlewomen into a lawless element.

With every new Golden Rule tale of the tene ments or the courts of ancient Rome which Los Angeles have released upon a platitude-groggy populace, has seemingly come front page newspaper hurrahs concerning the scandals which teem in that rain-soaked city. The psychology of this is obvious. The personal demoralization of the movies is directly traceable to the type of pictures in which movie actors and actresses are continually participating. It is psychologically impossible for a man or woman to devote themselves daily to portraying the rewards of virtue, to registering such innocence as was never

The Little Nells of the movies when they leave the movie lots obviously feel a powerful impulse to strike

Epitaph

The first time I died, I walked my ways; I followed the file of limping days. I held me tall, with my head flung up, But I dared not look on the new moon's cup.

I dared not look on the sweet young rain, And between my ribs was a gleaming pain. The next time I died, they laid me deep. They spoke worn words to hallow my sleep.

They tossed me petals, they wreathed me fern, They weighted me down with a marble urn. And I lay there warm, and I lay there dry, And watched the worms slip by, slip by.

a balance. Their sanity or soul or whatever it is they have, writhing under the unreality of the virtues they have been portraying bounds frantically in an opposite direction. Too much sin will drive a man to the monasteries and induce even a woman to sell her diamonds and follow Paphnutius into the desert. And too much virtue even though it is only pretense before a grinding camera, will induce them to fly to the fleshpots for absolution from the crime of unreality. It is not impossible, psychologically con-

sidered, that the day will come when the Hollywood director will not be able to go on with his workwhen his entire cast for "The Happy Samaritan" will be lying in the last stages of delirium tremens on the floor of a local seraglio.

The discussion is without limit, but even though I have no more than touched on it, it seems to me that New Yorkers, cowering before the menace of the radio, are straining at a mite-or something of the sort.

The place to cower is in the cinema palaces and the time to do it is Now.-Ben Hecht

F ALL THINGS

O the lay mind it appears that the lawyers have made a sad mess for us out of the home rule amendment. All we can get out of the legal tangle is the phrase by H. G. Wells: "They don't know their own silly business." +

Chicago bankers offer a reward of \$2,500 for each dead bandit brought in by the police. If the deceased proves to have been an innocent bystander, we assume that the syndicate will owe nothing but an apology. * +

Evolutionists, says Bryan, are a minority in every State. This is convincing testimony from that quarter because W. J. B. is a man who ought to know a minority when he sees one.

According to the same high authority, "If evolution wins in Dayton, it is the foreigners in China who have Christianity goes." It would be an anticlimax, after 1925 glorious years, to be killed by a lawsuit in Dayton, Tennessee.

+

church should refuse to remarry a divorced person, even one innocent of wrong doing. We cannot see any justice in that except the justice of the peace.

Upon her return from Rome, Miss Katherine Smith admitted that the Holy Father had never heard of Governor Al. Despondent upstatesmen will now sing: "The Pope, he leads a jolly life."

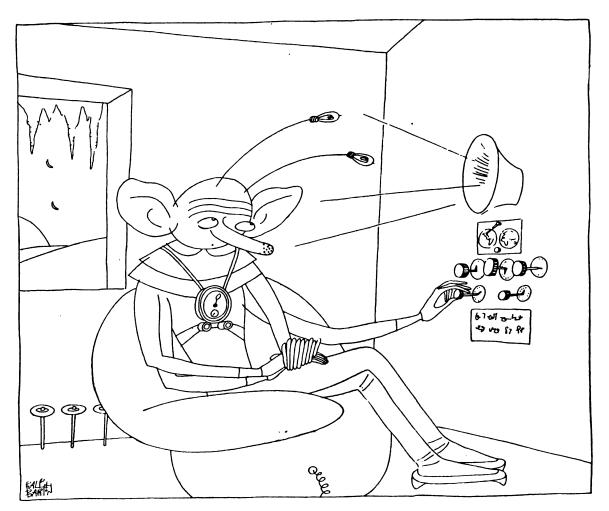
It is now pretty well established that stirred up all this trouble. The concert of the powers ought to have a guest conductor.

The MacMillan expedition, the Bishop Manning holds that the radio sharps say, has established the superiority of short waves over the long. Now that we come to think about it, this is also true of heat and crime waves.

+ +

Ole Hanson, former mayor of Seattle and once a great national figure for a few minutes, gave the press a vivid account of the Santa Barbara earthquake. It took a first-class convulsion of Nature to shake Ole out of his grave.-Howard Brubsker





A MARTIAN MISTAKE

T was an idle afternoon in the offices of the Martian and Inter-Planetary News Bureau, Inc. For days the multiplying lever of the pathograph had recorded a minimum of emotional disturbance throughout the Solar System, so that no news of any importance was expected to break-barring accidents, and accidents had not figured as news in Mars since the year 698,847 of the XIth cycle. The local staff had flown over to the Moeris Amusement Park on the banks of the Nepenthes-Thoth Canal to witness a series of experiments in a brand new system of ectogenesis and the radio room had been left in the charge of a young reporter. This youth, in order to while away the weary minutes, tuned in on the wave length of the Earth and turned his handsome blue ears with a graceful gesture toward the loud speaker. It was a favorite pastime of his to pick up bits of terrestrial conversation and then, without looking at the indicator, to guess from what particular portion of that planet's surface the words had come. This was a very easy game to play for every Martian with even a primary education was well acquainted with the geography and customs of all the inhabited planets.

As he turned the dials slowly and with caution, a faint, husky voice began to be heard in the loud speaker.

"Ah, Mr. Tossico! I'm glad to know you, sir.

Just step into my private office. . . . Senator Mash gave me your name. He said that you used to take care of him down in Washington before the shakedown got too heavy for you down there. Well, Mr. Tossico, my supplies are getting low and I guess we can do business right away. Have you got any decent gin? I don't mean by that that I am a crank. Anything short of strained Sterno will do. I just want a case or two of nice, plain gin that won't cauterize my throat. How long would it take you to mix me up a couple of dozen bottles of genuine, imported Old Tom? I'd make it myself, but my wife objects to the way it takes the enamel off the kitchen table, and I can't help spilling it a little. Forty-five dollars a case! Oh, come now! Make it \$35 and I won't ask you to waste any good labels on it. You can send it around in the Socony tins and I'll bottle it myself. You see . . ."

"That," said the Martian reporter, as he wiped away a sympathetic tear, "is undoubtedly New York," and he hastened to give the dials a quick turn to the right in search of something more pleasant. The next voice to cleave the still, thin air of the radio room was high-pitched and staccato, but one with the ring of authority.

"We are six at table to-night, Pierre. You will see that we are provided with one olive each

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beforehand to prepare our palates for the winesnothing more. . . . We shall begin, as usual, with the lightest bodied and least generous wines and work up as the dinner progresses. If there is a sufficiently aromatic and piquant consommé, you will serve with it a red Beaujolais; or, if we begin with soup, a Chablis. Then, with the fish-I think it is salmonwe shall have the Chavagnes 1919. If it is sole, I am inclined to favor something sweeter-say, the Château Yquem 1906. . . . With the entrée, a Bordeaux. I believe we've a few bottles of Pape Clément 1911 still in the bins, haven't we? Good That will do nicely. . . . The Queen of Wines with the entrée and, naturally, King Burgundy with the roast: you will serve the Chambertin with the roast. But it must not be so old that it will have passed its prime. The 1886 will be about right. . . . With the dessert, of course, Champagne. The Clicquot of 1906 will fit here perfectly, for it must not be too dry to go with a sweet. A drop of Port before the coffee and, finally, that superb Cognac. ... You will see that the glasses are colorless throughout and that they are large enough to allow the bouquet room to circulate at the top. Never fill them more than half full. And Pierre-if you disturb the sediment while pouring I shall send you to the guillotine!"

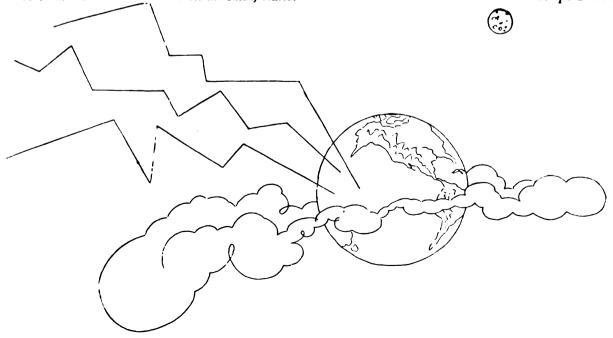
"Paris! Paris!" sighed the Martian reporter. "Could I ever mistake thee for another?" He listened for a moment longer to these sweet words and then the voice was drowned out by that of a Député who was haranguing the Chamber on the question of the war in Morocco. The reporter tried a slightly different wave length and found a pained and weary drawl.

"Our best man developed a most distressing hangnail on the morning of the match and had to play round with collodion on the wound. Well, of course that puckered his finger and quite ruined his swing. Then, there was a high east wind blowing over the course and the ground was slow—heavy rains all last month, you know. Our fellows hadn't got accustomed to the new bunker on the sixth, either. The confounded birds twittered frightfully every time we drove off and the gallery kept exchanging glances throughout the play. Marjoribanks told me afterward that his boot pinched him all day long and —well, what with one thing and another, of course the Yankees won. . . ."

"England!" said the Martian, and he gave the dials a smart turn with his thumb and ninth finger. A voice, hollow and booming and whistling its sibilants, issued from the mouth of the machine.

"I tell you, my friends, we must not falter! We must carry this fight to the four corners of the earth! It is a fight to the death! The Powers of Evil must die-or we die! We are surrounded by enemies who seek to destroy us, by the wicked who would rob us of the faith of our fathers, by the sinful who would snatch from us our salvation. Our ancient traditions live, or they are crushed under the hateful heel of new-fangled ideas. To arms, my friends, and put to rout these vicious fools who come into our homes with a bit of rock and tell our children that they can read in it the age of the earth! They peer through their glasses at fossil bones that no self-respecting dog would deign to gnaw and tell us that they prove our kinship with the beasts of the fields! They devise cunning arguments to try to make us believe that our grandfathers were monkeys! . . . I ask you but to look upon this noble masterpiece of Creation-Man. Look upon your mothers and sisters. Is it reasonable to suppose that they are descended from monkeys? Have we not the word of Yehweh-Elohim, Himself, proving beyond any doubt whatever that He made us? Is it not written that He created us from the dust of the earth, and moulded us with His hands and set us up in the Garden to dry before He breathed the breath of life into our nostrils? Is it not . . ."

The Martian reporter was puzzled by this heated speech for a long moment. "That," he said, at last, "may be coming from the Congo—or, perhaps, from Borneo. I really must brush up a bit on the cosmogonic theories of the primitive peoples of Earth." —Ralph Barton





PROFILES

IN AMERICA'S IMAGE

NCE upon a time, America created a manchild in her own image. He was very tall and his hair was sandy. His liquid eyes had a perpetual stare which put them out of focus and made it necessary for him to peer into the world through big bone glasses. His voice was loud and seldom silent. His silences were moody, heavy like

unspent clouds. He was generous, sentimental; quick in response to laughter and to tears. He was more vivid with nerves than with energy which for the most part was deprived of happy things to do. He was a level-headed, clever fellow with a long hunger for madness and a contempt for smartness. His feet were firm on the ground; but his eyes roamed the clouds. He was full of logic and full of disgust for logic. He was playful and miserable; arrogant and humble. He was the son of his Mother.

America gave him a highsounding name, to befit one fashioned in her image. But the name did not go with the long nervous body, with the

freckled homely face. His friends called him "Red" after his simmering hair. Or called him "Hal"which scarcely fit him, if Hal suggests hale to you, or whole. For this man-child of America was altogether like his mother: hungry, restless, yearning in some unuttered way to do, to create, to serve.

He was put to work after the usual national fashion. He went to college. He vagabonded a bit. He took on the burden of a family, when he was not smart enough yet to bear the burden of himself. He got up at five in the morning, and wrote 100 per cent American tales for 100 per cent American magazines. And then he took a train from his typical suburban home, and slaved the rest of the day for publishers of 100 per cent American books.

He did not have a very good time. He despised his own stories. He despised his job. He got drunk on words, or on liquor; and that helped. He looked at his Mother America; he looked at himself. He saw a strong family resemblance. He did not like what he saw. In fact, what he saw filled him with despair. And his despair distilled a drop of prophetic He wanted to do, to create, to determination. serve.

The red on top of his head got to be the symbol of

"Hal" Lewis. He was getting hot . . . slaving, slaving: he was getting mad . . . having to do what he did, to make his Mother America support him. He came to be in a perpetual simmer of rage. His eyes popped, his mouth gave forth voluble objurgations, his hands twitched helplessly. The most articulate thing about him was the simmer-red of his hair.



And getting madder, he got wistful, too. He had friends who wrote books. He worshipped them. He worshipped

everything that struck him as different from America or from himself. He named his son after a then unpopular Englishman named Wells. Whenever he wrote a novel that failed to run . . . as they all failed . . . through a meager first edition, he dedicated it to half the authors whom he knew and whose work, in a humble, arrogant American way, he worshipped.

He was having at last, not a poor time: but a very hell of a time. You see, he had been fashioned in the image of America. And there's a strange thing about America. She is

passionately in love with herself, and is ashamed of herself. Mystically sure that she is the greatest thing on earth, she gives her open admiration only to what is far away or what is patently mediocre. She is arrogant-and obsequious; cocksure-and faltering; boastful-and dumb. Above all, she is adventurous -and afraid. She looked at this plodding, simmering son of hers; and did not care for him at all. She treated him rough. She lavished her literary favors (like him, again) on fourth-rate realists from England whose shoddy wares struck her as elegant and fantastic.

Now, deep in her heart America had a secret. It was this: Loving herself, loving the face and body of herself, loving every vulgar ludicrous detail of her unstoried life, she was ashamed to admit this. She was ashamed to admit this even to herself, or to express her love in any open way. And what she wanted was a way whereby she could love herself, and yet seem to be doing just the opposite. America, if you will, was a coquettish auto-erotic child. Some subtle sense of better things barred her from flagrant flaunting of her self-adoration: but in no way destroyed her hidden passion to caress her junk-pile towns, her junkpile business men, blatant morals and strident arts.



Here was a dilemma. Could not her self be served up to America in such a way that she could love herself—and save her shame? Sinclair Lewis, true American son, was elect to solve it.

They had all failed before him—with the brief exception of Mark Twain. Dreiser had served the reality so bare that of course America blushed and turned away. Whitman had openly crowed over this face and this body! He had not bargained with America's need to be ashamed of herself. He had cried out against all shame; in favor of all nakedness. And the other artists, for the most part, had simply lied. They had served up pictures, rancid, sweetish, transforming America into what she was not. All very well, that, since America was ashamed of what she was. But since she was in love with what she was ashamed of?...

Sinclair Lewis, heaven-sent, solved the mighty problem: gave to his Mother herself in a form which she could relish unblushingly at last! He was simmering mad. He hated his *Main Street*. He'd show up Main Street. Show it up, serve it up piping hot with his own American rage. Behold, he'd done it! America wanted her Main Street. And the rage in which it came clad by Sinclair Lewis saved her Puritan shame. Taking the anger along, she could revel at last in this body of herself.

So hot and succulent in satiric wrath, "Main Street" was absorbed in countless editions by the narcisstic hunger of America. Hal Lewis, suddenly famous and enriched, after his long siding upon Grub Street, was worried. What did *this* mean? When he stroked America, she'd left him alone. When he got mad and spanked her, she adored him. He had a glimmer of the truth. He did not like what he saw.

So he got still madder. The result was "Babbitt." The satire was stronger. Babbitt himself, however, and his gang were still recognizable features of America's self-worshipped body. So America took "Babbitt," clad for shame's sweet sake in satiric rage, to her auto-erotic bosom. Less passionately, however, than she had taken "Main Street."

Hal Lewis grew more independent. Like any young animal who feels his oats, he took to scampering round; he tried to forget his leading strings. He lived in Europe. He hobnobbed with all the inferior celebrities of England, and in true American fashion, gave them his worship. He tried to forget that he was the image of his Mother. He wrote "Arrowsmith." Here the satire, the independent creative gesture, became dangerously stronger. America still found bits of herself to caress and embrace. But this dressing up of her sweet body in the clothes of wrath must not go too far!

must not go too far! "No?" says Hal Lewis. "Well, I'll live my own life!"

If he does, he'll have to live it on the income of what he earned living the life and perverse will of his Mother.

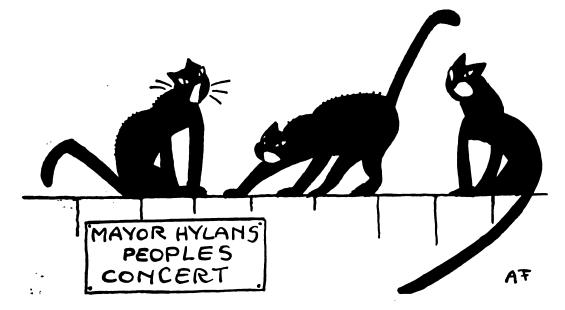
For this is the secret of his success. To America, Puritan, moralizing, fiercely auto-erotic, he gave herself to worship in a guise she could accept. The love of identification informs his portraits of American dullness. And the lyrism of external denunciation makes them acceptable to American dullards who, shamefacedly aware of themselves, are yet in love with themselves. And makes them acceptable to all the world!

If he should ever write a book in which his subjective attitude, instead of merely clothing his vision inspires a luminous vision of its own, America will turn from him with indifference and anger. He will become what in his heart he hungers to be: an unpopular author.

Let us hope this cruel fate may never overtake him. Hal Lewis is so generous a symbol of our land: of its realism, romantic and rebellious; of its sensuality, crusading and ascetic. May America long continue to keep him mad, in order that he may go on giving her what she loves.—Search-light

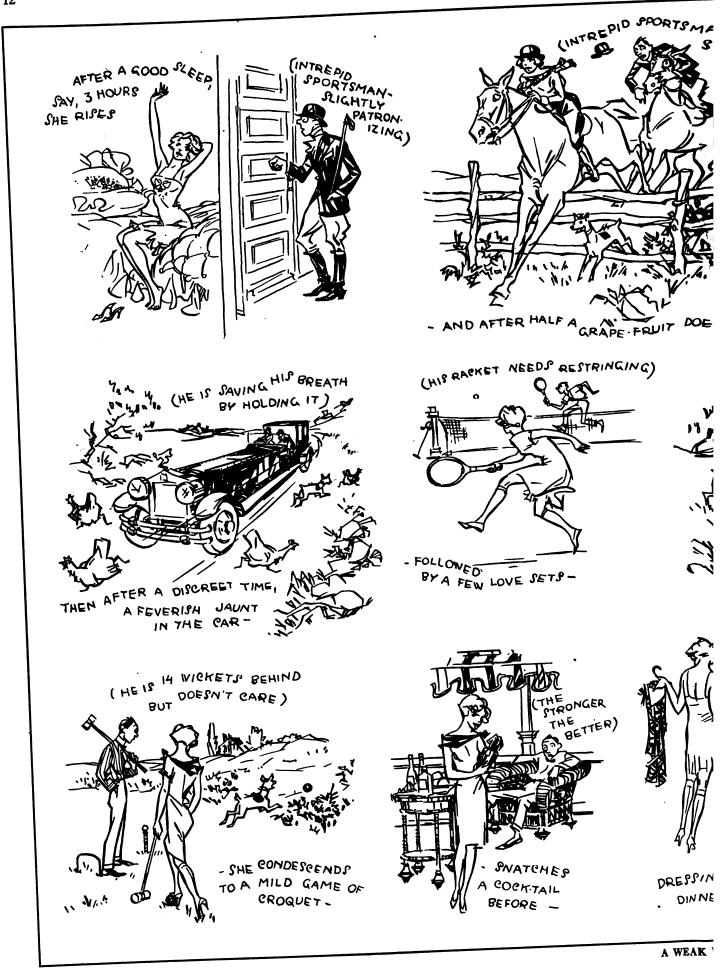
Edward L. Doheny has achieved a new literary triumph in his *Times* interview—eleven columns of pure reading matter without mentioning the little black satchel.

The new British tariff has gone into effect and the dumping race is at an end. From now on England expects every man to pay his duty.





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AL WEEK-ENDS

THE LOUD LAUGH THAT SPEAKS~

REQUENTLY, since assuming the cloak and buskins of a guiser on the screen, I have been asked by curious friends about life behind the scenes. Aside from the fact that there is no behind the scenes in the movies, since the shifting eye of the perambulant camera is the only thing that sees, there is no life at all. Rather a somnolent, comatose condition, described as waiting for the next shot.

The movie actor's pastime between shots—behind the scenes, if you insist—is a simple, almost a pastoral one. True enough, there is some incipient poker playing, some furtive, febrile crap shooting on the part of the men. And on the part of the women there is at present a craze for cross word puzzles.

But these are pastimes confined respectively to the opposite sexes. There is just one sport or pastime in which both male and female of the celluloid species gladly join and of which they never tire.

This sport is the stimulation of neuromuscular activity in one another. The funniest thing in the world to a movie actor is to see some luckless fellow rise into the air, propelled by an unexpected prod from somebody who has crept upon him unawares.

This game is played morning, noon and night. The implements employed may be hatpins, cavalry sabres or stage braces. I have even seen the ironshod leg of a camera tripod applied with telling effect to the person of an unfortunate actor who happened, because of the exigencies of his art, to be wearing almost nothing at all.

It is easy to understand how a constant indulgence in the give and take of this sport will result in a supersensitized nervous system. In time, the victim becomes so neurasthenic that he will leap into the air if somebody drops a friendly hand upon his shoulder, or if somebody across the room makes as if to spring toward him.

A peculiar result of constant indulgence also consists of the developed tendency to shout in a loud voice whatever happens to be in the mind of the subject at the moment he is victimized. The skilful player will creep up behind his victim and at the psychological moment speak some embarrassing phrase into his ear. The victim screams out the news that he is a fool, that he loves a colored girl or that he thinks the leading lady is cross-eyed.

It was a bitter disappointment to the entire cast when I appeared on the set, a greenhorn, and failed to respond in the slightest degree to neuromuscular ' ion. They didn't know it, but I had become ars ago, in an army training camp. I

> ked one of my fellows, grumpily, a job with Douglas Fairbanks."

Then he told me that Fairbanks, athlete that he is, has long been the recognized leader in this game—a sort of a Babe Ruth of moviedom. Nobody, the actor assured me, can work for Fairbanks unless he at least simulates the possession of a supersensitive nervous system. It is the acrobatic star's special delight, so the actor said, to deliver the fillip to his victim when the latter is seated on a horse. If the subject goes over the horse's head the audience of actors roars.

The confirmed devotee of this sport becomes a fanatic, exactly as a baseball fan. One young leading man told me earnestly that his greatest ambition in life was to apply some form of neuromuscular stimulation to Elinor Glyn and note her reaction.

They have been at it now for ten days on the ballroom set. Some of the poor, bedeviled victims have been forced to stand all the time with their backs to the wall, so nobody can approach them without being seen.

They have been at it so long and so constantly that even these movie actors finally have begun to tire of the simpler forms of neuromuscular stimulation. Day before yesterday they called the electricians into council and devised an elaboration of the sport, a final achievement of superstimulation that has kept the troupe in guffaws of laughter.

There are not enough seats on the set to go around and the opportunity to drop into an unoccupied chair for a moment of relaxation is welcomed by everybody. So the doughty electricians wired a chair, which was placed invitingly at hand.

In the last two days nearly everybody on the set has been electrocuted. In spite of the fact that by this time everybody knows. There always comes a forgetful moment. Besides, the crafty electricians keep changing the position of the chair.

One after another they sit—to rise again. With screams of pain and fear they soar into the air like birds, but alas, unlike birds, they do not fly.

Gravity invariably brings them down at a distance of six to ten feet from the point of contact. Brings them down sprawling, writhing, yelling, cursing, weeping, holding on to themselves, while everybody rolls with laughter.

Pert flappers, dignified grandmas, villainous-looking heavies, handsome youths with oily locks disheveled—they all get theirs. The chair plays no favorites.

It is true that one young woman had to be removed to her home yesterday in an hysterical condition. But we movie actors must have some relaxation. We toil so fearfully hard for the sake of our art.—*Hedgehog*





The Theatre

E ARL CARROLL, will, by the time these lines are printed, have an entertaining revue, under the name of the third "Vanities," at his theatre, but it will scarcely ever be the one thing to introduce the practice of box-office queues at American playhouses.

Mr. Carroll's press, the day after the opening of his show, was not exactly enthusiastic. None of the newspaper reviewers expressed approval of his offering and most of them leaped merrily at the obvious opportunities for denunciation.

This department, which is willing to start behind scratch and overtake any denouncer in the first two minutes (for a side bet of \$100,000), is unable to compete in the case of a large and more or less established revue. For it is its opinion that such a revue, after a week of playing, finds its level and settles down into being a good specimen of its kind. Occasionally a really high class offering comes along, such as the present "Artists and Models" and Ziegfeld "Follies," but for the most part revues are unexciting and highly similar standardized offerings. In some cases, the producer will have found his solution by the night of his New York première, in others it will take him a week more. All that is required, if he is to achieve the typical pattern, is that he have the orthodox ingredients.

These Mr. Carroll has and had, even on opening night. There were many beautiful and agile young women, whom his program courteously termed ladies of the ensemble. There were two expert comedians, whose repertoire and capacity for adaptation certainly will have enabled them by now to substitute amusing and timely nifties for such ribaldries as were proved to be unamusing on opening night. And there was the requisite fair amount of beguiling backgrounds.

One thing Mr. Carroll's show has that seems to have been the subject of the most conversation, but that has not served to bring on any swoonings by this department. One has reference to the attempted transformation of the atmosphere of his theatre to the atmosphere of a night club, by means of an extension of the stage orchestrawards and a general mingling, at frequent intervals, of the people of the show with the people of the audience. To us, this departure seemed highly artificial and formal and a good deal in the nature of a burlesque. Thus, Mr. Carroll's plans included that the audience should come on stage and dance, before the show begins, but the good American fear of being made to look foolish has resulted in exhibitionism by only a very young and daring few, and these after much urging and frenzied invitation.

Mr. Carroll's show, then, is not something to be rushed to immediately this evening, but it is a revue that will be enjoyed in the average theatre-going stride.

It was not so long ago that the very theatre that now houses the "Vanities" was sheltering O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." With the warning that one is likely to be driven almost insane by the reaction of the present audiences, which snicker and leer and are pleasantly conscious of admirable obscenities from which they are protected by the footlights and the police of Forty-second Street, this department recommends a visit to the play by those who have not yet seen it.

It is not one of O'Neill's greatest plays but it is, fortunately, not among his worst, than which nothing is more dreadful. There are in it many moments of beauty and of that atmosphere of inevitable tragedy which O'Neill is able to bring to his plays. And there is some good acting to it, chiefly by Walter Huston, Mary Blair and Charles Ellis.

As to the aforementioned theatre-goers to whom the play is a three-hour debauch for suppressed desires, we are able to give a hint to the judicious that there are judges still left in the United States, thank God!, to whom manslaughter is not always without its mitigating circumstances.—H. J. M.

Music

O NE of these Summers, music will stop being a seasonal occupation. Although several worthy gazettes have conserved resources by sending their music departments on unprofitable vacations, concerts go on, and there seems to be audiences. Brother Goldman in his new niche at New York University gathers; we are told, from 25,000 people up, at every performance. The Central Park affairs attract more than 20,000 listeners who haven't been informed that the music season is over. The Stadium Concerts collect thousands of folks who are willing to pay modest admission fees to hear the Philharmonic Orchestra playing programs which adhere, for the most part, to "Winter standards." Comm. De Muro's long distance "Aida" at the Yankee Stadium pulled in an

audience of baseball magnitude, and probably not more than 1,058 spectators came under the delusion that the Yankees were playing that evening.

The most fantastic element in the situation is that almost all of the musical attractions are good. Even the audible parts of "Aida" had merits. Goldman's

Band and the Stadium Concerts are institutions with honorable records, and both are progressing artistically. The composer of "On the Mall" presents such curiosities as Beethoven programs with his brasses, woodwinds and tympana, and his patrons come from such comparatively remote municipalities as Mount Vernon and White Plains to hear them. The Stadium conductors-Messrs. Van Hoogstraten, Sokoloff, Reiner and Ganz-dally with Stravinsky, Respighi, and Ravel as well as with such Stadium staples as Brahms, Tschaikowsky and Wagner, and the clink of silver is heard at the numerous box-offices.

After the Hylan-Goldman-Guggenheim imbroglio, it would have been musical justice for the Central Park concerts to tumble to lodge benefit standards, but the City Chamberlain's office somehow has lured excellent al fresco performers to the podium once enlivened by the Goldman There was much merry gossip boys. about the Headwaiters' Band, the Billposters' Symphony Orchestra and other strange organizations, but they have yet to be heard. Mr. Berolzheimer evidently sharpened his pencil (this advt. is unsolicited) and drew up a schedule of band concerts which demonstrates that there are many more good blowers than scrapers in town.

The Friday night symphonies, usually unrehearsed, have enlisted the talents of conductors who have been capable and in one instance almost

brilliant. The programs are about seven years behind those of the Stadium Concerts, but perhaps it would be too much to demand that the city pay for the rehearsals required for "Don Quixote" or "Petrouschka."

Each of our Summer institutions has developed an audience of its own, and these audiences have little in common except one tendency. As that famous music critic, Hanslick, used to say, they are inclined to pet, or, in the language of Niecks, neck. Our own observation, which, we assure you, is, so far, merely observation, is that the Central Park music lovers are at least thirty-two laps, if you don't mind, ahead of their competitors.—R. A. S.

Art

THE Summer show of the Ainslie gallery rests upon Charles A. Gruppe and some interesting water colors by George Walter Dawson. Gruppe, THE NEW YORKER

preferred, is better than Gruppe, common, and these few examples of the industrious artist show him at his best. Pretty pictures they are of the sylvan scene, deep brooks, willows, cows and so on. We often wonder what is in the eye of these artists of the permanent green school. Is it a vision of Corot or only

J. Alden Weir? They will continue to paint as long as there are ladies who have overmantles to be filled and as long as there are humans who choke at the old hokum of recognition. And that, we suppose, is as long as the race will last.

The water colors of Dawson are bits of technical slickness, fit for magazine covers, which they probably were. Several of the compositions with nudes come a little near to imagination and in all of them the color is strong and definite.

At the time of the year when most of the two or three of our upper classes are busy in what is known as the country, the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a stimulating experience. If you belong to the class that earns in the town that it may spend in the country, whether your domicile be an estate or the kind of farm house that you let alone, you will doubtless be thrilled at the exhibit. Here is America before the varnish makers got hold of it; homemaking when utility combined with necessity to bring forth a beautiful thing. After a trip around the American wing through the various rooms of the early American homes you will probably rush to the 5:15 with a gallon of paint remover [sic, and not with a gin label] in hopes that you may restore some part of your country home to the glory that was theirs in the days of unpainted

chestnut and pine.

We are not an expert on these things. Some say that the exhibit is not complete enough to show the full beauty of life as lived in the colonies. It would be impossible to get it all in so small a space and we feel that the Museum has done a careful work. We would like a little more attention paid to the humbler dwellings and a little less to the rooms furnished by the aristocrats. For where beauty is wrought from simplicity it seems a truer thing than the stuff purchased. However, the exhibit gives you both kinds and you can take your choice.

Ours will always be for the panels of pine, the hand-planed mouldings and the simple fireplaces of the early school. Robert Henri in his book on painting says that any tool is a thing of pure beauty because it is made for a purpose, shaped exactly for its use and carrying no didoes or extraneous matter. So it seems with these early American rooms. They were the product of circumstances—scarcity of tools, labor



left Hamlet for Moby

Dick

and finished devices, wedded to a need that was not only material but also a need for expression otherwise denied a people whose religion estopped them from a use of and appreciation of beauty, *per se*. There may be some good in a Puritan complex, after all. Certainly it is to be preferred to the early Grand Rapids or Elbert Hubbard Mission neurosis.—*M. P.*

Moving Pictures

I F, O reader, we confessed to having seen the three following pictures in one day's sitting you might very well accuse us of having acquired a jaded movie palate and therefore of being slightly imbecilic and unreliable. But if we further swore by our grandma's distaff that, of the four, the last witnessed pleased the most, you might say almost anything .else. Or, perhaps, you might say nothing at all.

But thus it was and the lucky picture is "The Happy Warrior," a neat transfilming of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel of the same name. Without being extraordinarily so it is pleasing (a) pictorially, because it is lovely; (b) storily, because it is diversified, speedy and colorful; (c) structurally, because it is not built out of a Meccanno continuity set; (d) histrionically, because the refreshing young folk in it have not as yet become motion picture Actors. And (x) morally, because the hero frankly shows himself up as being what all Rover Boy types are—a cad. He makes a heavy sacrifice of position and riches to his weak friend Rollo and then mightily proclaims that his poor victim would be nothing at all without the sacrificed gifts.

Curiously, our hero (the grim-faced Mr. Malcolm McGregor) swears heavily throughout the subtitles. The red profanity screens thus: "G-d," "d-n," and "h---." The hand of O'Neill rests heavy on the silent drama.

Mr. James Cruze provides liberal anti-climax to "Beggar On Horseback" with his latest travail entitled "Marry Me" (at the Rialto week of July 12). It is faintly amusing rural drama that flashes here and there with sympathy and light irony, but ends so poorly and clumsily that almost all effect is lost. Miss Florence Vidor plays the most charming spinster school ma'am you ever saw. She is laughed at for waiting seven years for the man she promised to marry when she wrote on that egg. Mr. Edward Everett Horton is the man who ate the egg seven years later only to develop liver complaint and eventually lover complaint under application of Miss Vidor's poultices.

In this picture Mr. Horton attempts to establish himself as a comedian. He lacks one essential. He is not funny. at on broiling days, we never could discover. Seated in our underwear on an ice floe ten degrees from the North Pole with nothing to drink but iced tea, we might possibly attain some degree of coolness, but the best that miles and miles of snow shown on the screen of our favorite theatre can possibly do to us is to cause hot eyeballs or imitation snow blindness.

"The White Desert" (Loew's State week of July 20) aims at the physical typhoon cooling system. It left us frozen; though not for physical reasons. It is a 'quaint mixture of hoary movie hokum about the gal who couldn't choose between two stalwart lovers (a couple of likeable chaps); a cruel and realistic performance on the part of Nature in an avalanche scene and some exceptional dramatic touches in the direction of Mr. Reginald Barker. Mr. Barker should have realistic humans to deal with and we wager that he could make the Presidency of Germany.—T. S.

Books

NE of the refreshing things about William Beebe's earlier essays, in addition to their taking you off into the jungle very pleasantly and surprising you with "nature stuff" that didn't insult your intelligence, was their literary amateur spirit. This doesn't mean they were diffident. On the contrary, you gathsered that Beebe managed with six hours' sleep and gave the other eighteen to research, could hardly be set down where he couldn't make valuable studies every minute, had a sixth sense that warned him not to step on poisonous snakes, had aviated with the A. E. F., and so on-all of which built up, involuntarily no doubt, an impression of something of a wonder man. But as author, he was a scientist who could write and liked to, enjoying himself on paper, not consciously doing an act for a Chautauqua audience.

Since then, however, Beebe, largely as a result of those writings and that impression, has come to be quite a public character, and apparently the fact is sometimes on his mind. Several of his essays in "Jungle Days" (*Putnam*) are as delightful as the others and much like them, but in a few he tries column-conducting and make a mess of it.

Also, his style, at best rich and no worse for being a little difficult, shows symptoms of trickling into Ladies-Home-Journalese. If this goes on, his next book, about his present expedition, may fail of being the whale of a book his "Galapagos" is and it should be.

There is a new edition (Dutton) of that choice piece of foolery, "The Lunatic at Large."

-Touchstone

Why snow scenes are supposed to be cooling to look on page 23.

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.





Tibbetts

PAGING the man who thinks track meets aren't exciting! Just a little more excitement at the Oxford-Cambridge, Harvard-Yale meet in the Stadium on the Charles last week, and the spectators would have been carried out on stretchers. As it was, over fifteen thousand persons, broiled to a turn, sat on the blistering concrete until three minutes of six in the afternoon to watch one of the most interesting, closest, and hardest fought track meets held in this country or England in many a long day. Almost every meet record was broken or equalled.

OWE, the black-haired Cambridge president, was the star of the meet. I suppose there are better runners to-day than this plucky Englishman, but except for Nurmi it's hard to think of any offhand. In the half mile he was pushed all the way by Soapy Watters of Harvard, who ran the best race of a long and spectacular series of athletic triumphs. Then, with the torrid sun sinking behind the colonnade of the Stadium, and America ahead by six to five, Lowe came out to face Haggerty, Harvard's intercollegiate mile champion, in the last event of the afternoon. Other miles have been faster: there never was, there never will be such

SPORTS

a mile as this, with not a person of the fifteen thousand leaving before the end of one of the most magnificent races I have seen in twenty years of collegiate sport. At the start Haggerty took the lead. Took it and held it. At the quarter Lowe began to show evidence of the punishment he had been taking. His fluent, graceful stride became labored, he seemed to be holding on to second place with the utmost difficulty. At the half he seemed more weary, and as he went round the turn just below us I remember some friend of Haggerty's above me shouting: "Go on, Red, you got him!"

Certainly it appeared so. Lowe was, as far as one could judge from the stands, a beaten man. Then the bell clanged for the last lap and the crowd rose to its feet with a roar as the two men swept round the turn and Lowe tried to pass his rival up the backstretch. But Haggerty refused



Johnny Halahan, Announcer

to let him go by, he lengthened his stride and slowly the Englishman dropped back. He had made his last effort and it was not good enough. Then something happened. I do not know what that something was. All I could see was a beaten man on the last curve, a man beaten and well beaten, a man exhausted and run to pieces, suddenly show himself possessed of that divine spark of which champions are made. Head down, arms up, his stride lengthened, fighting mad, half blind he charged past the Harvard runner. A yard,

two yards, three, now five yards ahead,

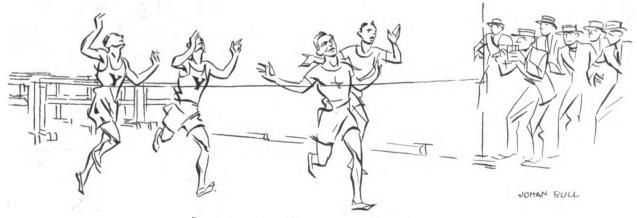
until he fell across the tape for his sec-

ond victory of the day, about as near



death as a man can be and still live. His agony as he came down those last hundred yards in the lead and tumbled unconscious into the arms of his teammates was only too apparent to anyone who has ever run. For some time he lay stretched upon the grass, until finally he was assisted into the locker rooms suffering so badly that he was unable to appear later in a picture of the two teams. Douglas Lowe was run out. He had given his best. The tradition of Baker, of McInnes and Stallard and all the great distance runners of England rests in worthy hands. Finer racing and finer runner never have been seen in this country.

THERE is, it seems to me, very much less bunk about the English system of preparing for big athletic events. Quietly, unostentatiously, without trainers or coaches or rubbers or assistants or advisers these Oxford and Cambrdge men crossed the ocean and very nearly went home victorious. Stevenson landed only four days before the meet and had but two days of real practise. Lowe has run only one race since April, and Porritt ac-



Lord Burghley Winning 120-Yard Hurdles

tually landed from the Mauretania on Friday and was able to defeat our best sprinters in record time the next afternoon. Maybe if they had spent a month in this country they might have won every event. And then again they might not have won as many as they did.

JOHNNY HALAHAN who for years without number has filled the rôle of announcer at Cambridge, is still the only man in the United States with a voice that can fill the Harvard Stadium unassisted. His pronunciation of Lord Burghley's name was so English that a good many in the stands thought Johnny was kidding them at first.

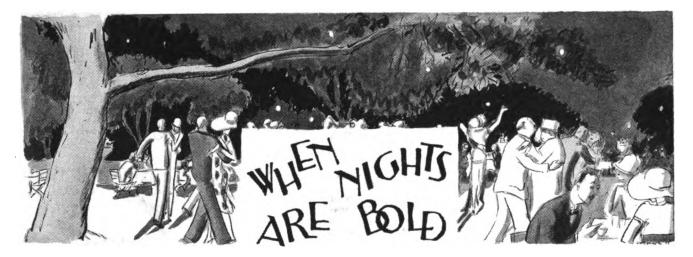
HE battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton, and the meet last week was very nearly won upon the same place. Lord David Burghley, Eton and Magdalene, Cambridge, took the high hurdles with ease and was looked on as sure to win the low which are his specialty. He tripped, however, over the fourth hurdle, lost a stride and with it the event and the meet. But he was a great favorite with the crowd. Another athlete who went over with the biggest gathering that ever saw one of these meets, was C. T. Van Geyzel, the dark-skinned Singalese who is in his first year at Cambridge. He showed himself to be a high jumper with a fine style, the best jumper England has had for many years. He will go far. Sabin Carr from Dubuque, Iowa, is another first year man who is going to make a name for himself. This young Eli will be pole vaulting well over fourteen feet before he leaves college.

FLYNN of Oxford finished last in the hurdles with unassuming regularity. Only four of the four Boston newspapers on the day after the meet called him "The Flying Flynn."—J. R. T.

The three motorcycle policemen who almost ran down Mrs. Coolidge while she was posing for a New York newspaper photographer have been let off with a reprimand. It seems that they were really trying to run down the photographer, who had a narrow escape. The policemen were given to understand that if anything like this happened again they would not get off so easily.

We cannot support the complaint filed by the Washington correspondents against the Massachusetts national guard officers who menaced them with drawn swords when they went to Boston to report the President's Fourth of July address. Having read the speech we feel that the officers would have been justified in going much farther than they did.





THIS is the time of year when all foresighted young women-abouttown sigh contentedly, secure in the realization that Winter escorts have been packed away in moth balls and that, for a month or two, they have substituted a goodly supply of young men with automobiles and memberships in country clubs. Say what you will, New York is attractive in Summer principally to those who can get out of town at will.

Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, up Riverdale way, maintains a steady popularity for dining and dancing, and with justice. In the first place, it is by far the handsomest dancing place for miles aroundperched like a Moorish castle in a De Mille movie high on a bluff above the Hudson River. It is not more than forty minutes' drive from Times Square; the food is excellent; the music fair enough, and dancing out on the stone terrace under the stars is comfortable in the hottest weather. On weekday nights it is never crowded, though on Saturdays and Sundays the motors are so thick around it that it is well-nigh impossible to find parking space, either for your car or for your person.

Never, never, my children, go to the Arrowhead on a week-end if it looks as if a rainstorm was impending. With the first drops, the merry throng (all thousand of them) rush to the dining room indoors, and the rest of the evening is spent in a pleasant game of hide-and-seek with your waiter, who is anxiously trying to keep an eye on at least ten tables of previous customers. These have scattered merrily all over the big dining room and spend the rest of the evening (dancing at the Arrowhead ceases at one) shrieking for service.

Need I add that the general crowd is perfectly terrible, and that the dancing is done with the knees turned out and everything moving except the feet? The public that haunts roof gardens and dancing places around New York vaguely resembles a jeweled version of the boys and girls who go hiking over the Palisades on Sunday afternoons.

Within New York itself, there are several excellent restaurants where the breezes from the Hudson are allowed to blow lightly over your jellied tomato The Claremont, on Riverside broth. Drive, has long been noted for the excellence of its cuisine, and is never too crowded. There is no dancing. The Bossert roof in Brooklyn is also famedprincipally for the tricky way in which it is fixed up to resemble the deck of a ship and for the unparalleled view of the harbor. Here, also, it is always cool, and the food is passable. It is well to telephone in advance and reserve a tableotherwise, you are likely to be shoved into a corner away from the railing and treated to some first class insolence on the part of waiters particularly gifted along this line.

Some enterprising person could make a fortune by putting a swimming pool on the roof of a hotel, fixing up a sand beach on one side for the bathers to loll on and partake of refreshments, and leaving the other side clear for diners and dancers in more conventional evening garb. The management might provide bathing suits that would make Summer revues unnecessary, and an entertainment of marine flavor. And just think of the cute costumes the cigarette girls could wear!

AND now to leave those public places where hoi polloi foregathers, and cast an eye within the "exclusive" portals of the Embassy club. (It really isn't so hard to become a member, if you own an evening suit and have the necessary ten dollars.) This establishment opened with a great fanfare of trumpets at 695 Fifth Avenue last Spring. The house is very attractive—a reception room downstairs, dining on the second floor, private dining rooms (oh, oh!) and lounging rooms above. There is a rather tiny tinny orchestra which is adequate for dancing, and the service and the cuisine are excellent. Evening dress is in order, unlike most Summer clubs which let down the bars completely in the hot weather. The crowd is just a little bit duller in every respect than that of a mediocre and respectable night club. Rumor has it that the omnipresent president manages to make such an ungodly fuss and bustle about visiting celebrities, either social or artistic, that many feel disinclined to come a second time.

One amusing incident enlivened a recent evening. Several dancers noted that a peculiar, nobby condition of the floor was due to a gentle cascade of glass beads from the dress of a very attractive dancer. In fact, everyone discovered the cause, sooner or later, except the president mentioned above. Following her enraged instructions, the waiters spent an agile evening pursuing the young lady, who was no whit daunted, around the floor with brushes and mops, to the huge delight of the assembled diners.—Lipstick

The American press agent who inveigled part of the British army into a publicity "escort" for a film will probably be fired. Officials of his company will want to know why he didn't spend another ten dollars and get the King to lead the parade.

* * *

A Berlin cable says the Hohenzollerns are getting despondent. Suggested Doorn national anthem: "Ain't goina reign no more!"

• • •

Sixty-five per cent of college romances end matrimonially, statistics prove—Coweds, of course.

* * *

Craig now accuses Hylan of being a felon. One of these days the comptroller will go a little too far.

* *

It was on the alderman's picnic to Rye, and they were discussing Hylan's chances. "'Tain't right the way they pan the mayor," said one of the City Hall intelligentsia. "Only yesterday the papers called him a demagogue, and I don't believe he ever took a drink in his life."



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth The one play of the New York Theatre that every one musi see.

CABSAR AND CLEOPATRA-Guild With Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles, the Theatre Guild is reviving this famous comedy by Bernard Shaw.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Kisw

Pauline Lord, in this Pulitzer Prize Play, does the season's best piece of acting. There are many, too, who think highly of the play despite the prize award.

15 ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

This is a highly hilarious comedy, without much appeal to the intelligence, but nevertheless with its moments of great human emotion.

THE FALL GUY-Eitinge

Another comedy in the manner of "Is Zat So?," but not quite so funny.

ROSE-MARIE-Imperial

The sensation, among musical plays, of the past season. And rightly so, with its high elegance of staging, score and voices.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

Certainly the most humorous "Follies" of recent years and by many regarded as the best revue Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced.

can easily be heard again.

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

A gorgeous musical production by Mr. Ziegfeld, with merry moments by Leon Errol.

THE CORILLA-Selwyn

- An amusing burlesque of the conventional mystery play.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden
- The best revue the Shuberts have ever produced, full of speed, beauty and humor. The eighteen Hoffman girls are sensational. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

Mr. White this year offers an entertaining

production, about as usual. LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty Here is a musical show that has a score by

Gershwin, happy romping by the Astaires and some entertaining nifties by Walter Catlett.

GARRICK GAISTIES-Gerrick

In their first production, the young folk of the Theatre Guild have managed to get together a revuelet truly full of high spirits and much capable material in the professional manner.

ENGAGED-The Fifty-second Street

Gilbert's burlesque, in its revival by "The Stagers," will provide a merry evening for almost anyone.

MOVING PICTURES

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

Proving that there is more drama in a dream than in "Abie's Irish Rose," or something to that effect. Six weeks' run at Criterion ends Saturday, July 18.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Recommended to the Writing Lads who are doing so much for Romance on the American Screen as an example of what a romantic theme is when a poet who can write writes. At the Colony, Friday and Saturday, July 17 and 18.

DON Q

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks illustrates with a whip the truth of that old Yogi saying, "Truth crushed to earth; will rise again." Still at the Globe.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Young folk good to gaze on in natural scenes not manufactured at the studio. Loew's East Eighty-sixth Street Theatre, Tuesday, July 21 and other Loew's Theatres, Wednesday and Thursday, July 22 and 23.

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK

A realistic and liberal education in the higher nocturnal reaches of the Great Metropolis. Rivoli Friday and Saturday, July 17 and 18.

ART

AMERICAN ART-Metropolitan Museum

A reminder of the permanent exhibit of early American art as expressed in the homes of our forefathers. Your duty as well as a pleasure. GRUPPE-Ainable

Some of the best of this artist for the Sum-

mer months with two or three others.

MID-MODERNS-Frank K. M. Rehn

Pleasant show of stuff by Luks, Melchers and Henri.

MUSIC

W. C. Fields must be seen and Will Rogers INTERNATIONAL CHORUS-Yankee Stadium

Monday, July 20. 10,000 voices are announced in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and other music. Postponed once, so consult your daily before starting.

AIDA-Polo Grounds

Wednesday; July 22. Beginnings of an ambitious scheme to present opera in the open. Opening performance designated as benefit.

GOLDMAN'S BAND-Hall of Fame

Nightly, except Tuesdays and Thursdays. "On the Mall" off the Mall, but apparently stronger than ever.

STADIUM CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium

Nightly. This week's programs by the Philharmonic under Van Hoogstraten include two performances of Beethoven's Ninth.

MAYOR HYLAN'S PEOPLE'S CONCERTS-Central Park

Bands, Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Orchestra, Fridays.

SPORTS

TENNIS—Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn Saturday, July 18 and following days. The best grass court tournament in the metropolis. BASEBALL

DASEBALL

At Polo Grounds, New York vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 17. New York vs. Cincinnati, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 18, 19, 20, 21.

At Yankee Stadium, New York vs. Washington, Thursday, July 23.

OTHER EVENTS

JAPANESE GARDEN PARTY—Botanic Gardens, Brooklyn

Saturday afternoon, July 18. Under direction of the Union of East and West and the League of Neighbors. Program furnished by prominent Japanese and Japanese girls will serve tea. Theatre Guild Productions Bernard Shaw's Famous Councily

Caesar N Cleopatra

Th., W. 59 St. Eve. 8:15. Guild Mate. Thure. & Sat., 2:15 Tel. Columbus 8229.

Garrick Galeties

Sparkling Musical Roome Garrick 65 W. 35 St. Sva. 8:40 Mts. Thurs. # Sat., 2:40

The Pulitur Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo Klaw Th., W. 45 St. Eve. 5:40 Mate. Well, & Sat., 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dira 458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat. LATEST! GREATEST! FUNNIEST!

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of 1925-Giorifying the American Girl WILL ROGERS-W. C. FIELDS

Bugene O'Neill's Greatest Play



WHA WALTER HUSTON

Now at COHAN THEATRE, GEO. M. COHAN B'way & 43d Br.

Eves. 8:30.

Mata, Wed, & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

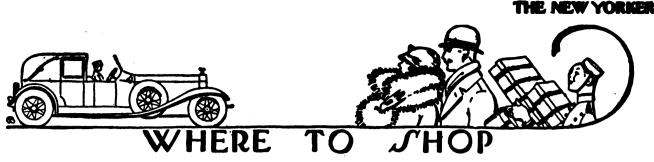
Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected.

IN OUR MIDST-AND OUT

About all sorts of who'swhoers and what they'reup to

These regular features and a hundred and one other newsy items appear weekly in





A SWAYING LIGHT

gently rocking on the ocean's restless bosom, guides and cheers the incoming mariners as they near the City of New Yorkers. It is the "Ambrose," a faithful lightship guarding this great metropolis with a never failing watch.

The "Ambrose" cheers the hearts of mariners, not as well as THE NEW YORKER pleases shoppers' hearts, but both ship and magazine are custodians of the places where books and gowns and beauty await the visitor.

Antiques	Books	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and alverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	"SMILE" HOUSE-PROCKS artistic Crepes, Fou- lards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95 Gloria Browning, 156 E. 47th St., N. Y. Mur. Hill 4513.	
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Auction Bridge	MR. OSCAR DURYEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances. Ballroom, Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 67th St., N. Y.	THE PARKER METHOD known for 40 years as the most scientific treatment for all hair & scalp disorders. Visit our New York establishment or write for list of licensed shops. 47 W. 49th St., N. Y.	
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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

- Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). Romantic sketches with plenty of humor. Fine for torrid weather.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A long, pleasant, comfortable historical novel. There isn't a "problem" in it.
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). A study, but not an arduous one, of the cost of Christian selflessness.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer). All the gossip about a marriage wrecked by temperaments.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). "The Princess Far Away" transposed to present-day North Shore Long Island, and acidulated.
- SEA Horses, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). Good Mediterranean and African coast romance, in the Conrad vein.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). 'Vanna and Ettore and the English people they serve in an Italian villa.
- they serve in an Italian villa. THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfser). An installment of one of the greatest of psychological novels. Reading it is fairly hard work.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). An interesting and decent treatment of a difficult sex theme.

GENERAL

- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Puinam). Nature essays, most of them up to his mark. In a few, he gets unfortunately playful.
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf). The lumberjacks' fantastic legends, skilfully straight-Englished.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (A. & C. Boni). Good hobo sketches, from memory.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS, by Mary Lawton (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel, London, tells Miss Lawton the story of her life.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). A philosophy and faith that should interest any one but a flapper or a Fundamentalist.

Helpful Recipes for the Apartment Hermit

Welsh Rare-bit—Deposit a quantity of cheese in a chafing dish, or, if there is no chafing dish, in a frying pan. After it has melted, suddenly recall that it should have a foundation of toast, so leave it on stove while slices of bread are blackened over a gas jet. When this is achieved, the cheese will be found to have become firmly welded on the frying pan. Discard, and order Welsh rare-bit from an adjacent restaurant.

Ham and Eggs—Purchase ham and eggs in sufficient quantity to meet appetite. Crack eggs in receptacle. Discover that the eggs and receptacle have amalgamated because of neglect to grease, and that the ham is of the sugar cured and non-frying variety. Discard, and order ham and eggs from an adjacent restaurant.

Four-minute Boiled Egg-Put eggs in boiling water and sit down to watch. At Pop: A the end of fifteen minutes, inspect clock it in par. and ascertain that it has not been running Johnny

for three days. Discard, and order fourminute boiled eggs from an adjacent restaurant.

Benedictine (Domestic)—Unfortunately, certain circumstances over which this department has no control make it impracticable to make this recipe a matter of public knowledge. Communications endorsed by a mutual friend and attested by a notary public will be regarded as confidential—Charles Street

Swampscott Correspondence

Since the President's announcement of the nomination of John B. Stetson to be minister to Poland, it has been rumored here that the next three diplomatic vacancies in the Balkans will go to the Messrs. Hart, Shaffner and Marx. Color is lent to this report by the sudden departure for the West of Judson C. Welliver, the White House publicity man. Mr. Welliver is said to have gone to consult the Chicago City Directory for the first names of the prospective nominees.

Notwithstanding the sound political strategy of such a move, a canvass of the situation convinces your correspondent that these nominations will start a row when they come up for confirmation by the Senate. A high-hat appointment like Stetson's doubtless was urged by Nicholas Longworth, the most fastidious dresser in Congress, as a device to line up Dr. Copeland in support of the President. Hart, Shaffner and Marx are under consideration for what is known in politics as balancing appointments. They are regarded as concessions to the middle class.

It is from the ranks of the President's own party, however, that trouble may be expected. Senator Borah and the Honorable Smith Brookhart of Iowa are poor compromisers in matters of this character. They are for Truly Warner, Moe Levy & Son and Nathan Trivers.

-Marquis James

Two students held up a Summer resort in Montana for \$3,000 which they needed to complete their education. The experiment, however, resulted in failure and arrest. At the hour of going to press there is still no relief in sight for Father.

"Much time may be saved by not attempting to learn foreign languages," says Frank Crane. The hours thus saved, we maliciously add, can be profitably spent in not reading Dr. Crane.

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

had best equip themselves with **Sportocasins** \$12 Top-notch comfort for golf, tennis or a tramp around the Old Town. Various combinations; leather or crepe soles. ANDREW Alexander 548 Fifth Avenue Above 45th Street What Shall We Do This Evening? THE NEW YORKER'S "GO-

\##/

OLD New Yorkers

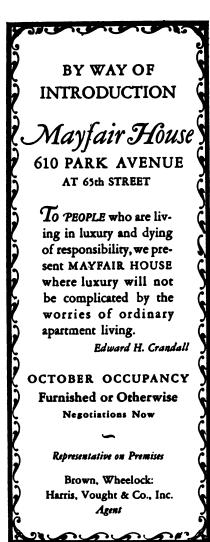
going "back home"

FINE SHOES

THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

For five dollars THE NEW YORKER will report to you at weekly intervals for a year.

SINCE 1857



THE NEW YORKER

3

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MR. BRYAN'S MIAMI

MIAMI, Florida, home and residence of the Ape's defender, W. J. B., famous realtor and dispenser of spiritual castor oil. He lives in seclusion on estate in Millionaires' Row and helps keep the w. from the d. by gathering a crisp century note per thirty minute sermon. All bookings cancelled during trial of Tennessee Vandal who publicly stated that he did not believe in Santa Claus.

Real estate signs posted hither and yon making this immortal announcement: "This Lot Purchased by William Jen-nings Bryan himself." Stampede of tourists from Iowa to purchase adjoining lots. They give lots to W. J. B. as they send Airdales and Collies to Coolidge.

A Constable at Silver Bluff said that no man could "beam" like W. J. B. and be perfectly sober and that if he wasn't drunk on "spiritus frumenti" it must be ignorance. This remark might have been born of the same mother that prompts small boys to chuck mud at a white wall, but the surest way to get mud chucked at your wall is to top it with a sign stating that "this here wall is the cleanest wall in the world."

To give the devil his dues W. J. B. is a good business man and has made a lot of money.-J. T. B.

WASHINGTON NOTES

SCARRAMUZZA, maître d'hotel, and his three colleagues of the Hotel Mayflower staff, did not believe the tales they had been hearing about Prohibition. Probably they would have got along nicely in their ignorance had they not erred in serving cocktails and highballs (according to the official warrants) to a banquet attended by seventeen Prohibition agents.

Regardless of this incident, the dryness of Washington is still epitomized by the remark of an eminent statesman who, at 5 o'clock of a recent morning, placed two quart bottles before a pair of guests and warned them solemnly: "Go easy on that, boys. I can't get another drop till after breakfast."

President Coolidge being at Swampscott, it's a dull spell for the Mount Vernon residents who, everytime the Yacht Mayflower passed, used to indicate their defiance of the economy era by mentioning that George Washington once threw a dollar across the Potomac. They can't use that gag on the Atlantic ocean.

story: The President is entertaining guests, not let the sun go down on you in this and from time to time takes a seat beside one of them, apparently to show that ism hits the black belt.—Sheriff Bell he is not such a bad mixer after all. The Oklahoma City.

guest in each case, of course, being pinned to his chair as long as the President sits. One of them surmises conversation is in order. He tries the weather. A nod. Tries baseball. No response. Becomes jocular. Nothing doing. Finally the President departs. "No spik Englees," remarks the guest to nearest group. -Pell Mell

A KNIGHT AND TWO DAYS IN IOWA

OWA: Where the West begins and the corn grows taller.

State flower: corn. State drink: ditto. State of mind: insatiable curiosity about the place where the West ends. Principle industry: voting the Republican ticket. Chief amusement: going to California or Florida, or thinking about going.

Iowa has more drug stores, morticians, undertakers, caretakers, daughters of caretakers, hogs, corn, literacy, mud roads, corn and homes papered with stock certificates than Liberia.

How to pronounce Iowa: Iowah not Ioway, unless it is immaterial to you in which case it is Iowa.

-Louis G. DeArmand

DRY HOLES IN OKLAHOMA

/ITH a commendable display of patriotism, Oklahoma has started an eleventh hour fight. Aroused by the echoes from the hills of Tennessee, the Ministerial Association discovered in looking over the recent enactments of the legislature that that august body had repealed all anti-evolutionary text-book laws. The repeal had been made quietly, sinisterly, without even a meeting of the Bar Association or a visit from a Famous Criminal Lawyer to forewarn the people. In order to stay the repeal, which becomes effective this month, it is necessary to obtain thirty thousand more signatures for the petition. As one minister remarked, thirty thousand signatures is a lot of names.

Quite a flurry at the local Cadillac agency. An Osage brave, one of the government's millionaire wards, rode into town last week, hitched his mule in front of the garage and purchased a "kadillic" limousine. A week later he demanded an open car. The salesman remonstrated, but the red man expressed contempt, and explained that his objection to the closed car was: "Huh, can't spit."

Boley has organized a vigilance committee. Boley is a negro town and one of the several black settlements in Oklahoma Comparatively new Presidential yacht having signs that read: "White man, do town." One hundred per cent American-

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24

YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE NEW YORKER

A SELECT few of your most faithful and deserving friends will, no doubt, value and appreciate your thoughtfulness in placing them in the way to discover it. If you will furnish us with their names, we will gladly mail them sample copies.

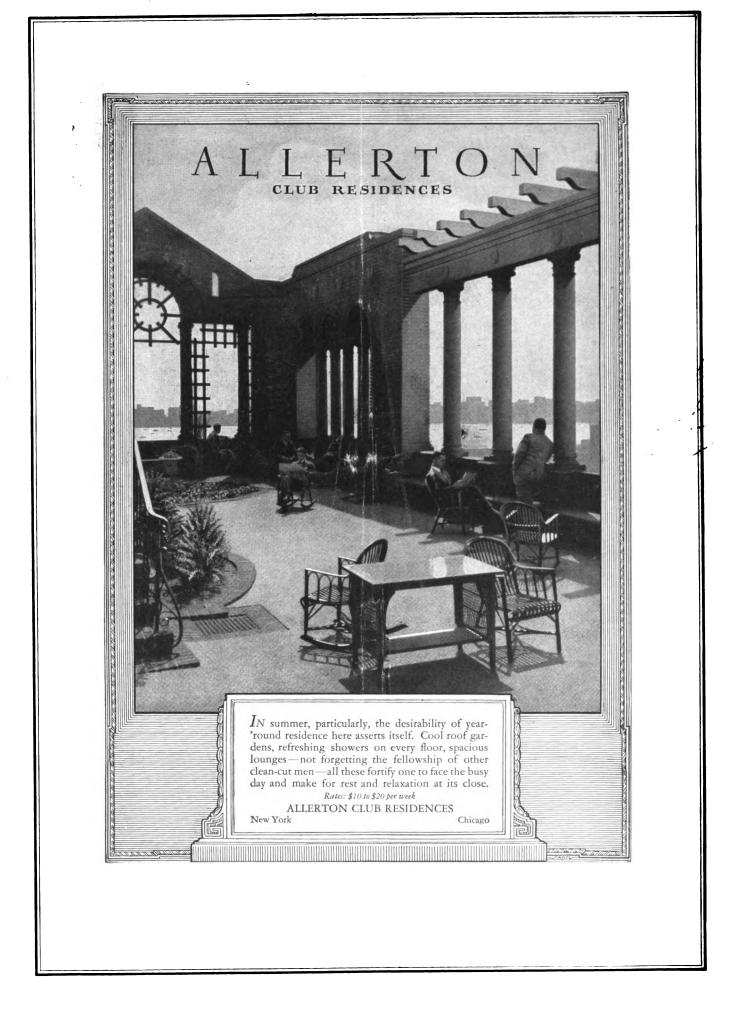
Odd as it may seem, many of our friends act on this suggestion and thereby help to swell our subscription list.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT THE NEW YORKER 25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

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DOUGLAS C. MOMURTRIE . NEW YORK



July 25, 1925 THE Price 15 cents NEW YORKER

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EIGHT DEBUTANTES IN PARIS

Left to right: The Misses Gladys Blackston, Sally Sloaman, Clarisse Bernard, Marcelle Falk, Vivian Tobin, Josephine Bernard, Geniviere Tobin, THE NEW YORKER.

Ever since Lewis and Clark fired on Fort Sumter, ever since Daniel Boone made his famous speech on conciliation with America, ever since Donald Ogden Stewart swam across the English channel in the winter of '88, in fact ever since. Nor does this imply that THE NEW YORKER did not have a previous and equal prestige among the circles where cognoscenti and sophisticates were wont to foregather.

Which reminds us of a story. Two gentlemen met in a small café just off the Champs.

"Je souis herew dee vous vwar. Vous aites etranger?" "Wee."

"Kuh voolay vous bwar?"

"Quelkechoze dee tout."

"Garson!"

"Messieurs."

"Nous voulons dooz quelkechoze dee tout, veet, veet."

"Pardonez moi?"

"I'll be jiggered!"

Whereupon the other gentleman clapped his newly made acquaintance on the back and said, "Thank Heaven! I thought you were a Frog." And the waiter said, "What will you have, gentlemen?" And they both said Whisky as loud as they could.

Which just goes to show.

Wherever you go in Paris you will find THE NEW YORKER. The liveried attendants on the thirty-eighth story of the Eiffel Tower turn to your left for the club room and lounge, sir, keep the tables supplied with this valuable addition. Not to be outdone, the Tower of Pisa Reclamation and Development Holding Association has ordered a full line installed in the Guggenheim Wing.

Many Parisians who, yesterday, would have grudgingly admitted that they had missed one or two copies,

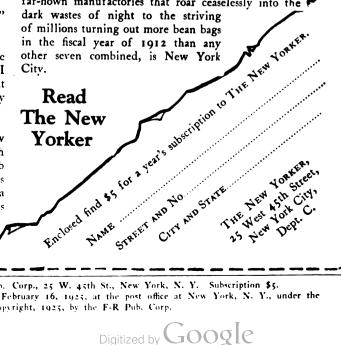
to-day would rather stand in the shoes of Marie Antoinette as she ate cake instead of bread than admit it. And, of course, there is New York.

Read history and learn what great men said about great things before they were all over and there was nothing

left but Evolution. For example: The celebrated Boswell did not ask the even more famous Dr. Sam Johnson, "Would you sooner be dead, or miss a copy of The New Yorker?"

To which the illustrious Doctor never replied, "In some contingencies, sir, death is better than dishonor."

You are living in an age of steam, steel, stogies, Stutzes and Sterno. And the throbbing, pulsating, heart of this closely interwoven fabric of civilization, the queen of its commerce and the assistant crown prince of its far-flown manufactories that roar ceaselessly into the dark wastes of night to the striving of millions turning out more bean bags in the fiscal year of 1912 than any other seven combined, is New York Citv.



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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5. Vol. 1, No. 23, July 25, 1925. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 18-9. Copyright, 1925, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

The Week

PRIZED revolutionary canvas in Jumel Mansion is branded a fake and a newly-discovered Van Dyke is to be offered for sale. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, in England, approves polyandry and Italy announces its population is increasing 500,000 yearly. In Germany an effective rejuvenation serum is said

to have been discovered and, in New York, Mr. Thomas A. Edison attends the "Follies." An Oregon mob chases Japs out of a factory and President Coolidge warns China it must protect Mr. Charles Americans there. Ponzi is sentenced to seven years in jail and Mr. Doheny's oil company is ordered to pay the Government \$358,031, for value received. Twenty thousand see the Denishawn dancers perform in the Stadium and Mr. Tex Rickard predicts that 100,000 will be present when and if Mr. Jack Dempsey fights Mr. Harry Wills. Rum Row shifts to Mexican waters and an eighty-foot sea ser-

pent is sighted off the Jersey coast. Mme. the Countess, otherwise Gloria Swanson, denies that she has had her face lifted and Paris decrees even shorter skirts for women. Eighty-six report incomes of more than one million dollars in 1923 and a woman, whose children were starving, returns to the owner one hundred dollars which she found.

"Bogie"

MR. MAXWELL BODENHEIM, the gentleman who is at present under \$2,500 bond following the publication of his novel, "Replenishing Jessica," is one of our few sincerely colorful literati. Even now he is somewhere in our midst, wagging his huge, blonde head to the tune of his sardonic repartee, tapping his heels, cultivating his sucking stammer. Over him hangs the same persecution complex which tortured Lafcadio Hearn; in his mind, editors meet to plot means to keep him out of print. Ragged and unkempt, he wears only the honest donations of his friends. To-day his pipe is a burnt corn-cob, wedged in his broken front teeth; gone is the long Chinese relic which he used alternately as a cane and as a pipe, the bowl of which was so far from him that he had to stop passers-by to light it for him.



NCE, in Chicago, Mr. Bodenheim had a bitter literary enemy, a young Italian poet, Emanuel Carnevelle. And it was a malicious fate which brought a promoter of literary debates to both their doors with the promise of one hundred needed dollars apiece if they would argue in public at the Book and Play Club. One hundred dollars is one hundred dollars and they chose for their subject: "Are people who attend literary debates idiots?" A goodly house edged uneasily, anticipating the two enemies' clash.

Mr. Bodenheim had the affirma-

tive. He rose solemnly, squinted down at the good Chicagoans before him and with a gesture announced:

"I point to our audience . . . and rest my case!" A gasp swept the auditorium. Mr. Carnevelle seemed puzzled. Perhaps he had looked forward to an opportunity to wither his antagonist with his arguments. But he, too, looked at those who had paid to hear him, and very simply he added:

"Mr. Bodenheim, you win!"

BUT "Bogie's" friends have not always been as generous as his enemies. Once when his most intimate associate had the good fortune to step into a high-salaried publicity job, Mr. Bodenheim wrote him, suggesting the possibility of a small loan. Back came this letter:

"My dear Bogie: It is true that I have reached financial success. But in my success I do not forget my oldest and dearest friend. I am enclosing my check for one hundred dollars.

"Please do not consider this as a loan, nor as a gift. It is but an inadequate discharge of my obligation for the many pleasant hours, etc., etc. . . ."

Mr. Bodenheim read, he shook the envelope, tore it open. No check fell out. In frenzy he ran to the nearest Post Office and insisted that his mail had

been opened. He borrowed ninety cents to telegraph (collect telegrams were not accepted when addressed to his friend). "Letter did not contain check," said the message. By return wire followed the unkindest cut of all: "Of course it didn't."

So the light jest of genius to genius. It was two years before "Bogie" spoke again to his friend.

M. BODENHEIM is also he who has made it so difficult for American poets to gain access to the homes of conservative British celebrities. It was his

naive habit, over there, to announce his visit to such gentlemen as Mr. George Moore and others, whom he had never met, with a simple note: "Coming to call at ten to-morrow." And at ten he would be there, indefinitely.

At one house luncheon-time came and went, but not Mr. Bodenheim. Hard pressed by the tea hour, his host made hints. Guests were expected. "Eh? Who are they?" demanded our Bogie, "I'll stay!" And stay he did until there is no record of his leaving.

YET all these irregularities in another might have been infinitely worse. Eccentric, erratic, is Mr. Bodenheim, careless of a world's criticism outside of his work, but there is an air of sincerity about him, cynical sincerity, a brittle sparkle to his conversation, that fascination of exotic, social lawlessness.

Anti-Interests

ONE of our latest padlocks is to be for a new night club which is said to have refused to sell liquor by the drink, insisting on the purchase of no less than a pint. We congratulate Mr. Buckner on moving so promptly to protect the poor who can not afford to buy a pint at a time.

Movie Drama

CONNECTICUT, now that the market for wooden nutmegs has become so small, is going in for taxes. There is one, for example, on gasoline, which catches the outlanders; and there is another on moving pictures—ten dollars a film—which catches the employers of Mr. Will Hays. Among these latter, none more so than Mr. Jesse Lasky, whose name follows the hyphen which follows Famous Players.

This, as they say in the movie captions, needs ex-

plaining. Let us go back to the day when Mr. Harry Durant, then a highly paid scenarist, left the employ of the Famous Players-Lasky concern, after some harsh words had passed between him and no less a personage than Mr. Lasky, himself.

Followed the matter of an unexpired contract which, after some debate among counsel, presently led

> to a monetary settlement. Mr. Harry Durant sated his wanderlust for a time and, later, settled in Connecticut, Still later, he was elected to the Legislature of that state; latest, he introduced the bill which provided for that onerous ten dollar tax per film.

> Not all the pleadings of Mr. Will Hays's hired help could sway the Connecticut legislators. Their colleague, the Hon. Harry Durant, knew what was what in the movies, and he spoke out about it.

Since last Wednesday Id woman's got visitors. So the bill became law, and it will cost the Famous Players-Lasky, among others, a figure which will run into many zeros.

Not all moving picture revenge flickers on the screen.

Viewpoint

THERE is soul disturbance in all travel advertisements. The urge to be up and away is strong when one's glance encounters such as this:

Seagulls wheeling overhead. Clear air and sunshine round you. Five care-free days of fair winds and blue water behind you.

And then—a stir along the decks. A thousand eyes strained forward . . . Land ho!

The coastline growing clearer. Huge pinnacles rising through a golden haze . . .

Tugs are taking over now-short, squat, piling up white water in front.

But how is one to respond when the advertisement is one from *Punch*, which describes, on behalf of the Pennsylvania Hotel, the glories of our own New York? How, indeed?

New York Rides

DAYS and weeks pass and Mr. Enright's excellent ruling that our taxi drivers wear a neat uniform cap comes to rest on an old hack regulation which requires hackmen "to be clean in dress and person." July 9 was to be the "clean up day" when the regulation was to be interpreted, by police order, to mean that a hackman must wear "a neatly fitting, white linen collar and necktie, a clean shirt, and be shaved." Also, a coat or duster. The *Taxi Weekly* duly noted this and in time we may witness the change.

FOR over half a year, except when we have been fooled by deceitful rate signs, we have ridden in twenty-cent cabs and until I talked to my friend, the





CARETAKER: The great Peter Stuyvesant

once slept in this bed. Since last Wednesday

I sleep in it, because my old woman's got visitors.

club starter, I for one, had been lulled into a false sense of security. The issue of a possible return to the old rates, he told me, is far from dead.

It is the contention of most cab owners that the public's saving is their ruin. Obvious cry! But they point out that the average taxi costs seventeen to eighteen cents a mile to operate, that is, to pay driver's wages, upkeep, three cents a mile depreciation and fourteen dollars a month for the \$2,500 bond required now. Large companies estimate a car covers one hundred miles a day, only seventy of which are "live" . . . which is taxi parlance for meter-recorded and paid. At straight twenty cents this is an intake of fourteen dollars, an expense of eighteen. It is only, they say, the first thirty-cent mile, and tips, which bring this figure "out of the red." At least, more than fifteen operators, each with one hundred or more cabs, have been forced out of business since the new rate went in. Undoubtedly "one man cabs," where a driver has only his own interests to look out for, fare better. They are stimulated to cruise about more, their "dead" miles are less. But there is no question that the margin of profit is less and that the resumption of the 40-30 rate in the Fall begins to look ominously probable.

FOR several months I have ridden, now and then, in organization cabs charging fifteen cents the first one-fifth mile, five every fifth mile thereafter—a rate of thirty-five-twenty-five cents per mile. Now I realize that they are harbingers of the new order. Retaining the inviting slogan, "Fifteen and Five," they practice about as clever a way of fooling the public into swallowing a raise as I know.

Justice

A GROUP of sidewalk speculators, selling their wares in the vicinity of the Polo Grounds, were arrested one Sunday, as is the custom. When they were arraigned, however, the Magistrate departed from precedent and fined them twenty-five dollars each, instead of the usual one to three dollars.

This jurist, it must be noted, has financial interest in one of the city's baseball teams.

As revenge, the fly-by-night speculators, having arranged for the printing of forged tickets, spent part of the next week *giving away* coupons for reserved scats for the following Sunday's game. They say that, in some instances, the Sabbath quiet of Harlem was broken by as many as four claimants . . . for the same reserved seat—all with apparently genuine tickets.

Old-fashioned Fashion

THE trouble with such a fashion as the current custom of exposing pink knees above rolled or be-gartered stockings is that it doesn't matter how much one (male) disapproves, he can not help but observe.

That is how I came to notice that despite Mr. Sullivan's publicity for tinkling bell-adorned circlets, a new ornament has graced too progressive New York knees. The latest decorations are antique cameos, such as our be-crinolined grandmothers used to wear in wide necklaces and heavy bracelets. These cameos have simply shifted ground and now gleam softly at the top of rolled stockings where they can appear and disappear in the frolicking of the many petalled dancing skirt. Much more modest than the bells, of course, and exquisitely old-fashioned.

Neighborly

WITH our younger generation off golfing and surf bathing and whatnot, there is a faint air of melancholy mingled with the cigarette smoke which hangs over the balconies of the Plaza and the Lexington "movies."

While the energetic, artistically-impelled movement to take the theatre off Broadway groped, feeling out, to Grand Street, to Greenwich Village, to upper Madison Avenue, these two movie houses stood by, away from the throng, and let the better clientele drift to them.

For a long time the Plaza Moving Picture Theatre has been a rendezvous for the Upper East Side, especially on Sunday nights. Its dim balcony, where smoking is allowed, has had the gay air of a small community theatre, where one knew most of one's neighbors and chatted with them and laughed together at light absurdities on the silver screen. It was accessible, away from the orangery of Broadway, simple and unaffected, boasting no elaborate program.

Lately, with the climbing of apartments eastward from Park Avenue, the Lexington, still loftily



magnificent in the defeat of its operatic ambitions, struggling through a period of vaudeville and stock companies unto Loew's protecting arm, has found itself.

Light-hearted neighbors carolling: "Let's go to the movies, then," have sought out the abandon of the gallery where one may stretch out and borrow

"Luckys." And again there has come the air of friendliness, of ease.

Many prophets were farsighted enough to predict a desire for the homeliness of a community theatre, a reaction from the meretricious White Way and its congested traffic. But it seems that few realized that the way to it was by unpretentiousness, by the simple presentation of simple amusement. It has taken two luckily situated cinema houses to make the discovery.

I T is rumored that an anonymous philanthropist has donated a large fortune to found a library containing the largest number of volumes in the world pertaining to the theatre. The institution, it is said, will employ a corps of research experts and translators for the sole purpose of assisting dramatic critics and others interested in histrionic art to prove that George Jean Nathan is all wrong.

Odd Calm

FIFTH Avenue at Forty-second Street was oddly unfamiliar while traffic was diverted therefrom when the broken water main was being repaired. Crossing, on foot, one got the exact sense of the phrase, "oppressive quiet." Walking into the sudden hush was such a shock as is the abrupt silencing of a machine shop's clamor at noon.

New York, as always, regarded the expeditious repair of the damage with complacency. It was what was expected. So, of course, the town paid no heed to the urbane representative of the Transit Commission who stood between Mayor Hylan and Croton Lake and gave calmly intense effort to speeding the work. He was Major Philip Mathews, U.S.A., a West Pointer who decided, with many others, against a peacetime army career.

MAJOR MATHEWS is now Chief Executive Officer of the Transit Commission—as such responsible for almost everything that happens on any of our many railways. There is excitement enough in the task, but it must be tame in comparison with what the war and the immediate post-war period held for him.

For a time, in France, he was A.E.F. liaison officer at Marshal Foch's headquarters, after the French strategist had been appointed generalissimo of the Allied armies. This was no sinecure. The policies of diplomats and of nations are not always above surface. They were not, certainly, in this appointment.

There was also, at Grand Headquarters, a British

liaison officer. Whenever Marshal Foch issued a general order, the Englishman mounted into an everwaiting airplane and was flown to 10 Downing Street. For, while Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig could not, in the field, overrule one of the Generalissimo's orders, Prime Minister Lloyd George exercised a veto

power in the interests of Empire.

The matter was not so simple for the A.E.F. Washington was too far away. So there was no appeal. Accordingly, it was Major Mathews's joyful task to make sure General Pershing received only those orders which he judged the American armies wished to obey. The rest had to be diverted, somehow or other.

It required surpassing suavity to explain to the inquiring French staff how, and why,

those unwelcome orders were forever being bungled in transmission.

Airy

NOT the least of our current industrial wars is ever-present conflict of readjustment between the powers of radio broadcasting and the composers who write the music they disperse. A year ago, out of the chaos, came a squalling of evil names; to-day no more than a polite acknowledgment over the air, now and then, to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

One hundred and six stations are paying royalties on copyright music and the owners of the latter were sustained in an Ohio Circuit Court of Appeals in April. The fight is so nearly won that the question will in all probability never reach the Supreme Court.

One of the gentlemen largely responsible for this state of affairs is a small, baldish man with very keen eyes who is a gracious victor in defending his opponent's attitude. He is Mr. Edwin C. Mills, warrior of the A.S.C.A.&P.

"No one," he will say, "can blame the radio companies for fighting shy of every additional expense. They have sold sets with the guarantee of service in perpetuity. Daily the public demands more and more. Eventually, it is my guess, they will have to pay for it. Publicity and manufacturing profit can't. . . ." The American Telephone Company, for instance,

The American Telephone Company, for instance, rents the air at the nominal fee of \$400 an hour ... just the air over New York, for they can also let you buy the use of their chain stations covering a dozen other cities. Yet Mr. Mills told me that when he suggested raising the license fee for using copyrighted music, Mr. Harkness of wEAF cordially invited him to "send down your accountant. If you'll take over our deficit in radio we'll pay you anything you ask."

THE use and benefit of radio broadcasting are still but vaguely-solved problems. In the theatre most producers assert it hurts a current musical



production to have its melodies on the air. Rose-Marie has always been, and still is, banned except under special license. Complete programs of old musical shows are said to stifle the ambition of stock companies to play them. Their audiences are too inveterate radio fans.

TO-DAY neither the stations of the Westinghouse, the General Electric nor the Radio Corporation of America use the music of the A.S.C.A.&P. except from a licensed orchestra. An offer was made to the Society for \$5,000 each for seven stations, \$35,000 a year, on a five-year contract. The Society turned it down.

The price was right for this year, but five years from now, they held, no one could predict what would be the proper figure.

So nightly we hear the music of the "Composers, Authors and Publishers"... bought and paid for ... or we don't hear their music at all. There is still, the other stations hold, plenty of material not under the Society's wing, material, perhaps, still glad of radio publicity. But every step toward a sounder basis for this industry is a step toward a better product from it.

And in the recognition of composers there is rejoicing.

Deadline

WE have always been touchy about escorting a lady home-bound to Brooklyn. Our deadlines are the rivers and Eighty-sixth Street. But last night, when we weakened, there was added insult.

"A long pull," we ventured to the taxi driver as we sped back over Manhattan Bridge.

"You said it," was the genial answer, "Y' put a trunk on here and you're touring."

Un-American

MR. HENRY FORD has just suggested the elimination of all foreign languages, substituting English therefor, as an aid to commercial progress.

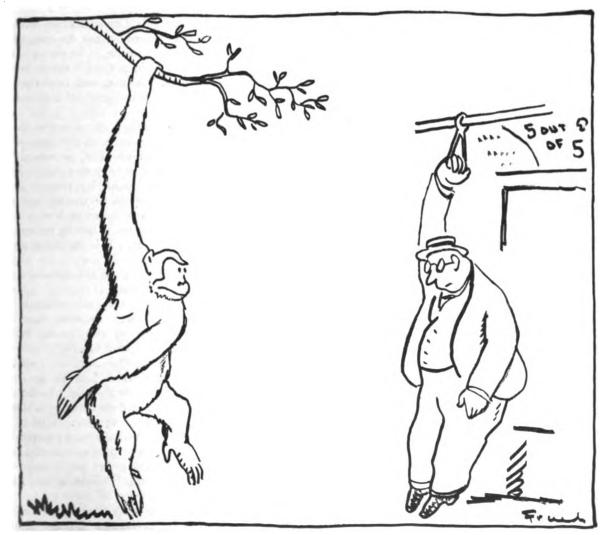
It would be interesting to see how such an experiment would work out in New York.

The Week's Mot

M.R. John Murray Anderson was complaining, somewhat petulantly, that as yet he had been unable to find a qualified instructor in dramatic criticism for his new school of the stage.

"How, Mr. Anderson," asked Mr. David H. Wallace, "about the foreman of the late Play Jury?"

-The New Yorkers



700,000 Years of Progress



Down the Bridle Path

AU GALLOP!

Y OU need a fair-sized crowd watching you, of course, a Peel riding habit, derby hat, one (on the left hand) glove, smart riding crop, nickel spurs, and polished stove-pipe boots; you may or may not have a horse, but that is not so important as the boots; and at once you become one of the modish group of New Yorkers who canter daily about the gravel paths of what was still Central Park at the time this issue went to press.

They come down the bridle paths in ones or twos or threes, between four and seven o'clock of a Summer afternoon, these effête New Yorkers who have eschewed the country house for town life.

They enter the Park from the daintily perfumed stables of the West, where the riding masters have high arched eyebrows, thin noses and whip-cord breeches, and where not less than a ten dollar bill will penetrate their professional air of aloofness.

They sit aboard a high-prancing mount which bubbles with the elixir of life, provided you do not

urge him faster than a trot; and after a brisk canter through the greenery, and a dip under the shower, they come out as fit as a fiddlestring, only stiffer. But it is the thing to do.

A traffic whistle shrills; taxis grind to a halt on Central Park West, motors telescope, trolleys stop; traffic is at a standstill. Now from the patrician stables on Sixty-odd Street, New York canters slowly forth on his mount, picking his way down the street towards the halted traffic with the air of one entering a drawingroom.

He must watch his every move, for he is the cynosure of all eyes; his problem is to maintain his selfrespect by staying on the horse and to attract attention at the same time, and he knows a fast canter may result in his being picked up by a policeman, or probably an intern. His walking horse scarcely raises an eyebrow; the rider conceals a genteel yawn with his gloved (left) hand as he reaches the Avenue. Perhaps he bows to a waiting motor, as he passes before the halted rows of automobiles toward the exclusiveness of the bridle path. A brief nod to the policeman; the whistle shrills again, and the motors yank forward. New York has gone riding in the Park.

These warm Summer afternoons a canter in the Park is one of those functions taken for granted by the innermost circles. As one teas, so one rides; either he is late or he does not appear at all. From the slightly pained expression on his face it is not always easy to believe he enjoys it; the six inches of daylight that shows regularly between him and his saddle is sometimes hard earned. But he returns the next afternoon, and the next. It is the thing to do;

and there is always the opportunity to cross the Avenue again on the return.

"Hell, they all wants to get looked at," declares Sam the stableboy of the Riding School, pausing with his curry-comb in hand, "you know: 'Ooh, ain't he a swell rider!' 'Ain't he got a swell horse!' 'Gee, I bet that bum is got dough!', that's what they want to hear. I'm tellin' you! And my gosh, to see 'em lined up to cross over to the Park, you'd think they was guardin' the President. You'd think traffic was stopped all over town. Believe me, it's the only part of the ride 'at counts with some of them, and they sure work it for all it's



Cynosure of All Eyes



wort'."

Spectators are a proper part of the complete rider; they add to the thrill, and their silent admiration is a spur to exhibits of superior horsemanship. Sometimes their comments are audible. An elderly lady from Boonton, N. J., is certain that one rider is Charles G. Dawes, because she had seen him once in a cartoon. The spectators are almost as regular as the horsemen; the same ones appear day after day, and they see the same riders go by though not so much as a flicker of recognition passes between them.

At several points the bridle paths cross the motor roads. The canny rider recognizes these spots from

afar, and he will have his horse going at a brisk clip while he passes them, even though he has to dismount to get back his wind after he has passed behind the shrubbery again. Riders and spectators are equally important to the picture.

"Shoot, there's not a damn one of them ridin' fellers misses anything that goes on, buddy," declares Sam, wisely. "Always lookin' around to see someone they know. Kickin' their horses to make 'em step around, jerkin' em by the bit when they ain't no need. They may of learned to ride on a pogo stick, but they ain't very many tricks they hasn't got for showin' off a horse when they's anybody watchin'. I know."

But when sophisticated New York takes to the saddle, there are others not much farther behind. Stenographers and telephone girls come in after work in middy blouses and last year's camp sweaters to fuss over the horses and walk them through the park: "Oh, Alice, ain't he the dear? Takes sugar right outa my



Showing Off

hand! Little sugar-baby want another? Ain't his nose soft though, Alice?" until the horse is thoroughly moon-eyed. Squarejawed men with grey eyes and tweed caps want a fast horse, a "stepper," and handle him as if he were a "Hell." five-ton truck. says one, "I ain't going to kill him, just want to work a little whisky out of me!" A governess and three of someone's daughters troop down the bridle path like a group of undertakers. "Ridin' for their liver," commented Sam, English-

wise.

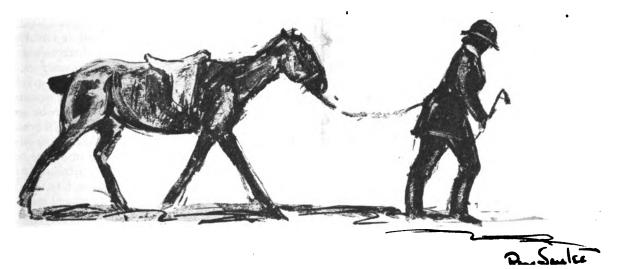
The methods of mounting vary. There is the approach by the neck, the one via the hips, and the hop, skip and jump—all aiming

eventually toward the saddle, and usually on over. One go-getter mounts just as he crawls into an upper berth, and dismounts as if the ladder had been suddenly removed.

A shopgirl limped in dragging a pair of reins in one hand. She stopped: she eyed her horse with all the bitterness of a raw artillery recruit. Finally she said: "Me on my feet all day, too—and much he cares!"—Eugene P. F. Wright

According to the Moderation League survey, "the solid South, long known for its dry tendencies, is much wetter now than it used to be under its own State laws." Would it help any if we called it "the liquid South"?

Perhaps the public enthusiasm for the wireless telephone will be greater when we are assured that the whole cosmos is not to be on one party line.



"And Me On My Feet All Day, Too"

PROFILES

UP FROM FIFTH AVENUE

HERE are New Yorkers worth writing about who weren't born on the Black Sea, as Morris Gest, or in Michigan, as that headline-hater, Emory Buckner, was (this shows he just can't keep his name out of print) and if you possibly remember as far back as the Sweet Caporal-Cameo-Duke's Best age you will recall the glittering fact that the Vander-

bilt boys used to mean Manhattan to the country at large, including boob editors and vaudevillians. To this day the unfortunate wretches riding the rubberneck caravan would rather be shown the domicile of a Vanderbilt or Morgan or Whitney (now we are getting started) than be bellowed at about Hearst's home over on the Drive or Ziegfeld's, wherever it is. And, strange to say, in spite of the handicaps of his early Fifth Avenue environment, Harry Payne Whitney, the subject of this sketch, is a man who has done things.

I shall come to these accomplishments presently. First, however, I want to mention an incident apropos, as the newspaper boys say, of the class to

paper boys say, of the class to which H. P. W. belongs. I say class and mean it in the teeth of the tenderest patriot or Kansan, for if anything is obvious about New York it is the fact that the city is as full of strata as a book on geology people who never mix on terms of equality save with their own kind. Well, one day I went to see a friend off on a liner. As we waited by the rail a sort of cortège came down the gangway; a lady, handsomely dressed but plain and rather shapeless, was the center of the group, and before her and behind her and close to her elbow offering vague but intense support and service were several strapping young males; morosely they dodged and danced until the lady was safe in a deck chair, whereupon they stood guard with noticeable anxiety.

"For Heaven's sake, who is that?" I asked my companion.

She mentioned the name of a California plutocrat. "But what's the matter with her?"

"Just rich."

This story hasn't any point except to flash the immense difference between the mazuma-burdened exhibitionists who keep the pictorial news photographers going and a quiet chap like H. P. W. That a celebrated cocktail and a brand of cigarettes were once named after him has nothing to do with the case. He couldn't help that and certainly didn't like it much. You never see pictures of him "at the bathing hour," elbow propped in a Michelangeloesque attitude of muscular discomfort, nor does he appear stroking the nose of his favorite blaze-face, or registering exclusiveness and luxury with male and female play-

mates anywhere. Broadway doesn't see him often, he isn't attracted by the nakedness of the hired sub-débutantes at the cabaret dancing clubs, nor do any hotel head-waiters or hatchasers make a living out of him. In fact, H. P. W. is a clubman with an original craving to club consistently. Instead of night-hawking the town according to rule in a tilted opera hat, he goes to the place he likes-it happens to be the Links Club-and stays there until it is time to go home or somewhere. It is not Rockefelleresque plainness of taste which governs him in these matters but a haunting fear of being bored, together with a capacity for bitter annoyance over casual publicity

and chatter in print. Moreover, H. P. W's own grooves of interest—money-making "downtown," bridge at the club, polo at Meadow Brook and Aiken, golf at various places and horse racing everywhere run deep.

He concentrates on success. His racing stable won \$236,000 last year and topped the list. He brought International polo to America by snatching the cup from the British after they had had it twenty-five years. A restless, impatient force hammers at the heart of the man, not showing on the surface, and his nickname is Moody.

A natural backer, though he doesn't, perhaps, know it. Has the gift of getting behind a man or an institution and leaving things alone. Once he backed a popular magazine and stood for Socialism by Morris Hillquit in its pages. Yet when the magazine, after years of success, started to print the confessions of the monk Iliodor involving the Russian Czarina with Rasputin, H. P. W. balked for the first and only time and stopped the series. I believe he thought it a terrible lapse of taste, as good journalism often must be-backstairs, servants' gossip he called it, though obviously Iliodor didn't know enough English to tell anything but the bare truth. But there you have



H. P. W., an epitome of conservative good taste. For a man so much at home astride the wild devils that are stabled at Meadow Brook, H. P. W. is incongruously sensitive. He went from club to club seeking the Elysium where he would not meet a bore. This was too much to ask even of the highly organized social life of New York. So he founded a little place of his own-the Meeting House, which had only about a dozen members, Peter Dunne among them, Rob Collier, Jim Whigham, Fred Watriss, the Waterburys, Frank Garvan. The door was locked. It must have been almost too good. Now the Links Club, panelled and perfect seventeenth and eighteenth century English-the place where Michael Arlen, if he is wise, will start some of his heroes when he writes about New York-knows him best. There are several members. But if a bore springs up among them the club expert takes him to the National at Southampton and with a golf stick murders him.

A good looking man, H. P. W.; young, though his class at Yale was '94; having married Gertrude Vanderbilt two years later, he has three grown childen; tall, with the broad shoulders slightly sloping which so often indicate easy muscular power; a wide, frank mouth; a shrewd expression about the eyes; wears a grey soft hat and loose fitting, double-breasted sacks with trousers rumpling wilfully over shoes. Would be taken anywhere for a banker of the quietly sagacious, unassuming type which (Thank Heaven!) has almost entirely displaced the older sort of the looped watch chain, Santa Claus shape, pale whiskers and steely, fiduciary spleen. (The revolution in the personal appearance of bankers is as radical as in chorus girls.) A banker he is, being a director of the Guaranty Trust Company and numerous institutions to which money is no stranger. But the traits of personality qualifying H. P. W. for the New Yorker's living hall of fame are revealed by a sport more

sympathetic than finance, namely polo.

The creation of International polo in America is due to H. P. W., and this was as much an achievement of character as of money, though money was essential, of course, since polo is as expensive as it is thrilling. Bringing back that cup was a job H. P. W. was cut out for. Tex Rickard couldn't have done it, though it's a wonder he didn't try when you think of the publicity that could have been made to grow out of an undertaking so spectacular and of such class, all of which newspaper noise H. P. W. instinctively To get that cup away from the experienced avoided. and polo-loving British required a leader who could mould an iron four, mount them with perfect ponies, and after transporting the whole circus to England, turn on the steam to force a victory.

A combination of shrewdness and heft was required which nobody seemed to have until H. P. W. tackled the job.

As a result we have Homeric contests at Meadow Brook, as blood-stirring as the most epic heights of a Griffith film or a McGraw-staged battle on the dia-When the incomparable Milburn, riding mond. leather to leather with his man of the other team at the pace of racing thoroughbreds, picks up the ball with a back-handed slap of his mallet and sends it curling on a long white arc in air it's as fine a sight as a homer by Babe Ruth or a Dempsey punch or anything you like, and as a pageant or a show the game is beyond all comparison swell, just like Harry Payne Whitney. Great battles there have been and will be again under the open sky, the sun burning the hot Hempstead plains, the riders charging, doubling, dodging, tearing away with tornado speed and violence; a game of stamina and discipline-even a horse has to know its place and keep it; a great sporting clash, and we have H. P. W. to thank for it.

—Jack Frost

OF ALL THINGS

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The population of our town is now estimated to be 6,103,384. The 384 obviously represents those who have never had ferry-boats named after them.

The hardworking journalists who have to write of New York as a Summer resort can now add bathing in the subway to the list of our attractions.

Jack Dempsey, returning from Europe, says he is now ready to fight provided his opponents are chosen with some discretion. This may be pugilism, but it sounds more like pacifisticuffs.

Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you at Rockaway Beach.

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New Zealanders are disturbed over the reception to be given our fleet when it comes to Wellington, whether the party shall be wet or dry. In this dilemma they had better fall back upon the good honest American way —call it dry and have it wet.

A gentleman of the old school is one who thinks that Dayton is in

Ohio.

The ambition of millions of American youths was realized by the boys who went on the stand at Dayton to testify against the teacher.

* * *

Another difference between the two countries is that England is working on the isolation of germs while France

New Zealanders are disturbed over is still concerned with the isolation of e reception to be given our fleet Germans.

> The optimist believes that the anthracite trouble will soon be settled and the pessimist knows who will have to do most of the settling.

> Sensational reports from Illinois indicate that God has come back to Herrin after a long vacation and that all is now peace and harmony. When we get one of these new bullet-proof vests we intend to investigate this rumor.

Count Skrzynski, Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is in our midst. To avoid a natural misunderstanding it should be explained that Skrzynski is here to attend the Williamstown conference, not the hay fever convention. —Howard Brubaker

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK



E unpacked in the kitchen in my new home and arranged things while I waited for the truckman who was bringing my bed, chairs and a couple of tables and some small pieces.

I arranged my furniture by explaining to the truckman where I wanted it placed. Then I began with the hammer and nails to put up hook-hangers, pictures and hooks over the sink. Each time I hammered, a knock must have occurred elsewhere in the house. After the first two or three nail-driving labors, I became aware of this knocking, perhaps one or two beats after I had finished hammering each nail. Everytime thereafter that I drove a nail, I could hear the rhythmic beating in perfect unison with my hammering. It interested me, and my friend, Edward, found it fanciful. Knock, knock, knock.

This knocking became annoying. I had a sense of being mocked. Was someone making fun of me? I looked out-of-doors suspiciously to catch someone watching my windows. No one. Edward enjoyed my fussiness. When I stopped in the middle of my hammering to catch the other knocking person unawares, Edward laughed and suggested that he would play too.

"You act like an exasperated dog, who has his tummy tickled, and scratches it with a hind leg in spite of himself," he said.

Edward chuckled. I continued my hammering and so did the synchronous knock begin obediently to follow the measure dictated by my metronomic implement.

During the next couple of weeks any thoughtless or purposeful tapping always elicited a response from the thing which was hidden some place that Edward and I had been unable to discover after roof-climbing and testing here and there in an attempt to localize the sound. Inquiries were fruitless. The information that the family that occupied my flat previously had heard the tapping merely corroborated the dependability of our hearing. A survey on the next street in the flat that backed up against mine, offered nothing; and, since the occupants were all foreigners, we could get no information about the tenants. Several of them never came to their doors when we knocked. Four times in two days we tapped at the door of the flat which huddled against mine, but we never heard a stir within.

Edward and I stayed out rather late one night, and coming home in the morning darkness, we passed the flat on the next street, drawn to it out of the mystery of the rhythmic beat. On the steps sat an Italian, resting his tipsy self against the railing while he hummed.

"Heh! you. Who's gonna be elect, eh?"

We stopped.

"Elected to what?" Edward asked.

"Elect to dee President."

"Oh, the man who lives on the top floor back on that side," Edward chuckled.

The Italian boomed out a laugh which sounded like appreciation of an excellent joke.

"Maybe an olda, broka guy like heem make good President, better like politisch."

"Why does the old guy always make knock, knock?" Edward inquired as he tapped with his sole on the step to demonstrate.

"Oh, he'sa craze; he'sa bugs. You know heem?" "No, but we hear him knock and we want to know why he does it."

"If you live lika dat guy, you knock, too. Dey finish heem up in dee met-tal facto-ree. Finish all right. He go knock, knock many years at masheen —maka da punch, maka da punch. All'a time, maka da punch. One day he go craze and all he can do ees maka da punch, maka da punch. Knock, knock, so, lika dat. Damn, I tella you, elect da President, an' wha' da hella you get? Damn puncha da punch, puncha da puncho——"

He had arisen and was yelling and waving his arms unmindful of us. We moved away slowly to the corner. The ranting burst into a violent song with only a refrain comprehensible.

"Puncha da punch, puncha da puncho

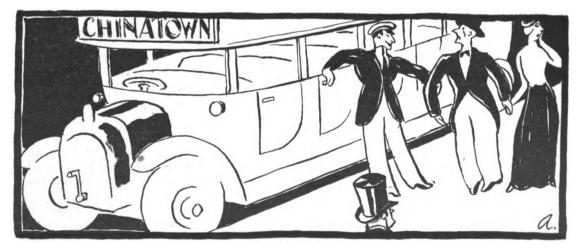
Maka da day in Americo.

Puncha da punch, puncha da punch."

-Marshall D. Beuick

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Now comes the war to make the world safe for theorracy.





THE ART OF TATTOOING

MAGINYTION," says Professor Jimmy Donnelly, "that's what it is behind tattooing. Imaginytion. Now with designs you can't always tell, of course, but it's likely to be something fanciful they calls for. Tyke these fellows as always wanted to sail on the ocean, like. What do they want on their arm? They want a ship. Imaginytion, sir, that's wot it is, pure and simple."

You will find the tattooing parlors along the waterfront, at Coney Island, on Sands Street in Brooklyn. Here the artists work at any hour of the day or night pricking out their art; and the streets of New York are filled with their specimens. Modern styles show occasional glimpses of this art; and at the bathing beaches it receives a prominence that convention customarily reserves for more intimate moments. For example, there is a certain truck driver for the Standard Oil Company who bears on his back three horses' heads, the national emblem, and snakes, and on his breast a full-rigged ship, a marine picture showing a drowning man being rescued by an angel, two American flags, innumerable flowers, scrolls and female heads. A newspaper pressman has the Rock of Ages on his back surrounded by more than four square feet of angels. Slowly art lovers are becoming cognizant of the vast scope of this phase of Creative Art in New York.

Professor Donnelly, in his studio at 79 Sands Street, is authority for the statement that tattooing was never so prosperous as now. "And three-fifths of them women," he added proudly. "Nice women. And more civvies than gobs, mind you."

Professor Jim Wilson several doors above was loquacious on the varieties and qualities of design. "They want religious motives, lots of them," he said, showing a sailor's back covered with the head of Christ. "And then there's Memory Pieces. A blacksmith just now had a tombstone tattooed on his arm with a memorial inscription to his dead wife. And what nicer memorial could she have than that?" he demanded. "Every time he raises his arm to strike the anvil her memory comes up before him. Others likes a little angel with the word 'Mother.'

"Now and then we have to do a little fixing up old designs. The army and navy don't accept recruits with nude women tattooed on them, and so I has to take their mermaids and put clothes on them, or else cover 'em with roses. Only the other day a young feller come in who had devoted three inches of his epidermis to one Mamie. It seems Mamie had thrown him down, and I had to tattoo a bird cage over her name. Yes," sighed Professor Wilson, "it's all in the day's work. One feller even wanted his birth certificate on him, nine hundred words it was, and it took me three sittings."

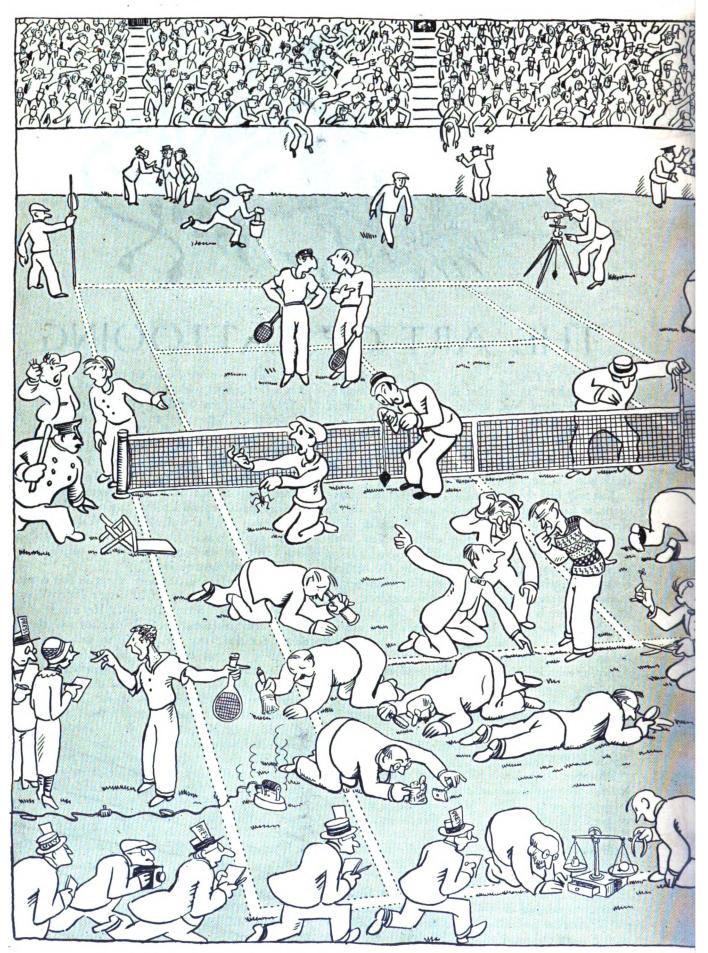
Perhaps the largest tattooing center in this country is the office and factory of Professor Percy Waters at 1050 Randolph Street, Detroit. Here most of the New York artists receive their supplies and suggestions; for Professor Waters is to tattooing what Paquin is to dress designing; he manufactures the electric machines, wholesales the pigments and even wields the needle. His letter-head claims "Years of experience in executing works of such art."

From all corners of the globe these artists have collected their designs and their experience; and strange and wonderful are the creations of flags and snakes and girls' heads they have originated. Prof. Jimmy Donnelly has tattooed for thirty-five years, since he shipped from Glasgow in 1890 with a tattooing needle concealed in his pack, and decorated his mates in off hours. Burma, India, Europe, South America have all contributed to his collection. But he is pessimistic about the future of tattooing in New York.

"I don't know, though," he says reminiscently, fondling his dusty collection of designs, "there ain't no clawss in this country at that, there ain't. Just butterflies and girls' names. Now, over there we have dragons!

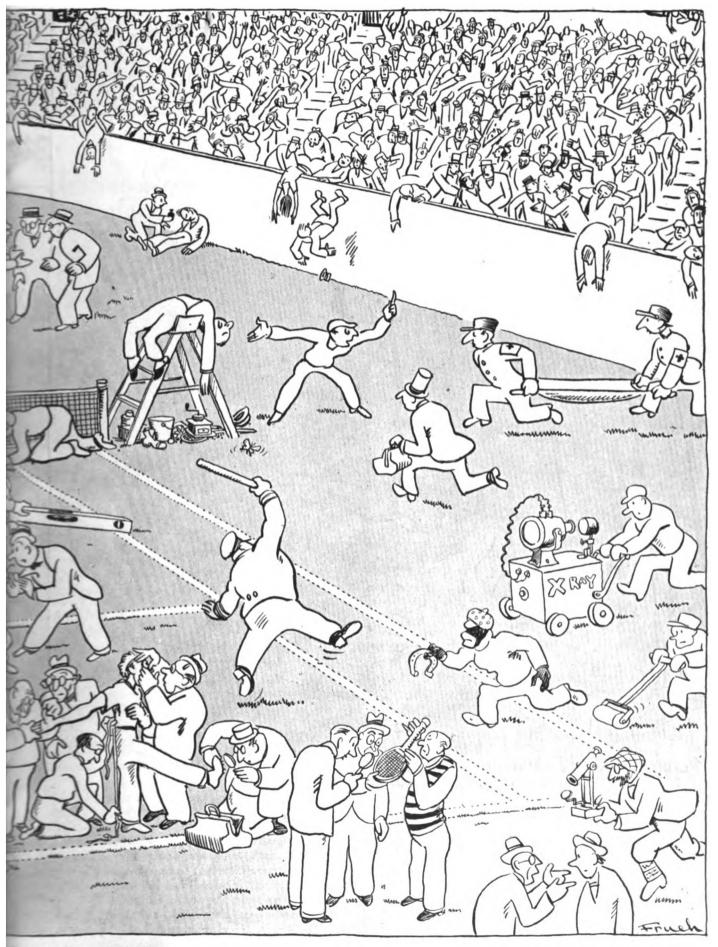
"Imaginytion," he sighs, "it ain't wot it was."

-Corey Ford



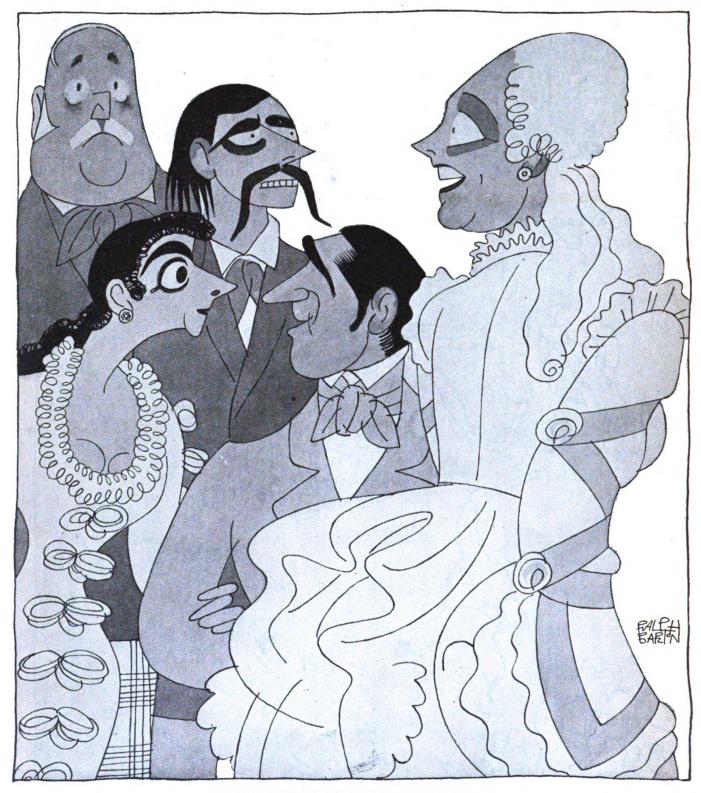
WHEN THE TENNIS

ORKER



IN MISSED A STROKE





GILBERT WITHOUT SULLIVAN The Stagers Present "Engaged" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre

LEFT to right: Mr. George Riddell, Miss Rosamond Whiteside, Mr. Jay Fassett, Mr. J. M. Kerrigan and Miss Antoinette Perry in a delicious bit of darn foolishness by the immortal William Schwenk Gilbert, which, in a community where the importance of irresponsible gaiety is swiftly being suffocated under a ponderous mass of big business gabble, radio harangues, direct-by-mail adver-

tising, religious debates, crank leagues with "messages to get across," and other devices for making life harder than it ought to be, comes as a distinctly pleasant relief. Brian Hooker has found some lyrics and songs to fit, and the old-fashioned costumes of the period (1877), by Robert E. Locher, are worth tearing one's self away from the electric fan to see.

-R.B.



The Theatre

AND so here one is again, on the verdant oasis of a premiereless week. The wolves, however, or the sandstorms, or the Indians, or whatever it is that makes oases impermanent, are waiting reluctantly in the August offing, and before long all bets will be off and new shows will be opening like peanuts.

Devoted readers of this department will know for themselves what shows that they have missed and that are still on the boards—a euphuism that shall henceforth be used in this column to mean playing nightly —must still be seen by them. To sum up briefly, the answer is damn few.

There are, thus, "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Desire Under the Elms," "Is Zat So?", the Ziegfeld "Follies," "Artists and Models," "Lady, Be Good," and "Rose-Marie." The final examination for the season will be based exclusively on these shows.

But two shows still in town have not been reviewed in these columns. They are "My Girl" and "Mercenary Mary," both musicals if anything.

"My Girl" is by the author and composer of "Little Jessie James," which may mean this or may mean that to you. Despite the enormous success of the "I Love You" tune from "Little Jessie James," the heresy is hereby advanced that the book of the Thompson-Archer offerings is far superior to the music. Wherefore the further heresy finds its way to print that it might be an excellent idea for Mr. Thompson to write the kind of show which it is so obviously within his powers to write. (This is not to be taken as prima facie evidence that this department has gone idealistic and is opposed to the earning of the huge sums that come with "Little Jessie Jameses" and "My Girls." It is merely a matter of believing that there is an obligation upon people of Thompson's talent to devote a little of it to the common fund aiming to make an adult matter out of the American theatre.)

"Mercenary Mary," which is also successful in its way, is something else again. It is, for one thing, a musical version of a most cliché and uninspired farce that occupied the Century Roof, of all places, some months ago. The authors have, consequently, been kept within fairly definite bounds and have been required to devote their attention to supplying their script with the stock nifties, entrances and exits, and song cues of musical comedy. In this, so far as the Bronx, Brooklyn and Wadleigh High School trade is concerned, they have done well. Con Conrad, who supplied the music, has not sprained himself, or maybe he did before he set to work. At all events, if you see this show or don't see it, it will probably all be the same a hundred years from now, or even to-morrow.

15

There is now accumulating evidence that even the business of reading a newspaper criticism can be simplified by a trained mind. Thus, some weeks ago, George S. Kaufman was observed to shudder, genteelly, of course, but nevcrtheless visibly, as he was confronted with the task of reading a two-column review, in fine print, of a new show that had opened in Boston.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a sentence in the very middle of the review. He read it and threw the paper aside happily, convinced that he now knew as much about the play as a hundred elaborate accounts could supply him with.

The sentence read:

"And so Raoul falls in love with his stepmother." —H. J. M.

Music

M UST we wait until a work is as painfully familiar as Dvorak's "Humoresque" until we may discover symptoms of talent in its composer? That being settled, permit us to call your attention to a young man named Abram Chasins of the city named for this publication. The presses haven't been cleaned of the ink necessary to issue his "Master Class" and a few other works, but let us break it to you now that this young man is going to be something. In fifty years you may pat your granddaughter's hair (if she has any) and tell her that you saw it in THE NEW YORKER first.

"The Master Class" is a series of four somewhat ironic tone sketches of four personalities who are in the process of being sandpapered for concert purposes. One is an imaginative boy wonder with a cool little technique. Another is a young woman with severe fingers and oh-such-ideas. A third is a charming young pianist who can't help giggling, and the fourth is a virtuosa who daydreams waywardly of the melodies of George Gershwin. Save for listen-

decide for yourself whether it looks like father or

to the Museum at this time by the generosity of Mr.

Archer M. Huntington, departs from the rule. In

the hundred and eighty-eight works there are plenty

of things that a well-rounded museum must go in for

as well as a few high lights for the captious. Here

Gift collections are usually like ditto cigars and The Collis P. Huntington, which comes

mother, or anybody at all.

neckties.

ing to a women's chorus in religious music, there's nothing more trying than describing compositions as original as young Mr. Chasins's first opera; and therefore we suggest to those who are interested to play them over or to persuade somebody else to perform them. In either case, however, it'll have to be a good pianist.

There isn't much humorous music extant, and "The Master Class" is a nota-

ble accession. We wish that we could say as much for the operatic version of "Abie's Irish Rose," now exhibited in the "Grand Street Follies." The idea is so good that the piece panics the customers as is, but a few hopeless curmudgeons deplore the banality of its develop-After the first three ment. minutes, the terribly funny thought of singing Italian airs to the names of operas and opera singers waxes irritating and the obviousness of the proceedings becomes-

But here we drop this theme. When we entered the Neighborhood Playhouse, a beautiful blonde young woman blazed her indignation at this weekly into our guiltless ears, and they do

say that at one performance a gag about "that high school paper, THE NEW YORKER," was inserted for the benefit of an editor who was suspected of being present. So we'll reserve further discussion with the parting prayer that the Neighborhood Players tackle the genuinely comic subject of "Abie" as a gesangspiel again in a manner less reminiscent of those stories patched together from titles of current plays.

One of this department's favorite conductors, Maestro Ben Bernie, is on view at the Rivoli Theatre, where he leads, fiddles and animadverts in a manner to revive the frozen fish mentioned in that odeon's announcements. If the guest conductor fashion continues next season, we hope that some orchestra will invite Ben to do a Brahms program. . . . We've heard worse suggestions.-R. A. S.

Art

F you keep up with the Metropolitan Museum of Art (and being a New Yorker you probably visit it only when your aunt from Dubuque drags you there) you will already know about the latest addition to the picture galleries-the Collis P. Huntington collection. Either way, the Metropolitan has arranged it nicely; the latest additions to their growing family are always put in the room at the left as you go in. So you do not need to wade through a maze of calendar art, Italian primitives or things you may not like, in order to keep up with the galleries. The little stranger is there, so to speak, in the cradle marked new arrivals and you can drop in and take a look at it and



we find the "Calmady Children," by Lawrence, and Lady Smith and "Her Children" by Reynolds. Now that they have come to rest under the same roof as "Paul and Virginia" we hope the Met can do something about the copyright. Surely the world has seen them enough, famous though they are.

In the new acquisition the Dutch school is well represented; "The Lady With a Lute" by Vermeer, "Piping Shepherds" by Aelbert Cuyp, and good examples of the work of van Ruysdael, van der Heyden, Willem van de Velde, Eeckehout and Flinck.

Somehow, noble as they are, the collection leaves us cold. We did feel a little glow at the early American stuff, but we

suppose we could trace that to the rather snooty attitude of the Museum in patronizing the American contributions. "Indian Summer," by W. T. Richards, is the first of that artist to get under the bar, as they put it. Yet, to our way of thinking, Richards hit it with a harder punch than does the slicker artist, Eastman Johnson, whose "New Bonnet" is one of the prize pictures of the collection.

Drop in and see the new stuff anyway. You may then find time to wander through the American wing and seek out those walls where hang Cézanne.

-М. Р.

Moving Pictures

HAVING been about the only one in this City of Cynicism who did not see "Lightnin" during its historical Broadway run, we must take the word of a trustworthy colleague as to its fidelity in following the play in its Haysian form. Knowing this, we can readily see why the play lasted so long-and why we were lucky to miss it. It is at the Strand.

Not that it has made bad film. Far from it. But it is pure Golden sunshine and we do not like Golden sunshine. Far be it that this should keep us from recommending the picture. This we do most heartily. Our aunts, grandmothers and all our sentimental friends will find it charming American epic. They will recognize Jay Hunt as an entirely lovable old soakish, prevaricating, good-for-nothing, heart-touching Lightnin' Bill Jones. In him they will see beautiful, worthless America poeticized. They will revel in tears and guffaws over the portrait of pathetic

and humorous chiarascuro that is drawn about him. But as for us, we shall go see "What Price Glory" again.

"Rugged Water" (at the Rialto week of July 20) has the kernel of an idea. An old hardshell of a coast guard captain, who draws his strength from Divinity, fails at a crucial moment and turns coward, defending himself the while behind the skirts of his God. But Wallace Beery, who plays the part, does not seem to know what it is all about and funks badly indeed. As for the rest of the picture, a good performance is given by the ocean.

It is questionable as to what a dog would say were he able to appraise the virtue that he defends on the screen. Would he find that gold mine worth fighting for or that gal's innocence worth saving or that villain's throat worth chawing? These are purely theoretical problems, however. The fact remains that Rin-Tin-Tin is faithful to all the Ten Commandments in "Tracked In the Snow Country," (at the Piccadilly week of July 20), as well as to the code of the North. He is a handsome animal to look on and appealing in every foot of film he plays, but we wish that all that beauty would get cynical for a change.

Mention should be made here of Chester who gives the best performance of "Lightnin'." He is hardly as dignified and beautiful a dog as Rin-Tin-Tin. Rather he is ugly and stray-looking. But with all his cynicism in continually being there to rescue Lightnin's liquor bottle, we wish he were a bit more beautiful.

While the screen persists in filming stories from the literary shelves, we wish to put the most exciting printed work we know before the attention of the producers. It is Plato's "Republic." We are hard at work casting it and will submit the finished lineup gratis to the adventuresome Cinema King who wishes to do it. Thus far we have considered Jackie Coogan for the part of Socrates and Bebe Daniels for the rôle of the Concupiscent section of the Soul. Other developments will be forthcoming soon.—T. S.

Books

THE theory of magazines' mid-Summer fiction numbers, the tradition that dog days reading is done exclusively in hammocks and the hammocks would break down under literature of more than tropical weight, has always seemed to us Blah, as such traditions always do. However, Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" (Doubleday, Page) is just what the orthodox mean by select Summer reading. It consists of three stories, one a novelette, and like every story of Street's we know, they have spirit and exceptional freshness of observation and invention, and are written with exceptional distinction. We don't exactly gasp in our admiration of Julian Street, but his name on the cover of a magazine will sell us a copy any time.

The novelette has his satirical turn, which we think is his best point of sailing, though being about a respectable little pouter pigeon merchant who meets up with a scandalous Princess and comes home in a daze of romance and a haze of gossip, it isn't as different from other things you probably have read as the story, "A Speaking Likeness." In that, an upstanding American's heirloom portrait—crayon, of course —is opposed to Zorn's painting of the cultivated father of a brood of wasters, into which brood the upstanding one's daughter has married. Needless to say, there is a moral of the Benjamin Franklin variety, but "A Speaking Likeness" is excellent notwithstanding.

Stark Young's play, "The Saint," is published and up for discussion as something to read, as well as for further contemplation by those who saw it and were impressed, as a diversity of people unquestionably were. We didn't see it, and our curbstone opinion is that if we had, we might have felt it as deeply as any one, but that this play, almost as much as the totally different "Emperor Jones," must be seen to be felt, and must even be seen to be thoroughly understood.

"Choice," by Charles Guernon (*Lippincott*), is a novel bound somewhat as Myrtle Reed's used to be, which serves it right.

"Edith Wharton," by Robert Morss Lovett, is an item of McBride's series on Modern American Writers. It is more of a handy reference work on Mrs. Wharton than of a study.

"Farmington" (*Boni & Liveright*) is a reprint of Clarence Darrow's memories of his country village boyhood—simple, homely, benevolent, and not unlike an Ed Howe without the tang.

"Serena Blandish," by "A Lady of Quality" (*Doran*) is a bit of satire, light and modish, but finished and sometimes with a mildly Voltairean edge to it.

"Franklin Winslow Kane" (Houghton, Mifflin) is a reprint of a fifteen-year-old novel of Anna Douglas Sedgwick's, which Hugh Walpole for one prefers to "The Little French Girl." Kane, a kind of ugly-duckling, swans forth in a criss-cross of unhappy loves as a (to us, rather depressingly) noble character.—Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.

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Ninth Hole at Grassy Sprain

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

AFTER several weeks in company with the amateur sportsmen of various ages, sexes and occupations of this great athletic nation, it was somewhat of a change and not slightly a relief to spend a couple of days consorting with the professionals of the golfing persuasion at the annual Metropolitan Open Championships at the Grassy Sprain Golf Club at



Bronxville. Than whom there are no better sportsmen and no finer fellows anywhere.

GRASSY SPRAIN, softened a f t e r heavy rainstorms on the eve of the tournament, was a contrast to Worcester where the fairways had been long baked by a scorching sun and the greens were hard and firm. The Bronxville course last week so far as the surface goes, was much more like Sunningdale or Hayward's Heath or any of a dozen courses scattered through Sussex, Surrey and Hants. In fact, the first day it was decidedly on the soft side; but a brisk wind Saturday morning dried things appreciably.

ACKING also was the extreme tensea ness so evident at Worcester, although only some very fine last minute shooting on the part of Gene Sarazen, former National Open Champion, prevented another tie such as was the case up in Massachusetts in June. But one stroke behind the black-haired Fresh Meadow professional was Joe Turnesa of Fairview, while Mike Brady, last year's Metropolitan champion, was close upon their heels in a tie for third with Tom Kerrigan of Siwanoy with a total of 297. Sarazen's score for the seventy holes was 295 and Turnesa's 296. And within striking distance at the finish as they had been all through the two days were "Big Bob" MacDonald of Chicago, Walter Bourne of the Metropolis Club, and Harold Sanderson of Sleepy Hollow.

MACFARLANE, the National Champion, had promised to play and he kept his word. Weeks of constant golfing, however, ending up with an extra round match at Shawnee last week, left his hands in a pitiable state. When he stepped up to the tee with Gene Sarazen on the last day they were so bound and taped that they might have been the hands of a prize fighter or a ball player rather than those of a golfing champion. He went through both rounds on the opening day, and actually finished the third round Saturday before dropping out. His competing under this handicap was more of a tribute to his courage than his judgment.

A^T the half way mark on Friday evening about nine o'clock—and it was nearly this when the last of the weary starters dragged themselves up the eighteenth hole and into the clubhouse—Bob MacDonald and Walter Bourne were leading the field tied at 144, with Tom Kerrigan with 145 and Mike Brady, who won the event last year, with 146. They looked to have the best chances; but a lot can happen in thirty-six holes of golf, and Joe Turnesa, Johnny Farrell, Gene Sarazen and Tom Harmon were all close enough to be considered. Of the amateurs that entered, not a one was in the running after the first thirty-six holes.

SARAZEN won chiefly by some fine golf on the last round of all. At noon Saturday he was in a most unenviable position with Turnesa and Kerrigan four strokes and Brady three strokes up on him. Turnesa, who was shooting great golf, had just turned in a 72, the best figure for the morning round; he looked confidently able to keep it up. Mike Brady, who was playing with Tom Armour, got a couple of bad holes out of his system and then kept well out of trouble. That was Sarazen's position with eighteen holes left to go.

WHEN he started out in the afternoon about one o'clock, he was the same smiling, dauntless golfer he always is. Yet his stroking over the first nine holes which had given him a 38 was merely good. The first nine are the



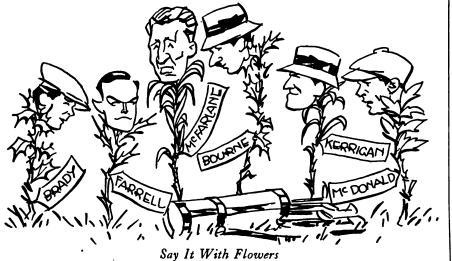
Kerrigan's Putt That Lost Him the Title

hardest, very much the hardest at Grassy Sprain. But giving away three or four strokes to his rivals and then taking 38 was far from putting him in the lead. In fact, although he picked up three strokes on Kerrigan and one on both Turnesa and Brady he was still fourth with 262 as against 259 for Turnesa, 260 for Brady and 261 for Kerrigan.

Right here it was hard to see how Turnesa or Brady could be kept out of the money; they were both shooting good golf, and the former, was going exceptionally well. He was consistently good, never making any errors, keeping well on the course and seldom wasting putts when every stroke was counting. About all he had to do was to keep this sort of golf nine he was four behind Sarazen at the finish.

As usual Mike Brady had a large and admiring gallery following him, and was well in the running from the beginning Friday morning, until the scores were in on Saturday night. However, sitting on the bench by the eighteenth hole after his morning round on the last day, he remarked disconsolately: "Well, I felt like playing to-day, so I started out with a five and a six on the first two holes."

THE gallery as usual insisted on following Macfarlane and Sarazen. And just for once the gallery was right.



up for the last eighteen holes. Unfortunately, this was just what he was unable to do. A six on the seventh, a sixth on the ninth, and then another sixth on the twelfth, when he drove out of bounds, and his advantage was gone. Meanwhile Kerrigan missed two short putts, one on the fifteenth and one on the sixteenth. All the while Sarazen was going great guns. On the last nine holes he was over par but twice, and most of the time he was tossing off birdies.

IN fact it was his remarkable golf over these last nine holes that gave him victory. He started on the tenth with a putt that gave him a birdie four, and then went on with a beautiful two on the fourteenth, sinking a fifteen foot putt amid the cheers of an ever increasing gallery. On the seventeenth he had a putt almost twice as long for another two. This made his victory look probable, and when he came up that last slope and sank a putt for a five and a total of 295, there was nothing up on the board to deny him the title. And only MacDonald of those who threatened was still out to dispute him the honor. But two sixes on the first nine had spoiled the Chicago man's chances, and in spite of a 37 on the last

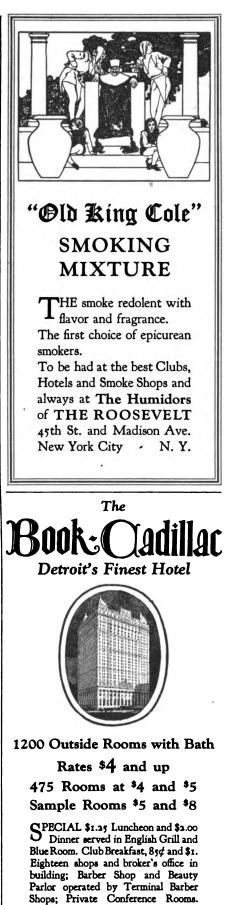
TF "Big Bill" Tilden is a hit in the movies, Johnny Farrell's smile ought to be worth a million dollars.

FROM the viewpoint of sport, the British lion is done British lion is down and out, not to say all through and finished. Just about all he could do in the last seven days was to furnish a sweeping victory for the Oxford and Cambridge track team sover the Princeton and Cornell athletes, an equalled one-sided triumph at Seabright for the English University Tennis Teams over the teams from Princeton and Williams, and Beresford's second-and lastvictory over Hoover on the more or less well known Thames. When England comes out of this athletic slump which we have been hearing so much about lately there ought to be some interesting things happen for the followers of sport on this side of the water.-J. R. T.

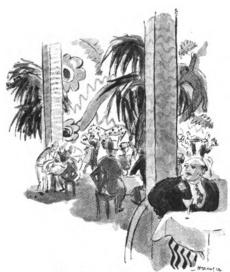
A Startling Discovery

Lieutenant Charles E. Smith of Mount Vernon, whose daughter Etta had run away from high school, married an old friend of his, Charles P. Phillips, he learned to-day.

-The Evening Graphic



THE BOOK CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY DETROIT WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVENUE ROY CARRUTHERS, President



Tropics At the Alamac

T really is funny how everybody rushes in a panic away from the old familiar Winter haunts as soon as hot weather comes, regardless of how cool and attractive the old place may be in its Summer guise.

The dancing and dining places where one had to be either Harry Thaw or the President of the United States to get into in Winter are nearly all virtually deserted. The waiters fall on you with pathetic eagerness and beseech you to decorate the ringside, where once they delegated you to a cozy nook behind a pillar near the kitchen and commanded you to like it. But all the roofs are flourishing. The Pennsylvania, the Astor, the Biltmore Cascades, and a hundred others are packed to the jumping-off places.

The Alamac roof, on Broadway at Seventy-first Street, is a particularly pleasant place to spend the early part of a Summer evening. The mad, tropical decorations of the Congo room do add somewhat to the torridness of the atmosphere, but there is a tiny roof adjoining it on which a few tables have been set out in the open air, with a beautiful view of Mayor Hylan's East River in the distance to inspire you to boost New York and assert that you didn't want to go to the seashore anyway. Save for a row of despondent geraniums, languishing against the iron railing, there is no jarring note in the decoration. Dancing, to excellent mu-

When Nights Are Bold

sic, goes on in the Congo room until two in the morning, but the usual entertainment has been omitted during the hot weather.

WHETHER they motor out of town or not, most people choose to dine at about eight, or later, in the evening, and then, around ten o'clock, look around wildly for something to do.

The Earl Carroll "Vanities" is a dull revue. One hour of it, and one hour only, suffices to look all the showgirls over, hear twenty wise-cracks that you have heard before, and collect sufficient data in general to be most intelligent in panning it to your friends. But the staging of the thing is utterly mad and quite amusing. Blow in around intermission time (a little after ten) and get seats within the first five rows if possible. After a good dinner, with accompanying refreshments, it is very difficult to decide there whether or not you have actually realized That Lifelong Ambition to go on the stage. The stage descends, via steps, right among the cagey little tables that have taken the place of the first five rows of chairs, and thence into the laps of the audience. Oh, it is most confidential.

The ushers who try to sell you Canada Dry, and those débutantes who dance merrily on the stage during the intermission may all turn out to be a part of the show, but it doesn't matter. It is so informal that I had a feeling all evening that I was suddenly going to find myself doing a song-and-dance with the principal comedian. But, as I said once, and will say again, one hour is quite sufficient.



Alamac Congo Atmosphere

THE Lido "reopened" for the Summer on the fourteenth, although the opening was rather a farce in view of the fact that this after-theatre dancing club has been staggering along very neatly all Summer. The audience was rather a lukewarm variation of the regular firstnight Winter crowd, and the two dancers are nothing to set the world on fire. The music is as good as ever, and if you happen to be one of the poor nuts who think that dancing requires at least three square feet of space for enjoyment, there is no place more satisfactory for the gratification of your bourgeois desires than this one.

NYBODY who believes in enforcing A Prohibition and still likes a jaunt to Coney Island of an evening, might try starting at the Shelburne for dinner and get in just the right mood for all ensuing hilarities. The food is good, and the revue has the requisite number of young women of seventeen who are proficient at the Charleston and the hooch dance, and a sufficient quantity of "blue" songs about sweet daddies and "you-turned-medowns" to satisfy. The tricky thing about the show is the sliding stage, which, covered with undulating cuties, starts advancing relentlessly upon you down the dance floor at intervals. It gives you the same tipsy feeling that made the revolving floor at Murray's famous .- Lipstick



Those Who Prefer Coolness to Tropical Heat Find It On the Alamac Esplanade



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth

Until you've seen this play, you're not allowed at all to discuss the theatre with adults.

ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden

The best revue the Shuberts have ever produced and almost the best revue the town has ever seen.

THE FALL GUY-Ritinge

A comedy in the theatre's American language, with many merry moments and some excellent acting by Brnest Truex.

IS ZAT 80?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

The leading home-grown comedy of the season, boisterous and irresistible.

ROSE-MARIE—imperial

A superbly mounted musical play, with a light operatic score. Desiree Ellinger now sings the title rôle in place of Mary Ellis.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Kinw

The Pulitser Prize Play, but pretty good all the same, and the year's finest exhibition of acting by Pauline Lord.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA-Guild

The Theatre Guild's revival of Shaw's comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the title rôles.

GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

A merry and festive revuelet by the younger players of the Guild, with excellent words and music and several entertaining sketches.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

An enjoyable burlesque of the mystery farce.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

The most amusing of all the Follies, thanks to W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley. New songs and costumes for the "Summer Edition."

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

A superb production for the eye and a reasonable amount of merriment for those who care for Leon Errol's legs.

LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty

A good deal of heart-warming pleasure is to be had from a view of the graceful Adele Astaire. To which can be added, for entertainment values, the dancing of Fred Astaire and the nifties of Walter Catlett. AND GEORGE GERSHWIN'S SCORE.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan A typical O'Neill play, with many of his dramatic virtues and less of his dramatic failings.

MOVING PICTURES

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

Fantasy about your homeland or fun for Freud. To be shown generally soon.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Famous Beauty Ignores Love of Long-nosed Gascon. He Pays Death Penalty for Poetic Nature. Broadway showing about August 15.

DON O

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, or an American Institution. At the Globe.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

Welcome revival of a whaling good picture. At the Cameo.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Nice, clean youth in clean English doings. Loew's 116 Street and Keeney's Brooklyn Theatres, Wednesday and Thursday, July 29 and 30.

KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS

Raw blubber on toast in real Eskimo land. Showing later.

PATHS TO PARADISE

Mr. Raymond Griffith as a crook in book of etiquette style. Loew's Lincoln and Greeley Square Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 24, 25 and 26.

ART

HUNTINGTON COLLECTION - Metropolitan

One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room previous to their amalgamation in the galleries.

MID-MODERNS-Frank K. M. Rehn Pleasant show of stuff by Luks, Melchers and Henri.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN'S BAND-Hall of Fame

Still at the New York University Campus, every evening except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

CITY CONCERTS-Central Park

Bands for those that like them evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Orchestras on Friday evenings.

CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium

The Philharmonic Orchestra every night in symphony programs. Willem Van Hoogstraten conducts to-night, Saturday and Sunday. Beginning Monday, Nikolai Sokoloff waves the baton for a week.

SPORTS

BASEBALL-Yankee Stadium

At Yankee Stadium, New York vs. Washington, Saturday and Sunday, July 25, 26. New York vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 28, 29, 30, 31. TENNIS-Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge

Saturday, July 25, and Sunday, July 26, finals of one of the best grass court tournaments in the East, with most of the leading net stars of the courty participating. Boat for Bay Ridge leaves the Battery every few hours, or you can go by Fourth Avenue Subway, B. M. T., to Eighty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

GOLF-Lido Country Club, Long Beach, L. I. Saturday, July 25, finals of the New York State Amateur Championships.

OTHER EVENTS

JAPANESE GARDEN PARTY-Jackson Heights Saturday, July 25. Garden Party for benefit of Tsuda College for women, in Tokio, which was destroyed by earthquake. Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, chairman of Executive Committee of Fund. Japanese program.

Theatre GuildProductions Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

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GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

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Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected

IN OUR MIDST-AND OUT

> About all sorts of who'swhoers and what they're up to

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STRANDED

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- Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). Realism. Scene, North Dakota; time, that of the Non-Partisan League movement. A first novel better than most of its type by old and practised hands.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). Not much story, but all the life and comedy there are in the English occupants of a villa in Italy and their Italian servitors.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). Perhaps it was the Fates who drove Claude Fisher's life on the shoals of a common sex complex.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). Gatsby is one of the really exalted romantic fools in fiction.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfser). Proust's exploration of his memories of French high life in the 1890s. Psychological; difficult but fascinating.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer). The failure of a marriage, watched partly through the eyes of smart gossips. The women in it are particularly good.
- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A girl and her child are supercargoes on a freighter off the coast of Africa. Hence romance, and some of it is up to the Conrad standard.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A novel of the time of the Revolution, commendable to almost any one but a William Sylvester Baxter.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). The best new book in the very light fiction line.

SHORT STORIES

MR. BISBER'S PRINCESS, by Julian Street (Doubleday, Page). A mildly satirical novelette and two shorter things, well above the run of their classes in the magazines.

GENERAL

- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). The story of Rosa Lewis, the London caterer, as told to Mary Lawton. The former is a richer monologist and the latter a better microphone than you often get in broadcasting of this kind.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnam). More of his Kartabo nature essays.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). White as a philosopher and a singularly good one, reconciling the known with the unknowable. Not a best-seller in Dayton, Tennessee.
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf). As literature, the lumber camp cookhouse yarns go decidedly well.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (A. & C. Boni). Glimpses of what it is like to have ridden the brake beams as a youth.

This, Now, Education

FROM all that I can make out of it the educational system of New York City is the poorest and most useless on earth.

What good does it do any future citizen of this grand and glorious metropolis to go to school here? Not a bit.

Recently I consulted Dr. John T. Scopes of Dayton, Tennessee, the most widely known educational authority in the world, and got from him the following opinion.

"Education," said Dr. Scopes, "can have but one legitimate end, aim or object, which is so to equip the recipient thereof that he or she will be able to cope with and overcome the many problems that will be encountered in later life."

This will be all from Dr. Scopes and now listen to me.

Bearing in mind what the learned doctor had said, and agreeing with him in toto, I went forth and visited all of the schools in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx and I didn't find that in a single one of them the children are being taught how to make synthetic gin, live without sleep, shoot craps, dance the Charleston, pick pockets, pet, neck, mix cocktails or pick the winners.

In the case of the girls, from fourteen upward, no instruction is being given in the art of how to divorce and remarry, and in the case of boys of the same age no effort is being made to teach them how to remarry when not divorced.

Under such deplorable conditions as these how can New York City expect the coming generation to cope successfully with the complex problems of metropolitan life?

Poor kids, they will never be able to make the grade unless something is done for them.—Owen P. White

Exceedingly Rich Talk

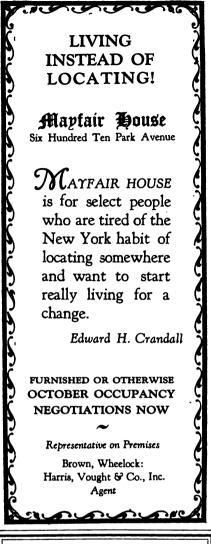
"—the most thrilling dream. I dreamt that a perfectly huge shrimp that looked like Harry, my third, tried to steal the divine cream puff I was eating. But a too heavenly polar bear came along and ate them both. He was about to eat me when I awoke. My deah, I simply must see a psychoanalyst. It must mean that I ought to get another divorce. I don't think that my libido—"

"-find psychology perfectly adorable. It's simply too delicious for words. My deah, I'm convinced that it's positively the only thing to judge people by. I find that it has increased my insight into human nature ever so-"

"-you think that Nietzsche is perfectly thrilling? My deah, I'm quoting him in my next divorce. He has positively shown me that my Will is not a superman. My deah, Nietzsche has made me a new woman-"

"-and we had the most adorable party with only eighteen bottles and one orange. But my deah, you don't know the perfectly killing kick you can get out of gin. I drank eight straight-"

"—and spiritualism is the only thing. It is perfectly darling to think that everything has a soul. Birds, flowers and animals—they all have their dear little auras. My deah, I simply worship the subject. After I finish this cocktail, I shall go into a trance and tell you the color of your ectoplasmic—"—Freudy



THE NEW YORKER

3

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What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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NAME	

STREET AND NO.....

CITY AND STATE

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

Critique of the Newer Poetry

THIS critic has found a better mouse trap, and he proposes to start the world beating a path to the proper door. Unlike his fellows of the craft, he has had the courage to get away from the standard forms, and wallow in the mud seeking lilies. And his search has been rewarded by the discovery of poetical gems of purest ray serene; flowers that must not be allowed to waste their sweetness on the desert air of newspaper and magazine ads and columns, but must be hauled out by the scruff of the neck to blush right here in this column.

Take, for instance, the following, from the recent advertising columns of the *Daily News*:

This is the Bean-of pedigree With royal cocoa family tree, Our secret blending turns the fellow Into chocolate called "Corello."

Joyce Kilmer and Edna St. Vincent Millay have sung of trees, but who before has chanted paeans to so humble a thing as a bean? True, it is a cocoa bean, but that very fact, that very repression in not calling it a Boston bean, which the ordinary poet would have done, reveals the unknown singer as an artist of the highest water. It is contemplative and expresses inner harmonies. The style reveals the poet's mystic vision of pristine crystals of clarity. True, it lacks the heaving abandon of Whitman, the ecstatic music of Lanier, the soaring sensuous lyricism of Edgar Guest. It tends more to human reality than to airy symbol. It is poetry not of the spirit, but of the stomach.

Now let us turn to another delicate bit that the writer has unearthed from a recent column in the *Evening World*, done by Percival Prim, and headed: "Helps to Better English."

Rule Three: "EACH, EVERY, EITHER and NO Take the singular verb everywhere they may go." "EVERY author and artist is wedded to art, Though EACH old maid and widow HAS done

her full part." "BITHER money or beauty IS what all would

find." "Neither Chaplin nor Negri quite KNOWS HIS

own mind." Bither, or-neither, nor, these together should

go; They're correlative terms, as all good speakers know.

Truly this is a fortunate argosy to enrich our poetry! Its thesis rests on a broad generalization; it is melodious music pitched in a pedagogic key. Mr. Prim is plainly an enthusiastic realist of the more expansive type. In it (line 6) there is a mingling of tenderness that expresses loveliness living side by side with pitiless human tragedy, though the author's facts are a little cock-eyed.

And now look at what the cat brought in. It's from the advertising columns of one of our very best weeklies: Do you want to buy this land On an easy-payment plan, With about your monthly outlay for cigars? Do you want to read a book That will make you want to look On the finest land that lays beneath the stard

Send a letter right away; Put it in the mail today, We will send this booklet absolutely FREE After you have read it through, If a thought occurs to you— Just address another letter here to me.

We will answer, straight and true, Questions that occur to you. We have nothing to evade or to conceal. On an Orange County Farm Life will take an added charm, And you'll never lack a dollar—nor a meal.

This is sheer, pure poetry! In singing the song of his own cosmos, the unknown writer has expressed much of the groping yearning soul of America.

-Frank J. O'Donnel

Record of a Crusade

MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY: I am pro ducing "A Good Bad Woman" to call at tention to the filthy plays other manager are presenting on our stage.

MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY (Later) After conference with the District Attor ney, I am closing "A Good Bad Woman" of my own accord. It has served m purpose by rousing the theatre-going public to the menace of filth upon our stag and the pandering to vile taste of man agers whose only god is profit. I had n other reason for producing this play. did not expect to make money thereby.

MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY (Latest): am reviving "A Good Bad Woman" for fortnight's run.

MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY (Five-sta final): "A Good Bad Woman" will con tinue indefinitely.

-James Kevin McGuinne.

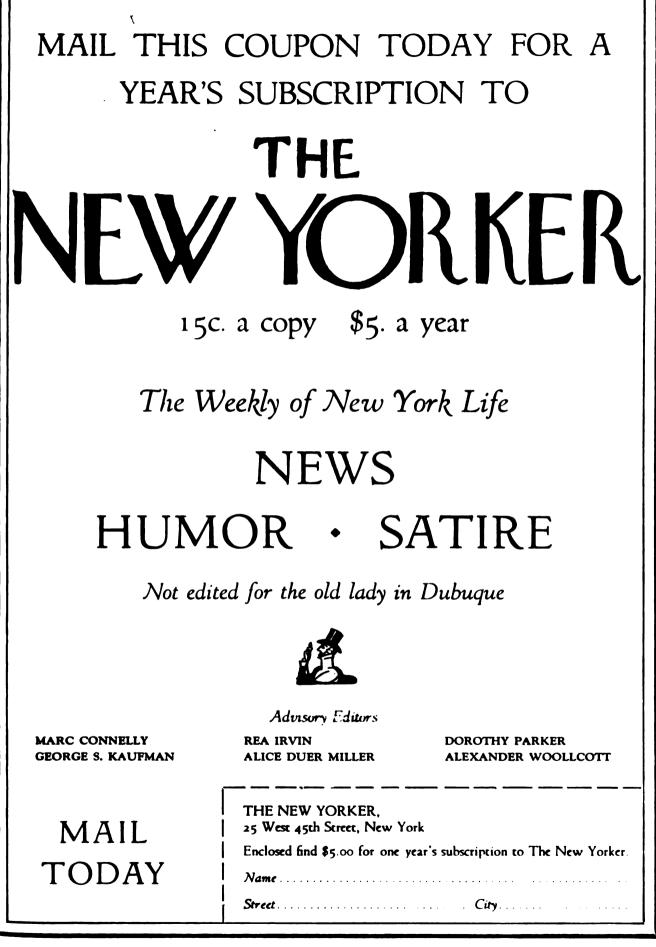
According to the New York State En tomologist, E. P. Felt, there are mor than a million distinct species of insec and some think ten million. The high estimate should be disregarded as unscier tific it was obviously made by Summe boarders.

Now that several important newspape have dropped the daily cross word puzz it seems to be nearing the end of i checkered career.

The Optimist

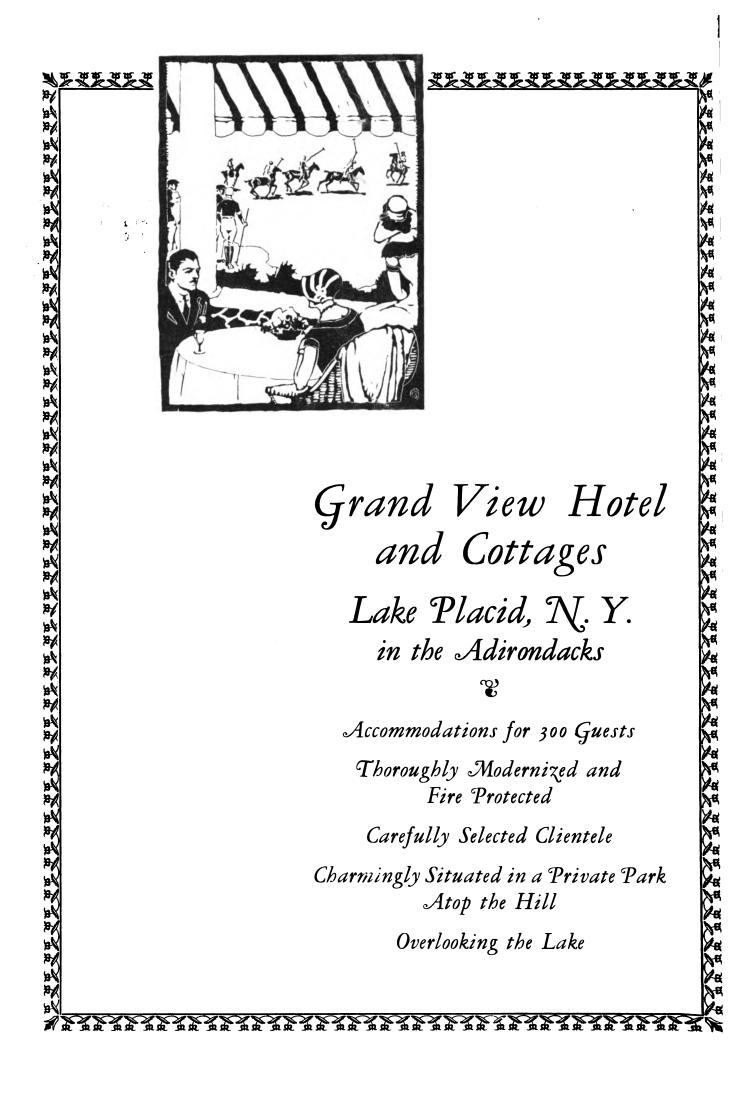
Pop: A man who thinks he can make in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

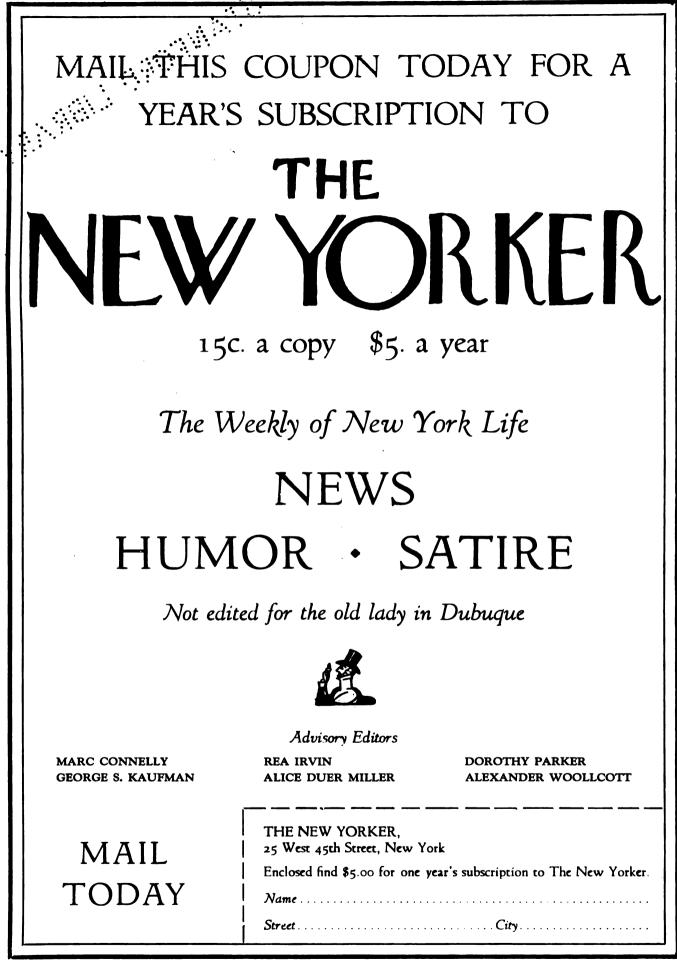


TO STANCE MEMORATRIE - NEW YORK









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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Return

B OREDLY the big ship, cramped with tugs, makes its way up the river. Along the rail the born New Yorker is pointing out the Woolworth Tower (on the Singer Building) and the Singer Needle (on the Municipal Building). The steward for cabin B-169 is hunting for the passenger who got the extra, extra service throughout the voyage

and is now as if swept from the face of the earth. The aforesaid passenger, who miscalculated as usual and has only eighty cents left, is hiding in the smoking room and praying that blindness overtake the steward. The Harvard junior who, after an eight-day voyage, only last night discovered the presence on board of the unbigoted young woman in the striped dress, is making frantic attempts to get her away from her aunt for a moment, for the purpose of future betrayal. The young woman is nervously amenable, but the aunt is vigilant.

The mail that came aboard at quarantine is being dis-

tributed. There are nineteen letters and four telegrams for J. Howard Pooperdink and a special delivery for Miss Euphrosine Dennewitz.

Ralph P. Burland, of Des Moines, is saying, "Say, when I saw that statue, I tell you," making it unanimous, although the others said it from ten to twenty minutes earlier. Luncheon appointments, none of which will be kept, are being made on all sides. A number of actresses are testing the rails on the upper deck, with a view to the proper display of crossed legs. In his stateroom Professor Jeremiah L. Cady is just finishing his typed statement of 11,000 words on the operation of the Dawes plan, which he will hand to what he calls the "newspaper boys," he having been a newspaper man himself once. It will

neither be printed nor read by the newspaper boys.

The ship is turning in towards the pier and it is already possible mistakenly to pick out waiting friends. Howard P. Penlenton detects the figure of his wife and hopes that the red-headed Belgian will have enough sense not to speak to him while the customs are being swept through. Inspired members of the crew are dragging ropes against passengers' feet and otherwise maiming them with travelling gangplanks.



Miss Dennewitz has lost her umbrella and is loud in argument with several ship's officers. Numerous elderly ladies with pure linen tablecloths from Saxony wrapped around them are wondering what the next hour will bring. Ninety cologne baskets are jammed with a poor Scotch that Broadway does not dare to sell.

The ship is made fast. Fourteen hundred people, broadened by travel, step ashore.

The Week

DESIGN for the Roosevelt Memorial is accepted and an expedition leaves Chicago University

to unearth Armageddon. Mayor Hylan makes fifty speeches at Coney Island and another water main bursts on the Avenue. Mr. Scopes, found guilty, goes home to Paducah, Kentucky, and Mr. Dudley Field Malone is discovered by Mr. Will Rogers at the "Follies." An English doctor urges display of women's limbs as a health measure and Biarritz issues an ukase against bare knees among bathers. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, meeting in Atlantic City, condemns everything and Mr. Henry Ford says English will rule the world. Commissioner Enright says the police automobile escort is not to guard Miss Ethel Shutta, dancer, but Mr. Ziegfeld's cash, and a man is robbed of \$20,000 in the B. M. T. station at Forty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue. A New Yorker complains that his wife has provided for him only twenty-four breakfasts in twenty-six years and it is announced that, in Vermont and Georgia, a wife's earnings are her husband's by law. The Episcopalians arrange a condensed version of the Ten Commandments and Representative Upshaw promises to introduce in Congress a bill against evolution.

Dire Foreboding

THE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, spoke long and feelingly. He wound verbally in and out of district clubs, through organization headquarters and back, even down to the much-maligned Man in the Street.

After three hours of conversation, this was the burden of the conclusion reached by the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East: Nothing but an Act of Providence or of Al Smith can stay the Honorable John F. Hylan from another four years as Mayor of the City of New York.

Al Smith, said the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was not inclined to interfere. He has need of an united party for subsequent political maneuverings. As to Providence, the intimation of the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was that It knew better.

NOW, as to the whys and wherefores of this conclusion, much might be noted. There is the uncertain position of Judge Olvany as leader of Tammany, due to his short term of service as yet. There are the uncompromising figures which prove Brooklyn a greater voting center than Manhattan. There is the stalwart figure of Mr. John McCooey, of the neighboring province, standing firm against the editorials of the *World*, the paper which prints Mutt and Jeff, and the *Times*, the paper which prints nothing of the sort.

Finally, there is the weakness of the candidates behind whom Tammany would like to form, but cannot. Senator Walker too well identified with the element sportive; Surrogate Foley, indifferent to further honors and too frail physically for the rigors of a campaign; Justice Wagner too long out of touch with the common man, by virtue of his elevation to the bench.

Yes, concluded the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, it's going to be Hylan for another four years. The leaders may not like it, but a lot of the boys are going to be thankful because they'll still have jobs.

HE coming of Eugene Goossens as guest conductor of the Symphony Society may presage an English orchestral invasion. There is at least one young English director whom we're curious to see in action, if only for the story that his colleagues tell of him. This musician started his career about a dozen years ago as conductor of one of the smaller English orchestras. Having a markedly English name, he decided that he couldn't win the respect accorded to the Richters, Steinbachs and Mucks who then impressed the British populace. After much serious thinking, he changed his surname to one that he fancied would awe his customers. And it did-until late in 1914. The adopted name of the young Englishman was Hindenburg. He is conducting successfully now under this original label, and if he ever comes over we shall point him out for you.



LOST PROPERTY CUSTODIAN: Nope, I ain't seen yer wife, but here's a dandy pet alligator that's just been turned in.

Officers

THEY order the professional soldier much better in England and on the Continent. The army officer is a somebody there, in the wars of Empire, large and small, a useful somebody, and in the salons

of more civilized capitals a decorative somebody. We have nothing of the sort. By comparison our army officers are merely job holders in uniform. Government employes, as are the mail carriers and the prohibition agents.

In Washington they have some social standing, but as the late Ward McAllister remarked, in Washington it is impossible not to have some social standing.

A true figure of the British officer paused briefly in town lately, Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B., retired, who was Director of Military Operations during a good

portion of the War. He came to lecture on disarmament—taking the view that complete disarmament is impracticable—before that optimistic Institute of Politics at Williams College.

His stay here is to be quiet. He has accepted few invitations, disappointing thereby many hostesses facing week-ends devoid of lions. This might have been expected, however, for General Maurice has a reputation for having been the hard-working type of officer. Even the indefatigable luncher, Lieutenant-Colonel Repington, portrayed the General as a conscientious staff officer, striving to be argus-eyed so as to envision the many British fronts of wartime.

GENERAL MAURICE was a strange figure in Colonel Repington's pages, among so many sprightly ladies and gentlemen who took heed to their social obligations first and the war afterwards; almost as strange a figure as was that bluff soldier, his chief, General Robertson. The latter worthy soul, fallen once among gentlemen who were discussing an admirable sample of the feminine limb, was asked if he did not deem it beautiful. His reply was Wellingtonian. "Just like any other demmed leg," quoth he.

Slogan

I T is Mr. Walter L. Clark, whom my friend, Van Gogh, speaks of on page nine, who made me miss a train last Friday. For rushing, as usual, through the Grand Central I picked what I thought was a timetable from the Information oasis. And when the crucial time came I read what I had snatched, a brochure on American art, proudly boasting: "The only art gallery in the world located in a Railroad Station."

It is a suggestion, if one must have a slogan, to lead the New York Central's real time-tables with: "Travel on the N. Y. Central. The only railroad in the world with an art gallery over its terminus."

Memorial

ONE may be forgiven being Celtic enough to wish that Colonel Roosevelt were back to tell the town what he thinks of the design accepted for the Roosevelt memorial, which is to be erected as

part of the east façade of the Museum of Natural History, on the west, or provincial fringe of Central Park.

The design follows classic lines . closely, featuring Ionic columns. This in the memory of the man who, above all others in public life, consistently fought for native expression in the arts.

One recalls that Colonel Roosevelt wrote to the American Institute of Architects deprecating the use of the lions which doze at the entrance to the Public Library and advocating the placing there of bisons instead. He made some reference to the appearance of this beast, as memory serves, and em-

phasized its peculiar value as being distinctively our own.

On all possible occasions, in private conversation or public discussion, the Colonel urged earnestly the need for our art smacking of American soil. He was vehement in this advocacy. One remembers the husky emphasis with which he warned that art not native to the soil could have little permanent value.

The memorial to the man who insisted thus on American art, rather than imitation of foreign models, is to be as severely classic as the façade of—let us say—the First National Bank of Dubuque, Iowa.

Collars And Bags

I may be stated generally that styles are for the multitude and fashion for the few. Which brings us to collars; men's collars, if you please.

Lesser males have long been victims of the commercial astuteness practiced on the unknowing by large manufacturers of men's collars. Four times a year a fiat from Troy changes the height and form of the neck adornment all our best-dressed clerks wear thereafter. It is done with the precision of a squad movement in the army.

Those who have their collars and shirts custommade are subject to no such changes. They select a style according to their own needs and taste, and remain true to it for a long time. In those circles wing collars, the adjuncts of formal wear, are subject to more frequent variation of style than the kinds favored for business and informal occasions.

It is interesting to note, too, that one department store in town has been so daring as to import a shipment of the true Oxford bags, less voluminous adaptations of which have been seen about for some time. The Oxonian trousers, at which the elder Briton still gibes, are twenty-five inches around the bottoms and this width is continued almost to the knee before any tapering towards the waist begins. When the wearer





is walking they give the same effect as did the divided skirt which was a feature of feminine riding habits a decade ago.

THE LIQUOR MARKET: Further improvement in the Summer gin market. Large block of imported Booth Dry, in square bottles @ \$30, recently issued, is reported over subscribed already. Reaction on alcohol market, slight.

Our private wire from Washington advises recent increases in Prohibition Enforcement costs are forerunners of Mr. Coolidge's supreme effort to dry the country. Politically, this should retain dry votes and enlist wets in the later acknowledgment of defeat. Report is strong factor in bull movement.

Cradle of Liberty

PHILADELPHIA, with customary ignorance of events of the day, is going right ahead with its plans for

the celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial of American Independence, just as though there was any American independence.

It is necessary for any such endeavor to have a director, who in the case of the Sesqui-Centennial, is Colonel Davis Charles Collier, a gentleman who possesses those qualities impractical in Philadelphia, a sense of humor and spirit.

He evidenced the first by scoffing at the ultra-military equipment of the Butlerized police assigned to guard Independence Hall, wherein Colonel Collier had been assigned offices. He showed the second by writing to the high-handed General Smedley Butler, himself, suggesting that in an age which favored disarmament, it would be just as well if his doorkeepers left at home their machine guns, and their bandoliers, and their trench mortars, and the pieces of light field artillery without which no Philadelphia policeman is to be seen in public these days.

Then, with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good deed, Colonel Collier settled back to enjoy his cigar, for he is a man to whom a smoke is as the breath of life in his nostrils.

It was not long before the Marines took the situation in hand, and landed. On arriving at his offices next morning, Colonel Collier found this new sign posted:

There is to be no Smoking in Independence Hall.

By order, SMEDLEY BUTLER, Director General of Public Safety.

With an unlighted cigar in his fingers Colonel Collier considered this ultimatum for a moment, then:

"Independence Hell," said Colonel Collier, and repaired to the park for his morning's smoke.

Commentary

DEATH, striking Mr. William Jennings Bryan, while the myriad spot lights of the nation's press still played full upon him, uncovers prejudices deeper than those of Dayton. With a single stroke, it paralyzes intelligence more effectively than a thousand Scopes trials.

Only yesterday half the world considered Mr. Bryan's views, pondered upon them, found them

good or bad and commented upon them, as they were intimately connected with his personality. They were known to be human views, subject to human error. To-day the curtain is down and, in an enlightened age, no man may criticize the play, uncensored. A few years and the atavistic awe of death may have faded and the world will again say what it really thinks of the Great Commoner-but for a while the ayes have it. It has taken so many million years for man intelligently to discuss life and its origin; how many million more years will

it be before we see death as so normal a happening that a man may die without the cloak of superstition falling about his personality, protecting his defenselessness from everything but praise?

Prominent

M Y lifelong search to pin down that gentleman who is often mentioned in the morning papers as "a prominent clubman" is at an end. I found him only last night, tiptoeing through the West Forties. We turned in the same doorway and it chanced we stood side by side at the bar.

"Say," my friend, the bartender questioned him, "do I know you?"

"Sure you do," he answered genially. And to prove it he took from his pocket, and sorted out, thirtyfive membership cards, each with a different initial on the back, each the entré into a different "blind tiger."

"I did know him," the bartender whispered later, "but I wanted him to show you his cards."

It costs the gentleman ten thousand a year to support his clubs, I am told.

THE best dramatic criticisms, of course, do not always find their way to their designated columns in public prints.

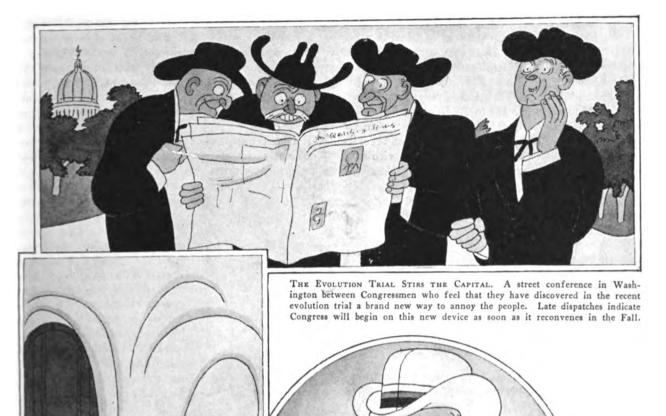
It was, thus, Percy Hammond who wandered into the night with a friend after an early wartime opening and remarked kindly, "C'est la guerre." And recently, when the final curtain at last fell upon what our producers are pleased to term a Summer musical comedy, appropriately enough presented on a sweltering night, David H. Wallace was heard to observe:

"It isn't the heat, its the bromidity." —*The New Yorkers*





The Graphic Section



OLD FAITHFUL IN FIFTH AVENUE. Last week's water display took place at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Patrolman Whiam Shelley being in charge. Announcements have not yet been made as to where the water main will burst this week. GLIMPSED IN FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton's Summer outfit includes an elegant panama hat and a large, full-padded Ascot tic. Dr. Straton is known as the nattiest reformer in the States.

翻幕



MONSTER MASS MEETING, and farewell dinner, given by the out-going dry agents to a group of eminent bootleggers at the Sub-Treasury. The affair was given to introduce the incoming dry agents to the bootleggers.





MIND OVER MATTER

R. ARTHUR BRISBANE, Able Editor, is caught between the sCYLLA of Fourth Estate and the CHARYBDIS of Real Estate. MIAMI has blotted out HIGH OLYMPUS from his consciousness. What Miami terrain not owned by prosperous bootleggers has been GRABBED by Mr. Brisbane, and in New York City every VACANT lot brings an acquisitive GLEAM to A. B.'s eyes. Already he owns LOTS, and it is definitely on his program to own LOTS more. The realtor COMPLEX has become so predominant, the LETCH for property so virulent, that Mr. Brisbane, Eminent Conservative, has de-

cided to throw CAUTION to the winds, and build THEA-TRES. His partnership with Messrs. Hearst and Ziegfeld, to that end, has ALREADY reached the public prints.

With these fresh burdens on shoulders which have these many years faced ATLAS tasks, it is not surprising that all has not gone so smoothly of late, with the editorial duties of Mr. Brisbane, CAPABLE journalist.

The day before last LIN-COLN'S BIRTHDAY Mr. Brisbane had been wavering over the matter of some BRONX apartment houses. To BUY or not to BUY, that was the question. The editorial note paper was COVERED with

masses of figures. The DICTOGRAPH into which Mr. Brisbane has for years intoned oracular paragraphs yawned and gaped in vain. Mr. Brisbane, BRILLIANT Realtor, was enmeshed in a problem of tax assessments.

Came, at this CRITICAL moment, a messenger from a harried CITY EDITOR, with disturbing news. There was no LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY editorial in the forms that were to go to press that evening.

Mr. Brisbane bade the messenger wait, sighed, thrust aside maps showing the proposed new BRONX subways, and began to speak into the DICTOGRAPH. His editorial started off promisingly. There would be a picture of an APE, and one of HONEST ABE. Nobody celebrated the birthday of a ring-tailed BABOON. WHY? Baboons don't THINK. The birthday of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was celebrated in every hamlet and valley of this GREAT nation. WHY? Lincoln could THINK.

What next? Pegasus had the heaves. BRONX real estate paged A. B. He recollected that on the file which stood above his desk there were numerous LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY editorials. He got one out and handed it to the waiting messenger.

"You will find a stock cut of the ape in the 'morgue'," he said.

It was a wonderful EDITORIAL. But, in proof, the

frightened make-up man discovered that LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY was being noted by a sonorous editorial extolling the merits of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is said the proof reader, with sweating stereotypers howling at him, hurriedly substituted the name LINCOLN wherever the name WASHINGTON appeared in the editorial, and that thus it ran in all editions. That we cannot youch for.

I T is not GENERALLY known that Mr. Brisbane, Fluent COMMENTATOR, has a collaborator in his noteworthy writings. It is a volume called BART-



LETT'S QUOTATIONS. It comes in very handy in writing editorials. It is as indispensable to the Brisbane editorial as the DICTOGRAPH, capital letters and the ANTHROPOID species.

Shortly after the LIN-COLN'S BIRTHDAY contretemps, a reporter having been assigned to some special work, visited the reference room and asked for BART-LETT's. Somebody else had BARTLETT's. The reporter could borrow Mr. Brisbane's BARTLETT's if he promised, over his signature, to return it THAT evening. The reporter promised over his typewritten signature, which is NOT legal. When he went home that night, he

had the Brisbane BARTLETT's locked up in his desk. The following day, having an unusually distressing hangover, this reporter failed to report.

Again the messenger appeared in the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, demanding brain food for the hungry editorial forms. Mr. Brisbane searched for his BARTLETT'S. He got his SECRETARY to search. Everybody searched. In vain.

That night there was no Brisbane editorial.

M ISFORTUNES never (see BARTLETT's) occur singly. To-day as the result of a third catastrophe, there is an OFFICE boy on one of the HEARST newspapers who mourns the loss of a week's PAY, which he was DOCKED. The office boy in question, who is known as "Hey, You!", happened to be the only one present in the city room when Mr. Brisbane's messenger arrived with the Delphic pronouncement.

"Hey, You!" was a new office boy, a student of the Columbia School of Journalism. For the moment he was Editor-in-Charge. The Brisbane copy wasn't signed. "Hey, You!" read the stuff car efully, then took a pencil and scrawled across the copy paper: "No KICK to this. Can't use it."

The messenger carried back the rejected manu-

script to Mr. Brisbane. He found the great editor immersed in the study of a catalogue of PLUMBING



supplies. Mr. Brisbane has ever, in his EXTENSIVE realty operations, been for OPEN plumbing.

When he saw what had happened, Mr. Brisbane called up the managing editor at his HOME, demanding the head of the VANDAL who had presumed to deface his writings. The M. E., in consideration of the fact that the office boy had been an EARNEST worker, compromised by docking him. SOMETHING will HAVE to be done about it. Torn with an allegiance divided between APART-MENT houses and EDITORIALS, Mr. Brisbane, passing nervous hands over his lofty temple, may be heard these days, with a hasty glance at BARTLETT'S, to mutter:

"How happy would I be with EITHER, were t'other dear charmer AWAY!"—Pier Glass

OF ALL THINGS

TENNESSEE is not the only State where there is arrested mental development, but it is the only one so far where it has been fined.

With the coal negotiations dragging through the Summer, there seems little likelihood of the trouble ending in a strike. Grievances do not keep very well. The only safe rule for labor is "strike while the ire is hot."

* * *

We are not surprised to learn that Representative Upshaw of Georgia will introduce an anti-evolution bill in Congress. Upshaw is never happy unless the Ship of State is making twenty thou-shalt-nots an hour. + + +

According to the White Court spokesman, the President is not in sympathy with the Dawes crusade to revise the Senate rules downward. And that would seem to be that. The Vice-President can now feel free to go back to the Willard and finish that interrupted nap. "Keep your neck clean and your hair combed," say beauty experts in congress assembled at Chicago. How that carries one back!

Hand painted knees are the latest thing according to the same authorities. The time may come when the lessons learned at mother's knee will be illustrated.

The cops broke up a Communist meeting in Union Square held to protest against the doings in China. The Police Department seemed to be under the impression that the Moscowboys were trying to stage a redeo.

* * * *
"What is the value of a naval base harbor which our bättleships cannot get into?" asks Senator Hale. Well, the enemy can't get in either, if that helps any.

+ + +

Experts are working hopefully to eliminate static and fading from the radio, but apparently nothing is being done about tenors. Henry Ford says he is not going to manufacture airplanes until the engine is perfected. This is only a reprieve. We shall live to see the day when every cloud has a flivver lining. + + +

Controversy is raging about the relative merits of men and women as drivers. The truth scems to be that men drive cars better than women, but women drive men better than cars.

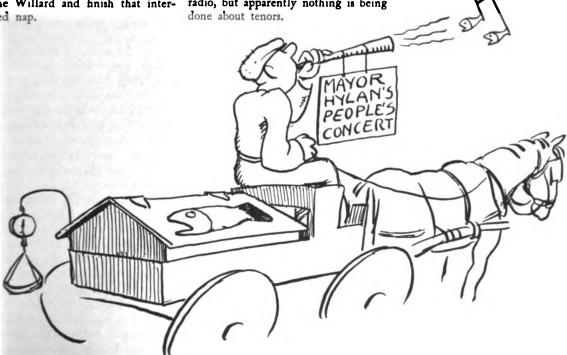
+ + +

About September we may expect a drive for funds to buy overcoats for the Stinnes boys.

+ + +

Federal authorities here have captured lists of 20,000 names of bootleggers' customers in 70 cities and 29 States and there seems to be some thought of sending them a questionnaire. We predict that most of them will reply, "No booze is good booze."

-Howard Brubaker





CAREER

1912

HREE years is plenty, Bill. I'm goin' to kick off whilst I'm still young. I still punch th' clock at th' collar fact'ry every day, don't I; an' didn't you lose four jobs sinct we got married? Ain't I payin' fourteen bucks a month rent, an' th' grocer, an' th' butcher, an' half th' time you bummin' me fer cigarette money? No hard feelin's, Bill, but I'm goin' an leave you behind. Troy ain't no town fer a gal thet wants to keep her hands white. Me fer Noo Yawk, an' give th' Big Burg a treat.

1916

Why can't I step out once in a while? No use your cursing George. If it wasn't him, it would have been some other man. I wasn't built for this watchful waiting stuff. You married me all right, Frank, but I was better off working at that. Twentytwo a week and a lot of parties with buyers thrown in. Now I'm just a Harlem housewife. You're a steady worker, I grant you that, and you do the best you can, but your best 1sn't good enough. That's why I'm leaving you, Frank. Don't divorce me, if you don't want to, but don't let that kid you into thinking I'm ever coming back. I learned in this town lots of things are more important for a woman than a wedding certificate. Oh, all right, if you think it helps, I'll kiss you good-by.

1920

Let's not be bitter, Reggy; this is life, not melodrama. I'm no harder than you are; not one bit. You recall the incidents of our-eh, well, affair. First it was your father's objections. He died. Then, of course, the formal period of mourning. That ended. Then you couldn't bear the thought of separation

from me long enough to let me go to Paris for my divorce; and you couldn't get away long enough to go with me. You were very generous in all things but the essential. The difficulty is that, since I have the chance to change my position and yet retain everything material, it seems advisable to do it. After all, man is woman's career and I am not to be blamed for making the most of my opportunities. I suppose you have your future wife in mind-but, no, that's catty. Still, I am enough of a cat to look forward to your receiving me as a respectably married woman, after you're a respectably married man. Business will make it necessary. Because, Reggy, I'm going to become the wife of your senior partner. Odd, isn't it?

1925

Warren, old dear, don't bother trying to voice your protests. You must consider your blood pressure. Besides, when your face flushes, the contrast with your nice hair isn't at all becoming. I know exactly what you're going to say. That he's a young scamp. Yes, but he's a handsome young scamp, and at forty a woman forgives much in a younger man. That he will tire of me and cast me away, in a year-perhaps in six months. I anticipate just that. I know all these things and my intuition warns me of others, that such a nice old gentleman as you never would dream Jealousy, on my part, for a change. Horrid of. scenes. Even, possibly, violence. Blows. Yet, I'm going on. Because, you see, all my life men have been my work. Now, thanks to your generous antenuptial settlement, I am a success. Henceforth, I can afford to play. And now, try to take your nap, as the doctor ordered. I shall leave quietly after you doze, so that I may not disturb you. Pleasant dreams, old dear .- James Kevin McGuinness

The Dilettante

6.

H OW smartly his heels tap the concrete pavement with a sharp staccato report as he saunters along the Avenue with an aristocratic air. He passes by with a modulated step, a look of genteel indifference on his sensitive face, his eyes focused into a permanent stare, seeing everything and observing nothing. Let us follow in his wake and observe the sunlight ply its diffused rays upon the spats of dazzling whiteness which adorn his shoes of irreproachable shape.

Light, greyish trousers encase his legs in ample folds, while a waistcoat of the same material fits snugly around his slender waist, the color of which is echoed yet again by a soft, crushed hat with rakish brim. His coat is of dark serge, relieving the lightness of his garments with striking contrast, further heightened by his blackened shoes, as carefully varnished as a painting on exhibition day.

Black too, is the narrow ribbon at the end of which dangles a single glass, that time-honored touchstone of the epicure. A wide cravat loosely knotted into a bow suggests an artistic temperament as do also his fingers, long and tapering, playing with the ivory head of a stick swung smartly under one arm.

Ah, a Monticelli; he murmurs as the dazzling spats stop before a plated window revealing a court scene on a canvas incrusted with gorgeous paint of many hues. For a moment the figures in scarlet and gold seen through a rich iridescent glow rise to the music of the unseen players in a dance.

Alas, that it should be for only a moment. For now appear the reflections of other faces in the plated window. Also painted, but not on canvas. Between glances at the Monticelli and glances at the owner of the immaculate spats who is standing in a pose the despair of the envious, they whisper to each other in sotto voice. A poet, an artist? Or perhaps a musician?

And he, with a sublime indifference like that of some Oriental diety in the presence of its idolators, wends his way northwards, tapping the pavement with his heels of polished leather.—S. Albert Reese





PROFILES

A Genius Who Made Art Into Big Business

HEN the history of American art is written it may be set down that what Woolworth was to the notions and household hardware trade, Walter L. Clark was to the business of art. At the present writing only a few hundred persons know Mr. Clark as the head of that unique institution, the Grand Central Gallery of Art. In a generation

or so, when this gauche country of ours has become more art conscious, and every family that owns a flivver will also own a native Rembrandt or Corot, the name of Walter Clark may be as well known as that of Henry Ford.

Again I say, may. I am no prophet and several things could happen to upset my calculations, such as the dearth of men with ideas or the breaking of the contact between Walter Clark and men of ideas. And then too, the very thing that Mr. Clark's scheme is based on —the growth of art consciousness in this country—may be the very poison that kills his plan. People with a fully developed art sense might choose their own and not accept the edict of the master of the mill



Walter L. Clark

edict of the master of the mill atop the greatest railroad terminal in the world.

If you are a reader who abhors art do not turn from this chronicle. Herein you may find a passably interesting account of the favorite American God the Man Who Does Things. For Walter L. Clark is such a man and with a vision and technique that will accelerate the envy glands in every reader of the *American Magazine*. Mr. Clark was an artist, it is true, but that is something to be forgiven by the rough golfer or bank president; he is primarily the organizer and producer and maker of two coins growing where only one grew before. Especially should his early attempts at painting be forgiven as it led him to The Big Idea.

Let us imagine Mr. Clark on his country estate near Stockbridge, contemplating the golf links. As a member of the greens committee, it gave him considerable worry, this constant rebirth of the grass. No sooner would one blade be mowed down than a dozen would spring up. Wherefore this fecundity? This is only a surmise, of course. I have been told that Mr. Clark was once the proprietor of a milk bottle top concern that was highly successful. Perhaps a better figure of speech would be to picture Mr. Clark in his factory watching the little machines turn out milk bottle tops. At such a time he might have sighed and said to himself: "There is perfection, the highest achievement. A machine that turns out millions of caps, with no lost motion, a minimum of wear and tear and less than one-tenth of one per cent of imperfect tops. Why is not all the world so

organized? Why is not art on such a basis?"

Mr. Clark had given a lot of thought to art. As I said he had painted in a mild way, and the studio freedom (which means nothing to you, dear reader, unless you are an artist or a reader of Snappy Stories) had doubtless attracted him. Then, he had lived at the National Arts Club. On those dark walls hang all the art that is geometrically possible, a few spaces being left open where windows and stairways have been placed. Again, I like to imagine Mr. Clark sighing and saying: "Here is art at its best. (He didn't say, "to my way of thinking." That would not have been Mr.

Clark.) Why is it here? Obviously because it is not sold." Then, too, he had seen the attics of his friends cluttered with paintings. What was wrong with American art? Not the art itself, for Mr. Clark had seen the pictures and they were all pretty: cows in pastures, sunlight through the trees and—and, for adults of course, nude women.

The fault, then, with American art must be its merchandizing. With that magic word all the artist dropped out of our hero. He was again the business man. He thought about it steadily for weeks, he once told me. There had been a scheme at one time in the age of innocence where artists banded together and tried to dispose of their wares. But the State decided it was a lottery and stopped it. But the basic plan was sound. The thing to do was to make it conform to the law.

With the scheme in mind and the knowledge that the artist himself is seldom a good business man, Clark set to work. He interviewed the best artists. He presented it this way: You can paint more pictures than you can sell. Obviously your selling method is wrong. Your gallery charges you 40 to 60 per cent for any picture it sells. How would you like to sell all your pictures at a commission of only 10 per cent?



All you have to do is to sign on the dotted line and present gratis to my gallery one of your old pictures every year. The agreement was for three years. The plan met with eager approval. Soon Clark had one hundred artists signed up.

Then he took the plan to persons of wealth and presented the reverse side of it to the prospective patrons: how would you like to become a patron of art and for \$600 receive a painting by one of the best painters in America? All you have to do is to pledge me \$600 a year for three years and every year you will be allowed to draw a number from a hat. If you get No. I you get your choice of I00 paintings by the best one hundred artists. No. 2 is second choice and on down. And the plan here met with enthusiastic success. Patrons who pay never under \$1,000 for a canvas felt they could not lose.

The next step was for Clark to get a gallery. The real estate agent given the task of renting the number of acres required by the Clark scheme was in despair. He said it couldn't be done outside of Madison Square Garden or the Grand Central Station. "That would be fine," said Clark. "What!" exclaimed the bewildered agent. "Grand Central Station," beamed Clark. And, waxing sarcastic, the agent replied that Mr. Smith, president of the New York Central, might like to keep his trains there, as the tracks were laid. But Mr. Clark with the realtor in one hand and Lady Luck in the other dashed over to see Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith was also a man of vision. As he listened to the scheme he doubtless saw the possibilities. He couldn't give up the ground floor, but there was the top. That would be better on account of the light. The rent? Oh say about \$15,000 a year. Fine, and the necessary remodelling? The New York Central would be glad to do it. They did, at a cost of about six years' rent. Mr. Smith must have been thinking of something else. Oddly enough the awkward title of "Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue," changed to the Grand Central Art Gallery.

Mr. Clark spent the next few months dodging Luck. She pursued him at every turning. With a fanfare of publicity, with engraved invitations and Social Register Reception Committees, Art was put on its feet. The newspapers greeted the venture with all the space such an enterprise deserved: front page stories and editorials, even if here and there an art critic was snooty at this idea of factoryizing Art.

I saw Mr. Clark shortly after the Gallery had opened. He was enthusiastic, not so much about the sales, for they had been few, but about the factory hands. "The amazing part of it is," he said, "the productivity of the artists. In going about I find that their attics are full of pictures. Hundreds of them that have never been sold."

I asked that, once this accumulation of paintings was disposed of, what would he do? After an hour with Mr. Clark I felt that a few months would eat up the surplus.

"Why, they will paint more," he said. "You've no idea of their cleverness. They can turn out one of those big canvases in a day! I've seen them do studies in an hour or two! The thing is tremendous. It's the greatest merchandizing proposition ever discovered. I can't understand why it hasn't been turned up before."

Genius seldom lumps her gifts to one man, but spreads them out among the many. Thus one man has visions, another the ability to organize them, another to turn them into salable products. Clark seems to belong to the latter category. It was shortly after Mr. Clark discovered the fecundity of the American artist that he also discovered a certain lassitude on the part of the buying public. The man he consulted suggested that a new public be created by a campaign of education in the women's clubs of the country.

Mr. Clark did not believe there was anything outside New York. Then the man told about the growing cultural consciousness of the second generation away from the pioneers, mentioning a little hamlet in Kansas where a man had the best collection of Zorn etchings in the world. All this was new to Mr. Clark and he was skeptical. Not so the informant, who had read the current *International Studio*. That Mr. Clark is receptive and can assimilate ideas is shown by his use of the man's plan. And June saw a Zorn exhibit at the Gallery, almost intact from the Carnegie Institute show of last Autumn.

The Sargent exhibit last Winter was also a financial success and was held over several weeks. It was Mr. Clark's plan to charge one dollar admission and also one dollar for the catalogue which carried considerable advertising. Then, there was the idea of the school with some of his hundred best artists as teachers. Mr. Clark seemed to have discovered the formula and could dispense with press agents. He can always get all the newspaper space he needs.

The scheme was formulated on a three-year trial. The end is drawing near. Everything seems rosy and the Grand Central Art Galleries doubtless will soon issue a statement showing the increased Cultural Consciousness of the Interior, the Higher Productivity of Artists and the Abolishing of the Garret, with graphs and charts. Then Mr. Clark will be known to the public for what he is—the man who made art pay!

If Mr. Clark has a motto it probably is, "All things must be beautiful." Perhaps the word industrious is in there some place. The Galleries are supposed to be the handsomest in the world. And Mr. Clark is determined that the art he displays for sale shall conform to the beauty of his temple. He does not like ugly stuff, feeling that beauty alone endures. At the time of the Galleries' inception he was urged to include some of the modern Americans, but refused on the ground that their output was not pretty and that he was interested only in "pretty pictures."

An ordinary business man might be wary of marshalling one hundred artists and trying to bring profit out of their temperaments. Not so Mr. Clark. He did not believe in the Independents, where the individual was the judge of what was good in art. Neither did he believe in the jury system. After all there can be disagreement in a jury. (But with one man, there can be no disagreement.) Mr. Clark was bent on the largest art factory and disposal plant in the world. Naturally he would pick his hands with care, putting up the "No More Help Wanted" sign to any who wore red shirts or wooden shoes.

-Van Gogh

NEWSPAPERS, MOVIES, CRIME

(Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by the author, who has just returned from a trip to somewhere or other, during which he made a thorough investigation into the methods of distributing some kind of propaganda.)

S CARCELY a day goes by that a letter like the following is not received by every daily newspaper and movie producer:

Sir: Your dirty sheet [or recent production] is responsible for the wave of crime at present inundating our fair city. If you didn't make such stories public no one would be attracted to crime, but you do and they are.

A Baseball Fan For Twenty Years.

The newspapers answer such letters with an occasional editorial beginning, "Elsewhere on this page a correspondent blames the newspapers and movies for the current crime wave at present inundating our fair city, etc., etc." The movies reply to their critics by merely releasing another "Her Scarlet Sin" or "His Mauve Transgression" and letting it go at that.

There the matter has been allowed to rest. No intensive study had been made of the situation until I made it.

Now for a little talk about me, without which an article of this kind is not complete. I am one who likes to get to the bottom of things. In turn, a deep sea diver, foundation digger, subway builder and miner, getting to the bottom of things has been my ruling passion. Being, therefore, that kind of person, I determined to get to the bottom of this crime wave situation.

The facts I have unearthed prove conclusively to my mind that the letter writers have been absolutely right.

Their charges that the newspapers and movies are responsible for crime have a substantial foundation of truth.

Each time a crime is committed, my investigation disclosed, the newspapers publish the details and the

movies film a five-reeler based upon them. A clipping bureau maintained by Associated Outlaws, Inc., the nation-wide crooks' society, cuts out every newspaper crime story and sends a staff of scanners (or "reviewers," as they are called in the argot of the underworld) to report the plot of each crime film. These clippings and reports are filed for reference in the organization's library at Sedalia, Ohio. Every crook in the country has access to this library free of charge.

The plan works in two ways. The story or film of an unsuccessful attempt at crime shows the crook how to avoid mistakes.

In the opposite event, additional data are added to the technique of crime. In either event profitable knowledge is gleaned.

To this vast store of information all the members of Associated Outlaws, Inc., are given, as has been said, free access. In return a small percentage (from .00038 to .00041 per cent) of the proceeds of every crime committed is paid into the organization's treasury to cover the cost of maintaining the library.

And now we arrive at the nub of our particular investigation. A further 5 per cent of each haul is paid into a fund which Associated Outlaws, Inc., distributes annually among the newspapers and movies of the country. The papers get theirs under the guise of contributions to fresh air, save-our-streets and similar campaigns. The movies' share is hidden under the pretext of stock subscriptions. Thus both are encouraged to continue the publication of crime stories.

Newspaper reporters will tell you, perhaps, that this yarn is a fabrication. But reporters are not on the inside of their papers' policies. Editors will say the same. But editors have their jobs to look out for. Newspaper owners and film producers will tell you I'm lying. But—they have dividends to earn.

The only cure I can see is to make crime unpopular.

(An ensuing article will show that the newspapers and movies are not the cause of crime waves. Look for it.)—*Baron Ireland*





WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA 1

THE









These ladies have found the sought for substitute for cross word puzzles—collapsible chairs.

The Nut Brown Maid looking for her friends before the ginger ale goes flat on her (1,000 of these).

· · · · · · · · · · · ·

Reasons murder

The first vice-pr from his investment

YORKER

H MY FATHER WAS A SAILOR



Outward Bound.

stifiable.

nt tries to get some interest

They made a good-looking party at luncheon, but seeing each other for the first time in bathing suits, well—rather like grass that has grown all Spring under a log.

The new beach censor learns that bathing cloaks disclose a multitude of sins.

PARROTRY, SOCIETY SPORT

ALL of fashionable Long Island has taken up parrotry. Other Summer pastimes have bowed before this king of recreations which is in reality a modified form of an ancient sport. Along both shores, and on all save the posted estates, from Canoe Place to Smallwood's, gay parties of hunters, emulating the splendor of Medieval courtiers, are seen bearing parrots on their wrists or eagerly watching the chase.

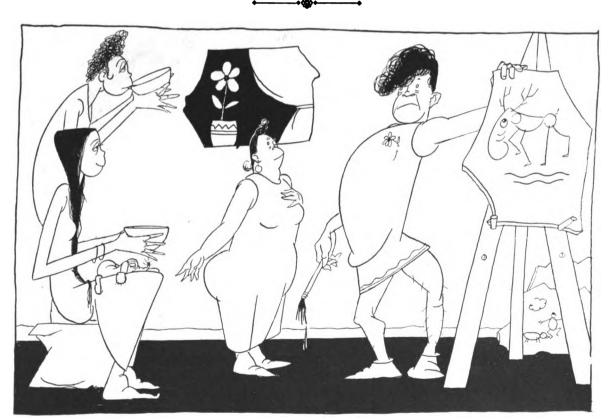
The thrill of other contests has become tame beside the exciting features of this most recent divertissement and kennels throughout the island, having relegated dogs to the limbo of the middle classes, are now devoting all their efforts to parrot training. Polo fields are grown high with weeds and golf courses are the scene of brave hunts for the wild birds of Nassau and Suffolk counties. The beagling coat has been replaced by the parrot blazer which is somewhat similar in design but follows, rather, the steeplechase idea, the parroteer wearing club colors or those of the individual bird.

Parrotry is almost identical with falconry or hawking. It was introduced into Long Island by J. Mincing Twee, formerly Master of Chair Hounds of the Rockinghorse Tap Club. Mr. Twee, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the sport, has studied the older mode of hunting and has inaugurated certain changes to conform with the more humane ideas of the present day. The principal difference is that in parrotry the prey meets with practically a painless death. Instead of attacking their victims in the manner of falcons and tearing them to pieces, the parrots are taught to talk them to death.

Mr. Twee says: "Kennels are fit only for preliminary schooling of parrots, viz., for trailing, retrieving and coming to wrist, as the expression is. Inasmuch as the crude kennel breeders are of the silent and less aggressive type, they are therefore unqualified to teach the surest method of killing by conversation. The clubs," he concludes, "make the best finishing schools."

The South Shore Chatter and Hunt Club, the pioneer in parrotry, is expected to carry off first honors in the coming meet for the championship of Long Island. Its younger matrons and Wall Street members, coached by Mr. Twee, have thus far developed a flock of birds that easily outclasses any of the others. These parrots, however, are composed of two different breeds and it is expected that the North Shore Gin Rickey and Gossip Club, which has persisted in picking its hunters from one type (i. e., the hardiest and best long distance talker) will do much to offset the superior training of the mixed flock. But, in the words of Mr. Twee: "Parrotry is twin to the oldest sport in the world. May the best bird win."

-Philip Pratt



Blessed be the artist for he feeds The soul with beauty which it needs. Where genius lets its fires roar Are always ladies, who adore

The symptoms of his malady At five o'clock with toast and tea. Behold, above, the early start Of noble prehistoric art.—Hans Stengel



The Theatre

HAT WOMEN DO?" had to open, of course, at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night, July 20. And so a number of people who knew that the show had previously been known as "The Female of the Species" went to see it anyway.

Some shows are so bad that they are amusing. Other shows are so bad that they are embarrassing. And then there are still others, of which "What Women Do?" is hereby elected an eternal paradigm, that are just bad enough to be soporific.

There is nothing in "What Women Do?" to interfere with any playgoer's nap except the unnecessarily loud tone of the actors' voices. It has all happened before, it will all happen again, and it means less than nothing that it has or has not transpired.

A young physician, it seems, has not been as attentive to his wife as might have been desired, at least by her. He has been seen around town with another young woman. So what does the wife, influenced by well-meaning but ignorant advisers, do but set out to make him jealous? Unfortunately, she is caught by the husband at one of those embarrassing moments the stage provides, in which the husband stands in a doorway at such an angle that he believes the other man has his arms around his wife's shoulders, whereas he's really only picking a piece of lint from her frock. Anyway, it's something like that and the wife is sent out into the night.

There elapse four years. The husband is now world famous, what with this new serum he's discovered for the treatment of spinal meningitis. But he is not happy. You can see that. Nor has the other woman, despite the most flagrant advances, achieved anything in her plan of winning him to her. He doesn't exactly say so, but the person who sits behind you in the theatre is whispering out loud that he still loves the wife whom he so unjustly accused and ejected for the second act finale.

There enters then a woman, heavily veiled, with a babe in her arms. Well, there's one thing and another and the doctor finds out that it's his wife and the baby is his—and hers. So at the end of the fourth act the stage manager stands anxiously in the wings waiting for the doctor to say, "Can you ever forgive me?," because that's his cue for a slow curtain.

A number of capable actors have lent—or maybe sold—their services to this stencil. They include Mona Kingsley, who is very beautiful; Irene Purcell, 15

Music

AIDA" and two performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were washed out early last week, with the upshot that most of the souls sometimes referred to as music lovers had to content themselves with terrible radio interpretations of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." A few who lost themselves on the City College terrain in a search for the Ninth Symphony found solace in two rousing orchestral programs given by Mr. Van Hoogstraten and a shirtsleeved Philharmonic in the Great Hall.

The heat in the Hall failed to discourage the Stadium's popular conductor, and the orchestra displayed great virtuosity as well as an excellent assortment of white shirts. Reports of the Polo Grounds "Aida" by the Municipal Opera Company (the large M signifies that it's a private enterprise) must wait until next week. What with the "Aida" at the Yankee Stadium last month, the Polo Grounds project and another "Aida" promised for Ebbets Field next month, it seems that some people can't pass a ball park without getting up a performance of Verdi's opera.

HERE'S a hint to pianists, with an unusually dirty look at the radio brand. Why not try on your dear friends of the air some of the "other" compositions of writers of hackneyed bits? There are Chopin Nocturnes other than the one in E flat, and you might experiment with the Liszt "Liebestraum" No. I instead of the bowl of sweet water known as No. 3. What about Rubinstein's twenty-three unplayed "Kammenoi-Ostrows"? Liszt's Seventh Hungarian Rhapsody? A different Rachmaninoff prelude? This department herewith institutes a free program service for pianists and they needn't even give THE NEW YORKER a credit line.

Radio pianists, to continue with this perhaps distasteful theme, are becoming addicted to stroking out "Waters of Minnetonka" and like confections in what their announcers designate as "semi-classical" transcriptions. Semi-classical music is almost as bad as semi-professional musicians.

Another hint to pianists: Sooner or later it'll be as





Illustrating the Tradition of How Cézanne Threw Away Canvases While He Worked in the Fields and How These Masterpieces Were Cunningly Siezed and Preserved for Posterity By Art Lovers and Collectors

commonplace as starting a program with the Bach Chromatic Fantasie, so why not play some of the music euphemistically said to be representative of American rhythm? We have in mind a stunning arrangement, still in manuscript, of George Gershwin's "Swanee," by Harry Kaufman. The business of separating Mr. Kaufman from the score we leave to you.—R. A. S.

Art

I T is a flaming torch of flowers in the window of the Durand-Ruel Galleries that will lure the passerby into the current exhibition hung for the sleepwalkers of the Summer months. The piece is by Albert Andre and is one of those things that your correspondent goes nutty over. We swear it is not the heat for it came upon our vision in the early hours before the asphalt had begun to stick to our shoes. They take it seriously. We suppose the answer is, that school of painters and what they give you is their emotional reaction to a vase of flowers in a technique that follows the conception rather than dictates it. The result is always an emotional punch.

Why they can do it and so many of the others can not, we are too much novice to say. There is never anything of the slickness about it that flows from so many of the clever American brushes. There is never any of the mark of an exercise in it, or an air of "Here's what I can do when I turn to flowers." It may be because they have so much fun in doing it, or it may be that they know how; anyway there it is, a vase of living flowers with atmosphere around it.

Inside the cool gallery there is a satisfying show of the best that Durand-Ruel trade in-Degas, Monet, Cassatt, Renoir, Sisley. And by the way, if the subject can be opened again, we should like to restate a theory we tried to express at the time of the printed announcement of the burning of the lesser works of Willard Metcalf. Here is a little moral for the fire department gentlemen of the committee in the studio sweepings of Degas. Bits of studies he made at the opera for his canvases, sometimes a leg or arm of a ballet girl, bring \$800 or \$1,500. And if we had \$800 or \$1,500 we would straightway invest in a Degas. If a man is anything of an artist, everything he does is some part of the record of his genius. It is only the hideous American standard of success that requires everything to be 100 per cent, topnotch, A-1. Imagine, if you feel like it, the loss to art if friendly executors had decided to burn the things of Degas they thought unworthy. Fortunately, the California slogan of every day a sunny day with no rain (or earthquakes) had not entered France at the time of Degas's death.

Aside from the pastel and drawings of Degas there are two of his oils of ballet girls. They alone are worth a trip to the Fifty-seventh Street show. And Mary Cassatt is there, properly along with Degas. Pissarro has two or three, a nude bathing, a beautiful garden of light and shadow and a cow with a sense of humor. If you are fed up on tragic cows, you will like Pissarro's contemplative bovine.

The bridge over the lily pond, by Monet, is on the walls for the Summer and his thrilling little raiway station. Then there is a pot of tulips that w ill convince you that a lot of the contemporary boys a nd



girls have been peeking, and through a small keyhole, at that.

Something you get out of a visit to the Durand-Ruel Galleries that you seldom get elsewhere. Masters at selection, they remind you again of the great dignity and seriousness of art. And in and out of the large room your progress is made pleasant by the best of Sisley, Renoir, Boudin, Guillaumin.

-М. Р.

Moving Pictures

AS far as we are concerned there is only one (1) authority, in this world at least, on Sex (you may have heard of the thing-it has to do with specie propagation, marriage, love, alimony, hearthstone worship and other such trivia) and his name is Ernst Lubitsch. The esteemed Herr specializes in the more social side of the biological manifestations in the human animal, doing so in what we might term (might we, please?) unglamorous, unillusioned fashion. In more fluent words, the estimable Nordic (of the Teuton branch) recognizes the human animal under sophisticated sex circumstances as an ignoble concoction of surly humors, strange and endless vain conceits, silly shifting appetites, and inconsiderate, selfish, cruel, and illogical desires, but holds them entirely blameless for being as human as that all the while. In fact, he laughs at them.

All of which lecture in the Seldes manner, is not meant to prejudice you against the man, but to let you know that the Attila of Hollywood has done another sex masterpiece in "Kiss Me Again." It is Continental high comedy done in the Central European manner with germanic harshness and irony of attack. It is as far from America as Mr. Lubitsch is above sophistication of Mr. Will H. Hays.

It goes like this: Mr. Monte Blue is married to Miss Marie Prevost and she is unsettled under the yoke. So she naturally leans towards the sveltitude of Mr. John Roche with his bushy coiffure and tapering, pianistic fingers, both of which are necessary implements to his love making. Thereupon ensues an old-fashioned and ordinary triangle jumbling, out of which Mr. Blue emerges with his lady.

But in the meantime, Mr. Lubitsch has held the hands of his actors, shown them how to bicker, quarrel, heckle, peck, pick at each other and vie for the upper hand in the ever shifting love situation. As a result we have startling pantomime and hilarious picture.

ONE might gather from the continuous ripples of amusement and amazed gasps of recognition of the Truth that swept the audience (especially ladies in the late afternoon of life) that "A Slave of Fashion" (Loew's State Week of August 2) was something cut from life by Ibsen and made extraordinarily comic by Molière. By consulting our program we found that Samuel Shipman was responsible. To us, it seemed that it was Mr. Shipman in a playful and Hans Andersonian mood; quite as burly as his "Cheaper to Marry" and more moral mood, but much more excusable since the picture can be dismissed as merely bad movie rather than be disliked as evidence from Mr. Shipman for the granite eternality of Moses's epigrams.

THERE is a depth of imagination to "The Street of Forgotten Men." It is a story with vast possibilities in dramatic irony and character portrayal, but these have only been developed partially and are almost snowed under by truck sentimentality, movie theatricality, poor juveniles and inconsistent, punchless story detail.

Had the cruelty of the blind man's nature been more fully intensified and the queerness of Mr. Marmont been more competently studied, the picture might have been great. If only a Russian had written it! As it is, it is well worth a trial visit. -T. S.

Books

BACK before the war, when he was merely A. A. M., *Punch* had American readers who were Milne fans. For some, F. P. A. had discovered him; we had happened to, out in the sticks, and he was our favorite humorist in weekly practice. Part of what we liked so much was his freedom from makeup, meaning from professional solicitudes. He never seemed to be working at it, turning a stunt for a living, with his mind on Old Subscriber's tastes or the Man in the Street's capacities, but always to be a blithe amateur spirit breezing as he listed.

Since then that quality has become more common. Other young writers have risen on both sides of the Atlantic who can be as amusing in equally irresponsible-looking fashions, and some of them have beaten the earlier Milne at some of his own specialties. Still, there is a delectable Milne-ness over all he has ever written, even over his less inspired plays, and it makes his old Punch contributions well worth having. The best can now be had in two collections, "The Holliday Round" and "Oranges and Lemons" (Dutton). The latter is a re-issue, but its previous sale was small, and in it is some of the very best light verse of recent years—for instance, "From a Full Heart," which F. P. A. has celebrated. We should say these two books, between them, contained just about one bookful of things that you ought not to miss. In other words, get both and use discretion.

Where Milne to date has no rival, with us, is in "When We Were Very Young," of which a holiday edition is preparing.—*Touchstone*

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.





SPORTS OF THE WEEK

HERE is nothing in this country to compare with "Cowes Week," in England. "Cowes Week," the first week in August, is the premier yachting event of the season in Great Britain; boats from all over the Continent and from the British Isles compete in races up and down the Solent. By this time the social season in London is on the wane, and the little towns of Cowes and Ryde, Newport and Ventnor, and the country houses scattered from one end of the Isle of Wight to the other are filled with the elect of the capital for a brief time before departing for the moors and salmon streams of Scotland and Northumberland in late August and September.

If we have anything at all like this great sporting and social event, it is certainly Larchmont Race Week held annually toward the end of July. Larchmont Week ended with the long ocean race of the Cruising Club of America from Larchmont to Gloucester, Massachusetts, a distance of 256 nautical miles, taking the contestants up to New England around Cape Cod.

The scene from the Castle, the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, in August is exceedingly brilliant. Flags flying, there are at anchorage boats large and small from all over Europe, ranging in size from the six-meter racing craft to the Britannia, the Royal Yacht built by the late King Edward. Just beyond the anchorage pass the big fifty thousand ton liners to their piers at Southampton situated a few miles up the famous Virginia Water. Picturesque as this world famous scene is, however, I am not sure that it is as beautiful as Larchmont Harbor during Race Week.

BEFORE the famous old Yacht Club with its broad verandas and lawns sloping down to the landing stage, are a

half a thousand yachts of all description: large and small power and sail boats, launches and skiffs and canoes weaving their way in and out among the bigger craft. Just outside the entrance of the harbor, so admirably constructed for a yacht anchorage, is the boat of the Regatta Committee, Satan's Toe, with E. G. Anderson and his assistants preparing for the series of races to be run off that particular afternoon, while well out in the Sound are the boats of the class jockeying for a start. Some visiting foreign celebrity once said the two most colorful sporting events in this country were the Harvard and Yale boat race at New London and the Army and Navy football game at New York. I am not sure that it would not be necessary to include Race Week at Larchmont on a sunny day.

I say a sunny day, advisedly. Larch-



mont Week this year had all sorts of weather to contend with. Monday a stiffish southwest breeze helped make the day a good one for the boats, while Tuesday there was less wind and several showers. Wednesday was the worst kind of a day afloat, and several yachts came to grief as they lugged sail through fierce squalls. In the heavy going on that afternoon more than one carried away her mast while many of them got out of hand and were hard to manage. In spite of the terrific squalls which swept over the Sound, it is noteworthy that in all ninety-eight boats went to the starting Wednesday afternoon. The rest of the week was sailed under far better conditions, ending up with a splendid day on Sunday for the ocean race of the Cruising Club.

LARCHMONT WEEK this year saw a record number of craft of all classes racing out on the Sound, and one day there were nearly a hundred and fifty at once under sail, a magnificent sight. On Tuesday, usually a dull day from the racing point of view, as it is customary at Larchmont to give it over to acquatic sports, some of the most interesting races and closest finishes of the week developed. On that afternoon a special anniversary race was held for the New York Yacht Club thirty-footers on the twentieth anniversary of their appearance in these waters.

It was over twenty years ago, in May, 1905, that the eighteen yachts of this class were launched at the famous Herreshoff yard in Bristol, Rhode Island.

It is doubtful if their designer or any of their owners ever imagined they would survive a war, plus twenty years of active racing; but twelve of the original boats actually went to the starting line.

HE wind from the southwest was fairly stiff when the gun started the twelve off on this memorable race. In a bunch they caught the wind and were away together on the broad reach to Blue Fish Shoal buoy, the first leg of the triangular fourteen-mile course. Narcissus, sailed by Frank Page, went into the lead on the second leg, a beat across the Sound to a buoy off Hempstead Harbor, but was closely followed by Ogden Reid's Lena. On the windward leg the breeze came on considerably, and Lena liking the increasingly rough going, worked out ahead. As she came down homeward her lead opened up, and although a rain blew up and the going was anything but pleasant, she lengthened her lead, crossing the line with two minutes to spare over Narcissus.

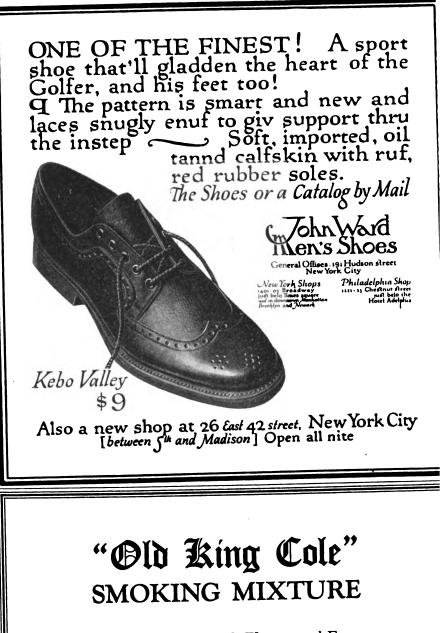
The closest kind of a finish resulted between the second and third boats, the entire fleet coming down in a blanket finish. Between the Narcissus and Oriole, well-handled by S. C. Pirie, there was but thirty-four seconds difference, while the next two, Phantom and Nautillus were close behind. It was a fitting climax to twenty years of honorable racing, during which these craft must have sailed well over five hundred races, and goodness knows how many thousand miles in actual competition.

In the Star Class a special race was sailed on Tuesday to choose a Western Long Island defender for the Star Class International Cup. Vega, sailed by Duncan Sterling, Jr., took away honors, and also won the race in this class on the following day, Wednesday. His time, 59 minutes and 40 seconds for the five-mile course was fast. The finish between the second boat in this class on that day was Only thirty-nine seconds wonderful. separated Adrian Iselin's Ace, F. H. Van Winkle's Themis, B. L. Linkfield's Naia III, and J. R. Robinson's Little Bear. Themis and Naia III were actually timed as crossing the line together in a dead heat.

Social honor falls to the tireless regatta Committee of the Larchmont Yacht Club consisting of E. G. Anderson, F. M. Hoyt, F. L. Anthony, and R. W. St. Hill, who stuck out each day regardless of the weather, and certainly on one or two days the deck of the Committee boat was anything but a pleasant place to be. They handled the large entries in the twenty or more classes with great efficiency, and the boats were up and away at the starting line for every event. A feat of no small proportions.

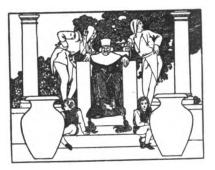
-J. R. T.

An actor was arrested the other night after a party for trying to chop down a hotel on Seventy-first Street. The police say he gave a spirited performance and almost brought down the house.



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A General View of the Biltmore Cascades.

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

SECOND visit to the Biltmore Cas-Acades gave further revelation of the changes that have taken place in taste and decoration for restaurants within the last five years. This roof garden seems to be the only bower worthy of the name left in a town where quiet or startling simplicity reigns. The place is spacious, ornate, flowery—covered with all manner of roses, fountains, and trellises. This is in striking contrast to the absolute quiet and absence of obtrusive decoration to take your mind off the excellent food and service at exclusive restaurants as Voisin and the Elysée or to the vivid but restrained appearance of the Crillon, which has wisely removed its torrid Mexican murals for the Summer and replaced them with refreshing views of snow-capped mountains.

The Biltmore appears to have passed its vogue as a smart rendez-vous; it is perilously full of traveling salesmen and transients in general, but the floor is still good, the food and service still excellent and it is still the place to take visitors from out-of-town who would be bored at the quietness of the Colony and assert that more fancy places abound in the old home town. At the Cascades, evening dress is quite in order, though, personally I think that the presence of daylight on all the roofs at dinner hour makes décolletage look extremely silly.

More popular, and more informal, is the Pennsylvania roof which is especially desirable if you can get one of the coveted tables on the tiny balcony hanging over New York City. And the music is so superb that you forget that the floor is too crowded to allow much abandon in dancing.

ANYBODY over the age of eighteen who thinks that Greenwich Village is amusing at any time can go right on thinking so, because I have studied enough psychology at Horace Mann to know that such cases are past all human help. In the Summer time, especially, the very thought of the crowded, underground restaurants that prevail there is too terrible to contemplate. But if you must be a sightseer or a flapper, whatever the cost, the perennial Greenwich Village Inn, at Sheridan Square, and the Blue Horse are about the safest bets in warm weather.

The Inn is spacious, very rowdy, filled



The Cascades—A More Intimate Observation.

with slightly moth-eaten Villagers and even more objectionable people from uptown. The orchestra is as bad as in all the Village places; the food is above the average. Under certain circumstances notably a rosy glow surrounding a party of people who don't much care where they are so long as there is noise and they are together—this place is adequate enough.

At the Blue Horse, the cheerful, lipsticked flapper and her escort are in complete command. The painted decorations and the cunning goldfish, floating around in glass enclosures set in the walls, give the effect of coolness so much that I never could make out whether the temperature was lower than on the street or not. Certainly, the atmosphere is intimate—the casual tables set in stalls around the dance floor aid this effect a good deal—and it really is not so bad. The orchestra keeps time, too! What more can any self-respecting person ask in the age of radio and balloon tires?

F course the places to which one can motor out-of-town for sandwiches and a bite of supper after dark are numberless, and the one you attend depends largely upon the place in the road where hunger overtakes you. The most attrac-tive of them, however, is the Valley View Farms, above White Plains on the Sawmill River Road. Heaven alone knows why anyone should be motoring so far out into the country of an evening with no particular objective, and it's none of my business. But if you do happen to be out that way, for one reason or another, search for this delightful old farmhouse with Japanese waiters and Japanese lanterns hovering over the tables on the tiny terrace, and have refreshments there. Inside, a rustic living room contains a Victrola, player-piano and card-tables which may be obtained if the hostess likes you. To my mind, this is the most enchanting place to wind up a long country drive for miles around.

Two other places, rather too much on the tea-room line for the taste of one who is fed up on "Ye Olde Innes" of every description, but "just darling" to the doting aunt from Dubuque, are "The Open Door" opposite the Pickwick Arms on the Boston Post Road in Greenwich, and "The White Swan" on the Main Street in White Plains. Both of these are crisp, inexpensive, and ever so slightly arty in the decoration.

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Eighteen amazing young women calling themselves the Gertrude Hoffman girls, plus the amusing Phil Baker, speed and songs.

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THE FALL GUY-Bltinge

A shrewdly constructed and generally diverting comedy of New York life.

ROSE-MARIE-Imperial

The most elaborate of the season's musical offerings. Desiree Ellinger is now singing the leading rôle in place of Mary Ellis.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Kiaw

The Pulitzer Prize play by Sidney Howard and extraordinary acting, in addition, by Pauline Lord.

GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

A merry and sparkling revuelet, put on by the junior players of the Theatre Guild.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

A boisterous burlesque of the conventional mystery play.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

The best "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has yet produced, thanks to the merrymaking of W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

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A beautiful production, with comedy by Leon Errol's legs.

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Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

HUNTINGTON COLLECTION - Metropolitan

One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room previous to their amalgamation in the galleries.

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New York University Campus, nightly except Tuesdays and Thursdays. They say it's hard to get there from downtown, but a mob does it anyhow.

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All kinds of bands on evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, with orchestras working on Fridays.

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THREE MAIDENS went shopping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat" and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of quality and service at the stores	Dancing	FASCINATING SHOPS that would grace a King's Highway, glorify a pea- sant's road or, as they do, foresooth, make a shoppers' treasure house of the sidewalks of New York, are posted within these columns for your wise selection.	
that they would visit, on their trip.	MR. OSCAR DURYEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances Ballroom, Hotel des Artistes, r West 67th St., N. Y.	Therefore, O Shoppers, wander ye no more o'ere the desolate city streets, in a fog of indecision, but let THE NEW YORKER serve as a guide to some quiet shop, of a million sweet delights.	
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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

- Some of The Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While
- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). The freighter Vega, young George Glanvil high-mindedly commanding, bears Mrs. Salvia to Africa in quest of her useless husband.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). A rational and interesting treatment of a sombre sex theme.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A long, pleasant novel that successfully assumes that the Revolution wasn't fought on stilts.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). Wheat belt realism, and a welcome change from the usual corn belt product.
- THE GURRMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Seltser). A French noble family in the 1890s, elaborately recovered from memory. As the little girl said about walking on water, reading it is no fool's job.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). An Italian serving couple, and a tempest in a teapot. Either, in its line, would be hard to excel.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). He and the girl he didn't marry, and others, in delightful sketches.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer). A restless romantic marries one of those damned good women—and then look what happens!
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). A wholesale bootlegger proves to be a chevalier, tragically misplaced.

SHORT STORIES

MR. BISBEE'S PRINCESS, by Julian Street (Doubleday, Page). Three stories, one longish, by one of the really good fiction writers you meet with in mass-circulation magazines.

GENERAL

- THE HOLIDAY ROUND and THE SUNNY SIDE, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two collections of Milne's contributions to Punch: sketches, burlesques, etc. "The Sunny Side" includes some of the best of his verse.
- THE QUEEN OF COOLS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis, famous in London, tells her lively story to Mary Lawton. PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf).
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf). Lumber camp cook-house inventions in the way of becoming myths.
- way of becoming myths. JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnams). Essays like those in his "Jungle Peace," and most of them equally good.
- most of them equally good. CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). A singularly well-informed layman's reasons for accepting what we can prove and believing (as the late Lord Tennyson would say) where we cannot.

The Husband's Day (As Imagined By His Wife)

GETS to office at 9 a. m. Finds his desk dusted and mail opened by beautiful blonde stenographer, and a vase of flowers on it—the desk.

9:30 a. m.—The boss calls him in to congratulate him on the fine work he has been doing.

- 10 a. m.—Dictates letter to beautiful blonde stenographer; she asks him if it is true that he is unhappily married. He sighs. She sighs.
 - 11 a. m.—Conference with heads of

departments; his opinions are listened to with respect.

12:30—An out-of-town customer calls him up and they go to lunch at a roof garden. They match for the check and hubby pays.

2:30—Returns to the office; signs letters that have been typed in his absence.

3:30—Receives telegram from rival firm offering him position at twice his present salary; shows it to beautiful blonde stenographer; she says how much she will miss him.

4-Decides to stay if Boss will give both him and stenographer a raise and postpone putting in dictating machines.

4:30-Boss raises his salary and fires beautiful blonde stenographer.

5-Home with box of chocolates for beautiful brunette wife.

-Will H. Greenfield

\$42 Worth of News from Capitol Hill

(News Note: The number of words contained in the Congressional Record for the last Congress, divided into the amount of money Congress spent on itself, shows that it costs the taxpayers 50 cents a word every time the members open up.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Senator Faith: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." (\$3)

Senator Hope: "I object." (\$1)

The Vice-President: "The gentleman objects." (\$1.50)

Senator Faith: "Will the gentleman withdraw his objection?" (\$3)

Senator Hope: "For what reason does the gentleman ask that I withdraw my objection?" (\$6)

Senator Faith: "The ball game starts at three." (\$3)

Senator Hope: "Pardon me, my error. Mr. President, I withdraw my objection." (\$5)

The Vice-President: "The gentleman from New York moves that the Senate adjourn. Is there objection? The Chair hears none. The Senate is adjourned. The Chair wishes to advise the members that they have a half hour yet before the game starts." (\$19.50)—Hilton Butler

Child of Seven Shoots Father With Revolver. -Headline

Simply a babe in arms.

Where Men Are Men!

A comparatively young, crude rubber broker, who has made a couple of trips around the world, departed this morning from Los Angeles for Boston, his home.

-Los Angeles Evening Herald



SHOES for golf, designed by men who know what golfers want.

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A true moccasin with soles of crepe, or leather — plain or spiked. \$12.

The Pinehurst A fine model with welted soles of crepe rubber. \$10.



Also, the correct styles in shoes for business and dress. \$10 to \$15.

ANDREW ALEXANDER 548 Fifth Avenue Above 65th Street

THE NEW YORKER

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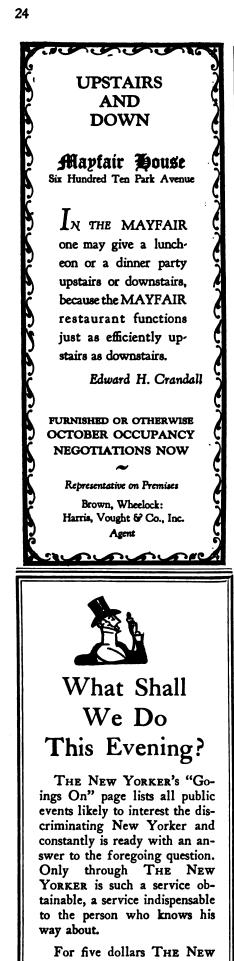
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YORKER will report to you at weekly intervals for a year.

Psalms of Grief

I T came to pass that in the eighth year of the reign of Lolan, the people of the city rose in their wrath and cried that a new Mayor should be chosen to govern them. And sad and long was the tale of their griefs, and this was their lamentation:

He hath promised us a seat for every child, yet still must our children attend part-time classes.

He hath promised more subways, yet must we still travel as we did of yore.

He hath promised better police protection, yet murder and banditry go unmolested and unpunished.

He hath promised better street cleaning, yet snow and refuse remain unmoved for longer periods than before.

Then was the mind of the Mayor troubled, and he called unto him, Inrong, his vizier and said: "Ho! watchman, what of the city? It hath been said unto me that burglary and robbery flourish, and that in eight years more than ninety score persons have been murdered, while in but ten score of cases have the murderers been captured."

Then spoke the vizier: "My Lord, our police force is the best in the world. No other can boast of as fine a police band or glee club. No longer are the laws violated, for we are arresting more than four hundred people daily for parking their cars. No longer doth the demon rum hold forth, for whereas eight years ago there were four saloons to a block, now there is scarcely one in four blocks."

Then was the Mayor wroth with his people, and calling his chief musician, David, he went to his speaking tower, wwvc, and sang. And this is the song of Lolan, the friend of the people:

Oh! ye ungrateful ones.

Ye cry for schools; have I not started building each year before election time?

Ye cry for subways; have I not just started one after only seven years delay?

Ye cry for better transit; have I not started a tunnel for freight from Staten Island, and even though it cost three times more than is necessary, yet will it last three times as long, for no railroad will use it.

Ye cry for police protection; have I not provided police field days each year to which ye may all buy tickets.

Ye cry for cleaner streets; have I not built shower baths in the streets for the hot nights of Summer.

Woe, I say unto those that praise me not, for I will stop their park concerts.

Woe, unto the traction interests

who pester me, for I will not build more subways.

Woe, unto the newspapers who cry out against me, for I will proclaim them vice-controlled and tools of the interests.

Woe, woe, unto all who do not believe in me, for I am Jon, Jon the Faithful, Jon the Friend of the Common People, who has created and ordained the five-cent fare. Selah.—*Milton Grunauer*

"What Women Do?"—Say (At the First Night)

THINK it's good, don't you? Yes, I think it's going to be good! Yes, it's very good, isn't it!

There she is over there! Is that her over there? Yes, that's her in the blue dress!

She's very clever, isn't she? Fancy her writing anything like this! She's a great thinker, isn't she?

That's him over there! Yes, it cost a lot of money! He's got a lot of money!

How did you like yer cantaloupe? Oh, did you have some cantaloupe? Yes, I had some cantaloupe!

I bought it on Ninety-second Street!

Did you get it on Ninety-second Street? Oh, I know, on Ninety-second Street and Broadway!

I hope it'll be a success!

Yes, I think it'll be a success!

Yes, it ought to be a success!

Oh! There the bell rang before he touched it!

What a shame, the bell rang before he touched it!

Did the bell ring before he touched it?

It's awfully sad, isn't it? Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?

Yes, isn't it sad?

It was sad.

-Raymond Lewis

Receipt No. 28,466

The way to a man's heart is through this newly shaped, long, slim, rectangular wrist watch.

-Department store ad.

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

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A SELECT few of your most faithful and deserving friends will, no doubt, value and appreciate your thoughtfulness in placing them in the way to discover it. If you will furnish us with their names, we will gladly mail them sample copies.

Odd as it may seem, many of our friends act on this suggestion and thereby help to swell our subscription list.

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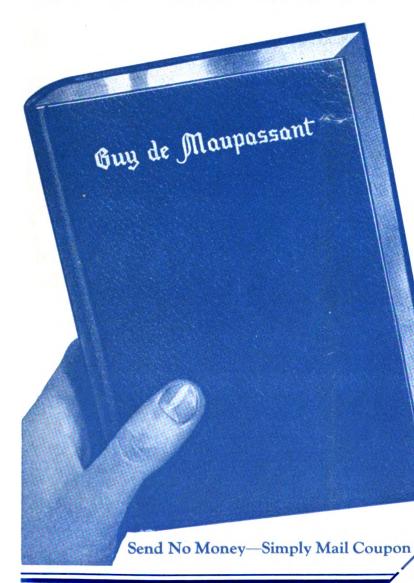
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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

INTRODUCTION

Some Statistics, the Funny Little Things

B EFORE we attempt to show the Reader the vast process that lies behind the making of a great magazine like THE NEW YORKER, it is no doubt wise to give him first a bird's eye view of the tremendous circulation which so vitally depends upon each weekly issue (for if it were not for these weekly issues, there would simply *be* no circulation of

THE NEW YORKER). It is our hope here to open his eyes to the stupendous organization o f which he forms a part, ere we acquaint him with the more detailed aspects of that organization and the size and scope of its equipment.

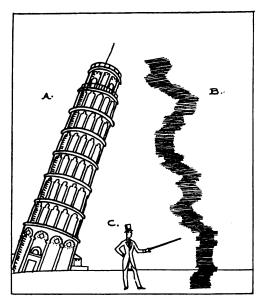
Let us suppose for the nonce that each issue of THE NEW YORKER is a red corpuscle and all the readers are fingers, toes, etc., on the great body politic. This means that Uncle Sam has 8,657,000 fingers and toes, and every week these extremities must receive their red corpuscles regardless of wind nor rain nor storm on their ap-pointed rounds. Have you any conception of the size of that heart which must pump so vast a circulation of red corpulscles through all (a) the veins and (b) arteries extending up and

down the great body of Uncle Sam until they reach you, the fingers and toes? What is this heart that so faithfully beats, for us each week, pumping us our weekly subscription?

Here it is Friday; and at a rough estimate there have been probably thirty or eighty millions of people who have bought THE NEW YORKER since last night; and the returns from Maine are not due till to-morrow. This means that if you add all these figures together and multiply them by the number you just thought of, then the card there in your hand is the eight of clubs.

Perhaps the following illustration may serve to bring home to the average mind the magnitude of these figures: First, conceive in your mind's eye the entire populations of New York, New Haven, Hartford and a fourth city about the size of Pittsburgh (let us say, Pittsburgh), and picture them arranged kneeling side by side single file in a long line, all blind-folded, and holding in their hands the combined output of the New York *Times*, the Saturday Evening Post, and Dr. Frank Crane. Now suppose that someone were to sneak up and give the first man in line a sudden shove. Why, over they all would go like so many nine-pins, and wouldn't it be fun though?

Perhaps it will make our point clearer if we borrow a few statistics; and for our purpose let us borrow



A—The Leaning Tower of Pisa B—The New Yorker C—Our Mr. Tilley

the statistics belonging to the Willimantic (Conn.) Iron Pipes and Gadgets Company. According to these statistics, there was an increase of 10,000 over 20,000 the year before (or $\frac{10,000}{20,000}$, and cancel the noughts = $\frac{1}{2} = 50\%$ = increase for 1925, Ans.) On the other hand the Stickum Rubber Company in the same city was forced to shut down its factories a week during the hot spell, at a loss of \$3,650.

Returning these statistics again to the Willimantic Iron Pipes and Gadgets Company, with many thanks, we shall now take up the production of wool in Mesopotamia in January.

We shall now abandon the production of wool in Mesopotamia in January (which didn't turn out to be so very interest-

ing after all; and no one more surprised than we were, either) and from the foregoing statistics we may draw our own conclusions. There is no need at this time of going more fully into the conclusions that were drawn, but suffice it to say that the winning conclusion was drawn by Miss Etheline Lint, stenographer, of 31 Archer Street, Mott Haven, who held number eighty-seven.

Now that this little glimpse into Statistics Land has given you some idea of the vast circulation of THE NEW YORKER, let us start on our little tour through the great organization behind that circulation, making stops at Tennessee and other points of interest along the way, and observing as we go the industry, the cleanliness and system of this paper. For this trip we should advise a complete change of clothing, two blankets, and comfortable footwear, since there is nothing so important on a journey as easy feet except (ah yes)—

THE NEW YORKER.

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Invasion

Some for rags and some for tags and some for velvet gowns. The buyers have come to town! The chairs in the restaurants facing the Avenue groan in touching memory of the Van Bibbers who only yesterday, it seems, were leisurely finishing their liqueurs while the hansom cabs waited without. And now fattish men from Wichita and Wilkes-Barre and even Chicago sit amply where once there were Van Bibbers, and boom: New York is all right to visit but not to live in, say, I wouldn't take the town

for a gift, that was sure a hot party we had last night, Mr. Kinkelstein, I couldn't sell that line you stuck us with last year, so why should I pay twenty-sevenfifty for that imitation wrap. . . . And the chairs groan and groan and over the room there passes the sobbing wraith of an old New York that had places for its visiting buyers and kept them there, but that has not now where to lay its head. Even in the shadow of Grant's Tomb do they discuss a gross of lead pipes, thirty days, two per cent off for cash; in the Metropolitan Museum and what was the drawing room of Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer, but is now the foyer of Abe Smulyan's co-operative apartment, there is talk of the very latest thing from Paris, and amenable young women and why positively twenty-five a dollars is the lowest price even my own father would be offered in job lots.

Their trade-mark is their leer. For months and months they have been the upstanding, the prominently moral pillars of their communities, leading noisily righteous lives while within them festered the poison of discontent—and yearning for the fleshiest pots. And so, one morning, at the time of year that suits not the conveniences of the business world but that has been fixed with both eyes on the business of escape, they depart for the modern Gomorrah, repeating over and over again the assurance to the little women that they will positively call up Cousin Jennie and have dinner with her on Friday night. . . And then the three o'clock gets under way and the semiannual Great Adventure lifts its lurid head above the advancing horizon.

The buyers we shall have always with us, and it were well to remember in our wrath that they are buyers, after all, primarily because we are sellers.



The Week

WASHINGTON police ordered to enforce law forbidding immoral music and Judge E. H. Gary conducts inquiry into cause of crime prevalence in United States. Man in Hackensack draws ten-spot needed to fill royal flush and London Bridge really is falling down, slipping into Thames. American reporter expelled from Italy by Mussolini for cabling unflattering accounts of government there and Mr. Frank Munsey, on eve of sailing home, praises France highly. Bank savings increase one hundred twenty-four millions in month and clerk is arrested for stealing thirty dollars from till to pay ali-Cardinal Gasquet, Vatimony. can Librarian, in London, denounces women showing their spines and Egyptian importer sees

danger in Mohammedans converting Christians to their faith. Christie's sale of Sargent's works sets record figure for modern painter and King George orders private movie there in Balmoral. Coast Guard denies their machine gun bullet wounded woman on yacht in lower bay and President Coolidge plans to call new arms conference in Spring. Yankees win three straight baseball games and Japanese cabinet resigns. Mrs. Gute Fox, aged one hundred five, wants to live forever and death of eighteen-year-old girl is attributed to germs on earrings.

Saxophoning

MR. VINCENT LOPEZ had on his musical hands the press and music publishers of London

after he had aired his fox trot paraphrase of tunes from "H. M. S. Pinafore," and the protests against the injunction, alleged to have been made by Americans, drew a caustic squib in the *Daily Mail.* A "horn rim" is quoted as saying, "I reckon your Arthur Sullivan would have liked it if he had been alive to hear it, and that he would have put his own music into jazz form if he had been clever enough when he was alive."

This American comes straight from the pages of Wells, with his "reckon," "your Arthur Sullivan" and "clever," but it may be, as the *Daily Mail's* writer continues, that Sullivan hated the saxophone. Nevertheless, the saxophone was in good symphonic society even before Sir Arthur Sullivan was good

form. You can hear it in Bizet's first "L'Arlesienne" Suite, and when Mr. Mengelberg played it with the Philharmonic last Winter he engaged none other than the celebrated Nathan Glantz to play the saxophone passages. Richard Strauss has listened to it and found it good, and it's becoming fashionable in modern French scores.

Sullivan might not have been "clever enough" to write jazz, but among the European jazz writers of to-day may be listed Stravinsky, Casella, Poulenc, Hindemith and Milhaud. The only trouble with them, say our American critics, is that they aren't quite clever enough to write real jazz.

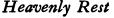
Welcome

A^T the celebration welcoming Mr. Lopez, returned to the Pennsylvania Hotel, it was his employer, Mr. Statler, who tendered supper to one hundred and some odd welcomers, the list beginning with Mr. John H. McCooey and trailing through journalistic representatives. And great was the babble thereof when Mr. Statler seated his "personal guests" in the Roof Garden, across the floor from several hundred of the paying variety.

One after another the entertaining artists were stormed under by the confusion; not even Mr. Julius Tannen's announcing voice was loud enough to ride the din. Thus the welcome to the musical conquerer of Kings!

Dropping down in the elevator, the regular visitor to the Pennsylvania was heard to remark loudly and clearly:

"Well, they think that's a good show in New York. We wouldn't book it a night back in..."



HERE and there amongst the surging tourists of August stroll a few of us who are in town because we like New York for itself, Summer or Winter. And the price of devotion is to watch the demolitions which kind contractors have scheduled for months when no one should be in town.

Thus I have long regretted the sight of a huge sign across the old Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, which read, ON THE SITE OF THIS BUILDING WE SHALL ERECT A THIRTY-ONE STORY OF-FICE BUILDING. And this week its prophecy began to be fulfilled . . . crow bars and sledge hammers were flung at last into the tired skeleton of the hallowed structure.

It was hardly beautiful, the Heavenly Rest, and under three score years of age, and yet it was a landmark, only a block from the tradition that was Delmonico's. It had grown dull with the city's grime as the decades passed and had watched the tall, white marts of commerce rise around it. Contemporary neighbors had already

fallen before steady choking pressure—old Doctor Tyng's church of the Holy Disciple with its oilcloth patterned tower of black and white checks, gone under the Liggett Building; more recently St. Bartholomews, retreating to Park Avenue and Fiftieth.

ONCE Doctor Howland's church owned the whole wide corner on the Avenue, its parish house setting far back towards Madison Avenue. But bit by bit it had relinquished its grip until, upon its capitulation, there remained only the main building, squeezed tightly, and the parish ground in Forty-fifth Street.

Manhattan has grown up around its churches—and grown away from them. Only here and there, the length of our long, slim city, have landmarks been left behind—Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Mark's In-The-Bouwerie, others. The churches which once led their congregations into the wilderness, now follow them into metropolitan wildernesses uptown. The papers cry of a new Heavenly Rest so far north as Ninetieth. Perhaps when I come to live there I shall humor myself with melancholy as my friends drift away to the "exclusive hundreds."

TO the evening stroller, the stately dignity of our only avenue sans electric signs is shattered by the flashing red light on the Forty-fifth Street corner which claims, for the company which succeeds the Heavenly Rest, "The Most Preferred Stock in the World." A fit companion in tone to the garish placard across the old church.

One wonders if the mere fact that the lights are behind glass windows mitigates the insult in the critical eyes of the Fifth Avenue Association. And further, under the forceful feeding of this information,



just what they mean by "the most preferred stock," anyway.

Connections

FOR some years the travelling salesman had seen former President Taft breakfasting at the table next his own several times a week, when the present Chief Justice held the Kent Chair of International Law at Yale. The scene was that favorite haunt of commuters and early travellers, Mendel's Restaurant in Grand Central.

A genial soul was the former President, replying affably to his waitress' gum-choked efforts at small talk.

Then, after President Harding had draped Mr. Taft's ample shoulders with the ermine, the salesman saw him no more at those early and solitary breakfasts, for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, naturally, no longer travelled periodically to New Haven.

One morning the familiar figure bulked large again in the doorway and Justice Taft proceeded to his customary table for breakfast.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," commented his waitress. "What's th' matter; ain't you with them New Haven people any more?"

"No," replied the Chief Justice, gravely. "I'm back with the first people I used to work for. Good job, and better hours."

The Law

A RECENT Grand Jury was good enough to indict Mr. Horace B. Liveright and Mr. Thomas B. Smith for publication of "Replenishing Jessica,"

by Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, a procedure always appreciated by such victims as are, among other things, business men. Two limbs of the law—Central Office operatives, which is a term also used in the cloak and suit industry—arrived at 61 West Forty-eighth Street to escort Mr. Liveright and Mr. Smith to the hoosegow, in the event they were unable to furnish bail.

The Messrs. Liveright and Smith were informed that they were at once to accompany the detectives to the subway, for transportation to the legal downtown.

"We prefer to go by taxi," said Liveright and Smith as one man, Smith.

The guardians of the law went

into earnest and executive confer-

ence on this request. Finally they emerged with an irrevocable decision.

"You will have to pay the taxi fare," they said.

And so the taxi started on its jolting way to the dread Bastile. Smith and one gendarme sat on the back seat, Liveright and the other gendarme on the emergency seats facing them. Mr. Liveright remarked that he proposed immediately to get in touch with his friend and counsel, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hayes. Silence. Mr. Smith intimated that his first phone call would be to Jimmy Walker (which would be the State Senator James J. Walker of whom there is such frequent and odd mention in the public prints as our possibly next mayor).

Mr. Smith's guard turned to him.

"Do you know Jimmie Walker?" he asked.

"Very well," said Mr. Smith, with a simple dignity. The constable sighed and pressed his ample body against the side of the taxi.

"You sure you got enough room there, buddy?" he asked anxiously.

POSSIBLY new: Two golfers reach the green of a blind two hundred-yard hole and are earnestly putting, when from over the hill comes a third ball. It thuds just off the green, bounces on, rolls and finally wiggles to the edge of the cup—drops softly in. Great Heavens, hole in one!

Over the hill, after his ball, comes the owner. Golfers on green shout the great news to him. His ball is in.

"Hey, Harry," he turns and shouts behind him. "It's in. I holed out in nine."

Diplomacy

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I was the Universal Film Company's London agent who duped a British territorial officer—akin to our National Guard—into furnishing a military escort for a moving picture negative, all in the inter-

ests of publicity, and thereby provoked the English War Office into ordering a court-martial for the too trustful victim.

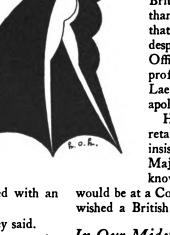
Mr. Carl Laemmle, who signs all Universal's pronunciamentos in the advertising columns of the Saturday Evening Post, was in Paris when British resentment against this trick reached its boiling point. He decided that, in an affair of such world-wide import, the British government deserved nothing less than an apology from the highest sources; that is to say, himself. Accordingly, he despatched his apology to the Foreign Office, which bureau leisurely replied, professing never to have heard of Mr. Laemmle and not to know what he was apologizing about.

However, some thin-lipped Under Secretary further advised, if Mr. Laemmle insisted that an apology was due His Majesty's Government, for reasons unknown, the place and time for making it

would be at a Consular office next time Mr. Laemmle wished a British visé on his passport.

In Our Midst

IN town, Mr. Charles Chaplin, famed parent, for opening of much-delayed, "The Gold Rush." Silver rush expected at Strand Theatre . . . Mr. and



....

Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, in large limousine, fresh from collecting material for a new blue booklet, to be issued about Dayton doings. . . Irene Castle, shopping, and 2,500 milliners after banquet, sans wine. . . Desperate Desmond Adams, under sombrero. . .

Definitions vary according to locality, avers Mr. David H. Wallace. In Fifty-seventh Street, he instances, atheist is man who doesn't believe in Dr. John

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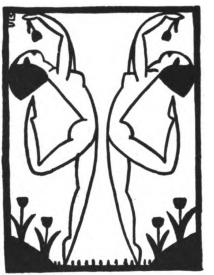
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And so Princess Bibesco did not write "Serena Blandish" after all. Toronto *Mail and Express*, saying she did and commenting on decadent tone of novel, has up and paid five hundred dollars to Rumanian orphans by way of extra apology. . . . Nor will Duke of York be enticed here, for next year's celebration of town's founding, nor there, for doings at Yorktown, Virginia. Mayhap he's waiting to hear from Mr. Tex Rickard whose new Madison Square Garden will be in order for many events by late Fall. Will have skating rink. The new Garden, that is. . .

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In the course of events he found himself a guest of the evening in the hospitable air of acquaintances living on Park Avenue, and there was duly entertained.

He was sitting sipping a cocktail and chatting with his host, when suddenly his hostess turned on a phonograph about which she had been mysteriously busy for some minutes.

The gentleman sipping the cocktail suddenly went white.

For the record was one of those that have a recitation on each side—and the voice was that of his father.

The Charleston

FOR the Man in the Street and the Man in the Supper Club, the Charleston is for to see and to admire—or condemn. Not since the Tango provided luscious livelihoods for many svelte youths has so devastating a dance agitated the town. Your casual devotee is lost. The thing is altogether too intricate for those males who can merely make passable efforts in the shuffling ease of the one-step and its variants.

Even by semi-professional dancing males the Charleston is not done exceptionally well. They are still awkward about it. The grace of familiarity moves only on the stage and in those teams of urchins who have sprung up on our sidewalks, adding an extra bit of life to the flowing of people along the streets.

Of a sudden these youngsters have become common sights. One day the town walked its accustomed way and the next it came to know why groups formed abruptly on the mainways. In their centers an urchin breathing heavily into a harmonica or strumming at an ukulele, shifty-eyed against the approach of a policeman, while a companion wriggled limberly through the measures of the Charleston. Little colored lads here; swarthy young Italians there.

They do the Charleston well. Perhaps it is acknowledgment of their proficiency that swells the tones of the carillon of silver ringing within their cavernous caps; or perhaps the coins are contributions from males grateful for some enlightenment about the intricacies of this newest and most puzzling dance. —The New Yorkers

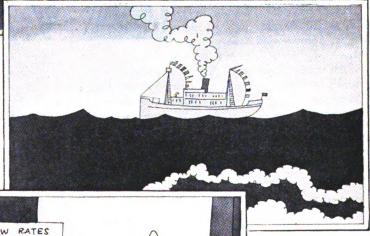
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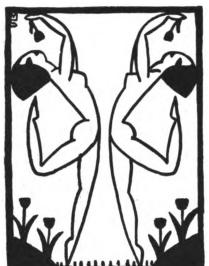
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THE ALGER COMPLEX

I NTO all things that bear the marks, "Made in U. S. A.," has been woven, hammered or distilled a curious, imperative, hyperbolical idealism. None of the ten thousand products of which America is proud would be what they are if idealism were not mixed into their manufacture. There must be a moral even for shaving soaps, and an ethical justification for Fords and insecticides. All is gangway for the ghost of Horatio Alger.

Perhaps, across the counter of a lifetime, you can buy nothing with idealism. Here in the United

States you can buy nothing without it. It is the bleat inside the mama-doll in every nursery. It is the worshipful wind around our hugest architecture. It is the code of our home morals, of our diplomatic dealings. It is the sob in each Congressman's throat, and the starch in the collar that holds every little stock clerk's head higher. All things are said and unsaid, done or demolished, in a desperate idealism's name.

Lugging Horatio Alger's name into it is no wild misadventure. You must remember those brave, sanctimonious books for juveniles which Alger wrote. They were shovelled by tons into all the best homes—and the worst, too—of a generation ago.

They told with sweet, glamorous simplicity the histories of little bootblacks and newsboys, and they made romance of the one great American discovery that sobriety is the best policy. We who were urchins thirty years ago, and now are either millionaries or ash can experts, know that our success or failure can be traced to the seriousness with which we did or did not assimilate the morals of Horatio Alger.

Of course the psychiatrists will go further back and blame it all on the Puritans. But then, nothing baffling happens in modern American affairs which is not sooner or later traced back to the heelmarks on Plymouth Rock—and, as a gentleman with such a name as Tannenbaum was overheard to remark between acts of "Desire Under the Elms," "This is certainly a terrible indictment of our New England ancestors!"

But from the Puritans (our guides into the subconscious tell us) the American inherited a need to be always self-reliant and superior. From the attitude of the godly he has switched only to the attitude of the superlatively and righteously successful. No author managed to instill idealism into street corner existence as nicely as Horatio Alger did. It is thanks to "Ragged Dick" and "Tom the Bootblack" that the firecracker of our dream has been tied to the tail of our daily business. Each of us, willy-nilly, is a character unto himself from out of Alger.

Those were the days before the Saturday Evening Post discovered the possibility of turning a goodlooking young shoe salesman into a pickle magnate overnight. Industry admitted of no paradoxes in the Alger days. If you found ten cents on the sidewalk, then, you never could dream of investing it in radio stock and opening a cabaret in Havana within a fortnight. No, you learned from Horatio that the canny thing to do was to hunt the city over until you discovered the rightful owner of that dime and de-

livered him back his property.

He would not let you keep it, of course, because it was, after all, his dime. But he was invariably a merchant with a kindly eye and a glossy shirt front and a pretty little daughter about six years your junior. Your career would be made from then on, but it would be a slow and pure and uprighteous career. You would go to work for the merchant as an office boy, and you might happen to rescue his little daughter when she fell off a ferry-boat, and the grateful family might give you a gold watch, and you would work harder, and be purer and more righteous than ever, and in time-in good and decent time, mind you-you would become the husband of the pretty daughter, and papa's

partner, and have a kindly eye and a glossy shirt front of your own.

Well, that was your ideal at the age of ten. Probably it still is. Because at ten we have laid in our stock of ideals, and must spend the rest of our lives giving them away. Or rather, here in America, trading them off.

Almost a century ago the most theoretic Brahmin in America, Emerson, had already complained to his diary that Americans "always idealize!" Of everything and everybody, he wrote in a sad huff, "we tinge them with the glories of that Idea in whose light they are seen."

Yesterday, deep in the heart of another great American institution, the Sunday Paper, (itself an idealistic means of helping Americans to dodge their horror of leisure and meditative thought) there was an interview with a real estate operator. "Has another Era of wonderful Metropolitan expansion started?" he was asked. Oddly enough, he answered that it had. And that "changing conditions are making every man in every walk of life a realtor, and Real Estate is King." This is no cruel, delusive highfalutin. It is simply the ability and the necessity of every American to tinge his semi-detached life in Floral Flats with "the glories of that Idea."

Foreigners think they are forever finding us out.





Time and again you will have to read them remarking on the American romantic. Nothing happens naturally over here, they claim. What they smile at, wonder at, what awes and angers them most, is this wardrobe of ethical optimism in which we clothe our commonest, most obligatory acts.

All requirements of our daily life, stockyards to skyscrapers, have in them the crow of godly triumph, the consecration of sober and great intentions. Had Horatio Alger been translated more frequently into other languages, these foreign critics would know the why and the how-much of American philosophy. For Elbert Hubbard was only Alger dipped in caramel, and Dr. Crane is only Alger pickled in syndicate. • No people in the history of civilization has blown the dream so passionately in business, nor had so much business blown back at them from out the dream. England may be a nation of shopkeepers, but America is a sanatorium of sufferers from the Alger complex. We have founded our future on the lives of his little, industrious, abstemious, joyless boys, who never could leap out of the page and scream at him: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio. . . ."

-Gilbert W. Gabriel



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ESSRS. SINNOTT AND CANTY have performed valuable services to the city at great financial sacrifice. That statement saves us from a libel suit, and we are not one who enjoys going home on Saturday night with \$750,000 missing from our pay envelope.

At the picnic of the Downtown Tammany Club the two most enjoyable features were the presence of Governor Smith and the absence of Mayor Hylan. A good time was had by Al.

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The high powered Tammany machine seems to be having a hard time finding a parking place. Mr. Hylan, on the other hand, lacks third terminal facilities.

÷ As we understand the Coolidge pronouncement, politicians will never be allowed to interfere with General Andrews's dry administration. P. S. Well hardly ever.

Mussolini has ousted an American

reporter for telling unwelcome truths. The young man evidently forgot what he learned in high school-"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

In the words of a Times headline, "Vatican Librarian Denounces Scanty Attire; Calls Queen Mary a Model for British Women." True; but not True; but not a 1925 model.

The two great drawbacks to the happiness of the motor tourist are the billboard and the board bill.

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The Government is still having trouble disposing of those junk ships. Have they, one wonders, tried the Chinese?

Houdini, charged with disorderly conduct after smashing up an office, replied: "They locked the door and I had to fight my way out." Bang goes another illusion! We thought he could open anything but a car window.

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Washburn Child, the average age of persons committing crimes of violence has decreased ten years. At this rate we shall soon be able to arrest them under the child labor laws and speak sharply to their parents.

Sometimes we almost wish we were back in the good old days of the Scopes trial. Discussion is now raging in the metropolitan press as to the relative merits of huckleberry and blueberry pie and whether a dog should be put to death for chewing a flag at Stamford, Conn.

Mr. Schepp has had four or five thousand letters, but no good, disinterested suggestions as to how to spend his money for the public welfare. The milk of human kindness seems to be about Grade C.

"How much of your pay check is really yours?" asks an advertisement of the National City Bank. For most of us, none. It is merely a short term loan.-Howard Brubaker



Metropolitan Monotypes

It takes all kinds To make a town like ours.

HERE is, for instance, The Amateur Drinker. Nobody on the party seems to know him very well, Which doesn't make much difference at first, Because he sits around innocuously enough Asking those who drift his way If they saw that joke in *Life* about the man who wanted a berth. Or what they think of the American Wing. It is only after the cocktails have circulated several times That there is any concern as to his identity, And then it turns out that he is a cousin of the big man in tweeds, Or one of the host's business acquaintances Here from Pittsburgh for a day or two. The first release of The Amateur Drinker's inhibitions Results in a decided raising of the voice And a good deal of guffawing. Speedily he becomes en rapport With persons whom he has never seen before,

Slapping them affectionately on the back

And making free and easy use of their first names.

Diffidence drops from him like a cloak;

He begins to tell strong and successful steel men

How much better they would have made out at fruit farming.

The most unattractive woman in the room

Hears that she looks like Ethel Barrymore,

And the entire company is informed that this or that celebrity,

Who happens to be t.a.d.'s most intimate friend,

Would be glad to have them all to tea any day.

The cocktails circulate again,

And so does The Amateur Drinker.

This time he knocks over a few small tables

And leaves a lighted cigarette

On a piece of Renaissance brocade.

Just as he is about to become the death of the party,

Somebody leads him quietly away and doses him

With one of the stock remedies for inebriety,

And he fades out of the picture

Almost as quietly as he entered it.

There are some, unfortunately,

Who can neither take it nor leave it alone.

It takes all kinds To make a town like ours.

-Baird Leonard

F course it would be the height O of impertinence for me even to hint at the thought that my unobtrusive presence in any of the three cities which are the subject of this essay has added so much to their merits that they have become, as they apparently now are, the causus bells in another

ministerial controversy. But anyhow, and being just as modest as I can about it, here are the facts.

While I was living in Brooklyn, some time back, a preacher arrived in that city, was introduced to me and immediately thereafter clambered into his pulpit and, in righteous, ringing tones, announced to his exulting congregation that "Brooklyn was the Gateway to Hell." I say "exulting congregation" because I am positive that all the members of that parson's flock -and likewise the entire Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce-were overwhelmed with joy at finding out that their village, so long unknown to the outside world, was in reality so advantageously situated at the entrance to such a popular resort. With me, though, it was different. I thoroughly dislike crowds and, being fearful that I would be crushed to death in the rush that I felt sure this kind of gaudy advertising would bring to the burg beyond, I got on a train and went just as far away as I could get with what money I was able to borrow.

I landed at El Paso, Texas, looked the place over, found that it was, for several reasons, rather to my liking and decided to remain peacefully therein. But there was simply nothing doing. Hardly had I got well settled by establishing proper relations with a gentleman who was first bootlegger in waiting to his majesty, the Mayor, than I was introduced to another preacher. This one was a Methodist revivalist whose name was nothing more or less than just Jones, and on the very next morning after he had given my hand the regulation parochial shake, I saw in the paper where the pious one had risen in the rostrum and showered praises upon the metropolis of the Rio Grande by asserting that "a letter addressed to Hell could not be delivered anywhere except in El Paso."

Protest

This pure-minded man also honored the city of my choice-and caused the chests of the prominent citizens thereof to stick afar out-by saying that the "twinkling, dancing feet of all its pretty school girls were carrying them straight into the arms of the Devil," and, as this last remark had a sort of a personal ring to it that I did not like, I once more hit the road. I packed up and moved to New York City.

This last change was made only a few months ago and now, see what has already happened.

Most recent of all, the Reverend

C. F. McCoy, doubtless knowing of my presence in the city by having seen my name somewhere on the docket, endeavored to demonstrate to the faithful, in the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, wherever that is, that Brooklyn is not the Gateway to Hell and that El Paso is not its proper post office, but that New York itself is the only real, genuine, honest-to-God Gehenna that there is.

Under the circumstances I think that I ought to refuse to move again. Every time I try to get myself quietly settled down in a pious community in which I can be properly supplied with the necessaries of life, along comes some member of the ministerial alliance who takes advantage of my presence in town to bawl the place out and tell the world that it has now become a perfect and unadulterated little Hades.

Either this thing has got to stop: either the ministers have got to settle their quarrel by deciding just where Hell really is and quit following me around to find out or else I'm going to go regularly into the business and sign contracts with small, growing and enterprising towns which want to attain to national recognition and increase their populations. I'm not going to allow myself, any longer, to be used as an advertising medium just for the fun of the thing.

-Owen P. White

PROFILES

Poet's Progress

THE late Indian Summer had finally gone its way. A cold wind from the north sprang up suddenly, preceded only by little whirling gusts that took the leaves and tumble weeds of the parching prairie up into the quickening night. Along the weedy railroad track that threaded its way through the meaner streets into the little town, there strode a

man. He seemed gaunt in the twilight, as he was. But he also seemed powerful, with the build of an athlete, and as he walked he threw his chest out and swung his arms in long rhythms. He was without a hat and his unkempt hair was flowing in the wind. For clothes he wore a sort of smock, made of gunny sack, tied around the middle, and sandals on his feet.

A yardman, putting lights along the switches, turned to stare at the strange thing coming through the dusk. He had seen thousands of hobos in his time; they at least wore pants. The stranger greeted the yardman as an old friend, slapping him jovially on the back. Then he inquired the way to the

home of Charlie Vernon. And it being a small town, where folk were friendly, the yardman pointed out the way: "Up Commercial Street to Sixth then out to State." The stranger hurried on.

The scene changes. Twenty years have passed. It is New York and the reporters are down the bay meeting the Orca, interviewing the returning passengers. One of them speaks, to quote the Sun:

"I am more patriotic than I ever thought I could be. Despite such things as the Scopes trial and prohibition, America is the only country in the world with vitality. The future of all art and culture lies in the hands of the United States. After my observations abroad, our government seems to be the best form of democracy. There are groups that are trying to stifle our liberty, but I trust the young Americans to fight for it and keep it safe. Bolshevism of course has proved itself a flat failure."

The man in the first paragraph was a student in a Western university, a youth of genius and great gifts and looked upon by some as the "white hope" of American poetry—Harry Kemp. The man in the second paragraph was—Harry Kemp.

Somewhere between there is the unrecorded death of a man, or there is the record of what we Americans are taught is the greatest thing in life-success.

I had been somewhat prepared for the blow. Prior to his sailing I had seen Harry in his publisher's office. Great men were about and great subjects were under discussion—the price and verity of Scotch, places one dines at in Paris and so on. Harry wore a striped shirt and striped collar to match, a neat business suit,



tan socks and shoes. He had just been to the barber. A natty hat reposed on a nearby chair. Your chronicler is one who weeps at recognition, using the word as theatrical folks use it. Harry's neat attire brought back vividly the Autumn day he first hove on my horizon.

It was the following Spring, I believe, that Harry came to make us a visit. The university was closed, the wheat had not yet ripened and Harry had a few weeks to spend before going to the harvest fields. And he was in two minds about it. Perhaps that year he would try the ore boats on the Great Lakes. Kansas, as you may know, is flat. Poets, as you do know, are rare. Harry Kemp

rose above us in his great promise of stature. He was not only a poet, but a romantic one. He had sailed the seas in lumber schooners, had tramped Australia, lived among hobos, had been beaten, jailed. He had seen every corner of life and he had written about it with the same zest that he had put into its living. Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*, who had discovered Sidney Lanier, had become patron to Kemp and thought he was the one true voice then in America. Harry at that phase wrote of labor, of the great sweating country of whirring reapers, steel infernos, boats peopled by swarthy, cursing men before the trade wind. Now and then he grew lyrical, singing of nature, and he knew about all there was to know of nature.

The magazines were taking him up. He was almost able to live on what he sold. Now and then some one found him a patron and that would eke out his necessaries. He lived in a little room above a hardware store in the school town of Lawrence. The few who liked him found him there in the unheated room, frying bananas in olive oil or concocting some such dish. Under his unmade bed were two huge valises, filled with manuscripts. There must have been thousands of poems and some plays. We would

sit around the room and listen to him read. He read dramatically, tensely and with cadence and rhythme.

Gradually he acquired clothes. He refused however to wear a hat, making it a symbol somehow of his freedom. The school was proud of him, pointing him out to visitors as he strode along the street. We took him around to fraternity houses. The boys liked his vigorous phrases, his contact with life in the raw. The conservatives hated him, of course, and the non-imaginative. Although he sometimes accepted help from some rich patron he quickly struck his balance by a vigorous protest to the donor, assuring him that what the patron did, was done for art. He, Harry Kemp, could not be bought and intended to keep on writing about labor and revolt and unrest. Trotzky and Lenine were little lambs ranged alon side Harry Kemp in his vocal days. Bolshevism was not dead then, because it had not been born. But Harry Kemp, the poet who had traveled the country across three times in box cars and who could read you Horace from the Latin and Homer from the Greek, had a political scheme that made the Bolshevist method seem legal and complicated.

Babbitt had not been born then, but Kemp hated Babbitt's father and all that he stood for. He loved to shock. Only one regent, William Allen White, kept Kemp in the school. The faculty couldn't bear him. No rule was strong enough to hold him. A timid professor's hour was gone before he knew, Harry meanwhile regaling the class with his idea of things social.

Upton Sinclair was then his god. That writer came through town one day and the University permitted him to speak to a selected few, at Harry's urging. It was bootleg stuff and too strong for the professors. They would hardly hear Sinclair out. Harry followed him about all day and on to the next town, bumming his way back that night.

When Harry did not like classes he cut them and there were no marks against him. The teachers were glad when he was absent; he could ask too many ques-

tions they could not answer. He knew Karl Marx backward and Mill and Kant, Huxley, Darwin, and Nietzsche. When not in class he would roam the rolling hills or make a rude camp where he would live along the Kaw. Or he would spend days in the stack rooms of the library, the precincts permitted only to seniors. There was nothing he had not read.

A sequel to Sinclair's visit to the school came when Harry went to Arden. Then he became front page stuff and food for the comic strips. Kansas didn't like him so well then. He wasn't exactly nice. But he was becoming known and he liked it. "It's a great life" was his pet phrase; and he always shouted it raucously.

The last time he had gone to Europe it was as a stowaway in the first cabin. A newspaper, jealous at not having the story, wired the captain and Harry was found lolling in the salon and put to work peeling potatoes. When he came home, after a marvelous time with Shaw, Moore, Rasputin and such like Babbitts, Harry said nothing then about governments or culture of America. He was all for going back. It was the greatest place on earth. But next time he would fly back in an airplane. Where would he get it? Why, learn to drive one, then steal it. "It's a great life if you have courage to face it."

And this is not written down in bitterness, unless perhaps it is bitterness against a system, or an ideal. Harry Kemp wrote a great book. Unfortunately he made money from it. Now he returns from a Summer in Paris and gives interviews to reporters on governments and culture.

What has become of Harry Kemp, he who used to write good poetry and roam with me the Kansas hills spouting the eternal verities? The girl across the court has closed her window and I no longer hear her thrumming Rachmaninoff. It is something like that with Harry-music heard afar off and then no longer, as someone slowly closes the door between. "It's a great life," says Harry—and "a great country."

-Murdock Pemberton

The New "Old New York"

•@

YOU are now passing," megaphoned the an-nouncer, "New York's oldest cafeteria."

The company in the touring bus fluttered with interest and looked unanimously.

"This cafeteria," continued the announcer, "was opened to the public away back in 1925, when the. building it's in was completed. There is not another cafeteria in New York city with such a recordten years in one spot. Even the employees are noteworthy for length of service. The night cashier has been there four years, and one of the sandwich makers almost since the place was opened. In all of the cafeteria's ten years, it has had but six proprietors.

"Ladies and gentlemen, a visit to this cafeteria is suggested on account of the extraordinary collection of old New York and old theatrical prints on display there. The oldest of the New York prints came from

the press at least eight years ago; and serve to show by contrast the amazing changes which have taken place in the town in that time. Some of the theatrical prints are even older, going back, it is not too much to say, fifteen years.

"Aside from the prints, a quaint feature of this cafeteria is its wall decoration of food trays. Patrons so wishing may reserve individual trays which are catalogued in their names and kept subject to their call. This gives him status and standing as a manabout-town.

"The extreme age of the building-ten yearsmakes unlikely the continuance of the place much longer. Already a syndicate is negotiating to purchase the entire block and to substitute a modern structure for the venerable edifice in which the cafeteria has been housed so long. "We now pass on to . . ."—A. H. F.

The End

1890-1925



H ARLEQUIN is dead and gone, Strew confetti on his grave, He was a gay and wicked knave, Only the doves are left to mourn.

Rain drips on the cabs that edge the square, Misty-gold the gas lamps flare. To-night the Horse Show opens. The horse as King (No motors to dispute his reign) rules the sawdust ring. Young Bloods wear gardenias, the latest fashion. While some for yellow gloves admit a passion. The scene shifts. A blazing arc of light— Bowery toughs and millionaires see Corbett fight. Bicycle races, Flower Shows, and Dog Shows, Buffalo Bill, wearing Wild West clothes, Shoots twelve ways at once. He ropes the whole town in. A murder on the Garden roof—the Mirror Room of Sin, Set the whole town talking. The Greatest Show on Earth—

Side-Splitting Clowns, Mad Merriment and Mirth, Elephants, Calliopes, Pink Lemonade and Green Ladies with Two Heads, the Worst Freaks Ever Seen; What did the great Barnum say about a fool? The Atlantic is rivaled by the Garden Swimming Pool. The end draws near—the longest convention staged— Young men grew old and died as the convention waged. The doomed garden, fallen from high estate, Waits wearily for the last curtain call of fate. Now it looks like a giant's smashed porridge bowl, Bereft of beauty, a shell without a soul.

Gone the Goddess of the Square Who will sigh to see her go? Only poets, for they know How it feels to draw a bow At a star, Not reckoning it might be too far To be brought down In spattering fire on the town. All in vain, the golden face of the moon will stare At the empty air, When he comes like an eager lover to the tryst. Each moonlight night, Diana will be missed. Harlequin is dead, Diana gone. Only the doves, the poets, and the moon Are left to mourn.—Dorothy Homans

POST-WAR MORALS

HE pronouncements of New York clergymen, notably the Reverend John Roach Straton and the Reverend Christian F. Reisner, concerning what they term variously the post-war moral let-down and the dangerous trend of the younger generation, have always seemed to me to be based upon

inexact or hearsay knowledge. I feared that they believed all they heard and read in the papers without taking the time to conduct any exhaustive research to learn the precise state of the morals and manners of the younger elements.

To make up for this deficiency, the other day I resolved to conduct an investigation in the street in which I maintain my town house (two rooms, bath and kitchenette, \$100 a month). I did so, and the results I hereby place before the clergy, to ponder and do as they see fit. These gentlemen have been right as far as they went, but they appear to have had only an inkling of the whole truth. Conditions in New York are simply terrible.

My street is two short blocks in length, but a number of children live there, and they all play in the streets. When I stepped out of the house on my muckraking tour I was met by two unkempt youngsters who said:

"Give us a nickel, Mister!"

There you are! These children are growing up to be mendicants. Then, when they

saw I wouldn't give them a nickel, they asked for a penny. A sign of a weak, compromising character in the making. I spurned them and passed on.

Two boys were playing catch. A negro janitor, beloved in the neighborhood for his cheerfulness, although he is suspected of being lazy, walked between them.

Now there you are again! Bad language, racial prejudice, intolerance, bad manners, all in one. And these, it occurred to me, are the lads who will be the statesmen and truck drivers of to-morrow. The thought is staggering.

On the front steps of another house I observed four small boys shooting craps. They couldn't have been more than eight years old. Frightful! These are the lads who will be the gamblers and race track touts of to-morrow unless something is done.

On the first corner a hydrant had been opened, flooding the pavement. Two little girls were holding an even smaller one under the flow of cold water, despite her cries of protest. There you see the cruel, cocktail drinking, child beating mothers of tomorrow!

Near the last corner of the street there is an olive oil store, with the shining cans piled neatly in a row in

the window. A girl about four years old was walking with a woman who, I judged, was her mother.

Suddenly the little girl stopped, caught her mother's hand and pointed to the window display.

"Oh, Mamma, look!" she cried, obviously in delight. "Just look at all the gin!"

The mother pulled her away quickly and hurried down the street. That was enough. There is an example of the home life which causes an innocent babe to believe that everything in a shiny can must be gin. What will that girl grow up to be? The very contemplation of the thing is terrible.

Here, at last, are the statistics of one short street, and they may mean something. When one considers the number of streets in New York the situation becomes downright appalling. Saving the younger generation is out of my line, but I hurried at once to my pastor and laid the facts before him.

And I now leave the case with the whole New York

clergy before I forget about it.—Stanley Walker

The Conclusions of a Visitor

That the most interesting sights are not those usually specified.

That everyone in New York City is always in a hurry.

That English is not the principal language spoken here.

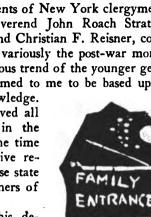
That there is a new skyscraper hotel built every month.

That there is a new taxicab company formed every week.

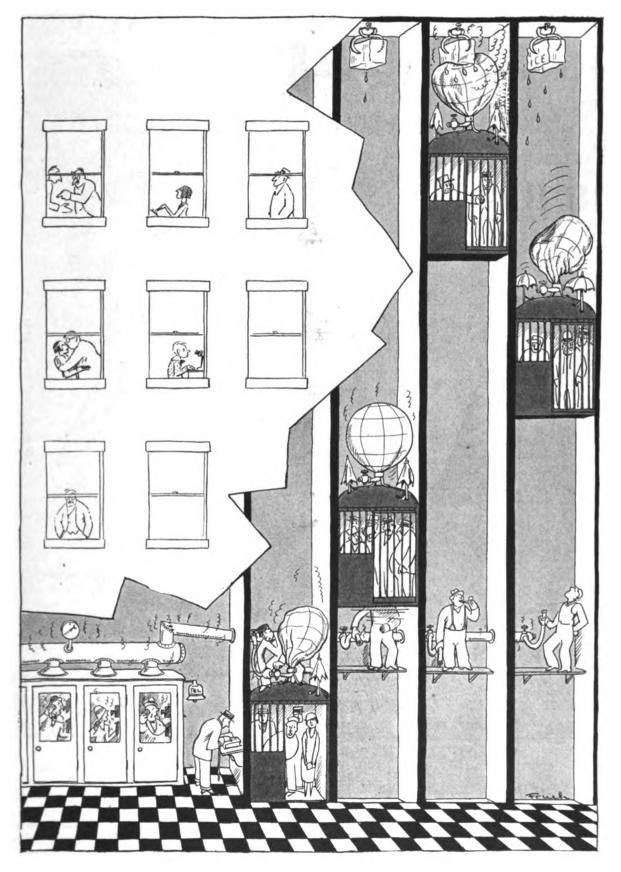
That there are several places in town where one can procure the Real Thing.

That it is impossible to obtain a table in a Broadway supper restaurant on Saturday night.

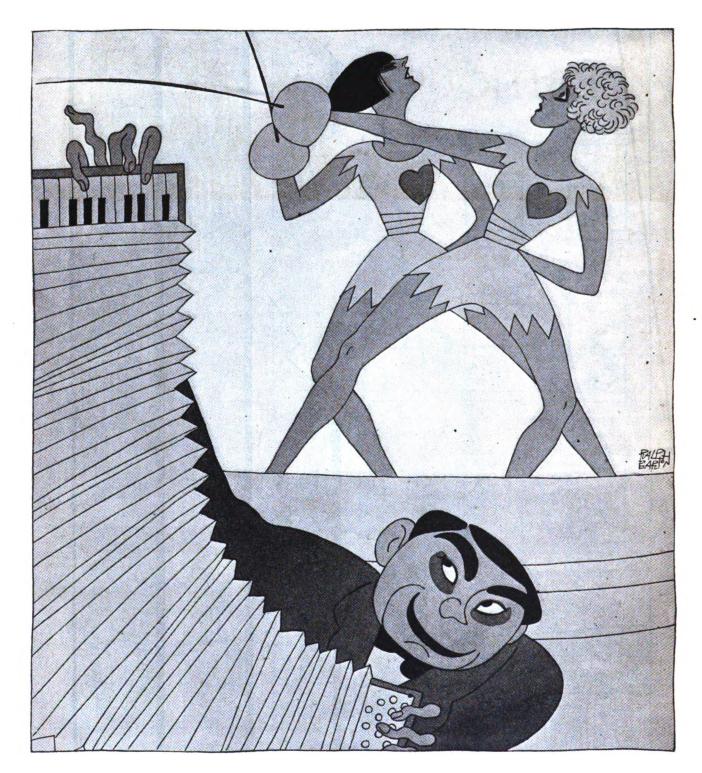
That the population of New York is made up chiefly of visitors.—C. G. S.







Another Accomplishment of the Efficiency Expert An interesting device worked out in one of our local office buildings whereby the heat generated by the telephone booths is utilized to operate the elevators.



ARTISTS AND MODELS

Mr. Phil Baker and Two of the Eighteen Gertrude Hoffmann Girls

A HIGHLY respectable home journal like THE NEW YORKER dares reproduce no more of the Winter Garden show than the above, but the rest of it can be seen by anyone strong enough to penetrate to the box office. It is, in our estimation, the best little thing in the way of stupendous revues that the Messrs. Shubert have accomplished to date.

Thanks to "Artists and Models," New York seems

to be assured of a reasonable quota of naked gals on the stage every season cavorting about in true Folies-Bergères form, so that Paris no longer has a thing on New York, except the most agreeable life in the world, the most excellent selection of wines and food, the gayest dinners, the most beautiful streets, the greatest liberty of thought and action, and a few other like items—and we have the Shuberts to thank.—R. B.





The Theatre

F Hecuba has tears, let her prepare to shed them now.

They will produce "The Morning Afters." Nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done about it. Strong, brave, brilliant men deliberately turn their backs upon the acquisitions of fortunes in Wall Street, upon the conquests of empires, upon the frenzied plaudits of grateful republics, all that they may become dramatic critics and spend their lives in the earnest attempt to improve the theatrical taste of their Heimat, to raise the standards of its offerings. And then, as they lie upon their lonely cots and the last breath lingers maliciously as if to prolong the torture of its departure, their gaze falls upon the theatrical advertisements and they read that not one but four "The Morning Afters" are announced for production during the week to come. . . . Wearily, they turn their faces to the wall and sleep the eternal sleep of frustration.

This particular "The Morning After," which had its purple patch of production at the Hudson Theatre on the night of July 27, has to do with the great Tuerei that always ensues when a farce author can get his characters into a limited area from which they cannot depart, anyhow overnight. In this case, it's an island and all the boys and girls wake up and don't know what has happened, because people kept on putting all kinds of things into the punch the night before. The wistful speculation of the gentleman in B-2, about the happy night when just a little bit more will be put into that pre-Act One punch bowl and the merry house party won't wake up at all until the final bugle, was declared brutal by his companion.

With that hint, then—it's been a house party and everybody has been more or less blotto and there's a Rosetta Duncanish colored maid—THE NEW YORKER declares the competition open to every subscriber listed on its books as of July 15. Send in your solutions. You may send as many as you please. You need not use the coupon, which is printed merely for your guidance. Employees of THE NEW YORKER and their families are barred. The first solution received that does not exactly parallel the solution arrived at by the authors of "The Morning After" will be proclaimed a miracle and given a special day of its own in future histories.

The cast is very good, which leads to a revival, this dreary morning, of the doctrine that not only American actors, but actors everywhere are for the most part far superior to the plays with which they are provided. The superiors in this instance are Arthur Aylsworth, Anne Morrison, Donald Foster, A. H. Van Buren, and Kay Johnson.

BIT by bit the passions are subsiding and it is to be hoped that the ensuing paragraph will definitely put an end to the argument that has split New York. City into thousands of little groups endlessly and even bellicosely arguing on the street corners of the town.

To wit, in a recent NEW YORKER, one "Lipstick," in the rubric known as "When Nights Are Bold," offered the opinion that Earl Carroll's "Vanities" is a particularly bad show, despite the previous week's proclamation by the undersigned that Mr. Carroll's offering would be agreeably tolerable entertainment once obvious repairs were made. The solution of this apparent contradiction is that so is "Lipstick's" old man.

While one is on the subject, moreover, one would hurl a few poisoned posies in the direction of Mr. Ralph Barton. It is Mr. Barton, and not Baby Peggy or Roy K. Moulton, as some suppose, who provides the captions for the Barton drawings of things theatrical. Readers with the least bit of tolerance in their hearts will not titter at the judgments these captions express, but will sympathize with Mr. Barton and will include him in their prayers.—H. J. M.

Music

THE National League "Aida" at the Polo Grounds, under the consulship of Maurice Frank, had one indisputable advantage over the American League opera of the same name offered at the Yankee Stadium by the Maestri Salmaggi and Acierno. Mr. Frank's boys and girls could be heard. The stage was parked near the plate instead of in center field, and the "L" service refrained from contributing melodies not indicated in Verdi's score.

Musically, Mr. Frank's performance had many merits, with particular honors to Miss Dreda Aves, a young American soprano who sang a first-rate Ethiopian slave. Miss Aves's histrionism probably will take a turn for the better when she has more opportunities to exercise her gifts on the stage. In any case, not necessarily the subjunctive, she sounds like a white hope---even in "Aida."

Miss Carmela Ponselle, who is to join her illustrious sister at the Met next season, was handicapped by the cruelty of fresh air to low voices, but there's no doubt that the other half of what used to be the Ponzilli Sisters is ready to achieve a reputation of her own in opera. The young tenor who intoned the music of "Rhadames" has a fine voice, but his vocal tactics— Too bad. If the opera had been named "Rhadames," we could have handed you something about the tightal rôle! Luigi Dalla Molle was the best King of the current dynasty, and there was more good singing by the Messrs. Valle, Sjovik, and De

Cesaro. Mr. Valle, however, followed the tradition of making up "Amonasro" to look like a fundamentalist cartoon of Clarence Darrow. The invisible Priestess was sung offstage, and, for once, on key, by Miss Florence Leffert, who is so capable that the management might have junked the silly publicity stunt about a "mystery singer."

In view of the many obstacles which fell in the way of the Municipal Opera Company's first venture, we offer no comment on the staging and the ubiquity of handsome straw hats somewhere in Thebes. Mr. Frank's aggregation holds one honorable record: the performance started at the time advertised and the intermissions were short and to the point.

ONE of the gamest exhibitions seen hereabouts of recent years was that of Nikolai Sokoloff when he made his début as guest conductor of the Stadium Concerts. He had injured his hand on the morning of his first concert and also managed to catch cold in his principal conducting arm. About half way through "Scheherazade" a cramp developed in this same arm, but Mr. Sokoloff dropped his baton and finished barehanded.

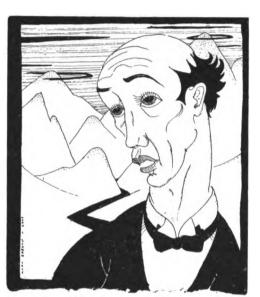
Mr. Sokoloff, being a somewhat unorthodox musician, made no capital of his disability, and if a sympathetic soul hadn't whispered the story to a few reporters, his fortitude would have been known only to the musicians of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

WHAT must have been an unusually resounding operatic performance was staged in Jefferson Park two weeks ago come Saturday. The city—or Mayor Hylan, or somebody—tossed at the public a free open-air showing of the Park & Tilford of opera— "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." From our loud-speaker we gathered that it was the noisiest business ever put before the taxpayers, who came early and brought the housing problem with them; and there were innovations in the form of frequent addresses in Italian by unidentified orators.

In keeping with this Summer's tradition, the show was rained out of business before its close. We don't know much about Jefferson Park, but we take it that it isn't dedicated to baseball. The opera wasn't "Aida."—R. A. S.

Art

THE Howard Young Galleries have an August show built along the lines of the movie house show 'em snow in Summer and it will make them forget the heat. The selection is a pleasant one and worth an idle half hour at the time of the year when art seems to be resting up for the onslaught that will



James Stephens and His Mountains That "Stand and Stare"

start next month.

The high note of the exhibit is by Gustave Wiegand, a striking composition of silver birches, or is it beeches, anyway the trees that artists paint. The lonely sentinels stand out against a valley and hillside, misty and soft and full of life. It is one of the best of Wie-'gand, say the Galleries, and we are willing to take them at their word. The canvas is as pleasing a picture of that school as we have seen in a couple of fortnights.

À hot note in the snow ensemble is the Spanish girl by Lillian Genth. Boldly executed, it is a fairly successful picture. It has the air of freshness, the great gobs of red in the shawl and the splotches of blue in the background give it

a certain sort of brilliance. Anyway there she is, a lady in a red-hot shawl who will probably leave you as cold as she did us.

Then there are the usual pleasantries that have attained brass name plates. We have never discovered just what degree of the fraternity this represents the brass title plate. When it becomes cooler we expect to look up this matter; it should be good for at least a paragraph. Whether the picture that sports it has passed all the examinations, or whether it connotes lineage we do not know. Three of the Phi Beta Kappa boys are there with some of their characteristic things—Bruce Crane, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Albert.

I F you are good at the subway thing, or live in the neighborhood, the Avery Library at Columbia University has an exhibit of etchings that might interest you. Of the seventy odd examples shown the range is indeed catholic, starting with Rembrandt and ending with Troy Kinney. Corot is represented, as is Millet. Then there is Callot's "La Petite Vue de Paris" and Della Bella's "L'Arc Constantin et Colloseum," some of Zorn, Whistler, Marin, Mary Cassatt, and Haden. The show is provided for the Summer sessions of the University but is willing to spread its light even to the casual New Yorker.—*M. P.*

Moving Pictures

THE smug gray derby, the foolish nose-tickling moustache, the smugger white waistcoat, those racetrack trousers, the precious gloves and spats and

those supercilious mountebank airs, all of which are the property of Mr. W. C. Fields, bid fair to write his name indelibly across the face of the platinum sheet. The marvelous clowning qualities of the erstwhile cigar box chopper of Longacre have been usurped by Mr. D. W. Griffith for use in "Sally of the Sawdust" (formerly "Poppy") and they do not fail in the closeups. Mr. Fields's pantomimic nature was meant for the screen and given the excellent chance that this picture does, his performance admits him into that marble temple with the custard walls which harbors Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton.

As you know, Mr. Fields does not do the sad harlequinning of Chaplin, the pleasing go-getting of Llovd, nor the deathlike pessimissing of Keaton. Rather he is a snooty sort of superclown. He is a snob of the shadier side of life. He is a buffooning edition of Burlington Berty. As Professor Eustace McGargle in "Sally," he plays about with the law in fine fashion, showing a remarkable aptitude for getting himself into foolish scrapes and just managing to extricate himself as the guillotine is about to descend.

This picture seems to be the first comedy done within our memory by Mr. Griffith. For one with as strong a love for the sentimental as that director, it comes as a surprise. The humor of the piece (thanks to the antics of our hero above) is lifting all along with the exception of a few possible moments when one wonders what the Pennsylvania Board of Censorship will have to say about the use of portions of the anatomy and little dogs for comic effects.

Perhaps the sentimentality that has crept into the thing spoils it just a little—but then anyone will tell you that it belongs there. Miss Carol Dempster is largely responsible for getting that sticky substance across. This she does with the usual assortment of Griffith tricks which are pleasant now and then, but painful most of the time.

But we wax critical. Miss Dempster is fragile and pretty to look on most of the time despite that strange gentleman that plays her lover. And there is Mr. Fields.

THERE have recently been added to Haysiana the following chef d'oeuvres of burning, smashing, vital, moral and holocaustic cinema drama. "Under the Rouge," clearly indicating that "under the rouge" of every crook beats the heart of a bank president of Frank Merriwell dimensions; "Ranger of the Big Pines," being big, clean doings in the big, clean woods; "Never the Twain Shall Meet," an intensive study in Polynesian and Caucasian miscegenation by the charmingly inconsistent hokum-dispenser, Mr. Peter B. Kyne; "The Half-Way Girl," presenting a formula by which life's outcast philosophic ladies may retain their virtue though surrounded by Singapore prostitutes; "Wild Wild Susan," splendid research into the insanity of the degenerate New York rich, with Miss Bebe Daniels, who always looks as though she had just finished a Reuben's sandwich, playing her part to psychopathetic perfection; "Not So Long Ago," tiresome and longdrawn 1850 comedy, and, finally, "A Woman's Faith," in which Mr. Carl Laemmle, superjewel producer, films a miracle.

And yes! All these pictures formed an appropriate setting for Greater Movie Season, in which we all are now sharing the joy, dear readers, but not the profits.—T. S.

Books

GALSWORTHY has gathered fifty-six of his short stories, all he wrote from 1900 to 1924, into "Caravan" (Scribner's), which every devotee of his or of the short story's will want. He has arranged them by dates and by "theme or mood," pairing older with similar newer ones, so that readers can "mark such difference as Time brings to technique and treatment." One reader's impressions is that Time, without diminishing his power, has made him much more at home in the short form. As to power that is relatively obvious, that any one can feel, a majority of the stories that have most of it are those that wartime's brutalities wrung from his characteristic sympathy.

We shall always think that Galsworthy is naturally a novelist, that to be certain of doing himself full justice he must have full length. But no one could call his short stories mere chips from a workshop. The best are as good, and as Galsworthy, in their ways as "The Forsyte Saga," and they are perhaps one in three of these fifty-six. His inclusion of a few flat failures adds to our respect for him; they were honest experiments outside his range, and having published them before, he puts them in and lets the record stand.

T was the year of grace 1483," and Silvain de I St. Lo was an iron-bound rover seeking naught but honor, carving up a caitiff and a brace of churls for breakfast every morn, delivering a beleaguered castle or a damosel ere lunch, and then riding on, superbly unrewarded and unappreciated. We had a little trouble getting into this novel, "Knight at Arms," partly because H. C. Bailey was giving his writing the flavor of the period, and we couldn't always gather from his distant relative pronouns who had crashed the stroke on whose unguarded helm, and partly because Sir Silvain's squire suffered from a habit of being quaintly funny, and we suffered with him. Later, the style cleared up while the derring-do kept fast and furious. We are no judge of a tale like this. At twelve we might have loved it.

-Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK



ABRIGHT this year was a tournament of upsets. The thirtyninth annual meeting at this famous tennis center on the Jersey coast was the occasion for a series of results which, to say the least,

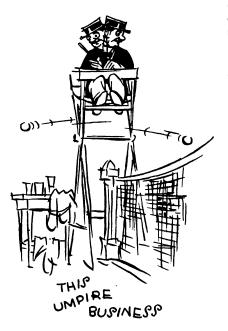
were somewhat startling to the large galleries thronging the clubhouse, the stands and the spaces around the twenty fine turf courts of the Seabright Tennis and Cricket Club. For one thing, the national doubles champions were defeated in straight sets. For another, the captain of the Australian Davis Cup team was beaten in the finals of the singles by the second ranking American, dropping two love sets. And not least important of all, the woman's singles champion was beaten in both singles and doubles without taking a set from her adversaries.

O be sure, the women's events which furnished no small part of the week's interest, were not entirely in the nature of an upset. Those of us who have played against Miss Elizabeth Ryan in Europe during the last few years, were certain of her victory over Miss Wills when they went out on the gallery court Saturday morning. Torrential rains on Friday rendered the Seabright turf heavy, yielding and soft. A surface more to Miss Ryan's liking is hard to imagine; her chops barely came a foot off the ground, sometimes they simply fell where they dropped. So slippery was it that in the second set of their match both women were playing in their stocking feet. It was turf Miss Ryan was accustomed to



EABRIGHT this year after ten years in England, and under was a tournament of these circumstances there was little in the upsets. The thirty- nature of an upset in her victory over ninth annual meeting Miss Wills.

> But it was in the women's doubles on Saturday afternoon that Miss Ryan shone. Ably supported by Miss Goss she defeated Miss Wills and Miss Browne, one of the strongest women's teams in this country, in straight sets. In this match the former



Californian proved herself to an American gallery the finest women's doubles player in the world. I know this is a large claim, but I make it despite the fact that Miss Ryan's partner in Europe is none other than the great and only Suzanne Lenglen. For she is severe and deadly where at times Suzanne is mercly tentative. Miss Ryan is the only woman playing tennis who plays doubles as do the best Continentals. Her poaching, her jumping into a rally to bring off a decisive volley at her opponent's feet is worthy of Borotra, of Brugnon, or of that master of doubles, Pat O'Hara Wood of Australia.

Time and again last Saturday she would end the point with a smash or a volley so conclusive that it left no answer. Poaching, as she well knows, is justifiable only when, and if, the point is won. So she makes sure to win it.

BUT her victory over Miss Wills in singles, the first match in tennis that young lady has lost since she was beaten by Miss McKane at Wimbledon in 1924, must not be taken as conclusive. Miss Ryan, with her devastating chops and drop shots that barely clear the net and fall dead, has just the game to beat Miss

Wills. So insidious is her attack, so hard is it to defend against, that it is likely to break up Miss Wills's fine driving game as it did last week at Seabright. The next t i m e they meet, however,

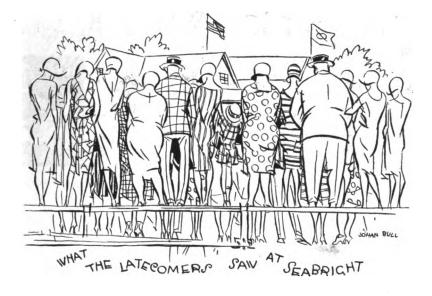


the match will certainly be closer. For one thing, given ten days or two weeks of sunshine, the turf in the center of that sun-baked enclosure at Forest Hills will be very different from the lush surface at the New Jersey coast town. It will render Miss Ryan's chops much less effective; it will render Miss Wills's drives to the corners far more effective. Miss Ryan has, I repeat, the game to beat Miss Wills. Whether she can do so in the championships at Forest Hills this week is something only time can tell us. Do not by the way, forget that Miss McKane will be playing at Forest Hills. Miss McKane has beaten Miss Ryan before this. She may do so again.

HE men's singles at Seabright was in the nature of an anti-climax. Our first glimpse of Anderson, the tall Australian, revealed him this year in a disappointing mood. His shots, especially at critical moments, had a tendency to fly out over the baseline. His control was anything but sure. For two sets the match was mildly interesting. Richards won the first rather easily before the Australian steadied down: then Anderson with some delicate stop volleys ran out the second. After this he did not win a game. Richards won twelve straight in about the same number of minutes. During which time Anderson did not seem to be trying.

Was Anderson actually trying? Did





he hold something back? Memories of a match in the national championships several years ago in which Patterson and Wood let Tilden and Richards beat them rather easily, only to smear their adversaries in the Davis Cup matches, come to mind. One therefore asks whether this match of Anderson's at Seabright was just another case of tactics.

If so, it was perhaps justifiable. But a triffe hard on the gallery, several thousand of whom had paid money to see a tennis match and actually saw something less than an exhibition during those last two sets. Oh, the galleries don't count, someone will remark. Maybe not. But if there were no galleries, there would be very few tournaments. And Mr. Anderson would not be playing tennis in this country. As a man well up in tennis said to me afterward: "At least he could have chucked it more artistically."

O sporting writer in this country ever calls a prominent athlete by anything but his first name in print. It is, "Pavvo" Nurmi, "Big Bill" Tilden, "Little Bill" Johnston, "Jack" Dempsey, and so on. Often with ridiculous consequences. If by chance one does not know a first name, it is invented. As several years ago when Miss Kathleen McKane of England was coming over for the first time, she was called everything from Phyllis to Rachel. A sports writer in one of the metropolitan dailies spoke of Miss Ryan all through Seabright week as "Miss Elizabeth." Her name happens to be Elizabeth, but she is known to her intimates as "Bunny," although just why any-one who doesn't know her should call her that is hard to see.

A Summer or two ago an officious reporter who had a trick of calling prominent athletes by their fitst names both in print and in public, was introduced to Mr. Schlesinger of the Australian Davis Cup team. The second time they met he was genially addressing him as "Bob,"

supposing that the letter "R" in Schlesinger's name stood for Robert. The other members of the Australian team stood this as long as they could. Finally one spoke up:

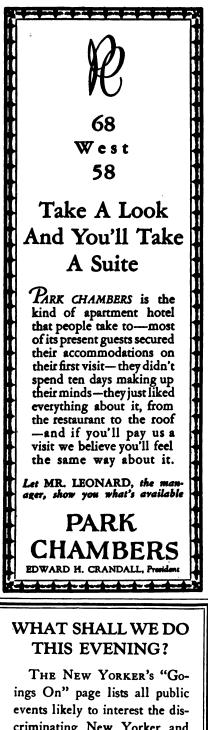
"Look here, if you feel you must address Mr. Schlesinger by his first name, please call him Dick. That's what we do at home."

ID you notice at Seabright: Miss Ryan's pink towel which she used as a towel during the matches and a muffler afterward; the national champion sitting on an upturned umpire's chair watching his rivals in action in the finals; the members of the Davis Cup Committee who will select the coming players for the big International matches in September watching the matches; the changing of the service linesman in the third set of the Richards-Anderson match; Patterson and Anderson playing in doubles together and failing to get by the second round; that the finalist at Seabright in 1923, Bill Johnston, and the finalist in 1924, Howard Kinsey, were both put out early in the week; Sam Hardy, captain of the famous 1920 Davis Cup team which went to Australia and brought back the Cup, calling footfaults on Miss Ryan?

New Haven and Long Island commuters are laying down their bundles and taking up arms against the rate rise. A commuter is never happy unless he is carrying something.

Won't it be pleasant when Henry Ford gets us back to the days before these hectic modern dances—and motor cars and everything?

We understand that there is a movement on foot to change the name of Fifth Avenue to Water Main Street.



ings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

WANTED-BACHELOR APARTMENT

Two rooms and bath, one open fireplace essential. Location between Washington Square and 80th Street.

Communicate Room 1404, 347 Fifth Avenue—or telephone Ashland 6660.



The Astor Roof

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

HIS week there was more than the customary scurrying and scampering about in search of new material in the night life line, and the round of pleasure that my envious friends credit me with indulging in had several very jagged edges. It all started with an attempt to barge into the new Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, a cosy little seaside resort between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in the fond belief that it was just another one of those "clubs" which are open to almost everybody. It may have been, but the imperviable (look it up in your dictionary) doorman claimed that he had never heard of me, and this appalling lack of good taste, discrimination, and savoir faire on his part discouraged me to such an extent that I decided that I didn't want to go there anyway.

If you happen to have a 'satiable curiosity, you might scout around among your taxi driver, society, or theatrical friends until you find one who is a member and would be willing to be responsible for you.

HERE seemed nothing for my wounded pride except the nearest roof garden, which happens to be at the Astor, or the Roosevelt Grill, which I insist upon attending every so often because I like the music. The Astor gets under way early in the evening, because it is still a rendezvous for actors and New Yorkers bound for the theatre. And it is all fixed up this year with fountains, and waterfalls, and trailing vines, and hedges, and country estate atmosphere in general. It is an excellent choice for dining before the theatre, and avoiding the harrowing half-hour ride around and around Times Square at 8:30.

The Roosevelt Grill gcts going for a rather later dinner hour. The floor is pleasantly inhabited by young things in sleeveless Summer chiffons and printed crêpes, with lithe and assured escorts. In the low gallery surrounding the dance floor, older people, more or less benevolent, chew meditatively and marvel. I can't help preferring grill rooms to roofs, except in the hottest weather, because



At the Roosevelt Grill

they supply an atmosphere of intimacy that a roof rarely attains. The food here is good, and the Ben Bernie orchestra is something to write home about, though the folks there have probably acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the Bernie jazz, via the radio, long ago.

AFTER several hours of following temperamental arrows through Westchester, I finally arrived, at nine-thirty the following evening, at the Briarcliff Lodge, thirty miles up the Hudson River. (One hour and a half by motor, if you have the intelligence to follow the main New-York-to-Albany road, and don't speed through Yonkers.) The first thing that greeted my hungry eye was none other than Ned Williamson, formerly the genial clerk of the Algonquin, looking over the display of grey-haired heads-oflarge-families in the lobby with a weary eye. Refined, to outward appearances at least.

The grill room fulfills the necessary requirements of grill rooms (see above) and is most intimate. The large dining room and verandas are open until eight o'clock for a table d'hôte dinner. Dancing takes place in the ballroom four nights a week, a concert on Sunday nights, and a movie, think of it! once a week.

On the way up there, we passed Longue Vue, which is several miles nearer New York, without hesitating, because my loud cries of hunger startled my boy friend's pocketbook into complete silence. The food there, however, is known to justify any expense, and the view of the Hudson is all that it is advertised.

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL undoubtedly spends her evenings in a happy chant "From a Coffee Shop to a National Institution." The Forty-seventh Street Piazzetta is very, very Italiano in decoration and very, very business-andprofessional woman in its clientele. Your white-haired mother, who isn't taking a train to Pelham until 9:11, will dote on the place. So, in fact, will you, if you happen to be in a calm and quiet mood and want to spend the rest of the evening among your books. Three jovial Neapolitans with guitars, gay voices, and comic faces serenade you sweetly from the balcony, or march merrily among the tables singing the Italian equivalent of roundelays.

Furthermore, it is not a tea room in the accepted sense of the word, as is proved by the fact that men are to be seen there in large numbers.—Lipstick

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while From Friday, August 7, to Friday, August 14, inclusive

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth

If you haven't seen "What Price Glory," it's safe to assume that you're still looking for a barouche to take you to the Hoffman House. And be sure not to miss the Eden Musée-and take that straw out of your mouth!

ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden

Eighteen Hoffmann Girls is just eighteen times as much as the occupants of the first ten rows have a right to hope for. And then there are Phil Baker and Brennan and Rogers and snappy songs and dancers.

IS ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

The funniest show in town, but don't take a logician with you.

THE FALL GUY-Eltinge

Here, too, is an amusing comedy, better con-structed and probably consequently less diverting than "Is Zat So?" Good acting by Ernest Truex.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

Still the season's most sensational musical play. Desiree Ellinger is now the prima donna, vice Mary Ellis.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw

The Grape Grower's Bride, or They Do That Kind of Thing So Much Better in California. The Pulitzer Prize play, with exceptional acting by Pauline Lord.

GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

A very entertaining semi-pro revuelet, put on by the junior players of the Theatre Guild. Merry and sparkling.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

A two-fisted burlesque of the mystery farce, itself a burlesque.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

Mr. Ziegfeld's finest "Follies," with the spirit of comedy in command. Items, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

A gorgeously beautiful production, with some comedy by Leon Errol.

LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty

George Gershwin's score, Fred and Adele Astaire, Walter Catlett, and Adele Astaire, in the order named.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan

Attendance upon O'Neill is obligatory, anyway, but in this case you're lucky and will probably like most of the show.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo

Mr. White offers a fast-moving and merry revue, as always.

THE STUDENT PRINCE-Joison's

Another one of the big musical plays that suddenly made their reappearance last year. This one has a nice, maudlin book-based upon "Old Heidelberg"-and first class music, sung by first class singers.

MOVING PICTURES

DON O

An excursion to Spain with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks who climbs many walls, does some heavy sword slaying and fights only one bull. At the Globe. Closes Sunday, August 9.

KISS ME AGAIN

The vying of two legs of a triangle for the third leg. At the Piccadilly Friday, August 7 and following days.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

Mr. W. C. Fields making his cinema début in a glamorous story from the modern fairy tale books. He is well worth two visits. At the Strand Friday, August 7 and following days.

THE UNHOLY THREE

A novel piece in and about the circus with Mr. Lon Chaney in a normal makeup. At the Capitol Friday, August 7, and Saturday, August 8.

ART

HUNTINGTON COLLECTION - Metropolitan Museum

One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room FRENCH PAINTERS-Durand-Ruel

Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

AMERICANS-Howard Young Galleries

Pleasant Summer show of Wiegand, Hassam, Genth, Crane.

MUSIC

CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium

The Philharmonic Orchestra in symphonic programs nightly. Rudolph Ganz conducts Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, with Fritz Reiner following for a week, beginning Monday.

GOLDMAN'S BAND-Hall of Fame

New York University campus nightly, except Tuesdays and Thursdays. No admission fee. CITY CONCERTS-Central Park

Bands on Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Orchestras on Fridays.

MUNICIPAL OPERA-Ebbets Field, Brooklyn

Saturday evening, August 8. "Faust," with Josiah Zuro conducting. Tickets may be ob-tained at the City Chamberlain's office, but no seats are reserved after 8 o'clock.

SPORTS

SHOW-Southampton Kennel Club, DOG SHOW-South Southampton, L. I. Saturday, August 8, annual Dog Show of the

Southampton Kennel Club.

POLO-Rumson Polo Club, Rumson, N. J. Saturday, August 8, and following days, annual Junior Championships of U. S.

TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.

Friday, August 7 and Saturday, August 8. Annual East vs. West Matches. Bringing together the leading players of East and West. BASEBALL

At Yankee Stadium, New York vs. Detroit, Friday, Saturday, August 7, 8. New York vs. Chicago, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, August 9, 11, 12, 13.

At Polo Grounds, New York vs. Brooklyn, Friday, August 14.

GOLF-Shackamaxon Country Club, Westfield, N. J.

Tuesday, August 11, and Wednesday, August 12. New Jersey State Open Championship.

Theatre Guild Productions

Garrick Galeties

Sparkling Musical Revue

Garrick Theatre

65 West 35th Street. Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo Klaw Theatre

West 45th St. Evenings, 8:40

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE West 42d St.

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirs. 458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

NEW SUMMER EDITION

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

of 1925-Glorifying the American Girl WILL ROGERS-W. C. FIELDS

Eugene ESIRE O'Neill's UNDER the ELMS Greatest Play With WALTER HUSTON 39th WEEK THEATRE, Now at GEO. M. COHAN B'way & 43d St.

Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected

These Regular Features and a Hundred and One Other Newsy Items Appear Weekly in

THE NEW YORKER



AN INDIAN PRINCE

or a prince of an Indian, a roaming traveler or a "stay-at-home" would be as knowing as the sawdust sprinkled on a butcher shop's floor, were it not for THE NEW YORKER's delectable directory of desirable shops.

Some plebeian minds might call the enticing little shop notices on this page, "ads." But neither you, dear Reader, the Indian Prince, the prince of an Indian, the roaming traveler nor the "stay-at-home" who have delved into some of the earth's treasures nestling in these shops, would ever call the notices any-thing but selected passwords to the town of "Quality," situated between the Rivers East and Hudson.

Antiques	Books	Golf School
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large rift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712
Arts and Crafts	First Editions, American & English Literature. Early Printed and Private Press Books. Manuscripts, Autograph Letters. Catalogue on request. HARRY STONE, 137 Fourth Ave.	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings,	HARRY STONE, 137 Fourth Ave.	"SMILE" HOUSE-FROCKS—artistic Crepes, Fou- lards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95 Gloria Browning, 156 E. 47th St., N. Y. Mur. Hill 4513
gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	THE SHORTEST DISTANCE	
	in New York City is a line drawn showing the path of a person from the place where he or she reads THE	Gowns Made to Order
. Auction Bridge	Naw YORKER's classified page to the quality shop to which he or she goes after reading. No mathematics is needed to travel this distance to a happy termination. It's a "Street of Rare Surprises" when you shop with THE NEW YORKER's aid.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele.
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC.		FASCINATING SHOPS
20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City	Dancing	that would grace a King's Highway, glorify a pea- sant's road or, as they do, foresooth, make a shoppera' treasure house of the sidewalks of New York, are posted within these columns for your wise selection.
THREE MAIDENS went shooping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat" and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER'S shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of guality and service at the stores	MR. OSCAR DURYEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances Ballroom, Hotel des Artlistes, 1 West 67th St., N. Y.	Therefore, O Shoppers, wander ye no more ofer the desolate city streets, in a fog of indecision, but let THE NEW YORKER serve as a guide to some quiet shop, of a million sweet delights.
that they would visit, on their trip.		Hair and Scalp Treatment
Beauty Culture	Flesh Reduction	THE PARKER METHOD known for 40 years as the most scientific treatment for all hair & scalp disorders. Visit our New York establishment or write for list of licensed shops. 47 W. 49th St., N. Y.
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) Theorem VORK	ANA de ROSALES Chickering 4174 REDUCING REBUILDING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	Restaurants
Telephone Murray Hill 5637 and 6795 Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them	FOUND-	AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food-Balalalka Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs-Dancing after theatre.
517 Madieon Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	a light on the subject of finding one's way through the "Maze of Streets" and the "Labyrinth of Shops." Aladdin's lamp was a mere wisp of light compared to the glow which this guide throws on the streets of	Swimming Instruction
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR can now be permanently destroyed thru the TRICHO SYSTEM. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., New York.	New York Town. Open THE NEW YORKER to the classified page and prestothe shop windows of New York are brightly visible to one's eyes.	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST.
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis. Expert in charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON,	Footwear	RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N Wedding Stationery
48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768		mousing stationers
FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Timues Lifted-Contour Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS ENDORSEMENT, Repent	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building	WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, visiting cards, etc., that look and feel like engraving, at half the price, Write or phone Circle 8360 for samples and prices.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). A new realist portrays North Dakota at the time of Townley's activities.
- **THE GREAT GATSBY**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribuer's). A pearl of chivalry, hidden in its shell, is cast before North Shore Long Islanders.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Dorsm). An open-minded presentation of a young man blighted by his sex complex.
- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A romance for those who enjoy the substantial, Conrad-esque variety.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). Edna Millay's line, "We were very mournful, we were very merry," lightly and charmingly orchestrated in prose. THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). As
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). As good in its way as her "The Matriarch," and as simple as that is intricate.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfser). By exploring labyrinthine paragraphs, you learn what French high life looked like to a youth of senius thirty years ago.
- to a youth of genius thirty years ago. DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). The best book going for those who want a really good long novel devoid of this Modern Sophistication business.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (Bobbs-Merrill). A "long-short" story (scene, Mexico) by an artist at light romance.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer). A clever, caustic novelist takes up the Ibsen cudgel against fool idealism in domesticity.

SHORT STORIES

- CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). All his short stories, 1900 to 1923, arranged by him in pairs, old-and-new, according to their themes.
- (Doubleday, Page). A "long-short" story to read on a train, and two short stories to take more seriously.

GENERAL

- ORANGES AND LEMONS AND THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Collections of the best things Milne regularly contributed to Punch.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis's story in her own words as recorded by Mary Lawton. Rosa is a famous London caterer who has known everybody, and is as lively an "original" as you could ask to meet.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). A most readable proof that science still leaves room for "mysticism."
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (Knopf). The lumberjacks who first spun all these Gargantuan cook-house yarns never dreamed that a good writer would one day make a good fantastic book of them.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnam). Essays by him who has lately spread Nature all over the Times's front page.

From the Book of Etiquette

WHEN a person inadvertently jars against another, should he say, "Pardon me" or "Excuse me?"

He should say neither. The correct thing to do is to grin cheerfully and say, "Serves you right, you idiot, for being in my way. Use your eyes next time."

These words may serve as introduction

for further conversation depending on who the person is you have bumped into. If it is an elderly lady you may shove her aside without more waste of words; if a prosperous gentleman, jot down his name and address and call on him next morning for a job. Should the person happen to be a weak, consumptive type, punch him in the jaw and send him quickly about his business. Perchance your victim is a doctor. In that case the safest thing to do is to pay the damages and ask for a receipt. Contact with medicine men is costly.

At one time or another you may count on bumping into a charming young lady, then it is a sure sign of fate that you must marry her. To save courtship expenses and other incidentals it is a wise thing to grab her gently but firmly by the arm and lead her to the nearest justice of peace and have the ceremony over with.

In rare instances you may jar into the President of the United States. It is then of the utmost importance to have your wits about you and show the spirit of true Americanism. Keep your hat on tight, slap the President playfully on the back, and begin discoursing the outlook for the next election. Your independence and interest in public affairs may win you a place on his staff.

—Clara Janson

Julian Street A Theatre-goer's Reflections

IF I were a veteran star I would not succumb to the fallacy that a little applause at the end of the second act calls for a few remarks.

If I were an antiquated actress I would not consider it necessary to continue the fetching little mannerisms that made me popular in my youth.

If I were a young emotional actress I would not in my dramatic scenes become throaty after the Ethel Barrymore manner. I would not even do it if I were Ethel Barrymore.

If I were an ingénue I would not kick up my left heel when being embraced by the juvenile.

If I were a juvenile I wouldn't be so darned peppy.

If I were a gray-haired mother type I would not act so pathetically helpless.

If I were a grande dame I would not cling to the prehistoric lorgnette.

If I were a Shakespearean actor I would not try to be too different from the rest.

If I were a producer I would not follow every hit with a production just like it, nor would I force my stars to go on playing the same types year after year.

If I were a librettist I would respect the age of certain jokes. I'd probably starve!

-Herbert J. Mangham



The

THE NEW YORKER

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NEITHER SLUMBER NOR SLEEP

not the jangling of overhead trains or the surging rumble of trucks or the din and clatter of the underground, may disturb my slumbers. These were but to woo me deeper into pro-fundity. Sleep. That gentle seductress from a world of care. Sleep. As soft as a maiden's glance; as billowy and engulfing as a Summer cloud. Except in a New York hotel.

Rap-rap-rap.

The man said: "This is the vacuum soap. Kin I come in?" cleaner man. Kin I come in?"

I said . . . drowsily, uninterested: "No. Go away."

Sleep. Dreamless, childlike, luxurious. Rap-rap-rap .

The woman said: "I'm the bath maid. Kin I come in?"

- I said: "Stop that knocking and go away."
- Sleep. Exotic, intoxicating, supreme. Rap-rap-rap . . . torturingly.

The woman said: "This is the chamber

'OT the roar of the city's traffic, a patient person. I am glad to know you are concerned in my welfare. But it is only 10 o'clock in the morning. Go away. Else I shall choke you. And hide your body under the dresser. And plead a murder complex. Go away."

Sleep. For nearly five minutes. Invigorating, soul-satisfying sleep.

Rap-rap-rap. Painful . . . forever breaking in.

The woman said:

"This is the maid with the towels and

I said: "Dammit-No!"

Only louder.

She went away . . . muttering. I think she said something about me, too.

Sleep. That encompasses one-shuts out the maudlin world.

Rap-rap-rap. Dinning into my consciousness.

"I'm the man that polishes the faucets. Kin I come in?"

I said: "By the knee pants of Judas Iscariot."

maid. Kin I make your bed?" I said: "I know six different ways to I said: "Madam Chamber Maid: I am kill you. I am on my way to the door. I said: "I know six different ways to

Which do you choose?"

He fled. Dear sleep. I would woo you more. Return to me from out that land where Morpheus reigns-

Rapping . . . startingly.

"This is the man to fix the awnings. I gotta fix your awnings. You gotta let me in to fix your awnings."

I said: "I promised to kill the other man. But he was a coward. He ran away. I want you to come in. I implore you to come in. And I will beat you, batter you and kick you. Then this will I do for you: I will place the artificial flowers in your hand and open the Gideon Bible beside you. Yes, Do come in." Cowards all. They would not fight.

I closed my eyes. Sleep, suffering indignity, had vanished.

Not the roar of the city's traffic, not the jangling, the surging rumble, the din and clatter, may disturb my slumbers. But sleep in a hotel? Almost I am tempted to hire a bungalow in the suburbs, with tomato plants in the back yard, and a garden hose. . . . Almost!

—Harold Standish Corbin

Search for Civilization

WAS possessed by a feeling of unrestrained superiority that night as I swung jauntily down the street, my new and shiny cane clutched in my right hand, my tie carefully, oh! most carefully, tied, and the first copy of the first edition of my first novel, my very own, pressed tightly under my arm. Deep in the contemplation of the sudden erection of my Hall of Fame I wandered on, paylittle heed whither. Eventually I halted, confused. Surely this was not where I was going. I searched about for a street sign.

"Mott Street," it read.

Mott Street, I reflected. Now where might that be? But, and more pertinently, where might it not be? A young Chinaman lounged by, his feet pointing suspiciously outward. I hastily summoned my courage and all of my Bowery vernacular to address him.

"Say, buddy," said I. "How can a feller get to civilization from this part of town? I mean-" I paused.

He looked at me for a moment, for a long moment, and now, in those rare instants of retrospection that I allow myself, I recall with a blush, that his oval eyes became ovaler, and that his left eyebrow elevated in a most perceptible twitch.

"Civilization?" he repeated in a somewhat Oxfordian tone. "Civilization?" His voice was soft, soothingly gentle. "Oh yes: you undoubtedly came down on a Bronx express. I should advise you to return to the station and take a similar train back. Really."

—" I stammered. "But, I say—

"So do I," said he gently, and he raised his hat.

Slightly red about the back of the neck, I watched him until he disappeared

among a crowd of Chinamen.

Presently another Chinaman passed. Gathering a prodigious amount of courage, I stepped forward and raised my hat slightly.

"Pardon me," I said politely, and with a considerable degree of éclat, "but can you direct me to Fifth Avenue and Washington Square?"

He, too, looked at me for a long moment, a long, long moment, but it seemed to me that into those slanting eyes crept a look of supreme insolent contempt.

"Fline out f'um cop," he said finally, with gutteral curtness.

Slightly red about the back of the neck, I watched him until he disappeared among a crowd of Chinamen. Now, I ask you: I have been to college, but, honestly, how is anyone to know-

-Dwight Kasson Tripp



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There are, however, many of your friends who would be equally interested in discovering it. If you care to share THE NEW YORKER with them, and will give us their names, we will be glad to mail copies to them.

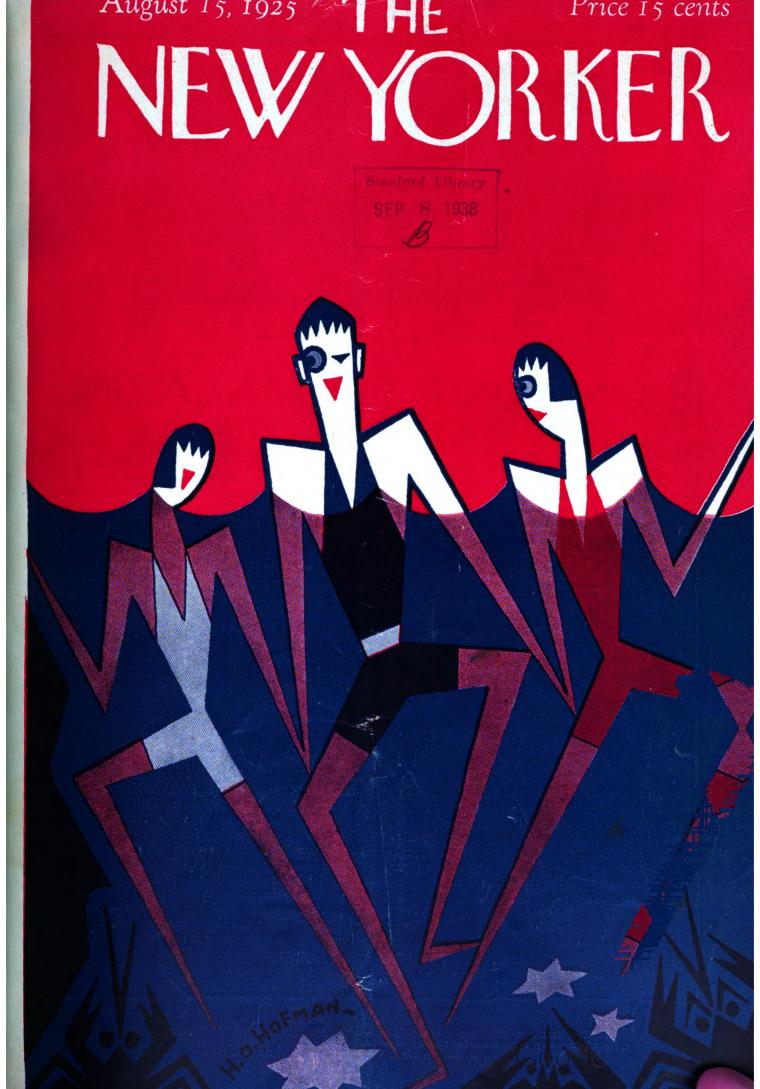
¶ We have been delighted to find that our readers are our best advertisers; and their friends are constantly being added to the list of our subscribers.

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Cutting down the specially grown trees to make paper for THE NEW YORKER. At

Cutting down the specially grown trees to make paper for THE NEW YORKER. A the right, supervising the work, may be seen Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER'S special superintendents of forestry.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

I. Securing Paper for THE NEW YORKER

THE most essential feature of a magazine is paper. You might assemble all the vast organization of THE NEW YORKER, with its hundreds of thousands of workers in all the innumerable branches of the industry; you might gather all the type, ink, and other accessories of printing; you might even operate the huge presses week in and week out, turning out the 8,657,000 copies of THE NEW YORKER. But if you did not have any paper, the result would not be a magazine; and all those issues of THE NEW YORKER you had worked so hard to produce would have to be thrown away.

The first man to realize the importance of paper in the manufacture of a magazine was Horace Greeley. In 1847 he bought two acres up in Haarlem, on the site where C. C. N. Y. now stands; and upon this property he planted twenty-eight poplar seeds. It was his intention, "God willing," (as he put it), that these seeds should grow into trees, and from those trees THE NEW YORKER should obtain the paper on which to print its issues.

In those early days, paper was derived from a number of sources—the backs of old envelopes, chewing gum wrappers, discarded Lily Cups—anything that came to hand. It was the duty of every member of the staff of THE NEW YORKER to keep his eyes open on his way to the office, bringing in what paper he could secure on the way. Here the paper was assorted into sizes, and a trained staff, equipped with red erasers, rubbed it clean.

Meantime, the circulation of THE NEW YORKER had grown from three to four to five and so on to seven figures; and as the inefficiency of this method grew more apparent, the practicality of Mr. Greeley's plan was realized. For some time thereafter, THE NEW YORKER depended for its paper on what wood it could gather around New York; but as the Bronx began to be built up and Central Park was taken over by the city, THE NEW YORKER bought a vast tract of land in Maine, where they set out 5,260 trees. This scheme was dubbed at the time "The Maine Bubble" and was laughed at by everyone; but people since then have learned to laugh up the other sleeve.

In order to realize the number of trees which must be felled each week, for one issue of THE NEW YORKER, the reader should try to visualize a vast forest of 8,657,000 trees, or sufficient trees when divided by 10 to equal 865,700 trees. In other words, if the reader will picture one tree, and then multiply that tree by 10% of 86,570,000 trees, he may perhaps form some idea of how many trees 8,657,000 trees are. It is typical of the great NEW YORKER organization, that it owns and operates to-day the biggest paper forest in the world, covering 29,000,000 or so acres in Canada, Maine, and northern New Jersey, under the close supervision of THE NEW YORKER's field superintendent, Mr. Eustace Tilley.

Although most of the paper for THE NEW YORKER is made nowadays from these trees, nevertheless, there is a certain percentage which is made in the old way, by picking it up here and there. The material best suited to this work has been found to be an oblong sheet of green paper issued by the United States Government, and bearing the words: "Five Dollars." From this single scrap, enough paper can be procured to print 52 copies; and to any reader who will submit such a bill to THE NEW YORKER, the editors will mail a year's subscription free.

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN



Notes and Comment

I N an age of taxicabs and ponderous limousines, we laud the horsedrawn barouches which lounge along Fifty-ninth street, near the Avenue. They are available in the early morning hours, and their elderly jehus are waking when younger and far less courteous chauffeurs have long since retired. They are ideal for late drives about the Park and perfect for what one philosophical coachman among the lot prescribes for flushed and uncertain fares: The fresh air treatment.

ST.PATRICK'S spires bandaged in scaffolding ... three buildings being demolished within two blocks on the Avenue ... replica of the Grand Canyon at Forty-second Street ... working model of Vesuvius's crater three blocks north ... minor disturbances everywhere ... Perhaps we do deserve the outlander's complaint, "Was it for this I fled from Santa Barbara?"

Maybe, when the wreckers have finished all their other jobs in town, someone will put them to work on the pillars in some of our best theatres.

RESPECT for tradition grows rarer in town, even among those Bonifaces who benefit most by fostering it in connection with their hostelries. An exception are the powers in the Waldorf-Astoria. Even with the profit to be made by remodelling the entire front of the hotel into stores, they confined the renovating to the Thirty-fourth Street side, so that the Rose and Empire dining rooms might be preserved.

Traditions both, murmured M. Oscar Tschirky.

A tradition yourself, M. Oscar, murmurs THE NEW YORKER.

IF the Health Department does not desist from its plan to issue and persuade persons to wear buttons inscribed, "I Have Been Vaccinated," it is going to make a number of citizens very sick, indeed.

No American custom is quite so heinous as that of wearing lapel decorations. Not only buttons, but animals' teeth of all kinds, miniature scimitars, and various portions of native fauna.

Why should a city department sup-





posed to promote health add to these unsightly ornaments, and so subject the cultured portion of the city's inhabitants to recurrent attacks of pains in the neck, headaches and similar ailments? And why, if we are to have buttons advertising, "I Have Been Vaccinated," confine the campaign to one disease? Wouldn't it be just as logical to issue celluloid boasts, "I Have Been Inoculated Against Typhus," "I Have Had Three Teeth Filled," "I Visit a Chiropodist Once a Month" and so on down the long list of those afflictions to which human flesh is heir?

LET Mayor Hylan battle so lustily as he will to preserve the sacrosanct five-cent subway fare. But is there no candidate who will pledge himself, on behalf of the poor upper classes, to maintain taxi rates at twenty cents a mile?

MAYBE Mr. Will Hays takes this Greater Movie Season seriously. He would. But, anyway, if he really wishes to make it a Greater Movie Season, we suggest that he keep Charlie Chaplin and W. C. Fields at work and give practically all the other screen stars a vacation for a year.

An exasperating failing of the movies is that their greatest artists have

to be thrust upon them. Chaplin, of course, grew up with the industry. But Fields has been around vaudeville houses for fifteen years-obviously one of the best pantomimists of his age-and the first time any movie chieftain thought of using his gorgeous equipment for the silent stage was after he had made a success of his first speaking rôle.

The Week

MR. BROWNING finally re-linquishes his adopted darling and Miss Peggy Joyce returns from abroad. Senator James J. Walker is designated by Tammany and chemical retort explodes in City College. Police Chief of Des Moines says London is dying of dry rot from sin and Scotland Yard reports impressive decrease in British crime. German authority estimates 14,000,000 Jews in world and Mr. Henry Ford buys an airplane factory. Signorina Edda Mussolini, daughter of Fascist, rescues woman from sea and monkey bites policeman who captures it on lower Fifth Avenue. The Maharajah of Patiala engages floor of Savoy Hotel, London, and Mr. Jack Dempsey is suspended, in New York, for slighting Mr. Harry Wills. Youngster arrested for stealing bag of golf clubs to get money for starving mother and Russell T. Scott, convicted of murder, is committed to lunatic asy-Parisian evening gowns fealum. ture trains and Representative Burton says Europe is improving steadily. Rockaways have real estate boom and Dr. Whitney, physicist, says matter is vacuum.

Rehearsal

HAT line again, Miss Meggs, and, if you please, more bitterness. The same feeling with which you would complain to the Equity about an extra matinee in Detroit. If you please."

Frigidly patient is the director.

Wearily and wanly, in the sick half-light of the barren stage, a voice: "My first-oh, God-my first gray

hair." Once more, the director:

"Again, Miss Meggs; and try to remember your first gray hair. If you please."

Thus, in a hundred shadowed lofts, on two score shabby stages. Thus do the directors lash-or, more rarely-



with harried eyes and thoughts for a red-circled date upon September's calendars. The same scene everywhere. Perhaps, such is playwriting, the same line.

Beyond the shallow trench where sleep the dusty footlights, gray-white cloths shroud the plush orchestral seats from Summer's grime. Graywhite and dim, in receding arcs. An audience of ghosts. The ghost of the Big Commission Man from Chicago, who is even now looking in on the "Folies Bergères" in Paris. The ghost of the Big Bookie, beaming at the moment in the lobby of the United States at Saratoga. The ghost of the Big Contractor from Everywhere. Aisle seat ghosts.

In the foreground, wraiths, now substantial up-stage, now waveringly indistinct in the cathedral-like distances. The producer, offering obvious suggestions. The backer, wrapt in enjoyment of the new, when he is not calculating how long it takes him to make eighteen thousand dollars out of an automobile agency, or wondering whether the Little Girl is ever going to quit talking about her art and listen to reason. The Little Girl is Miss Meggs.

A lounging electrician, a bored stage hand-two realities from uniondom in this world of shadows. A juvenile with sideburns Valentino. An elder, female, dripping motherly regard for everyone, particularly those who sign checks. A male heavy, consulting the past performance pages against further villainies.

The director throws his sides upon the floor; then, slowly, so slowly, picks them up. His tone is more than ever saturated with suffering patience.

"The line again, Miss Meggs; and remember, your first gray hair is a tragedy to you. You know nothing

about beauty parlors. It's a tragedy, if you please."

The drama is in travail.

Explorer

HE recent safe return of Mr. William Beebe has revived interest in a movement among the United Societies of Victims of Insistent Insurance Salesman, which has for its object, the purchase of a solid gold petard, this to be presented to the explorer, to commemorate the one upon which was hoist an insurance broker.

Before Mr. Beebe's departure for the Sargasso, a broker bore on his trail, intent on selling to him, for a William Street company, a blanket policy covering every member of his crew during their voyage of exploration. Presently, without having written the policy, the broker found himself among the financial backers of Mr. Beebe's adventure.

A member of that expedition to spear giant squib and first page stories was Miss Ruth Rose, who is moving about her accustomed circles now, and telling a ghost story, somewhat in the following manner: A friend, joining a house party in Virginia, was astonished at being assigned to a room which was reputed to be haunted. But there was no other place to put her.

"It's really nothing," the hostess explained. "No sights or sounds or anything. The door simply won't stay shut during the night, that's all. No matter what we put against it as a barrier, it pushes open."

Miss Rose's friend, naturally, was not overcome with enthusiasm at the prospect of passing the night in a haunted room, but, reassured by members of the family, she decided to make the best of it. In the morning she was besieged with questions as to how she had conquered the insurgent door.

"I left it open," she replied.

Ils Sont Là Bas

T didn't seem possible that the French could be so sentimental, but when the fourth returning traveler brought the same tidings, reason tottered on the verge of belief.

It concerns, this story so often ferried from Paris, the second Lafayette Escadrille, formed to impose civilization upon the wayward M. Krim, and to renew that entente, not quite so cor-

dial since the Hon. Calvin Coolidge began hinting about war debts. And these are the horrible details:

The French were not doing too well in aviation against the Riffs. They had lost between fifty and sixty planes through the accurate rifle fire of M. Krim's hordes. And murmurs of these disasters were heard in the land. Even in Paris. Something had to be done.

The War Office approached several ex-members of the Lafayette Escadrille, fortunately still resident in Paris. Rumor mentions, among others, Colonel Charles Sweeny, late of the Foreign Legion, Adjutant Chuck Kerwood, once Grecian Air Minister to Paris, and Mr. Austen Parker.

The matter was taken under advisement, and, presently, a deputation waited on the French War Office, all willing as Barkis, providing:

Colonel and the rest given ranks

graded proportionally.

(2) Service was to be for ten weeks, subject to renewal, including handshaking jaunts through Spain and Morocco, and the Sultan of the latter whatever-it-is was to entertain properly.

(3) Little flying was to be done, or, if possible, less.

And that sentimental old French War Office accepted, perhaps just so that it might provide orators with justification for speeches about, "The Very Americans are here again." good for home consumption, this. Makes the citoyens forget those fifty, or sixty lost planes.

Lafayette, ils sont là bas!

Second Sight

'HE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was amazingly (1) Three were given the rank of cheerful for a prophet proved false. He had said, only a fortnight ago, that

nothing but an act of Providence, or of Al Smith, could save us from four years more of the Hon. John F. Hylan.

And yet, smilingly, Well, Providence had very little to do with it, observed the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, referring to the designation of Senator James J. Walker as Tammany's candidate in the Democratic primaries.

Five times they decided against Senator Walker, and it was after the fifth decision that I became reconciled to four years more of the Hon. John F., murmured the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Then the shadow of Mr. William Randolph Hearst fell too blackly on the scene, and the Governor moved to have it erased. A great little eraser is Al, said the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East.

That's how it came to be Walker, asserted the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. He's a good guy and he's



poison to Hearst, but he's nectar to Al So the Governor will campaign for Jimmy. More, he will offer—or maybe he has offered already—a judgeship to the Hon. John F. on condition that he shall withdraw from the primaries.

And what, asked the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, could be sweeter than that?

Echo

THE last reporter is back from Dayton, Tennessee. He went into the hills for a fishing trip after the trial, and on his way back to civilization he stopped in the town.

Strange and human tale he has to tell. Dayton, eager at first for the publicity, feels now that it was made a laughing stock by the Scopes trial Its resentment has been visited upon the promoter of the farce, Mr. George S. Rappleyea. His wife has been ostracized by the other ladies of town and he is reviled openly as the man who dragged the fair name of Dayton in the dust.

By concerted action, lately, every tradesman in town presented his bill in the middle of the week—despite the customary Saturday settling of accounts. Even the water, gas and electric companies joined in this. His old associates are not backward in hinting that it would be wise for Mr. Rappleyea to leave town while the going is good and while the rail is not yet plucked for an eviction.

Very strange and very human is Dayton, Tennessee.

In Our Midst

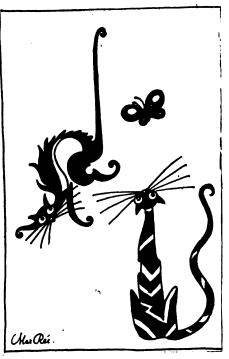
FITTINGS done, two flappers drape into chairs and inquire, "Where's the liquor?" "What liquor?" innocently counters proprietor of fashionable shop. "Don't we get a cocktail for every dress bought?" demand flappers. "They give them everywhere else in town."

Returning to France next month: Mr. S. Jay Kaufman, diarist to *illiterati*. Object: matrimony. Subject: Iva Berczy, Viennese heiress. . . .

Back from honeymoon there: Mr. Jules Glaenzer, phonetically appropriate vice-president, Cartier's. . . .

Cultural note: Station WEAF broadcasts, in French, lecture, "How to Read a Menu Card."...

Further echoes from Tennessee: Judge Raulston getting ready for



Governorship. Nearly every big trial produces a Governor, says our friend from the hinterlands. Quaint quip attributed to same justice, in answer to query about fertility of adjacent fields, "'Bout forty gallons of corn to the acre."...

Magazine circles about town pondering significance of Mr. Henry Ford's suspension of advertising. Some say new "Edsel Six" may issue from Flivverton before year's end....

Mr. H. T. Webster, world's handsomest cartoonist, has drawn three thousand poker drawings during career. How many more are there? one wonders. Also, he laments dearth of ideas for "How To Torture Your Wife" series, forgetting his own tantalizing calm, come what may, during shifting fortunes of bridge...

Best dramatic criticism since aisle seat occupant became nauseated whilst watching first night of "Rose Briar" and Miss Billie Burke: Gentleman, fresh from "Louie XIV," remarks, "Comes out like a ribbon, lies flat on the ear."...

East Side gamins adopt Oxford bags. Version there: sailor's discarded trousers.

Family history: Hard feelings by Miss Ruth Chatterton's mother against Miss Ruth Chatterton's husband, Mr. Ralph Forbes, Englishman. Cause: Mr. Forbes goes rabbit hunting. Shoots mother-in-law's prized cat by mistake. Scene of tragedy: White Plains....

Winner of wager of \$1,000 from father-in-law: Mr. Vincent Richards. Title of sketch: One Year With Volstead Act...

Representative of the Fred F. French Company, waiting upon THE NEW YORKER Office, bent upon explaining "why we offer The Most Preferred Stock ever issued."

Observation by Old Gentleman from Dubuque, visiting about cabaret belt: "Seems to be epidemic of housemaid's knee among these gals, don't there?"

The Players have issued catalogue of club's art treasures, including Sargents of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. Also, card signed by Artemus Ward for lecture in Salt Lake City, reading, "Admit Bearer and One Wife."...

Salutation by Mr. J. M. Kerrigan to Greater Movie Season: "Custard's Last Stand."

Obituary: "The Green Hat" now on seventy-five cent book counters in cut rate drug stores...

Seen in Plaza: Mr. Sam H. Harris, covertly focusing monocle on canvas for sale in lobby....

Timely hint: Don't postpone longer making application for your friends' applications for Yale-Harvard-Princeton football tickets.

Stares

THE week-end dances at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club had been congealing early in the evening, under the frosty glances of a fringe of conservative dowagers ranged about the edges of the floor. They brought a powerful battery of lorgnettes to bear on the poor youngsters who ventured to disport themselves in the measures of the Charleston, or other late dances. Under this relentless scrutiny, the younger set faltered. Groups detached themselves, tumbled into motors outside, and made away to road houses, where vision and supervision were less high-powered.

However, surrender was not to be eternal. A bright young lady completely routed the frigid elders by means of a simple stratagem. She and five companions appeared late for the dance equipped with field glasses, and as they moved about, focussed the glasses over their partners' shoulders on the relentlessly staring fringe. After the third, or fourth dance, the elders wilted. They withdrew discreetly, leaving youth in happy and triumphant possession of the floor.

-The New Yorkers

The Graphic Section



NEW YORK AGAIN PROVES ITSELF ONLY SMALL TOWN GROWN UP. When Edward W. Browning wanted to adopt (as who wouldn't?) a sitten-year-old cutie for his very own, he felt that the affair was his own business, but the neighbors and town elders thought other-wise. You may be able to get away with that sort of thing in ferrign parts, but not in New York or Dubuque, by heck!



ANGELES BESTED. 1.05 Wilberforce K. Cravat, Los Angeles realtor, was pulled from a watery grave by two sturdy policemen when jealousy of the Rockaway real estate boom, which he witnessed while here on vacation, caused him to attempt suicide.



POPULAR PAIR RETURN. John Emerson, Czar of the Actors' Equity, and his wife, Anita Loos, the author, arrive on the S. S. Majestic. Miss Loos declared 92 hats.



MATTER MOVIE SEASON. Lon Chancy inspects the instrument of torture " to which he will be mangled and crushed into his make-up in his next "ire. Mr. Chaney's press agents affirm that he will be able to endure " ; an of his make-up for only one second at a stretch.

5

CANADA





The Colossus of Children

N the good young days before the War, he was the one American novelist whom a self-respecting American radical could take time to read. He towered above the inarticulate flatlands of the Middle West. And there was none beside him.

Yet even in those good young days, he had deserted the broad Western land for which he stood, and lived in Greenwich Village.

Our first glance perhaps had been upon some afternoon. A huge,

ungainly fellow, with a face poignantly sweet and pink, yet tortured by pain and overblown by passion from its inherent boyishness, sat at a dapper little desk. He rose above it, as utterly out of place as a crude phallic god might be in a lacquered cabinet for Victorian bric-a-brac. On his one hand was a bowl of oranges; on the other a bowl of pencils; and before him a small-sized yellow pad. (Upon such tiny surfaces had grown "The Titan," "Sister Carrie.") Athwart his shoulder on the wall hung portraits of himself by wild and incompetent emulators of the iconoclasts of Paris.

These versions of Theodore Dreiser after Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse chimed admirably with the version of him we had formed from the romantic sentiments of our lonely youth.

This man was the martyr of the American Novel; the one heroic warrior against legions of a commercial and Puritan world. We knew his story. How for seven years he had battled against a publisher who "killed" his first book, "Sister Carrie." who How he had been crucified by the critics. How he had been forced to edit a cheap magazine to keep alive. How his nerves had broken down, but not his spirit. How his purse was empty, but not his inspiration.

Between this version of our own, and the garish legends painted on the

wall, the factual Dreiser sat, and faintly stirred a twisted mouth in a smile half canny, half naïve. His nervous fingers (he almost never smoked) played with the accordeon he was forever pleating and unpleating with his handkerchief. And he said, perhaps: "America is some place for a novelist." Or, "If only my name was Dreiserevski, wouldn't they just love me!" Or, "What the hell



Theodore Dreiser

down. Have an orange. Still playing your violoncello?" . . . It did not matter.

An evening at his house sharpened the revelation. His lady had baked a cake. We had earned it, wrangling for three hours-we four in our twenties and the master, Dreiser, ruddiest of us all-upon all possible Greenwich Village subjects: Music, Marx, Mobs, Flaubert, Freedom, Fame, Proletariats, Poe, Puritanism, Paris.

Now we waited about the large bare table, while the lady set the cake women are sexually attractive, that

before her and sat down. "A chocolate cake!!" Dreiser licked his lips. The lady cut a slice. Dreiser grew nervous. The lady cut a slice. Dreiser's eyes bulged, his hands thrummed. She cut a slice. Dreiser tipped his chair, sprawled forward . . . Then, the lady noticed his behavior. Swiftly, as if working against a possible crisis, the good lady put a piece of cake on a just love me!" Or, "What the hell plate and handed it to Dreiser. He you come here to bother me for? Sit fell to, happy, rolling his eyes. The

lady proceeded to serve Theodore Dreiser's guests. . . .

He is the symbol of America's spiritual childhood. Before the Civil War, sporadic full-grown men lived in the seaboard States specimens of the maturity of Europe who had been transplanted without too great loss of wealth. The War wiped this inheritance clean; and the industrial expansion of the West made America for the first time the vastly sprawling, homogeneous child whose growing pains are now so evident. For this first period of barbaric youth, Dreiser will stand as a sort of monolith. He was born in the Indiana of the 70's. His positive education consisted chiefly of a revolt from the Roman Catho2cism of his parents and the hypocrisy of his town. He has gone through life with the conviction that skepticism is profundity and that revolt is

act. There is a childlike beauty in his persistence, unto this day, in the gestures of disavowal which had their meaning when America was rapt in the belief that Freedom and Science had been discovered by the First Constitutional Convention. Like a child, he is intellectually active-discovering that fire burns, and that pain is not pleasant. Like a child, he is furiously busy, piling up evidence of the physical world: such as the facts that

monogamy is not a natural state, that business men love power, that wine intoxicates, that all the ladies who go to church are not saints, and that the earth is full of matters unexplained. He has the child's love of asseveration.

This world is a vale, not so much of tears, as of doubts. What little we are sure of, we cannot repeat too often! The normal child prefers to hear a story it has already heard, to one unknown. In the repetition it moves upon charted ground—conquered ground: and in a world of unknown wonders the known is the greatest wonder.

A similar impulse explains the millions of little words, same as the sands of the sea, with which Dreiser heaps his neolithic tales about the same people, the same intentions, the same conclusions. It explains as well the simple sense of wonder that dimly illumes his mastodonic structures. He is a child indeed: one not yet jaded of miracles.

If a town has a hundred and two houses and he knows how to count, it is ecstacy to count them. If a millionaire has forty suits of clothes and thirty mistresses, it is almost as good as possession to name them and describe them.

Dreiser has been succeeded somewhat in the public favor by other "Western novelists" who, with one or two exceptions, may be said to come under him in innocence, rather than to top him in wisdom or in power. They have sophistication where he had the enthusiasm of young life. They have a cold, half-blind disgust for the frailties of our American world, whose meticulous details Dreiser has transfigured with the glow of his own dawning mind.

It is not easy to ride through one of Dreiser's novels. It must not have been easy to make one's way from Ohio to Nevada in the age of the covered wagons. The new novels are somewhat like a journey in a Pullman. They are comfortable: they get you "there"—they give you nothing. But a Dreiser novel and the voyage of the Pioneer are similar adventures.

The endless detail of tree and plain and hill; the mournful monotony of days, the blank, dumb wonder of the alien nights, the coarse caress of the camp fare, the dull tug of passion and of dream—these in some miraculous essence are the stuff of Dreiser. He writes of cities, it is true: of servant girls and financiers in cities. But these are American cities: cities still close to the plain, and builded of the life and purposes of pioneering. His novels, like these cities, are monuments of the pioneer: and like the pioneer, they are sullen, dogged, dull—childlike but indefatigable.

Dreiser is over fifty. He has worked hard, suffered long, and come at last to what he considers perhaps a period of Rest. At all events, if you see him, nowadays, his ruddy face shining above the dapper clothes, and his spatted boots pounding along beside the pumps of a flapper, you have a grotesque sense of an old college boy on a vacation, or of an anachronous backwoodsman on a Sunday. Dreiser, clumsy and puffy, on a holiday at fifty is as childlike as twenty years ago he was childlike in his rebellion and his art.

His mind is as well stocked with 19th Century scientific fallacies as was his grandfather's perhaps, with medieval myths. He has no power of analysis, no eye for characterization. He is cultureless, formless, uncontrolled. And yet, he has the grace of one who has lived truly, he has the light and the mysterious mark of genius. If there be any writer in our midst worthy of homage, worthy to be called our master, it is this neolithic Dreiser. For such a child as he, courageous, enthusiastic, spiritually pure, must be father to the American Man-if ever there is to be one.

-Search-light





MILLIONS have changed hands during the Rockaway real estate boom, but we have been unable to confirm the wild report that this involves \$7.50 in real money.

* * *

Complaint is made that the Bronx has inadequate police protection because most of the cops are assigned to the ball games. This is probably on the assumption that the way the Yanks are playing this year is a crime.

* * *

General Dawes was hailed by the Indians as the "Great White Father No. 2." The number two company, as we go to press, is still playing the sticks.

* * *

The boxing commission has given Dempsey a year to think over the idea of meeting Wills. This may seem quite a while but, as Longfellow said, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." "The public can defend itself by keeping cool," says the helpful *Herald Trib*une on the strike situation. While the operators are keeping coal.

* *

A report for 1923 shows that New York City produced nearly five and a half billion dollars' worth of goods that year and that several people in our town are not in the clothing business.

* * *

The American fleet has sailed for New Zealand, taking with it the best wishes of all the Australians and 20,000 headaches.

There is a sinister note this week in the news from the Coolidge family. Young John has flunked in French and old John is gathering up shingles.

* * *

Robbers of the subway station at Ninety-sixth Street got away with \$581, but left a nickel. Probably they were members of the Five Cent Fare Club. We do not share in the widespread prejudice against the two-dollar bill. It is our experience that it will buy an honest dollar's worth of goods almost any time.

* * *

General Andrews, not having been notably successful in getting men of the dollar-a-year type as enforcement administrators, may have to fall back upon the familiar holler-a-year variety.

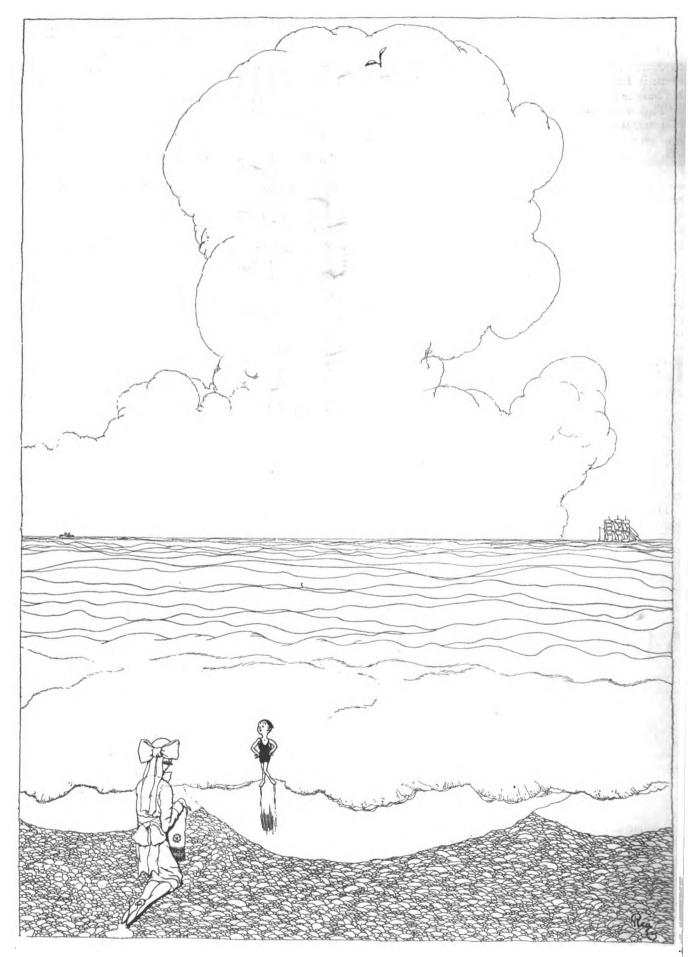
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According to the decision of the Lawn Tennis Association, Tilden cannot be interviewed for a living and keep his amateur standing. He cannot serve balls and Mammon.

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The Telephone Company boasts that there are now $24\frac{1}{2}$ million instruments in use in the United States. It is an inspiring thought that somewhere among these is the right number.

—Howard Brubaker



[&]quot;You May Pull the Plug, Now, Nurse. I Have Finished"

STRANGE ADVENTURE



HE idea of such an extraordinary adventure probably would never have occurred either to Jimmy or Gladys if Uncle Bill, a newspaper man, had not come to dinner and his

usual argument with Father and Mother. The talk was of politics, sprinkled with big words the children did not understand. But finally they heard Uncle Bill say:

"Well, I've got to go down to the fice and write some guff."

"What's guff, Uncle Bill?" asked Gladys.

"Uncle Bill writes politics, dear," explained Mother.

 $\mathbf{I}_{\text{Jimmy heard}}^T$ a long time afterward that Jimmy heard a knocking at the window. He nudged Gladys, and they sit up in bed and stared. A little man, with big spectacles over his eyes, a tiny straw hat on his head, and his woulders bent under a huge bundle, was coming into the room.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I'm only Mr. Peepul."

"What's in that bundle?" asked Gladys. "Something for us?"

"You'll get your share of it some day," said Mr. Peepul. "It's got everything in it. Taxes and rent and thing and food; all sorts of things. I get something new in it almost every n. But I'll tell you about it some ther time. I've come now to take to the Forest of Guff. Get on misbundle and we'll be off."

With Jimmy and Gladys astride his t, Mr. Peepul jumped right out of window. The children thought " would hit the ground with a terribump, but he did not come down all. He made another leap in mid-, and away he went.



"My!" said Gladys. "You're a good jumper! Don't you ever come down?"

"Not very often," said Mr. Peepul. "Something always happens to me when I get my feet on the ground, so I stay up in the air most of the time."

He jumped for hours, and at length they came to a great chasm. Voices came from it, and long arms reached upward and tried to grab Mr. Peepul by the feet, but he evaded them and cleared the chasm. He clung to a tree on the far side and gasped.

"That's Liberal Gulch!" he explained. "I'm always afraid when I cross that place. me my bundle is too heavy."

"It is heavy, isn't it?" asked Jimmy. "Well, a little," said Mr. Peepul,

"but my father carried it, and I guess what was good enough for him is good enough for me."

He took a long breath and went bounding across the country like a kangaroo, stopping finally on top of a hill. He helped Jimmy and Gladys to the ground, and they gazed downward into the Forest of Guff.

"What funny trees!" said Gladys. "They look like big words!"

"That's just what they are," said Mr. Peepul. "Every tree is a speech." "They make a terrible racket," said Jimmy.

"How can you say that?" demanded Mr. Peepul, indignantly. "There is no more beautiful music in the world!"

They went down the hill and walked through the wood, along a velvet carpet curiously patterned with words, which were so soothing that Jimmy and Gladys almost went to sleep. Mr. Peepul was quite unconscious, and his ears had grown enormously. They were now as large as dinner plates.

"Look, Jimmy," whispered Gladys. "Look at the words come down off the trees and go into Mr. Peepul's ears!"

But even if he was asleep, Mr. Peepul kept moving, and at length they came to a clearing, in the center of which was a platform with posts made of up-ended words. The planks were also made of words, laid end to end and crosswise. Seated in a chair on the platform was a man who from his neck down resembled Father and Uncle Bill, but who had five mouths They keep telling and no ears. From each mouth stretched a long tube made of words wrapped one about the other, and each tube ran across the clearing and ended in a huge horn.

Before each horn stood a large group of men and women, all of



whom had very large, flapping ears. "That's my family," said Mr.

Peepul, flapping his ears, now as big as wash boilers, and shouting wildly.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

Jimmy and Gladys ran along behind Mr. Peepul, but he did not notice them. He squatted on the ground, and stared in adoration at the man with five mouths.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Gladys.

"That's Mr. Demmy Gogg!" said Mr. Peepul.

"Goodness!" said Gladys. "How he talks! Can we listen?"

Mr. Peepul ignored them, but suddenly two fat little men popped out of Mr. Demmy Gogg's coat pocket, and stood bowing before them.

"I am Mr. Bomm," said one. "I am Mr. Bast," said the other. "We shall escort you."

With Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast as guides, Jimmy and Gladys went to the tube that led from Mr. Demmy Gogg's right hand mouth, and followed it until they reached the horn.

"He is saying Blah!" said Gladys. "You're smart," said Mr. Bomm. "Lots of grownups can't make that

out!" They went to the second horn.

"He's saying the same thing here," said Jimmy.

"No! No!" said Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast. "Listen!"

Finally Gladys shouted:

"He's saying 'bLah!'"

and Mr. Bast.

And from the third horn they heard, "blAh!"

And from the fourth horn, "blaH!" But the largest crowd was at the fifth horn, and the loudest noise came from it. It was:

"BLAH!"

Jimmy and Gladys had enough of this pretty soon, but they became interested in the antics of a man who suddenly clapped his hand to his stomach, shrieked loudly, and broke away from the crowd at the first horn. He ran from horn to horn until he reached the fifth one, where a smile spread over his face, and he began to clap his hands and shout.

"What was the matter with that man?" asked Gladys.

"He was sick," said Mr. Bomm. "Sometimes people get sick listening to Mr. Demmy Gogg and they go to another horn. Once in a while everything they hear makes them sick."

"Do they die then?" asked Jimmy.

"Unfortunately no," said Mr. Bast. "They jump into Liberal Gulch and chase each other around in circles and make fun of Mr. Demmy Gogg. Imagine that!"

"I guess Mr. Demmy Gogg is a big man," said Gladys.

"When he says one hundred per cent, it's all in capital letters," said Mr. Bomm. "That's how big he is!"

They started up the path toward the "That's right!" said Mr. Bomm platform, but a piece of paper attracted their attention and Gladys picked it up. It was part of a poem. "What does it say?" asked Jimmy.

Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast tried to snatch it, but Gladys pushed them aside:

And as with vacant brain he stood

The Demmy Gogg, with words of flame,

Came Hearsting through the Hylan wood, And Darrowed as he came.

"Silly, isn't it?" said Mr. Bomm.

"It's a lot like the Jabberwock poem," said Gladys.

"I'll bet Mr. Demmy Gogg is the Jabberwock," said Jimmy, prancing about in a military manner. "I'm going to stick him!"

He picked up a sword, without bothering to find out how it came there, and then he bounded on to the platform and stuck Mr. Demmy Gogg right smack in the stomach.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Demmy Gogg.

T was this noise that brought Mother into the room.

"Mother!" said Gladys. "Make Jimmy quit kicking me!"

"I thought I was fighting Mr. Demmy Gogg!" said Jimmy.

"So like grown people," sighed Mother. "Kicking each other when you think you're fighting something else."-Herbert Asbury



BURGLAR: Now come on-no nonsense-what have you done with your money? MR. HENPECK: Why, Darling don't you remember? You met me outside the office and took care of it for me?

FABLE IN THE MODERN MANNER

YOUNG ELLIOT was a scion of the cinder sidewalk district of Hohokus, a Small Town, piled high with rusty tin cans. Empty. Some of them human. He wore loud bat-wing ties and was short-winded for a packing clerk. Let us complete the picture. Railroad tracks, sunflowers, and much unpleasant noise in everybody's back yard. People, such as Sinclair Lewis and Edgar Lee Masters, stepping gingerly whenever they thought they were recognized. Postmen, postmen, postmen.

My Country 'Tis of Thee.

It is Sunday. God is in Church. It is August. Front porches with dusty screens to keep the flies out, and men's feet on rails. Sunday papers, radios, headaches. Sunday papers. Praise God From Wh.m All

Praise God From Wh.m All Blessings Flow.

Three pews, ushers, carnations, collection plates. The Hohokus Chamber of Commerce. The president of The Bank. The secretary of the Rotary Club. A visitor. Two saved sinners, for which the local minister wears two gold bars on his Club Badge. Seventy-nine naked women with clothes on. Sixty-three suits of underwear, pairs of pants, coats, shirts, socks, shoes. Nothing inside them. Young Elliot dreaming of the Celestial City.

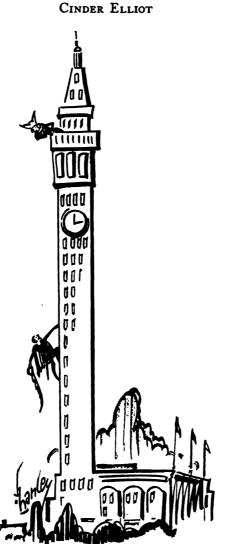
Pathé News and animated drawing by Bert Green.

The Celestial City.

Human figures as thick as — Glory. Glory. Glory. Of these, a fungus covers the brains of many. On the Fifth Avenue, where the women look sideways and the men down, a poet, an artist, a millionaire, a philosopher, Ikey and Jakey. Multiply by ten thousand. Where are you?

Pasteboard fans with girls' pictures on them in the soda fountains. Around the Celestial City meanders the Styx, murky with oil. Palaces, night clubs, opportunity. All of the Gods in neat rows, at their head the God of Business. His face has never been painted, but all the sacrifices are on his shrine.

Lying dead in the gutter are Jonathan Edwards, D'Artagnan, and John Stuart Mill. Statues of Horatio Alger. In the Celestial City Napoleon is motorman of the Lexington



Avenue express.

Coat of arms: Shield blazoned with silk hats, nickels and dice. On the reverse side, a mirror.

Streets paved with gold. Virgins. Parades.

Young Elliot kissed his mother good-by. He shook hands with his father. He saluted the American flag.

"I am going to the Celestial City," he said. "Don't worry. Hohokus is too small for me. I'm off to make my fortune."

"Brush your teeth," his mother said. "Write home," his father said.

"Pray without ceasing," his mother said.

"Drink plenty of water," his father said.

He picked a geranium and put it in his button-hole. Slowly he walked down the cinder path.

"Be careful crossing the street," his mother said.

"Keep away from loose women," his father said.

"William!" his mother said.

"Damn!" young Elliot said.

Lowering of the curtain denotes a lapse of ten years.

Office on the two hundredth floor of the Gum and Shoe String Building. Telephones. Radiophones. Dictaphones. Compressed air tubes. In Gold Letters on the Front Door: I. Boss, Big Business. Mahogany tables. Autobiography.

I. Boss is seated behind a table forty feet square. A file of people passes before him. He gives them orders: Buy. Sell. Try India. No. Tomorrow. Many of them pass sheafs of bills to him. He puts them in his pockets or sends them down the compressed air chute.

Enter his secretary. It is Elliot. He is ten years older. His face is now the color of hardened glue. He has almost no eyes, and his shoes squeak. He has done nothing all day.

"That will be all," says I. Boss.

I. Boss walks home. He has no car, because three of his best friends are car manufacturers.

Young Elliot walks home.

A busy thorough fare. Three halfstarved, ill-clad men with signs on their backs reading "Thieves" are dragging a French Seventy-five down the street. Boss comes along. Hundred dollar bills are falling from his pockets. They rush him and tie him to the muzzle of the cannon. They shoot a policeman and take an H. E. shell from his pocket. It does not fit. A bystander gives them a shell that fits.

Elliot comes along. He takes in the situation. He buys three tabloid newspapers and throws them at the thieves. They die. Band-wagons. Headlines. A million dollar reward.

The daughter of I. Boss. The great fiction magazines. Cynthia Cynthia Cynthia Boss stood on the balcony. The dulcet whisper of the orchestra. Her slim, slim, slim, supple, supple, supple, strong, strong, strong arms.

Elliot.

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"Hohokus and you! Too good to be true," she whispered. Moral:

-Aesop III





The Theatre

MAN'S greatest possession, of course, is his ability to heal quickly.... What, for instance, was the play that opened the New York theatrical year of 1905-06, or 1913-14, or 1920-21? Anyway, the new theatrical year allowed itself to be declared formally opened with the production at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, on the night of August 3, of Vincent Lawrence's "Spring Fever," and if the lessons of the past teach anything at all, they teach that you'll get over it all right. In fact, the new piece is much better than you had any right to expect.

Mr. Lawrence's proper field is that of smart comedy, and he has no moral right to wander from it. (Friends and other well-wishers of Mr. Lawrence will do well to send him a clipping of this notice, for otherwise he may foolishly keep right on at whatever he's doing.) His previous "In Love With Love" and "Two Fellows and a Girl" were much more his sort of thing than the present "Spring Fever," which is essentially a success comedy with a half-hearted and unconvincing twist. The good reporter, moreover, will add that it has to do with golf.

One of the great difficulties in the writing of criticism is to negotiate the construction of a third paragraph, after such two as have gone before, that will indicate that the new play is, after all, highly amusing and interoting.

Until the close of his last act, in fact, Mr. Lawrence has written a play that keeps his beholder and listenerreholder and listener" is a literary trick for avoiding the usage of the wird "audience" too often-in a ropy mood. His nifties are few, but the comic situations and his characters' off-revelations are many, and so all is mirrily well.

What has got this reviewer into a condition in which he obviously doesn't know his own mind-just paste paragraphs one and two and paragraphs three and four into parallel columns and you'll see what is meant-is probably the obvious evidence that Mr. Lawrence is lying down on his abilities. There are countless things in "Spring Fever" that only a first-rate playwrighting mind could have put there, and there are other things on display that made at least one person feel the disagreeable sensation of being the instructor in a Columbia course on the drama and having to read the final play-efforts submitted by the boys and girls.

Mr. Lawrence once again takes chances on the audience reaction to the behavior of his young women who are otherwise meant to be sympathetic heroines. In this instance, the party of the second part to the final clinch is a maiden who has throughout been shown to be cold-bloodedly mercenary, and who has laughed, sincerely and heartlessly, at the hero's proposal of marriage no later than 10:30 p.m. on opening night, just because she thought he was a nobody and moneyless. . . . Can it be that our American ideals of true womanhood have changed, and that this portrayal after all represents what is regular and accepted? One rejects the thought contemptuously.

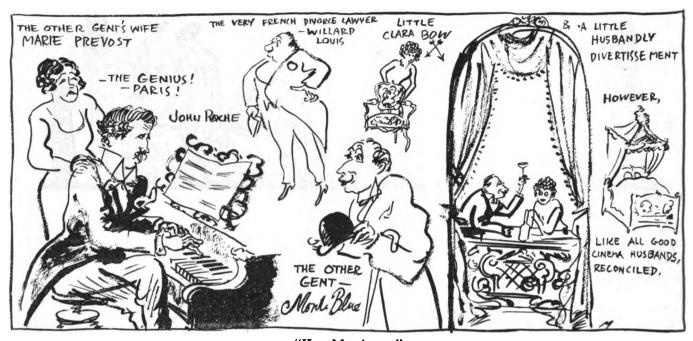
The acting for the piece is all that it should be, and perhaps it would be just as well to mention that this happens pretty invariably to be true of the plays put on by Mr. A. H. Woods. There are, thus, James Rennie, as what



would be the hero from Tentavenoo, though the sensitive play-goer occasionally wishes Mr. James Gleason had dropped in on rehearsals and ironed out his tough talk a bit; Marion Coakley, as the decorative and unusual young woman; and Joseph Kilgour, as a big business personage whose life is filled with sunshine, once he has cured his slice.

FIRST-rate example of the an-A cient sport of gamut-running was furnished by the other two premieres of the week. One of these was a dramatization of the life of St. Frances of Assisi and the other a musical comedy called "June Days," and you couldn't get much further apart and still stay in the same country. In "The Little Poor Man," at the Princess, Harry Lee has written gracefully and sympathetically of his subject, and Mrs. Clare Tree Major has given it a generally able production. Since, however, Mrs. Major has been conducting a school of the theatre in recent seasons, there is a probably unfair impression abroad that her production of "The Little Poor Man" is to be regarded as the Friday afternoon recitation hour rather than as something designed to compete on equal terms with the rest of Broadway. The fact remains that, either way, it is a generally praiseworthy endeavor. Incidentally, "The Little Poor Man" won the William Lindsey prize. You remember Bill Lindsey, of course.

"June Days," at the Astor, is a musical version of the play called "The Charm School," which, in turn, was based on Alice Duer Miller's graceful story of the same name. The name of Elizabeth Hines appears in the largest type among the players, and deservedly, for Miss Hines has freshness, charm, and ability. Both Miss Hines and "June Days" will be dealt with in greater detail in a later issue of this magazine—a device calculated to keep



"Kiss Me Again" The Greater Movie Season opens to the thunderous boom of drums and the faint tinkle of Herr Ernst Lubitsch's pleasantly pitched triangle

agony of suspense.—H. J. M.

Music

NEXT week, ladies and gentle-men, we'll try to exclude reviews of "Aïda" from this department, but it would be an act of civic infidelity not to tell you about Mayor Hylan's performance of this ubiquitous opera in Ebbets Field. Of the assorted open-air "Aïdas" with which we have been regaled this Summer, Mr. Hylan's was by far the best show, and His Honor is at liberty to make any political capital he desires out of this assertion.

The heroes of the occasion were Josiah Zuro, who planned and conducted the production, John Wenger, who supplied the scenery, and the mounted police, who tried, unsuccessfully, to disguise themselves as Egyptian equestrians in Act III. It was easily the most spectacular "Aïda" ever seen in these parts under any administration, and it was good musically. Mr. Wenger's remarkable sets were changed with astounding speed behind a "light curtain." A "light curtain" may be constructed by anybody who can collect enough incandescent lamps to blind an audience while the stage is being rearranged.

The singing was competent, if not universally brilliant, and Mr. Zuro directed the opera with immense snap. Ebbets Field has a bad echo in the

you buying future numbers in an upper stands near first base, but otherwise it's rather a good auditorium. A little canvas, by the way, would eliminate the reverberations near Mr. Fournier's beat.

> There was a newcomer in the cast who will bear your careful attention. His name is August Werner and he sang the music of the Messenger. The Messenger generally is sung by a lightweight wobbler who hurries out his few measures and gallops off, but Mr. Werner intoned the incidental passage as though it meant something, and was the most democratic servant that ever made faces at a ruler. This messenger made it clear to the Mayor of Egypt that if he didn't pay attention to his bad news, all bets were off.

The number of guests of the city 30,000, of approximated whom 28,174 applauded in the wrong places, 163 brought young and demonstrative children, and 47 heard Mayor Hylan's opening address. The high points in the evening's ovations were distributed as follows, in the order named:

The third camel The first elephant The mounted police Mayor Hylan The finale of the third act.

-R. A. S.

Art

WEYHE, just back from Europe, brings an assortment of studio sweepings, odds and ends to ennow current at his gallery. They very much prize two small pieces by Guy, collection pieces no doubt and of little interest except to the collector or museum. There are some amusing paintings by M. Berly, daughter of the great Vlaminck, as well as numerous bits of his drawings. Then, there are Pascin, Bonnard, Maclet, Kisling. Mr. Weyhe seems to have a good time picking up these trifles and the galleries will pleasantly spread them before you for the asking. During August, when art pulls down its shades and takes a long nap, you can find a retreat in the Weyhe rooms. It is well worth an afternoon, or morning.

Along with the new acquisitions from Europe there are the Americans and those who are working here. Ronnebeck, who has been struggling along for recognition with his modern conceptions of New York, has been accepted by a society magazine. This may or may not ruin him. In the meantime there is enough of his work extant to show what he can do with the forms and rhythms of our great city. Harry Wickey, who is a careful worker and does not turn out much, always delivers something exceedingly worth while from his press. The Weyhe Galleries have one of his now -a scene in the Park. It is rather bitter in quality but is full of fine movement not often seen in etchings.

A special paragraph should go to Jan Matulka, a Czech, who has dehance further an interesting exhibit cided to grow up with this country. Along with being most modern in his interpretations, he knows about all there is to know about drawing. His lithographs have great beauty as well as strength. Mr. Matulka would seem to be a good bet for those wise virgins (were they seven—they are even fewer now) who go about looking for art that will some day be valuable.

It is not our phrase, but it seems to be the only one fitting J. J. Lankesthe Robert Frost of the wood cut. He is so thoroughly American in his country scenes. In fact, one of his best now at the Weyhe Galleries is of Robert Frost's home and still another the view off over the New England hills. Lankes, better than any artist we know, has caught that vibrant calm that hovers around those lovely valleys. It is always a marvel to us how in that limited medium an artist has been able to say so much. He has the pure economy that makes for great art. A course in wood cutting would be a good beginning for all artists.

One of Tagore's pupils, Mukul Dey, is showing an example of the modern Hindu art. The Galleries are expecting more of his work and are hoping for an exhibit later in the year of the eastern renaissance.

—М. Р.

Moving Pictures

"HE bizarre slant that "The Unholy Three" takes in presenting the malicious antics of three queer and ill-assorted characters serves to give it a kick equivalent to a cocktail concocted from red-eye, coal dust, and squirrel whisky. As has been bruited about, three gentlemen of the side show, a malignant dwarf, a phlegmatic, cruel strong man, and a hardboiled ventriloquist, enter into a compact for a small corner in evil doings. And evil they do, until two of them slaughter each other out of malice, touched with envy and greed, while the third-being the weakest-breaks his heart over a gal. Which, to a decent way of thinking, is just what should happen to all who barter away their souls for Mephistophelean ends.

To Mr. Tod Browning, all honor. His direction is replete with the gruesome, the humorous, and the plain hardboiled. He has distilled grotesque melodramatic comedy, and has deftly built up a thing that kaleidoscopes a ghoulish combination of cruelty and hard laughter, irony and action. And how easily he might have fallen into the ordinary cinema traps and made of the picture mere crook junk! In fact, he has risen far above the story, which is, especially at the end, as full of holes as a sieve and again has proved the old Shakespearian adage that "the direction's the thing." Mr. Lon Chaney, as Professor Echo, the ventriloquist, has forsaken the "mangling machines" for his makeups in this picture, being content to play for a time, a nice crooked old lady who might even hail from Dubuque. The dwarf is very good, too.

It would be impossible to reveal our gloating over the "real" cruelty which the devilish three suggest to us. Such outpouring might possibly offend our critical confreres who show a taste for the Pollyannic, simple and honey sweet, and might cause Lord Chamberlain Will Hays a sleepless week searching out what he couldn't ever find in the picture.

THE Goose Woman" is interesting from a technical point of view. The director has done miles of close close-upping to impress the dramatic convulsions of his characters. Which, naturally, calls for competent emotion purveying by the actors. Miss Louise Dresser is splendid as a ginreeking old wreck. But we ask you, "Has either Miss Constance Bennett or Mr. Jack Pickford emotions?"

FAMOUS-PLAYERS has dealt a terrible blow to our faith in Bigger and Better pictures by conjuring forth such a puerile affair as "Wild Horse Mesa" (Rialto, Friday and Saturday, August 14 and 15)—*vide* Thousand and One Collected Works of Mr. Zane Grey.—T. S.

Books

MRS. RINEHART has come marching home to the mystery story, hooray, hooray, and up to its

climax "The Red Lamp" (Doran) is her best—in fact, at page 295 we were ready to call it the best by anybody. Certainly its prime idea, a new use of the supernatural, would be hard to match as a generator of truly horrific suspense, which certainly is transmitted over visible wiring done with all her skill. At least, we can swear we have not been so horrifically suspended since "The Hound of the Baskervilles" ran in the Strand when we were twelve.

Please bear that in mind as we proceed to do our duty. Page 296 et seq. did not let us down with a sickening bump; on the contrary, the solution is astonishing. But they did, to our dismay, uncover some unworthy engineering. The design of the plot is all right, but the parts are dragged together, and certain ones are positively wrought of cheese; the "Craig Kennedy" duffer could hardly have been clumsier, for examples, at getting a specimen of a cipher into the hands of his detective, or at disarming a guard for his murderer's convenience. You don't mind these things as you come to them, you think purposes will appear, you recall that in this line of fiction (quite an important one, by the way) Mrs. Rinehart was always as careful as she was clever-and then all that does appear is that now she isn't. One of a number of things that make the ending so surprising is that you don't expect her to work that flimsy dodge, disguise, to almost the Nick Carter limit of plausibility.

In short, she has taken liberties with the craft that made her famous, and in spite of them "The Red Lamp" is a wonder.

ONE reason why Theodore Dreiser is big, significant, etc., is that Stuart P. Sherman finds him morally objectionable. So we gather from Burton Rascoe's contribution to "Modern American Writers." We root for any one who jumps on Sherman in his rôle of Miss Ophelia, but it strikes us that Rascoe, having jumped, has slipped.—Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



THE CURRENT PRESS

ISCUSSIONS about newspapers-the violent mistakes they make and the final worth of the exertions that produce themgenerally proceed from shady reformers, lecturers in schools of journalism, copy readers with a phobia against the managing editor, or managing editors themselves at the annual meeting of the newspaper ethics committee. It is my proposal to elevate the tone of this discussion forthwith, by approaching it in the critical manner. In preparation, I undertook the stupendous task of reading the New York journals during the last four weeks.

At the beginning of this period, the Dayton affair was about to blossom. Previously, with the exception of the Amundsen adventure, there had been a dismal slump in news, so that even the incredibly stupid Hylan-Craig bickerings were finding generous front page space. But Dayton loomed as a smashing story, the most gorgeous indeed since that half-forgotten day when Jacob Coxey started out with his rag-tag army to march on Washington. It was. And what did they do with it?

The Times sent George Owen and Ike Shuman; the American dispatched John Stuart, a morsel of blue-ribbon talent lately purchased from the Munsey; Charles Michelson went for the World; Lindsey Denison undertook the burden for the Evening Worldand the Herald Tribune assigned Forrest Davis and William O. McGeehan.

The 300,000 odd words which these gentlemen inscribed under the shocking sun of Tennessee, what time they could control their hysterics over the proceedings, may be assayed in retrospect as perhaps the most competent performance ever turned in by a group of newspaper reporters.

Owen's stories lay in the Times with that abundant clarity and breadth of grasp which is the very essence of his paper. Denison's perception of the background of the scene, the townspeople and the absurd little town frequently itself. was brilliant. Stuart's work was excellent, though hurt occasionally by the inept headlines of the American's copy desk. And even Michelson-dragged out of his proper job of growling over the great American statesmen-did as well as could be expected of a Wash-



ington correspondent. My imagination never will be able to conceive what notion led the World to give him the assignment.

But the deepest of genuflections herewith *are proffered to Messrs. Davis and McGeehan, of the *Herald* Tribune. Even the rewrite boys on the lobster tricks read McGeehan's stuff, which is the farthest north in praise. The two made a brilliant team. And if the Dayton comedy is worth preserving for little men and women yet unborn, then I recommend that the Davis-McGeehan collaboration be bound in embossed Levantine, with suitable lettering in gold leaf.

Strangely, the Tennessee story was not the boon that editors had hailed. During those two weeks circulations quietly sloughed off from 3,000 to 15,000. And it was not until the anticlimax of Bryan's death, that circulation managers dried their tears and resumed the appearance of circulation managers.

Reading the newspapers of the days following Bryan's death, I cackle. Never was such a rout. Tears fell along banks of type where lately impish laughter and suave disdain had played. The Great Realtor, by the magic alchemy of dissolution, once more became the Great Commoner and the Boy Orator of the Platte. The tradition of sentiment in American journalism not only wiped out the memory of waggish impudence that three days before had crowded the columns; it actually, specifically, bereft the sage conclusions of the editors of all their logic.

Bryan's posthumously published speech, which would have been torn lights from liver had it issued from his lips, which would have been published fairly alongside comments from opponents showing how futile and loose it was, appeared in full, under heads calculated solely to arouse the dolor of the customers.

The obituaries, for all their overwhelming volume, were not distin-guished. There was not discernible even a trace of unexcited effort to plumb the man and his motives. Only the Herald Tribune, fresh from the stunning triumph of McGeehan and Davis, displayed evidence of a shrewd mind somewhere in its ranks by printing the Cross of Gold speech in full. The other journals, sending thousands of words to its linotypers, failed to perceive that Bryan's one thrilling achievement, the one thread by which he is bound to posterity, is that same ringing speech.

In other departments of the newspapers during this chosen period, the New York press was simply the New York press. I find that the World, which numbers H. L. Mencken and Mutt and Jeff among its features, displayed on its second front for two days a gaudy and silly story about a black prize fighter named Siki, who brawled himself into the clutches of the police. Even the Times and the Herald Tribune devoted a column to this same individual, in whom brawling would appear no unusual circumstance.

On that same second front page, incidentally, the World persists in printing daily a sample of the most stupid of American fads, the cross word puzzle. And again, on that page, appears intermittently a feature called "The World We Live In." I would respectfully inform the World that I live in no such weepy and maudlin sphere. On the other hand, an obscure young man named Leigh Matteson wrote for the World the best casual story of months when he set down the wandering adventures of Alvin F. Evans, a lad from Miami, a mature and amusing bit.

The Evening World's early editions have gradually been converted to the principles of that sterling publication, the Racing Form. And Karl Kitchen, paragrapher of the gay and devilish, has been dispatched to Lon-

hand, to recount the lack of spirit with which the select of that great capital engage in what Broadway terms, "the life."

To the Mirror must go whatever prize accrues to the paper bagging the greatest number of bathing beauties, for which, we gather, this is the open season. In a brisk competition with the News, Graphic, and sundry halfhearted rotogravures, the Mirror covered itself with glory by printing the pictures of seventeen beach girls in a single issue.

The Journal, however, performed the one feat of triple cunning in the use of the bathing girl. A full length portrait of such a creature was employed to adorn the editorial column, beside a grave essay on "the right sort of slimness." Having lured its readers to a consciousness of that department, the following day saw the editorial space filled with a virulent argument concerning the paper's superiorities.

Consternation, no less, was our emotion at the spectacle of Miss Marion Davies disposing of her memoirs to Bernarr Macfadden's Graphic. Whether her dealings with the house of Macfadden will remain in the

don with an American flag in his strictly literary field, is a matter of no trifling interest: it has been vaguely suggested that her moving picture rights also have descended to the physical culturist. Her autobiography, hewing close to the school of Merton Gill, is something less than brilliant, from the viewpoint of pure literature.

In some respects it is regrettable that the boys could not let the glamorous Browning Cinderella story remain just a Cinderella story. Yet, palpably, the thing was a bit too good to be quite true. And perhaps it is well enough to retain our journalistic curiosity in these matters. It is my hunch that there will be further front page developments.

The efforts of those papers outside the Hearst fold to damn candidate Hylan out of hand, and to bully the political orders into throwing him out, remain amusing if not particularly subtle. "Hylan Has No Chance, Says Barber," is the motif of the headlines. And there seems very little honest black powder in the fight. The editorials are ineffective chiefly because they insist upon assuming the aloof, and knowing, and cynical attitude, instead of approaching that brash political level where the men who vote

can understand them.

There were the usual columns of perennials. Commissioner Voorhis turned another birthday—his ninetysixth. A dead man or two showed up. The World's zoo reporter, bored at last with the Bronx, visited the Natural History Museum and turned in a little piece on snakes. At least two wealthy women roused the rewrite men from their dozing by dying and leaving money to pets. The press agent for a musical comedy put over a snappy two-column head in the Sun by sending a half dozen girls to London to teach the Charleston. There was a brief flurry in the afternoon editions when an honest physician said his patient's death was caused by persistence in the daily dozen.

And, at the last, there was one circumstance which met my observation and roused a lusty cheer. And the lyrical and witty headline writers have gone on vacation. There was but one poetic head during the entire four weeks-and to make clear the reason for my hilarity, it is appended, from the Post:

"On Bimini Bay Is No Glory Today; They Kiss Goodbye to Last U.S. Rye" -Prenez Garde

Metropolitan Monotypes

It takes all kinds To make a town like ours.

- *HERE is, for instance, the Social Standpatter.
- Her family has inhabited Manhattan Island ever since it was settled,
- And she has lived so long on Murray Hill
- That the architectural developments of upper Park and Fifth Avenues
- Never fail to strike her as a mirage-
- How well she remembers when there was nothing but cow pasture
- Hove Seventy-second Street!
- She has gleaned a fair idea of what her country has come to
- From the letters of Ambassador Page;
- In the personal columns of her favorite newspaper-
- She almost took chloral the day it was amalgamated with another journal-
- She recognizes only an occasional name;
- Who are all these strange people,
- And whence do they come?
- The Social Register is now to her
- What the telephone book is to hoi polloi.
- And the manners and customs of the younger generations!
- Esen her daughter, Milly, has been known
- To eat her luncheon in a public restaurant!!
- And wasn't Amy Blank photographed at Palm Beach

With the wife of a man who once was a steel puddler, or something?

Still, if people will go to Palm Beach

- They should know what to expect.
- Nothing is really left of Aiken or White Sulphur
- But the scenery and salubrity.

Even though the old order changeth,

- The Standpatter will give place to nothing new.
- Swathed in patterned silk and rose point,

She pours behind her heavy Georgian tea service

For only those who can qualify

- According to her own unflinching standards,
- And hears from them such casual scandal
- As that a man known on the Exchange to one of their sons
- Actually paid out money to get a notice of his daughter's wedding
- Printed in a certain journal of gossip!
- She goes out only to the opera
- And the rare meetings of the Colonial Dames.
- In spite of the strong drink raging at present in the community,

Claret, slightly watered, is still served at her table.

- Her jewels are set in gold!
- She drives daily in the Park, behind horses,

Feeling exactly like the last of the Mohicans.

It takes all kinds To make a town like ours.

-Baird Leonard



SPORTS OF THE WEEK

SOUTHAMPTON has gone to the dogs! No, I do not refer to the notice posted on the property of the Southampton Bathing Beach Association which specifically declares that during tennis week-this week, by the way-all women bathers wearing bathing suits without stockings will be required to adorn their persons with a cape, going to and from the water. That is not what I am alluding to, although just why the Southampton authorities chose tennis week as the time to issue an ordinance regarding female bathers is something you must unravel for yourself. What I was adverting to above was the fact that the annual Dog Show of the Hamptons was held last Saturday at the Meadow Club, under auspices of the Southampton Kennel Club.

[•]HIS, the ninth annual Dog Show of the Consolidated Hamptons, (why incidentally, are they the Consolidated Hamptons, who consolidated them, and could they unconsolidate themselves if they so desired?) was a great success. A success in so many of the things that go to make a dog show successful: in quality and quantity of entries, in attendance, in weather, and most important of all, in keenness of competition. Annually one of the most impressive of all the outdoor dog shows in the metropolitan district, Southampton this year more than lived up to its reputation. The dogs were benched in a large, colored tent; while the judging rings were roped off on the turf in front of and around the clubhouse, close to the courts upon which the best tennis players of the country are battling this week at the Meadow Club's forty-second annual tournament.

Gathered around the rings where some of the best known dog men of the country were judging the different breeds from noon until well along in the evening, were exhibitors and their friends



from the Hamptons, Amagansett, Quogue, and as far away as Sag Harbor on one side and Smithtown on the other.

Inside the tent and around the rings were the dogs. Dogs of all sorts: large dogs and small dogs, well known favorites like bulldogs, and Great Danes, and collies, and terriers of all kinds, as well as the newer breeds now so popular in this country, among which I noticed particularly some very fine Kerry Blue Ter-riers, and some Schnausers. There were, to be sure, none of the terribly cute and cunning dogs one observes in the films and stories of Mr. James Oliver Curwood. There were, so far as I was able to discover after a careful survey of the entire show, few Nanooks of the North among the large entry. Mind you, I am not hinting; I do not say such dogs are non-existent. I can-with difficultybelieve my own eyes when I see them on the screen. But I do assert that they were missing at Southampton. Here were just dogs: handsome dogs and plain dogs, barking, nervous, fighting, pleasant, goodnatured, lovable, snapping, snarling, ugly, quiet, contented, peaceable. Not dogs which performed wonderful and unbelievable feats at the behest of a movie director—out of the picture—but dogs which were self-conscious, frightened sometimes, hot most of the time, and which continually refused to stand still in the

ring, which forced the judges upon their knees, to stand on their heads, almost, in an endeavor to make sure of the good and bad points of what was on the whole a very delightful number of animals.

WHEN you consider that in many large cities the entry list for a dog show runs from two to three hundred dogs, the entry at Southampton of over five hundred was especially creditable. It imposed a heavy task upon the judges, however, and to get through such an entry meant eight hours constant judging on the part of Mr. Theodore Offerman, Mr. Robert Sedgwick, Mr. J. B. Wilson, Mr. H. C. Ahrenstedt, and other selectors. And very hard put to it, were these gentlemen in awarding the prize for the best dog in the show. The winner was a great surprise, unknown to the judges as well as to the crowd that surrounded the ring, a Sealyham bitch recently imported from Great Britain and never before shown in this country. C. M. Hamilton's Felcourt Fashion, a two-year-old bitch in very fine condition, was the winner over a number of prize dogs in the show, among them being Reginald M. Lewis's Warily Cactus Flower, a splendid little wire-haired fox terrier which was best of breed in its class. Another winner in his own class was Black Douglas, a very fine deerhound belonging to Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg, and Mr. Robert Appleton of Easthampton had a well deserved winner in his chow, Sun Yat Sen VII.

WAS much interested to see a large entry of Kerry Blue Terriers, among them several outstanding dogs belonging to Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. This breed, only recently introduced into this country, has made great strides in popularity in the last fifteen months, and at present is outstripping several other fav-ored terrier breeds. This increase is by





no means of a fanciful nature, as would have been the case had the Kerry Blue been something entirely new in dogs. Such however, are not the facts. The Kerry Blue was originally out of the same litter as the smaller red Irish Terrier. He was, as his name implies, bred in the Kerry mountains in the southwestern part of Ireland near the town of Tralee, some twenty years or more ago. A big, rough, shaggy dog, this Kerry Blue was never a fashionable dog in any sense of the word, being rather slighted for the smaller and more popular red terrier. Consequently, he was turned over to the peasantry who used him for hunting, for sheep, and as a watch dog. Only after the war was he shown in England and Ireland, and has been seen in this country only during the last five years.

Kerry Blues at Southampton brought out a fine entry, besides Mrs. Hearst's dogs, two terriers from Esmond P. O'Brien's kennels distinguishing themselves in this class. His Tammany ran away with firsts for American bred Kerry Blue Terriers; and his bitch, Champion Festive Bells, won first prize for the best of breed in the show. Mr. O'Brien tells me that his Tammany has never been defeated among American Kerry Blues.

DURING the afternoon I was lucky enough to have a few minutes chat with Mr. Frank Spiekerman of Greenwich, Connecticut, who has done so much for dogs and for dogdom in this country. Mr. Spiekerman was showing his very fine Giant Schnauser, Hitofa Strolch, which he recently brought over from Germany. Having observed the growing popularity of this breed in Paris last Spring, I asked Mr. Spiekerman for some facts about them.

"The German Schnauser is a dog that I have been attempting to bring over to this country for a good many years," he said. "As early as the Spring of 1914 they were brought to my attention by a newspaper friend of mine in Berlin. I arranged to have several Schnausers imported that Summer, and actually went so far as to hire a lieutenant in the Berlin Police Department, who had been engaged in training them, to come across with the dogs and spend several months in this country with them. The war came and the project fell through. My friend was killed; so was the police lieutenant; so that after the war I was obliged to start all over again. It was, in fact, only recently that I was able to get hold of just the right dogs to import, of which Hitofa Strolch is one."

AFTER looking over the aristocratic and comely dogs of the Consolidated Hamptons and points east and west, I am obliged to admit that Cognac, my own very faithful but none too beautiful Airedale has very nearly all the points that a



show dog should not have, and only a minimum of those points of which he should be possessed. One consoles oneself with the reflection that in dogs, as in humans, a good disposition more than atones for a variety of physical defects.

T is incredible. I can hardly believe it. But it is so nevertheless. In one short month we shall be reading this sort of thing: "Six men injured on Yale squad. Tad Jones fears for team in big games." And in those short four weeks are packed a feast of sporting events such as even this country seldom sees. Here are a few of the high lights: The Junior Polo Championships at the Rumson Polo Club, even now being disputed with the United States Army Polo Team competing. The Gold Cup Regatta for motor boats off Manhasset Bay, Long Island.

Early in September come the National Amateur Golf Championships at the Oakmont Golf Club in Pittsburgh; and at the same time there is the Autumn Regatta of the New York Yacht Club. Starting with the Woman's Championships at Forest Hills next week, there is tennis at hand that will be full of more thrills



Young Steinbacher Asleep On Paul Berlenbach's Great Dane

•)•

than tennis has been for many years in the United States. Altogether a full thirty days for the devotees of sport in these parts .--- J. R. T.

In Town Five o'Clock

I, who had loved them both! I stood aghast

Upon the threshold. Then, in custom's mesh,

Walked, ghost-like, to the mirrors of the last

And bowed to feel my old wounds pulse afresh.

They, two, together, out of all my Fate Who loved thus fully as to nurture hate. We sat and smiled in cautious enmity.

I made them small talk; and they poured me tea .- James Kevin McGuinness



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, August 14, to Friday, August 21, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth You have absolutely no right to start in on the new theatrical season until you've seen this sensation of the last one.

- ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden The newest and most sprightly of the revues, with eighteen marvelous young women known as the Hoffmann Girls, and a highly entertaining young man known as Phil Baker.
- IS ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street A boisterous comedy, written for the most part in authentic American language.

THE FALL GUY-Eltinge Another comedy in American, with effective acting by Ernest Truex.

ROSE-MARIE-Eltinge

- An elaborate musical play, with the unusual attributes of good music and good singing. Desiree Ellinger has replaced Mary Ellis in
- the leading rôle. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play, pretty good nevertheless, and with the most extraordinary acting in town, by Pauline Lord.
- GARRICK GAIETIES—Garrick An entertaining revuelet, full of high spirits, put on by the Junior members of the Guild. THE GORILLA-Selwyn
- An elementary and hilarious burlesque of the standard mystery play. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam
- The greybeards insist that this is the best of the Ziegfeld "Follies." At all events, it has the most comedy to it, contributed mainly by W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan A Ziegfeld production, full of beauty, with the comedy derived from Leon Errol's legs.
- LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty A very good time is to be had at this enter-tainment, thanks to the George Gershwin Score, the Astaires—Fred and Adele—and Walter Catlett.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. FRENCH PAINTERS-Durand-Ruel Here is an O'Neill play that can be seen

- with profit if you're not too much annoyed by the obscene snickerings of the audience. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo
- The seventh edition of Mr. White's annual offering, tuneful, merry and full of pretty, young women. THE STUDENT PRINCE-Jolson's

Another one of the past season's exceptional musical offerings, with a book based on "Old Heidelberg" and a happily maudlin and sentimental score.

MOVING PICTURES

KISS ME AGAIN

- Mr. Ernst Lubitsch toys brilliantly with that divorce situation. A champagne picture in a beery movie world. Piccadilly: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. No New York showing sched-uled for remainder of week. SALLY OF THE SAWDUST
- Mr. W. C. Fields buffoons his way through acres of Mr. D. W. Griffith's stock sentimentality. Result: extraordinary Mr. Fields. Strand: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. THE UNHOLY THREE
- A side show trio plays on the side of the Devil. Mr. Lon Chaney does not impersonate a crab. Excellent melodrama. Capitol: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. No New York show-ing scheduled for remainder of week.

No New York showing of "Don Q" scheduled this week.

ART

- MODERNS LEFT WING-Weyhe
- Delightful show of lithographs, etchings, drawings and paintings, mostly new, some old. HUNTINGTON COLLECTION - Metropolitan Museum
- One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room.

Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

MUSIC

CITY CONCERTS Central Park Bands on Mon., Wed., Sat. and Sun., with orchestras relieving the situation on Fri. GOLDMAN'S BAND-Hall of Fame

New York University Campus, nightly, except Tues. and Thurs. To-night (Aug. 14) there's a contest of boys' bands, which will give you some notion of how they are teaching the young idea to toot.

CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium At C. C. N. Y., nightly. Fritz Reiner con-ducts the Philharmonic Orchestra to-night, Sat. and Sun. Mr. Van Hoogstraten returns Mon. for the final two weeks of these con-Note particularly two performances of certs. Verdi's "Requiem," Tues., Wed., Aug. 18, 19.

SPORTS

TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills,

- ENNIS-west Give 2011 L. I. Fri., Aug. 14, Sat., Aug. 15. International Woman's Match for the Wightman Cup. Playing for Great Britain, Miss McKane, Distributed Chembers Miss Free and Miss Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss Frye and Miss Colyer; for the United States, Miss Browne, Miss Wills, Miss Goss and Mrs. Mallory. POLO-Rumson Polo Club, Rumson, N. J.
- Sat., Aug. 15, continuation of the Junior Championships of the United States.
- YACHTING-

Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N. Y. Sat., Aug. 15. Annual Regatta. BASE BALL

Polo Grounds: New York vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. New York vs. Bookny, Fri., Sun., Aug. 16. New York vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Aug. 17. New York vs. Chicago, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Aug. 18, 19, 20. New York vs. Pittsburg, Fri., Aug. 21.





When Nights Are Bold

HE needle in the proverbial hay- be the night club successes of the coming popular night club in Summer. I have long they can hold their public. Right said it before, and I say it again. You could spend a most exasperating evening for yourself and a most lucrative one for your taxi driver seeking out the old dancing places, only to find that they have been either padlocked or "closed for the The Trocadero is dark, Summer." "Texas" Guinan's club is in the shadow of the padlock; Ciro's, the Mirador, Barney's, Mori's, the Rue de la Paix-so many have vanished temporarily that there is no counting them.

Montmartre, for no especial reason, is The Place at present for after-theatre dancing. There is no telling what will happen to it when its rivals get under way in the Autumn, but the probability is that it will survive nicely. The decorations are conservative and charming; the music is excellent. That, however, is not unusual. But the fact remains that this is the only night club that, unaccountably maintains a steady popularity with a highclass audience. It also seems to be the only one where evening dress is the rule rather than the exception in the Summer months.

A second or third or fourth visit to the Plantation confirms the belief that the fashionable vogue for negro entertainment is pretty well on the decline. The show there is as good as a commercialized negro revue can possibly be; the colored mammy in her cabin at the door cooks flapjacks with all the old fervor; the orchestra hurtles itself through the "blues" with perpetual enthusiasm; but the audience is far from inspiring. The real devotees of negro shows are seeking them in the genuine dives in Harlem, and the tables here are filled with the type of people listed in the newspapers under the title "Arrival of the Buyers." If you are trying to give a foreigner of any description a thrill, however, the Plantation is still the unfailing recipe.

Frenchmen especially go completely mad there.

ESPITE the Summer languor and the padlock menace, Great Minds are busy with the problem of what are to

stack is no whit more elusive than a Winter. Also, with the problem of how here and now, I want to make a suggestion. Why can not tables to a popular dancing place be sold in advance, like tickets to a theatre? Then you would be spared the annoyance of battling at the entrance of the smart club of the moment, amidst a well-dressed crowd with subway manners, only to find that your reservation had been given away to the flour-and-lard magnate from the West who had arrived impromptu ten minutes earlier. This crowding and pushing is the main reason, to my mind, why no club maintains a sensational success longer than a few weeks.

> OME managers, in their big-hearted, Some managed to solve the quiet way have managed to solve the problem of the drift of popularity very nicely. The Idea is to own and operate half a dozen places, on the assumption that at least one of them will be the current vogue, carrying, in its boom, the deficit of others. Then, by means of confidential head-waiters and captains, the crowd may be directed around and around the ring, delighting in new discoveries.

This scheme is particularly successful with restless souls out to "make a night of it." No sooner have the waiters started to pile chairs on top of the tables preparatory to closing, than the same assiduous head-waiter begins to hint, "The Wee Hours Club is opening about now, Sir. 1 could give you a special card if _____." The new club is usually a converted brownstone, without outward and visible sign of the fresh couvert charge within. Many big dancing places maintain a whole string of these tiny places to make the hours between one and eight in the morning more exciting. And the "personally conducted" element is kept very well in the background.-Lipstick.

Venus, Mars, and Mercury Together This Evening.

-Heading in the Sun

Something ought to be done about these eternal astral triangles.

Theatre Guild Productions **Garrick** Galeties

Sparkling Musical Revue

Garrick Theatre 65 West 35th Street.

Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo

> **Klaw** Theatre West 45th St.

Evenings, 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirs. 458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat. NEW SUMMER EDITION

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES of 1925—Glorifying the American Girl WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDS



Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

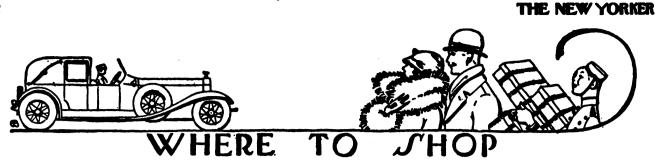
Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected

These Regular Features and a Hundred and One Other Items Appear Weekly in

THE NEW YORKER



THE WALK OF THE TOWN

The Walk of the Town is, Gentle Reader, the one name by which an avenue graced with shops selected from THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns could be suitably called. This delightful imaginary byway would be immediately so-named by virtue of its elusively fetching façades and quaintly charming interiors.

One could sate one's dearest desires among the romantically flavored curios and oddities tucked away under the awning of yonder bazaar. Your intuition, dear Reader, once you were midway on the Walk of the Town, would instantly depict dainty frocks, and the cool, topaz shade of a quiet tea room. You would be attracted to a real Russian inn where you might profitably display the artful dancing steps recently learned from a celebrated teacher. The shops that rightfully belong on the Walk of the Town have been catalogued for you by THE NEW YORKER, in these columns.

Antiques	Books	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years). 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	"SMILE" HOUSE-FROCKS—artistic Crepes, Fou- lards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95 Gloria Browning, 156 E. 47th St., N. Y. Mur. Hill 4513
Arts and Crafts	First Editions, American & English Literature.	Gowns Made to Order
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings,	Early Printed and Private Press Books. Manuscripts, Autograph Letters. Catalogue on request. HARRY STONE, 137 Fourth Ave.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele.
gifta. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	Dancing	Hair and Scalp Treatment
Auction Bridge	MR. OSCAR DURYEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances Ballroom, Hotel des Artistes, I West 67th St., N. Y.	THE PARKER METHOD known for 40 years as the most scientific treatment for all hair & scalp disorders. Visit our New York establishment or write for list of licensed shops. 47 W. 49th St., N. Y.
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC.		Restaurants
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS	Flesh Reduction	AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.
by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.	ANA de ROSALES Chickering 4174 128 West 34th Street REDUCING REBUILDING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	Swimming Instruction
Beauty Culture	Look Young Be Young	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER \$6TH ST. RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK	Footwear	Tea Room
Telephone Murray Hill 5057 and 0795	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.
Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza		
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR can now be permanently destroyed thru the TRICHO SYSTEM. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 279 Madison Ave., New York.	Golf School	WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, visiting cards etc., that look and feel like engraving, at half the price Write or phone Circle 8360 for samples and price Non-Plate Engraving Co., 115 West 56th St., N. V
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis. Expert in charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionais. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafaigar 2712	FOUND a light on the subject of finding one's way through th "Maze of Streets" and the "Labyrinth of Shops.
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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

- These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While NOVELS
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). As refreshing an armchair vacation as the mystery story can give.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Page). The "Dolly Dialogues" of the 1920s, and better than those of the '90s. (Your parents will tell you what those of the '90s were.)
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). Choice comedy in a villa in Italy. Part One, the servants; Part Two, their "signori," English.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). A first novel in the same broad general class of fiction with "Barren Ground," and infinitely better than that much-lauded specimen.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfner). A ducal family and its connections are brought up in Proust's search of his memories.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (Bobbs-Merrill). Jimmy, Gene the flapper, and ructions at Moreno's hacienda—as told by a dear old squaw-man with plenty of quaint humor, and by the author with exceptional skill.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A long, pleasant, succulently written improvement on "Richard Carvel." (Your old-timers will tell you what that was, too, and will care more for "Drums" than you will.)
- SEA Horses, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). Sea-going romance of the substantial kind. Young's style is not its least distinction.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). A most brilliant satirical story on the side of constancy and chivalry. CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (Doran). Proving that a very young novelist's study of sexual morbidity need not itself be morbid in the least.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). His stories to the number of fifty-six, in a volume uniform with his "The Forsyte Saga."

GENERAL

- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnam). Essays by the sometime wireless operator of a tramp ship, the Arcturus. (Now, don't you take all we say seriously! You want to watch our eye.)
- ORANGES AND LEMONS, and THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two collections of things Milne wrote for Punch. The former has some verse in it.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KING! (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis's own story. Rosa, capricious and vivacious, is a famous London caterer who has known almost everyone worth knowing.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Page). Scratch this well known fictioneer (as a leopard has done lately) and you find an astonishingly interesting lay philosopher.

The Optimist

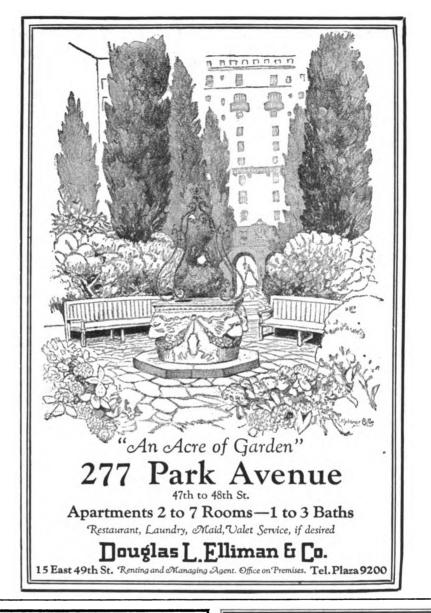
Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

The Little Minister

Count Alexander Skrzynski, the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived late yesterday on the French liner Paris. . . . The Count is 4 years old, well built and 6 feet 3 inches tall. He has a pleasant manner and speaks English well but slowly.

-The Times



THE NEW YORKER

3

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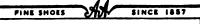
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Why I Like New York BECAUSE coming out of the Metropolitan Museum the other day, I met three people in shirt waists toiling up the long Fifth Avenue steps—a mother, a father and a little boy about ten. They stopped me, and the mother, the bolder spirit, asked if I had been in there. I admitted I had. "Then you can tell us," she said. "Is it worth while?" There was a stimulating question not to be answered off hand! They had arrived by boat from the South that morning and were off by train at noon the

next day. As a matter of fact 1 never did answer their question, unless it was an answer to drive them instantly across the Park to the Museum of Natural History.—A. D. M.

* * * *

Because no one asks me to boost it. —Elias Lieberman

* * * *

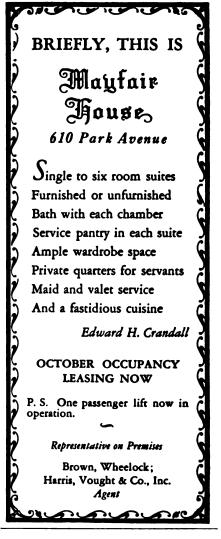
Because in a department store the other day, I saw a tall, lanky boy of fifteen or sixteen tying up parcels with listless perfection, when a small errand girl approached him—one of these little, competent female creatures who at twelve years of age could run the universe. Her arms were piled high with more things to be tied up, and I heard her say: "Well, Mr. McQuire, there's no use in looking like that. It's got to be done."—R. A. H.

Because I can't afford a car or go to cabarets and meet Commissioner Enright or donate twenty dollars to Mr. Ziegfeld's first night charities or play poker with my fiancée's husband or buy Hearst's film business or eat at Reuben's or live on a roof on Park Avenue or in a cellar on Madison or have a lot of jolly friends in the Village or support a bootlegger or be accused of a crime and get acquitted or wear a diamond ring and dirty finger nails or be slapped on the back by "Texas" or know a quiet little place for dinner where you can get anything or have breakfast in evening dress at Childs or be friends with an actor in the Summer or have a joke with a cop or be a gentleman and knock garbage cans over at five a. m. or say, "Meet you at the Montmartre" in a loud voice-because, in fact, I live very quietly, being a deaf mute bell boy at the Martha Washington.

-Raymond Lewis

* * * *

Because the water is soft. This is the real reason I live and slave here, instead of living in luxurious leisure in the suburbs. Here, as I found with delight, on my return after eighteen months of Europe, Ivory not only FLOATS, it actually makes a lather.—A. Amis



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Gay paperjacks riding the specially cut logs from which the paper for THE NEW YORKER is made. In the center, directing the work, may be seen our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER'S Field Superintendents af paperjacks.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

II. Life Among the Paperjacks

IFE in THE NEW YORKER'S paper camps is but one more example of the spirit of co-operation that has made the magazine what it is to-day. It is estimated that 2,001,093 paperjacks are employed by THE NEW YORKER in the Maine camp alone. To give you some conception of these figures, an area equal to half the State of Kansas is needed to raise sufficient grain to feed these men, and an area equal to the other half of Kansas is needed to clothe them. To meet this problem it was 'necessary for THE NEW YORKER to purchase Kansas, at a considerable expense.

It is not easy for anyone who has not personally seen these paper camps at work to form any conception of the vast system, from the planting of the seed to the final slicing of the paper. THE NEW YORKER must first raise the baby seedlings in its private nurseries before they can be set out "on their own" and if you have ever been around young trees much, you know what *that* means.

When the trees have grown to the great, strapping young saplings at last (and it seems only yesterday they were only so many sprouts no higher than your knee) they are taken on their first real outing to the woods, and in this healthy environment the happy treelets are allowed to stand around in the open air and simply grow until they have attained man's estate.

After the logs have been gathered and cut into lengths, it is necessary to roll them down to the river. Next the happy paperjacks straddle the slippery logs and ride them through the rapids, singing merrily the while. This phase of the work is sometimes most exciting and amusing, since the wild logs are not always broken and sometimes buck and attempt to unseat their riders into the icy water. A faint touch of the spurs which the paperjacks fasten to their boots, however, will send the most obstinate logs through the rapids at a gallop. (Incidentally these rapids are the personal property of THE NEW YORKER, and are kept running night and day by means of seven large turbine engines of 579 horsepower each, making a total of 4,053 horses, or the equivalent of the Confederate cavalry during the battle of Antietam.)

Plenty of big trees, good sharp axes and crosscut saws, happy, happy paperjacks: these are the conditions under which. THE NEW YORKER paper camps are run. Hundreds (100s) of these camps, owned and operated by THE NEW YORKER, extend through Maine and Canada, and are open from June to September, with good home cooking, bathing and canoeing, sing-songs at night around the council fires, reasonable rates, address THE NEW YORKER, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, attention Mr. Tilley.

Here in these happy surroundings the merry paperjacks often indulge in friendly contests of skill, testing their prowess in chopping with the axe. Fred, a powerful Canuck, who if laid end to end would reach six feet four in his stocking feet, was recently declared the champion paperjack, when he established a record time of one minute and twenty-seven seconds. We have never been able to discover what he *did* in this record time, but nevertheless "Fred" was immediately rewarded with a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER (equal to \$5 in your money).

Postscript: It has just been brought to our attention that the very best paper isn't made from trees at all, but is really made from rags. Inasmuch as THE NEW YORKER uses only the very best paper, it looks as though we don't get it from trees after all. But rather than throw 2,001,093 paperjacks out of work, we shall say nothing about it; and next week we shall consider how THE NEW YORKER paper is made from rags, just as if nothing had happened.

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE hardy Oriental Ginkgo tree does better in New York than its weaker Western brethren, we are told, and perhaps the Ginkgo will become our civic tree. There should be no protest against this invasion. Better the Ginkgo than no trees at all, and we shall watch its efforts with sympathy. As to the final outcome, we are inclined to smile dubiously, and to wager a small amount that if the Ginkgo tree survives New York, it will be due to sentimental assistance on the part of people, rather than to the hardihood of the tree itself.

I CE in a nearby glass tinkles. An electric fan rustles the paper in one's hand. But one turns the pages over, and one reads advertisements of Fall models from Paris: of fur coats for milady: of Winter topcoats for milord. The times are out of joint! Many will die of heat before milady dons her furs: there will doubtless be the hottest September something or other in forty years before the sombre chill of Autumn descends.

One begins to fear that not only is there no feeling for the past in America, but that even the present is being ignored through haste to get ahead. At this rate, we shall all shortly be dead before we are born: and even now it becomes meaningless to say of this or that person, "He is ahead of the times . . .!"

A COVERED Stadium is to be built on the grounds of New York University, and concerts are to be given there next Fall. It is always t delight to see comfort meted out to patrons of the arts, who, being more



sensitive than other people, suffer more from minor deficiencies in the routine of living. To enjoy art thoroughly, shocks of the flesh should be minimized. Perhaps some day we shall even come into the blissful state of not returning exhausted from art ex-



hibitions because there has been no place to sit down.

A WELCOMING host in the old Gracie Mansion, now the Museum of the City of New York, is a



large wooden Indian of the genus Tobacconist, placed in the hallway as a priceless relic of the bygone days. Also resurrected, and gaudily painted, is the Indian we pass when we occasionally drop in upon our office in Forty-fifth Street. It is pleasant to note the preservation of the colorful symbol in the Museum on East Eighty-eighth Street; but even pleasanter is the observation that here and there some shop has the individuality to cling to a happy custom of the past.

WE ARE always sorry to see the name of William M. Bennett creeping into the news. It is a quadrennial reminder of the flight of time. It is a poignant thought that there are New Yorkers who may never live to see more than seven or eight more of Bennett's races for mayor.

F LATE that astute patriarch, Mr. Brentano, the bibliopolist, under pressure of the Summer season, has so bedecked his windows with blotters, art objects, and movie versions, that it scarcely seems now a bookstore at all. And the other well known shops are not far behind him. Even at the gateway to the ancient House of Harpers whence, in the old days, came forth to us our Dickens, our Du Maurier, our Whitman, our Henry James, and a hundred others, there flaunts an advertisement of Dr. Frank Crane. So must the mighty bend themselves before the storm.

Civics, II.

THE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, staggered back from Borough Hall, Brooklyn, worn by travel, but elated. The Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, it must be admitted, is staunch in his loyalties, and, consequently, loud in his praises of the Hon. James J. Walker.

It's all fixed for Jimmy over the Bridge, exulted the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Nothing but Walker to the primaries now.

It's this way, he murmured: There's at least seven district leaders in Brooklyn ready to kick over the traces and they worry McCooey no little. And then, the whisper goes to him that Governor Al is ready to back someone else for leader in Brooklyn if he doesn't listen to reason and let Mayor Hylan slide into obscurity. So, what can McCooey do but make a deal?

And the deal is this, continued the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Right before the primary election, McCooey will come out for Walker. And, in return for this service, Governor Al will let him stay where he is.

So it's all fixed for Jimmy Walker across the Bridge, concluded the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East.

The Week

M USTAPHA KEMAL PASHA divorces wife and man is fined for parking car in street for duration of honeymoon. Rev. Dr. Frank J. Norris to demonstrate how Joshua stopped sun and skulls of Neanderthal men are discovered in Galilee. Bookshop owner held for selling indecent literature and daily paper concludes Mary Sap Browning's memoirs. Pola Negri pays \$57,000 customs dues on seized jewels and England plans fivepound divorces for poor. General Lord cuts budget \$300,000,000 and John D. Rockefeller presents shiny dimes to tank truck drivers. President Coolidge sees World Court adherence sure and Australian rowdies attack visiting American sailors. Further air mail services are projected and addressee receives postal card mailed six years ago. Nine-year-old boy is arrested for selling liquor and Assemblyman F. Trubee Davison heads Gary commission to investigate crime.

The Lone Prospector

HERE were long stretches when the great sombre house sat limp and still. Somewhere, away in the darkness, an ill-defined area, cinema celebrity-studded, a few score in dinner coats, sitting by dazzling, waved blondes, by sleek raven hair. About and beyond, without limit, the great vestless, knee-showing bulk, thousands. And lost in the sea, a small gravish man watching his own heart-breaking antics, magnified, thrown forth upon a huge sheet with all the pent up agony of supreme comedy. Then the last close-up, the dull breaking of applause and the little man standing upon the stage.

"... an emotional time ... can only say ... I thank you ..."

Review upon review will tell of the symbolism in pathos of the creator's own life, of the bitterness of his early days. There, in the last few hundred feet of flickering light, is the Lone Prospector rich; there he is triumphant in love and the house rocked to the queer little portrayal of happiness. Then the house lights and Chaplin himself, the incarnation of The Lone Prospector, standing before the great throng.

Yet, in the sudden thunder of relieved hand clapping there seemed to me more pathos than in all the minutes of drama. The picture was a dream, a tugging, lifting dream; and it was as if the dreamer had awakened with the pie in his hand and never a chance to eat it.

Somehow that was not a deifying crowd. The huge pretense of the publicity-instigated, midnight "Gala Opening" stood in glaring relief against the small figure on the stage. Coming curious, almost morbid in the damp heat, the mob had been swayed out of itself in the land of unreality; but now it was itself again. The avid lust of scandal-monging was in its eyes as it ran forward to see. Life builds up to no climax as of plot . . . while one lives . . .

For a few seconds he stood helpless, the Lone Prospector. Then, with a rush, two came to his aid, leaped from the orchestra pit and hurried him back into the wings. The hand-clapping ceased, and there was only shuffling of feet and turbulent blending of many toneless voices.

THEY rushed him back through the tangle of drops, and urged him up flights of iron stairs to a high projection room. Below the crowd was filtered out, and the elite allowed to slip through and pant up after him —dripping, cursing the heat, aloud and to themselves.

The elite . . . of the cinema world . . . their faces moulded, under make-



up, in too-oft portrayed emotions, commercialized. They said "hello," in a thousand variants of the English accent, to each other, and puffed dutifully on. "Chawmed to have met you," "say, this is the Kangaroo's pajamas," "beastly bore."

The elite ... of the cinema world ... and Carl Eduardo, Conductor to the Strand Orchestra, beaming for congratulation ... and a few others, hot. Chaplin, piloted from one group to another, press agent haunted, looking tired, very tired, weighed down with overwhelming weariness, of mind, or body, or spirit.

Below a tiny group, police-bossed, clustering by the stage entrance. Curious too? They had no caviar and chicken a la king, but they were cooler.

The Lone Prospector . . . from group to group . . . smiling. What price genius?

Prophecy

HE next conquest of New York, it is our prediction, will be by the Rent a Car and Drive it Yourself System, the advance guard of which penetrated our barriers only June first and has, it has been announced, already trebled its business. This latest evolution of the automobile industry undertakes to rent all makes of cars, gasoline, oil, and insurance included, at from twelve cents a mile for Fords, to twenty-two cents for six cylinder sedans, and, demanding only ten to fifteen dollars deposit, lets you drive their car out into the nearest traffic jam. After six p. m., when it is expected you will park (if possible) in front of some restaurant of the elite, an hourly charge of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents is added and there are special rates for keeping a car more than one day.

THE first herald of the new order is the Yellow "Drive-It-Yourself" System, blood relation of the Yellow taxis, so recently absorbed by General Motors. By large placard at Sixty-fourth Street and Broadway, they proclaim "Cars Not Painted Yellow." Entering, skeptically, to assure myself, I stayed long enough to take out an application; and in time I may make personal report... but one may never be sure how one's references will react.

The gentleman at the window was courteous, however. He explained that the system controlled over 2,000



cars in 300 cities, and that while they still have a monopoly in New York it was far from so in other cities. The idea, in short, has swept the country in a cloud of faint blue smoke, and in New York expects to make its victory complete.

Pop Corn

THERE is a rumor that will not down, to the effect that the world will beat a path to the door of the man who makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor, even though he dwell in the depths of the wilderness. Well then, reason totters at the vision of the riches which would come to a man having the sagacity to set up a few hot, buttered pop corn stands in New York. That pop corn should be on sale only at the Grand Central Station, seems little short of a scandal for a city so rich in other opportunities.

CONFIDENCE VARIANT, No. 3,827: Genial and Pompous Gentleman enters architect's office, asking audience with the chief. Granted, almost instantly.

For two hours, approximately, thereafter, the G. and P. G. has the architect poring over a set of plans, recommending changes in and additions to the Long Island estate just purchased—so he says—by the Genial and Pompous Gentleman.

Then on leaving, the Genial, etc., mentions very casually that he is about to claim six cases of champagne brought in by a purser with whom he made an arrangement. And very reasonable, too. Sixty dollars a case.

And, oh—afterthought—if Mr. Architect would care to have three cases—!

Surely Mr. Architect would.

Well, then, just send your man along to meet mine, and have him bring his one hundred and eighty dollars (there seems to be no suspicion about any bootleg transaction proposed) and the three cases are yours. And very generous of you, sir, says the architect, always glad to humor a client, and besides such a commission as that just obtained is worthy of celebration.

So, the architect's man meets the man of the G. and P. G., and in a taxi they depart for a building in the shipping district. One moment, says the latter, on arrival. I will go in and pay and we'll go aboard the ship to get the stuff. And could you let me have the hundred and eighty? My boss only gave me two hundred. Said you'd have the rest. All right, then. Just sit here and wait a minute.

So the architect loses not only the one hundred and eighty dollars, but also what time his trustful employee spends waiting for the champagne to be brought to his taxi.

Jazz

JASCHA HEIFETZ, I had long known, dabbles in jazz as an amusement; but it was only lately, in the course of chats with the music critics, that I learned Paderewski and Godowsky, among other artists, have the same hobby.

So jazz, successor to the outcast ragtime, each day is becoming more acceptable. It is the young brother of the musical family, irresponsible and at times highly irritating, but, nevertheless, acknowledged.

And the writers of jazz are no longer those products of East Side dives who remained, with notable exceptions, faithful to the ideals and tastes peculiar to their early surroundings.

Mr. Buddy de Sylva, lyrist to Mr. Al Jolson and one hundred million others, is a collector of first editions in his non-working hours, which represents a great advance over the hobbies current in the ragtime age. Mr. Irving Caesar, another eminent in jazz, is an authority on symphonic music. Mr. Zez Confrey, originator of "Kitten on the Keys," is now writing rather serious works for piano.

As for Mr. George Gershwin, high priest of jazz, he is laboring on a concerto for Dr. Damrosch, while other symphony conductors are besieging him for copies of his "Symphony in Blue." This, by the way, is one of the few phonograph records surviving profitably against the radio invasion.

It is to Mr. Gershwin's adventure,



what time he appeared on the stage of Aeolian Hall to play accompaniments for Mme. Eva Gauthier, that the change in the temper of the popular song writers may be traced. The incident lent dignity to jazz.

Yet, Mr. Gershwin had his doubts. Before he consented to play for Mme. Gauthier, he inquired from several experts, "Shall I do it?-Or do you think it will hurt me?"

Exit Graustark

Brightness falls from the air, Queens have died young and fair, Dust hath closed Helen's eyes-

YES, and Madison Square isn't what it used to be, the Vanderbilt and Astor houses are coming down, and now the Fifth Avenue dining room of the St. Regis is to be done away with in order that its space may be occupied by shops.

This last is bad news for many of us who found in that room a Je-nesais-pas-quoi which set it apart from everything else of its kind in New York. It had a certain Graustarkian splendor which managed, somehow, to be more impressive than rococo, and the beau monde feeling which came from glimpsing the passing show on the Avenue made it almost worth while to pay a dollar and something for two or three spears of asparagus. But the room's real charm lay, probably, in the fact that it never looked local. Even though such recognizable figures as Maria Jeritza, Mr. A. H. Woods, Mr. Cyril Maude or Miss Elsie Ferguson might occasionally be singled out, the majority of the patrons looked as if they were here temporarily on mysterious and important affairs, with dispatch boxes in the hotel safe and rich cargoes of vegetable and mineral treasures on the seas. There was an international aspect to the scene. We never entered it without feeling as if we had stepped right into the pages of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel.

Dog Days

AUGUST . . . dog days. The omnipresent drone of electric fans holds little promise of cooler and less languorous days to come. In the lull before dinner time, embryo heroes of the diamond gather in Washington Square or the side streets, to play a hybrid game of pitching a soft rubber ball for "runs," whilst the cop, turn-

ing his back, pictures the sweet content of confronting a tall glass of beer.

Sales are slow along West Fiftyseventh Street. Florists on the Avenue draw blinds to prevent the hot rays of a late sun from withering fragile wares. Drawn blinds on upper Park. Block upon block in the East Sixties Seventies, barricaded and doors. boarded windows, tiny, gray crests of private police, warning of tangled wires awaiting the intruder who would venture within. Block upon block, still-hot, echoing dully to the slow tread of the passing patrolman, seeking the cool of the caretaker's cellar. Owners lie limp in club windows, happily locked from their dustcloth covered tombs, resting between week-ends.

Why wander midst haunted emptiness? Below the square is the place to dine.

Between the high wooden walls, hiding higher stone walls, Tony presides over tables for eighty, and only a subdued fraction of that number pres-Tony takes our order for red ent. wine which we know will be very, very ordinaire, and so needs ice. Years ago we learned that in Europe. So did Tony.



"A little ice, Tony?", we ask. "Just as you wish, but for myself-" and a shrug of the shoulders, "for myself the bouquet is lost when one puts ice in good wine."

Tony is playing with reminiscences of the pride he once took in recommending a certain Pontet Canet or Chateau Margaux, and out of respect for Tony, for Past Days and for Wines That We Have No More, we use no ice.

Tepid dog days. The omnipresent drone of weary traffic. Thank God the family is out of town.

A Step Forward

WE accept European backwardness, and even the best of us are inclined to glory in our forwardness; especially when we realize that only now is England building her first hotel with a bath for every room. And here our own Waldorf could never have come right out and competed with most any of our most recent hotels (had it been so minded) by advertising in good, round, lusty, American numbers, "1,000 Rooms-1,000 Baths." No, for it is disclosed that only now the Waldorf, along with remodelling its ground floor to accommodate shops, is adding 125 bathrooms. Then there will be a bath for almost every room. Half a million dollars, this is costing, or \$4,000 a bath. This may seem preposterously expensive, but the installation of baths means changing doorways to preserve symmetry, revising closet space, moving the cut glass chandeliers to the new centre of the rooms, and all such.

These alterations mean, of course, that the Waldorf will continue to be the Waldorf. Wanamakers will not move up town to take possession, because of the death of Mr. Wanamaker and the plans for new bridges and subways. And Peacock Alley will be twelve feet wider, and will be ornamented by new golden peacocks as reminders of its glories of a generation and a half.

Verboten

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F THE newspapers are lucky, there will soon be a trial of a three-yearold boy in Long Branch on the charge of obscenity.

The aforesaid youth is spending the heated months close to the cooling sands with his mother, what time his father bends over his books far into



the night in an effort to keep body and soul together. In the process, the father has been known to emit some impolite phrases, which the boy has adopted and made his own.

Recently, as the little visiter was finishing his dressing in a bathhouse, he loudly demanded of his mama, "Where the hell is my comb?" The remark reached the alert ears of the Old Lady from Dubuque in an ad-joining bathhouse, and she promptly tested Mr. David H. Wallace, "what protested to the manager.

The manager arrived on the scene breathless. He took the little boy by the hand and led him to a post on which was a large placard.

"There!" he said.

The sign read:

"No CURSING OR SMOKING AL-LOWED."

So far, on the advice of his male parent, the tot has refused to apologize, but has offered to shoot dice with the manager for his bathhouse, or the beach, or any side stakes at all. If he has not apologized by Saturday, the manager said, out he goes. The sign was there and large enough for all to read.

Rabelaisian

AGENTLEMAN of some mo-ment in the theatre and in literary circles has an odd adjunct to his library. It is a collection of modern Rabelaisian wit; the verse and anecdote which formerly flourished in the saloon. He confessed to a group of friends that its possession now worried him. What, for instance, would his prim heirs think if they came across it? A friend had a suggestion. Bequeath the collection to the New York Public Library, to be sealed for one hundred years, and then to be available to students and historians. They might find it highly illuminating.

is risqué to-day will be valuable as a source of material only to writers of nursery rhymes."

In Our Midst

'HE way to exclusiveness is clearly indicated by Commissioner Enright's yellow directional arrows on the lamp posts at Thirty-sixth and Thirty-eighth Streets in Lexington Pointing east, they read: Avenue. DIRECT ROUTE TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE.

In our best jewelers' windows: tiny padlocks to go on cut glass decanters. Enough is enough of this padlocking business.

Snippiest comment of week, by Lady of Fashion: "Summer is detestable. It is the one season when it is impossible to get good flowers."

Current exodus: to Saratoga . . . despite Gold Cup Regatta and Newport Horse Show the end of this week.

Travel Item: Gentleman late returned from tour of world invites normal.-The New Yorkers

JOHN HELD JR

friends to party, providing highballs mixed with water bottled from Jacob's Well.

Custom of American women upon being followed in foreign lands, set by Miss Doris Fleishman, Lucy Stoner: wait for pursuing gentleman and politely hand him a shilling (or a quarter here).

Cunning and crude practical joke: Hand guest glass telephone mouthpiece and let him pour out gin in it. Rough on the carpet.

Ominous possibility of national wit motif: "Don't boil that lobster; it might be Lon Chaney" . . . and even worse variants.

Party en route to the Pennsylvania Station and Forest Hills tennis, eats light luncheon of sandwiches, and overtips at destination. "Fair enough," nods the driver, "mere cover charge." New critic of *Times*: Mr. J. Brooks

Atkinson, late Sunday Book Review chief, succeeding, temporarily, Mr. Stark Young.

Editorial staffs of Time and THE NEW YORKER chance to descend in same Yale Club elevator after lunch. Remarks one unknown stranger in lift to another: "You know what I've been looking for for years is a really interesting magazine." Two offices disrupted for the afternoon.

The Liquor Market: Scotch still up ten to fifteen dollars, despite raising of blockade. Gin and alcohol back to

The Graphic Section-





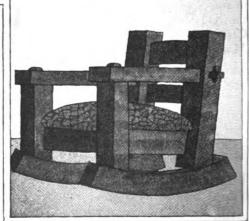
TRINITROTOLUENE TO REPLACE GASOLINE. Chemists find new substance will enable autos to leap more suddenly from side streets at traffic signals, thus eliminating to great extent annoying pedestrianism.

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRA-TION VERSUS HYLANISM. Frank D. Waterman, manufacturer of fountain pens, selected to head the citizens' Republican ticket for Mayor last week. Although Mr. Waterman accepted the high honor verbally he had not, up to a late hour last night, affixed his signature to the official papers.



BIG BUSINESS METHODS APPLIED TO CRIME SUPPRESSION. Judge Gary forms tentative organization of committee on selection of committee to report on advisability of forming commissions to hold conferences on men proposed for permanent executive headships of committees for the investigation of unlawful contrafaction of Gordon Gin labels.

FAMOUS TREE SURGEON AT WORK. Dr. Davey is spending a busy Summer in a desperate effort to save the tree in Central Park. Dr. Davey remained heroically at his post for forty-eight hours last week, holding up the tree with his own hand until a truck load of dirt arrived from the dirt mines in western Pennsylvania in the nick of time. At latest reports the tree was able to stand alone nicely.



AMERICA FIRST MOVEMENT WINS OUT. Beautiful quarter-sawed mission rocker, an example of the true. 100 per cent American furniture to be employed in the redecoration of the White House. French period furniture and other foreign do-dads have been defnitely ruled out as unfitting.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

HIS is the month when Society rubs elbows with horse grooms at Saratoga. Racing, the "Sport of is the great Kings, leveller. Their common love for the thoroughbred obliterates any caste lines that might ordinarily cause the jockey to refrain from associating with members of the Four Hundred, and the result is, as above stated, that they rub elbows.

Yesterday, in the paddock between races, I saw at least twenty-seven socially prominent men and women rubbing elbows with trainers, jockeys, and grooms. The procedure is quite simple. The two elbows are

placed together and rubbed together with a rotary motion. The custom emanates from the American Indians, who having tired of trying to light their fires with the inferior quality of matches sent them in the olden days from Sweden, invented the practice of rubbing two elbows together until the friction produced a flame, with which they then lighted their fires.

I had often wondered why racing was called the Sport of Kings. I know now. You never saw so many Kings in your life as are here this month. Almost the first man I met in the clubhouse was Henry V. King, the turf writer. Then there is Miss Clarissa King, of West 135th Street, Manhattan, and a Mrs. Maud King,



Society Folk and the Jockeys Rub Elbows

whose name I didn't quite catch. And by a strange coincidence, James H. King, of 126 Nelson Avenue, Saratoga, used to be chief of police here. So, taking all in all, they call racing the Sport of Kings. I think it's a rather nice touch.

Society follows a fixed schedule at Saratoga. In the morning one can do two things. One can rise at 5 o'clock, and, donning one's clothes (this is considered *necessaire* by those in the social swim) walk or drive out spacious, tree-lined Union Avenue to the beautiful race course to watch the horses at their early morning calisthenics. This benefits both Society and the horses. The sight of the horses amuses the society people, and the sight of the society people amuses the horses a great deal and puts them in a good humor for the big ordeal later in the day.

Of, if one prefers not to go to the track, one can sleep until noon, and on dit that this season a great many of Society's most prominent members prefer this latter course. I, for instance, did not get up this morning until 12.06.

The afternoon is, of course, devoted to the races. Not to go to the races is to stamp oneself as a piece of second class mail. The races have a lingo all their own. If I, for instance, step into Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's box, I say, "Hello Birdie, how did you do yesterday?", and she says, "Oh

I win a couple of grand." Or if I step into Joseph E. Widener's box and say to him, "Hello, Joseph E. Widener, how did you do yesterday?", he says, "Oh, I lose a couple of grand." Of course, if I do not step into Mrs. Vanderbilt's or Mr. Widener's box, I do not make those remarks, but the point I want to bring out is that in speaking of one's winnings or losings at the Queen of Spas, one always uses the present tense for the past. Curious.

Between races everyone who really matters goes to the paddock, assumes a grave and knowing air and inspects all the horses. As long as one wears the knowing look, it doesn't matter if one really knows nothing of horse-



Chess is a Popular Evening Pastime at Saratoga, Replacing the Immoral Games of Chance Sometimes Found in Other Cities



At the Rail. Lemonade Through a Straw is the Most Popular Drink

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flesh. If, after giving a steed the once over, one makes some crack like, "Pretty good filly there," one is accepted as a dead sportsman. If however, the filly happens to be a gelding or a colt, a good many people laugh pretty loudly at one, and there is nothing to do but buy a drink.

8

There are various ways of beating the races here. Some play the horses on "form." The student of form sits up all night poring over charts of past performances and records of horses. He studies the horse's pedigree. He looks up the jockey's antecedents. Is the jockey Protestant or Catholic? What was his mother's maiden name? What books does he read, if he can read? The late Pittsburgh Phil, noted plunger of a generation ago, could tell you instantly whether a horse would win a race, if he knew what books the jockey read.

What kind of plates will the horse wear? Will he wear blinders? Is he subject to coryza? Is he addicted to alcohol? The student of form wants to know—must know—all these things. On the statistics thus gathered, he bases his bet.

Some people, impatient at the long hours of study necessary to the form system, prefer to close their eyes, stick a pin in the program, and put a bet on the horse the pin lands in. Women invariably bet on the horse the cutest looking jockey is riding.

All three of these methods have brought excellent results, it being estimated that one out of every 329 bets thus made are won. I, however, prefer a method that seems to me to have more of a basis in logic and science. I go to the paddock, and, separating the horse's eyelids with the thumb and forefinger, look long and earnestly into his pupils. If they are clear, and he can return my gaze steadily, I know he is a good horse, and I go back to the clubhouse and cheer for him with all my might and main.

After the races, Society goes back to its cottages along Saratoga's many shaded boulevards for the "Cocktail Hour," during which "cocktails" composed of non-alcoholic beverages are passed around. Then follows a simple dinner, composed of a soup, a savory, fish, steak or chicken, a salad, a sweet and a coffee. Thence to the various gaming houses where charades, anagrams, Twenty Questions, Going to Jerusalem, and other harmless and relaxing pastimes are enjoyed until the "wee sma' hours."—Frank Sullivan





OF ALL THINGS

4

As WE analyze the somewhat conflicting statements from Swampscott, Coolidge will keep a firm hand off the coal strike situation and pursue a vigorous course of thumb-twirling.

* * *

The coal miners' chief demand is for the check-off. This sounds like more of that pernicious Russian influence. The National Security League ought to throw a pleasing fit about this matter.

• •

Another little job for the viewers with alarm, is the menacing growth of the Muradical movement.

* * 4

Browning says that Mary Louise's bills for fripperies came to twenty thousand dollars. This is believed to be the record high price for one hard boiled egg.

* * *

We are happy to get on board these two new movements—a nationwide drive for firmer crime laws, and a petition to

pardon ex-Governor McCray of Indiana, on the ground that prison might be bad for his health.

* * *

George H. Fairchild, just back from the Philippines, tells the President that the agitation for independence is troublesome and annoying. If we remember our history correctly, there was another George who felt that way—also one who didn't.

* * *

"I never read," says Senator Walker, with refreshing frankness. If he is elected mayor, there ought to be an opening for a good, experienced attention-caller.

* * *

Between Walker and Waterman, it begins to look as if New York were about to be granted the great boon of rapid transit—at least the rapid transit of John F. Hylan.

* * *

The game is now on, and that demon athlete and snake-dancer, Big Bill Edwards, throws out the first bawl. "I

stand for the party and for those finer phases of thought which I have tried to promote in my years of public service."

* * *

The wages of Cinderella is debt.

* * *

They have achieved perfect division of labor up Westchester way. The railroad boosts, and the commuters knock. The New Haven gets the money, and the passenger gets the slip.

· • •

"God is not interested in failures," says Rev. Dr. Rapp of Jersey City. "He is interested in men and women who know how to take advantage of life and make the best of it, and who, in the ordinary term of our daily talk, are called a success."

God is evidently a subscriber to the American Magazine.

* * *

Anyway, Rockaway still has the boon of the surf.—Howard Brubaker



A Master of Her Art



UZANNE LENGLEN calls her, "Bouny." *"Bien joué*, Bouny," you'll hear her say when

they are together on the tennis court. Which is a good deal of the time, by the way, for Bunny Ryan is Suzanne's doubles partner. They have won six times as many tennis tournaments as Babe Ruth has hit home runs!

Before the war Elizabeth Ryan made a name for herself as a tennis player on the Pacific Coast. Not that she was what the rotogravure editors would caption a "native daughter." Such, as the saying goes, is not the case. For she was raised in the Calvin Coolidge country. Her mother is old Vermont stock; but they moved to California early enough for Bunny to be inoculated with the tennis virus. Her sister married an Englishman; she went to England for the Summer; and then as the war broke out, stayed over to drive an ambulance. When the fighting was over she remained, seemingly preferring the somewhat uncertain strain of a British Summer to the steady but monotonous climate of her adopted State. Our loss was their gain. But now she comes back to us more English than American. Oh, very much more!

Grey felt hat turned down in back and front. Broad-edged walking shoes. Grey, two-buttoned, mannish suit. Grey stockings. A grey jumper. (English for sweater.) And a grey tang to her speech. In fact, I very much doubt that she was able to understand her uncouth countrymen when first she landed from the Homeric, that grey evening last July. Funny, isn't it, how travel does broaden one?

"Oh, how topping." "Yes, quite," "Thank you so much." "Oh, no end!" And so forth. That's her language now. She probably wouldn't have the foggiest if you replied:

"So's your old man."

Twelve—or is it thirteen—long years in the more or less British Isles have also converted her to that greyish



Bunny Ryan

determined sportsmanship which wins for English women such a high place in the world of tennis. British women never, never will be slaves upon a tennis court. They just simply won't, you know. With them, tennis is not a sport, c'est une affaire. So with Bunny Ryan. From tournament to tournament she flits like the somewhat less agile chamois of the Alps. Towns on the East Coast; towns on the South Coast; towns on the Riviera; towns in Scotland know well her powerful masculine stride, both on the court and off. A list of the tournaments she wins every twelve months reads like the index to Bradshaw. Each year she has more victories to her credit than any woman playing tennis, not excluding the great

alone she was successful at Bognor, Nottingham, Worthing, Edgebaston, Torbay, Cannes, Queens Club, Hendon, Shanklin, Chiswick, Gleneagles, Beaulieu, Menton, Torquay, Budleigh-Salterton (wherever that is), Monte Carlo, Beckenham, Le Touquet, Felixstowe, Newport, Surbiton, and Sandown. I dare say that the number of cigarette cases, vanity boxes, and travelling sets she has won, would if placed back to back, reach from her little flat at Redcliffe Square, London, S. W., to Mrs. Molla Mallory's magnificent apartment at 375 Park Avenue, New York.

With her, as with our national men's tennis champion, tennis is more than just a sport. It is life itself. Wimbledon in June and July, the South Coast in August, the East Coast in September, London and the environs in October, the Riviera from November to April, Devon in the Spring, London in the season, and so it goes. When she is not actually in a tournament, she is on the courts, hours on end, practicing relentlessly, remorselessly, furiously. Yes, tennis to her is life itself.

And if tennis is life itself to her, one must admit that she has, like our national champion, made an unbounded success out of life. I realize that the disciples of Cassandra have small chances of triumph in the realms of sport. But I will be willing, nevertheless, to wager a dozen Spalding tennis balls against a trip to California on the Sunset Limited, that Miss Elizabeth Ryan will win our Woman's National Tournament, which is being played upon the green turf at Forest Hills as this is being read. In fact, I'll be even rasher than that. I will predict that unless she herself knows she can win, she won't attempt to play.

her powerful masculine stride, both on the court and off. A list of the tournaments she wins every twelve months reads like the index to Bradshaw. Each year she has more victories to her credit than any woman playing tennis, not excluding the great and only Suzanne Lenglen. In 1924

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has no illusion about sport as practiced we say homicide?) But she did nothby the moderns. Sport to-day is like ing. Actually, she did nothing. She life. Hard, cruel, inexorable. To kept her temper, returned to the base- fine one. Of course she can-and the victor, as in life, are the rewards. line, and the game went on. A mar-To the vanquished, as in life, are a velous exhibition of self-control, the London to the Riviera. She canrow of cyphers and an anaemic bank trait that has pulled her through more and does, when it is too rainy for roll. There is, in other words, no bunk about Elizabeth Ryan's attitude toward sport. There is none of the time influence that author-actorplayer, our national champion.

But she is, in the accepted sense of the word, a good sport. I remember years-oh years ago-at Nice, watching her play a mixed doubles against His Royal Highness, the Count of All The Salms. (Or most of them, anyway.) In a close rally the ball struck on the wood of her racquet and bounded at an angle over the net just beyond the reach of the agile nobleman. His teeth bared suddenly.

"Heet it on the gut, plees!"

walking off the court. She would in his face. She would, in fact, have which is most of the time, they illu- much surprised if she does not take been justified in anything up to and mine her smile. She is, as her ac- back more than one.—John R. Tunis

win them in the heat of battle. She including manslaughter. (Or shall quaintances in London would say, a than one match which seemed hopelessly and irretrievably lost.

In appearance Miss Ryan is certainmental vagaries which from time to ly not entirely masculine. She does over the tables at Monte Carlo. But not, as do some of her sex, wear knickers upon the court. Medium her life. As an artist pursues an ideal, height, she is stocky without being as a scientist pursues a cure for a heavy, and her square shoulders and malignant disease, as some women powerful forearm give you, when first you see her, an impression of great physical power. Nor is that a wrong impression. It is in her blue grey eyes, when you get close to her, that one observes also a reserve of mental power. On the court, in battle, those eyes grow more and more determined, more and more pertinacious, the closer the match, the harder the struggle. She would have been justified in Off the court, those same eyes are perpetually in a twinkle. When she talks, likely take one or more of the crowns have been justified in throwing her bat they soften her face, when she smiles, of American tennis. I shall be very

very cheery sort of person!

A specialist, to be sure. But a very does-drive her Rover Four from tennis-play bridge, a good game of it. She dances, and on occasion has been known to spend an afternoon tennis after all is the thing supreme in pursue other women's husbands, she has pursued a game. And she has raised that game to an art.

To-day she is a master of her art. Not perhaps, the greatest master. But certainly one of the greatest. When once more she forsakes us for her adopted land-that she consent to remain in a climate where tennis is unplayable from November to May seems inconceivable-she will very

Why I Like New York



DECAUSE it is the only city in the **B**U. S. that takes itself with a grain of salt.

Because the library lions are the funniest animals in the world.

Because the Times still speaks of "high powered motor cars."

Because the noise of Elk, Owl, Lion, and Moose is drowned in the general roar.

Because you can see ships from windows.

Because the doorman at the Vanderbilt is so beautiful.

Because it is the home of archie.

Because there is a Childs across from the Plaza.

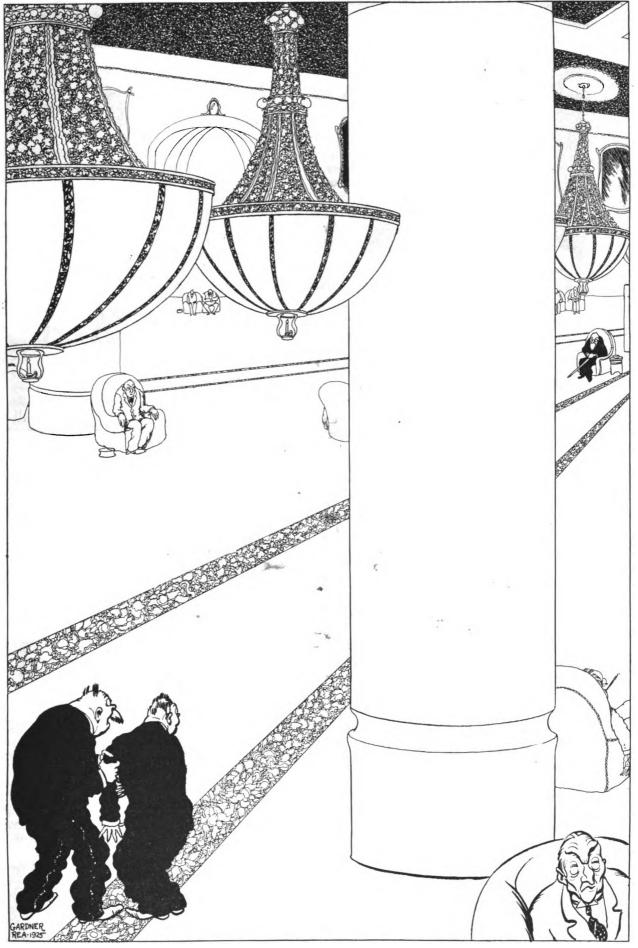
Because it is conveniently near all the important suburbs.

Because some day I'm going to roller skate down the ramp in the Grand Central.-E. B. White

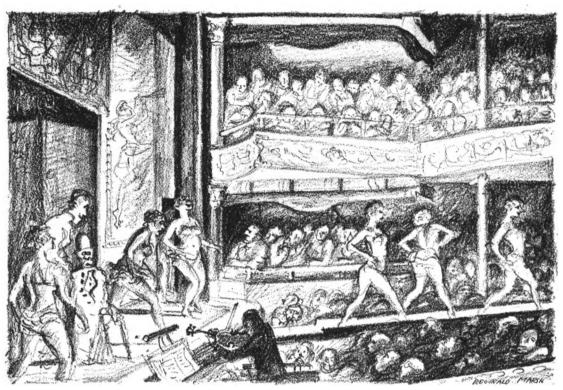
Because you don't know your next door neighbors, and learn with surprise that an old friend has lived opposite you for fifteen years without your knowing it, and yet when you want company you can take up the telephone and select from all your acquaintance—the very reason, I know, why those not New Yorkers dislike an average of nine dollars a day. If he New York so heartily.

midst of the heaviest traffic, instantly a moderation.-A. D. M.

figure arose-created out of nothing apparently but my despair, black as to face and fuzzy hair and shirt and smart, wide belt and breeches and puttees, dark as to motor cycle and side car-only a small triangular bright red flag stood out high above his handlebars and on it were the magic words: "Road Mechanic." Ah, his was a profession to challenge in the field of gratitude the profession of the surgeon! As he replaced the tire with lightning speed, he boasted in a pleasant vein of his business successes-he made could have seen into my heart he would Because when a tire went flat on the have felt like Clive or Warren Hastings, bridge, on a Sunday afternoon in the or who ever it was-astonished at his own



CLUB ATTENDANT (Aghast): "M' Gawd, Bill, that one MOVED!"



Drawing made on the spot of the Olympic Burlesque on Fourteenth Street, showing the world's toughest two comedians, McAllister and Shannon, and the famous Whizz-Bang Babies.

THEY CALL IT BURLESQUE

Theatre on East Fourteenth Street, the honest, animalistic, gorgeously orgiastic burlesque show of ten and twenty years ago is on its last legs. There, and there alone, rough and tumble remain. There, in her last sanctuary, Aphrodite Pandemos wiggles up and down the runways, a creature of reminiscent rhythms, gelatinous lusts, raucous, merry, unashamed, dowager-goddess of profane love.

There are two of these runways. They come out over the parquet like ivory spokes of a dark fan. They are lighted from below. The girls thump out on them to whine the chorus of each song; they go waist-deep in the glow, and are all legs, dehumanized and unidentified legs, among the heads and shoulders, and pinkish cigarette smoke of the pit.

Their glutei maximi heave in and out of sparse satin frills, and they pour a shrill, utterly unintelligible sing-song through the spigots of their nostrils. As they stomp back into the yellower glare of the stage, each of them gyres her body through a pet, practiced wriggle—her mark, her art, her justification in a world of nearly naked truths.

It is a hot, grimy night. The smallish auditorium is a bog of damp faces, flowered with cigar ends. The smoke lies like an oily canopy, except where some drunken electric fans above the boxes suck and snort to unravel the edges of it. The balcony is thick with grins and suspenders. Down here in the parquet there is only one woman sitting among us: a gentlefaced, white-haired old thing, patient, expressionless, benign.

"Hello, mamma!" bawls a fat, lewd-limbed chorus girl in the flip of a sweaty exit from the runway. "Oh, you red hot mamma!"

The dear old thing blinks never an eyelash. She might be listening to a sermon on the seven saintly virtues.

The girls are bawling a song about "somebody sneakin' in when you go sneakin' out." Even if you fail to fathom a quarter of the gibberish, the tone of it, the leers and bodily upheavals which accompany it, can leave no doubt. After a verse or two, you do not care precisely what they are singing, anyhow. The meaning is too plain for details, too lurid for embellishment. Out of it, a strong, jocose exhalation, steams this one simple sensing of life as a great, fat, pinkish, lugubrious antic. Mankind on the rampage of the inescapable flesh.

The Man, that timorous and hairless cousin damp of the ape, acknowledging by word The and waggle all the grim merriment of xcept his business of begetting.

> The mood is not without its climax. The chorus creatures have jostled out into the wings. Only their leader remains on the stage, a stripped remnant of youth and jaunty grace, a tuppenny *Thais*, who suddenly leaves off all shrilling and abandons herself to the more direct methods of motion. Her glassy eyeballs roll in and out of furrows of mascara, her tough arms spread back, all her primary characteristics convolve in a fierce, regular rhythm.

> A sailor in the balcony begins to bellow. In the stalls below him, a pair of twitching little clerks reply to him with giggle and chitter.

Two comedians, next: a little bit of a man, a huge, burly one. Both wear Latin Quarter pants, comic vests, and derby hats. Both have a couple of gold teeth, and jabber in a Weber and Fields dialect which is minus Fields and Weber. Their jokes are bad, mangled old memorials. But the point of every one of them crashes home on the jaw of the little man. Five times in two minutes the big man knocks him down. A near-sighted, weakly, plaintive martyr, he keeps on

getting up again, and the big man keeps on knocking him down. Down in the orchestra a bass drum celebrates each thwack. The audience roars with glee. Another primal instinct of mankind has been satisfied.

Follow a couple of mealy, cadaverous Apaches. They waltz. The graveness of their turn and turn about, their clinching and straining, is horrible beyond ludicrosity. Their stunt is Montparnasse in terms of Hell's Kitchen. They twist each other's wrists, they clutch each other's throats, in a shabby, shuffling Laocoön of atrophied desires. For the Olympic this is a moment of high art. A moment encompassed with an itchy silence. It is broken by the soft, unmistakable sound of somebody spitting.

The girls again. They stand in line across the stage, waiting their turns for single stunts. A big, fat one tries the Charleston. Her ankles are like oaks; it is as if she were trying to vank tree stumps out of earth. Another girl fakes a toe dance—and never once gets upon her toe. Another one, a complacent tabby with huge, strange

shoulders and no neck, stands stock hard. For some unfathomable reastill and emulates the volcanic commotions of Hawaii.

A ratty little youngster springs cartwheels. She goes in a whirl of cotton stocking-tops, and her legs are like brandished icetongs. Perhaps on purpose she falls into a sprawl on the edge of one of the stage boxes. Six hands reach out to grab her.

"Aw, leave her stay here!"

With that blessed prerogative of the impromptu which has always favored the burlesque business, stage and audience join in a laugh. A comedian sticks his head out of the wings, shakes a knowing finger at the box, and adopts a shocked, sissified voice:

"Oh, you naughty devils!"

There is a skit, thereafter, about the dangers of picking up goils in the The big man is very successful park. at it. He has a way with them, and a diamond ring, and he comes to the point without any hesitant ado. The little man tries the same tactics. He tries them on a female mastodon. She mops the park with him, rolls him up into a bench cushion, and sits down-

son, it is the little men in the audience who laugh most noisily.

The girls again. Out on the runways now, shrieking some other, equally impenetrable song. Legs, legs, your line of vision is railed in by nothing but legs. Legs and the upturned faces of the audience. The bald old man at that end of your row which is next the runway is shaking with a sudden ague, his boiled chin wet with drooling. A pair of legs has knelt down beside him, grubby hands patting his dome and twisting his little wisp of hair into a playful curl. The house screams with the fun of it.

Legs, lines of naked, scrubbed and veinous legs. The facts of life go back and forth, two by two. Muttony, hot, good-humored, prosy flesh, quivering almost audibly, but without either allurement or complaint. All that is whimsical about it is your remembrance of a million years ago, when you danced like this yourself, sweaty and exalted, in the moonlight of some vast and tropic forest.

-Gilbert W. Gabriel

Metropolitan Monotypes

It takes all kinds To make a sown like ours.

HERE is, for instance, The Bachelor Girl-The self-supporting, independent woman Who can go out and pay fifteen or twenty dollars For an ounce of Tabac Blond And have it mobody's business. People are always introducing her to eligible males In the hope that she will make a matrimonial go of it. Women speculate secretly as to her exact age, And try to trick the revelation of its neighborhood By innocently asking her if she remembers "Florodora." Men speculate secretly as to whether or not she has had lovers. But The Bachelor Girl goes blithely on, Wearing as costly raiment as her purse can buy, Dining at all the fashionable restaurants With charming Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, Making an ideal fourth for bridge, And laughing a little softly to herself At the sympathy handed out to her by women Who must leave any given party flat at 6 p. m.

And who could never possibly start for Atlantic City On the spur of the moment.

She lives alone in a small, smart flat,

Which has a real kitchen and, with luck, a fireplace,

And sometimes in the night watches

When she thinks she hears a burglar or smells smoke It's not so good. However . . .

Usually some callow youth or other whose feelings she cannot hurt

Is in love with The Bachelor Girl,

And as the years roll on it becomes increasingly difficult

To keep up her end of what he considers

A sophisticated conversation.

When her friends casually refer to her ignorance of the married state

She doesn't make any protest,

Even though she could write a book On what she knows about some of their husbands.

It takes all kinds

To make a town like ours.

-Baird Leonard







BIRDIES OR BETTER Mr. A. H. Woods Has Openers for the 1925-26 Season

B EGINNING next week copies of Spaulding's Golf Guide and Rules of Golf, as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews and adopted by the United States Golf Association, will be on sale in the lobby of Maxine Elliott's Theatre. You can not understand "Spring Fever," the new Vincent Lawrence comedy, without the Golf Guide. Names of the players, their handicaps and a score card will be presented, gratis, with the program.

In the vista supra, the blonde and lovely Miss Marion Coakley is receiving instructions in how to smite the ball for a drive into the second balcony by the excellent Mr. James Rennie, who plays a handsome roughneck. This is in the first act. In the third act, Mr. Rennie receives instructions from Miss Coakley in that art and pastime in which the ladies always excel, and which needs no Guide to be perfectly clear to the veriest novice.—R. B.



The Theatre

ELL, sir, the new plays weren't so good last week. So good as what? you ask. And the answer to that one is: what have you? But Katherine Alexander arrived during the week, and in a way that balanced things.

"It All Depends," come to the Vanderbilt—that clause is not to be read as an imperative—is one of those plays in which a group of gentle people work out a decorous solution to a domestic difficulty. The play is exceedingly well mannered and quietly unimportant. The leading lady is Katherine Alexander.

It is probably part of the divine scheme that each season there should appear a few plays in which the characters, while not bursting at the seams with money, are still comfortable, genial, and pure. Such we have with us in "It All Depends"—fairly portrayed, pleasantly directed, and amiably acted.

Their adventure is politely amorous. In the prologue we have two young ladies, unmarried but not unwilling. One of these annexes an unsavory husband of the neighborhood; the other, the father of the household. When the parallel is pointed out, the daughter gives up her unsavory acquisition and the father squirms chivalrously free.

He is Norman Trevor, performing with his usual restraint and kindly quietude. His daughter is Miss Alexander. Hers is the best part and by far the best performance. In fact, to her account may be conscientiously credited the first wild whoop of approbation for the season.

A LUCKY BREAK" is just something for the kiddies—that's the only way to look at it. It tells a cunning little story about a millionaire who goes back to his home town and pretends—what do you think?—to be broke. You see, he isn't really broke at all; he just wants to see whether his friends will still stick to him. And that's where the audiences at the Cort Theatre have a tough break, because, instead of walking out at the end of the first act and never coming back, all the comedy rural characters stick tightly to the millionaire for the rest of the evening.

Early in the second act everybody begins being kind to the millionaire and sympathizing with him, and you might as well back the wagon up to the stage door right then, because the play is over. After that the only suspense lies in wondering how they're going to cue in George MacFarlane's next song. And even if you should happen to guess it, you still have your work cut out for you, because they go ahead and follow up the second song with a dance, participated in by two previously quiescent members of the cast. The problem then is to figure how they got the dance in. For that matter, how did they get the play in? "A Lucky Break" was written by

"A Lucky Break" was written by Zelda Sears, whose hand is a trained one in the theatre. Possibly this critique is a wee bit rough on it—it did provide a giggle here and there—but it is rather definitely an entertainment for those who have never been to the theatre before.

YOU hear a good deal, from time to time, about the uncertainties of the theatre; so this is as good a time as any to call attention to the fact that it also has its certainties. Take,



for example, the comedy called "Something to Brag About." This play was first tried out by a Rochester stock company in June, and those who saw it reported that it was not so good. Thereupon it was given regular production in the try-out towns close to Broadway, and again the word reached town that it wouldn't have a chance in New York. And then, on Thursday night of last week, the play opened in New York, and what do you think happened? Why, it turned out to be not very good.

It is a rather thin tale about a mildmannered husband who gives his wife no opportunity at all to boast about him, until suddenly he becomes involved in a series of circumstances that cause him to appear in the mistaken light of a hero. This is not an unpromising notion, but somehow the Messrs. Selwyn and Le Baron have failed to make their play entertaining. And, when you come right down to it, that's important.

Enid Markey was a favorite with the first-night audience, and there is no doubt that she drew the maximum from her rôle. And then there was also the capable Sylvia Field, whose resemblance to Helen Hayes, and the similarity of whose mannerisms, are what somebody has called uncanny.

Music

AFTER debating the matter earnestly with some of our most serious minded ushers, this department comes to the conclusion that our music (not necessarily musical) audiences are a trifle supercilious; or, if that makes you any happier, snobbish. And that, we think, is why the American composer holds solo indignation meetings and writes letters to the editor of the Evening Telegram.

On a dank Saturday night at the Stadium recently, Rudolph Ganz offered as an encore a well orchestrated version of Hugo Frey's "Hava-



"SALLY OF THE SAWDUST" The glorification of the Old Army Game by Messrs. David Wark Griffith and W. C. Fields, with subordinate glorifying by Miss Carol Dempster

nola," which those of you who toddled in your time will recall as a fox trot of unusual charm. The audience obviously enjoyed the novelty, but the applause hardly equalled the acknowledgments generally bestowed on such routine stuff as the first movement of the "Caucasian Sketches." "Havanola" created no excitement because the listeners "knew it when"—and because it was just good American music in dance form.

The fact seems to be that our audiences will have no traffic with American music that deals with contemporary subject matter indigenously. Throw Schelling's "Victory Ball" at us, if you care to, and you still have only one strike on us. The American composer apparently is welcome only when he brings out something with foreign color in it. The native musician's proper themes, on the other hand, are greeted with almost fawning hospitality when an alien handles them. *Vide* Stravinsky's "Ragtime" and Honegger's "Pacific 231."

There is only one American motif which our audiences will accept from their countrymen, and that is the noble Redskin. Almost every American opera that has won stage presentation has included in its liabilities an impossible Indian princess. Vide "Shanewis," "Natoma" and the rest of them. Next season, there is to be a tour dedicated to a new American opera named "Alglala," which calls for a heap big supply of Injun grease paint. And the active orchestral repertory is full of tribal rhapsodies, overtures, dances, sketches, suites, and intermezzi.

Contemporary American life is considered respectable enough for American novelists, dramatists, painters and sculptors, but the American musican who tries to reflect it is held to be, at best, a good bit of a lowbrow. Consequently, we have had a series of American operas with such deadly libretti as those of "The Pipe of Desire" and "Mona." But an opera of contemporary Paris, "Louise," draws devout attention, and some music lovers ask innocently why we have no such wonderful composer as Charpentier.

The snobbishness of our music customers will be tested severely in the new season. George Gershwin is to play a "New York Concerto" with Mr. Damrosch. There are rumors that Mr. Mengelberg may present "Broadway," a composition for orchestra, organ and jazz band by Samuel Gardner. If these works and others of similar content are requested to use the service elevator, the "all-American" program will continue to look like this:

Overture to "Medea," F. D. Parkins (Boston)



Tone Poem, "Galileo,"

Henry Schmool (Cleveland) Suite from "Potiphar's Wife,"

Annette Walker (Sioux City) Intermission

Symphony No. 6 in F minor

("Korean")....Julius O'Brien (Albany) Calabrian Rhapsody,

Tyrus Cobb Goldsmith (Newark) —R. A. S.

Art

THERE is not much to attract the modern in the Summer show at the Milch galleries. The little flight they took now and then during the Winter they seem to have repented, and the current finale is a show of all that is safe and sane and fireproof. One or two dissenting notes, we should mention.

Leon Kroll, being an Academician, gets in places where he otherwise would not be tolerated did he not don the false whiskers of N. A. The Milch gallery has one, done three or four years ago, and to our way of thinking, belonging to a better phase than his highly polished opus of three women shown in the Winter salon. The picture is called "Old Well," and is your rural scene of houses awry and twisted trees, peopled with city folk at their vicarious farmingwashing hair and reading magazines. We like the way Kroll does it; and of the living Americans working at it, he seems to have cut his groove with more definition than most of his con-

temporaries. This landscape, as all of them we have seen, is full of sunshine and wind without that static sweetness that so often goes with the pastoral view.

John Noble has one or two of his seascapes which seem to have been wrung from his soul. There is considerable pathos about most of Noble's suff, and you must remember here is a Kansan, prairie fed, wresting with the restless sea and not quite understanding its moods. His "Cradle of the Deep" shows his turmoil, and his cfiorts leave you a bit unsatisfied. With his show last year Noble released himself in a way, and from now on should strike out with a bolder brush, giving more freshness and less of the worked-over appearance that marks so many of his old canvases.

Then there is about much of that stuff the Ladies Literary League discusses during the Winter at its monthh meetings in Dubuque, from material supplied them in the dealers' art notes. Some day they hope to give a sociable and raise enough money to buy one for the Public Library or the High School, and thus bring Art to Dubuque. One of the earlier and less scintillating Metcalf's is shown, called "Kennebunk Port Landing." It is not so pleasing as his Berkshire series, nor so well conceived.

"Manchurian Forest," by Leon Gaspard, is arresting at the first glance, but does not mean so much. "An Adirondack Fantasy," by Jonas Lie, is all birches and snow. We wonder if there was a time when artists did not label their canvases. Perhaps, before the day of popular songs. Anyway, there they are and with them Maurice Fronkes, Randall Davey, Horatio Walker, Charles Davis, and Max Bohm, with a piece or two each.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

AMID the thumping tympana of the press agentry and heraldry, Charlie Chaplin has broken over a year's silence with a hobo excursion into the Far North. An earnest, if ogling, first night group crowded into the Strand last Saturday to witness an tarly Sabbath morning presentation of "The Gold Rush." They ogled well into Sunday as celebrity on celebrity cluttered through the great doors and abandonedly paraded the aisles. So mighty was the crush of the famed that some of them were forced to enter the theatre two or three times to in-



sure recognition. The silver-haired "Charlot" himself appeared somewhere in between appearances and pleasantly fought his way up front to check up on the laughter, tears, and applause which the first-night group so generously is known to bestow (being a supersensitive and kindly professional group). Finally, Mr. Will Rogers having entered (unrecognized) near Miss Constance Bennett, (unrecognized), and one spectator having announced loudly that he was many sails to the wind, the group was exhorted to find its seats and away went the performance.

The sake of the paradox, it is comedy." presumed, "a dramatic comedy." Wherein lies some unhappiness. For alas! Chaplin has taken this mystic formula seriously and not produced his best! Call it our pose or stone us into silence, yet there seemed little enough to write to anybody about after the first third of the film. It is a bit arty, perhaps. It gets away to a terrific start. Along a peak, miles in the air, and miles from nowhere, on a dangerous narrow path, wanders the Lonely Prospector. A storm drives him to an ominous solitary hut. But shelter is hard to win, for the pathetic soul has to struggle mightily against the murderous Black Larsen and from being eaten by Black Jim McClay, the man of the chicken-hallucinations. Herein Chaplin is old funnylegs himself, sadly burlesquing "The Ancient Mariner" hunger theme, with hilarious effect. He strikes a high spot when he serves up one of his shoes, stewed, devouring his portion as if it were a game bird swimming in luscious garnishments.

The scene shifts to a typical Klondike town. One might be given to expect wonders of Gold Rush burlesque with the old Chaplin at the receiving end of the Klondike equivalent of custard. But one is doomed to disappointment, for Chaplin has seen fit to turn on his onion juices in a Pierrot's endeavor to draw your tears. The mystic formula labors and wheezes somewhat. Instead of continuous merriment, there is doldrum



broken by an occasional burst of laughter. Instead of the rush of tears called for, one reaches for his glycerine bottle. Mr. Chaplin is appealing straight to the lachrimal emotions. He strikes the low spot of the film when he stands outside in the snow and peers broken-heartedly (as they did in the old songs) into the New Year revelry in the dance hall saloon.

Follows a return to the mountain of gold and the tragedy hut. Ensues some fair slapstick, and to sum it all up, a last laugh ending. Now to spike our own guns. We do not wish to deride Chaplin. He is as deft as ever and far and away a brilliant screen master. He has made a serviceable picture in "The Gold Rush" but it seems that he is not as funny as he once was. Perhaps he has sounded his own and the picture's weakness when in a small curtain speech he said, "You know I'm very emotional." . . . We recall, years ago, a small boy who is now, whimsically, a stranger to us, shaking with continuous hysteria at the sad clownings of a young slapstick comedian who appealed, so it struck the unthinking lad, only to the emotion of plain, honest laughter. Perhaps the days of "The Champion" and "Work" and "Easy Street" are passing for "Charlot." Perhaps they have elected him to an Academy and he is intellectualizing his powers. Perhaps he is getting too metaphysical about pathos. We cannot help but recall with a tinge of sadness, the old days when custard was young.

R EX REACH'S new Nickelodeon masterpiece is (you guessed it sir, the little man in the third row) "Winds of Chance" (at the Piccadilly August 21 and 22). It might have provided Charlie Chaplin plenty of material for Klondike burlesque if he hadn't gone north on a Pierrot tour. The chief props of the picture are string ties, wooden saloons, 1/2 doz. cold-blooded murders and the tenderfoot who conquers everything plus the aurora borealis. It is infinitely better than the work of Mr. Zane Grey and is not without a hit and run, sock the jaw quality.

THE spiritual features of Mr. Tom Mix are lending themselves delightfully to a lovely and sensitive drama of *moyen age* and modern machinations in the Fairbanks style. It is termed "The Lucky Horseshoe" (Rialto August 21 and 22.)

'HE Home Maker," from that novel of Dorothy Canfield, parades a wearisome succession of painstaking details in the name of small town fireside realism. If this be realism then Mr. Tom Mix is Russian symbolism.—T. S.

Books

O call "Firecrackers" a carnival of irony, participated in by characters from Carl Van Vechten's other novels, is to make a bad failure of a hopeless attempt to pin it with a phrase. It is, of course, far more, and it isn't carnival at all, except in its general surface effect of fantasy and gaiety. The characters referred to, brought on in years to 1924, include the wise enchantress, Campaspe Lorillard, Paul Moody bored to lethargy with his marital meal ticket, Vera, Gareth Johns whose writings have prospered and grown a mane on him, and others. The Countess, now old but unchastened, comes in to die, and nothing in her life became her creator better than her death scene.



Two remarkable recruits to this company are a Modern Young Person aged ten and a gorgeously preposterous demigod, Gunnar O'Grady; he is a sort of ascetic male Lina Szczepanowska, if you know Lina, who has deliberately long-circuited love and denied his gifts in that direction by living on a philosophic system. His gospel of salvation by activity inspires the fascinated Paul to-become a downtown broker! His own practice of it goes well until Campaspe runs across him, with one consequence that searches life as deeply as fiction often does, while another is as funny as ironic humor gets.

This may not mean a great deal to you unless you have read some Van If you haven't, "Fire-Vechten. crackers" (Knopf) would be ideal to begin on, and the best thing we can do for you is to urge you to begin.

D. BERESFORD'S "The Mon-that might have been wholly good if Beresford had known what not to do. But a partly good novel is not like a partly good egg, and for its simple and penetrating picture of a village in arms against the scandalous, for its representation of a genius of the Ernest Dowson type intensified, and for two of the best small children sketched to our knowledge in recent fiction, you will find "The Monkey Puzzle" (Bobbs Merrill) worth a reading.

That the genius, a painter, works one miracle too many and dies a bathetic death, that the mother of the children-joint object, with him, of the village's righteous salacity-is sometimes too instructive in psychology, and that other things are amiss, and unnecessarily so, will be clear to you. -Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, August 21, to Friday, August 28, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth You should see it now, before you have to study it for College Entrance Requirements.
- ARTISTS AND MODRLS-Winter Garden A speedy and humorous revue, with the eigh-teen most beautiful Gertrude Hoffmann girls in 'captivity.
- 18 ZAT 80-
- A highly entertaining and boisterous comedy, in the American language.
- **ROSE-MARIE**-Imperial

The best score in town, handsomely sung against an elaborate and beautiful background. Desiree Ellinger now in Mary Ellis's rôle.

- THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw Here we have a peculiarly intelligent Pulitzer Prize Play, with Pauline Lord doing the finest acting revealed in many months. GARRICK GAIRTIRS-Garrick
- The boys and girls of the Theatre Guild, in a festive revuelet.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

An entertaining burlesque of the stencilled mystery farce.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

By four hysterical roars the funniest "Fol-lies" Mr. Ziegfeld has ever offered, thanks chiefly to W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

resplendent production by Mr. Ziegfeld, full of beautiful young women and some comic falls by Leon Errol.

LADY, BE GOOD-Liberty

- A merry musical show, made enjoyable by the charm and grace of Fred and Adele Astaire, the score of George Gershwin, and— -the nifties of Walter Catlett. for some-
- DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan An O'Neill play, neither too well nor too poorly written, that should be seen at least by his admirers.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE-Joison's

A well produced musical play, with fine voices and a maudlin book out of "Old Heidelberg." SPRING FEVER-Maxine Elliott's

- The first of the new season's comedies, dealing entertainingly with golf and its problems. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo
- A typical edition of Mr. White's annual offerings, with many pretty girls, if you care for that kind of thing.

MOVING PICTURES THE GOLD RUSH

- Charlie Chaplin heads for gold in the hills. A serviceable comedy, but not as good as his old two reelers. At the Strand. KISS ME AGAIN
- Mr. Lubitsch tells how to retrieve your restless little woman from the bushy-haired composer. The champagne's bubbles of a picture. At the Cameo: Fri., Sat., Aug. 21, 22.

THE UNHOLY THREE Grotesque actions with evil intent by Mr. Lon Chaney, a dwarf, and a circus Samson. Good gruesome melodramatic comedy. Loew's State: Week of Aug. 24.

No Manhattan showing of "Sally of the Sawdust" scheduled this week.

ART

AMERICANS-Medium-Milch Galleries A sample of what this gallery keeps, and keeps. **MODERNS LEFT WING--Weyhe**

Delightful show of lithographs, etchings, drawings and paintings, mostly new, some old.

FRENCH PAINTERS-Durand-Ruel Excellent examples of the work of Degas,

Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

MUSIC

CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium City College, nightly. Willem Van Hoogstraten and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Prize winning soloists on Mon., Tues., Wed. **GOLDMAN'S BAND-Hall of Fame**

New York University Campus, nightly except Tues. and Thurs.

CITY CONCERTS-Central Park

"On the Mall," with bands Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs.; orchestras Fri.

SPORTS

- MOTOR BOATING-Manhasset Bay (Off Port Washington), L. I. Thurs., Fri., Aug. 27, 28, annual Gold Cup
- Regatta, the big event of the year for motor boat devotee.
- TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.
- Mon., Aug. 24. Final round of the Wo-man's National Turf Championships. BASEBALL
- Polo Grounds: New York vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., Sat., Sun., Aug. 21, 22, 23. New York vs. Cincinnati, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Aug. 25, 26, 27. New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Aug. 28.

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THE NEW YORKER

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Hizzoner

(So that there may be no mistake about it, the scene of the following article is laid in the thriving city of Tottenville, Siam. Hizzoner is none other than the Honorable Aloysius Rosenberg who was elected Mayor of Tottenville last year for the sixth time on the Centrist ticket.)

YOU say you represent THE NEW YORKER," said Hizzoner to our star reporter. "I suppose your paper is one of those scurrilous, lying sheets, owned by the financial interests, and backed by the traction gang."

traction gang." "No," said our star reporter a bit wistfully, "it is not."

"In that event," said Hizzoner, "you may sit in my private office and watch me in action as I fight to protect the common people against the predatory rich."

A tall, thin young man entered the room.

"My nephew Mr. Gumble," said Hizzoner to the reporter, "and, incidentally, my private secretary. What's on your mind, Gumble?"

"Mr. Toplitz the banker just telephoned," said Gumble, "to remind you that his little boy Nathan will be six years old to-morrow."

"Ah yes, we mustn't forget little Nathan's birthday," said Hizzoner. "Let me see. We might make him Honorary Police Inspector. A boy that age would enjoy carrying a pistol and blackjack."

"No," said Gumble, "his father said that Nathan's ambition was to be a fireman."

"The very thing!" Hizzoner exclaimed. "Send word to the Commissioner to appoint little Nathan Toplitz Honorary Chief of the Fire Department."

As the secretary left the room, Hizzoner turned and beamed genially.

"I love to make the kiddies happy," he said. "I can't forget that I was once a kiddie, myself, and what it would have meant to me to have been able to drive a red automobile with a gong on it through the fire lines."

Mr. Gumble entered the room again.

"I have just received the report of Your Honor's Municipal Art Commission," he said, "and the work of beautifying the city is progressing rapidly. They have finished carving your name on the statues of Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Garibaldi, George Washington, and Beethoven, in the park. Leaving only the statues of Homer, Napoleon, and Queen Elizabeth to be finished."

"Fine!" exclaimed Hizzoner. "And how about the street naming division?"

"They have finished their work," said Gumble. "Every street in the city now has a bronze tablet with your name on it."

"These tablets," Hizzoner explained to the reporter, "are made by the Gumble Bronze Casting Works . . ."

"My younger brother," explained the secretary.

"They receive the contracts from the Gumble Contracting Company . . ."

"My father and grandfather," said the secretary. "I might say that the contracts are given out as the result of competitive bidding . . ."

"By the Commissioner of Public Improvements, Mr. Jacob Gumble," said Hizzoner.

"My great grandfather," elucidated the secretary as he turned to leave the room.

"Some men in public life may like to gad about," said Hizzoner, "but I'm essentially a family man."

He rose and showed our reporter courteously to the door.

"I'm sorry I can't talk to you any longer," he said, "but I have to go to christen a municipal ferryboat.—*Civitas*

The Avenue at St. Patrick's

I. Reluctant dusk descends. The arc lamps paint their circled lakes Of mauve and violet.

The treasures that the Trade Wind slakes On travels from the earth's faint ends, In momentary shadows fret,

Until a window's sudden glow Is echoed down the Street of Show.

2: The portly motors march Along in grave processional, That impish taxis vex.

Dim maidens from confessional, Stand chaste beneath the Gothic arch And graven arms of *Pontifex*.

Unknowing that within their kens Pass unrepentant Magdalens.

-James Kevin McGuinness

* *

"A vote for Hylan means a five cent fare"—the speaker is the New York *American.* "A vote for any other candidate means a ten cent fare!" The true Hearst reader believes in that five-centfairy, good old St. Nickelas.

If the Rum Fleet has been dispersed, as the Coast Guard says it has, our guess is that it left with the best of good spirits.



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THE NEW YORKER

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SPORTS OF THE WEEK



HE shades of night were falling excessively fast and the sun was well down behind the rim of that fireless cooker sometimes called the Forest Hills Stadium, when with the score tied with three

points each, the largest crowd that ever saw women's tennis in this country awaited the deciding doubles event in the English-American team match last Saturday. Mrs. Molla Mallory had dispatched Miss Joan Fry in two sets, and walked off the court with her opponent at exactly five minutes past six.

At six-twenty-two Miss Evelyn Colyer and Miss Kathleen McKane, the English team, came on the court with Miss Mary Brown-not the least important half of the American team. Six-thirty came and the other half was still missing. Rude observers in the gallery began giving verbal signals of distress. Harassed umpires and committee men telephoned frantically from the press stand to the clubhouse. Six-thirty-five and still no Miss Wills. And precisely at six-thirty-eight I saw her saunter down the steps of the clubhouse and leisurely stroll toward the courts, her racquets carried by an attending swain.

Whereupon we were to see one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed at an American sporting gathering. As Miss Wills stepped down on to the court she was greeted by a storm of hoots, boos, hisses, and catcalls of various sorts and

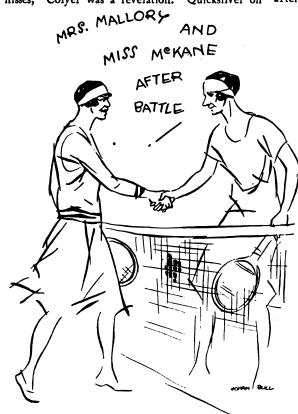
descriptions. For the first time in my memory the tennis champion of America was being booed on the court. Miss Wills took this reception with her usual insouciance; thus rebuking the rude and uncouth spectators in the stands. Certainly their attack was a trifle harsh.

But have you ever sat four hours in the glare of a merciless Long Island sun watching tennis matches? Tense and stirring tennis that left you limp, tired and exhausted after the first hour? And then found with your last meal six hours behind and your next meal two hours in front that the score was tied and the final result depended on the last match? If you have done this, and been kept waiting nearly forty minutes while a young lady changed her sweater, you can understand the mood of that gallery.

Mind you I do not say it extenuates their outbursts. But it certainly explains them a great deal.



HEN came the swiftest, the quickest, the most dazzling match of the two days. Ably supported by Miss Mc-Kane, Miss Evelyn Colyer, English star who with Miss Joan Austin pressed the great Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Ryan at Wimbledon several years ago, swept aside the American team. They won nine straight games before losing one. Miss Colyer was a revelation. Quicksilver on



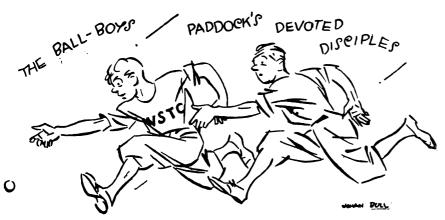
the court, daring, impetuous in attack and riposte, severe at the net, fluent off the ground, she dominated the entire court. Her interceptions of her opponent's return of service, her angled volleys, especially to the backhand side of the court, and her conclusive smashes won many points for her side. If the seven thousand persons who stayed for the finish of this match were obliged to postpone their evening meal until nine o'clock, I am sure they felt it worth while after the game displayed by Miss Colyer.

That the English team defeated the Americans was in no small measure due to the generalship and tactics of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the invaders' captain. She marshaled her forces, arranged the material at her command in such a way as to obtain the maximum results and for the first time in these matches for the Wightman Cup bring victory to the visiting team. There was a lesson for American tennis to be learned in this defeat. And it is this: Superior stroke production does not necessarily mean victory. For this victory was not won by superior stroke production, but by superior headwork. The English team played with their heads. With the exception of Miss Colyer's, their strokes were inferior to their rivals', their execution was often clumsy, sometimes ineffective.

An instance of headwork winning for the English women was Mrs. Chambers's match against Miss Goss early Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Chambers was winning

tournaments at Wimbledon in 1903 when Boston and Pittsburgh were fighting out the World Series on the old American League Ball Grounds on Hunting Avenue in Boston, and Tom Shevlin of Yale was christening Harvard's new Stadium on Soldiers' Field. Since 1919 she has stopped playing singles, and it was a surprise to see her step on the court against the girl who in the last few weeks has defeated the second ranking player in this country. Miss Goss has a fine all round game, her volleying is consistently good, her service is one of the strongest among the women players. Moreover, she was receiving a handicap of fifteen years from her opponent; an important handicap under such a sun as blazed down on the turf at Forest Hills.

Mrs. Chambers's game is limited, she has no attack as we know it in this country, some of her strokes are awkwardly produced, and to my certain knowledge she learned an overhand serve only in



the last two years. Yet she won, although the match went to three sets, and everything in that last set was in Miss Goss's favor.

A beautiful match to watch, this one, for those who admire fine tennis tactics. Mrs. Chambers knew she could not cope with her younger and more active opponent at the net or off the ground. Only steady playing and courtcraft of a very high degree could make up the handicap of age. So she remained on the baseline. To Miss Goss's fine, deep drives she returned first a long shot to the corner, then a short, trapped shot close to the net, mixing up a slow ball with a hard hit cross court forehand. After winning four straight games Miss Goss faltered in her attack. She struck a wild patch and Mrs. Chambers, quick to seize the least advantage, pressed home her attack. She lobbed, drove, chopped, first to one side of the court then to the other.

Miss Goss found her lead gone. Did she change her game? Did she attempt to break up her opponent's game? She did not. She kept on, making some very fine shots with a great many bad ones. But there was no variation, no subtlety, no discrimination to her game. It was all in the same tone. And always one could perceive the master mind of Mrs. Chambers directing, striving, working toward a goal. I said just now that Mrs. Chambers has no attack as we know it in this country. But she has an attack, nevertheless: powerful, insidious, deadly. She was trying to break down the superior stroke production of a younger, faster player than herself. And she succeeded. By so doing winning a most richly deserved victory. And incidentally, the possession of the Wightman Cup for still another twelve months.

THE McKane-Wills match which followed was still another case in point. Here were two really superb players; Miss Wills with the finest and easiest style and the most lovely shots of any woman playing, except possibly Suzanne Lenglen. With some shots, indeed, such as her serve, superior to those of the great French player. Last Saturday shots rippled from her racquet like

bullets from a machine gun. With almost the same speed. In the first set she held her opponent helpless. Then that opponent began to seek a way out of the impasse which was headed toward defeat. Unable to hold her own with the American champion off the ground, Miss Mc-Kane came into forecourt. Preparing the way, invariably with a deep shot to the backhand corner, she came in as swift as an arrow to intercept the return and volley it safely to the unprotected forehand side of her opponent's court.

To be sure, she was passed at times. But she is tennis-wise enough to realize that the volleyer may be, no, must be passed occasionally. But can yet win if a sufficient number of volleying coups are successful. So she persisted, winning the second set and missing the third by the narrowest of margins. She started her volleying attack just a trifle too late. Toward the end she was tiring. But her next attempt may turn out differently if she presses from the start. Like Tilden, Miss Wills is essentially a baseliner. Has Miss McKane discovered that the way to beat her is to take the net and hold it? If so that may explain why volleyers like Miss Browne do well against Miss Wills, and baseliners like Mrs. Mallory do badly.

Mrs. Mallory, it seemed to me, was the bright shining star on the American side. To be sure, she was defeated by Miss McKane, but only after a frightful struggle, and the next afternoon she blew Miss Frye off the court. And how she enjoyed herself all through the two days. I dare say like the rest of us, she enjoys winning more than losing. But more than any woman player in this country she conveys to the spectator a sense of keen enjoyment, of great delight in the game for the game itself. It is this lack of grimness, this spontaneous smile that makes her so popular with the galleries. Did you notice that when the crowd was waiting for Miss Wills to appear for the doubles, there were numerous shouts of "Go get Molla." Nor were they perfunctory shouts, either!

deed, such as her serve, superior to those THERE were many interesting sideof the great French player. Last Saturday shots rippled from her racquet like of the world of tennis was around the Hotel Algonquin.

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THE NEW YORKER

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The man about town to-day finds his parallel in the lady about town. She is an inveterate seeker of a flicker of tasteful color that tells her she has discovered a new source of attractive possessions. These may range from old brass candlesticks unearthed in a curio shop pungent with romance, to a more utilitarian but exceedingly dainty pair of shoes.

The shopping guide of THE NEW YORKER is carefully designed to be a chart for the exploring lady about town. When she starts out to follow a recommendation appearing in the columns below, it will always be with a sense of adventure, but adventure that is certain to end happily.

1

Antiques HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and aliverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	Beauty Culture—(Cont.) FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours to A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS'ENDORSEMENT. Regent	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses "SMILE" FROCKS—New Fall models in Artsilk, Flannel, Faille & other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request.
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STRANDED in a modern garden of Eden, bewildered and unhappy, is often the lot of those who come down to the city to shop. You doubt this. Yet it happens, dear Reader, O so often! The bewildered Shopper sees—Shops here—Shops there—and yet they are nothing but shops, unless— there is about to be yours—unless one	Footwear CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	BROADWAY, CORNER 967H ST. RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N WHERE under the red hot sun, will one find a city, other than New York, that teaches one to swing wickedly at an innocent and elusive golf pellet; that transforms one's person into a lithesome and rejuvenated being, if necessary; that gowns one in silks and sating, of glori-
belongs to the select and sacred circle of NEW YORKER readers who know what they want. They know what they want because THE NEW YORKER tells them "Where to Shop" and makes them Satisfied Shoppers.	Golf School	ous hue; where the shops are many and THE NEW YORKER pleases; and where the alert New Yorker and the alert NEW YORKER go hand in hand. New York is such a city, often under the red hot sun. "Where to Shop" is a key to this wonder city where one may find a thousand and one different "delightfuis."
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Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- iysis. Expert in charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, >8 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	went shopping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat" and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of quality and service at the stores that they would visit, on their trip.	WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, visiting cards, etc., that look and feel like engraving, at half the price. Write or phone Circle 8360 for samples and prices. Non-Plate Engraving Co., 115 West 56th St., N. Y.

on Friday or Saturday afternoon. There was, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, sitting in the press stand taking pictures of the matches, and talking in between to Mr. Julian Myrick one of the high officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. There was my friend Wallis Myers, the celebrated tennis critic of the London Telegraph who landed on these shores last week, taking tea on the porch of the West Side Club with Miss Harvey, Miss McKane, and Mr. Lambert Chambers. (Yes, there is a Mr. Lambert There was Frank Devitt of Chambers.) the International Match Committee, marshaling the photographers, seating the linesmen, directing the head groundkeeper and otherwise efficiently running off the program. Wallis Merrihew, leaving his seat in the front row of the Stad-

West Side Club House or in the stands ium to take a chair—his favorite center on Friday or Saturday afternoon. There was, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, sitting in the press stand taking pictures of the matches, and talking in between to Mr. Julian Myrick one of the high officials of the United States Lawn Ten-

Miss Ryan announced herself to a friend last week as not being in the best of form for the championships. It seems that being a stranger in a far country, she invaded the Woolworth Tower. And was made dizzy thereby. Alas, alas! Nevertheless and notwithstanding, my money is on Miss Ryan to win the woman's singles championship of the United States. For the doubles? Well, I can't think of anyone likely to beat Miss McKane and Miss Colyer, but you can never tell. Miss Goss and Miss Ryan play well together... —J. R. T.

"Tell Me a Book to Read" These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). More of the human comedy of Manhattan as Van Vechten plays with it. Characters from his other novels turn up in the cast.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). Quixote dismounts near Great Neck from a blind-tiger Rosinante, to sacrifice himself for a despicable Dulcinea.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinchart (Doram). They don't concoct mystery stories with a higher kick than this has.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Several human beings, some Italian, others English, in a delightful novel with little plot and less specific gravity.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (Bobbs Merrill). Gringo and Mexican, love and shooting. A very light romance, so good of its kind that you wish it were much longer.
- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A more substantial romance, to which Conrad would presumably have given his blessing.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). You are no sicker than we were of broad acres worked by realists. Even so, this North Dakota section is cheerfully recommended.
- kota section is cheerfully recommended. THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (Selfner). Scott Moncrieff's translation makes

another installment of Proust's sequence novel available to those who can't cope with his specially difficult French.

- DRUMS, by James Boyd (Scribner's). A remarkably successful endeavor to put a real live boy through romantic Revolutionary experiences. THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday,
- Page). Phyllis and Mr. Moon, who has his hours of regret that it wasn't Phyllis he married.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). His stories of lengths ranging downward from 30,000 words. There are fifty-six of them.

GENERAL

- THE HOLIDAY ROUND and ORANGES AND LEMONS, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two books. Their contents are selected sketches, burlesques and verse that appeared in Punch.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnam). Further literary by-products of a biological laboratory in British Guiana.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis's own story. Those who know the Cavendish hotel in London will know who Rosa is. She reveals herself as what you might call quite a character.

Saratoga Racing Chat

HEY fella, what d'you know?" "Canya keep sompin unner your hat?"

"Sure—What d'you know?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you nuthin' till after the thoid, but I'll tip you off where it come from."

"Awright, shoot."

"Well, I was jus' talkin' with a fren of mine who'd been talkin' with Vannerbilt's trainer and he said a fren of his has gotta make some quick jack or lose his stable room. He's gotta goat in the fift 'at was shooed in las night." "Will he pay a price?"

"Sure. If he ain't as good as 10-1, I don't know nuthin'."

"Lissens sweet. Where'll I findja?" "Right on this spot after the thoid. But lissen, don't for Gossake say nothin'. You know they want to get a price."

"Hey, you know me, I'm dumb. I don't know nuthin' till I meetcha after the thoid right here."

"Awright, meetcha right here after the thoid."

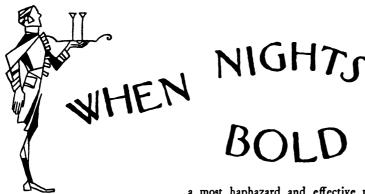
"If ya hear anything lemme know." "Sure."—C. Knapp



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23



I T IS just about time for somebody to explode the popular theory that men, as a whole, know and insist on good food. It isn't so. As far as I can make out, they seem to go out of their way to investigate strange dumps and dives, and a little matter of too much grease in their victuals seems to mean less than nothing to them. This startling conclusion is the result of an artless wish on my part to explore some unusual eating places, which was enthusiastically taken up.

On three separate occasions during the last week, I was dragged downtown into the regions where the pushcarts are more numerous than the taxicabs and the urchins more numerous than office workers, by men eager to show me obscure and famous places in the restaurant line.

I have always heard a great deal about Manny's on Forsythe Street, a little above the Manhattan Bridge, and thither I was first taken on my explorations. I had heard that it was here that district attorneys and clerks of the municipal courts gathered to discuss weighty legal matters, and that famous Broadway show girls drifted in and out to give the place spice.

Well! It is a tiny place, with a sickly green tiled wall, a floor that looks as if it ought to have sawdust on it, glaring lights that make you look ten years older, and about a dozen tables beyond the oyster bar at the entrance. And it was full of strange people, who might have been judges, for all I knew, but looked more like actors down in their luck. I arrived there after dinner, and so did not have a chance to sample the steaks and chops for which the place is noted. Quite nice men journey miles to go there, however, so the aforementioned steaks must be quite remarkable. I, whose preference is for filet of sole meunière, simply could not see its charm.

THEN there is the Russian Bear, on Twelfth Street and Second Avenue. This restaurant really has atmosphere, if only because of the bright Russian blouses of the waiters in the semi-darkness. The orchestra, brandishing the customary stringed Russian instruments, is really very fine, and mingles Volga Boat songs, classical selections, and American jazz in

a most haphazard and effective manner. Every type of person is to be seen there; Russians, artists, curious uptowners, salesgirls, and an old, grey-haired man who is greeted with respect and affection by the management and by the habitués. The specialties of the place are Shaslik, described by the tolerant waiter as veal with onions, Russian style, and a soup called Borscht, which contains absolutely everything. If you can eye a Russian dinner (65c) with a calm and unsuspicious eye, you will love it. I seem to be the only person of my acquaintance who does not like, and trust, and digest the food. But the Russian Bear is worth going to, if only for the music and for the genuineness of its Bohemian atmosphere.

HE third of these expeditions I was taken on was to Moscowitz and Lupowitz (there really are two such names) on East Houston Street. I thought that it would probably be a joint where the floor swallowed up pure young women and they were never heard from again, but such was not the case. It is so frankly terrible that it is most amusing. White-topped tables, casual waiters, a violent tin-pan orchestra, people who look like amiable gangsters, and an informal spirit that causes people to leap to their feet and give vent to merry and slightly ribald songs when the spirit moves them. I did not try the Yiddish dishes, but the apfelstrüdel won my heart so completely that I made a meal of it alone, greatly to the distress of the waiter.

HIS last tour was a preliminary to a visit to the National Winter Garden on East Houston Street where dwells a repertory burlesque company of the old school. (Change of bill, though not of cast, every week.) It is a huge place, several flights up, filled with men smoking large, black cigars who pay absolutely no attention to young women like myself, who occasionally float in in very loud and very short dresses. Policemen lurk at the back. I thought at first they were there merely to spend a theatrical evening until the soubrette of the show started singing a ditty entitled "Come along with me-e-e-e" and a burly boy in the front row, taking the invitation literally, began to climb

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THE NEW YORKER

over the orchestra towards the stage. A cop was down the aisle glaring at him by the time the soubrette had extended a helpful hand for the gentleman's climb, and both of the culprits fell backwards, she on the stage, he in his original chair. The cop glared again, and retired to the back. So you can see that order and decorum are maintained.

The show is great for about an hour, especially if you like the vision of portly blondes in pink union suits, with panels of black lace hung sweetly down the front and back. Men-about-town have known about this burlesque place for years, but I am just a country girl trying to get along, and it was my first visit.

I HAD planned to devote an entire week to slumming expeditions, but the fourth evening I weakened, and insisted upon getting dressed up and going to the Colony to eat everything swell from caviar to café au diable. As far as I can make out, Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson have an alternate nights arrangement there, because one or the other of them has been present on every occasion that I have been there during the last two weeks. The Colony is even more popular than before the padlock, if that is possible.

Afterwards, a visit to "Texas" Guinan's Club, which had just received the order to close, found the hostess in a marvelous humor, despite her conflict with the law. "Monday," came her announcement, "I am moving from my country place by request. Tired of the country anyway. Think I will open the town house again." Jimmie Walker, mayoralty candidate, was prominent among the guests until a late hour, and was hailed with great enthusiasm.

LIPSTICK" presents her compliments, to the impostor posing in the Dramatic Department of this magazine, and begs to state that, as regards the "Vanities" her idea of a thoroughly dull show is a "tolerable" one. And she begs the Dramatic Department, whom she once dearly loved, to ignore her in the lobbies at first nights, and she will do the same.

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—Lipstick

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President



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

III. Gathering Rags for THE NEW YORKER

THE very best paper is made from rags; and accordingly THE NEW YORKER has developed the finest known system for obtaining the cloth and preparing it for the mills. The number of people employed in this single phase of the industry alone would equal the population of the city of Los Angeles, Cal., if that were possible.

Rags were once not so easily obtained. In the early days the editors of THE NEW YORKER found difficulty in making both ends meet; and at one time it seemed as though the magazine would have to be discontinued. The editors had given their shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks to be made into paper, and every available ribbon and bit of string were already in use. At the weekly board meeting an aged editor arose. "Gentlemen," he said in a trembling voice, "we have reached the crisis at last. We have no more paper."

It was at this crucial moment that a young member of the staff entered the room clad only in a barrel, and bearing in his outstretched hand the remainder of his clothing. With a shout of joy the board seized the offering; and upon the paper which was made from his clothes, they published a stirring appeal for the relief of this young man shivering in his barrel in the private offices of THE NEW This appeal had the de-YORKER. sired effect; the citizens of New York rallied from all sides with clothing, rags, sheets, and towels, anything that came to hand. From the windows of their Fifth Avenue mansions, promi-

nent society matrons tossed down their silks and finery. Poor widows offered their petticoats, and aged men their flannels. Within a week the paper famine was over; THE NEW YORKER's circulation advanced by leaps and bounds; and Otto Kahn (for the young man was none other than he) was amply repaid for his heroic sacrifice by a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER (worth \$5, the price of a suit in those days).



Prominent society matrons giving their finery to relieve the great NEW YORKER paper shortage of 1882. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, Director of the Committee on Paper Shortage, may be seen supervising the collection of the offerings.

To guard against any further recurrence of such a famine, THE NEW YORKER at once employed 900-odd bands of gypsies who wandered about the country collecting rags to be made into cloth, under the direction of Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER'S field superintendent in charge of ragpickers. These bands averaged 39,000 pounds a day, or an average of 2,640 pounds a man; and the system was in vogue until 1890, when the editors realized that they could no longer depend on the chance ragpicking to satisfy the ever-increasing circulation. Consequently the present elaborate system of procuring rags was adopted.

In a huge, sunlit factory at Niagara Falls, costing \$960,000, to-day 7,600 dressmakers are employed in the manufacture of dresses exclusively for THE NEW YORKER. For this purpose 26,000,000 yards of cloth a year are imported from England and France, to say nothing of Scotlandand for a very good reason. Now another trained staff of over 5,000 girls is employed by our organization to put on these dresses as soon as they are made, and set to work at once to wear them out. Methods in this work vary: Some girls crawl on their hands and knees, others slide down the banisters, while others spend the afternoon at Coney Island. Within a fortnight the dresses are completely worn out and are in rags ready for paper. The record time for wearing out a dress was made by Miss Madeline Buckle, a stenographer, who reduced a dress to rags in thirty-five minutes and fourteen seconds, by wearing it home in

the West Side subway from Park Place to 165th Street. She also suffered two broken ribs, a fractured collar bone, and minor contusions.

Miss Buckle received as recompense a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, which would have cost her five dollars if she had not been lucky enough to break her ribs.

In the next chapter we shall consider how paper is made.

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HAT "last meal" served in Delmonico's amid the tumult of wrecking gangs and electric hoists must have had some purpose. And that the reporters were welcomed with open arms and that the whole thing was carried off in accordance with the most approved maxims of modern bad taste, suggests that publicity will do very well for motive. Mr. Natanson, however, says differently. Mr. Natanson, whoever he may be, managed to shout above the din that, "This is but another refutation of the oft-repeated fiction that business men lack sentiment." Of course it may be as he says. But we have a feeling that the people-and there are lots of them-to whom Delmonico's means anything in the way of sentiment stayed away from that affair-or, possibly, were not invited.

WOMEN indulge the greater vices more gallantly than do men, but they lack the genius for the lesser ones. Since they took to drinking, for example, feminine taste has imposed itself on the male world, and to no good end. Old-fashioned cocktails, Martinis, even the Bronx which was something of a concession

a decade ago-enjoy little popularity now.

Woman's participation in g e n e r a l drinking has let loose a flood of sicklyweet concoctions. First, the O r a n g e Blossom. Later numberless combinations of saccharine fruit juices and gin. Lat-



terly, the Alexander has triumphed, which has the puny flavor of a chocolate malted milk.

Since appreciation of a dry cocktail is born of long and patient training, it has gone out of fashion. Man has had to adjust his drinking to syrupy messes. Poor man, who hath not where to lay his elbow!

MR. JOHN HAYS HAM-MOND Jr. announces a new sustaining pedal for pianos and speculation as to its effect on future piano music opens up a multitude both of possibilities and impossibilities. To be able to sustain and enlarge the tones struck until they take on an organ-like quality must obviously be counted revolutionary.

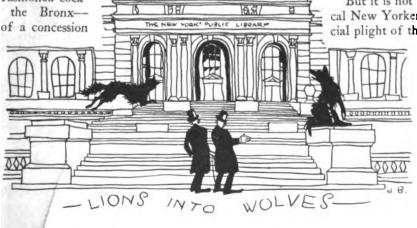
Remains the question, are all revolutions desirable? Virtuosos rise to the concert stage beaten into shape by years of laboriously acquired technique, and it is not likely that they will welcome an innovation which may thrust casually aside even part of what they have so painfully won. And there are teachers and piano manufacturers to be taken into consideration. And, of course, whether or not the newly gained results will "take well" over the Radio.

IF the policy of drawing our Public Library's purse strings tighter endures, either the strings will break, or the library will be deftly strangled. Even now, on stormy nights, passing revelers have sworn that they saw those smug lions before the portals rise, change their shapes into wolves, and leap up the broad expanse of stone stairs to sniff and whine at the very doors.

But it is not easy to arouse the cynical New Yorker's interest in the financial plight of the Library, as we found

when we mentioned it to our friend who still keeps his house in Washington Square.

"Could you live," we asked him, still full of circularized statistics, "on eightytwo dollars and sixtyseven cents a month?" "Good Heavens,"



he replied, "you mean to say an educated person can really make that much in New York to-day?"

The Week

PROFESSOR CAZZAMALI of Milan says human brain emits radio waves and Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick writes song entitled, "How Can We Know?" Miss Imogene Wilson, in Berlin, says she fears to return to New York because of publicity awaiting her and Miss Gloria Gould, opening movie theatre, has newspaper reporters in to tea. Mr. Will Hays still bars "They Knew What They Wanted" from screen and Sutton Vane gets injunction against London showing of Famous Players' "Feet of Clay," alleging plagiarism of "Outward Bound." British Rotarians, leaving us, pronounce Prohibition a success and Yonkers police are ordered to guard Mr. William H. Anderson's home during his vacation. Local court denounces Frank Harris's "My Life" as immoral and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino announce they have agreed to "marital vacation." Liberia notifies League of Nations that it will adhere to decisions of Arms Conference and Japanese General staff orders for every army

officer a translation of "Principles of Gould." Strategy" by Col. W. K. Taylor, ticle cann U.S.A. Belgium receives preferred persisting terms for war debt settlement and the Embas Treasury Department seeks paper that won't wear out for dollar bills. The Bishop Jr. Prince visits Buenos Aires and Mr. William Randolph Hearst buys a Twelfth Century castle in Wales.

Handicap

HE conception of young Gloria Gould as Directress of the newest Embassy Theatre dates back to a dinner dance gathering at Greenwich, Connecticut, where Miss Gould had the good fortune to sit next to Major Edward Bowes of the Capitol Theatre, and the Metro-Goldwyn Pictures. To Major Bowes's far-sightedness goes the credit of having answered her youthful confession of desire to have a theatre all her own with the ready "My dear, of course you may have a theatre," and forthwith he put her on the salary list of the Embassy which he was then planning.

But it was only a month ago that Miss Gould explained herself to the world through the medium of Success, "The Human Magazine." "I Must," she said, "Stand on my Own Feet, In Spite of Being Born a

THE NEW YORKER

Gould." Anyone who read that article cannot but admire her bravery in persisting under her maiden name at the Embassy, and not taking advantage of that of her husband, Henry A. Bishop Jr. Miss Gould is only twenty.

Exits and Entrances

N^O longer will the *World's* music criticisms appear under the signature of Mr. Deems Taylor. He has resigned finally, against all protests, and has cast off for the seas of composition. At the moment, it is work on a new symphony that he is alternating with carpentry on his home near Stamford. Later, it will be an opera.

His successor is Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff, the first artist—in musical terminology—to essay the role of critic in this town. He is reported to be under contract to the *World* for three years, and it is said that that interesting document stipulates a salary more generous than is customary among those who devote their Winters to trying to hear five or six concerts the same evening.

Oddly enough, Mr. Chotzinoff won his first fame off-stage. He was the pianist who played so brilliantly in the wings whilst Mr. Leo Dietrich-



GRAND CENTRAL Watch-watching, harried, breathless, snatchy talkers. They pass—commute, inglorious New Yorkers.

stein made gestures at a keyboard under the glare of the footlights. The vehicle was "The Concert." Subsequently the World's new critic has been accompanist for Heifetz, Zimhalist, and other violinists. Also, he has been writing occasional comments on music.

As to his technical equipment for criticism, Zimbalist's comment on receipt of the news about Mr. Chotzinoff may be illuminating:

"So? Then it means four months of practice for my New York recital."

SO Mr. Donald Perry Marquis has triumphed at last, and will be free henceforth to pursue literature to the bitter end. For six months, or longer, his friends have known of his anxiety to escape from the contract binding him to furnish a daily column for the *Herald Tribune*, but hope had almost died that the paper would release the genial Don from his obligations, when, abruptly, it did.

He has two plays completed for Fall or Winter presentation: "The Dark Hour," a tragedy which Mr. Murray Anderson will venture on the boards of his embryonic Park Avenue Theatre, and "Mr. Pie-Eye," a comedy in the mood of "The Old Soak." Further, Mr. Marquis's desk is cluttered with fervent appeals from magazine editors for material, to which he proposes to give some attention in the ncar future.

"The Lantern," Mr. Marquis's former column, will be illuminated henceforth by Mr. Edward Hope Coffey, who has shed his beams therefrom during his predecessor's absences, signing himself, as he will continue to do, Edward Hope.

This young gentleman is a protégé of Mr. Marquis, who has led him carefully along the way to the eminence of succession. Only once did Mr. Marquis fail Mr. Coffey. It was when the young man, announcing his determination to become a writer, asked advice about what college to enter. Mr. Marquis selected Princeton. But then Mr. Marquis did not attend Princeton himself, so he may be presumed to have been disinterested.

Democracy

J F you can imagine the long, deep glooms of a cathedral with here and there the bright gleam of a brass spittoon, you have a passable picture of



the main corridor of Tammany Hall. They are real spittoons, glorious, aldermanic. Tammany would scorn to call them cuspidors.

There are doors, too; high, heavy doors, which open seldom, and close abruptly when they do. Men wait about, well-fed, normally amiable men, formed into nervous, whispering groups. There is hoarse, mumbled conversation. One thinks of the faithful at prayer, and feels the tenseness of a revival, unrelieved by the convert's ecstatic shouts.

An awesome door swings ponderously open, and a summoning face appears, a man detaches himself from one of the cliques and goes forward. Big and powerful, ruddy of countenance, broad of shoulder, square of jaw -all the identifying marks of the district leader-an unquestioned power in his own sphere. Now he treads cautiously, almost on tip-toe, and with sudden clutch removes his hat before he sidles uneasily through the thin opening made to admit him. He is lamb-like in his disappearance, who is the lion elsewhere, for now he has come to solicit and not to dispense favor.

The silence settles more deeply. The hum of conversation rumbles lower, with an occasional disconcerting note when a deep bass breaks under the strain of speaking softly.

That portentous portal swings ajar again. The big man reappears. His face is flushed. He breathes heavily and quickly.

"I got it," he cries, hysterical as a girl. "I got it. I got it."

Over and over this exultant paean. He can say nothing else. He laughs, still hysterical, this giant of a man, this power among his own. He sniffles and cries once more, "I got it."

Men come to him, out of the deep shadows, and shake his hand. A few pat him on his broad shoulders. One pauses to flick a cigar butt into one of the gleaming spittoons before he speaks:

"If it couldn't be me, glad it was you. I'll give you all I got," he mumbles.

"Thanks," murmurs the big man, and, with subsiding hysteria, again, almost unbelieving, "I got it. I got it."

Tammany has made a nomination.

Survival

AT any rate, the tradition of broadmindedness has survived the migration from Madison Square, and will reside in the new Garden. And what better proof might one offer than the program now proposed for its official opening, which is to be-the Building Trades willing-along about November 30.

First, since art is long, and profits fleeting, we shall have the Six-Day Bicycle Race, which, it is said, is by way of being one of the most lucrative of sports these days. And then, the old tolerance still prevailing, the town will be treated to a gorgeous music festival, under the baton of Mr. Nathan Frank, of the open air opera Franks.

During the Winter, there will be skating, and, perhaps, hockey games, for the new Garden is to have a rink. Boxing, of course, will come in for its just dues, and possibly a bit more. But most of Mr. Tex Rickard's mental efforts will be bent upon finding further cultural entertainments, such as the music festival, for it is the hope of himself and his associates that the new Garden will carry the prestige of the old as a civic center.

NEVER is the new Garden mentioned, but the memory of the old brings back legends of Barnum, particularly that one preserved for us in Valentine's Manual. It was in the master showman's younger days, when he conducted his museum on Ann Street.

A crowd had lingered so long, gaping at the wonders, that fresh paying customers were unable to enter. Sizing up the situation, Mr. Barnum hastily lettered a sign and placed it over an exit. It read:

This way to the egress.



The crowd read; they milled into the passage, curiosity-impelled; they sought, as Mr. Barnum later quoted them, "some new kind of an elephant," only to find that the Egress was not an elephant but all out of doors.

Discussion of Zuloaga has not yet died out amongst those who can pronounce his name, and the reminiscent buzz is naturally greatest about his portrait of Mrs. John Barrymore, which was posed—and most extraordinarily—in Hamlet's costume.

"I suppose every woman at one time or another cherishes an ambition to be painted in black velvet and pearls," remarked a tea talker recently, "but this is the first instance I've known of one's deliberately choosing her husband's business suit."

Identities

YES, observed the Gentleman in the Know, this E. Barrington who has been chiding Lady Hamilton and heaping fresh incest upon Lord Byron's altars is a lady.

I am aware that Dodd, Mead & Co. carefully refer to the author as "him," on the jackets of "The Divine Lady" and "Glorious Apollo," the Gentleman in the Know conceded, but publishers have engaged in little literary pleasantries ere this. And a mystery, however mild, never hurts a book's sales.

She is a Mrs. Beck, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, and she has written other novels, signing them L. Adams Beck, again a device infering masculinity. These earlier works were fanciful and delicate stories of the Orient, wholly different from the present ponderous biographical novels, which have enjoyed and are still enjoying such wide vogue.

It is an old trick, but a good one, mused the Gentleman in the Know. Moreover, he added abruptly, this charge of incest against Lord Byron is not what one might term new. It was made first by Harriet Beecher Stowe, in 1869. She met Lady Byron during a visit to Europe and returned to write, first a magazine article and later a book with the title, "Lady Byron Vindicated."

And, now, is there anything else? inquired the Gentleman in the Know, too patiently. Oh, "Serena Blandish," he echoed. I thought everyone knew who wrote it. It was Mr. Sidney Dark, the English novelist, who



spread the identity of the author wide.

The Lady of Quality has written rather profusely under her maiden name, Enid Bagnold. "Serena" is her first venture into anonymity. Her husband is Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., the present director of Reuter's, the European news agency.

Not much of a secret to that, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, depreciatingly, and was off.

Local

MR. HENRY COLLINS BROWN, who is the gentleman who has taken the Museum of the City of New York so much to heart, sails next month on the *Mauretania* expressly to invite Their Royal Highnesses to grace New York with their presences during the celebration, next May, of the 300th Anniversary of the founding of this city.

Before he sails, Mr. Brown, in collaboration with Mr. August William Hutaf, hopes to have well in the process of organization a new club—if so elastic a group may be called thus which will meet once a month for dinner and for telling and listening to tales of the old New York.

In this, Mr. Hutaf is the prime mover. His project has the advantage of having available a meeting place already saturated with atmosphere, the same Gracie Mansion of Mr. Brown's museum, at the East River foot of Eighty-eighth Street, a most interesting, though much-neglected institution.

The intention is to meet at some central hotel, and to proceed from

there, by tally-ho, to the Gracie Mansion for the dinner and discussion. The first journey thus should be a most interesting event. Even mounting a tally-ho once required much agility.

Epicureanism

NOT alone has the art of cocktail making gone from us. The style in sodas and sundaes has changed as well. It is the favorite lament of the white haired old gentleman who dispenses ice cream at thirty-five cents the dish in the cool exclusiveness of Hicks on the Avenue.

"People change," he sighed; "there aren't many who remember the old days . . . days when customers appreciated plum and blackberry syrups, wintergreen and birch, and we had ginger beer on tap. No one has discrimination now-a-days. All the y know is chocolate or vanilla." There are those whom the cruel machinery of progress must always mangle.

Disengaged

PEOPLE with a few minutes to spare could do worse, but not much worse, than to walk up and down Broadway and Sixth Avenue, alert for lunch-hour conversation of the street's more permanent population.

"I tell you," is to be heard, "they scream. It's a riot."

These people, then, be actor-folk.

The employed trouper is describing his effect upon his audience, to the envious ear of an unemployed colleague. The working artist is dressed the least bit shabbily, nor has a razor blade too recently caressed his chin. But he has a job, and the bitter business of keeping up appearances has entered upon a brief period of rest for him.

Not so his idle friend, who is aware that at any moment Mr. Arthur Hopkins may summon him to a conference and an immediate offer of the leading rôle in his proposed revival of "Rose Bernd." And therefore, over that stomach that is as unused to food as is a bootlegger to the flat silver on his groaning board, there is plainly visible the best of snowy linen, flanked on both sides by a decent broadcloth that has been beaten into the form most recently approved by the heir to the British throne.

Bits of color, too, are evident, in the handkerchief that peeps in unutilitarian shyness from the breast pocket, and in the socks that match it in color



—this because of a mistaken trust in a Venity Fair decision some years ago that that kind of thing was the thing. For the wearer is on the rounds of the managers' offices and he has become a cog in the tradition that the actor in search of employment must ever seem to have just happened to look in upon Mr. Shubert on his way to his Vermont estates.

The dog days are upon him, God help him, and the envy of plumbers and masons and butchers and policemen and lawyers is in his breast. For these people, though lowly their estates, have jobs . . . and pay envelopes.

The women of the theatre, kinder and more refined, have evolved a method of asking of their friends whether a job has yet come their way, that has none of the shuddering brutality of the male, "Are you workin'?" And so it happens that when one of these frail creatures encounters upon this Forty-fourth Street a sister who has, she knows, been making the grande tour of the offices from morn to night, frantically seeking even the lowliest rôle that is daily becoming more vital, she draws the searcher to the shade of the nearest hosiery window, and asks: "Found anything you like yet, dearie?" And she receives for her answer, "I told Lee Shubert I wouldn't take the rôle for any price; it's unsympathetic."

And then both smile, and then both know that each is lying; and in the hearts of both is fear.

In Our Midst

FOR male: slot machines in Smoking Rooms of most of Broadway movie houses, which dispense Coty's Chypre, etc. at ten cents a squirt. None yet seen so daring as to invest.

At Penguin Bookshop this week,

Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, protesting that his "Replenishing Jessica" is legal and saleable. Book seller raises eye brows and shows him news story of arrests for possessing same works.... And on lower Fourth Avenue old gentleman picks up volume in second hand bookstall and reads: "'Merchants From Cathay' by William Rose Benet." "Excellent perfume," he comments, "but why advertisements on the first cover?"

Pleasant infusion of light humor into rural districts: contributor reports manuscript sent to THE NEW YORKER, rejected after serious consideration by *The Rural New Yorker*.

Latest dodge of bootleggers for overcoming sales resistance: Telephoning prominent arrivals at fashionable hotels listed in press. Annoyance registered by guests of Plaza and St. Regis, among others, over numerous offers of wet wares.

Lady with amnesia appears in New Jersey hospital; and many front pages, including photograph in staid *Times*. Coincidentally, movie with plot about lady suffering from amnesia makes début. Lady in hospital suddenly remembers all. Press does its best to forget.

Pacific Coast Intelligence: Mr. William Slavens McNutt, innocent journalist and fictioneer; arrives in Hollywood to compose for movies, is robbed six hours after arrival. Police solace upon complaint, "Well, you ought to know better than to carry money in this town."

Preposterous, but true! Elderly lady, presumably from Dubuque, sees Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie perform in London. Fearing twin toasts of last year's town might be lonesome on arrival in New York, the Kindly Soul forms a committee of equally kindly and elderly souls to meet actresses and arrange for their entertainment here.

High indignation in Lucy Stone ranks since member was refused admission to Peg Woffington Tea Room, "reserved for men only." Woman's last stronghold has fallen.

Bitter cry of lady pursuing culture beyond menu cards: "My French has become frightfully uncertain since I began to study it."

Now Schrafft's and Huyler's are about to merge—yes, indeed—and lady from Montclair will be greatly restricted in her all-day shopping expeditions.

Back from the West: Mr. William Faversham, recuperating from Miss Margaret Anglin's jesting.

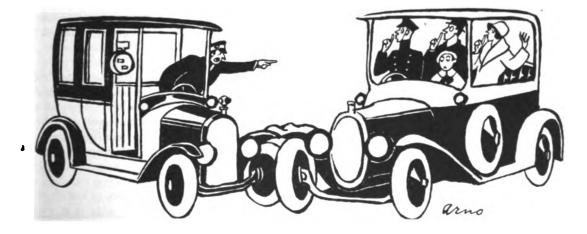
Miss Beatrice Herford drops into office to chat with brother, Mr. Oliver Herford, before latter's recent illness. Faces great windows. "I don't see how you can stand all this light," she complains; "it brings out every line in the human face." Reply by Mr. Herford, "Ah, but in this office we read between the lines."

Cares: Mary Boland and Elsie Janis— watching the gruelling match between Helen Wills and Kathleen McKane. "Charming way to lose weight," remarks Miss Boland. "It's four, Mother, will you get my glass of cream?" reminds Miss Janis.

Mr. Milton Suskind, pianist-composer just commissioned to write the music for new Earl Carroll production is seen looking at nude in Rheinhart's. "Just getting my main themes," confesses Mr. Suskind.

The Liquor Market: For private subscription, issue fine Canadian Club, in Imperial Quarts, @ 88. Falling off in restaurant consumption due to continued use of teapots and cups in distribution.

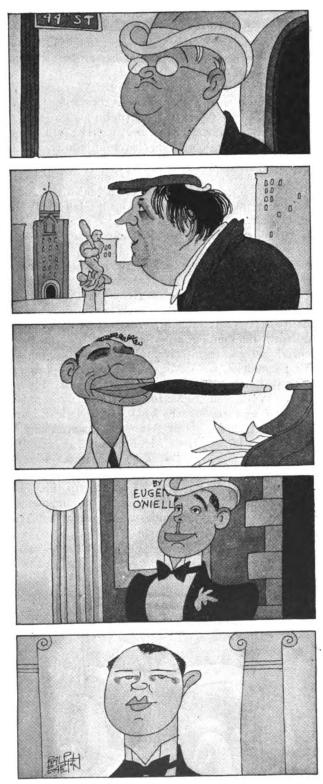
-THE NEW YORKERS



THE ENQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELFCTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO THE CRITICS AND WRITERS WHO LUNCH AT THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL LOGROLL FOR EACH OTHER OR IS THAT JUST ANOTHER LIE OF THE INTERESTS?

THE ANSWERS



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, dramatic critic and boulevardier, of West 47th Street: "Stuff and nonsense! There is no such thing as an 'Algonquin group,' and if there were, they would never have a kind word for each other. Isn't Heywood Broun always saying nasty things about Franklin P. Adams's superb writings in 'It Seems to Me,' Broun's magnificent daily column in the New York World? And isn't Adams's brilliant 'Conning Tower' almost completely devoted to roasting Broun's epoch-making novels?"

HEYWOOD BROUN, art critic and novelist, of Park Row: "I don't know anything about logrolling, but I know what I like. It is true that I drop in at the Algonquin Hotel now and then at lunch time. After all, it is the centre of life and culture and one is likely to meet there all the people in the world worth knowing. Then, too, anyone who hates a boiled shirt as much as I do likes to be among friends. A fellow can't get his back and shoulders into untidiness when there is company."

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, columnist and poet, of Park Row: "Whom are you to ask me such a question like you suspected me of logrolling? I have looked up all the statutes, local, state, and national, covering the subject, and I have searched through the Index Expurgatorius, the Code Napoleon, the Corpus Juris Civilis, and the Ten Commandments, and I didn't find a word in any of them that would force anybody to listen to logrolling if he didn't want to hear it."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, dramatic critic and essayist, West 45th Street: "That question is *la plus* Brussels sprouts of the present *Sauregurkenzeit*. I permit myself a polite youknow. However, to put an answer to it: certainly the Algonquin House runs a *rathskeller* for no other reason than to afford shelter to a logrolling *verein*. To which *lustig* answer I might add a respectful 'Thank God!' For, were it not for this *verein*, I might have nothing to write about on the dull days when the theatre offers me no particularly luscious bit of flapdoodle to record."

GEORGES, head-waiter at the Algonquin Hotel, West 44th Street: "I am only a head-waiter, but it seems to me, from all that I have heard on the subject of logrolling, that the principal objection to logrolling held by those who object to logrolling is that the log is not being rolled for the right person."—RALPH BARTON



A LIFE, BRIEFLY EXTOLLED

learned that dancing was not to be considered assault and battery on a lady, and I am not sure but that his instincts in this detail were more enlightened than our own. You must understand that Quid was exclusively my wife's dog until he was two years old. Now he is five and has a broader outlook on life. But up to the time he was two he just tolerated me, and was scarcely more cordial to the other people who came about the place. Quid used to watch his mistress, and if she seemed to approve of anyone he would sit down and merely glare at the individual. But there were limits to the favors he would permit her to bestow. He had a way of chewing the legs of dancing men so as to incapacitate their pants. My wife began to wonder why she wasn't more popular at dances, and thought some of buying Dr. Eliot's five foot book shelf and reading for fifteen minutes a dav.

But she went to Europe instead and stayed six months. This restored her popularity, notwithstanding those stories about addressing the inhabitants in their native tongue only to have them reply in excellent English. You see, while she was gone, Quid and I got a good dose of each other's society. This depressed Quid at first, and he carried one of his mistress' old hats

around with him wherever he went. But time did its usual work, and pretty soon Quid came to regard me as (practically) an intellectual and social equal. After this he saw how inconsistent it would be to continue his policy of discrimination against the rest of the human race. He has thawed out, until now he hasn't much more reserve than an Elk on a Fall River Line excursion.

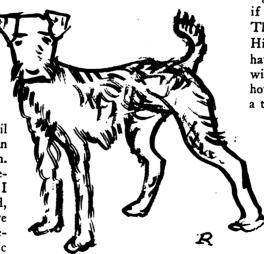
To my mind this explodes the oneman-dog theory about Airedales. I advance this as a layman, understand, because I am not a dog expert. I have shunned technical dog information because it seems to me an undemocratic attitude to assume toward a dog.

Not that Quid would suffer by an application of the expert standards. He has a pedigree as long as your arm, but I cannot go into particulars, because I have neglected to get his diploma or whatever it is that certifies to

T WAS some time before he the aristocratic character of a dog's to show his approval the minute you forbears. This is not to say that I do not esteem the qualities of Quid's gentle breeding. I do, but I am not convinced that they would be enhanced any by a genealogical chart tacked up in his dog house.

Last Summer an infected foot nearly carried Quid off. When he was sickest we received a delicate intimation concerning the facilities of that swell dog cemetery at Hartsdale. But I imagine, if the eventualities had required anything of that sort, we would have laid Quid away decently behind the barn in what is romantically known as an unmarked grave. Elaborate burials are a relic of barbarism; but the fact that cultured Chinamen, who are the most civilized persons on earth, lead the world in this respect, rather confounds my statement, so I guess I will pass on to something else.

Yes: When Quid was in the valley of the shadow it was suggested there was a taxidermist in White Plains who would stuff his skin so we could keep it as a memento. The scientific interest confused with the human interest again. Your scientific nature lover shoots a bird off a fence rail, upholsters it, and puts it in a glass case. He catches a bug and sticks a pin through it. Such practices are too academic for my layman's mind.



An Airedale is a suitable companion because his entertainment is no problem at all. You invariably suggest the right thing. If you want to write, he goes to sleep by your chair. If you want to walk in the woods, he begins

take the old hat and stick down from the peg. If you want to swim in the quarry, that's just his ticket; he will dive when you do, and sit on the raft. He will watch a tennis game without barking, and without chasing the balls, much as he likes to pursue objects in motion.

I cannot think of a more satisfactory companion, because no one else will accommodate my vanity so much.

Quid is badly disciplined. We did not lick him enough when he was a pup. He will run off every so often and catch skunks and chipmunks in State Senator Seabury Mastick's woods. Before he was a year old he killed a ground hog on the Godwin place. Mr. Weinheimer, the gardener, was an eye witness. That is an accomplishment for an Airedale pup. Mr. Weinheimer's testimony is trustworthy. He was a reporter on the Tribune in the days of Horace Greeley.

Quid will chase cats, but if a cat is smart it will stand its ground and bat him on the nose when he gets too fresh. My feeling is that almost any cat can best almost any dog in a scrap, they are so much quicker. Most cats do not know this, but the Conners cat does. Quid regards her with great hauteur. In fact, he assumes not to regard her at all, and will step on her if she doesn't get out of the way. This marks Quid as behind the times. His latent stores of pep and personality have not been developed right. Otherwise he could establish a better claim, however spurious, to ascendancy over a tabby cat.

> Quid showed up Tracy Winterich's cat, though. Wint had a birthday party at his house on the Croton River, in the course of which our dog chased the Winterich cat up the tallest pine tree on the Van Cortlandt estate. All afternoon we tried to coax the cat down, but it sat diffidently on

the topmost branch and refused to co-operate. The Winteriches thought it would get hungry and come down during the night, but by the dawn's early light the cat, etc. So Wint called out the Harmon Volunteer Fire Department, and Captain C. LeRoy

Baldridge's men made a splendid run with their longest hook and ladder. But hook and ladder, placed end to end, lacked some sixteen feet, one inch of reaching the nethermost branch of the soaring Van Cortlandt pine.

Captain Baldridge gave it out as his professional opinion that the only way to rescue the cat would be to chop down the tree. Trees on the Van Cortlandt property are slightly less sacred than the Washington Elm. But Wint called up Miss Van Cortlandt, and learned that the only things that spinster chatelaine adores more than her trees are cats. The axes of Captain Baldridge's men rang in the forest. Half of Harmon-fifty people, anyhow-came to look. Only the cat seemed indifferent to the fact that the first tree was being felled on the Van Cortlandt place since the War of 1812.

As the cat-crowned pine described a graceful arc toward the ground, strong men shuddered lest the object of the rescue be demolished by the impact. But the cat had schemed itself out of this dilemma. When about twenty feet from the earth, it sprang lightly from its perch and landed feet foremost well clear of the crashing branches. It started to trot off toward the house, when Quid, securely confined in a car some rods away, began to bark. The cat paused and listened. Then without taking a soul into its confidence it beat it back



into the woods and up the second tallest tree on the Van Cortlandt estate.

After that Quid virtually retired from public life. In point of fact, the record discloses nothing until last Winter when he was picked up as a suspicious character prowling about the White House grounds in Washington. Not prowling exactly, though. To prowl is to be intent and businesslike, and therefore would not have been such an offense in the eyes of the Administration. Quid was just frivoling away his time. Now he would smell the trunk of a tree and dig assiduously. That looked like a purposeful activity, but he would not stick at it long enough to accomplish anything. Next moment he would gambol off, vault a hedge, and dart through a flower bed. An instant later he would be in the open aimlessly tossing a stick.

A designed attempt to embarrass the Administration could not have been improved upon. It looked like a conspiracy thought up by Senator Couzens. A White House gendarme, however, went out and drove Quid off, and the incident was hushed up until now.

Back in his native Westchester again, Quid is confronted by problems which are too abstruse for solution. This is because Quid is, as I say, behind the times. He is out of step with Progress, deaf to the call of Service, and I suspect him of a smouldering resentment toward Darwin. The day they organized a Rotary Club in our village, Quid snarled at Lawyer Lake and tried to pick a fight with Chief Poth's bull. When the Village Board changed the name of Orchard Street to Main Street, he ran off and hid in the Mastick woods for a week.

It is a great comfort to have raised such a dog.—MARQUIS JAMES





Fourteenth Street and Broadway

HATEVER his other distinctions, there is one Jimmie Walker shares with no other. He is the only candidate for Mayor of New York who has written his own campaign song. This is no trivial matter. There are political reporters who will tell you that without "The Sidewalks of New York," Al Smith would never have been heard of above Fourteenth Street; he emerged from the song like a bursting flower with a cigar in its center. The man who wrote the song is dead, but Al Smith and the cigar go bursting on.

That can never be said of Jimmie Walker. He won't be able to absent himself from the funeral of the man whose song made him famous. If he thinks of it in time, he might send flowers and a note of distress at the impending passing.

It may prove to be one of his tragedies that he was once a song writer. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was Jimmie's song. He collected \$15,000 for the lyric some fifteen years ago, splitting with Ernie Ball, who wrote the music and lived to do bigger and better melodies. It promises to whip up the passionate devotion of the enrolled Democratic voters, as have other songs for other men. But Jimmie's difficulty is that the song writers, claiming him loudly as one of their own, aren't content to let his song do all the work.

From the estimable maison de musique of Shapiro Bernstein on West Forty-seventh Street, has gone the first army corps of song pluggers to push the new big hit, written especially for the primaries by Jack Sheehan. Already, the bray of these gentlemen assaults the night air of Broadway from the picture palaces and the homes of clean vaudeville. There appears to be nothing much that Jimmie can do about it. The new song is a parody of "Susie" and starts, unless there has been still another revision:

If you knew Jimmie like I knew Jimmie, Oh, oh, oh what a boy! However, nobody will hold that against Jimmie. Nor will he hold it against Jack Sheehan. Jimmie knows something of the artistic difficulties of writing lyrics. There are a dozen or more of his still on typewriter paper in the big safe of E. B. Marks, music



publisher. Although they are pre-war, it was only the untimely absence of Mr. Marks from the city at the time Jimmie was named candidate for Mayor which has prevented those unpublished songs from being between glossy covers and upon music shelves before now. Mr. Marks expects great things of those songs.

For the benefit of the punctilious and those who read the campaign posters, it is pointed out that Jimmie is the boyish looking man of forty-four years, with the black cowlick, under whose picture on the posters appears: "James J. Walker. The Man of the Hour." Whoever wrote the last part didn't know Jimmie very well. He never remained in one place for an

However, nobody will hold that hour; his life is constructed of minagainst Jimmie. Nor will he hold it utes and seconds. He can be clocked against Jack Sheehan. Jimmie knows with a stop watch.

> It is partly the excessive nervous energy of his slight, lithe body which has made it so difficult for Jimmie Walker to read. He has read only

six books in the fifteen years since he finished studying law.

"I wish I could read books," he has said, but few believed him. He seems to have done very well without.

In all the years he has been in Albany as Assemblyman and Senator, he has made a practice of having friends read bills and state documents to him. He insists he can grasp their contents more easily in that way.

He has leaned heavily on the alertness of his mind. It has not failed him. The bills read to him were generally those to be introduced under his own name. Those of others were read to him seldom.

As leader of the Democratic Senators, frequently the only check to any legislation the Republicans might wish to put through, Jimmie Walker would saunter into the Senate chamber after discussion was well under way. He would slip into his seat on the aisle without the faintest notion of what the ponder-

ous fellows across the aisle were talking about. In two minutes he would nod to himself, whisper to his partner in sarcastic diatribe, the grey-haired Barney Downing. He would rise, hitch his belt, cock his head on one side, his twisted smile spreading with anticipation, start his feline walk up and down the center aisle, and then begin to talk. Always he would have caught from the mass of words pronounced by his opponent a motive upon which he could turn the full power of his laughing scorn. It did not matter much if his knowledge of the bill and the condition to which it related was superficial if not wholly inaccurate. A personal motive he had discerned, and in his street-wise fashion he would make it embarrassingly

clear. From the galleries a gleaming face would look down and shout:

"Oh you Jimmie, Go to it."

There can be no denying that Jimmie is a gallery god. During the closing nights of each session, when tempers grow short and Senators hope to push through in the scramble their own pet measures, Jimmie is at his best. Telephone calls come to Eddie Stanton, his secretary, and ask:

"Is there going to be anything hot to-night?"

If there is, the galleries are packed. As many women as men are there, all to watch Jimmie do his stuff. Jimmie, tossing his head back for a preliminary glance upward, pounces into the aisle. Each performance is as good as his last; he never disappoints an audience.

There is the quality of the actor in Jimmie; he used to play comedy parts in his school days. He is never himself unless he is on his feet. Knowing it, he remains on them. His sharpness of tongue and agility of wit are his most striking attributes. The first political speech of his career was the last speech he wrote out in advance. He is a favorite after-dinner speaker, and is one of the few who make that curious custom bearable.

At one dinner the gentleman who presided introduced Jimmie with a speech in which he said:

"A few weeks ago I was in Washingon and had a twenty minute talk with the President."

Then he spoke of Jimmie. The latter began:

"It's funny. A few weeks ago I was down in Washington and had a THIRTY minute talk with the President."

He was interrupted by the toastmaster who said:

"As a matter of fact, Jimmie, my talk was twenty-two minutes instead of twenty."

"Sure," said Jimmie. "I know. That was the two minutes the President was talking."

None of this makes of Jimmie Walker a very profound thinker. Nor is he. It is doubtful that he has anything like the sound grasp of state affairs that has Governor Smith, with whom he roomed when he first went to Albany; Elihu Root has not said glowing things about Walker. Most of the imposing array of welfare, transit, home rule, housing, direct primary, and governmental reform legislation which bears his name was not inspired

by him. He put it through in his capacity of aggressive rapier for Tammany and Smith. The bills which carried the fire of his own enthusiasm were those for Sunday baseball, boxing, and repeal of movie censorship.

When the worried potentates, who run Tammany under the guidance of Al Smith, selected Walker to oppose Mayor Hylan in the Democratic primaries, they did so mostly because he is at his best in competition; he is a better candidate than office holder. Ever since he played in the outfield and at quarter back for St. Francis Xavier, he has excelled in a fight. Tammany, when Smith picked Walker to destroy the threatening ogre Hylan, breathed happily. It was a little like discovering suddenly that Douglas Fairbanks is on your side.

If Jimmie Walker becomes Mayor, he will probably spend no more than three hours a day at City Hall; he will get more done than Hylan who comes at nine and departs at six. Jimmie has a great many other things to do. He is president of the Silver King Water company. He is busy making deals for motion picture producers. He has a few criminals to defend. Nor will you be able to find him at his law office on Broadway. Although " seems he is never there, it is illustrative of his personality. It is a bandbox, neat and smart of appearance, with a striking absence of the usual array of law books.

At night Jimmie may be found somewhere along Broadway. He may be boxing a little with Benny Leonard, dancing, playing the piano in a friend's apartment, at a prize fight, at the opening night of a new show, or entering a night club surrounded by



IAN STRENG . T

laughing, enthusiastic friends. Head waiters bow lower to him than to almost any other New Yorker.

"Good evening, Senator. Hope everything is all right. Let me know if you want anything." And then laughing, "You can't pay for anything in here, Senator."

Jimmie goes to bed late and gets up late. He makes a close parallel to Mayor Mitchel, whose popularity was only a less wonderful thing than Jimmie's. But the latter would never make the political mistakes of Mitchel. He will never forget that most voters drop their "g's," and that they like a man who can talk out of the corner of his mouth. Jimmie can talk in other ways; he is singularly adaptable. He could handle a teacup if pushed to it, and go back to St. Luke's Place in Greenwich Village and make all the boys understand how it happened. He can be hard-boiled or otherwise; he couldn't quite achieve the society manner, nor would be want to do so. He dresses more carefully than any other man of Tammany and in the manner that is known as "different." He doesn't look as if he smoked cigars.

No sketch of Jimmie is fair which does not take into account his intelligence. Business men think highly of him as a man who gets things done. Jimmie uses, but does not believe much hokum. As a politician he does not believe the catch phrases of "vested interests," "corrupt press," and "traction trust," yet he may be depended upon to catch them at it if they try to live up to those titles. His sense of humor does not permit him to take himself over seriously. He gives cold comfort to "yes men," for he knows too well from where their "Yes's"

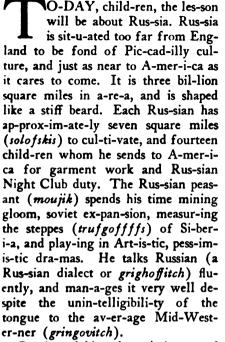
He makes his friends not among those who praise him, but among those who enjoy the things he does; the result, however, is the same. His friends become very sentimental about him and place him close to God. He, too, is sentimental, but does not believe all he feels. He is extraordinarily generous.

He has made much money and spent almost an equal amount. He understands the simpler human motives and reactions as do few in politics or elsewhere.

He is the best of Broadway brought to Fourteenth Street where is Tammany Hall.

And everyone who has so much as shaken his hand calls him "Jimmie." ----O. H. P. GARRETT

RUS~SIA



Ca-vi-ar (shlemchazzu) is one of the chief ex-ports of Rus-sia; and up till re-cent-ly the second best were reports of the death of Len-ine. Cavi-ar is a sub-stance (huhuhulivitz) de-rived from the com-mon sturge-on (ughiltpsoff), a fish said to be vast-ly at odds with the e-con-omic



sys-tem of the West-ern World, and hence loath to give up its roe for the use of the com-mon cap-it-al-ist (crook). When caught (only in certain phases of the Rus-sian moon) it sur-ren-ders its life on-ly on con-dition that cav-i-ar prices be large e-nough to pur-chase a tomb-stone (uglichtichev) for itself. Hence the fields of Rus-sia are dot-ted pro-fusely with stur-ge-on tomb-stones. These facts should be borne in mind, my child-ren, when you next eat ca-vi-ar sand-wiches at that midnight or-gy with cham-pagne, and should make you more thought-ful about the e-conom-ic sys-tem of the world.

The other product that Russia is fam-ous for is black bread (off), that is, be-sides the joke about the Bolshevik and the cake of soap. Black bread is so named be-cause it is mined from a sub-stance which tastes like coal. It is sub-mit-ted to a form of eight years (hichbotchkis) burial (kumkopff), and

then it is pressed by a sec-ret pro-cess in-to shoe leather tough-ness. This gives it that nature which ac-counts for the black skins of the Rus-sian beauty and the crue-l-ty of the former Cos-sack.

Rus-sia's gov-ern-ment is the clear pro-duct of Karl Marx. At first it was thought that a mon-arch (czar) would do best for the country, but he proved a farce after six thousand years, and drank the blood of the Russian peas-ant (moujik) against the Rus-sian which is Rus-sian re-lig-ion (Destsky). There-upon two A-mer-ican pants-pressers took Karl Marx ser-i-ous-ly and tried to es-tab-lish ser-ious gov-ern-ment, which ev-ery child knows as being against Re-publi-can prin-ciples. So the sov-i-et has in-cur-red the after-dinner jokes of the A-mer-i-can cap-tal-ist, although said rich man has re-cent-ly gained val-u-able oil (erl) con-cess-ions there, and no long-er cares whether A-mer-i-can Wom-an-hood and children are en-dangered by Red, Wracking, Ra-pac-ious Ruin.

The next les-son will be about France and the French Im-mor-al-ity. -FREUDY

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE is, for instance, The Returned Native. She walks down the gangplank in the latest Reboux hat, (Which might possibly look well on somebody else) Exuding subtle fumes of the most recent scent Which Coty or Guerlain or Houbigant Has concocted with an eye to the American transient trade. Of course she's glad to be back, And it's wonderful to see all you dear things again, etc.

But she really had a marvelous trip, And didn't get the kick out of the approaching skyline which

she expected-

She spent most of the time keeping two strange Englishmen From mistaking gas tanks on Staten Island

For the Statute of Liberty,

Which, after all, is more or less of a joke now, isn't it?-Especially when you think that France gave it to us.

Her trunks are filled with embroidered underwear

Which cost practically nothing at the present rate of exchange, With gloves which make feminine beholders break the tenth Commandment,

And from her wrist droops a bracelet of pear-shaped diamonds Which she says she bought in Vienna For thirty-seven dollars.

Naturally, she doesn't want to be unpatriotic, But she never comes back from Europe That America doesn't strike her as just a little crude-A statement which is usually superinduced By the cobblestones on Tenth Avenue, And when she is given her first cocktail on these shores She makes a good-naturedly wry face (Even though the entire company is well aware That the European idea of the formula for the same drink Is four jiggers of vermouth to one of gin) And begins to reminisce about the Tour Blanche Which may be had Au Caneton in Paris, And what an amazing experience it was To get absolutely fed up on champagne. The Returned Native is really not a bad sort-All that is necessary is to give her time. When the glory that was Greece And the grandeur that was the Royal Danieli Has faded from her consciousness, She will probably register for the Autumn primaries And subsequently mark crosses in little circles

Without cracking a smile.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD



" Why Don't you come out for the Week TRACIZ and the democracy Because of the last minute departure -- and too- elastic breakfast - and quest rooms with poor lights and worse - and the haggling o my train leaves books

ind ? " and not being met day couches at country stations and the Uncle and aunt who drops in for urs afternoon of heavy bridge (no smoking) an HelmE. Hokemon when and the return, bearing gifts yes, why Don't I !

A MINORITY REPORT



E H O V A H suddenly was reminded of the earth. It was long since He had looked that way. His interest did not suggest to Him a personal journey. He

was past that sort of thing. He had, indeed, heard rumors of great changes in terrestrial locomotion: He was loth to trust Himself to new contraptions —coaches that ran without horses, ships that sailed without sails. And yet He had come to be bored by the stereotyped official news of the Archangels. He called Aristotle and Julius Cæsar.

"Go to the most active, the most influential spot on Earth, and tell me what you find."

The following morning Cæsar waited in the anteroom, humming a song from the Music Box Revue. When he was admitted, a number of lesser spirits were already in the Presence.

"I went of course, to New York," he began. "I am afraid my words and the celestial experience alike will fail to do justice to the perfection of that work of man. New York is a mechanism-an impeccable mechanism. Millions of human beings live, work, play in lubricated ease, upon a patch of ground so crowded that they have had to do away with trees, and with all except the minimum of air needed for breathing. The soil underfoot is a maze of cellars, pipes, conduits, tunnels, wires. By means of them, the traffic, the lights, the messages, the sewage of this host flow flawlessly. Trillions of words, bilions of letters, millions of parcels and human bodies-galaxies of electric current, nebulæ of gas, seas and rivers of refuse-go each their predestined way without confusion."

At this point, Aristotle hurried in, nervous that he was late. In his arms were huge bundles of periodicals and papers.

Cæsar continued: "Each of the myriad houses is a still more intricate labyrinth of wires and pipes. In perpendicular shafts, swift cars shoot up and down; and the numberless apartments are honeycombed with conduits leading to the sewers, to great coils of telephonic wires, or to the buzzing air. The streets are channels, not for single



homogeneous streams like water—not for such simple motions as the stars, flowing with geodesic ease over the hills of Space. These streets contain an incredible coil of vehicles and persons, each self-directed . . . myriads of forces which, if one follow them, are seen to trace the most fantastic patterns: spirals, helices, tratrices, polyhedra. And yet they never collide, they never impede each other! They run indeed like the immaculate parts of an immaculate Machine!

"Your Worship, I have but begun. Even the air has been woven by these human wills which are so complex, so various, yet so unitary. The subtle strands of the electric ether have been pressed into service. The cosmic currents are tamed, and bended down upon the forest of receiving wires that screen the roofs of the City. And by their means, the infinitely complex City life is made to irradiate and to interweave with the life of other equally complex centers. Every room, already joined by phantasmagoria of wires and pipes with the whole urban mechanism, participates with rooms leagues distant-with a thousand cities at a time! From the thick of the earth to the thin of ether, these master men have enacted a Machine whose intricacy of response and of control makes the graph of the subtlest brain of classic man as flat by contrast as a sheet of parchment!"

Jehovah rubbed His hands in glee. "Splendid!" He said. "Splendid!



These men have grown up. They no longer need me."

He was glad, for He felt justified in the obvious fact that for long other worlds than Earth had absorbed His interest. He turned to Aristotle.

"Sire," said the well known Greek, "look rather to Your Milky Ways: they are more likely to bump and to need Your help. The suns beyond the field of Cygni are more liable to miss their step and clash with the antisuns of Alpha, than these marvelously regimented men. I have been examining their intellectual life. I have read their papers, gone to their colleges and theatres, attended their singing cabarets and legislatures; I have sat in their courts and worshiped in their temples. At first I believed that there must be one prolific and ubiquitous dictator who wrote all their books under a thousand names, preached simultaneously in synagogue and church, directed the platforms of opposition parties, taught Latin, Literature and Physics in all the universities . . I did this people an injustice. They are uniform, indeed. They tolerate no idea which runs radically counter to their complacent rhythm. Even the imagination of their poets has been tamed: even the indignation of their prophets. They have one Value, one Ideal: and no word rises against them."

"The City is a symbol of the American land and of what Earth is becoming," put in Julius Cæsar. "I have described how everything is channeled, how everything moves as it should in its all-perfect place, in the marvelously complex city. I need scarcely add that this is man's ideal. It means that the social body of men has achieved the sort of health that perfect circulation, even temperature, and truly balanced organs bring to the physical body. These men are in bliss! We hear the stars sing, when we are silent enough in our continuous discussions to let their music penetrate to Heaven. We know that they sing, because they move pleasantly in their Spatial grooves. I assure you, Your Worship, that the Spatial courses are jerrybuilt and hazardous, compared to the traffic-lines, the wire-patterns, the radio-statics, the intellectual convictions and the plumbing and sewage systems of New York! What music

must have these men!"

"Was it a sample thereof you were humming, as you came in?"

The spirit who put this unexpected question to Cæsar was the latest arrival from man's earth to Heaven. Measured by terrestrial time, he had been in Paradise but two centuries and a half. And these were the very first words he had been heard to speak since Jehovah had let him in. (He had since had his misgivings, for the man was not much of a social asset.)

The audience of spirits leaned with interest toward the questioner. Cæsar glowered. At last Jehovah spoke:

"Our young friend has asked you a question, Cæsar. Won't you answer it? He is a man of few words. We should encourage him."

"Perhaps the true music of that world," said Cæsar, "is the hum made by the fusion of all these comings and goings, twinings and bendings, leaping and dippings, crossings and anglings-the fusion of this multiverse of words, forms, streams-to the ineffable unity of Organization."

"Jehovah," spoke Heaven's latest comer, "I too have visited the city whereof Cæsar and Aristotle speak. fully, to Cæsar and to Aristotle.

I have done this, without Your permission. It is only fair that I confess But I am nearsighted, Sire. I it. could not, like Cæsar, obtain a bird'seye view. Nor am I so quick on my feet as Your other messenger. When I lived on Earth, I was a polisher of . men make up a Whole so perfect?" lenses. My eyes acquired the habit of peering close. So, in lieu of hovering on wings above the city as did Cæsar -I admit I'm a triffe unsteady on them still-I went down into this wondrous mechanism, down into the soul of a man."

"What did you find there?" Jehovah's brow had clouded.

"Confusion," came the answer. "Turmoil and darkness. Chaos. A pitiful knocking about, and longing. Within that soul, many wills forceless, many desires eyeless, many dreams unsolaced, and the sum of it all was bitter emptiness. I found abject disorder. I found desperate incompetence. I found misery. And hunger . . ."

Jehovah drummed His toes on the cloud that served Him as a footstool.

"Here," He frowned, "this is another story."

He turned, questioning and hope-

"Sire," replied the Roman, "we did not notice such things as individual souls."

"Sire," the Stagirite made answer, "what if this be true? If these uncounted miseries and failures of petty

But Jehovah still was troubled.

"Let me see," He said, turning to the obscure newcomer; "I forgetyour name-?"

"Spinoza."

Jehovah strained His fingers through His beard. Suddenly, He straightened with resolution. He pointed a hand at Heaven's latest comer who with quiet myopic eyes studied this strange mood in Heaven's King. And Jehovah spake unto Spinoza, and He said:

"I do not like what you have said. You have upset me. But I know your kind. From now on, you'd be pestering me-until you had your way. There'll be no peace in Heaven-until I do what you are hankering for. I'd like to send you to the Devil. But even that would not save me. Even down there, you would haunt me."

And with a sign of resignation, Jehovah gave orders to prepare Him for a journey . . .---SEARCH-LIGHT

OF ALL THINGS

to Belgium in this country, and that a large loan to France will undoubtedly follow the expected refunding settlement. Uncle Sam is now revealed in his true character as a loan shark. He is going to get what Europeans owe us if he has to lend them every dollar of it.

"Coolidge Goes Mountain Hiking; Wears Out 3 Secret Service Men." Herald Tribune. This is good Republican doctrine; a man of sound views is a man of sound wind. The huskies who guard the President have nothing to offer but mere brute force.

Messrs. Sinnott and Canty have filed suits for libel against newspapers and individuals to a total of 175 million dollars. "The Sinnotts must live," the Mayor says, but they seem determined to live in the style to which they hope to become accustomed.

E read that credit is now open ceeded in going sleepless for sixty hours. Fort George Park was taken to Bellevue You will notice, however, that the experiment was not made while Congress was in session.

> We do not wish to lure Mr. Waterman into false hopes of victory in November, but it begins to look as if he would get the unanimous vote of Charles D. Hilles and Nicholas Murray Butler.

> McAvoy, the armless man who confessed to the Kane murder, is believed to be a fraud. He made his mistake in baring his soul in the police station instead of in one of these confessionary magazines.

> According to scientific authorities, there is a radio roof 100 miles up; the waves bounce back and cause distress. This seems to be an important discovery. has always been assumed in radio circles that the sky is the limit.

Eight students in Washington suc- young woman found dancing unclad in to outvote us.- HOWARD BRUBAKER

for observation.

New York is starving its public library to death while city officials loll in costly limousines. When it asks for funds the administration replies: "No, it's got a book."

Dr. Norris, "The Texas Cyclone," preached a sermon here recently upon the subject, "Is There a Hell, and Who Is Going There From New York?" We don't know exactly, but we could mention a weekly magazine that describes all the pleasantest routes.

There is still hope for the man who dropped his roll in the Rockaway boom. He can watch the serial number on his dollar bill, if he has one left.

Now they are going to increase the - membership of the House of Representatives again. This thing ought to be An uncensored news item says that a stopped before Congress gets large enough





The Theatre

HE first man's size play of the new season came to the Bijou Theatre on Thursday evening, August 20. The size is for a quite small man, to be sure, but that's to be preferred to the rompers that the others have worn. Called "The Mud Turtle," it is not without its resemblances to "They Knew What They Wanted," resemblances that can be picked by readers so inclined out of the ensuing account.

Thus, a farmer's son, after a week spent in Minneapolis in the business of selling the family wheat crop, returns to his northern Minnesota grange with a bride whom he has converted, for the purpose, from a waitress in a cheap restaurant. It is a dour and repulsive home and home life to which he brings her, made so chiefly by a blustering and tyrannical father. Because of something the playwright has said, moreover, the father adopts a hostile attitude towards his daughter-in-law from the very beginning, and hits her across the face for a first-act curtain.

The waitress-bride, with that genuine instinct of women for getting their loved ones into trouble, appeals to her husband to avenge this blow. The husband is pardonably disinclined to strike his father, but is perfectly willing to argue the matter with him at all times. This she refuses to regard as an adequate substitute, and her desire for revenge grows. It is satisfied only when one of the farm mechanics brings about the destruction of essential machinery, and nature with a cloud-burst helps further in ruining the father's extensive and financially important wheat crop. The reaper has been brought to this achievement by the promise of high doings with the young woman as a reward, but the playwright, with a few simple sentences, frees her of the need of this sacrifice in the last act. And so, with

the bride's self-respect restored, the domineering father tamed, and the son and husband, who has finally poked papa on the jaw, changed into at least a shell of bellicose man, all is well.

Helen MacKellar, the star of the piece, does much even and exellent acting. The author, after an excellent first act, has provided her more with a spotlight rôle than with a character out of any life that ever was, and it is this that makes her performance a bit stagey at times. Even in her stagiest moments, however, she is interesting, and in the scenes that have flowed from the playwright's heart rather than from his pen she is superb. Hers is the finest piece of acting the new season has yet provided.

Another player in "The Mud Turtle" deserves particular mention, at least by this department, whose theatrical taste would lead it to stay at home with its books at an opening of John Barrymore in "Hamlet," but which would slide down the pole and gallop madly through the storm to witness an exhibition of even bad character acting anywhere. In this case, it is Claude Cooper who has the makeup and the rôle that character actors probably look upon as Heaven in their dreams. Mr. Cooper, be it known, is an old salt, who after countless years of sailing the seven seas has settled down as a whimsical old handy man on a farm in the midst of the Minnesota prairies. He rolls as he walks, and he's always sniffing for signs of rain in the air. Could anything, short of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," be more delightful for a real enthusiast for character acting?



AT the Playhouse, at the moment, there is Alice Brady in "Oh! Mama." The piece is safely to be recommended even to sufferers from heart disease who have been told that anything startling or unexpected that transpires in their presence may mean the end. They are free from danger at "Oh! Mama."

Readers of THE NEW YORKER may keep their files of plots up-to-date by making the simple entry that in "Oh! Mama" the stepson of a charming stepmother does not know that he is in love with her until the close of the second act. Further, they may make the wistful marginal notation that the play in which the father breaks the son's neck, and in which the stepmother laughs herself into hysterics at the callow adoration of the stepson, still remains to be written.

There is, however, Miss Brady. Dour commentators on the theatre have said in print of Miss Brady in this play, that she is frequently too cute. They are the same fellows, no doubt, who would say reproachfully of the Côté d'Azur that it is too sunkissed, who would hurl into the nightingale's teeth the rebuke that it is always singing, who would circulate maliciously about the rainbow the gossip that it has so many colors. Miss Brady is cute and she herewith has this department's written request that she remain cute. Shall this world become a mere matter of machines and soulless technique, all because the warmth of humanity has long since left the hearts of a few professional theatregoers? . . . No.

Edwin Nicander, in Miss Brady's support, is delightful, as nearly ever. Of another member of the company, Mr. Kenneth MacKenna, it seems as if the moment had almost come to announce that he is not a particularly good actor.

The final decision will positively be made on the occasion of his next appearance.

PERHAPS because too much was expected of it after the startling excellence of "Artists and Models," the preceding Shubert revue offering, "Gay Paree" failed to make much of an impression upon its opening at the Shubert. It has many fast-moving and interesting chorus numbers, but much of its comedy is flat. For those who care for that sort of thing, of whom many will probably be among this department's readers, there is an abundant quantity of what-first introduced by the Shuberts into the first "Artists and Models"-has made it unnecessary for good Americans to go to Paris at least before they die.

AND then there is "The Family Upstairs," for which this department can not muster up a single bit of approval, despite the fact that its opening night audience was pleased to be hilariously amused throughout its entire course. The piece is a cheapened and vulgarized version of "The Show-Off," "The Potters" and such, with its observations of family life based upon a close study of joke books and comic strips.—H. J. M.

Music

WITH the closing of the Stadium Concerts on Sunday evening, concludes an unusual Summer parade of the music of Richard Strauss. "Don Juan" has been expounded by Mr. Van Hoogstraten and his three guests-the Messrs. Sokoloff, Ganz, and Reiner, in the order named. Everybody except Mr. Sokoloff has toyed with the merry pranks of "Till Eulenspiegel" and expounded the too popular "Tod und Verklärung." There have been several performances from various batons of Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils, the youthful exercise for wind instruments which the composer called a "Serenade," the Wagnerish love scene from "Feuersnot," "Ein Heldenleben" and even that strange compound of flatulence and beauty, "Don Quixote." Mr. Van Hoogstraten, who grows constantly more diligent in his search for novelties, completed this catalogue with a performance of a military march composed by Richard II for reasons which we cannot give you to the penny at current exchange rates.

Even Herr Strauss cannot say that he isn't appreciated, and Herr Strauss can say a good deal. Yet it seems to us that most of his works are begin-



ning to sound a bit outmoded. Strauss was a revolutionary thirty years ago, but many bows have been drawn across the bridges since the days when "Till Eulenspiegel" was condemned as unorthodox. This very "Eulenspiegel," in fact, is, to our hospitable ears, perhaps the only orchestral work of Richard, Himself, that bears the many repetitions which it draws. Hardly any work of our time catches so delicately the mood of an old legend, and there is not much in orchestral music as charmingly wistful as the little postlude in which the resurrected Till returns to become a perennial god of mischief.

"Don Juan," which has become to be a conductors' pons asinorum, is hollow beside "Till." The first few pages are brilliant, but the rest of it is principally good orchestration. The Don becomes tedious after his first rush into the boudoir or whatever you care to read into the music. The Stadium soft, dry mat occupants had their choice of four versions of the estimable butter-and-egg man. Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave him a spiritual side, and we suspect that his interpretation approached most nearly the verses of Lenau which are attached to the score. Mr. Sokoloff had him plunging vigorously from rock to rock. (We were about to say something more arboreal, but let it pass.) Mr. Ganz made him a smooth little seducer, and Mr. Reiner offered him fast and loose. All versions were good, but the composition sounds a little tired, like the Don in person.

Although the rest of Strauss will stand as a study in instrumentation, "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote" and the rest of them—with the exception of Salome's Charleston—sound less and less inspired at each perform-



ance. In 1975, the music mauler of THE NEW YORKER probably will dictate something about "Berlioz, Strauss, and other composers interesting chiefly for their orchestral ingenuity."

The songs of Strauss and the operas are something else again, and so will be this department's accounting on them, if any.

COMPOSER whose work you A might watch is young Rieti, whose concertino for wind instruments and orchestra Mr. Reiner chaperoned into the Stadium. Rieti, born in Alexandria of Italian parents, is one of "The Three," and if you know who the other two are, let us hear from you, package prepaid. Unlike most of the young fellows who are writing down notes for strings and winds and armies of percussion, Rieti has continuity of ideas, and his scoring "sounds." The funeral march of the concertino is an oddly absorbing bit of music making, and the whole work deserves further hearings.----R. A. s.

Art

HE worst fault, and perhaps the THE worst fault, and pernaps une only virtue, of a critic is to dis-cover genius. The dramatic critic tries it time and again, never seeming to take into account the fact that the producer of the play in which the actor is cast has been there a few weeks before him. And the lookeron for art must realize that the picture he sees has been discovered by at least the gallery owner. But still we try, getting some elation out of it, or some vicarious sense of success. Whatever the motive, let's pretend it's a good one; and of all the shovelsful that we throw up, a little pay dirt may appear now and then.

It's Sherwood Anderson who deserves the credit for Harwood H. Simpson, our new genius. Mr. Anderson, flush with his royalties, we understand became patron in a practical way to Mr. Simpson, and suggested that the artist send his output to the Weyhe Galleries as the best outlet for his Anderson took what he genius. wanted of the water colors for his . own, thus getting a little start on those who go in for primitive Americans. It was his right, he having seen Mr. Simpson and his works at some exhibition in New Orleans in the Spring.

Mr. Simpson's letter to the Galleries, accompanying the pictures, is perhaps the best exposition of the man and his work. "You will find," he writes, "that all of my paintings are on the best paper obtainable and the colors the best that can be bought. Please note that the perspective, proportions and all matters of drawing are above reproach and will stand the scrutiny of the best artists in the country. I am a retired engineer and so all my work is accurate. Please note also that nothing has been left out of my scenes. The result is a thorough study of nature, not mere daubs that the modern painter goes in for."

You may think that the letter is quoted in scorn. We assure you that it is not. Mr. Simpson has as much right to put it all into his pictures as has Peggy Bacon or Henri Rosseau. Indeed, he is a good deal like the latter in his meticulousness; except of course that Simpson never goes into himself, being content with his transittrained eye and his hand reared on topography maps. Here is this engineer, past middle age, after a lifetime

don't know much about art in his neighborhood, so he seeks New Orleans. There must be atmosphere in New Orleans. Degas found it there. And Simpson, in sending on his works at Anderson's suggestion, has hopes of a wider public in the Athens of America. "I have plenty more at home," he continues after a list of prices; "the one with the snow should bring at least \$35."

The works of Simpson have to be seen to be understood. No chronicle can give you any idea of it. It is not the kind of American primitive that you see in bootblack stalls, the mill and the water wheel, nor even the sort that sells on the Atlantic City But it is distinctively boardwalk. American and a product of the soil. It is also a product of a philosophy, the result of an era of big business, efficiency. Coupled with that is a man's training. If you are an engineer and make a mistake of a fraction of an inch, your railroad may come out in another State than the one you spent in gazing over the far horizons planned. Mr. Simpson knew that, of Texas brush and sand-red rivers, and took it with him into art. There settling down to be an artist. They is a water color of a flower ranch with

two little girls picking baskets of posies. The ranch must be acres. The flowers are myriad. But they are there, all of them, in their proper order, proper colors; if there is a bee after nectar in one of the flowerets, Mr. Simpson has put in the bee. A ranch house on the horizon is there in its proper elevation and color through the Texas haze. This all may sound rather silly. Perhaps it is. The sophisticates will assure you that it is silly. But it gave us a great kick.

Mr. Simpson has a lot of things up his sleeve aside from his transit, level, and tape. He has color, an inherent sense of design. He can do flip-flops with recession. If we had a thousand extra dollars, we believe we would buy up the Simpsons now for sale, get on a train and take the artist a copy of the life of Van Gogh, Cézanne, The Primer of Modern Art, and perhaps a stick of dynamite. Or perhaps a pair of smoked glasses through which he could see dimly. Maybe he won't paint a truly great picture until his eyesight begins to fail and he can only see a dozen miles. But we wager he will some day. If painting is "the



"THE GOLD RUSH" Charlie Chaplin breaks a year's screen silence to sound the pathetic note with his unusual artistry



art of charming the eye by color and line." as Meier-Graeffe says, our Texas discovery is a great painter. He can charm like one of his native rattlesnakes.-M. P.

Moving Pictures

TO parade sophistication in the face of "The Wanderer," which arrived at the Criterion after stage showings in 1917 A.D., would be like naughtily quoting from George Jean Nathan at Sunday School. Yet one cannot help but feel that the "Paramount Bible Class" version of the Prodigal Son and his butter-andegg-man wanderings is like unto a Sunday School lesson with sex appeal. Besides, for a modern, entirely surrounded by Darrow, it offers a too tempting target for supercritical broadside in its sweet simplicity of theme and moral.

Summarily the picture is, if supremely smooth-flowing, somewhat slow in getting away, and having got away somewhat too tempestuous in its exaggeration of orgie, nakedness and pyrotechnical dizziness. It is not without a beauty of tableaux and sensual pageantry which will appeal to you enormously if your tastes run to the Oriental-as ours do not. Yet one cannot help wondering about the equivocal position of the audiences which will enoy both its nudity and sermon. Still, as we have learned to do in these startling Haysian days, one must take his Bible with a pillar of ult.

MR. THOMAS MEIGHAN lends his Gaelic hardness to a hand-prepared tale by Booth Tarkington, warningly entitled,"The Man Who Found Himself," shown at the Rivoli. With a Columbia Extension Home Study Radio Course in Banking as a working basis, Mr. Tarkington has fashioned a strange and drab combination in the name of sacrifice and eye for an eye drama. For realism he sends Mr. Meighan to actual Sing Sing on a martyr's sentence. There, amidst not too enlightening prison scenes the lad's innate honesty is not long in asserting itself, winning for him the position of Chief Bromide Utterer, Rose Gardener and Trusty. There is also a realistic bit for Julia Hoyt. She plays-not without point, perhaps-a thrice nicked divorcee. She is growing somewhat chubby if you will pardon a young while will be found on page 23.

man's idealism. There are also tiny bits for Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Norman Trevor. Even Mr. Frank Morgan is in the thing. Despite the All-American tendency in casting, it would seem that Mr. Tarkington once upon a time didn't quite know what to do with a dull afternoon.---T. s.

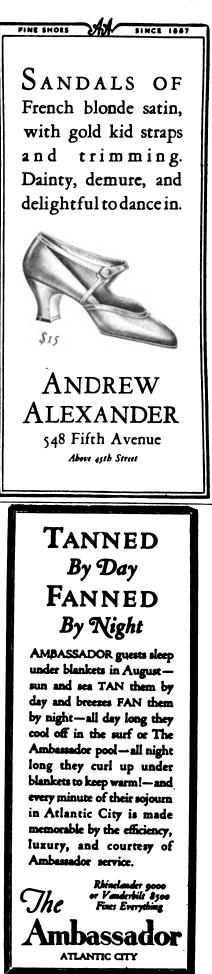
Books

ALREADY Fall novels are coming along in drifts. Of drift number one, the item to which we least grudged a Summer evening is "Ellen Adair," a picture of a ramshackle family—dispirited father, pretentious fool mother, shambling brother, and naturally safe and steady sister-in Edinburgh, as background for the picture of the mettlesome ninny who is gaited for prostitution, and whose home and rearing conduce to her striking her gait. The author, Frederick Niven, knows Ellen-Adairness to the last detail. He has neither a Maxwell Bodenheim nor a Shorter Catechist slant on it. He knows how to render it simply and directly into fiction, and the result is a fine, quiet novel unaware of its own merit.

L. GRANT WATSON'S idea E. GRANI WALLSCHER would have held all the power a master could have put into it. He set himself to show the effects, upon a rancher and his wife, of years in the Australian "bush," whose loneliness not only was deranging, in the ordinary way, to any one staying too long, but had special elemental qualities to which natures like the rancher's would become, in a more subtle way, addicted. How far he succeeded is a question of how hard "The Contracting Circle" hits you. In our case the impact was scattering.

OODAB" is ambitiously modern, expressionistic. It happens, though, that Harold A. Loeb has something to express, and the fantasies in which poor Doodab takes refuge from his overbearing wife, and fights the go-getter materialism he cannot fight in fact, are genuine and striking flights of imagination. There are features of the book-the wife is onethat are merely crude and bad, but Doodab is always interesting and gencrally appealing, and his daughter Luella is excellent.-TOUCHSTONE

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth

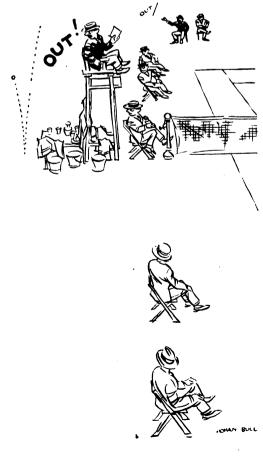


SPORTS OF THE WEEK

HE Women's National Tennis Tournament, after a week or so of matches for the elimination of those who couldn't have won it anyway, narrowed down to the semi-finals, and now is past history. Some players were unexpectedly trampled under foot during those first rounds—stalwarts who this column thought would stand far longer than they did; and this without belittling the rugged calves of Miss Wills or Mrs. Mallory. And now that it is over, those who made a point of being cautious can say, "I told you so." We, as it happened, were wrong.

But anyone who saw the matches, especially those on the Saturday when Miss Wills beat Miss Goss, and Miss McKane beat Mrs. Mallory, came away with a feeling that in spite of there having been no upsets, there was and always will be something "funny" about women's tennis. Sex, in other words, will out. Mrs. Mallory, perhaps, played somewhat like a man, but no one else did; which is why one heard here and there in the stadium people saying with peculiar emphasis that they liked women's tennis or that they did not.

On that Saturday, as it happened, there was about half a stadium of opinionated people. Somewhat cynically, we thought, and without a great deal of sportsmanship, they came to see how a number of young women would behave. And they were



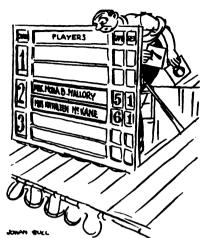
delightfully shown. At least four of them, in the singles, comported themselves with all the individuality that could have been desired.

In the first match there was a Miss Wills, a champion, who goes to bed at 8.30 during the tennis season, a young girl withal; and there was a Miss Goss, a pleadingly amateur player, an inveterate semi-finalist, a Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar, who goes to the theatre whenever she wants to no matter what the season be. In the second match there was a Mrs. Mallory, a dark woman, unimaginative, methodical, immensely strong, and very much undismayed, who has beaten some very good people and had a swell time doing it; and there was a Miss McKane who had all kinds of shots to offer, and who got more and more tired with every shot-who, this day at any rate, wavered between confidence and despair in a manner not to be expected in a player of such immense ability. As you may guess, both matches were filled with all kinds of subtleties.

In the first match Miss Wills, with unconscious rudeness, set herself to the task of getting into the finals where she belongs without any unnecessary thought. It is her weakness; for although she has a right to do this, it isn't wise in the long run. And from the first game to the last, she paid very little attention to Miss Goss across the net; simply stroking the balls as they came to her, and letting her opponent struggle anyway she wanted to. It was instructive to those who want to know what makes American champions. For on the one side was a performance of the highest quality, and on the other something unquestionably superlative on tap whenever needed-the extra talent-the sort of thing for which they pay that additional \$50,000 to artists like Fanny Brice and Will Rogers.

In the second match Mrs. Mallory, at the signal "play," began delivering her wares-her best, we think-and continued to do so until it came time to shake hands. So far as we know, she could have played five more sets in the same manner, and would have been glad to do it. And in this match, it was Miss McKane who struggled. She tried this and she tried that; she decided the only way to beat Mrs. Mallory was on the back hand, and she changed her mind; she decided the net was the place for her to be, and she decided it wasn't-and I think she went off the court without having decided anything; only thanking Heaven that the British could still blunder through somehow.

It was a horrid experience. All through the match she was being beaten in the back court and passed at the net. She has read in the papers that she won, but



she doesn't understand it. She is just indignant that a machine like Molla Bursted Mallory exists.

WO very fine matches they were. And looking into the future, without regard for scores in the tournament just ended, Miss Wills stood out as the only one of the four who suggests that she could ever develop a game that would beat Mlle. Lenglen at her best. It makes no matter how often the child-is beaten; in our opinion she has the extra ounce of talent-the last sixteenth-the thing they pay Babe Ruth the extra \$50,000 for. But then on the same score whisper this: any girl who is inclined to let well enough alone, who disregards any department of the game however minor on the supposi-tion that it isn't important, will not beat Lenglen. Perhaps Miss Wills is not guilty of this, but she often gives that impression. She is too often blasé. And were we one of those who have her destiny in hand, we would ask her please to remember that the Mademoiselle of France plays admirably from the backline or the net, it matters not which, either on one foot or two, or lying down or standing on her head as the exigencies of the match require. We for one, like women's tennis. But we don't understand it.

But that is that. One of the finest women's tournaments in history is over: we wonder will the men's be as good.

NOTIFY all Easterners that the Gold Cup is coming back with me to Detroit after the races at Manhassett Bay in August!"

Commodore Gar Wood of Detroit speaking. He was, of course, referring to the Gold Cup races to be held Saturday of this week off Long Island on Manhassett Bay. The veteran racing man who for ten years has been making motor boat history was doing more than issue a verbal challenge to Eastern racing men

when he said those words. He was, through the medium of the long distance telephone, entering with my good friend, Charles F. Chapman, the chairman of the Race Committee, his new speed boat Baby America II. Mr. Chapman, in his other rôles, is the editor of Motor Boating, and a good deal of a racing enthusiast himself. Last August at Detroit, driving the speed boat, Miss Columbia, owned by a syndicate of members of the Columbia Yacht Club of New York, he won the second heat of the Gold Cup race in record time, averaging 46 miles an hour. Only a floating bottle from the (I suppose) Canadian side prevented him from taking a first in the finals.

The Gold Cup Regatta this week is going to be the biggest thing in motor boating in this country. For the three days, over three hundred boats have entered in the different classes, and there are fourteen entries for the Gold Cup itself. The Gold Cup is a historic trophy. It has been fought over since 1904; and last August, after a visit of almost ten years in the Middle West, it was brought back to New York by Baby Bootlegger, the boat owned and piloted by Caleb S. Bragg, and equipped with a special Packard motor.

Besides the cup defender which will be driven this year by Colonel Jesse G. Vincent, vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company, who, it will be recalled, drove his own Packard equipped boat to victory in 1922, Mr. Bragg has a new Crouch designed racer, Running Wild. And Detroit, as may be gathered from Commodore Wood's statement, is determined to take back the Gold Cup to Michigan.

Besides his boat, Horace E. Dodge, head of the Dodge Boat Works of Detroit, will have two, and possibly three Crouch designed boats in the race.

Carl Fischer of Miami is attempting to stage the 1926 races for the Gold Cup next Winter in Florida by challenging with his *Baby Shadow*, a speedy craft with a 260 h.p. Wright marine engine. A man who knows motor boats and who has seen her under way tells me she has enormous possibilities.

An unusual boat built entirely of duraluminium for George H. Townsend, and, of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, will also be watched with interest.

Mr. Townsend, who is besides being a devotee of racing, the president of the Boyce Motometer Company, has appropriately enough called his craft *Baby Motormeter*.

The Gold Cup race itself will be run on Saturday, August 29, in three thirtymile heats. There will also be aqua plane races by Hawaiian experts, several long distance races for motor boats, and the One Mile Championship of America in six one-mile heats. Steel railway barges, each capable of seating five thousand persons, have been placed on Manhassett Bay for spectators; and with the three thousand yachts at anchor during the running of the events, this first motor boat meeting on Long Island waters since 1912 should indeed be a sight worth going a long way to see.

EARLY in the week I met Rene La-coste, the mainstay of the French Davis Cup team, just off the Rochambeau from Havre. He seemed glad to be here, and declared that he was in good condition and hoped to do his best in the Davis Cup matches in September. As he is never in anything but good condition, this is hardly news. However, it is worth noting that for the first time the French team has landed here two weeks or more before their first match. They are taking no chances on climate and surroundings in their endeavor to be the challengers of the United States this year for the first time in the twenty-five years of the Davis Cup.

DROPPED in the other day at the Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show at Mr. E. T. Bedford's private race track at Green's Farms, Connecticut. For the second year the Fairfield County Hunt Club has staged its show in the setting of rolling hills and countryside that might well have been Bucks, Hants, or any one of the six Home Counties in the neighborhood of London. An organization unique among Hunt Clubs, this progressive organization numbers among its members horse lovers and sportsmen from the artist colony at Westport and Norwalk who have organized a polo team representing the club which plays matches weekly with local teams. The program for the two days show was excellently conceived and carried out, including events for hunters, polo ponies, saddle horses of different weights, as well as separate classes for ladies and children.

In the near future the club expects, so I am told, to erect a clubhouse, plans by Mr. Paul Cutler being already drawn up.

Horsemen in plenty were in evidence at Green's Farms, notable among them being Brigadier General Debevoise who showed horses in several classes, Reginald Vanderbilt, Fred Bedford, William T. Eno, and others. At luncheon I observed Anna Fitzu, Everett Shinn with Mrs. Shinn, Governor Templeton of Connecticut, John Held discussing the construction of the two new polo fields with Robert Fay, the captain of the polo team, Van Wyck Brooks, Richard Connell and Mrs. Connell, Clark Fay, Mrs. William Gellatley, Greeley Macy and, of course, Mr. Bedford who is to such a large extent responsible for the success of the club. Theatre Guild Productions Garrick Galeties

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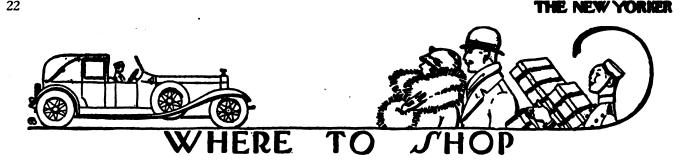
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WOMEN'S CLUB. One or two rooms, fireplace, on first or second floor in building with restaurant accommodations. Between 38th and 57th Street.

the club. Communicate with Louella Parsons, -J. R. T. Hotel Algonquin.

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INWARD BOUND

The first few winter residents, bound inward from Europe, world tours, and American summer re-sorts are beginning to dot the railway and steamship terminals. They are like the first spattering raindrops that precede the deluge. Soon in the smart gathering places of New York, a host of familiar faces will reappear.

Then will begin, in a dusty frenzy, the business of taking the Summer coverings from the furniture and the moth balls from the clothes press. Coincident with this is the delightful task of refurbishing the town house or apartment, of making new selections for the wardrobe, and of catching up on the chic innovations which the small shops have newly created. A Baedekar to the solution of your every decorative desire, personal wish, and household need is supplied by THE NEW YORKER'S confidential guide.

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"LOW BRIDGE"

is a signal for a rapid and instituctive movement, of one's cranium, from the dangerous upper atmosphere, The command, warning of danger, is sufficient. Equally sufficient is THE NEW YORKER's shopping guide post, "Where to Shop." It points to quality and service. These columns will open one's eyes to many treasures, classified for your convenience.

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THE LADY ABOUT TOWN

The "man about town" has long been a heralded character in fiction and an easily recognizable person in real life. His clothes are perfection; he knows what is being done, where to purchase the charming nice-ties of life, and how to make the most delightful use of them of them.

The man about town to-day finds his parallel in the lady about town. She is an inveterate seeker of a flicker of tasteful color that tells her she has discovered a new source of attractive possessions. These may range from old brass candlesticks unearthed in a curio shop pungent with romance, to a more utilitarian but exceedingly dainty pair of shoes. The shopping guide of THE NEW YORKER is care-fully designed to be a chart for the exploring lady about town. When she starts out to follow a recom-mendation appearing in the columns below, it will always be with a sense of adventure, but adventure that is certain to end happily.

Golf School

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THREE MAIDENS

went shopping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat" and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of quality and service at the stores that they would visit, on their trip.

Restaurants

AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.

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THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, August 28, to Friday, September 4, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY-Plymouth

- The last week of as great an American play as you're likely ever to see. GARRICK GAIETIES Garrick
- A festive and entertaining revuelet by the
- young people of the Theatre Guild. SPRING FEVER-Maxine Elliott's An amusing comedy of Life among the
- Golfers. **ROSE-MARIE**—Imperial
- Last season's musical sensation, with Desiree
- Ellinger and William Kent. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES New Amsterdam The funniest revue Mr. Ziegfeld has ever
- offered. It is now in its last few weeks. LOUIE THE XIV-Cosmopolitan
- A lavishly staged musical play, with some fooling around by Leon Errol's legs. ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden
- The eighteen Hoffmann girls and Phil Baker and Rogers and Brennan-and, in general, as entertaining a revue as the town has seen in
- many years. THE STUDENT PRINCE-Joison's
- A near operetta, with a book based on "Old
- Heidelberg" and much fine music finely sung. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw The Pulitzer Prize play, with superb acting
- by Pauline Lord. THE GORILLA-Selwyn A mad burlesque of the stencilled mystery
- DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan O'Neill's play, the one that's causing the English newspapers to dust off their editorials

about the censorship. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo

- A typical edition of Mr. White's annual offer-
- ing. 18 ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth Street The most amusing comedy in town, with shrewdly selected dialogue in the American
- language. THE FALL GUY-Eltinge

Another comedy in the American language, with Ernest Truex in excellent histrionic form.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH

Charlie Chaplin dispensing laughs and tears near the Arctic. See him: this is your only life. Strand.

KISS ME AGAIN High comedy extracted from low divorce complications. If there must be movies, let us

- have more of Mr. Lubitsch, director. Broadway Theatre, Fri., Sat., Aug. 28, 29. SIEGFRIED
 - Abridged version of Siegfried the Nordic's life, not without its beauty spots, magnificence and plain dullness. Concomitant with Wagner's score, it may be an experience to you.

Century. THE UNHOLY THREE

A little plain terrorizing by a sideshow trio with Mr. Chancy playing neither centipede, tarantula, lobster, beetle, scarab, dodo, tsetse fly, octopus nor housefly. Good melodrama. Loew's Lexington, Sat., Aug. 29.

ART

- HARWOOD H. SIMPSON-Weyhe Galleries Introducing, via Sherwood Anderson, some-thing new in American artists. AMERICANS—Medium—Milch Galleries
- A fair sample of what this gallery keeps, and kceps.

MUSIC

- STADIUM CONCERTS-Lewisohn Stadium
- The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Willem Van Hoogstraten conducting, Fri., Sat., Sun., Aug. 28, 29, 30, when the season closes with your two favorite symphonies-Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" and Beethoven's Fifth. MUNICIPAL OPERA COMPANY-P
- UNICIPAL OPERA COMPANY-Polo Grounds Wed., Sep. 2, "Carmen," with Ethedra Aves and others. Look at the morning paper for details before starting. This company did a good "Aida" in July.

SPORTS

- TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. 1.
 - Fri., Sat., Mon., September 4, 5, 7. Interzone Davis Cup Finals, France, with Lacoste, Borotra and Brugnon, against Australia with Anderson, Patterson and Hawkes for the right to challenge the United States at Philadelphia,
- YACHTING-New York Yacht Club, New York Thurs., Sept. 3. Annual Fall Regatta. BASEBALL
- At Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Boston,
 - Tues., Wed., Sept. 1, 2. At Polo Grounds: New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (Boni & Liveright). A "dangerous girl" and her sensible sister, in a lower middle class home in Edinburgh.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). Further ironic developments in the lives of some of his characters. As deep in spots as you can dive, and amusing everywhere
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). Who killed all those sheep and three and possibly four persons round about a seaside haunted house? You will keep right on reading until you learn. THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). An
- Italian couple and their English employers in a villa in northern Italy. After they become old friends of yours, you are treated to an explosion of comedy.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (Bobbs Merrill). Just a good story, rather a short one, told with consummate skill.
- SEA Horses, by Frances Brett Young (Knopf). A tramp freighter's chivalrous captain takes

a girl to seek her husband in the port of Panda, Africa. Romance, and of distinction. PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton).

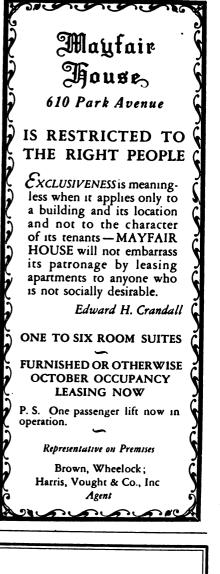
A North Dakota wheat farmer's spirited daughter between a dreamer and the village banker, who made himself, using a toothpick.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). Galsworthy's short and "long-short" stories in a complete collection.

GENERAL

- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (Putnam). Essays by the author of "Galapagos" and "Jungle Peace."
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). The slashingly original Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel in London, as drawn out by Mary Lawton with great success.
- ORANGES AND LEMONS and THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two books. The cream of Milne's Punch contributions, except those in "When We Were Very Young."



THE NEW YORKER

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HIS beautiful example of an English Inn of the Elizabethan period is located on Park Place, Goshen, N. Y., fronting on Court House Square and overlooking the Historic Track.

No more delightful place will be found to lunch or dine than the open-air dining terrace overlooking the Historic Track and the beautiful hills stretching beyond.

The bedrooms are spacious, splendidly appointed, connected with bath. The cuisine and service attain the best metropolitan standards. European and American Plan.

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Mile	es to Rout
61	New York
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100	Albany
21	Newburgh
28	West Point 1
67	Delaware Water Gap 10
28	Port Jervis 10
134	Binghamton
97	Waterbury 1
35	Poughkeepsie





AST week, what with the heat and the fact that almost everybody was nursing, none too amiably, his particular edition of the colds, sore throats, and sinus that is going the rounds, chicken sandwiches consumed in the sanctity of the home seemed as desirable as any dinner you had to go out to get, and the radio satisfied all cravings for excitement very nicely, thank you.

One languid excursion down to Greenwich Village with the patient roommate for dinner resulted in the discovery that the Crumperie, on Washington Place, is serving breakfast and luncheon only. during these dull out-of-town days, and will therefore not be its charming self for tea until later on in September.. Also found that Frau Greta's, a German restaurant that Charles Hanson Towne occasionally frequents, was apparently closed for the Summer.

There was nothing to do except eat in one of the ten thousand anonymous tea rooms that dot that part of town or go to the Brevoort, which we finally did. I knew perfectly well that the Brevoort is primarily the place to go for breakfast, but the food is excellent and the waiters courteous all the time.

HE only other excitement of the week was the occasion of Texas Guinan's return to the Del Fey Club. Everybody was present, from Ed Gallagher and his new partner, attempting valiantly to remember their new act amidst a good deal of good-natured razzing, to "The little lady who does not sing, or dance, but makes the best coffee in New York-my mother!" The appearance of the hostess, without her necklace of padlocks, which she asserted was so heavy that she left it at home, was greeted by what is popularly known as an ovation. There was the usual jamming of tables, the usual two-by-four dance floor, the usual arguments, the fervent singing of "Boola-Boola" and "Old Nassau" in happy impartiality, and the usual bland cuties in the entertainment, showing the most flagrant coats of tan in New York. At four o'clock in the morning when I departed, soaked to the skin by a glass of ginger ale that had been neatly emptied into my lap, the party was still going strong. No other person in the world can imbue a place with the hilarious vitality that Texas can.

AGREAI mystery surround pearance of the Russian Eagle, form-GREAT mystery surrounds the disaperly on Fifty-seventh Street, just off Madison Avenue. This was a famous haunt of really high-class Russians and the better type of New Yorkers. Several months ago, General Lodyjensky, the proprietor, suddenly departed for Hollywood to take part in a picture with Gloria Swanson. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lodyjensky, in partnership with a Russian Jew and an Armenian, opened the Russian Eagle Club, on Fifty-seventh Street next to Chalif's. All was well for two weeks. The old clientele did not abandon its favorite haunt.

Then, quite suddenly, a hand-written sign appeared on the door, announcing that the Russian Eagle Club had closed temporarily for repairs. And that was all that was known for several weeks. Gossip now goes the rounds that the old feud between Russian Jews and Armenians had been forgotten sufficiently for Madame Lodyjensky's two partners to unite in an effort to seize more than their share of the profits. She promptly removed her furniture and departed for Hollywood, where her husband is acting as assistant director and impersonator of Napoleon in a film company. Her former partners are left high and dry.

It looks now as if the Russian Eagle were no more. So much the worse for restaurant life in New York. There are few dining places that would be missed, but the Russian Eagle held an unique niche that it will be next to impossible to fill.—LIPSTICK

Walker promises citizens a fair hearing on public questions at the City Hall. We shall throw our influence to any candidate who pledges himself not to see freaks and publicity seekers. Our peerless leader will refuse to meet the longest-whiskered man in Arkansas or to be photographed with a fellow who has hopped on one leg from Ashtabula, Ohio.

Anybody Need a Sextette?

For SALE-I Big white male Goat, also lady's shoes size 3 1-2; also 3 pairs of children, the same size. Phone 4221.

-From Anderson (Ind.) Daily Bulletin

All Cut Up

At first I thought that many had been killed. There was a horrible cry of terror, followed by moans and shouts. Women and children were separated, and even men lost their heads. -Interview in Memphis (Tenn.) Press





The July 4th celebration at the new \$250,000 Casino and Swimming Pool at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

Make your Vacation do Double Duty

Enjoy a fine vacation, and see Hollywood-by-the-Sea. Palm Beach, Miami and Florida's wonderful Southeast Coast. All the country is thinking and talking and wondering about Florida. See Florida, and enjoy a fine vacation too at Florida's All-Year Resort City—Hollywood-by-the-Sea.

Do it, and you will luxuriate in the most valuable vacation you have ever known, and learn the wonderful story of Hollywood-by-the-Sea, the most brilliant gem of Florida's necklace of jewel beaches. You will know the fascination of traveling over the most varied panorama of the sea coast. You will know the charm of the wonderful tropical nights, and moonlit beaches that woo romance.

Then, too, you can learn to know Hollywood, a place to live, a place to enjoy life, a modern seaside city built by Joseph W. Young, in the choicest section of the Florida Southeast Coast.

Hollywood will surprise and thrill you as it has

hundreds of excursionists this summer. You will delight in its modern hotels; its beautiful country club; and above all, its matchless beach, with its \$250,000 rainbow-hued bathing casino.

He is wise who spends his recreation time at Hollywood. The trip is an education in itself. You will find improvement as well as pleasure; your outing will do double service.

To take this trip costs but \$150-every expense included: Transportation on boat and motor busberth and meals on the boat-meals and sleeping quarters at the Hollywood Hotel-all amusements and entertainment.

Yes, \$150 for it all!

But you must act quickly. Get your reservations in at once. They are accepted in the sequence they are received. Decide to visit Hollywood, and broaden your horizon in a dozen ways of improvement.



Florida's all-year resort city — A Place to Live



Steamer transportation, round trip Steamer berth and meals Transportation by automobile Hotel accommodation – room and meals Specially arranged entertainment Yes, all of it for \$150.

Reservations should be made immediately for one of the four scheduled sailings as accommodations are limited to 200 and list is filling rapidly.

Oct. 6 - Oct. 13 - Oct. 20 - Oct. 27

HOLLYWOOD TRIP COUPON Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Touring Department Hollywood. National City Building	
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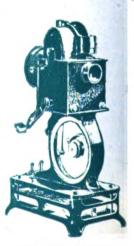
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PATHEX MOTION, PICTURE PROJECTOR Operates on home electric light current—throws mo-tion pictures 27" x 36" at a distance of only 12 ft. Automatic stop for titles, saving 35 to 30% on film factage, automatic film take-up and rewind mak-ing operation and chang-ing film assimple as opera-ting and changing record on a phonograph.

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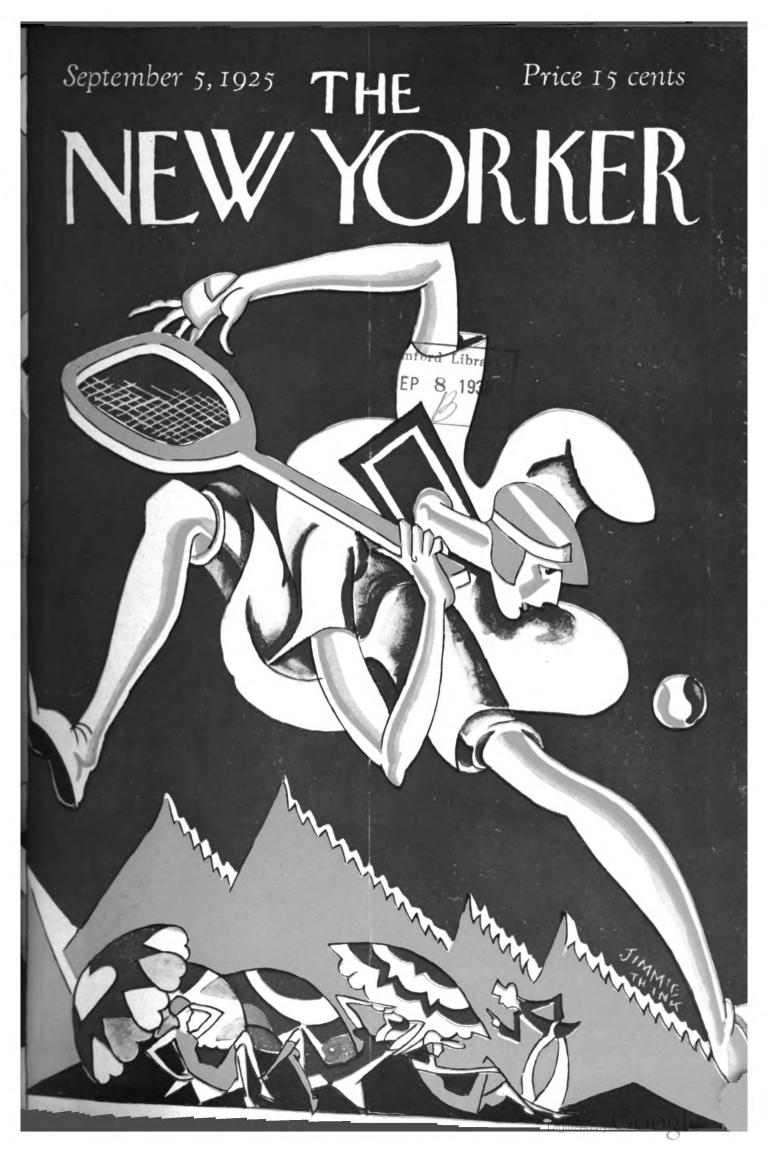
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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

IV. How Paper is Made From Rags

HE layman has little or no conception of what a piece of paper has to go through; and your careless reader, absently tracing concentric circles on the clean, fresh pages of THE NEW YORKER spread before him, seldom realizes the struggles, the beatings and heartaches that this little sheet has suffered since it was a glad rag upon milady's back so long ago. In order to appreciate what lies behind a sheet of paper, let us follow its adventures from the time it leaves milady's back to its ultimate position as a page in THE NEW YORKER.

The rag is brought to the factory in a great bale, where it is pressed close to other rags, the dirty brown and white of peasants mingling with the gay silks of the capitals of Europe. When the bale is cut open, these rags are carefully sorted into two piles, pink and blue; these piles are then mixed together again, and the work of cleaning them begins. The rags are first run through a revolving cylinder known as a "thrasher," with revolving arms that dislodge the dirt and clean the rags.

The dirt having been carried away in huge machines like vacuum cleaners, only bigger, the rags are sorted by hand, and the dirt is removed, along with various other things like buttons, hooks and eyes, nickels, pennics and commutation tickets.

After they have been thoroughly cleaned, they are cut into small pieces and the dirt is removed from the seams; they are then cleaned and put through a cylinder known as a "devil" or "whipper" or "Alfred R. Jenkins," which shakes and tears them and gets rid of the dirt.



ONE of the many debutants employed in the Rag Cleaning Department of THE NEW YORKER. On the table may be seen the hat and gloves of our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER'S Directors-in-Chief of Rag Cleaning.

The rags must now be cleaned; and after they have been pounded, stepped on, and tossed in a blanket, they are loaded into great boilers or "digesters" filled with steam to a pressure of forty pounds, and these "margarets" turn meditatively on their axis twelve or fourteen hours until the rags are clean. Then the resulting mess is taken out and thoroughly washed, after which it is treated to a mixture of lime and soda or "Broadway Fizz, \$.20."

At this point the cleaning process begins in earnest; for after a day in these "clinkers" or "sandwiches" the rags are run rapidly through huge "galoshes," after which they are emptied on the floor in a large "the" and shoveled into "washing machines" where they are washed. The next step is to clean the dirty mess; and to accomplish this they are sent to a cleaner's, where the entire material is washed, dried and ironed. All that now remains is to soak the stuff thoroughly in boiling water, and then it is ready to be cleaned. Here the real work of cleaning starts.

First, the rags are placed in vast oval-shaped tubs or "tubs" about twenty-five feet long, nine feet wide, three feet deep, and twenty-five feet long by nine feet wide, capable of holding from one to two thousand pounds of rags. Around and around this tub the rags swish, and it is the duty of the workers to hit at them with mallets as they go by. They are now removed to another part of the factory, where more people hit at them with mallets; and for several days thereafter they are "freshmen" and anyone is privileged to hit at them with a mallet. This is supposed to remove the dirt.

After the cleaning process is completed, and our rag has been cleaned and the dirt removed, it is gathered up and carried in a limp condition to a complicated machine. There is no opportunity here to describe this machine more thoroughly, so suffice it to say that it is very involved indeed, with a great many wheels and levers and pet cocks and gadgets, and that it changes the rags into paper.

This result is called *paper*; and on it is printed THE NEW YORKER.

While this elaborate explanation has given us all a minute picture of how rags are made into paper, yet there are other and more fascinating phases of the work of making a magazine. Five dollars insures your receipt of this illuminating series.



Thrashing and mangling rags from which paper is made. In the background may be discerned Mr. Eustace Tilley himself.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HE society of American Teachers of Dancing has been hard at the work of prophecy, and comes forward with the statement that a modified Charleston will be the popular Winter dance, with "revivals" of the tango and waltz.

Perhaps. But to anyone who can properly exhibit the Charleston, three steps of the tango, or one turn of the waltz on the postage stamp space provided in most of our restaurants and night clubs THE NEW YORKER will offer a silver-mounted copy of "The Survival of the Fittest" with a photograph of the author.

THE new and gigantic skyscraper which is soon to be built in order to bring back to New York the credit of having the biggest office building in the world, according to the newspaper statements, is going to have its first seven stories underground. We are indifferent to this. It is the old story of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. What they should have done was build the first seven stories of that seven-story building on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street underground.

WE, ourselves, do not altogether believe that the recent craze for pretty blue and red striped hatbands necessarily means that the Greater Public is trying to palm itself off as belonging to the Racquet and Tennis Club of Park

Avenue. At least we don't think it's a crisis. But the authorities think otherwise; for they have issued new



bands to the duly initiated body—blue with two small stripes instead of one fat one. This means that those who have been deliberately fraudulent must make another trip to the hatband weaver's.

I T comes as a surprise to hear that Pullman porters have organized a union, and will demand a raise in pay



because of reduction in tips.

It is true that the old time "Thank you, Sir" with a smile, has not been readily forthcoming in response to tips for some time. But then, the awkward talk goes that one may expect thanks only when one has overtipped. This has become proverbial: and, as a result, perhaps one has been undertipping without knowing it. How is one to tell?

THE National Association of Retail Clothiers has put the ban on extreme width trousers. Persons owning Oxford bags should now give them to the deserving poor—and run.

The Week

LONDON sees a performance of "Hamlet" with the actors in modern attire and Yale faculty considers plans to simplify undergraduate life there. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says men are still hostile to her sex and five hundred thousandth telephone is installed on Long Island. The Soviets agree to restore vodka to the Russian people and the Rev. O. T. Gilmore asserts Prohibition is no longer an issue. Two men sail a twelve-ton yawl here from Norway

for Nordic celebration and Mayor Hylan assists at opening of new synagogue. Creditors try to get fourteen millions out of bankrupt Selznick movie firm and Mr. Will Hays considers ways and means to coerce Connecticut into removing state tax on films. Luggage sales decrease

owing to women's scantier attire and a French scientist claims to have discovered evidences of the existence of the soul. Primary campaign gets into full swing and Commissioner Enright instructs police to quit arresting motorists for petty offenses. Embassy Theatre opens under management of Gloria Gould Bishop and Mrs. Eva Siedelman, who stole bottle of milk for her starving children, refuses all offers of charity.

Return

ON this, his second visit to the United States, Mr. Michael Arlen is the guest of Mr. Charles Dillingham, being at the moment deeply engaged in his host's forthcoming presentation of Mr. Cyril Maude in "These Charming People." And, between times, casting watchful eyes on "The Green Hat," whose New York première next week comes just in the nick of time to save many of Mr. Arlen's admirers from collapses fomented by anguished anticipation.

Mr. Arlen, one learns, will be with us quite some of the time in the Lion future. He has sold off his bothersome library, subleased his London flat and presented to his mother that superbly appointed Rolls-Royce which was the talk of feminine Mayfair (it is equipped with a complete dressing table, and what touch, even in "These Charming People," is nicer than that?).

He has, in other words, struck off the shackles which bound him to a particular spot, and is free to roam the globe, henceforth, a "one-trunk man," as he puts it himself, or, again, "an Armenian with a rug over his shoulder." It was on Mr. Arlen's last visit that, at one of the dinners given for him, a guest remarked, "First Armenian I ever met who didn't try to sell me a rug." Which mot was duly reported to its victim, who, mildly amused, observed that he used to laugh heartily at the quip until perhaps fifteen years ago.

Many engagements press upon Mr. Arlen during this stay. There awaits the jaunt to Hollywood promised for next month and the one, or two, movies he must produce there, depending on how well he likes the ways and works of the Hon. Will Hays. Thereafter, he will return, to bask in the joys of Broadway royalties until such time as he feels the urge to be off to Palm Beach. He may even take a flyer in Florida realty, for Mayfair's laureate does not permit his appreciation of London's culture to carry him 's All Right, Bill Has a White Ear.



off in a financial way. Most of his fortune is invested in American securities.

This disloyalty to consols is as nothing compared to Mr. Arlen's purchase of a Rolls Royce. Iris March, who drove through heavens knows how many editions in an Hispano-Suiza, may well turn over in her grave at the news.

X/HAT with Mr. Arlen's endeavors, and those of the newlyanointed Mr. Noel Coward, this theatrical season will have a distinctly British flavor. This seems only fair when one recalls the Budapests of other years and the state of London at the moment, where the boards groan beneath the treads of so many creatures of American dramatists.

Despite Mr. Lonsdale's and Mr. Arlen's superb efforts, this youthful Mr. Coward, whom New York knows thus far only as the adroit contriver



of lyrics for Charlot's Revue, is the rage of the London dramatic season. Not since the sunflower days of Oscar

Wilde has a British dramatist enjoyed at home such prosperous distinctionas he-four plays running at once, whilst the best the Wildian vogue produced was three.

And Mr. Coward is to have two more in New York soon: "The Vortex," and "Hay Fever," with even a third in the offing, if Mr. Charles Dillingham can persuade Miss Jane Cowl that "Easy Virtue" would be just the right vehicle to follow a triumph as Juliet

Mr. Coward is still a youngster in years, being in his twenty-sixth, but he is old in the theatre. Behind him lie sixteen years of endeavor, for he was, in an earlier day, one of those fearsome ancients, a child actor.

He has seen New York before, twice, and to his sorrow. He roamed his Broadway at nineteen and, again, a few years later, silent, disappointed and, some say, occasionally hungry. Hungry or not, each time he returned to London, having convinced none here of his ability, save a few loyal friends, among them his compatriot, Miss Lynn Fontaine, who gave him precious artistic faith in the times when belief was denied by all others of Broadway.

The characters of his comedies are limned with little mercy, and with less regard for weak-souled audi-They are the younger Lonences. doners of to-day, decadent and fiercely-indolent in the pursuit of unchastened pleasures. And yet the same pen which drew them dipped itself into a far pleasanter ink to produce the lyric with which Miss Bealong ago, "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet."

Holiday

AND now the town faces Labor Day and the unwritten commandment to go forth to view woodland and beach for a last time, before the red and golds of Autumn make them glorious. Tradition decrees a crowded exodus and an even more crowded return over that week-end holiday which lowers the official curtain upon Summer. Well is it named Labor Day, for travel is never so laborious as then.

Never, as on Labor Day, do the bridges, depots, tubes, ferries, and other agencies of egress demonstate so thoroughly their charming, newworld inadequacy; never is that apartment in the Pennsylvania Depot which is set aside for the use of the Long Island Railway more full of people and carbon dioxide. But these dangers the public will face. If all goes well, between the nights of Friday and Monday, there will pass through that single whimsical subcellar

alone something better than a million pounds of human flesh seeking pleasure on the beaches, swayed now by hope, and now harried by despair.

And while they strain to get on, elsewhere the bridges will be groaning and the ferries will be reeling under frightful burdens; the roads will be black with motors for fifty miles around, and a million people will be breathing the exhaust of the cars in front. Oceans of pop will be drunk; tons of chewing gum will be chewed.

The denizens of Newport or South Hampton may have their house parties at this time, but they will be fin du saison affairs; society by now is jaded by three months of verdure and surfeited with ozone. Labor Day is for the many, not the few.

The many will go and they will return. And when they have sunk back into their flats, jaded at Summer's end, Fall will dip its brush in magic colors and smear them across the countryside. But never will one member of the Labor Day crowds gaze on those glories. For them, there will be no country until Memorial Day shall bid them go forth once more.

Generosity

EMPLOYEES of the hotel in St. Louis from which Mr. George Herman Ruth of the Yankees Baseball Team left in disgrace for New York, minus a \$5,000 fine imposed by Manager Huggins, reported the Home Run King departing in the best of humor. Mr. Ruth is an easy-going Sultan, and perhaps these same employees remember a hot week earlier in the Summer when the batsman made a less hasty adieu.

In that week Mr. Ruth, finding himself a trifle short in wearing apparel, strolled to a haberdasher's and



YOUNG COMPOSER: "—and are you familiar with my compositions?" GUEST: "Yes, I knew most of them before you were born."

bought some twenty, bright silk shirts. These he wore throughout the team's stay, at the rate of three a day; and when the Yankees moved on he left them, strewn about his room.

"They're yours," said Mr. Ruth to a conscientious bell boy who ran after him with the collected garments.

Reconnaissance

O N odd occasions through the Sumeralissimos is to be noticed combining the needs of travel with the opportunity it affords for keeping the common touch. He is Mr. James A. Farrell, the president of the U. S. Steel Corporation, who commutes on the New York, New Haven & Hartford, scorning the club car in favor of the day coach.

There is much method in his apparent madness. Mr. Farrell invariably chooses a seat next to some more lowly-placed mortal, and before the train has swerved across the Harlem River Bridge, the steel chieftain has his unsuspecting companion delivering himself of his views about matters of daily concern.

By this method, I presume, Mr. Farrell keeps more accurate fingers on the common pulse than do his companions of the General Staff of the Industrial Army.

Lyric

I T is not altogether just to tag Senator James J. Walker so prominently with that dolorous lyric which won him early fame. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was written in a sentimental age, when beery tears rolled down many a bloated cheek upon its rendition by throaty singing

waiters. It was only a few years behind the bathetic "Just Break the News to Mother," and it preceeded by approximately the same interval Mr. Irving Berlin's too-tragic, "When I Lost You." The days which produced such songs are dead days, and, some say, dear ones.

Senator Walker knows better. One of a group, being a bit maudlin, recited one night Miss Millay's sonnet which concludes with the great couplet:

Whether or not we find what we are seeking,

Is idle, biologically speaking.

"I would rather have written that," said Senator Walker, "than be the Governor of this state."

He meant it, then. The Celt's soul was ascendant. But the next morning, when the mind was in control again, he would have scorned the idea. The Governor of this State is a force, as Senator Walker so well realizes. A poem, after all, is only an idea.

Celebrity

I T may be that by this time, Mr. Charles Chaplin is on his way to Canada, to get the month's sleep he so ardently craves, and to forget, for a time, that he is a motion picture producer with a motion picture payroll to be met each week. But, at the moment of writing, he was still at the Ritz, his telephone disconnected as protection against the invitations which, despite a stay of several weeks, flooded upon him.

He has almost religiously shunned the larger gaieties of the town; although he has been ogled once or twice by the dancers at Montmarte and by audiences in a few theatres.

Such attention annoys the comedian. He prefers being ignored; and this preference was granted him one night lately, when he held a reunion with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., newspaper publisher in Mr. Chaplin's own Los Angeles, and here on the business of his new air freight line. Presently the pair set forth for the Bowery, clad appropriately. Mr. Chaplin, by the way, always has had an ambition to own a newspaper.

It was their Harun-al-Rashidian whim, this evening, to fall in beside some Bowery lounger and invite him to coffee. Thereafter, when their guest had been warmed to conversation, they would lean forward, one on either side, and say:

"You know who I am? I'm Charlie Chaplin."

"And do you know who I am? I'm Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr."

At first there would be appreciation of the joke, but the Messrs. Chaplin and Vanderbilt would persist, as part of their sport, in making further statements so incredible that ultimately their derelict guest would flee, his worldly wisdom deeming it best to be away from there when the keepers arrived to reclaim their strayed lunatics. They tried their game many times, and always their guests left hurriedly. The Bowery is no place for gullibility.

HE remnants of our tenderloin districts hold a fascination for Mr. Chaplin, and he is at his happiest far from the enforced appreciation of his genius. Many times has he slipped away from the Ritz, on one occasion when seventy-five diners were seated, waiting to honor him. Cinema friends, missing him on Broadway, have been wont to infer intellectualism and snobbery, but they have been a little off the track. Even in his shopping habits, Mr. Chaplin is anything but a snob, for he will not patronize exclusive tailors and has been buying his clothes ready-made around the corner from the Ritz.

Bridge

BRIDGE and radio—those twin destroyers of *ennui*, or peace, as you will—are to do their labors together this Fall and Winter. Every ten days a rubber played by experts will be broadcast from a Cincinnati station and rebroadcast by so many others that the country cannot miss it, or escape it—as you please.

The gentlemen who will play these interesting games are the Messrs.

Work, Whitehead, Lenz, and Sherwood, the last better known in Chicago than he is here. It may seem strange that Mr. Foster is not included among the experts, but, as is frequently the case in other games, he is a much better instructor than

he is a player. The hands to be played will not be those which come from the chance of the deal, but carefully prepared ones, selected because they exemplify difficult problems of bridge.

Radio and bridge, however, have gained their popularity in differing fields. Where bridge is played incessantly, radio receiving sets are not always found. Perhaps the Fall and Winter are to bring rapprochement.

Shadows

THE whisper worship of nuns and mendicants, memories of "The Miracle," still stirs at the Century and those who took seats to the opening of the German cinema "Siegfried," spent the first moments of their tenancy in shaking off the filmy fingers of medieval ghosts. The vast, Corinthian interior seemed somehow tawdry. The auditorium had passed from the shadow of the cathedral to the gilt lamplight of present. Then the house darkened, and the dignity of other ages returned to the majestic hum of Wagner's music.

This Wagnerian score demands develop into a stylish stout.

more musicians, by the way, at union rates, than Mr. Lee Shubert ever dreamed of. So many more that, before the opening, he approached Mr. F. Wynne-Jones, UFA's American representative, to ask if he didn't think an organ might do just as well as an orchestra.

"Wagner never wrote music for the organ, Mr. Shubert," replied Mr. Wynne-Jones, coldly. "It was Bach!"

So the orchestra was agreed to, and M. Zuro was summoned to wield the baton over its members; that same M. Zuro who regaled Doctor Riesenfeld with reminiscences, after the opening, of the time when the Herr Doctor was M. Zuro's concertmeister.

Remodelling

VISITING French, English, and Armenians might reproach New Yorkers because our hotels had no atmosphere beyond luxury, because no building ever was allowed to mature into mellowness, but there was always the Brevoort. A citizen was able to take the visitor to the spot where Fifth Avenue sprouts from the lush root of Washington Square, and indicate the delicate facade of that hotel.

The mere indication was usually crushing. If not, the attention-caller emphasized the funny high steps which formed so logical an egress to still waiting fiacres, so perfect an entrance to a lobby that was a mere vestibule to a dining salon reminiscent of days when food was food.

But where to silence the visitor now? No later than last week the Brevoort was seen to be having its face lifted. Trussed to the operating table by scaffolding, the high steps were being removed, perhaps as innocent violators of some sidewalk encroachment ordinance. In their place was growing a street level entrance of glistening apartment-house white, a marble arch over which the windows drooped tired, Victorian eyelids.

The same will lead to a new lobby, much larger than the cubby that made it necessary to buy a French book at the bookstand, so juxtaposed were you if you had long to wait. The shaking grille of the elevator is being replaced by stalwart mirrored security with pearl buttons.

The new architectural costume is by no means complete, so one may only hope, bravely, that it will not develop into a stylish stout.

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THE NEW YORKER



Deduction

ONE of the guests in Mr. Jascha Heifetz's Narraganset home on the occasion of the thirty thousand dollar jewel robbery has returned with an epilogue to the comedy drama which escaped the correspondents.

The police, of course, were called in after the robbery, and they werc in doubt—again, of course—as to whether a burglar had entered or the robbery had been done by someone within the household. They debated long over this problem. Was it an inside job?

It was Mr. Heifetz, who after ten minutes of concentrated thought, announced, Eureka-toned, "I'll find out."

He went to his own suite and placed what money he had on his person —eighty-five dollars—in the bureau drawer from which a jewel case had been stolen. Then he went off to a bridge.

Upon his return, Mr. Heifetz found that the eighty-five dollars also had vanished. He telephoned the police at once.

"Well, that was an inside job, at any rate," they informed him, with their customary shrewd deduction from the facts.

In Our Midst

FUTURE: Owing to one thing and another, partly matter of needing city license to operate on street, Park Avenue Street Fair is moving indoors. To be held December 12-19 in Grand Central Palace under name of Christmas Bazaar.

Surrender of last stronghold of conservatism in interior decoration: Pullman cars on new Pennsylvania train from New York to St. Louis done in solid green now. Sidewalls that color instead of time-honored imitation mahogany.

The Liquor Market: Steady; prices still unaffected by arrival of Mr. John A. Foster, new local prohibtion head. Desertion of Rum Row, mentioned by Captain Carmine of the Dry Fleet, taken as indicating heavy surplus on hand, but unofficial combine prevents material lowering of market values.

Ominously suggestive: "You Can't Win" posters now circulated in our best subways.

Even newer national joke motif: stories on the origin of the Charleston. Some say elephants waiting in alleyway for entrance to Hippodrome Stage, swinging their front legs, first one then the other . . . some, an Hebraic gentleman running after a street car, arms waving, calling "Hey, Hey"... some a head waiter beckoning and clapping. Big opening for story tellers who lean to pantomime.

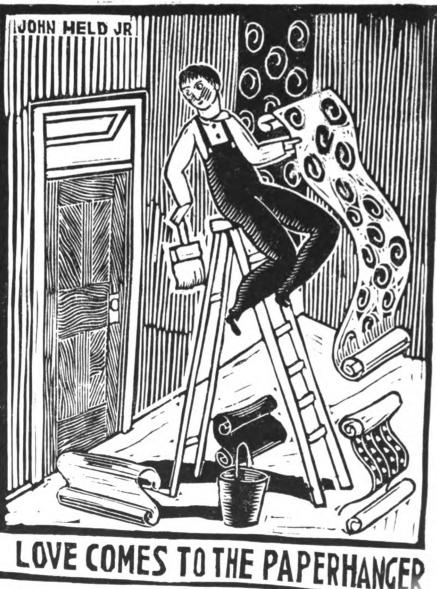
Tendency noticed in our newest great advertising agencies; offices in replica of milady's boudoir . . . flowers and chintz and soft carpets.

Harry K. Morton and Zella Russell, back on *Borengaria* to tour with "The Love Song;" Mr. Morton sadly watches custom officials' minute search through trunks, portmanteaux and even Miss Russell's vanity case and at last produces his old watch, opens front and back, and lays it alongside last trunk for inspection.

Comings: Mr. Thomas Meighan, back from Ireland, there filming "Irish Luck" with Lois Wilson . . . also Right Rev. Mgr. W. L. Lavelle of St. Patrick's . . . from Britannia

Mr. James J. Davis, Secretary of our Labor; William H. King, Utah Senator; Dr. George E. Vincent, Czar of Mr. Rockefeller's Foundation, and Mr. Benjamin Duveen, art connoisseur . . . as well, Mr. Ted Lewis (not the prize fighting one) and Count and Countess Apponyi . . . on new liner Carinthia, Alfred Knopf, discoverer of best sellers, and Mrs. Knopf. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Miss Grace Vanderbilt, from Cherbourg . . . passengers on Olympic with Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has had herself bobbed, commenting, "She looks as she did fifteen years ago in Carrots." -and Goings: arm in arm, Major W. O. McGeehan, present sports editor, and Colonel T. L. Huston, former sports owner, towards England . . . Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pulpiteer, bound for Italy . . . to Holland for writing seclusion, Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, popularizer. -THE NEW YORKERS

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THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING IN THE PAPERS ABOUT A MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN RECENTLY AND, IF SO, WHICH OF THE ASPIRANTS DO YOU FAVOR?



THE ANSWERS:

Avery Hopwood, playwright, of Fifth Avenue: "Yes, I have, and I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my preference for any of the rivals of the present incumbent, John F. Hylan. As a lover of the theatre, I have been horrified and disgusted at the laxness of the present administration in suppressing immoral plays. Things have come to such a pass that I can no longer take my daughters to the theatre without seeing their innocent cheeks burn with shame and indignation. If Hylan is re-elected I shall buy a battleship and see the world."

THE NEW YORKER

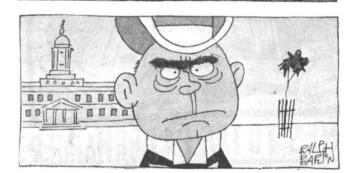
CARL VAN VECHTEN, novelist and essayist, of West Fiftyfifth Street: "For years I have made a practice of writing about everything worth notice in New York and it never occurred to me that the place had a government until you mentioned it. I shall indagate the low-down on the present campaign at once, and put it in a book if it is amusing. As a rule I argutely avolate when I find myself threatened with political baragouin lest it drive me to trichotillomania, but you may hope. And, by the way, if you quote me, please . don't use quotations marks."

H ELEN WESTLEY, actress and producer, of West Thirtyfifth Street: "I should be very much disappointed to see John F. Hylan lose his job. I don't know what I should have done for recreation during the warm months of the last few years if it had not been for his children's playgrounds. Those showers in the streets have made a new woman of me. If Hylan loses, the Theatre Guild proposes to produce a modern version of 'Macbeth,' with modern costumes and scenery, and the title rôle is hereby offered the Good Mayor, though he must not expect the publicity he is accustomed to and he will have to work on a percentage."

JOHN SAXTON SUMNER, lawyer, of Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn: "I should like to protest vehemently against the continuance of Hylan in office. During his mayoralty the output of naughty books has slumped terribly. I haven't had a thing to censure for months and months. When I slink into my office at the Society for the Suppression of Vice I can no longer look the enlarged crayon portrait of Anthony Comstock in the face. I am reduced to rereading "Three Weeks' and dreaming of the good old days. Let us have a change!"

ALGERNON K. WARBROBE, alderman, of East Ninth Street: "I have served this administration with all my heart and strength. I have toiled for it night and day. And what did I get for my pains? Boulevards, lakes, ferry boats and waterways were named after my fellow job holders and what was named after me? One of the seals in the Aquarium! I am out for Jimmy Walker and decent government!"





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THE SILENT ENEMIES

discussion of that "lively, ingenious, Armenians to skin a Greek. Any good-humored race of men" to whom Connecticut Greek can be made to exthe Indians "gave the name of press a degree of sympathy for the 'Yanokies,' which signifies silent men -a waggish appellation since shortened into the familiar epithet of

Yankee." Any modern historian of New York could not conscientiously devote a lesser proportion of his work to the Yankees of to-day.

Perhaps the sturdy burghers of New Amsterdam no longer are embroiled with the Yankees for "the liberty" unwarrantable which, Irving says, "they occasionally took of entering in hordes into the territories of the New Netherlands and settling themselves without leave or license." But the causes of imbroglio still exist.

The appellation, Yankee, is, of course, no longer waggish. That is because the phrase "silent men" now fits them ex-

actly. Witness Calvin Coolidge. A Yankee is as hard to find in Connecticut as a Native Son in Los Angeles. The native Yankees are hiding their light under a bushel of aliens. You cannot denounce a New England scoundrel as a Yankee merely because his name happens to be Lawrence; it may one day have been Lorenzo. It is only when John Nichols, the Greek ice cream merchant, explains why a ten-cent dish costs you twenty that you occasionally discover the Yankee sitting in his colonial dwelling, living on the exorbitant ground rent you pay him. through John Nichols, the Greek ice cream merchant.

The Yankee is reticent, not because he is shy or modest, but because he is cautious. Even in politics, he seeks obscurity.

Although it is a rule that every New England city must elect an Irish mayor, it also is a rule that every New England city must elect a Yankee to the inconspicuous but remunerative job of city treasurer.

The Turks, I believe, have an

devoted two chapters of his four Turks to skin a Jew, four Jews



downtrodden Turks, for verily it takes four Greeks to skin a Yankee.

Unlike the native stock of Manahattoes, the Yankees dwell not in garish mansions on their local Fifth Avenues; they live in remote corners, and leave the onus of their skullduggery to the Armenians and the Portuguese and the Greeks. The Yankee no longer scours the seas in his clipper ships. The old Dutch market for rum has moved up into New England -"the vacation land of a nation." Besides, it's cheaper to redistill de-The Yankee no natured alcohol. longer steals his corn from the guileless Pequot to sell at Battery wharf to an innocent Dutchman. Nowadays he gets the corn for rent of his farm to a Canuck or a Polack, and he sells it to the immigrant from Manahat- The "season" is closing in Con-toes, and he profits more, and the cost necticut. Pretty soon the prices of

'ASHINGTON IRVING aphorism to the effect that it takes of transportation is virtually nothing.

For the land which the Yankees Knickerbocker history to a to skin an Armenian, and four pounced upon in the days when Connecticut was a frontier colony, that land they have kept. The Connecticut boundary, you will notice, comes right down to what should have been Peter Minuit's backyard. The land is occupied by all sorts of outlanders-

Irish-New Amsterdamers, Latin-New Amsterdamers, Semitic-and-what-not-New Amsterdamers. The Yankees merely own it, and get the profits from it. The burghers from Manahattoes pay the rent. Also they buy the ice cream, and buy the corn, and rent the boats, and pay green fees to the golf clubs, and generally support the native population.

Every Yankee owns either an ancestral swamp or an ancestral rock pile. Now you can build a flimsy bungalow on either for \$500. But nobody but a Yankee can persuade anybody else that such a bungalow is a Colonial farmhouse, or that the at-

mosphere of defunct mussels and decadent clams from the old family swamp is invigorating "salt air." Part of the Yankee's ability at persuasion lies in his silence. Certainly nothing but judicious silence is practicable proof that a rock pile can be a mountain and that an untillable pasture can be a championship links.

Yankee's methods The have changed since the days of Peter Stuyvesant, and perhaps the man has grown less loquacious than he was when there was new land to pounce upon, but his mentality is unchanged. He never would have pounced upon land if it had not offered him increased opportunities for trade. There lies his genius-it is a genius for barter. Only he does not barter the land itself; he barters what the land offers in habitability, or sweet corn, or cider, or wine grapes. These products he swaps for automobiles, and for the products of the cloak and suit trade, including dollars.



fresh vegetables, rentals, ice cream sodas and green fees will be cut in half. Bathhouse privileges and questionable Scotch will be given away. Then the season will begin for the Yankees. And even there, if you are hardy enough to visit them in the Fall in their own hunting grounds after they come out of retirement, you will find that they have cheated the innocents from New Amsterdam. Connecticut and the rest of New England will be closed to visitors while the natives come forth and disport them-

selves in a drier, cleaner, more colorful country than could be imagined during the Summer. Surrounded by their constituents-the Armenians, the Portuguese and the Greeks-infiltered through and through with their inlaws and cousins, the Irish, they will profit physically by the best season of the New England year, taking their final vacation before sewing themselves in for the Winter.

It is true that an occasional itinerant Armenian-Hollander from the New Netherlands will invade New

England and sell a \$35 rug to a Puritan housewife of Windsor Locks for \$40, on representing that it is a Persian antique, although he actually bought it at the factory in Thompsonville just across the Connecticut River. But it also is true that when the itinerant Armenian makes the sale, he must take out the \$40 in trade, and the trade generally nets him one Colonial washstand which was made last year in Grand Rapids and only had the worm holes shot in it this morning.

-WILLARD COOPER



Alone in a Great City

OF ALL THINGS

startled the world by producing Hamlet in modern garb, but wait till they see the new model flivver!

It is announced that the center of gravity will be lower in the new Fords. Does that mean lower risibility?

Now is the time for every right-thinking motorist to profiteer at the expense of the embattled oil companies. How will you answer your child's question: "What did you do during the great gasoline war?"

Coolidge, we read, is unshaken by the London deal, and when the French come here to dicker about the debt they cannot drag Belgium and England into the conversation. Ils ne passeront pas-le buck.

Colonel House suggests that we take an Associate Membership for life in the League of Nations. Good here; but it must be nonresident, nonassessable and nonalcoholic.

It seems that the movie producers are not going to boycott Connecticut after all. Will Hays is a czar who knows how to lay down the law and pick it up again. He is the limited monarch of all he surveys.

The Connecticut law provides that the

HE English may think they have tax commisioner have the right to throw out a film that offends any citizen's religious or racial feelings. This sounds like a bad plagiary of the play jury.

The marine guard found asleep at his post at Swampscott has been court martialed. We hope they will be lenient with him because of mitigating circumstances. C. C.'s severest critics will admit that he is a bitter foe of insomnia.

Whenever we read that the President is entertaining somebody, we think of that old wheeze-you know-the one that ends, "not very."



Who is back of this mysterious plot against Max Phillips, the soft and semisoft collar man? It begins to look like the hellish work of the traction increasedfare crowd.

Vacancies in Congress used to be filled by the will of the people. Now they seem to be inherited under the will of the deceased.

An Atlantic City man has to pay taxes for 1925 on a hotel that was burned down in 1924. This is a grave injustice, and the travelling public will no doubt seethe with indignation as soon as it can stop giggling.

"God made man to be the head of the family," says Bishop Johnson, of Utah. Yes, but that was before the invention of subheads.

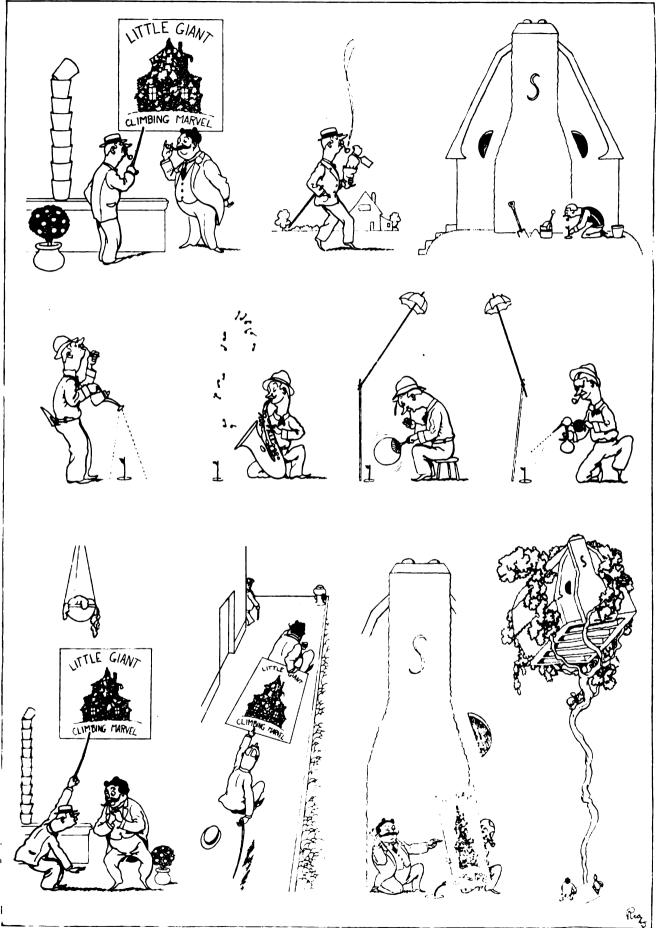
The forthcoming contest among Messrs. Waterman, Lyons and Bennett is called by courtesy a primary, but the very best we can do for it is a secondary.

"The Tiger must not cross the bridge!" cries McCooey. It is just that kind of talk that makes a tiger cross.

Mr. Hylan, it is said, regards the Governor as the author of all his troubles. Enthusiastic cries of "Author! Anthor!" -HOWARD BRUBAKER

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The Climbing Vine That Made Good



Winning Against Time

N June of 1924, for the first time boy to become the future Citroen of French professional, endlessly, moa Frenchman won the historic tennis championships at Wimbledon. More than that, for the first time the finals were monopolized by two Frenchmen; the winner Jean Borotra, the volatile twenty-six-yearold champion of France, the other Rene Lacoste, his nineteen-year-old compatriot. Last June these same players again worked their way into the finals at Wimbledon; with an exact reversal of results. So, "to an Amarath an Amarath succeeds," and Rene Lacoste at the age of twenty becomes possessor of one of the proudest sporting titles of the older world.

All sorts of names such as, "infant phenomenon," and "boy wonder," have been applied to Lacoste. Than which, of course, nothing could be more absurd. He was the schoolboy champion of France; he beat Roper Barrett of England at Brussels in 1921; he has advanced his game by gradual and steady stages since that day, until at the present moment he stands as the best tennis player in Europe, and close, yes, very close to the best in this country.

All this in four short years. It was less than that, really, when the sixteen-year-old boy told his father that he wished to devote himself to tennis.

"Quoi donc!" said Lacoste, père. He imagined his son had gone crazy.

Why not? Here was a boy with a vast future in business before him. His father was the director of the Hispano-Suiza Company, the French Rolls-Royce. Naturally his son was marked out for an engineering career, and as a youngster he gave promise of being a mathematical genius. With ease he passed the examinations for the Polytechnique, the most difficult school in all France. Ahead rose the years to come, rich in promise of a great industrial achievement. It was in the

France. And this he was throwing away for a game.

the boy persisted. It was better to of the flight of the ball. In note



become the champion of the world at tennis than to be a cog in an industrial machine.

"D'accord," said père Lacoste. "But then, thou willst not become a champion.'

"Mais, oui," said the boy.

And so they argued back and forth. The youth was determined. So was the elder man. At last, however, he agreed to give his son two years to see what he could do. If at the end of those two years he was the fifth ranking player in all tennis, he was to have five years more. If not, he was to go into the factory and become an honest fellow.

That was in 1922. Never a boy applied himself as Rene Lacoste applied himself to tennis. Mornings he spent in practice with Darsonval the he had cause to be uneasy. He had

notonously hitting balls now off his forehand, now off his backhand. Of a verity, it was all that there Afternoons and evenings he studied. was of the most, "fantastique, épou-vantable, inoui," and so forth. But dynamics, the laws of speed, of spin,

books he worked out angles of a tennis court by trigonometry. He read and mastered all the text books on the game: in French, in German, in English. For a while his progress was slow. Other and more natural players surpassed him. While all the time he was laying the foundations for his future greatness, building up the basis of his game.

He advanced slowly in 1922, winning small tournaments that Summer at Havre and one or two other resorts on the Channel; but it was not until the start of 1923 that he began to show the result of his efforts. He started the year by winning the covered courts championship of France, and in the Spring reached the semifinals of his first big meeting, the World's Hard Court Championships at St. Cloud, outside Paris.

I shall never forget that semi-final when this eighteen-year-old youngster ran Bill Johnston, the Californian, ragged on these famous courts at the Faisanderie, and proved to those who had eyes to see that at last France had a champion in the making. The crowd around the center court was enormous; fully seven thousand excited sporting enthusiasts of the capital packed the bleachers, calling loudly and vociferously for a French victory. Which must have been most disconcerting to their countryman below. But if he was nervous, he showed not a trace of it. Playing in his first large tournament, before an unrestrained mob of people, for the right to enter the finals of a world's title, against the second ranking player of all tennis,

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every excuse to crack. But he did not crack. Shot for shot he exchanged with the master in the first set. In the second he had set point twice and lost them both. Then Johnston got set point, only to find himself passed by a wonderful backhand drive down the line. And a little later Lacoste took the set and evened the match. I thought the crowd would go wild.

Of course Johnston won. But the issue was always close; always was he pressed by the youngster who never once let up, never once showed the slightest trace of nerves. Wallis Myers, the veteran Englishman who umpired the match, said to me:

youngster of eighteen play a pluckier game."

We went outside afterwards, and there was the boy sitting with his family in a marquee. He had just left the center court, with the cheers of thousands in his ears. He had fought one of the greatest players in the world to a standstill in a magnificent match. He had every reason to clubhouse for balls. be proud. But he was not proud. He no chances on sore arms, stiffened

disappointed. Why? Because he had not done better. That's Rene Lacoste!

How he has gone ahead since then; how he beat the best Australians in this country last Summer; how he won all the indoor tournaments in Paris in the Winter and the French and English championships in the Spring-all that is well known. His intense application to the game, his attention to detail in his efforts to reach the topall that is not so widely known. In his attention to detail, he reminds one of another great sporting figure who was also at the peak, Percy Haughton, the late Harvard football coach.

For instance, he uses eight to ten "Well, I never hope to see a racquets a month. Not only in order that his bat may be kept strung to the highest tension, but so that he does not become dependent on a certain one. Last Spring at the championships of the Riviera, at Cannes, he came on court in the finals with a box of balls under his arm. He wasn't going to stand around in a cold wind while umpires and linesmen called to the He was taking was almost in tears. He was bitterly muscles. Trifles, yes, perhaps, but a

succession of trifles have put him where he is.

Four years ago he was a rather sickly looking boy. To-day he is nearly six feet tall, broad and sinewy. His mother is a Basque, and he has the swarthy coloring of the people who live south of Bordeaux in the shadow of the Pyrenees. His modesty is terrible, remorseless. He is only slightly harder to talk to about himself than the President of the United States.

The French are supposed to be a volatile people. Rene Lacoste is about as volatile as a Swiss cheese. His is the most perfect self-control imaginable; both on the court and off, his is the demeanor of a real champion. His progress these past years has been sure and steady. Last September he went to his father. It was exactly two years after their talk in 1922. He was the fifth ranking player in the world. Had he not said that he would be? His five years now stretch ahead of him. How far he goes rests with himself alone. Which is another way of saying that he will go a very long way.—John R. Tunis

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS To MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE is, for instance, The Average Citizen.

He arises punctually to exercises-breakfast and the morning paper-

The latter he is always changing, by the way, .

Because, what with all these columnists and feature writers, He and his wife have a devil of a time finding out, respectively, What England's real reaction is to this gold standard stuff And who is at White Sulphur.

Then he rides to busines in an overcrowded train,

Reflecting savagely that the proletariats of several nations

Have gone to war for less atrocious conditions,

But what does anybody do about it?

Even if reduced fares have made taxicabs to Bowling Green more possible,

What busy man wants to sit in the middle of a street

Whilst clumsy trucks against which there ought to be laws Try to turn around in front of him?

The Average Citizen has learned not to kick about the telephone bill

And to accept without challenge the ice company's estimate of his own monthly quota.

Once in a while, since hope springs eternal in the human breast, He protests vainly against this or that in the apartment for

which he pays fifty dollars a month a room,

But he tips the superintendent regularly just the same.

The Average Citizen keeps an eye on the Giants

By taking in a ball game occasionally,

And would go to the theatre oftener

If the things he really wants to see

Didn't separate him from twenty or thirty dollars at a clip. He wrangles placidly with his wife

As to whether it's going to be, on the radio,

A fifth rate soprano murdering the aria from "Louise"

Or an earnest attempt on his part

To get rid of some of the static.

He pays sixty dollars a case for watered Scotch,

And, on occasion, two dollars and fifty cents

For an overdone portion of guinea hen.

Year after year he is regaled in the graphic sections

With pictures of Mrs. Theus Munds on the beach at Newport And short-skirted actresses waving farewell to the skyline.

Year after year Mayor Hylan is re-elected.

Yet when transient visitors remark that New York is a place to visit but not to live in,

He replies hotly that they don't know what they're talking about.

Maybe he's right, at that.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD



IN THE NEWS TONG TUNING UP VOX DEI

BUMPERS, GENTLEMEN!

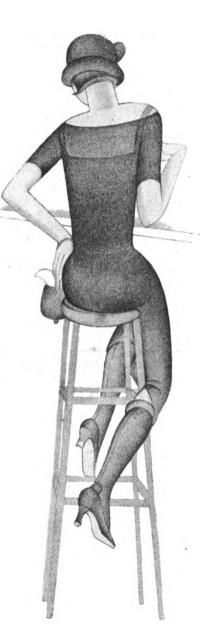
URNING into Pell Street, I wrinkled my nose at the Tong War. Pell Street smelled badly. Its crescent-shaped reach lay ahead, singularly empty and forlorn; and despite the faintly remembered labors of the novelists to bend romance among the gibberish signs that wreathed the curving little alley, it looked a tawdry battle ground. We passed grimy, huddled little shops that were tight closed. Through their windows, rats could be discerned, making a gluttonous holiday over baskets of bamboo sprouts and mouldy piles of lichee nuts. Iron bars stretched peremptorily across the doors. The only sounds in Pell Street were the muffled grunts of the Bowery's traffic. And the only figures were lounging, burly, and patently Occidental cops, who swung their clubs in sleepy boredom.

Without emotion, we stared through a rusty grating and into the cellar where the youthful Ho Kee, twelve hours before, had given his life for the eternal honor and glory of the On Leong Tong. But it seemed to matter very little that Ho Kee was dead. He probably wasn't a very good laundryman. He probably had not the faintest knowledge of the chain of intrigue, the whispered, eager agreements that had brought six Hip Sing pistolmen up against this grating, pulling their triggers with tight-shut eyes as he stood with his back toward them. He probably didn't want to die for the On Leong Tong at all, and would have run frantically, even if they had offered him a fair fight.

So that was where Ho Kee died. Hardly thrilling.

At the apex of Pell Street's looping angle, both ends of its short length straightened out sharply. And it was a shock to find that Pell Street wasn't empty after all. In half the doorways leaned big fellows with Irish faces, fingering the elks' teeth on their watch chains, casting an occasional glance behind them, and arguing lazily in voices that occasionally were audible.

"Yeah," one of them grumbled,



"Saratoga's a washout for the little guys, but anyhow I like *Moonraker* in the fourth."

Once or twice, a skinny, flea-bitten Chinaman skipped out of a doorway, bent close down over his unmuscled legs, and with his eyes fixed hard ahead dashed across the street and into another door that swung open for him. A few words out of the fiction men's vocabularies came back to me: furtive, sinister, mysterious, evil, venomous And all we could hope for, so far as the glory of war and Oriental subtlety was concerned, was the sudden flinging up of a window, the rattle of a pistol or two, and, if the marksmen were lucky, our frightened little Chink kicking his feet in the filth of Pell Street's dubious paving.

There it was—and that was all. The Tong War was in full tilt.

"I gotta 'phone," said my companion. He was a veteran leg man for an afternoon paper. While he was waiting for his number, I watched a jeweller behind his window across the street. He was a Chinese, the only one in sight. And he seemed intent only on the brooch he was making from the feathers of a kingfisher's wing.

Simply sitting there, disdaining to lift his eyes into the street, it suddenly appeared to me that he was brave. Courage, among the warriors of the Tongs, lies in ignoring the war. And then, for no reason whatever, something out of Joseph Conrad skipped into my mind: "To slay, to love—the greatest enterprises of life upon a man."

Here they were slaying, in their own peculiar and secret fashion: displaying, in their quarrel, a leisurely contempt for all American laws which we natives reserve for only a chosen few. The ridiculous thing began to appear romantic.

My companion was connected with his office:

"That you, Mike? Nothing doing down here. Lot of dicks killing time, and all Chinks froze up in their rat holes. What's that? Sure—make it strong as you like."

We strolled, up Doyers Street, past the Mission in Mott Street, and back toward Park Row. My friend's edition was out when we reached there, and we saw the headlines:

"Police Vigilance Redoubled in Chinatown. New Outbreak of Tong War Expected Hourly." And there was a half column of new and snappy stuff that began: "The acrid smell of gunpowder hung over a balefully quiet Chinatown this morning..."



filler) to his cohorts, and Jimmie Walker lets them burn their hands in the drippings from badly made torchlights. You can guess which crowd is having the best time.

For a rough and lusty evening's entertainment, I recommend the torchlight affair. After the second introductory speech, you probably will find yourself screaming with hysterical delight at every sound of the words, "United States of America," or "This Great City of Ours." Your pocket-book will disappear. Your clothing will be ruined. A ball from a Roman candle probably will spatter against your eye. You will be ill for a week.

But, if you are careful to remember just which candidate put on the performance, you will be filled with a dogged and emotional yearning to vote for him. In the dancing, savage glare that hangs over the torchlight procession, primeval impulses in man are loosened. He remembers the first Cleveland campaign-how he got lost from Papa, when Papa forgot all about him-and he begins to believe that America is a great country, with a perfect right to its own rough ways. These damned Bolshevicks . . .!

The bands play-terrible bands. Remembering the Stadium concerts, you will smile knowingly for the first two numbers. Then Al will come through a lane in the crowd, smiling

MAYOR HYLAN serves filet in his big limousine. And the band mignon and cigars (Havana will play Al's song, and you'll say to hell with the Air for G String.

> Of course they will insist upon going over the issues. They will talk rather persistently about the five-cent fare and seven years of misrule. But if you have any luck worth speaking of, the gentleman next on your left will have a little something in his right hand hip pocket to relieve the momentary dullness. At the very worst, he'll know a place.

> But under no circumstances pay serious attention to your neighbor's offers to bet sixty-three to one on the candidate giving the party. It is the rankest heresy to accept such a wager.



Furthermore, it arouses brute instincts in your new friend.

WE cannot be too sure, yet, about the new prohibtion policy. After all, it may gain some victories. District Attorney Buckner's padlocking strategy was something more than a dud, and Mr. Buckner has promised close co-operation with Director Foster. In the meantime, one unfailing barometer stands before our eyes: the price of bottled liquors.

If the new enforcement plan is effective, the cost of alcoholics will go up. Padlock cases, convictions, arrests, seizures-all of the statistics so freely given out by the gentlemen charged with enforcement of the law, are no real index as to the effectiveness of their work. But the law of supply and demand is eternal.

While waiting for the policy of Mr. Andrews to bite into the bootlegging business (it is busily teething as I write) Mr. Buckner continues his padlocking attack, and continues to concern himself only with wholesale dispensers. Bargain fines, established on a recent day in court, will continue until the calendars are completely cleared. And Mr. Buckner says that his activities are so highly specialized at present that three arrests a day is a high average.

But discussions about prohibition grow tedious. What are you taking, comrades?-MORRIS MARKEY

Why I Like New York

DECAUSE two weeks from any given B time some somebody who has been making a great stir in the newspapers will walk through Times Square and somebody will ask, "Who's that?" and nobody will know.-G. N. H.

Because the other day, as I was coming out of a little place down town where I est-as I was coming out, full of the best dinner on Manhattan Island, I saw a prosperous and perfectly detestable-looking man and his girl on the sidewalk looking in. And they were saying, "I don't like the look of that place. Let's go somewhere where we can get a good dinner."-A. R.

Because there are a number of bus conductors on Fifth Avenue who bite bus pass him.-MILDRED

Because there's a certain sofa in the Plaza, right by the telegraph office, (though he couldn't kiss me there), where Tom asked me and I said "Yes" . . . Sorry to be serious.-E.

Because of what happened the other day . . . I know a guy who's great on the old New York stuff-wears a top hat on Sundays and so on. And we had an argument about it, I giving him the ha, ha. After which I took him out and walked him about two miles along a swell-looking street with about a billion dollars worth of property on it. Now listen! He was born here and he had never seen is. It their finger nails with vexation and look happened to be West End Avenue. Sure!

daggers everytime the driver lets another He knows Gramercy Park like a book. But I ask you, friends, who's the New Yorker-that guy or me? -J. C. STEINER

> Because garbage, on the front stoop, rates a garbage can, instead of the fashionable paper and twine of the suburbs. If Henry Street, as one nomadic inhabitant remarked, brings the idea that hell is a combination of garbage cans and black and white cats, what, I ask you, would Henry Street be like, if there were no cans?—A. Amis

> Because I am deaf and like to watch the elevated trains pass.—RAYMOND LEWIS

Because the East River separates it from Brooklyn.-ELIAS LIEBERMAN



ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

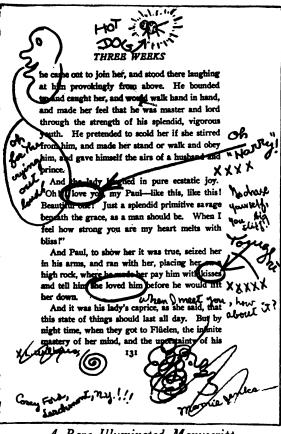
A Further Study of Creative Art in New York

HE recent arrival in New York of three committees from the Louvre, a delegation from the British Museum, and hundreds of private art critics and collectors from all over the world, has focused attention at last upon the Houston Street Public Library, where there exists perhaps the most remarkable single collection of Illuminated Manuscripts extant.

Credit for the development of this hitherto neglected side of New York's Creative Art belongs primarily to Miss Marguerite Oat, assistant librarian of the Houston Street institution. For years Miss Oat had been finding books whose pages were decorated with zigzag lines, interesting profiles of girl's heads and men with black beards, and even names, addresses and dates. Miss Oat used to set aside all the books with these designs, and put them carefully in a pile behind her desk; and although the

other librarians laughed and made fun of her, she had the Courage of her Convictions. To-day, as a result of her perseverance, Miss Oat is not only the proud possessor of this pile of books behind her desk, whenever she has a moment to get at them, but she is also assistant librarian at the Houston Street Public Library. There is no getting around some people, particularly in the subway.

"People just do them," explained



A Rare Illuminated Manuscript

the Art Work was drawn. "Sometimes it's pencils and sometimes it's crayons, I don't know. Children's books is mostly crayons. Girl's heads is popular in the romantic fiction, and most of them are saying something cute out of one side of their mouth, like: 'So's your uncle!', in a big circle with a line leading back to the mouth again to show it was her saying it." ten and left in the har Miss Oat opened a copy of "The porch."—COREY FORD

Shiek" and turned to one of her rarer illuminated pages: "Old Cross-Stitch Sampler, With Motto."

"Isn't that interesting?" she said. "Look how the x's are joined one after another, xxxxxx, below the quaint sentiment 'Papa Love Mama?' It's one of my best.

"We sometimes get good tic-tac-toes, particularly in the geographies. And the arithmetic books have given some splendid houses with chimneys and curlicue smoke; and once we had a whole engine and train of cars in a speller. The artists are very jealous of rival illustrations, though, and in a fit of temperament they are likely to draw up and down the face of the picture or else rip out the illustration altogether, leaving only the book, sometimes neither.

"Another nice effect is Summer books," concluded Miss Oat, who has devoted an entire section of her gallery to this

Miss Oat, when she was asked how form alone. "After they have been packed in a trunk and all the corners eaten off by that tennis racket of Harry's, and been dropped in the ocean a couple of times, and filled with sand, you have no idea how it completes the effect for the shoe blacking or ink to spill all over them in the trunk going home again. Summer books are pretty rare, because most of them are forgotten and left in the hammock on the





The Theatre

EORGES and Ginette and Valentin and Babette are back again in the New York theatre, and there's hell to pay at Maxim's and the little woman to square. Vacation's over!

This time it's "The Kiss in the Taxi," at the Ritz, and a much more amusing show it is, too, than most offerings of its kind. (Note: Those who do not care to hear the plot or think they can guess it are advised that it's their privilege to skip the rest of the paragraph.) A successful and sporting Parisian banker has been having a bit of fun in Montmartre, good robust fun, too, and all along he's told the girl that he's only a clerk, a clerk in his own employ, in fact, the playwright decided one day. Well, this banker tires of it all-he's been going to see the young woman regularly every day at five o'clock, which s where Mr. Woods got the idea of the "Kiss in the Taxi" title, because the show was formerly called "The Five O'Clock Man"-but the opportunity presents itself of playing the second and third act in his-this banker's, you see-home because the girl has told her new fiance, whom she dearly loves, a lot of lies, including for the first act curtain the one about this banker being her father.

After all of the preceding paragraph, and more, has been acted out for almost forty-five minutes, "The Kiss in the Taxi" gets down to con-tinually amusing and frequently boisterous second and third acts. In part, the credit is due the playwrights-Herren Hennequin and Veber-but in much larger part the audience owes thanks to Arthur Byron, here as expert a farceur as the American theatre provides. It is Mr. Byron who gives the piece that air of plausibility that even a farce, notoriously the theatre's lowest form of entertainment, must have if the audience is not to regard

itself as just unfortunately in the very well done, though the scissors presence of a bunch of actors gone mad. Mr. Byron, too, has that air of undeserved suffering, of being the man of good intentions whom the world always starts off in life on the left foot, that this department herewith pronounces an absolutely essential item in a comedian's equipment. . . . What we're getting at, if you'll only give us a chance to finish a sentence once in a while, is that Mr. Byron is very, very funny.

The cast is without exception qualified for its particular assignments, which is not such a frequent occurence in the theatre as the ignorant probably believe. Mr. Woods, however, goes in for that sort of thing as a habit.

ON the other hand, the night before "The Kiss in a Taxi" came to the Ritz, "The Enchanted April" opened at the Morosco. "The Enchanted April," paste this in your hat right now, is not going to push any old favorite out of this department's memories.

As a book, "The Enchanted April" was interesting and amusing. As a play, to a substantial extent, the precise situation is au contraire and vice versa.

The dramatization has not been



were obviously sharp and the paste pot in constant action. As a result of too great fidelity to the text of the novel, in fact, the incident of Lady Caroline and Mr. Thomas W. Briggs and their love life is made to seem much more important than it probably was meant to be. And thus "The Enchanted April," which should be and can be nothing but an idyll in wisteria, becomes a conventional play about young lovers completely buried in comic relief, which would be the other members of the party.

15

There are some good pieces of acting to the play. First, of course, there is Alison Skipworth, as just a terrible old menace who knew Browning and Meredith and Carlyle and Tennyson well or not at all and refers to them all in terms of great affection. There is, further, Elisabeth Risdon, competent as ever in a rôle even more incompetent than ever. And there is, furthest, Helen Gahagan, standing with reluctant feet, where Barrymore and Duse meet.-H. J. M.

Music

N or about Labor Day comes that pre-season stretch of lyric drama to which the boys on the dailies refer humorously as "the wopera." By this sidesplitting (it all depends whose side is split) description, is meant the continuity of "Aidas," Butterflys," and "Traviatas" presented by various impresarii with artists whose names are as difficult to recognize as they are to spell.

The first-night audiences generally are large, although the house would burn down if you lighted a match, with so much paper in it. The director puts his arm about the solemn shoulders of the young men who temporarily are acting as reviewers and tells them that great things will come to pass if the press is generous. Perhaps there will be a handsome revival of "Semiramide" or "Simon Boccanegera."

Scouts from the Metropolitan are discerned in every strange looking listener, and it is rumored that the tenor is to replace Gigli next season. And that mezzo! Did you hear that mezzo!

But the press becomes perfunctory, the bruited revival is lost in a sequence of "Toscas," the strange looking listeners turn out to be music critics from Flushing, L. I., Gigli has no worries and the mezzo returns home to check up laundry bills. And along comes Fortune Gallo, with a slightly amused smile and his excellent popular-priced performances.

It may be that this season's crop of "Bohemes" will be profitable for the entrepreneurs, but it seems to us that the early-September school of managers is erring in making a specialty of Italian opera. Unless one can outpoint Mr. Gallo in this business-a feat that calls for a talented outpointer-one succeeds only in making more labor for Mr. Perkins of the Herald Tribune, who has been known to go to Brooklyn in the interests of music. If the environs of Labor Day are to be made musical, why not a Wagnerian cycle at moderate entrance fees? We shall not expound the suggestion, lest some opulent Wagnerite offer to set us up as a producer, but we hope that some of the gentlemen who are eager to break into the operatic madhouse will consider it.

I F there is one question which makes an orchestral conductor self-conscious it is that of the waltz. The waltz—and we refer only to the Viennese variety—appears frequently on symphonic programs, and there isn't a conductor who doesn't think that he's the greatest waltz director in the world. Which leads to another question: Why don't our young composers investigate the possibilities of the form?

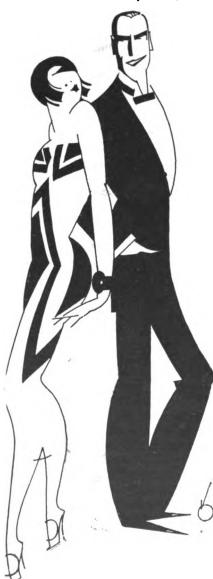
Those who have access to the manuscripts which make conductors pay excess postage know that most of them are symphonies or fearfully long symphonic poems. A conductor, however hospitable he may be, can't challenge his audience, his critics, and his board of directors, with a mediocrity which lasts three quarters of an hour. But he can achieve a reputation as a pioneer, confirm his opinion of himself and at the same time entertain the customers with a ten minute effort in waltz rhythms.

At least one young composer has

now and then. His name is Allan Lincoln Langley, and patrons of the Philharmonic Orchestra concerts may recognize him as the long, slender viola player with the beard. Mr. Langley's waltzes are in the manner of Strauss, but they are not Strauss strained through correspondence school instrumentation. The Langley waltzes are so melodic that we wonder why some musical comedy producer doesn't hitch him to a contract, and his orchestration is, for symphonic performances, more effective than the delightful Johann's. Somebody has called Langley "the new American waltz king," but no matter. Johann himself survived the epithet.---R. A. S.

Art

THEY are beginning to wake and stretch, the galleries, and to think about the long, hard Winter. But it will be another fortnight before the dog days are over and then —we shall see what they want us to



written waltzes and had them played see. All Summer long they have been now and then. His name is Allan at it—at Woodstock, Chester, Pro-Lincoln Langley, and patrons of the vincetown, Paris and the torrent Philharmonic Orchestra concerts may should be sweeping around us by midrecognize him as the long, slender October.

> Even the staid Stockbridge has stepped down from the old Victoria and trap (yes, they still drive horses there) and they are giving a show. If you motor at all, you can't miss them; they are as numerous along the roads as hot dog stands and ye olde stage coach inns. Silvermine is swarming with them, as is Westport.

> October 12 is the date for the Bellows Memorial Exhibit at the Metropolitan, much preparation for it being under way. Following that will come the Sargent show. Folks will see both of these Americans, now that they are dead and have got into the papers. It can't be otherwise, we suppose—a part of the eternal sacrifice necessary for the feeding of that puny foundling, aesthetic appreciation.

> We must add our vote to the minority report; the Sargent prices are preposterous. A dexterous, clever, well bred painter; we imagine less than a decade will see his paintings at a sane level and the artist's place set without hysteria this country feels bound to bestow as a belated tribute to a man.

> Dudensing in Paris reports that his first show will be in late September of the brothers Ramon and Valentine de Zubiaurre. These are the extraordinary young men of Spain, deaf and dumb, who compensate for the missing two senses by an intense handling of color. There is one of the forerunners on the walls during the Summer show which will give you a good idea of the earlier work. It is strong and powerful and is made in Spain though it does not contain a bull fight or señorita. Dudensing also reports that it has been an active year in Paris, the French settling a lot of old scores and the Americans bringing home stuff to show the folks at Dubuque.

> The current exhibition is a fair catalogue of Dudensing at his midaverage. It contains none of that fine French stuff the junior Matisse brought with him last Winter, but there is a good run of Dundensing favorites, and that to us is a pretty good bill. "The Flowers" by Matson is still our favorite. We wonder why it has not been bought by a discerning eye. The piece has that light and brilliance the French get in their perennial bouqu ets. Then there is the ever-present Strella.

> > Digitized by Google

the three swans still sailing their azure lake and the decorative panel that the gallery keeps on hand to act as barometer for Stella, preferred. The painting, if we recall aright, has jumped along from twelve hundred to four thousand by the mere machinery of demand.

One of the firm has been South and has brought back some local art. Why don't we see more stuff from the cotton fields? We can't make up our mind about G. Duke. One of her pictures is among those collected, and with its orange and green sky bids for your favor. G. Duke has something, but at the first view we would say it was inhibitions.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

MOTHER Germany's latest gift to America presents the summary adventurings of her favorite epic son, "Siegfried." He has come to the Century, curiously converted from his legendary paganism to Christianity. But like all favorite sons, grown trite in an eon of extolling, he is become too academic and classic to behold. He has got to be like patriotism, tradition and Milton's poetry: somewhat museum, cathedral and bloodless.

While engaged in lusty bachelor's questings, Siegfried is involved in awesome and magnificent doings. Perhaps his famous fight with the dragon does not flatter the dragon, but as he threads his heroic way through Woden Wood, his subsequent struggle with the Gnome King and the grotesque settings of gargantuan tree and myth character, provide many fascinating moments. As he approaches and is finally overwhelmed by marriage, the proceedings grow turgid. So crying is the dullness that nowhere (excepting when he helps Gunther defeat the hard-boiled Brunhilde) does the story equal the mood of the accompanying brooding, sombre Wagnerian score. They have made a religious revival out of a droll thing of lusty, meaddrinking, mythical exaggerations.

WE regret to have to fly right in the face of those dear sweet memories of yesteryear and inform you that "The Merry Widow," Herr Erich von Stroheim's opener for the terribly *intime* rose and Gould Embassy Theatre, is dull. The poor old relict should never have been exhumed, but allowed to rest on in a peaceful grave, continuing to be wept over by



the sad, reminiscent dandies of 1900odd. It is said that the Loew millions were put behind Herr von Stroheim to blow some life into the old corpse and that lavish Teuton has caparisoned her so weightily with imitation Viennese sprightliness, ten-ton jewelry, costume trappings and heavy, slow loving that the feeble old bones just doubles up and drags wearily to the happy ending.

Mr. von Stroheim has a true German genius for morbidity, mud and ironic contrast. He should turn from saccharine flimsinesses with subtitles like "—beauty — love — passion—" and do something for the adults. Offhand, we might suggest James Joyce's "Ulysses," in 50,000 reels or that marvel of heavy loving, "Bel Ami."

LA MARQUISE DE LA FA-LAISE DE LA COUDRAY has broken the marital silences with a drama done in the name of stuffy femininity: "The Coast of Folly" (Rivoli). La Marquise doubles in brass for a time and gives the silliest grimacing and tight-corseted performance of a middle-aged Countess you have ever hoped to see. She is sup-



posedly pulling a Bernhardt and she obviously just misses equalling Valeska Suratt. The drama itself is one of those over-feminined and civilized affairs, humorless, irritating, with something or other to do with adventuresses, divorces, heart-balmings, mother love. Here is the caption finish: "Mother, mother"—"My baby, my baby." The continuity, however, is marvelous.

R. TOD BROWNING has M^{R.} rung the bell again. His latest "The Mystic," (Capitol) piece, though not as gruesome as "The Un-holy Three," has the Browning bizarre color and melodrama, plus the touch of the mystical. A small gypsy group is imported from Hungary by a master crook to thieve in the guise of a spiritualistic society. They provide henceforth a spiritualistic feast after the heart of Houdini until they run up against a "real" spiritual phenomenon on which the bogus feats go smash. The excitement runs high through the climactic scenes. Mr. Mitchell Lewis, Miss Aileen Pringle and Mr. Conway Tearle carry themselves nicely. Mr. Robert Ober is good too as the jealous knife thrower and medium.

HERE are further gems for the Haysian tiara: "Her Sister from Paris" (Loew's State), in which Miss Constance Talmadge wiggles her eyebrows and smiles furiously to work the laughs from a Viennese farcical thing; "The Love Hour," (Rialto) a *Confessions* story made on a bad day in the studio writing shops; "The Limited Mail," (Warner's) good old Railroad drama with a line which goes, "I'm going back to prison to finish my sentence, Bob"; and "Hell's Highway," the title of which kept us away.—T. S.

Books

THERE are two new novels in each of which a farmer's life and fortunes are taken up, as he begins his courting, and followed to old age. On the strength of that meager resemblance, they are sure to be compared—which will be rough on "Prairie," a young realist's first novel that might, in Hamlin Garland's heyday, have distinguished him. Its representation of a sod-breaker's struggle is evidently as faithful as everything else it has to offer is drearily familiar.

The other is a widely different matter. Over "Samuel Drummond" (Scribner's) we are temped to make



"SIEGFRIED"

Germany presents an eclectic (if dull) cinema version of the mythological adventurings of her favorite epic superman.

some noise, but if you read Thomas Boyd's "Throught the Wheat" it will be enough to tell you, quietly, that in this beauty-laden book a still larger and richer promise is nearer fulfillment.

Obviously much of it is Boyd's expression, in terms of the Civil War time, of emotion about the wartime he has seen. Samuel marries and starts clearing his acres in the '50s. Politics already sound ominous in Defiance County, Ohio, but he (being the rather subdued younger son of an out-spoken future "Copperhead") is indifferent to them through contenting years, and at first to the war itself. How pleasantly those years glow!--between the passages reminding you that this cannot last, that a darkening change is coming. It comes when he is fretted into going to enlist, and is confirmed when he returns from the army to begin a losing fight, not "tragic" but increasingly pitiful, against adversity.

FED up, Mark Antoine, the handsomest man of the movies, slips off to an island. Presently five women get themselves cast away upon its shores. He sees through even the

first, and then, by the time he is less fed up, the pentagonal cat-fight has put the success of any one of them out of the question.

The company now finds itself indefinitely marooned, with some seriously interesting results, one being that Mark becomes Saint Antoine and capable of self-sacrifice.

This is "The Haven" (Knopf), a bright, picturesque and thoughtful semi-satire, by Dale Collins. We enjoyed it, but wished he had written another "Ordeal."

WO more new books worth reading are "Bindon Parva," a sort of parochial and clerical "Puck of Pook's Hill" by George A. Birm-ingham; and "The Medical Follies," in which Dr. Morris Fishbein frees his mind on spine-adjusters, Bernarr Macfadden and other detriments.

ABLE-TALK of G. B. S. . . . with his Biographer" consists of a little new Shaw, a good deal of Shaw that is pointless or that everyone knows backward, and masses of the complacent and uninteresting biographer.

said, wished Dr. Archibald Henderson on himself.

H, Mr. Leacock!" by C. K. Al-len (Dodd, Mead), seems to be partly a mock trial of Stephen Leacock and partly a real one. Just what it is, except that it is trying, we don't know. But then, the later Leacock is trying, too.

"HE RELIC" is a translation of a novel by Eca de Queiros, consisting of broad satire on piety-goneto-seed, and an elaborately colored "vision" of Jerusalem and Calvary, designed to rationalize the Gospel narrative. The satire is funny enough, but will not be essentially new to those who have read any standard heresiarch satirists.

HERE is another glands-illuminated story by Gertrude Ather-This time a young woman apton. pears to lack secretions she actually has.

The title is "The Crystal Cup," and the general effect is that of a glorified Evening Journal serial.

-TOUCHSTONE

Er. Still, Shaw, as Ernest Boyd has While will be found on page 19.



"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ" These Are a Few of the Recent Ones

Best Worth While NOVELS

- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's). The course of the life of a farmer in northwest Ohio, with whom all goes well until he is drawn into the Civil War. Warm, rich and beautiful; recommended to everybody.
- ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (Boni & Liveright). One of those girls to whom men are either "sumphs" or "game" like herself, and for whom the path of "gameness" leads to the Patchouli Mansions. Scene, Edinburgh.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). The liveliest installment, to date, of the Van Vechten puppet show with the puppets becoming, at the pleasure of the showman, fleshand-blood. Back drop, Manhattan.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Dorsn). A mystery story beside which most others are about as exciting as something by Jane Austen.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (Bobbs-Merrill). A bit of light romance at its freshest and prettiest. Scene, Mexico.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). An Italian serving couple and an English quartet whom they serve, and who squabble over a prospect of having to leave them.
- whom they serve, and who equated over a prospect of having to leave them. SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). Seagoing romance; in type, rather Conradian, with considerable post-Conradian psychology.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). An unusually good first novel. Realism from North Dakota, which even Dakotans are finding realistic.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). Fifty-six stories, the longest about 30,000 words, arranged in pairs according to themes and dates.

GENERAL

- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis, caterer and personage in London, talks about herself and the many celebrities she has known.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). For those who have adult and discriminating taste for "nature stuff."
- THE SUNNY SIDE and THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two batches of Milne as A. A. M. of Punch.

PICKUPS HERE AND THERE

"I called up Roger H. Prentice yesterday to offer him two million for his interest in the J. L. Morrison Company," a certain Wall Street magnate informed me recently.

"And what did he say?" I asked, keenly interested.

"The 'phone didn't answer," was the laconic reply.—C. G. S.

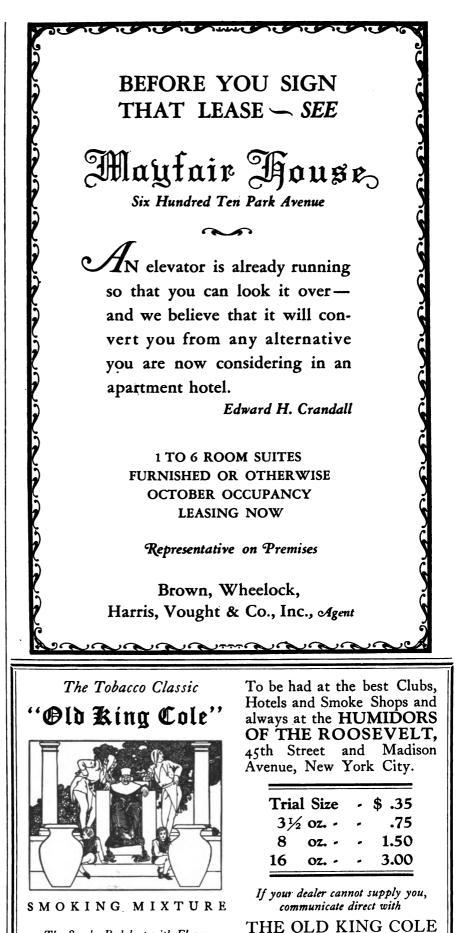
THE NEWSPAPER MAN

The newspaper man writes a little of his gizzard on some stringy paper.

He puts into it a laugh and a tear and a throb. It rumbles off the presses and chugs out to the hundred thousand.

The newspaper man takes off his hat, and puts on a property smile, and waits for the applause.

None comes.—LEONARD HALL



19

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SPORTS OF THE WEEK



have been hearing people talk about the pace that kills, without being exactly sure what was meant. Last Saturday, however, at the Gold Cup Regatta at Manhasset Bay I found

out exactly what it is, this pace that kills: Nothing more or less than the pace set by Caleb S. Bragg of the Columbia Yacht Club in his speed boat Baby Bootlegger in the races for the most famous and historic motor boat trophy in this countrywith the Harmsworth Trophy the most famous in the world.



(ONLY MARINE BROADEAS TINK STATION IN THE COUNTRO)

Yes, it was a killing pace and nothing else but, that Mr. Bragg set in his graceful, sinuous craft. A pace that killed off his most dangerous competitors one by one as he jogged skillfully and safely around the thirty-mile course in those three heats to repeat his victory of last year at Detroit and thus retain the Gold Cup for Eastern waters for another twelve months at least.

Last year, after the Gold Cup races at Detroit when Commodore Greening's Rainbow IV was disqualified because of her clinker built hull, and Mr. Bragg's Baby Bootlegger took first place and the Cup at the same time, there was, I re-

OR a great many years I member, a good deal of talk about luck. Well, I suppose this year also, there will be talk of somewhat the same nature. Unquestionably, Mr. Bragg was lucky last year as, indeed, he was this year. But in sport as in life, luck is extremely likely to favor the best men. His boat may not have been the fastest on the water, but he kept it afloat and piloted it in to victory, while his rivals were exploding and being towed to shore. And very popular victory it was, too.

> The Gold Cup Race was run in three different heats of thirty miles each over a three-mile course, making, as any astute mathematician can tell, ten laps to be covered in each heat. The scene as the nine lean racers hummed their way out to the starting line was one of the most colorful and picturesque sights ever seen in American waters. Literally thousands of boats of all sizes and kinds lined the course from Mr. Mortimer Schiff's big black steam yacht Delphine, to tiny rowboats with outboard motors and canoes manned by crews in bathing suits. Some of the best known craft flying flags of home yachting clubs were scattered up and down the course; George F. Baker's Viking, John Kaiser's new Diesel yacht, Oceanus, Fred L. Merry's Medora, Vincent Astor's Nourmahal, James A. Scheuen's Pastime, Alfred I. Du Pont's boat-just a few weeks from the shipyard-Neenemosha, Commodore Baudoine from Larchmont with his yacht and a thousand other equally celebrated boats.

Besides the crowd that saw the races from the yachts there were several thousand on stands built on huge railroad barges, and every knoll and rise in the ground on the Manhasset or the Great Neck side of the harbor was black with spectators. From the press boat in the center of the course, the ranks of craft presented a solid front without a single break, and were a beautiful sight with every flag flying in the August sunshine. Planes patrolled overhead, humming up and down the course as the gun from the committee boat gave the signal to go at two in the afternoon.

That first heat was a great race, the greatest in fact of the afternoon. Miss Tampa started out ahead closely followed

by Nuisance, but before the first turn Baby Shadow, Carl Fischer's boat driven by Victor Kliesrath, was poking its nose out in front. A great boat, this one; on Tuesday before the race I saw her reach fifty-five miles an hour, and do it with such ease that she made an impression on those watching her perform. From the start of the race her eight-cylinder Wright

Marine engine was driving her through the water at a tremendous speed, and by the third lap she was a hundred yards ahead of Nuisance driven by Colonel Jesse G. Vincent of the Packard Motor Car Company and using a Packard Gold Cup motor.

Bragg, meanwhile, seemed to be experiencing some difficulty at the turns, and



at this stage was in fourth place, just behind Miss Columbia driven by Gordon Hammersley. On the fourth lap the final winner pushed his Baby Bootlegger out ahead of Miss Columbia, and from then on it was a fine race between the second and third boats, with Baby Shadow well out in front.

So they stormed around the course, seven, eight, and nine laps, with Bragg crowding, crowding all the time, and Nuisance still managing to keep second place. Then just as they passed the line on the last lap in front of the committee



boat, the engine on Baby Shadow took fire, and although it was at once extinguished, the other boats swept down the course leaving her hopelessly in the rear. Victory was in sight, but victory handshook Baby Shadow and then jumped on board Nuisance which won the heat fifty yards ahead of Mr. Bragg's Baby Bootlegger.

AN hour later Mr. Bragg came out for the second heat determined to take the lead and to keep it. He caught his rival at the first turn and went ahead. Not much, but enough to force Colonel Vincent to take his wake all the way round the course. And then all at once another accident removed Baby Bootlegger's other competitor for honors. A broken rudder shaft, and Nuisance was forced to drop out, leaving Mr. Bragg with the Gold Cup safely in his hands provided he could keep his boat on the water and out of trouble. And that in a word, he did, winning the second heat and pushing his boat in the third and last heat only sufficiently to bring her in second.

There are popular victories in sport and there are unpopular ones, but Mr. Bragg's is surely in the former class. Whether it was his infectious smile as he waved his hand to the cheering lines of boats when he rode past them after the race, or whether it was the name of his craft, or the setting of that highly polished, sensitive hull with the white-coated and white-helmeted figures in the pit, or the fact that the Gold Cup was for another twelve months to remain in Eastern waters, suffice it to say that his victory was a popular one. The reception he received after the race was proof of it, and he worked his way down the course and through the lane of yachts with whistles tooting, horns blowing, and such a cheering and shouting and waving of flags as must have been very pleasant to the vicechairman of the New York Gold Cup Committee, and the owner of Baby Bootlegger, the winner of the blue ribbon of motor boating for two years in succession.

YES, Mr. Bragg will be a popular champion. But he was only one of two popular champions for the year 1925 who earned their crown on the hot, sunny afternoon of August 29. I am referring to the victory of Norris Williams in the doubles championships at Longwood outside Boston last week. Some time ago I heard a big figure in amateur sports remarking that very few of our champions were really popular.

Bobby Jones, yes, but Bobby Jones lost the Open to Macfarlane last June. And no one who watched Johnston deuce that second set against Tilden on the stickiest of days last September and remembers the cheers he got as he crossed over can have much illusion about Tilden's popularity. Miss Wills may not be disliked as much as the unruly crowd at Forest Hills several weeks ago would have us believe, but she certainly has never caught the public fancy as Mrs. Mallory used to.

But Richard Norris Williams is a popular champion, and his first win of the doubles title of the United States with Vincent Richards was a remarkable effort when you consider they defeated a team that has never been beaten in doubles play before.—J. R. T.

NEW YORK AS A SUMMER RESORT

(Being a Travelogue or Something recalling the week-end of college young man in Gotham 25 years ago.)

ARRIVED in the BIG TOWN Friday, 5 p. m. Assigned to suite of rooms at Hotel Imperial. Quenched thirst at Imperial bar, 5:45 to 7 p. m. with assorted cocktails. Dined at Muschenheim's Arena, 7:15 to 8:15-lobsters and big steins of beer. Hammerstein's Victoria Musical Comedy, 8:30 to 10:45. Whisky Sours at Molly Riordan's during intermission. The Haymarket 11:45 to 1:15-beer and dancing. Called at Tivoli, Cairo, and Kid McCoy's Rathskeller between 1:30 and 3 a. m. Landed at Jack's at 3:15 a. m. Party too musical—thrown out of Jack's at 4:34 a. m. Invitation extended by Cabby in front of Jack's to show party to a new place. Invitation loudly declined. Back to the Imperial, arriving at 5:15. Night caps served in rooms. More songs. Call from Hotel detective at 5:45. Hotel detective sociable and visits with party until 6:45. Hotel detective falls asleep at 7 a. m. and is put to bed. Party retires at 7:30 a.m. Party awakens at

12:30 p.m. Breakfast in rooms. The Imperial Bar where two or three rounds of Mint Smashes are served. Rogers Brothers at the old Grand Opera House, 2:30 to 5 p. m. Jim Corbett's swell saloon from 5:30 to 7-wonderful, oldfashioned Bourbon Cocktails. Dined at Mouquin's 7:30 to 8:45-table d'hote \$1.25 with red or white wine. Cab ride to Atlantic Garden in the Bowery-Rhine wine. At 11:45 on to the Haymarket once more. Beer and many dances until 2 a.m. At Molly's Garrick for an hour. Back to Jacks. One member of party claims his rarebit is too tough and insists that Jack be called to settle the question. Jack stops at table and humors the noisy knicker, but takes exception to an effort on the part of the n. k. to weave the rarebit into a tippet for one of the nearby waiters. The strong arm squad is summoned. Conquered by the same at 5:21 a.m. Came the Dawn, and so to bed.--C. KNAPP

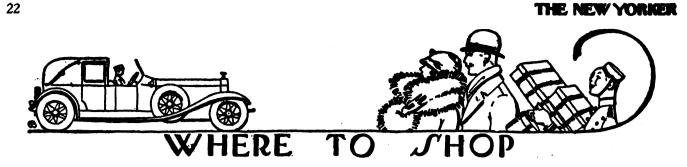


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AUTUMN

Among the well known signs of Autumn one might mention the incense of the first leaf fire at a suburban roadside, the newest high level for first night tickets, and the thinning of crowds around the orange drink stands. But, in mentioning these, one would overlook the most definite evidence of the season of vitality—the lady shopper.

The Fall lends the essence of its colorful spirit to her plundering of the small shops where burnished copper and shining brass prelude a quiet and tasteful tea, and where an afternoon may be profitably spent anywhere from India to Norway—all within the bounds of shop counters. If Winter comes, the wise lady shopper who has referred to the shopping guide of THE NEW YORKER, will invariably be ready to settle into tasteful and artistic hibernation.

Antiques	Beauty Culture—(Cont.)	Gowns Made to Order
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St., Telephone Circle 1144.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.
Arts and Crafts	Books	Hats
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FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.	Footwear CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building	Restaurants AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food-Balalaka
Beauty Culture ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE	Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878 Golf School	Orchestra from 6:30-I o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs-Dancing after theatre. Shirt Hospital Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost.
r7 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795 	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repared. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712 A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion	Shirts made to your own measure. OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. soth St. Circle 7339 Swimming Instruction
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis. Expert in charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustra- tions. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co. Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST. RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N Tea Room
FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS' ENDORSEMENT. Regent 1303. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson. 601 Mad. Ave.	"SMILE" FROCKS—New Fall models in Artsilk, Flannel, Faille & other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request. Gloria Browning 156 East 47th Street	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, September 4, to Friday September 11, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden In conjunction with Nature, the Shuberts produce a smart-paced and comic revue.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

That worn out skeleton of mystery farce, quickened with hysterical burlesquing and the best nifties (vide "Mots of David H. Wallace") extant.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam Closing weeks of the first genuinely funny "Follies" in years, thanking, from right to left, W. C. Fields, Ray Dooley, and Will Rogers.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan Eugene O'Neill Down East in an equivocal but interesting mood of infanticide, bigotry and romantic love.

GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

The Theatre Guild lads and lassies aping and mimicing their elders in a revulette of clean, youthful superabundant spirits.

IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Very pleasant comedy what with Mr. Gleason, a dumb boxer, and the selective use of the American langwidge.

- THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's "Old Heidelberg" put to glorious music vocally incanted.
- **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo** Mr. George White's yearly contribution to the American drama.

SPRING FEVER-Maxine Eiliot's

Something amusing written with the Golf Links as groundwork.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

The greybeard of the music shows still running well in the van, with Desiree Ellinger and William Kent.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Klaw Gifted with the Pulitzer Prize and enhanced by Pauline Lord's greatest performance, this pet of Will Hays makes an exhibitring treat these coolish evenings.

LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan

Millions are expended herein for the senses and Leon Errol lends his flannel legs for funny bone delectation.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH

Charlie Chaplin, the Lone Prospector, goes to the Frozen North for laughs and pathos. At the Strand.

KISS ME AGAIN

A captivating sexy thing about the Little Woman, the Husband and the Great Lover. Ernst Lubitsch's high comedy is delightful. At Keith's 81st St. week of Sept. 7. THE MYSTIC

Tod Browning contributes both story and direction to this excellent blood and thunder tale done about the mysterious. At the Capitol, Fri., Sat., Sept. 4, 5 and possibly another week.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

Made over from "Poppy." W. C. Fields is great, shining by contrast with a thick layer of Griffith sentimentality. At the Cameo. SIEGFRIED Your Nordic friend from the kindergarten legends. Go for the first half of the picture and stay on to hear the rest of the Wagnerian accompaniment. At the Century.

THE UNHOLY THREE

Lon Chaney, not making faces in another uncanny lusty Tod Browning melodrama, built about a sideshow trio, a bird store and with some evil thrown in for tone. At Loew's Greeley Square and Lincoln Square Theatres simultaneously, Fri., Sat., Sun., Sept. 4, 5, 6.

ART

- HARWOOD H. SIMPSON-Weyhe Galleries Introducing, via Sherwood Anderson, something new in American artists.
- AMERICANS Medium Milch Galleries A fair sample of what this gallery keeps.

few new ones from the South.

- SUMMER SHOW—Dudensing Average collection of this shop's wares with a
 - MUSIC
- ITALIAN HOUSE BENEFIT OPERA-Manhattan Opera House
 - "Carmen" Sat. night, "Otello" Sun. night, Sept. 5, 6. The opening of the opera season in New York proper.
- BOSTON CIVIC OPERA-Manhattan Opera House This new organization begins Mon., Sept. 7.
- This new organization begins Mon., Sept. 7. The schedule and casts are best obtained from your daily newspaper.

SPORTS

- YACHTING-Larchmont Yacht Club, Larchmont, N. Y.
- Mon., Sept. 7. Annual Fall Open Regatta. GOLF-Park Golf and Country Club, Asbury Park, N. J.
- Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sept. 10, 11, 12. Fifth Annual Invitation Tournament.
- TENNIS—Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia
- Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sept. 10, 11, 12. Challenge Round of the Davis Cup Matches.
- RACING—Belmont Park, L. I. Meet, all week, of Westchester Racing Association, climaxing Sat., Sept. 12, with \$50,000 Futurity, the Jocket Club Gold Cup and the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap. BASEBALL—
 - At Polo Grounds: New York vs. Boston, Mon., Sept. 7. New York vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Sept. 11.

At Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Sun., Sept. 5, 6.

OTHER EVENTS

SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION—At the Seventy-first Regiment Armory

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sept. 10, 11, 12. American Legion Ladies' Auxiliary Convention; headquarters Hotel Pennsylvania; Thurs., Sept. 10, luncheon at 2 p. m.; Fri., Sept. 11, dinner at 8 p. m.





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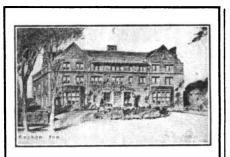
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The Annual Beauty Pageant at Atlantic City is one of America's big Summer Spectacles-worth seeing for the parade, the floats, the contestants, and the crowds-you will also see some of the world's most beautiful girls, including MISS AMERICAa tall stem American Beauty Rose!-chosen as the finest specimen of American young womanhood-don't miss it! -don't miss her! — and don't delay your Ambassador reservation!-MAKE IT NOW!



LEANDER BARES TALE OF HELLESPONT SWIM IN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

By Mr. LEANDER

(Copyright by Neptune News Notes, Inc.)

FIRST of all I want to say how I owe every bit of my success to Hero, my fiancee, who was at my side in her father's trireme every inch of the way.

It was she who handed me lemon squashes when I was thirsty, and combed the hair out of my eyes when I became blinded and started swimming the wrong way.

As we rounded the lighthouse at Abydos, she threw me a couple of hunks of roast beef, and signaled to the Haunting Harpies, a special harpless jazz orchestra, arranged for my benefit.

About noon, as I was getting a bit fagged, Hero, who was the only trainer I ever had, handed me down a couple of baked potatoes, a chocolate fudge sundae, a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a paper bag of cinnamon buns, and another lemon squash. Meanwhile the end man on the trireme read me some nifties from an old Egyptian joke book.

It was during this period that I blistered my heels and stubbed all ten of my toes kicking sharks out of the way.

I won the race, for I was the only contestant. How? By the love of an honest, pure, 100 per cent Greek girl. That folks, is the way to succeed.

I think the public is very kind. Thank you.—CREICHTON PEET

PROVERBS FROM A YOUNGER SOLOMON

THE wise man followeth not the counsel of the bookmaker nor standeth in the way of a flivver.

He maketh out his income tax return with truth and circumspection, but he forgeteth not, under charity, to deduct the two dollars and forty cents his wife hath made him pay for his mother-inlaw's Christmas present.

He changeth not his bootlegger without long and prayerful consideration, for lo! one drinketh to-day of gin that is synthetic and to-morrow the places that hath known him, know him no more, and the Rotary Club resoluteth consolations for the widow.

He answereth not back to his wife when she rageth, for alas! we are come upon a degenerate day when woman hath strange and exact ways with weapons, and Paris green is her ally.

Man hath but few days and these are full of trouble, as taxes fly upward, but verily, he that playeth a good game of golf sitteth among the seats of the mighty, and in his old age he shall not lack honor. —ISABELLE STEWART WAY THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL-DETROIT



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THE NEW YORKER

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Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them

RIGHT "I HAD SUCH SEVERE INDIGESTION that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough." MISS E. LAPOINTE, Montreal, Quebec, Canada



healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk —or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept.

Y-I The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

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"I AM SENIOR CLERK in the local Post Office. Five years ago I purchased a home and kept cows and sold milk to pay for it. . . I soon saw that the strain was too great. I became nervously and physically exhausted. Constipation seized upon me and gas pains became common. On my good mother's suggestion I began to eat Fleischman's Yeast. I looked for relief and I got it. Today the gas pains have disappeared and constipation is wholly corrected. Yeast serves as a source of vitality which actuates my whole being; and we still have the home and the cows." HOWARD J. SMITHERS, Randolph, Vermont



"As A YOUNG MOTHER, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. And it has also proved a life-saver to my husband for boils."

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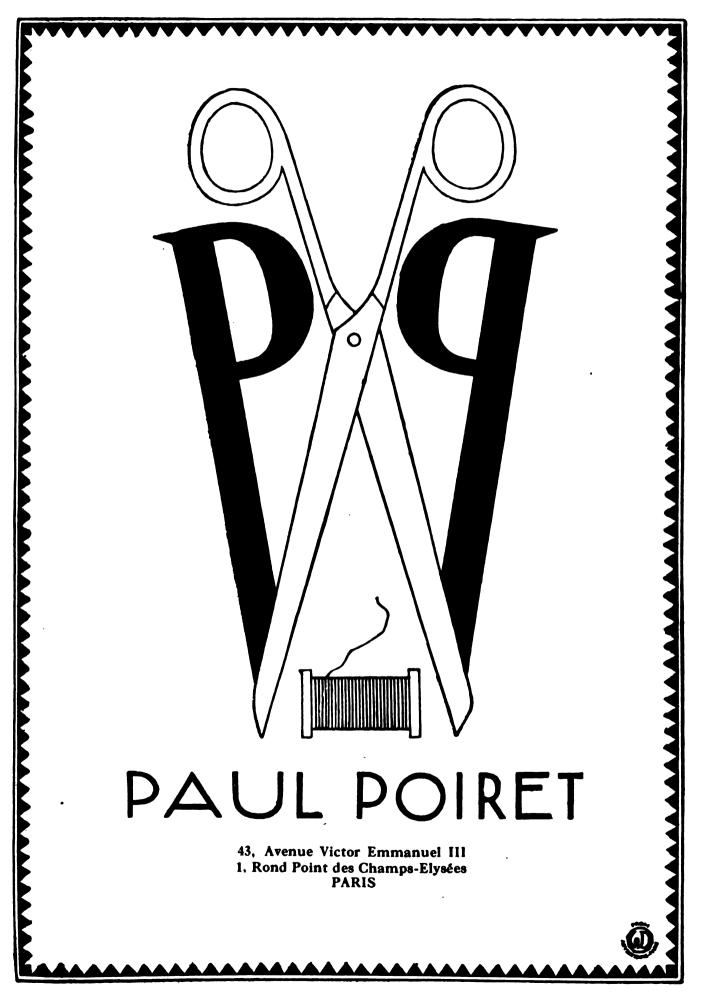
> DINNER DANCE 7:00 to 9:30 p.m. SUPPER DANCE 10:30 to 2:00 a.m.

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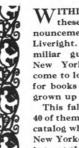
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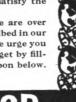
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2



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

T is now clear that only Brooklyn and Queens can save the Mayor from tragedy on the Ides of September. He holds those boroughs, they say, in the hollow of his head. If they pull him through, it would be a graceful little act to change the name of the regions across the river to Long Hyland.

THE publication of the income tax returns panders to the basest form of curiosity. Not only that, but the lists have been so non-alphabetical that it is almost impossible to find anybody's name.



OUR own vulgar curiosity goes even farther. What news is left out of a paper to make room for eight pages of pitiless publicity? Whistling kings, jacks queens, dumb-bell statements by returning notables, desperate attempts by Swampscott correspondents—so far as we can see, we haven't missed a thing.

NATURE-lovers and all others who like to spot the first signs of changing seasons (first robins and the like), by taking a trip to Washington Square in the early morning can spy dead leaves scuttling Autumnally. An early start is essential, as they begin covering the grass with newspapers at about ten o'clock. NO SPECULATORS



HERE it is only September, and the name on every lip is not Dayton but Charleston.

A CCORDING to a dispatch, Chicago has just laughed off a deficit of \$399,275 on the books of its Opera Company, and has decided to be more gorgeous than ever next year. Sometime we must have those Western gentlemen come on and meet our own laugher-off, Mr. Otto Kahn.

WHAT will that hotel at 122nd Street which is not to allow drinking, dancing or smoking do with twelve roof gardens?

THE salesmanship shown by the police force in disposing of tickets for Field Day has not only been commendable, but magnificent. And the fact that not once during the drive did we come across any ticket



speculators goes to show how firm the police can be in such matters when they set their minds to it.

The Week

MR. MAX D. STEUER, pre-eminent counsel, pays \$198,000 in income tax and the Bar Association urges stricter administration of justice. Syracuse pastors denounce spread of infidelism and Y.M.C.A.'s yearly expenditures are announced as fifty millions. Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church denies her husband had been drinking before recent auto accident and scientific tests prove administration of scopolamin makes truthfulness certain.



International Conference at Geneva warns nations against alcohol and Florida bootleggers are discovered to be selling liquor while serving jail sentences. Morris Gest will bring Moscow Art Theatre Studio of one hundred five players here in December and victim of Tong war is buried with weapon that he may wreak vengeance in the hereafter. Broadway show girl begins newspaper series advertized as "telling all" and 166 Chicago butterand-egg men move their headquarters. Divorce statistics show increases in thirty-four States and striking baggage men say few people travel with trunks any more. Berlin considers increasing dog tax to help pay opera singers and Babe Ruth is restored to



his two thousand dollars a week job as a baseball player.

Promise

WHAT will be the first theatre Fifth Avenue has ever had is to be constructed in the course of the remodeling of the old Macmillan Building at Thirteenth Street.

Mr. Albert Boni, I learned, plans to convert a lower floor into a little theatre, for which project he has secured ample financial backing from a millionaire, not Mr. Otto Kahn. He has drawn to him, as associate in producing, Mr. George Cronyn, a classmate at Harvard, who has been conducting at the University of Montana a course somewhat like Professor Baker's late efforts at Cambridge.

The upper stories will be turned into apartments, to be rented, if possible, to those having interest in the theatre. Further, there is talk of a restaurant which would attempt to attract a distinguished patronage.

At present sentiment inclines to a permanent repertoire company for the theatre. If this is effected, Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami may be recruited, for he is deeply interested, and Mr. De Balta, the impresario. Further, there is Miss Elizabeth Mack, who conducts a school of the theatre in Paris, but who is aching now to make a dramatic invasion of her native land. This last, of course, would mean novelty.

With ample financial resources, such as are reported, the experiments to be conducted in the new theatre should be interesting, whatever shape they take finally.

ARROWSMITH" goes its golden way towards the one hundred thousand mark, but even its popularity —not so great as "Main Street," how-

ever—and the sixty thousand dollars young women. he received for the serial rights to that carrying the effi work have not impaired Mr. Sinclair credible peak, t Lewis's industry. He has about finished a new novel, although in what magazine it will be printed before reporters say, " book publication is not yet known.

The reason for the uncertainty is that the magazine serial rights are open to all bidders; the highest takes it. Thus far, three sealed bids have been received and several others are due very shortly.

One understands Mr. Lewis's hesitancy. It is one with the auctioneer's when he holds suspended the gavel which sounds a sale, reluctant to let it fall lest some higher offer be voiced.

Income

THE compilation of America's Almanac de Gotha or Roster of Peers—that is to say the compilation of the annual Income Tax Return lists—disclosed a new force in urban journalism. Efficiency has apparently got its teeth into the reputedly amiable and haphazard business of reporting.

I dropped into the Internal Revenue office at Fifty-seventh Street, where most of the Dukes and Earls, not to say a few Princes of the American aristocracy, file their claims to nobility. I don't know just what I expected the gentlemen of the press to be doing, but there was a hazy notion they would be scrambling and quarreling and killing time over the precious volumes.

But it was quite different from that: The leading papers each had a single reporter present. And his job was no more arduous than to sit as foreman over a battery of typists, who were reeling off the lists in expert fashion. The typists, I gathered, were working in shifts: a complete roster of forty

young women. And furthermore, carrying the efficiency idea to an incredible peak, the typing apparently was being done on paper of two colors.

"Yes," I heard one of the foremenreporters say, "individuals on white paper, corporations on blue."

The paper itself was tricky. Perforated sheets, to be torn into narrow slips, each slip bearing a single name. And at the *Times* office, I was told sixty more clerks were employed and a special table had been built, equipped with slots lettered A to Z. It was relatively simple to co-ordinate the slips alphabetically, by dropping them into the proper slots.

It was thus that we learned all about each other's business all in a few days.

The *Times*, they said, would print some ninety columns of names, discarding all who paid an income tax of less than \$500. The *World* was to print every name, if they died for it. While the *Herald Tribune* struck a medium between the two. The afternoon papers, it would seem, were content with the old-fashioned method, reprinting most of their lists from the morning papers or from a city news association to which they subscribe.

I was happy to note that there were no cataclysmic upsets in the peerage. The Fords preserved their dynasty, occupying the top of the list with the obvious title of Imperator. Andrew Mellon retained his rank as Grand Duke, while all the Rockefellers, when the returns were complete, held to their titles as Princes of the Blood.

THE one striking elevation in rank which caught my eye was in the case of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, a mere Baron of last year, who presumably by magnificent deeds of derring-do in

behalf of his Saturday Evening Post was hoist to the blood royal. His return of \$583,872 gives him, past doubt, the right to name himself marquis.

The intrepidity of Marquis Cyrus in our ceaseless commercial jousting is worthy of comment, if you are not in a hurry. He sells for a simple nickle a book which costs him to produce twenty-eight cents the copy, or which did, at any rate, a year or two ago. I rely upon the statement of Mr. Edward Bok for the latter figure. Twenty-eight cents, then, worth of paper and printing he sells for five cents. Once it was proposed to him that he hike the fee to a dime, and pend a couple of million in advertising to salve over the hurt to this vast nation's pocketbook.

"Not so," exclaimed Mr. Curtis. "Our best advertising, indeed, is the very fact that we charge only a nickel. Haven't you heard them marvel, standing beside the newsstands, 'All that for a nickle!'?"

Figure out for yourself, if you are that curious, the value of advertising in a week's issue.

SOMEWHAT familiar silence story from Swampscott:

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" asked a journalist of Mr. Coolidge.

"No."

"About the coal strike?"

"No."

"About the world court?"

"No."

The newspaper man turned to go. "By the way," added Mr. Coolidge, "don't quote me."

Origin

FOR Mr. William Randolph Hearst the puzzle probably is Al Smith's possession of old-fashioned virtues, one of which is his deeply sentimental regard for his mother, while we was alive, and for her memory now.

Before the Governor's mother died, during his first term in the Executive Mansion, the Hearst newspapers opened a heavy offensive upon Mr. Smith. Among other things was printed a cartoon in the *Evening Journal*, depicting the Governor as an ogre, snatching milk from the thin ops of woefully anaemic babies. As a public man used to the amenities of *Journalism*, Mr. Smith was unmoved when first he saw it, but the after-

noon the cartoon appeared was chosen by the Governor for a visit to his mother, in Brooklyn. He found the old lady wracked by sobs and at her feet he saw the reason for her tears, the *Journal's* virulent cartoon.

An old friend of Mr. Smith tells me that his bitter and undying political enmity for Mr. Hearst was born that afternoon.

...

Staple

SO many theatres are being battered into dust—but even this may be better than the former ten-twentythirty fate of the Academy of Music —that it is well to have a stock anecdote to serve for all such future occasions. This will be it, then, and the gentleman awarded the distinction of central character will be Bill Nye.

Mr. Nye was giving a reading to a crowded house when, during a pause, a voice called from the balcony, "Louder."

"Why don't you pay more and come down where you can hear?" demanded Mr. Nye.

"Because it isn't worth it."

Titles

SOME of those who journeyed to Atlantic City for an earlier view of "The Green Hat" commented on the scantiness of the stage version as compared with the book. For such sensitive souls, a shock is in waiting when "These Charming People" tread the boards.

"The Green Hat," within the limitations of the drama, is faithful to the novel, but in "These Charming People" is not one character out of



the collection of short stories.

The play concerns an elderly gentleman and his two somewhat obstreperous daughters—and in none of these is a Shelmerdyne, or a Tarlyon.

Indeed, the comedy originally was entitled, "Dear Father," and as such was offered first to a producer, other than Mr. Charles Dillingham, who decided not to present it though his staff advised acceptance of the work.

It was Mr. Dillingham who saw the advantage that would accrue from such a title as "These Charming People," and it was he who suggested the change. Further, it is to him that the engagement of Mr. Cyril Maude for the comedy should be credited.

Custom

PEOPLE apparently go to Canada chiefly for one reason these days, and when they return, naturally, they try to bring some back with them. This involves difficulties with government inspectors which are not, however, insuperable, as witness:

Two gentlemen whose compartment was stacked high with case goods, wandered back to the observation platform as the time for the border search drew near. Before leaving their compartment they were careful to place a fifty-dollar bill in a prominent place, as a mute appeal to the inspectors to forget that such a man as Mr. Volstead ever had lived.

The federal search progressed, and presently a loud voice was heard calling in the observation car, "Who's got Compartment Z, Car Two?"

Fear seized the guilty pair. Arrest, imprisonment, disgrace—all the tremors of innocence assailed them. But at last they acknowledged possession.

"Come with me," commanded the inspector. Dejectedly they followed, in a silence that held until they reached a vestibule between cars. Then the inspector spoke.

"The tightwad next door didn't leave anything," he informed the trembling pair, "so we put his five cases in your compartment. Good luck to you."

MR. DAVID H. WALLACE, returned not so long ago from 'Sconset in Massachusetts, tells of the pleasant spectacle staged for porch loungers by rum-chasers in pursuit of rum-runners... two streaks of spray and then the popping of guns.

"The runners may be caught now

and then," explained Mr. Wallace, "but at 'Sconset, rum is still seen with or without the chaser."

Price

THE train pulled mits and Norwalk, Connecticut, station dismounted, hurryand the passengers dismounted, hurrying towards the taxi stand, where waited, apprehensively, a meek, lowly, battered Chevrolet touring car.

The taxi starter met the arrivals in order. To the first, a somewhat dapper clerk, he explained that he might ride in the only vehicle available at the moment, or wait a few seconds for a more lordly and comfortable sedan. The clerk, disdainful of the shabby automobile, chose to wait.

To the second arrival at his stand, the taxi starter made the same proposal.

"Fine!" said this burly, fleshy individual. And the meek Chevrolet bobbed under his weight as he clambered into the rear seat.

The motor groaned loudly and away clattered the puny touring car, bearing to Hickory Bluff, his huge estate near Darien, Mr. James Farrell, president of the U.S. Steel Corporation.

Exposé

NOW that Mr. Will Rogers's shrewd quips on things and persons are on the point of betaking themselves to the provinces accompanied by the impression of a plodder, but to a hearsing in Mr. Williams's "Why

their perpetrator and the De Reske singers, a secret may be revealed. Which is, those sprightly comments on people in the day's news and the "Follies'" audience were not always so impromptu as they seem-In other words, ed. Mr. Rogers knew they were there even before he went on the stage; and he knew where to look for the celebrities when he did face the footlights.

A certain row in the New Amsterdam Theatre is reserved each night for Mr. Ziegfeld's personal guests among whom the press agent for the "Follies" makes sure to include, by invitation, well known persons at the moment in the public eye. Mr. Dudley Field Malone, on his return from the Scopes trial, will do for an example.

So Mr. Rogers had some time, at least, to prepare his seemingly impromptu remarks.

The same plan is being followed in the "Vanities," although the presentation of victims to Mr. Julius Tannen is more open there, since the celebrities in attendance at the revue are banded about the tables, all tense for the monologist's quip to lash about their ears.

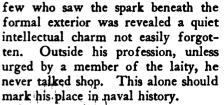
SCENE: City Hall Steps. Discovered: Delegation of five hundred odd youngsters waiting on His Honor. Appears Jimmie McCarthy, aged nine, presenting paper to Lord. "It's a poem," says Jimmie. "He says it's a poem," broadcasts the Mayor. "I want to sing it." "He wants to sing it!"

"Don't mind what others say

Vote for our mayor on primary day." "If I'm elected Mayor," says Mr. Hylan, "I'll see that this boy gets a job."

Zachary Lansdowne

IEUTENANT-Commander Lansdowne—the Zach of friendly greeting-was a silent member of a class celebrated in Annapolis's annals for its noise. To many, he gave



Shattandoah's fate was a shock to the navy and to the army as well, but in the latter's air service it was not wholly unexpected.

Some years back, when a Britishbuilt dirigible was being flown in England preparatory to crossing the Atlantic, the army sent a board of air officers to observe its behavior. That was the ship which crumpled into flames above the Humber. It was the plan then to build another such ship and divide possession of it between the army and the navy, six months to each service during the year.

The army board returned from England. Presently, in effect, the Navy Department inquired from the War Office: "What about sharing the new dirigible with us?"

"No, gentlemen," replied the army authorities, politely firm. "You keep it. It should be far more valuable for naval than for military manœuvers."

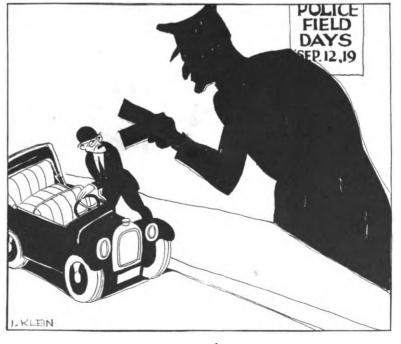
HE return of the late Nat Good-I win's last wife, Miss Margaret Moreland, to Broadway, reminds us of a story still told about Mr. Goodwin by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. It was when Mr. Goodwin was re-

> Marry?" and the question came up as to the correct reading of a certain line to which the word "monogamy" was the key. Mr. Williams abjured Goodwin to put more unction into it.

"I'll read that line any way you like," replied Mr. Goodwin, "but what in the devil does monogamay mean?"

In Our Midst

LD - FASHION-E D gentleman who thought "Black Cow" milk bars around town heralded revival of ancient drink concocted from ice cream



YOU CAN'T WIN



and sarsaparilla was greatly disillusioned to discover young ladies serving therein had never heard of "Black Cow" as a beverage.

Great increase of thrift among stenographers anticipated, because savings bank has begun supplying neat, gold-plated vanity case to young ladies opening accounts. It is called "vaniti-bank," being designed to entrap dimes, but vault is easily removed, and space left is perfect for lip-stick and other paraphernalia.

Suburban strategy by gentleman kept from important telephone call by gossipy matron on party line. Says matron, presently, "We are having pork and beans for dinner." Inspired gentleman yells, "I smell beans burning," and is rewarded with clear line.

Tailors forecasting more color in gentlemen's clothing. Latest: vegetable hues—the egg-plant, the brachen, heather, etc. etc. Also pheasant and grouse. Also double breasted top-coats.

The Miss Mildred Glass Lief playing minor rôle in "The Jazz King" is a niece of Mr. Montague Glass. To Broadway by way of dramatic school course and a little Little Theatre-ing.

Observations: Purple dresses now driven below the Macy-Gimbel line (as the Garrick Gaieties call it) . . . seen in the air-cooled Astor Grill, dining in overcoat, Mr. D. W. Griffith ... gay touch to rainy days: stenographers in yellow slickers, same custom adapted from collegiate ways... one thing about these dial telephones it's a quick ear that can count the clicks fast enough to tell what number one is calling.

Further observations . . . of new motor signs noted: on rear of "De Lux Parlor Chair Motor Coaches" which ply between Boston (Mass.) and the Astor Hotel: "Please Blow Your Horn: This Coach will Gladly Move Over" . . . on a humble Ford: "My Rear End is No Bumper" . . . and over bad rent in same: "Newest 1925 Gnash" . . . also more of these manufactured placards: "If you're close enough to read this, you're too damn close."

Meeting Mr. Emory Buckner, padlocker extraordinary, Mr. Willie Collier innocently mentioned that he had a good tip on the market. "What?" inquired Mr. Buckner. "Buy Yale & Towne, common," murmured Mr. Collier.

Recipe for bacardi cocktail without bacardi: three parts gin, two parts rye, one part Scotch, total added to equal quantity orange juice. Use much ice and frost shaker.

London advices: Mr. Ben Travers said to be new sensation as writer of comedies. His "Coo Coo in the Nest" running successfully. Also has new book, "Mischief" reputed quite funny. . . . Mr. Gilbert Miller is doing "The Firebrand" there. Barbier the sketches for costumes and scenes.

Departing soon for California: M. Paul de Croisset, French playwright, said to be Parisian Michael Arlen. Was interested in "The Miracle of the Wolves" and is flirting with movies here. Wrote the play "Arsene Lupin," "The Hawk," and many others. Young, good-looking.

Mr. Julian Eltinge, delineator of the female type, conversing with Mr. Johnny Black, composer of "Dardanella" who ventures: "I'd like to try female impersonating, Julian. Which course should I take?" His answer: "Only one—don't!"

Proposed twenty-four sheeter heralding new show celebrated condition of critic at premiere with this: "In Vino Veritas—'Best Musical Comedy in Town,' Says Mr. X——." Producer exercised charitable censorship when he saw proof. "In Vino Veritas" was deleted.

Recipe returned to popularity: Cut one portion of strained honey with lime juice, add to two parts (or more) of gin... dash of cream and a little mint... and frost.

-THE NEW YORKERS

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU APPROVE OF INCOME TAX PUBLICITY?



THE ANSWERS:

JAMES A. REED, Senator, of Missouri: "HEH! Heh-heh-heheh-eh-eh! Do I approve of it? Wow! Why, I done it —me and George Norris! There ain't nobody in this country better than nobody else and it took me and George Norris to show 'im! And here it is all in the papers again what me and George Norris done! Whoopee! It's more than them kings and dooks ever dared do over in Europe, gol ding it. And we got away with it and they don't! HEH! Heh-hehheh-eh-eh-eh!"

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Senator of Nebraska: "Look at 'um writhe and squirm! EE-Yow! Me and Jim Reed has done more to make the people sore and caused more tarnation trouble than Volstead and p'u't nigh the whole dern Congress put together, we have! I should say I do approve of it! I like to busted waiting for another year to roll round so's I could see it all in the papers again—and here it is! There ain't nobody ever tortured the people like me and Jim Reed. Gosh!"

WILLIAM R. GREEN, Representative and Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of Iowa: "You ain't heard nothing yet! Us fellows down in Washington allus tries to fix it so's the people get a *fresh* wallop every now and then. The American people have a way of getting used to anything, so we have to think up new ideas to nag 'um with all the time. Next year we're going to start making income tax payers embroider the amount of their tax on the seat of their pants so's folks can see it all the year."

J OHN A. FOSTER, Prohibition Director, of the Marshall Field Building: "Oh, I suppose tax publicity is all right in its way. But that sort of thing is very small beer. As an official annoyer of the people, I feel that I am qualified to put tax publicity in a class with hangnails, hangovers and other such temporary nuisances. Now, my department, as soon as I get my card index system in full swing, will combat peace and comfort *the year* round. I promise that, after I have been at it for six months, a civilized dinner will be practically out of the question in this town and even gin will cost \$75 a case."

SADIE GOLDFARB, hat carrier, of Avenue K: "Oh, I think tax publicity is simply gra-a-and! Gee! Tabloid newspapers and snappy magazines and radio and now this swell chance to poke your nose in everybody's business! Congress has certainly been good to us. My days ain't long enough anymore. Tax publicity has made life simply swell."—RALPH BARTON

FOR MAYOR, MR. HYLAN

The time has come, the Walrus said, To talk of many things;

Of songs, and votes, and fountain pens, And interests, and strings.

YLAN, Waterman, Walker. One of these men will be your next MAYOR. Right at this moment a great deal of SECRET proposing is going on, but YOU, the VOTER, will do all the disposing.

Rochefoucauld, able commentator, speaking of the candidates in a provincial French election, said:

"Celui qui veut entreprendre les grand choses, doit apparavant éprouver ses forces."

Translated into the language with which you are familiar, this means:

"Whoever wants to undertake BIG things, should first try out his strength."

Hylan, Waterman, Walker.

WHO are they? WHAT are they? What HAVE they done?

Let us examine into the REC-ORDS. Let us rend the veil of VE-NOM and forget the red fire and tom-tom of politics. Let us do a little THINKING.

Consider Mr. Waterman. An able BUSINESS man. His fountain pen is an excellent article. He has spent MILLIONS advertising it. No man who spends millions in ADVERTIS-ING can be lightly overlooked. A discerning philosopher once said "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

Consider Mr. Walker. A competent POLITICIAN. Also something of a SONG WRITER. He is author of that touching ballad "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" Millions sang it. No man who can make MILLIONS sing may be dismissed without some consideraton. An acute observer once said, "I care not who makes the Nation's laws, if I can but write its songs."

Then take Hylan. Neither a fountain pen manufacturer nor a song writer. Nothing as PROSPEROUS as the former. Nothing as ARTIS-TIC as the latter. Once he was an HUMBLE MOTORMAN. To-day he is an HUMBLE EXECUTIVE.

To-day this man HYLAN wants to undertake BIG things. And he has aiready tried out his STRENGTH. It has been proven MIGHTY. Why? HIS strength is YOUR Strength.

The ape, CONSUL, was taught to

write with a fountain pen. But he no fountain pen can carry. never knew what he was writing. Why? He couldn't think.

A parrot may be taught to sing songs, but it never knows what it is singing. Why? It can't THINK!



The Ape Doesn't THINK

An able POET once wrote "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

Let us vision Hylan, the HUMBLE MOTORMAN. Réd Mike, they called him in those days of the simple beginning of a GREAT career. Mark you this: the train that Hylan piloted in those days when he was a MERE MOTORMAN was always well piloted. Nobody was ever KILLED on a train piloted by MOTORMAN RED MIKE HYLAN. Nobody was ever even slightly injured. Why? Because he put every once of himself into his JOB. And he never ceased to THINK.

He looked into the cars, and saw PEOPLE hanging on straps. He made a CONVENANT with himself.

"If I am ever in a POSITION where I can do it, I will ABOLISH strap-hanging."

That thought is still running through the MIND of John F. Hylan, husband, father, grandfather, home builder, and humble servant of a great people. Five or SIX more terms as mayor of New York, and he will see his life's DREAM realized. But YOU must help. You the peo-

ple must DECIDE.

Already he has stamped his SOUL upon the city in indelible ink such as

When you ride in Hylan BUSES, when you cross the water in Hylan FERRYBOATS, when you listen to HYLAN concerts, when your children gambol in Hylan PLAYGROUNDS, you are unconsciously paying tribute to the humble MOTORMAN who piloted his train of cars and dreamed the dream of the humble RAIL-SPLITTER—a government OF the people, BY the people and FOR the people.

For his dream Lincoln was assassinated. For his dream, Hylan is calumniated, traduced, jibed, mocked. The pharisees and the scribes fling MUD. Upon that mud Hylan the Dreamer has built the foundations of better government.

Hylan knows he will be reelected. He knows, because he realizes that THINKERS will vote for him. You, who read this, are THINKERS.

New York has gone up hundreds of thousands in population SINCE Hylan first became MAYOR.

Real estate has GONE UP immensely. Think!

There is 2.18 per cent less tuberculosis in Staten Island. THINK! Chrysler Motors has gone up. THINK.

The birth rate has gone up. THINK. Everything has gone up since the humble MOTORMAN became the great EXECUTIVE. He has been elected again and AGAIN. Do you know WHY? It is because Hylan is YOU, the people. And YOU, the people, are Hylan. The MASTER is the SERVANT, and the SERVANT is the MASTER.

Therein lies the ESSENCE of Democracy.

When election day comes, get up EARLY and go to the POLLS with a SONG on your lips-Mr. Walker's song, if it'll make that estimable composer feel better. When you get to the POLLS, take your pen-even Mr. Waterman's FOUNTAIN pen, if it will cheer that honest and praiseworthy manufacturer and advertiser -and record your vote for John F. Hylan, the man who thinks, the man who depends on PEOPLE who think, the humble MOTORMAN who will never be sidetracked in his dream of a GREATER New York.

-PIER-GLASS



THE PERFECT SECRETARY "How many files we have in here!" "Yes,—forty-one."

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE is, for instance, the Society Professional. She attributes her desire for a career To the vapidities of the strictly social life; At least that's what the newspapers say In the stories which carry her picture, But investigation usually proves That father's or hubby's net haul on the Exchange Ain't, as the academicians have it, what it used to be. If she picks on the stage as her medium of expression, She tells the managers that she speaks four languages. He lets that one go by all right, And manages, by the time he has cast her as a maid or a merry villager, To dig up the fact that her great grandfather Was war Governor of Maryland, or something. She wants to begin at the bottom and work up, of course, Having no idea of using her name and position As a box office attraction; Nor does she want to back herself financially-Hints that Sothern and Marlowe stooped to such procedure Go in one ear and out the other No indeed! She is confident of success on her merit alone, Having been a riot for years in those theatrical enterprises So mercifully covered by the cloak of charity. After the stage manager finally takes her in hand,

It is remarkable how many things She simply couldn't think of doing. She has been known to balk at going on at a première Through a sudden fear that she has not been sufficiently rehearsed. Sometimes the S. P. decides to be an author, She had tea in Paris once with Anatole France, And her friends have always told her That she wrote the most wonderful letters! Even casual acquaintances have suggested That she should capitalize her line of conversation-What are Clare Kummer's plays but a lot of talk, anyway? The S. P. who goes in for literature probably would never think Of playing the violin before an audience without having taken lessons, But it's different with vers libre or prose sketches, Especially if some nice writing man whom she meets at dinners-Frank Crowninshield or Owen Johnson or Charley Towne, sav-Will write the introduction for her little book. All she needs is the proper start And a story or two, with quotations and her photograph, In the Sunday magazine sections. Sometimes amateur standing just can't be lost. IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

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-BAIRD LEONARD













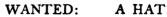














M



A Man, A Museum—and Their Secret Vice



'E cross Mayor Hylan's own park, and, climbing the many steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, drag out Mr. Richard F. Bach. The Museum Bulletin refers to him as Associate in

Industrial Arts. In case that does not mean anything to you, we could designate him as the man who beat them on their home grounds, the man who "sold" Art to the United States without the United States ever knowing it. We will talk to Mr. Bach for about thirty minutes. If we stay longer, we may learn what we already suspect. that there is a trick in it somewhere. or we may wake up.

He is a thin, wiry man, constantly racing his engine, and you pant to keep up with him. He is smiling constantly, and his eyes seem to be hiding a joke. Perhaps it is this big joke he is telling you about that keeps him amused. For fifteen minutes you listen in dumb amazement, and the next fifteen you sit dumb, wondering how long this has been going on.

The answer is about ten years. Mr. Bach, a decade ago, was an aspiring architect, preparing himself to teach at Columbia. He wrote now and then for trade papers. Someone had told the Grand Rapids people that the Museum contained more salable stuff in the way of furniture than did East Aurora. They began to copy the periods in the Museum exhibits. Then the gods opened another oyster, and the interior decorator was sent upon the earth.

Mr. Bach wrote a piece about the furniture dealers and what they owed to Art and the Museum. It came under the eye of Henry W. Kent, secretary of the Museum. Mr. Kent had a talk with Mr. Bach about a dream he had had for some time. And Mr. Kent felt that with the furniture dealers and their profits to point to, the assault could be begun on the Museum the next week. He started with one idea. To-day he has a thousand satisfied customers, covering all the important manufacturing fields from talcum powder cans, on through neckties and collars to wall paper and soap. His bureau reaches millions of tradesmen through the trade papers and the out of town buyer making his yearly trip finds a visit to the Museum as necessary as his visit to the girl shows. Believe it or not.

`O get you to believe this at all, we must divulge part of the secret. The business man has not gone cuckoo; he has not accepted ART. He has merely been convinced by trials, graphs and charts that an article will sell better if it looks better. There is one way to convince the business man, and Mr. Bach knew that way. He never spoke of art. Now and then he did have to use the word, design; but he usually cloaked that with some familiar term in the vernacular. Mr. Bach knew that he could have lectured for seven days on vision and design, the history of personal adornment, or why the male bird dresses better than the female, and have won no recruits among the busy manufacturers. He also knew that he could light a cigarette, put his feet on the president's desk, and say: Why is it that fifty cents worth of felt, fifty cents worth of ribbon, and eighty cents worth of labor can be turned into a hat that will sell for \$45? And when the president gave up, Mr. Bach could say, The answer is, Design, and not be thrown out of the office.

So day by day, year by year, Mr. Bach has gone out on the highroads and in the byways spreading his gospel of design. Once gained, a customer is never lost so our hero can spend all of his time proselyting. In fact, he has the thing down to such a system that the minute the news of an incorporation by a manufacturer is

Big Business. He took up a post with printed Mr. Bach is on the job even before the insurance man or the bond salesman has arrived. Hundreds of trade papers carry the gospel. Every year there is a special exhibit of goods of American design, owing their source to the Museum. Manufacturers from every State come to the rooms for free assistance or guidance in their projects.

Every new acquisition to the Museum is noted by a mailing system and sent to the thousands of clients. It is usually a return post card which says in effect that the Museum has purchased a new chair, or set of armor, or vase; and if the firm designer is interested, mark off the time convenient, and he will be given an interview in which the relation of the new piece to the manufacturer's business will be explained.

You may jump to the conclusion that something from an Egyptian queen's hand might interest the jewelers and no one else. And that would show that you don't know anything more about it than we do. Mr. Bach is earnest about it. Copying is no good. In fact, he altogether leaves out of his plans the individuals or firms who merely see the Museum as a place where beautiful things are on view to be copied. They come and go unmolested, and are helped only when they seek help. Design, to Bach, is not static. It is living and should be adapted to this day and this period. Take for instance the textile people. Came a man who had read about King Tut. Great, says he, let's have a line of King Tut silks.

Mr. Bach shook his head sadly and tried to explain that it wouldn't do. The idea wasn't sound design. The adornments of King Tut's tomb were architectonic; they would be out of place in a lady's dress. Now we do have some very fine scarves that the Queen's maids wore; they might suggest something in the way of design that would better suit the medium.

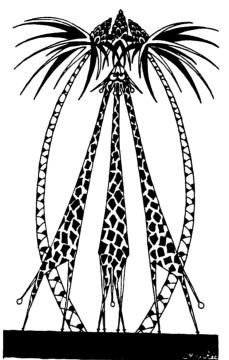
But the business man had read the

paper and he knew a front page story. far north that is going, just ask any He insisted. So Mr. Bach pointed the way to the Egyptian room and said, go ahead, it's a fad and can't filmed under the guidance of the Mulast five months. Mr. Bach smiles when he recalls that exactly five months to the day the silk man called and asked if Mr. Bach could suggest any way to utilize or reprint about a half million dollars worth of King Tut Novelty Fabrics!

One of the International Silver Company subsidiaries was bent on a new coffee set. The designer for the firm conferred with Mr. Bach. You are wrong again, Mr. Bach did not lead him to the Coffee Pot wing of the Museum. Rather they strolled through the aisles where stand the Japanese armor exhibits. And on the leather visor of an ancient warrior's helmet, Mr. Bach and the silver designer found an embroidered design that satisfied their hearts and the contours of the coffee pot. Perhaps you had your coffee from such a pot this morning. It is safe to say that you won't get through the day without using something that owes its origin to the Museum on Eighty-fifth and Fifth.

A talcum powder firm, to increase sales, copied an ointment pot from some dusky queen's toilet table. The new can sold so much better than the old container that the firm changed its whole line. If you don't know how manufacturer.

A moving picture has recently been seum. The press agents of the movies have been talking about Art for some At last the directors have years. caught up. Sounds like the millenium to us. Most of the wall paper firms depend on the Museum, as do the textile plants. But it is the vast array of miscellaneous things that we buy



to wear and live with, born of the beauty of the world's best Museum that staggers the layman. The tired children listlessly strolling through the great galleries, the visitors from Dubuque showing their New York cousins the Corots and Rembrandts, the people from First Avenue resting from the heat. These no longer are the need and reason for this great structure. There's some sense to it after all.

The function of the place is to make a raucous country a little beautiful and its inhabitants, or its offspring, a little conscious of the beauty of life. That it has to be done under cover of darkness and by the weight of "selling points" will offend only the idealist. The trade jargon of the suave Mr. Bach is the mere lip service he is willing to render unto Mammon. He knows his America and is willing to put a phoney label on his bottle. What does he care if the business man in swallowing Art salves his Puritan conscience by calling it "good business" or "higher sales potential."

A great man is this Mr. Bach, influencing more lives than he, or anyone else knows about. We wish he would have a talk with Henry Ford. -MURDOCK PEMBERTON

A Big Step Forward

A magazine written and edited by lunatics has been started in England.

-Indianapolis News

OF ALL THINGS

CCORDING to their leaders' state-Aments, both the miners and the operators are fighting valiantly for the interests of the public. We have despondent moments when we wish they would leave us to our fate.

So's Your Old Manager

The importance of Babe Ruth in the Cosmic Plan was never before as clear as it is to-day. He got more censure for misconducting himself than Huggins did for misconducting the whole team.

If the President hopes to sell the World Court to the citizens this Fall he might begin by pointing out that it does not involve jury duty.

"Sober Republicans and sober Democrats will smash every jug and break code designation to supplement personal

every bottle, from brilliant and blasé Boston to gay and godless Gotham, from beery and boozy Baltimore to fair and foolish Frisco." This alliterative addition to the sum of human knowledge is from the ubiquitous, upright and uproarious Upshaw.

The Department of Agriculture is uttering recipes for keeping cider and other fruit juices from fermenting. At a rough estimate we need this information about as much as Joseph Caillaux needs a hair net.

Pay it Like Rent

The French debt commission will come across next week, and we hope this puts ideas into France's head.

An English inventor has proposed a

There are, he says, 530,000 names. Smiths in England and each could have a monomark of his own. Over here we could pin one on every great golfer named Jones.

Mr. Hornaday is quite right in demanding the conservation of game before it is gone forever. Look what happened to the buffalo and mah jong!

"Although entire libraries have been written about investors as such," says the Saturday Evening Post, "we have no really scientific knowledge of the classes into which they fall." We only know they fall.

The yearnings of Messrs. Waterman, Bennett and Lyons for the G.O.P. nomination strike us as a pathetic example of desire under the elephant.

-Howard Brubaker



THE TOUGHEST DUMP IN TOWN

HE taxi driver where to gosomewhere in the West Fifties, it would be-and took delight in stepping on our feet as he climbed in opposite us. The Good Fellow has a comfortable bed, and we had routed him out of it after midnight. Once, long ago, he had boasted of a passport to the toughest night club in town. Now he was paying for his old bravado. The cab window next the curb, as it passed under the pale, successive street lamps, showed that side of his face all creased with petulance.

"I hope they shoot the whole bunch of us up," he yawned. "Don't say I didn't warn you, the place is a regular Potter's Field of poor, damned, desperate outcasts. Toughest dump in town."

We turned out of Broadway, into a trough of darkness and dim garages. Overhead there was the peculiar, unseen dismalness of electric signs already shut off for the night. The grey glisten of plate glass gave way to old stoops and house fronts, black upon black, sardonically quiet. The taxi shuddered down to an unwilling stop, backed, lurched forward once more against an especially dark piece of side-

Good Fellow told the walk. Out front, the driver's hand driver where to go---- was shoving the little meter flag up. ewhere in the West We had arrived.

"Well, you would come," said the Good Fellow. "Whatever happens, stick together."

He gathered us before an iron basement gate. It was the usual tradesmen's entrance, an areaway sunk into the shadow of the stoop and shrouded windows. The white face of an unknown quantity floated back and forth behind the grille; went away with the Good Fellow's name, came back and turned a silent lock for us. We stumbled down the short, pitchy passage, shivering to a sound of overhead music, and of a grim, incessant creaking of the ceiling.

"Coats and hats here, chents. Memperchip tickets, ten tollars."

They take no chances at the toughest dump in town. Pay as you enter. We did. There was a brass tabouret alongside the downstairs room, and a huge thug hunched over it, counting our money under a red and yellow light. His knuckles flared among the bills. A lone waiter brushed us into the stifling basement-front, where the low ceiling seemed almost to quiver under the stomp of dancing over us and the tables and glassware rattled.

The room was full of soiled drapes, parchment lamp shades, heaps of floor cushions. There, on these last, a man and a woman raised themselves out of a battered stupor to stare at us; then let their elbows subside, and their whole bodies along with their elbows. "Peer, chents? Two tollars a pot-

tle . . . real peer!" We did not want it, but we ordered

it. These preliminaries were customary, evidently, before we might ascend to the dance floor. The beer was a wretched, faked, lukewarm stuff, without benefit of labels. When we set it down unfinished on the table, the vibration slung it in tiny waves against the rims of the glasses. The gentleman friend of the lady in the corner rolled his head across her mouth, and both of them slept.

At length the music hiccupped a few final notes; the ceiling ceased its tomtom of heels; the stairs and the downstairs room began to choke with hotwet-faced, wilted dancers.

"One peer. . . One ink und seltzer. . . Two rattlesnakes. . . Hey, quart champagne for Mr. Moische!"

Mr. Moische was very young and shiny. The creature in red hair and magenta décolleté who was with him began a shrill applause for his splurge. The others at his table took it up, mopping their faces, slobbering listlessly: "Here's to Moische, he's true blue ..."

Something in shoulder blades and reeking chiffon, came downstairs alone, stood whirling her rouge compact by its chain in an all too obvious effort to divert the Moische eye. Failing in that, she slumped over in our direction, ordered a rye straight and a pack of cigarettes at our slightly hesitant expense, and launched into a guttural account of Moische, his morals, his parents, and his race. The big thug from the hallway lumbered in, clamped a playful paw around the back of her neck, and told her to lay off the loud pedal.

"Another quart champagne for Mr. Moische!"

Pain clawed through the belladonna in the girl's eyes. She could only whimper about her feet. She danced all day somewhere else. Here she danced all night. Gawd, for two cents she'd take off her shoes and stockings and show us how sore they got. Last week a fat hick had come right down on her little toe. . . .

She pocketed the cigarettes and limped away. She had not touched her drink. "Maybe it's dope that's wrong with her," whispered the Good Fellow, slowly. "You know, she's one of the chief dancers in . . ." He mentioned a well known Summer revue. "So they say, anyhow," he added.

The sour, relaxed room fell upon silence. Under the hot draperies and fy-swamped lamps, everyone guzzled, rested, and guzzled. Moische was a single idol, upright, sleek, indomitably pick and rich above his lolling, wearily adoring congregation.

The negro musicians came out from the kitchen, grinning, licking their great lips with a burlesque show of pleasure. They passed upstairs. The crowd followed them, and we the crowd.

A bare floor, front parlor, back parlor, a little corner dais for the band, more drapes, more parchment shades, windows shuttered like the windows downstairs against the night, the cops, the dawn. Lights were stronger here, the walls more scarred and snuffy. The crowd spread out across the emptiness, tucking itself up for business. Moische sauntered magnificently down the rooms, his magenta lady behind him. He stopped and awed the Good Fellow by thrusting out his hand.

"Seen you here before. Some little joint for bad boys like us!"

The Good Fellow didn't know his name, really, he told us when he had passed on. But he was a fabulous millionaire, cotton broker or something like that, the people here had said. Made oodles in the war, and spent and spent... Gee, had we seen the way he put his arm around the Good Fellow's shoulder?

Over on the dais a saxaphone sent out a long, crazy tongue of noise. The first bars, rocket-wise, burst with a crash of cymbals. The tune began in earnest. Then the heels. Then the steady brush, jostling and jamming of bodies, in a grim, mechanical circula-The blare grew hurtful; it tion. thrashed over, under and all around the shuffling and contorted humans; it provoked a tremor which was like an invisible dust, through which the dancers fought in a preposterous and unmeaning anguish. Not a smile among them, nor a single word. Screwed, sweaty faces, conscious only of a multitude of feet in a morass of clamor.

"Any you guys dance?" It was the girl who had sat with us downstairs. "Gawd, what a lotta dubs!"

The Good Fellow ignored her carefully. "See that odd mark in the wall over there?" he asked us. "That's a bullet hole. One poor devil tried to dance with another one's girl. Only one bullet went into the wall...."

We looked for it through the shuffling figures. It might have been a bullet hole.

The girl began to cackle. "You'd believe anything. When did they spring that one on you?"

The Good Fellow did his best to ignore her, but a passing couple shoved them ingloriously together.

"Hey, whadder you up to? Don'tchr know a decent goil when you see one? I suppose you've been listening to that swell stuff, too, about my bein' a faded queen of the footlights, yea? Sure, why not? It's just part of the war paint. . . . Every night club's



gotter be wicked to be any good!"

The Good Fellow backed away from her. The big thug of the hallway was sidling up along the wall.

"That Moische pal of you boys said I should tell you he hadder leave ahead of you."

True enough, Moische was gone. The Good Fellow could not help nodding pleasantly over this term of being pal to a millionaire and a famous spender.

"He said you was to settle his champagne bill, see, and meet him later on. Here it. . . What's that? Now, now, don't get mad, brother, it's just a mistake, and this is a nice, respectable place. We don't like arguments here." He was painfully apologetic. The Good Fellow paid.

When we were out in the street again, the morning world was so soft and silent, it was hard to remember that, back there behind the shrouded windows, the dance, the blare, the booze were still straggling on. No sound at all out here, except the dawn. Dawn and the faint pranks of two lean cats among some milk bottles down the block.

The Good Fellow stood there a moment, oblivious and rueful. "Maybe it isn't the toughest dump in town," he said at length, "but..."

-GILBERT W. GABRIEL

• RESOURCEFULNESS

-and the pungent informality of the modern miss as exemplified in a current advertizement:

"We'll be over for you in ten minutes," her friend was saying on the phone.

"But I can't possibly make it that soon," she protested. "It wouldn't even give me time for a tub and to get dressed!"

She was in a terrible quandary. Then suddenly something occurred to her—an advertisement she had read about using Listerine to freshen up quickly. It solved her problem. And she joined the party.

EXASPERATING

There are moments When I am seared By thoughts of you; And yet invariably When I meet you A flighty embarrassment Spoils my intention, And so we part The usual strangers . . . —LE BARON COOKE







THE ANARCHIST DISCOVERS THAT HIS BOMB WAS MADE BY THE PAIN FIREWORKS COMPANY

IN THE NE₩S

Omen in Black & White

NEN days of desperate sleuthing brings the conclusion that there is something more in the present shake up of prohibition forces than the mere agonized writhings of an uneasy and ineffective body. There is, to be blunt, a definite motive behind the reorganization effected by Secretary Mellon, with the approval of President Coolidge. And the affair is not, despite the cynical insistence of my bootlegger, "just a new shake up so they can give us guys a new shakedown.'

As a matter of fact, bibbers of my acquaintance who also are equipped with a shrewd discernment, are loosing restrained cheers at the first rift in the dark Volsteadian clouds which have dulled our days.

Packed into a capsule: the present reorganization of enforcement agencies means the elimination, for the first time, of the Anti-Saloon League and all prayerful spinsters of that genus, from the work of drying up America. We are to have an efficient enforcement program, craftily planned for an even craftier end. The scheme, in all its shrewdness, will be exposed if my breath holds out.

Men of deep wisdom detected a dissonance in the sweet harmony of the Messiahs when, some days ago, the new Prohibition Director for this district, Mr. John A. Foster, made his first public statement, to wit: that he promised nothing, and even had faint doubts that he could dry up Broadway within the waning of a moon.

I^N its editions of last Sunday, the World revived the optimistic predictions of all the men who preceded Mr. Foster. It was an amusing gallery of prophecies-last year's promises usually are amusing-and beside them, the cagy doubtings of Mr. Foster appeared violently unorthodox. Taking his heresy for a cue, the sages peeped behind the scenes, hopeful of discoveries.

The first significant fact to be encountered was that Commissioner Haynes, Janizary of the Anti-Saloon League and moral policeman extraordinary, had been stripped of his oaken billy. Quickly, then, it developed that Mr. Yellowley and Mr. Merrick, local familiars who also cast their devotions before the League, likewise

ing of the list of new appointees generated the suspicion that the earnest were morally concerned with the prosecution of their jobs, had been replaced by a cooler and less holy company.

My encounters with Mr. Foster, with his chief aide, Mr. Tuttle, and with Mr. Buckner, confirmed the suspicion that sanctity had been weeded out of the Prohibition Department. For the first time, it was made convincingly clear, it is planned to keep us dry with hard-boiled cops, and not with missionaries.

The first grave concern of the new authorities was the situation they had inherited from those same gurus. The new men are well aware of the evil smell that hangs over enforcement. It was with a hardly concealed grin, for example, that they gave out the total of arrests for the New York district during the past year. Exactly 12,357 luckless booze-mongers were brought in chains to the throne of the Anti-Saloon League during the twelve-month ending August 31.

But the figure was announced with a grimace for the thundering reason that it had no effect whatever upon the tide of red-eye pouring into New York. Likewise, it compares amusingly with the meagre total of con-A few of the desperate victions. criminals were made to pay their \$100 fines. The great majority, however, escaped through the courts.

But there are other figures, more difficult to procure, to be charged against the reign of the missionaries. Of their agents, 1,114 were dismissed upon the reports of Treasury Depart-



were shorn of power. A rapid thumb- ment detectives, who found those same agents grafting, selling liquor on the side, or bousing on the job. And crowd of gentlemen, who hitherto 327 actually were given sentences in Atlanta for gross violation of the law they were hired to press upon our groaning bodies.

Among the specific defections, it is difficult to forget the deplorable case of the CG-203, sloop of the dry navy, whose crew was hurled into the brig when discovered unloading priceless vintages from rum ships at sea, toting the contraband into the harbor, and getting fancy prices in the city for same. Seventeen men of this good ship were court-martialed-penalties lost in secrecy.

So much for scandal.

By selecting its leaders with extreme care, and by notifying its agents that a sleepless watch will be kept on their activities, the new regime plans to avoid such embarrassing circumstances. The whole key to its cunning plan lies in producing one year of real prohibition enforcement, carried out with thoroughgoing efficiency, and without a breath of scandal.

I^T is necessary to ponder now, for a moment, the elements which proproduced prohibition in America. A group of tightwad puritans: hardfisted, greedy-more deeply concerned in the end with their wads than their morals-that vast body of the vulgate lying to the South and West of us, precipitated the calamity.

Their leaders were the Fundamentalist clergy, the Rotarians and the country bankers. These gentlemen had worked themselves into a state of despondency over the tippling of farmers and migratory farm labor. They saw the rustics drinking themselves, at times, to a pitch of hilarity which left them cold to the payment of mortgage notes, the purchase of village store offerings, or the salvation of their own souls. Such joy was unprofitable to the clergy, the industrial captains, and the bankers. Laughter has ever sounded dangerous to the fileclosers of men's destinies.

The rural oaf made up the rank and file. Aware that he could not take a drink without dealing black eyes to the kiddies and the little woman, he felt bitter resentment toward those more urbane humans who could dispose of a cocktail or a demijohn with-



... said Mr. Bumble, "the law is a ass ... "

out feeling the urge toward mayhem. But, even for the oaf, the dynamic control was cupidity. The banker had talked to him. And the Ford salesman was calling daily.

Under their local, if wide flung skies, these myrmidons of the uplift have seen prohibition as a success. Evil winds, drifting down from the cities of the East, brought the whisper that the law is not accepted hereabouts as an item of the decalogue. But this failure they have blamed upon the aforementioned graft and scandal and upon the notoriously unruly morals of the citified outlanders. Give us time and honest enforcement, they pleaded, and even New York will succumb.

Yet, even while uttering this sanguine prophecy, they have kept an angry eye on that item of the national budget marked "Prohibition Enforcement, \$20,000,000." Which brings us, after circumlocution, back to the wily plan of the new administration in affairs three-star. Catching up phrases and sentiments dropped here and there, it is apparent that these gentlemen, from Mellon and Coolidge down, do not believe that prohibition can be enforced in all parts of America. When I murmured "public sentiment" to several of the new leaders, they nodded understandingly. And I quote one of them directly, following a discussion of Manhattan's dampness: "Well, of course we must be reasonable."

The design, then, falls out simply: New York and environs will be given a season of honest, vigorous prohibition enforcement, reft of the prior air of moral salvation. The effort will be a failure. Kansas and Iowa will begin to complain, echoing their greed, that it is foolish to spend their good money saving New York from the devil. The notion will strike them that New York may be allowed to destroy itself without in the least affecting their own souls or prosperity. And the administration will nod its

THE NEW YORKER

head. Thus, prohibition in America will become once more, without benefit of referendum, old-fashioned local option: enforced violently in regions where it is wanted violently; ignored, even by the cops in those sinful localities where public sentiment is against it and where the spending of wheatfield money is begrudged.

-Morris Markey

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

BECAUSE the other day I hailed a taxi at Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. As the other fare was getting out I told the driver to go to Times Square. He looked puzzled. I repeated "Times Square." He said he didn't know where it was. The stranger who had just got out almost fainted. We tried to describe where it was. The driver knew nothing about it. Finally, I asked where he came from. He said from a Brooklyn stand and he didn't know anything about New York. We finally did get to Times Square and then I wanted to go to 233 East Seventeenth Street. "Oh, yes," he said. "Sure I know where that is; it's the Smith College Club." Can you beat it?—DOROTHY HOMANS

Because, in the first place, I attach no extremely high value to my life. I like to be walking along and have some man flop from the elevated structure above my head and land a few feet from me. While riding on top of an omnibus I enjoy having a steeplejack fall from some high chimney and light on the seat at my side. I even relish having some chap leap from the fortieth story window of a building and come crashing through the roof of the taxi in which I am riding. I fully appreciate Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Forty-second Street, and I will hazard across any of them on the slightest pretext. It thrills me to know that most any one of our citizens, when filled with moonshine, is likely to kill me at any moment. I get a mild kick from having an epileptic attack me in the subway, or from the stray bullets of a policemanbandit duel whistling about my head. Most of all, though, I love to be in the vicinity of an occasional bomb explosion. ----LEIGH HOPFMAN

Because I can walk the deserted streets early in the morning and whiff cool air and the cabmen insist they know a quiet place to go and the men working on the tracks politely stop and stare and curse pleasantly at a stranger's intrusion and sophisticated cats sit on the street and grin, resembling the old women who will take their places during the day, and the blind man at Seventy-second Street comments on the weather.

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-Leonard Mac'Tagart

THE SOCIAL CUT



HERE will, of course, always be a certain amount of difference of opinion on the question of whether to use the cut or not. But after hearing a good deal of argu-

ment on the subject, I may say that I still think that there is no better way of conveying to a man that you don't like him and don't ever want to see him again than to cut him dead. For a number of years I have used the cut frequently, and, excepting on one or two occasions complicated by the unusual circumstances that the man I dislike was blind, with uniform success.

The cut as practiced in this country differs in several respects from both the Continental and the British cuts. In the first place, the cut in Europe has nothing to do with physical violence. Yet I have known a number of Americans who, after cutting, have administered a swift kick to the subject under the impression that they were in some way "bringing it home." I unreservedly condemn the practice. My opinion, indeed, is flatly against auxiliary measures of any kind, even the curse-that is, the practice of saying half under the breath, "You dirty bum," or, "You infernal rotter," or some other expression of the kind: if you must say something let it be the simple, "Ass!," which besides being a really first class vituperative has the additional advantage that, if the man turns on you, you can pass it off quite easily with "As I was saying—" or some other phrase.

In this connection I have known "Asphodel" to work very well, although it has a rather too poetical sound for most people. For general use "Asurbanipal" (King of Assyria 668-636 B.C.) does very well. But why say anything? The cut alone is quite adequate, and the wise man will not try to embroider it.

Let the cut, then be a simple one. And now a word concerning the use and misuse of it. It is a mistake to think that as soon as you have mastered the principles of this simple social act that the best houses in New York will be thrown open to you. Cutting is no panacea. Yet, I have known people who after one or two fairly successful cutting trips up and down Fifth Ave-

HERE will, of course, nue have gone up to Mrs. Astor and always be a certain berated her for not inviting them to amount of difference of dinner.

> Cutting, like any other art, requires discrimination; and blunders in this field, as in any other field, are penalized.

> For instance, cutting people who have held amateur boxing titles is always foolish, and may land you in the hospital. And it is unwise to cut bootleggers, chorus girls, vendors of indecent pictures, and gunmen, because nine cases out of ten they will think you mean, "Follow me up to my apartment-I've got a proposition that will interest you." And don't indulge personal preferences. I, myself, one time religiously cut an American friend of mine who affected an English accent, only to find that he was a full-blooded Englishman, born in Hants Pants, Bumpshire, and an Oxford graduate.

Cutting all domino players is rather

foolish, although I know some very fine men who do it. A few individuals whom it is useless to cut are, of course, Helen Keller, Otto Kahn, Commissioner Enright, and John Sullivan, Fifth Avenue bus driver. I am against cutting bus drivers anyway, if you expect to use the service much.

And now a last word about what to do when cut. I have had hundreds of people come to me for advice on this point, and I always recommend the practice I follow myself. When I go out, I always carry a short, very hard, and slightly knarled club. The best ones come from Ireland, but you can buy one that will serve the purpose in any of the good department stores. And when a man cuts me, I turn and with a quick motion (it should be quick enough so that the club makes a faint "swish" in the air) I give him a crushing blow at the base of the brain.—A. VAN STEENBERGH



"I've got my own wagon and all. This is no ordinary job, Joe. It's like a little business of your own."



AT THE BOOTH AND AT THE LITTLE High Jinks in the Suburbs and in Chesapeake Bay

O^N THE left hand leaf of the above diptych, Miss Ruth Gordon, who has the leading rôle in "The Fall of Eve," a suburban comedy by John Emerson and Anita Loos, a pair of authors who seldom put digit to Corona without producing something brilliant. On the right, Miss Blanche Yurka in Willard Robertson's "The Sea Woman," a rip-snorting, guntoting, lighthouse melodrama, at the Little Theatre. Since her superb performance in "The Wild Duck," Miss Yurka's work has assumed a new importance in the theatre.



The Theatre

IGHT the fires on the hill tops! Clash the cymbals! Let there be dancing in the streets and let every citizen be merry! A new young man, of an intelligent and sophisticated mind, has come to the writing benches of the American theatre! ... In the event that this means nothing to you, turn quickly to the page of THE NEW YORKER headed "Tables For Two" and get the hot news direct from "Lipstick" as to what kind of free lunch they'll be serving at the "Hotsy-Totsy" next week.

What we've been getting at-it will be an open secret by the time these lines are printed-is that "The Book of Charm," at the Comedy Theatre, as merry and adult an American comedy as you will, with luck, see for many months to come. And on the night of its opening there were those in its audience-one, anyway, the writer of this piece-who experienced that same happy feeling of being in the presence of new and promising talent that was theirs or his anyhow on that sultry night three years ago when a little thing called "The Torch-Bearers," by an obscure vaudevillian named George Kelly, made its first equally hilarious and humid bow. For the benefit of those who do not keep up with that kind of thing, an appendix, in which it is explained that Mr. Kelly's second New York offering was "The Show-Off," is being prepared.

Kirkpatrick has chosen to deal with the 11,359,109 citizens of the American scene—the number is not exact, for memory has developed a footfault and reserves to serve, but there are even more of them than voted for Coolidge—who have in the last few years invested in that great signpost to all the graces, all the beguiling arts, all the handmaidens to social success, that he calls "The Book of Charm." And so an enterprising salesman, in his stride, sells the book to two deso-

late small town parents and a bewildered youth who are about to lose to the wiles of New York a daughter and a sweetheart at one and the same time unless her own home surroundings are rapidly made more genteel, more like the elegant reaches of the Nation's Metropolis, more *charmant*.

In a second act, as madly entertaining as was the second act of "The Torch-Bearers," the newly charmed stage a grand effort to keep the beloved young woman from journeying to New York in search of what, they will prove, is easily to be found at home. There is a "souper," though some of the guests have experienced some difficulty in staying up until ten o'clock, when it starts. The mother is induced to do her receiving on a chaise longue, in a negligee fashioned out of her wedding dress, with a rose in her hair: the father has learned a little anecdote that begins "I once heard a legend. It had to do with Capri-you know Capri, of course, that gem set in an azure sea? . . ." which he is prepared to introduce into the general conversation at the slightest encouragement; and the rejected suitor, as a kind of a floor walkermanager, keeps the startled villagers moving about and constantly reforming into new little groups, as is the approved social usage of the quality folks of the world.

The third act is not particularly good, which, people with long—three years is long—memories will remember, was true too of "The Torch-Bearers." (There should be a dispensation allowing playwrights of firstrate talent the privilege of having their first plays produced in only the first two acts. The dispensation is hereby granted.) But all ends merrily, happily and to a glow of pleasure, in the sentimental bosoms of the playgoers.

The acting, one regrets to have to announce, is not what it might be. Exceptions, however, are to be taken in the cases of Elizabeth Patterson,

gorgeous as the harassed mother; Maidel Turner, a stoutish young woman with the conversational resources and manners of back-yard talkers on wash-day: Robert Strauss, the conventional slow-moving, dull-witted and over-rated general practitioner of the benighted Hinterland; Lee Tracy, a Benchley-like salesman who first introduces the devastating thought of culture; and Mildred MacLeod, an excellent young actress, who once again is given too little to do.

The main issue of any discussion of "The Book of Charm," however, must be the young Mr. Kirkpatrick. He has written a fine and crowded, though uneven, first play. And this department herewith offers to open book and back its conviction at long odds, that he will be heard from to really startling theatrical effect in his second or third offering.

THE week of August 31 saw two other openings. They were, one herewith sets down for the benefit of idle future historians of the theatre, of "Clouds" and "The Fall of Eve."

Any reader of this paper, not a member of its staff nor related to any such member, who sends to the undersigned the names of these two plays, or either of them, a year from today will be awarded a free ticket to Seattle and be allowed to give Addison Sims lessons. Of the two, "The Fall of Eve" is the better, on account of amusing acting by Ruth Gordon.

Between now and the next issue of THE NEW YORKER, you just go to see "The Book of Charm" at the Comedy Theatre and then go right home and read a good book. Go to sleep if you want to. We'll wake you if anything happens.—H. J. M.

Music

T HE most regrettable feature of intercollegiate football, an institution which, we understand, has more drawing power than Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, is not the commercialism involved, but the cheering and singing which is supplied in the hope of making punts carry ten yards more than nature intended them to.

For where can you hear worse music and more incompetent yowling than around the gridiron?

Leaving to the sports commentator the issues of organized cheering and somewhat organized singing, we stick to our beat with the thesis that the college song is probably the lowest form of music and that the football anthem is incontestably the most maudlin. Consider the texts of the inspiriting ballads. The boys always go marching down the field and "we" shall conquer or die. The music has only one virtue, which is that it suits the words admirably.

"Boola Boola" and the rest of them all derive from mediocre German military marches that may have had a place in beer garden concerts and the like.

The swan songs, bleated lugubriously when the other team leads by a score of approximately 41-0 and two minutes of play are left, are masterpieces of mush. When you have a few minutes to waste, read the words of "Fair Harvard," "Old Nassau" and "Bright College Years," to name only the dirges of the Big Three. The Harvard lyric is spliced to one of the least interesting of Irish melodies, the Princeton tune is commonplace fourpart writing, and the banal wistfulness of the Yale hymn is to be sung to "Die Wacht Am Rhein," a song that begins with a brilliant bugle theme and fizzles off into one of the most mawkish bits of *cantilena* ever devised.

There is a tradition that farthest north in contemporary poetry begins in college gazettes, that the humor of the academic comic is singularly spontaneous and that undergraduate musical shows would be sensations if parked in the New Amsterdam Theatre. A like belief extends to the "college song." Hopping noncommittally over the "Lit," the funny and the varsity revue, this department takes its chances with alumni associations and goes on record as holding that, of hundreds of college songs, only about half a dozen are pleasing to the civilized ear. The best of them, we think, is "Lord Geoffrey Amherst," and even this well written ditty suffers from a lapse into irrelevant sentimentality in the refrain. Dartmouth men, by the way, are advised that the "Stein Song" and the "Winter Song," both capital works, are ruled out of this discussion on the ground that they were written and composed by professionals.

AN important addition to the literature of opera transcriptions is "Die Schönste Lengevitch," by Kurt M. Stein, better known to readers of the Chicago *Tribune's* colyum as K. M. S. Mr. Stein's paraphrases of "Faust," "Lohengrin" and several other operas do for *die schönste lengevitch* what Newman Levy's "Opera Guyed" did for the contemporary vulgate.

Some of Mr. Stein's offerings may have seen print before Mr. Levy's verses, but they are thoroughly up-todate even to *Lohengrin's* "gänseflivver."

To tenors we recommend particularly the perfectly singable version of "Celeste Aida," which is considerably more intelligent and literate than the original.—R. A. S.

Books

THE lightest, and in a sense, the heaviest new novels of pronounced "sophistication" are, respectively, Charles Brackett's "Week-End" and Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Taboo." Brackett is a rather surprising and shining debutant. His gifts with spun sugar have been noticeable in the Saturday Evening Post, but "Week-End" (McBride) is about as un-Post-ish a morsel as you could imagine. An idea of it can be given by mentioning that the weekend hostess, well out on Long Island, has, at forty, a weakness to which her husband, a bishop, prefers the Nicene



Eugene O'Neill Learns to Spit and Swear on the Wharf at Provincetown.

Creed—wherefore young men had better lock their doors; that some of her guests are sprightly and more or less arty conversationalists; that two who are not are a muscular young man and a determinedly coltish girl; and that between these two a treat-'em-rough romance develops at the hostess' expense. Also, that digressions include a plot for a Great American Novel, an ever-so-decadent medieval legend, and a dream of reciting Swinburne and Amy Lowell to Dr. Johnson.

Much of this is mockingly flippant, and all is so prettily confected that parts of it seem more clever than they are.

THE sense in which "Taboo" (Harcourt, Brace) is heavy is barometric. If you have read Wilbur Daniel Steele, you will know what we mean. His is perhaps the most oppressively serious emotional nature now finding its outlet in worth-while American fiction. He writes about souls in predicaments that he takes as hard as they do, and usually puts the air in a state like that before a thunderstorm. In this case he does so more than ever, owing to his theme.

The taboo is the incest taboo, both psychological and conventional. The souls up against it are father's and daughter's --- which is a welcome change, for the mother-son situation has seen hard service. And while Sherwood Anderson has capered naked in the direction of the father-daughter, and others have depicted women with father "fixations," nobody, as far as we know, has made with either of them as dramatic an experiment as Steele does. By psychoanalytic bitterenders he will be accused of dodging his problem, because after the father in "Taboo" has begun to be aware of what is affecting him, the daughter proves to be another man's. But Steele isn't writing a case-report or trying to be sensational. What he is after is a loftily beautiful arrangement in stress and passion, with sordidness left out and the barrier, or barriers, retained.

Does he get it, and does it get you? Well, it got and kept hold of us till theatrical things began to happen. It has always been out experience in reading him that something in his a wesome gravity was likely at a clirnax to upset ours and clear the thunderous air. And over "Taboo," we



regret to say, our breath unbated in mirth.

TO readers who like sentiment better than they do sophistication, provided it isn't of the Tootsie Roll kind, and provided humor, quaintness and originality go with it, "The Chicken-Wagon Family" by Barry Benefield (*Century*) is confidently recommended.—TOUCHSTONE

Art

NOW is as good a time as any to say a few words about window dressing for art galleries. Of the sixty-odd emporiums, only a few have the knack of getting people into their shops. For the most part the galleries are content to stick pictures in their windows, and let it go at that. Their answer might be that they have customers and that they are content with the trade ensuing. But we doubt that. We hear from time to time of the difficulty of increasing the esthetic appreciation of the country and the almost negligible increase of the art buying public. Surely there is a vast slice of the general public that could be easily interested in buying pictures. The first step, obviously, is to get this cross section in front of a picture. A credible tenet, we believe, is that if more people saw pictures more people would buy them.

The foregoing is written with the assumption that there are individuals with complexes as irrational as was ours. Before duty took us there (we had almost said before we were an art critic, but it is too hot for a debate) we looked longingly into many an art gallery and saw no more art

than the window displayed. They were so forbidding, most of them; so austere and well bred. We longed to go in and look for hours, but feared the waxed scorn and high disdain of the princes who stood about in morning coats, watching over the treasures. Later we learned that this is all in our own mind. Still a little card in the window, written say by the Macy ad writer, would be a good thing. Something democratic and friendly that would lure the timid New Yorker as well as the old lady from Dubuque with corn crop money to spend. Some invitation to enter and rest on the velvet couches, or anything to the point that though the wares are called art, they will not bite.

Durand-Ruel we stormed, and now as many cops as guard the Cathedral couldn't stop our weekly visit. What vou see once inside is so worth while. The John Levy Galleries were subse-quently taken. Try it yourself and you will find the habit of dropping in as refreshing as a daily visit to Hicks. The Levy Galleries are showing pleasing samples of the stock they carry with a little extra weight thrown to the paintings of L. Bonamici. These are the highly pigmented things you may have seen in the window of the artist this gallery sponsored a couple of years ago. Since his first showing of one hundred paintings, a good many of his canvases have gone out to brighten the land.

Bonamici is French-Italian and in the popular parlance, combines the best features of each. As prolific as he is, his arrangements are never trite, and he brings to his design an economy that adds to the strength of his medium. It is not the sort of pigmentation that you often have seen from the hands of the beginners. It is a well-thought-out technique with meticulous handling. The result is a brilliance never gained with the flat colors. It might be careful brushwork, so ably has the palette knife been handled.

Bonamici came over recently and tried his luck in California. Two of his Western paintings are on view; they lack somehow the wealth of color he found in his home. The Pacific was not the kind complement he had found in the Mediterranean. The house, too, is prone to be of a Puritan staidness, having none of that riotous abandon the Italian abodes go in for. It is interesting to learn that Bonamici has sold well in the great Northwest, where men are either mounted police or lumbermen (according to the movies) and women are art buyers.

The cool waters of Aston Knight are also on view in the current show. No one around can, or does, paint as many pink roses and green streams as does Aston Knight. And no one does it better. Then there are some classics, J. Francis Murphy, A. H. Wyant, et cetera.-M. P.

Motion Pictures

O say that as a piece of Superjewelry "The Phantom of the Opera" (at the Astor) was pretty poor paste indeed for at least half its gruesome way, would be saying something very nice about that curious Guignol phenomenon. And then to catch right up on ourself and acclaim the last half of it as almost flawless rough diamond of ghoulish horror, would be making the honors even, or what have you? This, however, is the case.

"Grand Guignol in imitation of Poe with a generous smear of Laemmle hokum thrown in" would describe it to a T. It is one of those heavily adorned things that came originally from between the flaccid covers of the ordinary Parisian penny dreadful, so dear to the literary hearts of the Parisian Babbitts. It presents all the trappings of sex, plus the morbid, plus the gaudy, plus the ornate, plus the rotted, and it makes as elemental and rancid an appeal as you could ask a thrill from.

Thus we have the Phantom living in the dripping cellars of the Parisian Grand Opera and manipulating that stuffy house to his vicious heart's content. Naturally he loves the girl prima donna and is a terror of ugliness to behold. So he lures her hypnotically into his bedroom in the Paris sewers, and shows her his coffin bed to impress his deep cynicism on the fragile lass. He further suggests

marriage. But you know how finicky girls are. And so, what with one bit of murder and terror after another, and what with the intrepid but slightly stupid blunderings of a precious hero, the girl is saved. The diabolical and insane Erik is torn to bits by a vindictive mob and thrown rat-like into the Seine. And again you have the forces of his Satanic Majesty meeting eternal defeat.

ORMA Talmadge smiles and the mob rocks happily; Norma Talmadge weeps and the mob tears sympathetically; Norma Talmadge pleads for happiness and the mob weeps luxuriantly. So that popular lady Fiskes her way through a gay little romance of imaginary royalty, "Graustark" (at the Capitol) winning her audience with that wistful appeal of hers. To grow frantic over the thing seems trivial to us. To damn it would be futile. It is merely inconsequential musical comedy plot, handsomely mounted and cleanly directed by our German cousin Dimitri Buchowetzki. Miss Talmadge, as Princess Yetive Guggenslocker, seems to be getting over her princess days, judging from the uncomfortable way she scurried here and there to express flapping expectancy. It is pleasant Capitol Theatre experience, all in all, and at least taught us a point in royal etiquette. Should one happen to be "it" for blindman's buff at a kingly garden féte, it is improper to kiss the king.

HAR'S hill gold, that's Little I Nell, thar's Grizzly Bill hating the wimyin, thar's Devil's Gulch and thar's a double-dyed villain . . . all disporting themselves gloriously in Miss Betty Bronson's "The Little Princess" (at the Rivoli). Without fear of man or god we can recommend this grand melodrama of the gold-lusting '49 days, as a priceless example of American Folk Drama, as

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much a part of local Western legend as "Abie's Irish Rose" is melting pot history. After good natured preliminaries, the drama hits a rough and tumble racing pace full of villainous sneers, gunpowder, murder, pitiful cries from the mother-harlot, and, to cap it off, a sunshine finish with the clouds dissolving into the happiness of the lover's smiles. Proving, happily, the old truism "That there's never a death but there's a marriage."

HE best way to warn you about "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted" (at Warner's) would be to tell you right at the start that it is based on the axiom that "YOUTH-PLUS RECKLESS DRIVING---EQUALS---," well you know what it equals. The offence is further aggravated by the fact that Cruel Fate Hurled Back an Awful Blow at Mr. District Attorney and got him into a lot of trouble with his wife. But a thankful forest fire managed to creep in for the sex appeal or something cleared up the domestic drama and the boy was able to marry the girl after all. And, if you can make anything out of this suggestion as an epitome then you are the sort of person who would go and see this sort of a picture.—T. S.

AT SIEGFRIED

"Sorta funny, isn't it?"

"Yea; what's all that chop suey?"

"That's 'Siegfried's' treasure he won from the dwarfs."

"Dwarfs, hmmm. Sorta funny. Sav, what's a vassal?"

"Oh, someone that helps around. An assistant, sorta."

"Ohho. Look at him bathing in the dragon's blood."

'It ain't blood. It's water."

"Yea, I know. Funny."

"Kinda like a fairy tale you'd call it." "Yea. That's it. Fairy story like . . ." -W. R.





Tickling an infuriated squid to get ink for printing THE NEW YORKER. In the background may be seen our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of the General Managers of Squid Ticklers, directing the ticklish work.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

V. Getting the Ink

I T HAS perhaps occurred to the careful reader of this series that a very important element in the Making of a Magazine lies in obtaining ink to print the pages. If ink were not interposed between the type and the paper of the weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER, the resulting sheets would be totally blank, and not only would the stories be quite incomprehensible, but the reader might well be under the impression that he was persuing a copy of the Dial.

Since the inception of THE NEW YORKER, the first issue of which was printed in pencil in 1847, the problem of getting ink has indeed been a pressing one, to which hundreds of experts have devoted hours of study. In those early days, THE NEW YORKER obtained its ink by the simple method of sending an office boy next door to the old Brevoort (now demolished) to fill the barrel of his fountain pen at the writing desk. Whenever the ink supply grew low, this office boy would hasten to the Brevoort to get more ink, sometimes making two and three trips in a morning. One day he conceived the idea of a doublebarreled fountain pen, which would carry twice as much ink; and it was in this way that Thomas W. Lamont got his start.

Rapid strides in the circulation of THE NEW YORKER soon made inadequate this antiquated method of ink fetching; and in addition the Brevoort fell into other hands and the ink wells were allowed to go dry. For a time thereafter THE NEW YORKER got its ink from the inkberry (*ilex glabra*). This source soon proved insufficient, and in 1898 a statistical report showed that 39,000,000 gallons of ink were required for a weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER. This report caused considerable consternation, but in accordance with the efficient organization of this magazine, the staff laid plans at once for its own ink base, where enough of this fluid could be obtained to meet the new demand.

Our readers are probably aware that the best ink nowadays is procured from the squid, a cephalopod mollusk of uncertain etymology.

In addition to this question of lineage, the squid is provided with an ink sac (says the International Encyclopedia) and when attacked it will discharge its mantle through its syphon, the ink passing out with the water as if from a syringe. In order to get ink from this strange creature it is necessary first to attack him in such a way that the ink will flow into an ink well or other handy receptacle; and it may well be imagined that this work requires delicate handling. Methods of attack vary, but the most common are biting, kicking, and tackling just below the knees.

The most common form of attack is accomplished by means of a small tickler (Lüdvig), consisting of three long feathers on the end of a stick. These feathers are slyly brushed over the squid's eyes, while he pettishly ducks his head and knocks them aside with his flippers. His resentment increases as this goes on and after an hour or so he has worked up enough indignation to fill a gallon can. At this point Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER's field superintendents in charge of ink, steps up suddenly in front of the squid, pulls his hat down over his eyes, yanks out his necktie, and unties his shoe laces; and as the outraged squid stumbles backward, he watches to see that none of the ink catchers misses a drop.

For every drop of ink, no matter how small, is estimated as worth five dollars. And you can see for yourself that if much ink were spilled, there would soon be no more five dollars left for persons to send as payment for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

T was unbelievable; but it was true. It was incredible; but it was happening-there before our very eyes. Patterson, the husky Australian tennis star, was defeating Rene Lacoste the French champion, winner at Wimbledon, peer among European players. He was not merely defeating him, he was blowing him off the court. One set, two sets, three sets. An upset? More than that. When Lacoste netted the final drive and one point went up for the Antipodes in the final round of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills last Friday-well, frankly, you could have knocked me over with a Citroen.

Yes, the unexpected had happened. Patterson, who failed to win a set against Lacoste at Longwood last Summer; who dropped sixteen games in a row to Johnston in the National Singles a year ago, this same player was forging a remarkable and decisive victory over France's champion. Not only did his serve, ever a powerful weapon of offense in his attack, tear holes in Lacoste's court; but his driving and volleying were just as good.

He ran off the court toward the clubhouse, happy, radiant, despite all his efforts to conceal his feelings. Borotra warming up with Brugnon, the third member of the French team, on a side court called out to him as he went past: "Well played, Sherald!"

Maybe they weren't happy, those Australians, up there in the dressing room on the second floor of the West Side Club as Patterson tramped in and dropped his racquets on a bench.

"That's tennis, that is, Gerald," said the tanned Hawkes.

And Anderson, pulling on his blue blazer with the white pipings, nodded.

"Yes, when Gerald's right, he's right!" And Anderson ought to know. No later than last winter Patterson beat him in a four-set match at Melbourne.

Things looked bad for France at this point. Max Decuigis, the French captain-he was a contemporary of Larned and Clothier, and played on France's



first Davis Cup team in 1904—had gam-bled and lost. His ace had been beaten, his star had gone down to defeat. And the chances of Borotra, the second string player, against Anderson, the man who on his last visit to this country beat Johnston, seemed slim enough. The sixth ranking player in the world to beat the third ranking player? Not very likely.

But Wallis Myers, the critic of the London Telegraph, who probably knows more about tennis, the world over, than any one else, seemed to think it was likely. Sitting beside me in the press tent as the players went onto court, he suggested:

"Care to make a little bet on Anderson?"

"Certainly would."

It looked like easy money. Even when

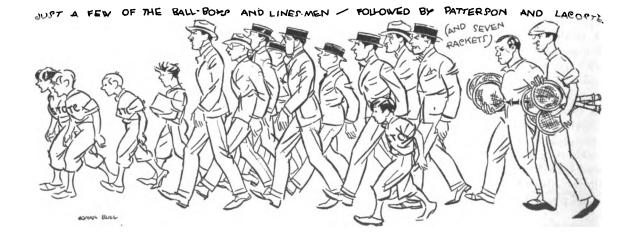
attitudes at the net took the first set. Nor did Anderson appear disturbed. To be sure, his backhand was not standing up well against Borotra's irritating chops. Whereas Borotra's backhand was dismayingly steady against the Australian's furious forehand drives. Wallis nodded approvingly between bursts of handing out copy to the insatiable telegraph that was conveying the news of the struggle to Fleet Street, as the agile Frenchman made a remarkable get:

"Shouldn't be surprised to see the boy win!"

But even with two sets chalked up for France, my money seemed safe. Anderson hadn't really started. Borotra was tiring-every time he passed the umpire's chair he filled his mouth with sugar, and in between Decuigis, sitting at the net, tossed lumps to him across the court. And Anderson was a fighter. From the race of Brookes and Wilding. Bulldog grit would do it. Muddle through would bring victory. Of course, one felt a bit uneasy when games went to fivethree for Borotra in the last set. But the Frenchman was nervous. He pulled his beret down on his forehead. He shook his head. He gripped his racquet. Whereas Anderson-well, you might have thought by their attitudes that he was in the lead.

Fifteen love. Borotra serving. Thirty love. Forty love. Was this the end? No, of course not. Brugnon, sitting in the stand must have had memories of that terrific match at Wimbledon last June when he himself had Anderson in the same position, same score, only to lose in the fifth set. Bulldog grit did it. And once more it was saving the tall Australian. Borotra, tensed for that vital point, hit two balls out. Then he netted a volley. Deuce. And a minute later he lost the game!

Anderson won the next, evening the score. It looked as though Borotra.had shot his bolt. You can't beat the Anglo-Saxons in a pinch. Borotra was going to Borotra, jumping around in impossible blow up. Borotra was through. Borotra



The Impressions of a Woman On Her First Visit at Maxon's:



T_{HB} moment I entered, I became conscious of the fact that I was at a most unusual Shop!

Not the usual "commercial" atmos-

phere ! There was an air of spaciousness, quiet and orderliness, although there were many women looking at the displays.

I found that I could look around quite unescorted by a saleswoman, if I wished. Perfect freedom of action. No urging to buy.

The Frocks, Gowns, Suits, Coats and Sports Models were just as fascinating as they could be! They made me think of Paris. In fact, some of the Models had come from there. And what seemed perfectly wonderful:—they were all only



one of a kind — exclusiveness personified!

But my biggest surprise came when I looked at the price tickets! —in every instance, about half of the prices that I had been accustomed to paying. It was explained to me that Maxon's serves as a

Clearing House for the Original Models (Samples) of the most exclusive Modistes. Specializing in Samples exclusively, they sell them at HALF the usual prices.

Well, I had never in all my life had such a delightful surprise! And,

betore I got through, I had saved no less than \$250! I tell you: If you can wear Sample Sizes (Misses': 14 to 18; Women's: 34 to 44), Maxon's is the place for you!





Exhibit of Autumn Frocks, Gowns, Coats and Ensembles Half-Priced \$19 to \$279

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760 Park Avenue N. W. Corner 72nd Street 14 rooms

800 Park Avenue N. W. Corner 74th Street 7, 11, 14 rooms

860 Park Avenue N. W. Corner 77th Street 12 rooms

1105 Park Avenue *N. E. Corner 89th Street* **6, 7, 9, 10 rooms** 51st Street and East River 4, 5, 7, 11 rooms

Beekman Mansion

222 East 71st Street Between 2nd & 3rd Avenues 4, 5 rooms

164 East 72nd Street Between Lexington & 3rd Avenues 6, 7 rooms

149 East 73rd Street N. E. Corner Lexington Avenue 8, 10 rooms

251 West 71st Street Between B'way & West End Avenue 4, 5, rooms

FOR RENT

1040 Park Avenue N. W. Corner 86th Street 11, 12 rooms 1088 Park Avenue 88th to 89th Streets 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 rooms

Mayfair House

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Vanderbilt 0031

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would go to pieces. Sure to, now that the crisis was over, now that he was caught.

It is hard to realize, but it is true that a new generation of tennis players has grown up in France since the war. Lacoste was a youngster in short trousers in November, 1918. Borotra was taking his examinations for the Polytechnique when the Germans were being driven from the Meuse. Go to pieces? Not they. Blow up? No indeed. The tighter the corner, the more dangerous they become. They don't care whether they are playing Anglo-Saxons or Czecho-Slovakians. Did Borotra go to pieces when the set was deuced and Anderson began to hit out with something of his old time confi-dence? He did not. He ended the set and match with a love game, evening the score at one point all, and incidentally giving bulldog grit the worst setback it has received in some time. And the worst it received until twenty-four hours later.

The Australians had counted on those doubles. Never in the twenty-four years' history of the Davis Cup has the French team won a doubles match. To make sure their passage into the challenge round, the Anzacs had to win the doubles. So important was it that on the eve of the match, they shifted their batting order and placed Hawkes alongside Patterson. You see that defeat of Anderson's was having a psychological effect on the Australians. They had to have those doubles on Saturday.

And what a doubles match it was! Since 1903, when the Dohertys beat the Wrenns in the third year of the Davis Cup at Longwood, I suppose I've seen hundreds of doubles matches in this country and Europe. But never one like this for sheer, tense, excitement. First the French won a set, then the Australians, then the French went ahead and the Australians evened the score. Borotra was as brilliant as ever, his true Wimbledon self, daring, masterly in his interceptions, destructive overhead, severe off the ground, mixing his chop with a speedy drive across court. (By the way, who was it said he had no forehand?) Patterson was the mainstay of his side, the heavy artillery of his service and his drive winning many points in the French defense. And then in that final set, with the score even, at two sets all and one game apiece, Borotra was struck by a ball from Patterson's racquet that knocked him unconscious.

He got up and played, and he deserves lots of praise, but it seemed to me that in that last agonizing moment the hero was Lacoste. Lacoste at first seemed a little dazed by his defeat of the previous days, his volleys were less acurate, his shots had less sting than usual. But after the accident to his teammate, he it was who took the full brunt of the Australian's attack, took it and fought it off with

the power of a champion. He exchanged drives with Patterson and volleys with Hawkes, and he did what escaped a great many in the stands. He repeatedly worked the Australians into a position where their return could be killed by his teammate, enfeebled as that young gentleman undoubtedly was. If Borotra won the first part of the match by the dazzling brilliance of his play, it was the headwork and coolness of Lacoste that brought them through in the end.

Two-one for the French. Three-one. Four-one. The right to challenge this week at Philadelphia was edging toward the Rue de la Paix. Or should one say the Tennis Club de Paris? Four-two, and then the French made it five-two. It looked almost over. Especially when in the ninth game, Borotra and Lacoste neded but one point to win. But they couldn't get it. A drive of Patterson's down the line.

"Ah, oui," exclaimed Borotra, throwing his hands up. It was disappointing to come so near. And lose the advantage.

Because that it is just what happened. The Australians won the game and evened the score at five all. The cheering must have been audible in New South Wales when Anderson won the last point of the tenth game.

Now here more than ever was the time for the French to crack. Within a point of winning the doubles in a Davis Cup match for the first time. One member of the team shaken by a blow in the temple. Bulldog grit was snatching the prize from under their eyes. But notice, please, that not only did they refuse to go to pieces, but they won the next game. And though caught, they went ahead at seven-six. And again at eightseven. And for the last time at nineeight. In other words they were never once headed.

Poor old bulldog grit. Twice in twenty-four hours!-J. R. T.

AT THE DESK OPPOSITE

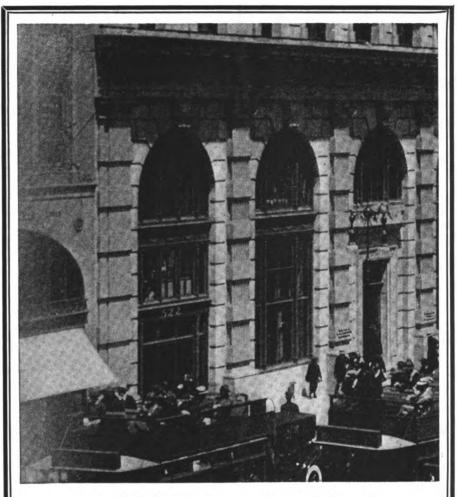
Perfect little bit of floss Tell me, am I to infer That you contemplate the boss Because you're his stenographer?

When a sigh with lowered lash Stirs your breast with beauty swollen, Are you wondering if a dash Might replace a semicolon?

When you pause to fix your hair, When you stop to cross your knees, Are you cogitating where You should put parentheses?

Should you tell me that your task Necessitates that gentle nod, Never a question will I ask.

-But certainly, it's very odd.

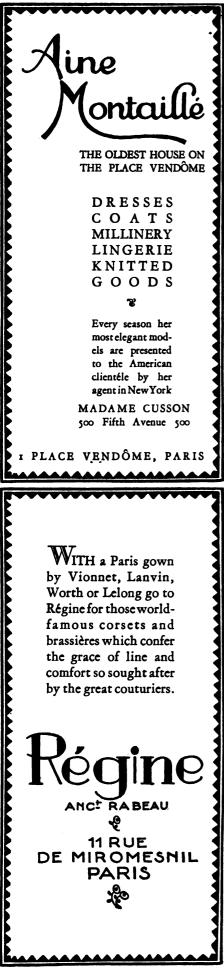


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PARIS LETTE

PARIS, SEPTEMBER I-

ALL right-minded persons should dine their first evening in Paris at Ciro's or at the Château Madrid. Ciro's, perhaps makes slightly the better night. Our reason for recommending it as the place to start out with is that it's the best place we know of for connecting up with all your friends from America at once. Which supposes that you didn't get in in time to get to the Ritz bar on Rue Cambon at lunch time.

But it doesn't matter: Ciro's is colorful anyway. Make a reservation in advance if you can, and if you can't, take your party to the little bar on the left of the foyer and use your eyes. American and English women all got up, cocktailing with monacled Italians; herring-hipped Argentinians and splendidly jeweled ladies of no nationality or scruples; a cosmopolitan and dressy crowd; lots of hand kissing and hand waving. It's the same crowd that meets season after season at Deauville, Biarritz, the Lido, and Palm Beach-with John F. Hylan lacking. Clarence Mackay, Peggy O'Brien, "Feathers" Havemeyer, Barbara and Mimi Brokaw, June, the beautiful London stage favorite, Leland Hayward, and lots of others, are to be seen there with fair regularity when they are in town. And the dancing and music are good.

IGHT clubs have been a little weak lately. The Perroquet, which used to be one of the best of them, was closed for awhile in company with many others, but is opening again in the Fall in a new setting-Theatre Mariguy in the Champs Elysée, when we shall make a point of dropping in after dinner or the theatre.

Next door to the Casino de Paris is a new dance club; the Florida, which is attracting the class of people that frequent Ciro's, Voisin, and the Ritz. Paris, as you may guess, has been pretty generally colored by the Exposition International des Arts Decoratifs-the really modern, that is; and it's not unusual to find big gobs of color, star rays, and whatnot in the restaurants. But Florida seems to have done it pretty well. The effect is good, and to touch it off they have made their dance floor of glass divided into panels a yard square, which is lighted up from beneath during the dancing by light of changing colors. It is very becoming, and for some reason fails to show what people are wearing or are not wearing. The orchestra is Russian, and succeeds in being eccentrically so, giving to the tango more fancy tempos than any we have yet heard.

ND by the way, if luck is good to You, when you go to Ciro's, the fat Marquise de Chateaubriand, whom we translated, and much talked about.

have seen complacently losing wads of francs in the Deauville Casino, will be there presiding at a table of mixed nationalities. She is usually perched in the center of a rose-colored sofa, if she can find one, and her bosom always ornamented with what looks like the bottom of a tumbler-in reality a colossal diamond.

AS TO Les Acacias, Harry Pilcer, famed as the dancing partner of Gaby, is now the boss. The cabaret performance is good-in spite of the Notre Dame Collegiate Orchestra - and is changed frequently. One night we saw Harry Pilcer dance with the stimulating Guy twins. We have been told, and we believe it, that the Guy twins and their dressmaker, realizing that Nature was rather careful with her modeling the day she made them, make no particular effort to hide her handiwork. Although we have seen the Folies Bergère every year for a decade, our pulses responded to the Guy twins very nicely, thank you.

Another feature of Les Acacias program has been dancing by Clare Luce, now of the Casino de Paris and not so long ago of our own dear Ziegfeld Follies. I heard several people murmuring as she stepped out, "Now let's give this little girl a big hand." But their help wasn't needed. She dances with, if anything, more grace than ever; and there were plenty of "hands" when she bowed her pretty blondeness out.

Which brings us to Mme. Bobe of robbery notoriety, than whom no one is blonder. When we saw her last she had a ringside table. And near at hand were Fanny Ward, Jack Dean, Sam Lynch, Margaret Hawkesworth, Maurice, the Princess Rospiglioli, and Judge 'and Mrs. Carey. Present also were all three of George Carpentier, pugilist; the Maharajah of Kapurthala, potentate; and Erskine Gwynn.

LENWAY WESCOTT arrived J from Pornic, where he went to find sunshine and finish a second novel, but found nothing but more rain and colossal mosquitoes. He sauntered to the terrace at the Ruhl, in Nice, with a cumbersome and strangely cubistic-looking volume under his arm. Thinking it some new literary hoax, there was an uproar and everyone wanted to see. He refused to let go, so it was wrested away by sheer force and proved to be what he calls his Bible-a copy of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

"I couldn't write a book without it," he admitted. Highbrow Paris, by the way, is fearfully excited about "The Apple of the Eye" which is now being

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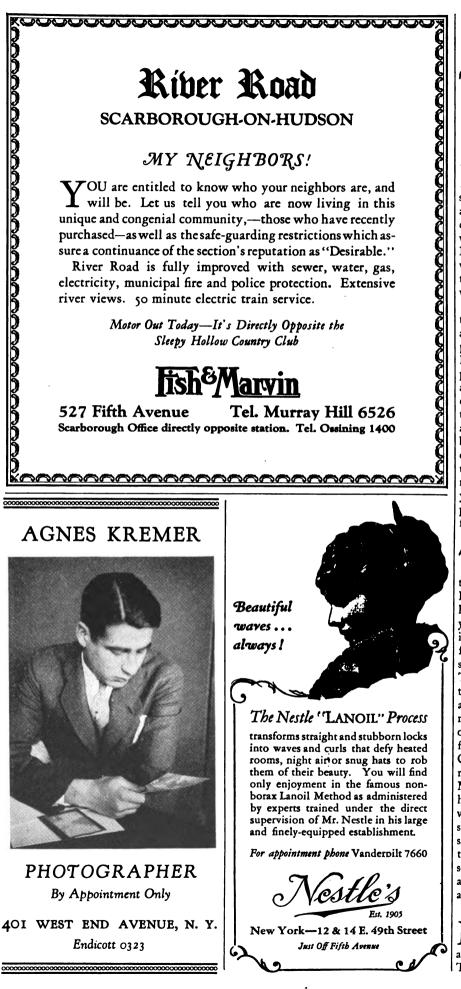
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17, rue Vignon Paris -

THE couturiers present each of their collections in their Paris salons. Myrbor, the great creator, is making a trip to New York specially to submit her models to the well-dressed women of America. Myrbor knows how to interpret all the various silhouettes and bring out the personality of each one.

MyRBoR



TABLES FOR TWO

MERRY excursions to the slums downtown in the quest of new and strange dishes in even stranger places are all very well in their way. My girlish delight in barrooms, more or less converted, which serve the best beefsteaks in New York received a serious setback a week or so ago in a place which shall, not to say should, be nameless. The cause was a good, old-fashioned raid.

It wasn't one of those refined, modern things, where gentlemen in evening dress arise suavely from ringside tables and depart, arm in arm, with head waiters no less correctly clad, towards the waiting patrol wagons. It was one of those movie affairs, where burly cops kick down the doors, and women fall fainting on the tables, and strong men crawl under them, and waiters shriek and start throwing bottles out of windows. It was very exciting, and, to me, anything but funny until a particularly big Irish cop regarded me with a sad eye and remarked, "Kid, you're too good for this dump," and politely opened a window leading to the fire escape. I made a graceful exit.

HE net result of this experience was that I felt an urge, for several days to eat in the dignified fastnesses of the Plaza. The grill, which opens October 3, has always been a smart rendezvous for youthful tea-dancing, but a new interest in lunching at this hotel is due to the fact that it is beginning to take on a slight theatrical flavor, in its quiet way. This is probably due to the recent activities in Columbus Circle, where Ziegfeld and Hearst, not content with the Cosmopolitan Theatre, are planning yet another one. I lunched in the cafe on the first floor overlooking the Park, with Charlie Chaplin and Adolphe Menjou as near to me as I am to you this minute! Menjou (fashion note) wearing a shirt, high collar, and bow tie of glowing pink with an ornament of some kind dangling sweetly at the throat. It goes without saying that the food here is excellent, though slightly more robust than that served in the main terraced dining room, and that the atmosphere is most leisurely and charming.

BUT by far the most enjoyable and unique lunch of the week took place at the Jumble Shop, on Eighth Street. To all outward appearances, it is just ex-

actly like a thousand Greenwich Village tea rooms that serve palatable table d'hôte meals at small prices. For this reason, the ordinary tourist passes it by, greatly to the relief of the proprietors.

The interesting thing about it is the clientele, which is composed to a large extent of painters, sculptors, and rather serious young writers. There is no round table, no head waiter, no music, no bootlegger—just a scattering of trim painted tables with people talking very quietly and occasionally getting up to roam around and chat with friends or to snitch some coveted article of food that the casual waiter has left around with no one to guard it.

The people who go there steadily are quite distinguished and the place has its own atmosphere. It is to be doubted that half the people there know who the other half are. One of the proprietors was greatly amazed when she realized that the nice old gentleman who had been eating in his own corner regularly was Daniel Chester French! Others who are to be seen there constantly, I am told, include John Dos Passos, Cyril Hume, Arthur lee, Art Young, Hunt Deidrich, Floyd Dell, John Howard Lawson, Edgar Arlington Robinson, and Dudley Digges. None of them ever seems to tire of the food, which is a tribute in itself. A visitor whom the owners do not care to see again, however, will find himself the victim of burnt steaks, lumpy mashed potatos, warm iced tea, bad service, and other afflictions administered with such artistry that they rarely reappear upon the kene. Which is just as it should be. I, fortunately, was under the wing of a cherished habitue, and found the food excellent, though comparatively unimportant.

In November, the Jumble Shop will more into Macdougal Alley, taking with it a most interesting collection of original paintings and drawings presented by the great and the near great.

HE loud wails of anguish from those who used to go to Sardi's, on Forty-fifth Street near Broadway, in the ume mood that the Jumble Shop calls forth, are due to the terrible influence of 100 much publicity. After Sardi's had been going along very quietly and nicely for some time, serving really delicious Italian food to few patrons, the world suddenly became aware that, in the tiny dining room or in the garden beyond, the lucky, lucky sightseer might get a glimpse of Lee Shubert, Arthur Hopkins, or memters of the Winthrop Ames office almost any day at lunch. The result was an influx that is causing beaming smiles on the visage of the proprietor and the gradual dropping off of exhibits A, B, C and D-present lunching places un-lnown.-Lipstick

A frankly written book which every mother will want to show her daughter

WHAT is more difficult for a mother than about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and *Aewo*. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

Feminine

Hygiene

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they abould know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

The result is that thousands of women today are running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but physicians and nurses will wouch for the truth of this statement.

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Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness and to do it safely. She can now throw out all

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their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite.

Though absolutely non-

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that can be safely applied

to the human body, and

strong as peroxide of hydrogen. These compari-

sons give some idea of

more than forty tim

nous and non-caus-

re powerful than any

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In bottles 50c and \$1 at drug stores Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co. the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide. How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury! These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they cannot, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroding and withering the delicate tissue-lining. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely safe that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

The clean wholesomeness of Zonite

Enlightened women of refinement everywhere have been the first to see the change

have been the link to bee the change that Zonite has brought into their lives. While knowing the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness, they have in the past shrunk from the use of poisonous antiseptics. Now they have Zonite. And Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze,



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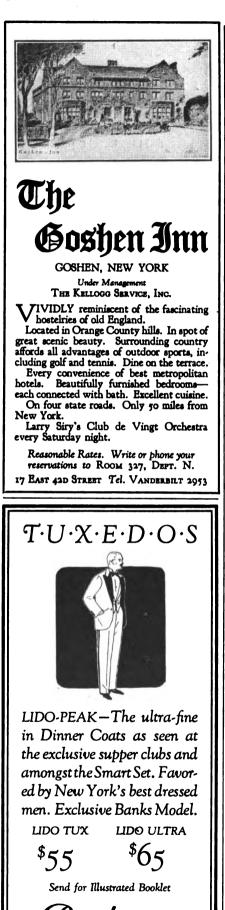
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The Women's Division has prepared this dainty booklet especially for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Then you can properly consider yourself abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. Pass this booklet on to others who need it. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Co., Postum Bidg., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. In Canada, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.



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DROVE 637 miles to Quebec over I DROVE 037 miles to careful fine, mediocre, and rotten roads, used my best obsequious tone on the clerk in Quebec's leading hotel and was assigned a small inside room with view of the service kitchen, bribed the steamship agent in Quebec to obtain the last available room on the Saquenay River Boat, stood in innumerable lines for the privilege of handling meal tickets to the Gilbert and Sullivan Admiral at the door of the dining saloon, left the boat at each stop and bought Coney Island Japanese rolling ball prizes from natives who differed from Park Row hawkers only in that they could not speak English, attended a ship's concert, escape from which was prevented by rain.

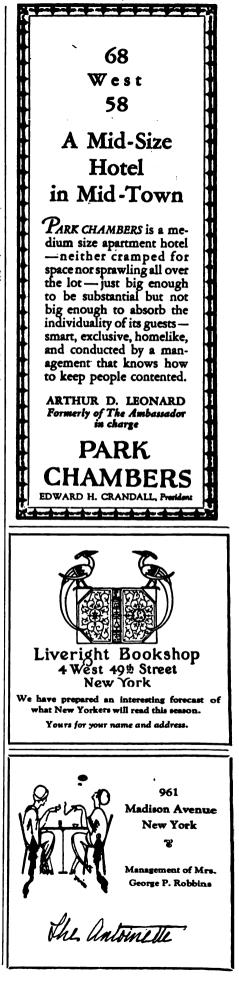
But I was consoled. We were told that the ship would pass Cape Trinity where we would stop while the foghorn was sounded and that we might hear the marvel of the universe, four distinct echoes. We did hear them, and some of us took photographs, presumably of the echo.

To-day I was landing from the Jersey shore. The Sandy Hook boat was unable to dock at Liberty Street as an impudent tugboat was tied up at the end of the pier. Our captain sounded his horn to induce the tugboat to move. Five distinct echoes resounded from the buildings of lower Manhattan.

SEE NEW YORK FIRST. —R. S. W.

HOW TO PASS THE TIME IN NEW YORK'S WAITING PLACES

F the Grand Central Station-Go to the information boothtake out all the time tables you can carry; -pick out the smallest town on the map and find how you could reach it from the ten next smallest towns-would you do it -examine the newsstand-does it sell stationery-does it sell toys-does it sell smokes-can you find ten other nonnewsy. articles that it sells-why do they call it a newsstand-why don't they call it a department store-what time is it inside the station-guess what it is in the rest of New York-walk outside and make sure-find ten couples that are or should be going on their honeymoon-draw up ten conclusions on marriage as an institution-how many gum, weighing, drinking cup, etc. machines can you find-suppose you dropped a cent in each one how much. would you have left-would you be in debt-would you be any wiser-would you do it again-listen to the announcer -how many of the towns that he calls out have you visited-how many would you like to visit-how many can you understand.-Jose Scherr



"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). A genuinely baffling mystery, with the highest degree of suspense.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's). Bright morning and gray afternoon of the life of a backwoods Ohio farmer, the change of weather coming with the Civil War.
- ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (Bons & Liveright). The Pretty Moron's Progress, from Edinburgh to Patchouli Mansions, London.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton). Scene, North Dakota at the beginning of the Townley ferment. (Neither "Samuel Drummond" nor this is one of those "epics of the soil.")
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). Italian servants and their English employers, and finally a set-piece of comedy.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). A Manhattan reunion of characters of his, enlivened by some new ones. His most amusing novel, and as to "brilliancy," his best.
- SERENA BLANDISH, by "A Lady of Quality" (Doram). A slight but very graceful satire that is finding favor. The artless Serena just can't resist, which makes her hard to marry off to advantage.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner³s). Fifty-six of his stories, from novelette length down.

GENERAL

- THE QUEEN OF COOKS-AND SOME KINGS (Boni & Liveright). Rosa Lewis, as drawn out by Mary Lawton. Rosa has ruled the Cavendish hotel in London from its kitchen, has known no end of potentates and celebrities, and has as much personality as half of them put together.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). More nature essays like those that won him reputation as a man of letters.
- ORANGES AND LEMONS and THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two collections of "A. A. M's" contributions to Punch. In the former is some of his best verse.

IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

The finish to a perfect day It is, to watch the children play; To hear their cute Sicilian tongues Emit the contents of their lungs; To watch them climb the iron fence In constant disobedience, And grimacing to carry weight, Their little friends vituperate; To see them in their dirty dress So innocent of gentleness. O children, why contrive to mar The only beauties that there are? Why scatter papers as you pass Upon the unoffending grass? What purpose is it to advance A heritage of ignorance? How scarce perceptible a void T'would leave were you to be destroyed. -A. VAN STEENBERGH





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ESSENCE OF THE CAMPAIGN

IN view of the conspiracy of silence which surrounds it, there is little wonder at the difficulty the average citizen experiences in grasping the salient issues of the primary campaign. This is a cunning effort to scatter dust in the eyes of the people. The issues are definite. An unintimidated electorate has only to scan them and decide. Odd or even? Heads or tails? Or what do you think of some woman's chances of swimming the English Channel before it freezes over?

Which, of course, accounts for the meat on the inside of the coccanut, but not for the hair on the outside of it. That is where the catch is. On the other hand, Pershing is having troubles of his own refereeing that boundry dispute in South America and Mr. Browning feels that the Near East Relief was the real author of his discomfort.

Amid such confusion your correspondent had but one course to pursue. That was to go straight to the candidates themselves and win their confidence. This task was simplified by a little incident. We met a reporter for *True Stories*, who, though only 16 years of age, had anticipated our design and seen the candidates first. We dexterously pushed her under a Fifth Avenue bus and made off with her notes. Five days have elapsed and the body is still unidentified at the morgue, which enables us to present, without violating the ethics of our profession, the following exclusive intelligence:

By Mayor Hylan

[His Honor's statement took the form of a personal letter to the Deputy Commissioner of Weights and Measures.]

More people have visited Grand Canyon this year than any season in history. Trubee Davison is elected chairman of the Crime Prevention Commission, but says he can't hold the job long because he means to be active in politics this Fall. That is the type of men who are fighting us. A street car motorman in St. Louis has resigned to become vice-president of a suburban bank. I am informed that this was done on a five-cent fare. The Inter-borough quit painting "L" cars yellow when it discovered that not while I am Mayor can they dupe the people into mistaking those cars for taxicabs. The population of India is 400,000,000 and there is a potato surplus in Minnesota. It is for the people to consider the facts and say what kind of a Mayor they want.

By Senator Walker

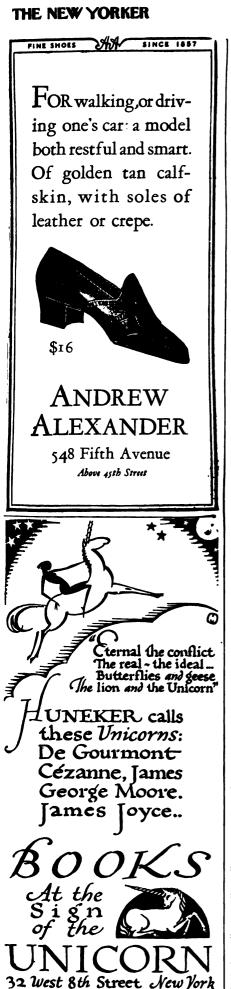
[The Senator's statement consisted of words and music, but the latter was in cipher and you couldn't read it.]

I wear no man's collar, but if I am



WANTED, FURNISHED APARTMENT-Must have two bedrooms and be in neighborhood of Central Park or Drive. Communicate Gilbert, 226 West 42nd Street. Telephone, Chickering 1972.

IMPORTED



elected Gene Tunney, another Greenwich Village boy who has made good, will become the world's heavyweight champion. After that it will be a simple matter to make Al Smith President of the United States. In July eastbound trans-Atlantic travel broke all records. I am not only for a five-cent fare but for five per cent beer. I believe every man has a right to follow the dictates of his own conscience and that vice should be abolished and virtue should prevail, each according to his own interpretation of the terms involved, but I respect Judge Olvany as a friend and who wouldn't?

By Frank D. Waterman

[Mr. Waterman's statement was written by himself in a neat Spencerian hand.]

The pen is mightier than the sword. There are two sides to every question. A public office is a public trust. The boys and girls to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. It is always darkest before dawn. Look before you leap. Honesty is the best policy and perseverance wins.—MARQUIS JAMES

INTIMATE GLIMPSES

APROPOS of all the pother in the press because Miss Swanson rightly refused to pose by her suitcases for a photographer, a similar trend is to be observed among the ultra-chic.

We were recently at Newport as the guest of Count and Countess Frederick Von Schrechlen-Holschrech, who have rented the house of Mrs. Harry Oerlbright VIII for the season. Just before dinner on the night of my arrival (and there was only a small party of intimate friends, some two hundred and fifty of us of the innermost circle), some slight consternation was caused by the entrance into the bluer drawing room of the Dowager Duchess of Chesterfield-Camels, who was attired in the famous Chesterfield-Camels tiara, the Chesterfield-Camels rope of pearls and a pair of the late and twenty-first Duke's golfing knickers.

Stuyvesant Van Stettin, who had flown over from Southampton that afternoon and who is noted for his scorn for the conventions, asked:

"Why, did you lose your baggage, Duchess?"

Whereupon, Her Grace very properly snubbed him.

"Since the Marquise de la Falaise has shown us the way, Mr. Van Stettin," she rebuked him coldly, "we of the *haut* monde do not refer in polite society to such a thing as <u>er</u> baggage!"

When, with his usual tact, Count Frederick rushed to the rescue by having dinner served that night in the green marble swimming pool.—GWYNNE



THE NEW YORKER becomes steadily more complete as a handbook and vade mecum for enlightened metropolites. With its Profiles, Critique, Goings On, Bold Nights, Talk of the Town and Tell Me a Book to Read, it just about makes both ends of this hard contemporary life meet.

But not quite. Man cannot live by bread alone. And while it is true that beverages receive indiscreet comment here and there throughout the pages, this is not adequate representation, considering the importance of the subject.



It has remained for an altruistic advertiser to step in and seize this column in the name of fair play and all that is wet. "The Water Tower" will appear fortnightly until the editors come to reason and run such a column themselves.

•

And if they prefer to call it "What the Hard Pressed Man about Town will Drink" we have no objections.

In the meantime we hope that F.P.A. will not rap us regarding our own heading. After finding that he took no action about Ralph Barton's picture of him in the last issue but one, we decided we could get away with almost anything.



If nothing else, this outbreak does seem to prove that while some people may be born columnists, others are liable to acquire a column and still more liable to have a column thrust upon them.

* * •

"I spotted this thing from the first, Though quite unpictorial, An advertised cure for the thirst In guise editorial. What an antiquated old wheeze." Said the small Pekinese.

* 4

Owing to the lack of space this week we can report only one item of interest to drinking men and women. And that is, that Aquazone Mineral Water, at the time of going to press, is on sale at most clubs, cabarets and restaurants. Ditto drug and grocery stores. Try one bottle as the advertisements say and be convinced.

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VANDERBILT 6434 Advertisement

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AND HOW TO SHOP

Where to shop, is, of course, a matter of vital importance. Of equal import, however, is the technique of the shopper, and that is particularly true in this season, when Fall Sales crowd the large stores with suburban mothers making avid bee-lines for the gingham remnants.

In this season the shopper must do considerable significant purchasing, crowds to the contrary notwithstanding. But if she is wise, she will select one of the attractive smaller shops in the gay little breathing spaces just off the streaming avenues of people.

Small shops are better able to give intelligent care to single articles, selective service to the discriminating individual. Whether it is new chintz, or new dishes, THE NEW YORKER'S Guide becomes a touchstone to the shopper who is desirous of knowing not only where, but how.

Antiques	Beauty Culture—(Cont.)	Gowns Made to Order		
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St., Telephone Circle 1144.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.		
Arts and Crafts	THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experi- ence. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153	Hats Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. ELSIE MAILLARD		
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.	Books	834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358 MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725 Schuyler 7725		
Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	Ladies' Tailors		
Auction Bridge	Flesh Reduction	D. Veltry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE New YORKER		
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City	Chickering 4174 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.		
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus-	Footwear	Restaurants		
trated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypey songs—Dancing after theatre.		
Beauty Culture	Golf School	Shirt Hospital		
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO.	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost. Shirts made to your own measure. OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. soth St. Circle 7330		
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin	135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Swimming Instruction		
Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro-	A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how tc improve your game. Numerous illustra- tions. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 00TH ST. RIVERSIDE 0440, BOOKLET N		
Ivisis. Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	Tea Room		
FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS' ENDORSEMENT. Regent 1303. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson. 601 Mad. Ave.	shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request.	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1 00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.		



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, September 11, to Friday September 18, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan Eugene O'Neill has put the stubborn earth and its stubble into the character of a terrible old New England Puritan of '50.

GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick

Madcap Theatre Guild youth imitating and guying their elders in a good amateur revuette.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES-New Amsterdam

We are now nearing the end of the long THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA trip of this actually funny Follies, spruced with W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

THE GORILLA-Selwyn

A carbon copy mystery farce burlesqued into SALLY OF THE SAWDUST life, what with the way the wise remarks are passed out one atop another.

THE STUDENT PRINCE-Joleon's

Go for those precious memories of your gay student days at "Old Heidelberg." The music will help you weep reminiscently.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Kiaw If you must know, the old Italian wanted a

baby, the little waitress wanted a home, and the hired man his freedom. They all collected. Sidney Howard, the author, got the Pulitzer prize and Pauline Lord does this and last season's best acting.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial There's still life in this old lady of the music shows—a 1924 relic.

IS ZAT SO?-Chanin's Forty-sixth

They don't come harder nor more amusing than this pleasing comedy of some tough babies talking Mencken's American Language in good theatre situations.

SPRING FEVER-Ambassador

If you Golf or don't you can't help liking this delightful thing of Romance on the Greens.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo Now, we ask you, just what can we say about a typical, good George White revue?

ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden Although Rembrandt, Hals and Van Dyke do not make their appearance in this grandiose revue, the Hoffmann girls and Phil Baker do.

THE BOOK OF CHARM-Comedy Reviewed in this issue.

MUSIC

No events of great moment scheduled.

ART

L. BONAMICI-John Levy Galleries A pleasing show of brilliant painting and some of the old school.

HARWOOD H. SIMPSON-Weyhe Galleries Introducing, via Sherwood Anderson, some-thing new in American artists.

SUMMER SHOW-Dudensing

Average collection of this shops' wares with a few new ones from the South.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH

- Charlie Chaplin being a Pierrot in the land where men are men. Not his best, but then he couldn't have any worst. At the Strand.
- Colorfully morbid cruelty and ugliness in the sewers and cellars of Paris. Terrible at the start, and splendid at the finish. At the Astor.

Separate the pantomimic charm of Mr. W. C. Fields from Mr. D. W. Griffith's glucose bathos and you get what? Why, Mr. Fields, of course! and comedy! At the Cameo Fri., Sat., Sept. 11, 12, and possibly a week more.

SIEGERIED

A favorite son wanders through a mythological world and is wrecked on the matrimonial rocks. To the tune of Wagner's score, this is generally impressive. At the Century. HE UNHOLY THREE

Mr. Lon Chaney, a dwarf, and a Hercules involved in diabolical though laughable mean-Bloody and thunderously dramatic. nesses. Loew's Circuit, Fri., Sept. 11 to Fri., Sept. 18.

SPORTS

TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills,

- Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, National Turf Singles Championships with members of the French, Australian, Japanese, Spanish and Canadian LOUIE THE 14th—Cosmopolitan Leon Errol glorifying his crumbling legs amidst acres and acres of indescribable Ziog-GOLF—Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sept. 15, 16, 17, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sept. 15, 16, 17, Davis Cup teams competing with the first ten
 - 18. United States Seniors' Golf Association Championships.
 - YACHTING-Indian Harbor Yacht Club Sat., Sept. 12, Annual Fall Regatta. RACING
 - Belmont Park: Mon., Tues., Sept. 14, 15. Aqueduct: Meet opens Wed., Sept. 16.

BASEBALL Polo Grounds: New York vs. Brooklyn,

Fri., Sat., Sept. 11, 12. Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Boston, Sun. Sept. 13. New York vs. Cleveland, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sept. 15, 16, 17. New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sept. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

MARDI GRAS-Coney Island

Now called "Frolics of 1925." One week beginning Mon., Sept. 14. Opportunity for one's annual frisking with the multitude. **RADIO SHOW-Grand Central Palace**

Aerial innovations under one roof for the

convenience of fandom; Sat., Sept. 12 through Sat., Sept. 19.



Theatre Guild Productions **Garrick Gaieties** Sparkling Musical Revue Garrick Theatre 65 West 35th Street Evenings, 8:40 Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo Klaw Theatre West 45th St. Evenings, 8:40

Matinees, Wed., Sat., 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE West 42d St. Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dire. 458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat. NEW SUMMER EDITION

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES WILL ROGERS-W. C. FIELDS

Engen ESIRE O'N eill's UNDER the ELMS Greatest Play With WALTER HUSTON

Now at GEO. M. COHAN B'way & 43d St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SIEGFRIED

UFA'S great music photo drama based on the Norse Saga and Wagner's Ring Operas.

Limited Engagement.

Symphonic Orchestra of 60 musicians from the Metropolitan Opera Co. render a special score compiled from

Wagner's Immortal Music JOSIAH ZURO, Conducting

Century 62d St. & Central Park W. All Seats Reserved TWICE DAILY, 2:30 & 8:30

1000 SEATS, 50c., BEST SEATS, \$2.20



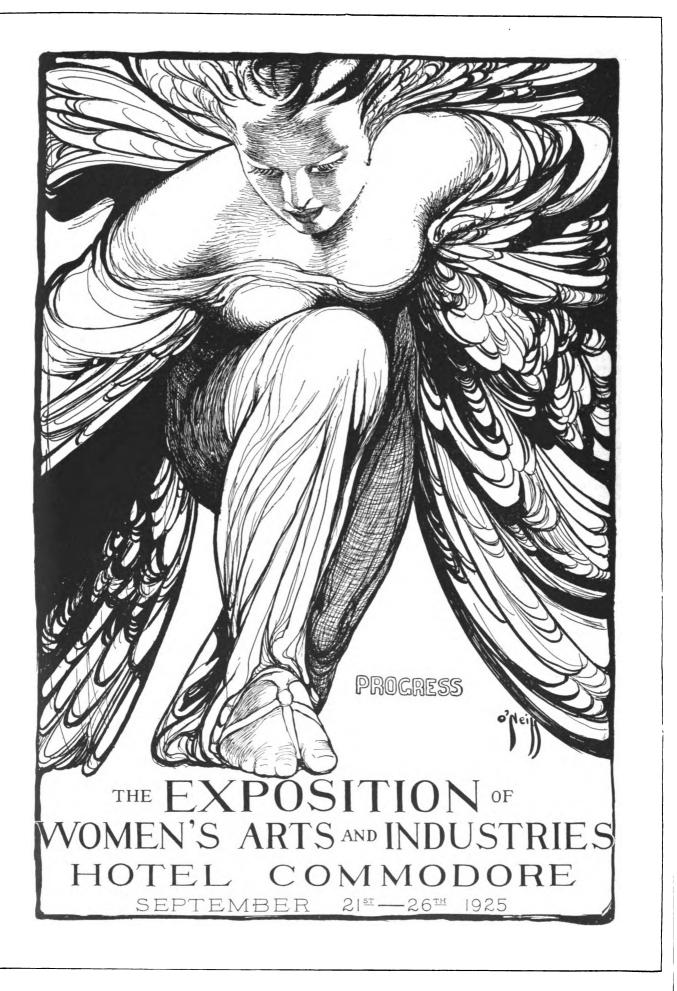
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Edward H. Crandall

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VLRMAN

By Ben Travers A Merry Whirl of Laughter

WILLIAM ROSE BENET in the Saturday Review of Literature—"We think P. G. Wodehouse is funny, but we don't think he is as funny as Travers. And we hope sincerely that nothing happens to Travers until he has given us a dozen more of his delightful concoctions."

BEN TRAVERS is also the author of a "Cuckoo in the Nest" and has set all of England's reading public awhirl with laughter. His American acceptance by the reviewers assures him an international reputation as a humorist.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

F all recent news, the least surprising is that when they found young Noel had a homicidal mania, they got him a job driving a New York taxi.

HE NEW YORKER has learned indirectly the Water Department's solution of the transit problem. The plan is to keep the subways at all times about half full of water and to substitute streamline canal barges, of the Coney Island, handholding type, for the more noisy and insanitary steel trains. The entrance kiosks are to be covered with electric light decorations announcing, "Tunnels of Joy," "The Old Mill," etc. Tickets will be revived, and ticket takers will be equipped with top hats and megaphones, and will inform you that the fare is "a quartah-twentyfive cents-the fourth part of a dollah."

HAT scheme should, of course, remove the five cent fare as a political issue, but it probably won't. Professor Boring of Columbia foresees a population of fifty million for the metropolitan district in 1965. It happens that 1965 will be election year, and, just for fun, give a guess what the campaign will be about.

A NICE distinction was raised in the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant by the protests of amateur beauties against the presence of professional sisters in the contest. Is beauty, one won-

most professional of all professional matters? To a man it would seem so. But woman may know better. And if there is a distinction-if we are to have amateur and professional

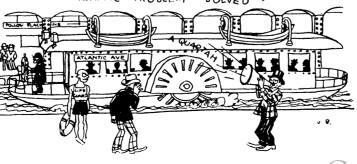


beauties-why should not the Atlantic City promoters take a leaf from golf's book and hold an open championship, wherein the two classes may meet?

***HE winner of last year's beauty** contest, Miss Ruth Malcomson, tells how she won it in a recent issue of Liberty; and from these writings we leap hastily to the conclusion that the very very beautiful are also very very simple.

STOOD on the Avenue watching the files of the American Legion parade last week; the too-robust Legionnaires; the too-thin National Guardsmen. For all my oaths and for insulting uniform and Veterans'

TRAFFIC PROBLEM SOLVE D



dered, ever amateur? Is it not the for all the oaths of others like me, there was the old glamor in the blare of brass instruments and the rhythmic thump of marching feet. Two youngsters stood near. "They're veterans," said one. "Of what?" asked his companion. Startling is the truth. There is a generation alive which the war had never touched.

> ISTINCTION, nowadays, may D be assured by the simple, though arduous system of staying at home. In each of the graduated steps of our social flight, there is a person to whom everyone points (figuratively, of course) as the unusual; the dissenter from custom. He is the Gentleman Who Has Not Just Returned From Europe.

The Week

FRENCH coal miner says he is inspired by spirit of Leonardo da Vinci and Mr. Lewis, leader of striking American miners, says there should be no advance in price of coal. President Coolidge convinced that \$400,000,000 tax cut is feasible and Dr. C. A. Beard questions efficiency of democratic form of government. Former A. E. F. member shoots man

> Bureau turns into Treasury \$69,000,000 it has saved. Welshmen riot in London at premiere of play traducing their race and hundreds of sparrows beat themselves to death in furious attack on an automobile. Defeated candidates issue post-primary explanations and

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six-foot snake is beaten to death on Hoboken pier. Dr. Graves tells Phi Beta Kappa men need is for aristocracy of service and opening of sealed bids for Hog Island is deferred until October first. Major General Summerall praises mothers for their loyalty to country and the War Department announces that the courtmartial of Colonel Mitchell will be confined solely to questions of discipline. French authorities launch drive against selling of absinthe and municipal chemists endeavor to destroy vegetable organism which makes city's water taste so nasty.

Nicotine

OBACCO, among all the writ-I ing men and women of my acquaintance, is considered the great dynamic urge toward composition. It is the inspirational necessity; and I am glad to support, in this, the contention of a writer in the World. With enough of it, kisses and moonlight and bacardi cocktails may be foregone.

For some quaint reason, the virtues of tobacco crept into my mind the other night as I made out Maxwell Anderson among the crowd in the lobby of the Greenwich Village Theatre, where Mr. Anderson's "Outside Looking In" had become apparent as a hit. I thought of cigarettes, perhaps, because I remembered the Winter nights Anderson spent, in partnership with Laurence Stallings, in the making of "What Price Glory."

Mr. Anderson had no Packard then. He lived in a little apartment in Bank Street, and tried to do his writing in a narrow room that he had to share with his children. To find privacy, he found a retreat in the huge rooms of the Public Library, and in the deep silences there labored over the script of the play, with what deft hand we now are well aware.

But there is a rule against smoking at the Public Library. Mr. Anderson tells me that he obcyed it, toothough he grimaced at the recollection. I doubt exceedingly that there are many writing folk who will accept the delightful cloistration of the Library at the expense of their tobacco. Rather, they will endure the discomforts and hubbub of their makeshift studios-perhaps at grievous cost to the literature of the nation. I am willing to head a movement toward the granting of smoking privileges at the Library. It has been suggested

that a room be set aside for writers. with redoubled restrictions in the matter of silence, but with full smoking rights for all. The plan must be kept secret from the reformers, however.

RTHUR HOPKINS loquitur: ATwenty years, and New York will no longer be the theatrical center



of America. Theater groups in cities all through America will be producing native plays in intelligent fashion. More important, they will be sound, satisfying plays, providing the provincial population with thoroughgoing entertainment. We shall no longer have the spectacle of amusementstarved outlanders flocking to New York to view rehashed continental stuff and silly farces. As for myself, I am through with revivals. I intend to produce, in the future, American plays only, new American plays in the vigorous mode which is characteristic of the country.

Styles

HOSE English tailors will not stay put, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, whose Fall clothing spoke quietly of Bond Street. Just when our more conservative dressers were reconciled to the wide shouldered sack coat, tapering to snugness about the hips, the Britishers have fashioned their coats to fall more fully. Shoulders are much the same, and the coat's length is still rather short, however, added the Gentleman in the Know.

THE NEW YORKER

They have found, too, a practical use for the buttons on the side of the coat sleeves, for the first time since they were invented to permit gay blades of other years to roll up their sleeves and button them back for sword play, continued the Gentleman in the Know. The English have made the buttonholes actual instead of ornamental in sport clothes, and the bottom of the sleeves somewhat wider, so that they may be rolled back by the golfer on days when a sweater cannot be worn, which is often enough on the rain-swept British links.

New Petrograd

TOT the least of this season's Russian movements are the plans we have been hearing for the construction of an all-Slavic metropolis, to be named New Petrograd, and located in the environs of South Plainfield, New Jersey. The genius behind this segregating move is M. Vladimir Bouimisdroff, a stately gentleman of the old school, head of the Russian Aid Society who daily travels Jersey-ward to superintend the grading work already begun.

Only last week I spoke to M. Bouimisdroff at tea, but he continues a most conservative realtor. He admits, however, that the American-Russian Engineering Society has taken 120 lots (which sell at from one to three hundred dollars) and proposes a club house which shall ring to Volga boating songs; Madam de Krouleff will build a tea house. Agofonoff, the painter, will journey thither. However, M. Bouimisdroff explains, New Petrograd is not to be a secluded haunt of the remnants of the old regime, but an industrial city which welcomes all castes.

WHILE Vanity Fair offers by advertisement to enlighten prospective readers on the reasons "why Russians are no longer chic," I con-tinue to consider that one of the nearest New York approaches to a salon is Madame Smoliani's charming apartment in West Fifty-ninth Street overlooking the Park.

Madame Smoliani is one of those Russians, who are much easier to find than one supposes, who has a title and prefers not to use it. Her husband, Prince Zavolotsky, was Housemaster to the former Czar, of distinguished family from Krimy on the Black Sea. After five o'clock one is bound to find

(or hear gossip of) Chez-Smoliani, all our permanent guests of the old regime. Among them there is that most aloof of gentlemen, His Highness, Grand Duke Dimitri, nephew of the Czar, Son of Grand Duke Alexander Michael, and a brother of Princess Irene Yousoupoff-Madame Bakieff, whose father was General Morafski and who now buys French dresses for Wanamaker - Captain Sikorsky, the aeronautical inventor, son of a famous professor of psychology, and Professor Burlink, that painter of ultra-modernistic subjects who is to be seen with bright yellow waistcoats, dotted with purple buttons, Also Prince Gagarine, once of the Embassy in Constantinople, whose wife translated the Borzoi cook book for Knopf, and Madame Olga Gholofwostoff, whose husband was an offi-cer in the Guards regiment, another Princess who is sparing of her title among Russians, and another in trade, directing her shop in Fifty-seventh Street. The latest acquirer of a place of business is the tiny Princess Ouchtomsky, hand-painter of dresses and cowns in Russian motif, who has only just established herself in Madison Avenue.

Reverence

R. DAVID BELASCO'S cleri-MR. DAVID BELIAGUE Com-manded respect, but few had suspected, even with this evidence forever before them, that his reverence was so deep as lately it has been shown to be.

The story confirming Mr. Belasco's supreme faith has been told about widely in the last few days, but, for the sake of those few who have not heard it, the account of a fortunate cavesdropper is presented.

During the tryout of "Canary Dutch" at Stamford, after the curtain

had come down to thunders of applause on the second night, Mr. Belasco summoned his company.

In the dim, religious half-lights of the stage, he delivered a solemn mes-

sage. "This success is not due to you," he assured his troupe. "Nor is it due to the author. Nor is it due to me," said Mr. Belasco, with humble modesty. He adjusted his clerical collar and concluded, impressively, "It is due solely to God!

Accommodation

T is always a point of amazement with suburban friends to be told, when they are held in town unexpectedly, that almost every hotel in town can supply their overnight needs, although, strangely, no pajamas are available. Only the old-fashioned night gown is furnished to the transient and forlorn male, and in many cases, these have the names of the hotel embroidered in big letters across their chest, much after the style affected by the playboys of Grahamsville Hose and Pumping Company.

The Bowman chain of hotels supply the most elaborate outfit, consisting of nightgown, toothbrush, comb and brush, safety razor and soaps, all in a sanitary package.

The more fashionable places have not surrendered the older conception of the dignity of travel sufficiently to make special preparations for the lastminute guest, but even these now have emergency nightgear in their linen closets, which is available to those in the know and the good graces of the night clerk.

Yesterday

YEARLY our faith in the charm I of our city is revived by perusal of a fresh issue of "Valentine's Man-

volume has just come into our hands from its author, Mr. Henry Collins Brown, the gentleman who ten years ago took it upon himself to revive old Valentine's tradition, after a lapse of fifty years following the faithful clerk's death. From a collection of contemporary statistics, "Valentine's Manual," under Mr. Brown's guidance, has come to be a charmed ambling through the vistas of Manhattan's past. This year's work is devoted to the last fifty years.

Such strange and curious facts, there are, as that as late as 1874 New York depended for protection from fire on towers, such as the Forest Rangers use to-day-tall skeletons with winding stairways, a-top which sat observers with telescopes. One tower is shown in the manual with an early sketch by Winslow Homer, then a youth on Harper's Weekly. Memories of the old toboggan slide at One Hundred Tenth Street, of the first telephones and electric lights, of the coming of the elevated flow together with intimate pictures of daily life of the city, the modes and manners and superstitions, the fads and fancies of a day hardly passed, and yet, in this strange Western World, already history.

And last and least, as we glance through, a tiny cut of two negro ragamuffins, "dancing for eels" by the old Catherine Street Market. Change not a gesture, but merely sketch the entrance to a Broadway theatre behind them, and the drawing is a picture not of 1880 but of 1925 entr'act Charleston dancers.

Miss Normand

ABEL NORMAND'S appear-ance in "The Little Mouse," which was tried out on the dog several season's ago as "Naughty Diana," recalls the night a few weeks ago when ual of Old New York." The latest the play opened in Stamford. Mabel



Taxi!



wired her friends to stay away, but they ignored her commands and rushed thither where they found excellent seats carefully provided for them. Geraldine Farrar was there, probably drawn by the memory of the days when she and the star of the piece were slaving divinities under the lash of Samuel Goldwyn Esq., Gentleman. That evening in the sticks was nothing to write to the shade of Edwin Booth about, but it was amusing to see the lady who kept Sir James Barrie waiting an hour in Mayfair while she paddled in her tub, standing against the background of the fearsome Stamfordian make-up cell after the fall of the final curtain.

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"I would have hated it if you hadn't come," she said, as her secretary brought in a box crammed with orchids from a friend. And then she herself presented a worshipful young man with a large tin of cigarettes with the announcement that she had given up smoking because it affected her voice. She had made the startling discovery that theatre and studio are not the same.

Wheat Cakes

WITH the realization that Childs' Realty Company is in possession of the site of the Savoy Hotel in Fifty-

eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, there is a growing belief that in time an even more magnificent Childs restaurant will be added to the elegant series that has been creeping into the fashionable shopping district. It simply isn't possible to be democratic any more. One had no sooner discovered the novelty of winding up an hilarious evening at breakfast among the flannel-shirted proletariat in one of the Broadway Childs, than that institution must march right up to Fifth Avenue, establish itself behind a fashionable address, grilled fronts and gold curtains, and become very, very de luxe. We may even live to see gilded hot dog wagons next door to the Ambassador, and then where will we be?

Obeisance to the code of the Fifth Avenue Association has led to a most ungrateful denial of the Childs' origin. The restaurant at Thirtysixth Street is the only one on the Avenue to display the historic Childs' sign. Neither the cafeteria Childs in the Holland Building nor the latest and most elaborate restaurant at Forty-eighth Street have the flapjack flapper in the window. And prices are slightly higher than on Broadway.

There had even been a report that Childs had banished chewing gum from its emporia above Forty-second Street, but breathless investigation proved that this rumor was baseless.

Horses

THE glory has not departed wholly from the horse, when the season just coming to an end can boast twenty-five horse shows—held, or to be held—within a day's drive of town. Interest, of course, centers chiefly about jumpers, or hacks. That is to say, the horse survives for saddle purposes, while the four-in-hand and the phaeton beauties command chiefly, reminiscent, or academic regard.

In one center at least, the trotter claims his due. Goshen, in the glow of early Fall, thrills to its lovely week-end meet, wherein Mr. W. Averill Harriman is accustomed to guide his horses in the spirited brushes each afternoon. A gorgeous spot, Goshen, and the track is a beautiful sight, although the sparse sprinkle of spectators in the stands proves that it is not appreciated as it should be.

The horse has one friend less since the untimely death of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, whose activities for many years helped make the Newport shows successes. But other horsemen, mourning their associate, are still active. In the Jersey district the Far Hills show is in. inent, with the Schleys, Pines, Pierreponts, Kissels and others in judpors, those amazingly close-fitting breeches, and A. F. Hyde, M. F. H., at Peapack very much in evidence; and the Morristown show is to come, where Otto Kahn used to indulge his pocketbook before he grew musical. In Plainfield they will also cavort. And The Riders and Drivers Association will give a splendid exhibition along old-fashioned lines at the same time.

O sentimentalists who like to re-Ι call the thrilling moment when Maryland Calvert swung from the bell clapper to prevent the execution of her lover and make the world safe for Belasco, there will probably be melancholy reflection over the part Mrs. Leslie Carter will take when she returns to the legitimate stage. Her new rôle is not merely an addition to the crowded gallery of florid ladies she has portrayed in the course of her colorful career. Zaza, of beloved memory, Du Barry, Mrs. Tanquery, and Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney in the "Circle," are only fragrant wild flowers compared to Madam Goddam, presiding evil genius of a Shanghai brothel in the new play written for her by John Colton, author of "Rain." Here her palace will not be one of silks and scented down but a temple where tough cosmopolitan votaries hang garlands of empty bottles over a doorway leading to the darkest den of Asiatic iniquity.

Expansion

TENNIS—one is led to reflect by the popularity of the Davis Cup matches—no longer is a social function with a sporting side. It has grown beyond the narrow limits of the elect. Too big for Newport; too expensive for Southampton. Neither colony can supply to-day the enormous playing fields, the huge stadia and the elaborate guest quarters needed for the proper conducting of an important tournament.

So control of tennis has passed from Newport and Southampton—that is, from society—into the hands of the body of thorough sportsmen who govern for the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association. And with that passage has come a change in the galleries which attend big matches. Once composed almost exclusively of tennis players themselves, they are now almost wholly non-players, as much so, for example, as are the crowds at the big football games.

It was a natural transition, re-

gretted, perhaps, by the Newport and Southampton colony, for there was much glamor and excitement in the old tennis weeks at both resorts. But the game has grown too big. It is world-wide now. The Davis Cup matches made it so.

And any sport which wins universal interest, expands beyond the grasp of the purely social. The Long Island set found it was so when, in polo, the Hurlingham Cup matches began to attract international attention.

Criticism

A GENTLEMAN whom it is my delight to call The Critic of the Critics, has for years made a hobby of comparing the current theatrical criticisms with the facts about stage folk which he has marvelously preserved in his capacious memory. There is hardly a theatrical writer in town, he tells me, whom he does not catch in inaccuracy, week after week.

Thus from the Daily News he cites: "Appearing on the stage for the first time in thirty-five years, Augustus Thomas, called the dean of American playwrights, played the leading rôle in his new play, 'Still Waters,' in Stamford, Conn., last night."

Well, murmured the Critic of the Critics, Mr. Thomas played the rôle of *Mr. Kallan* in his own play, "Nemesis," at the Hudson Theatre, in 1921, which is not yet thirty-five years ago.

And, again, from the writings of Bernard Simon in the Morning Telegraph:

"Bertha Kalich, renowned for her performance in the well-remembered 'Kreutzer Sonata,' is to return to the Broadway stage soon. She will be starred in 'Magda,' by Herman Sundermann, the well-known German playwright, author of 'Heimat.' 'Magda' has never been produced in this country."



Which, aside from calling Hermann Suderman out of his name, overlooks such an important event as Mme. Modjeska's performance in "Magda" in 1894, and the more recent performances here in the same play of Mme. Duse, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Nance O'Neil, Olga Nethersole, Sarah Bernhardt, and Laura Hope Crews. A slight oversight, to say the least, murmured the Critic of the Critics.

In Our Midst

NEW and ingenious device for retaining valuable custom for blind tiger, recently padlocked: Old waiter stands watch on sidewalk without. When former patrons appear, he explains unfortunate situation and personally conducts them, via waiting automobile, to new establishment not far away. Thus custom is retained.

Shadow cast by coming Sanitary Show: Committee now canvassing for hostess for Poet's Day.

Heard in the halls of the century Theatre after Siegfried has slain last dragon: "Right 'ere; twenty-five cents and you get your complete life of Ziegfield."

Prominent casting director in throes of selecting actors for new play interviews gentleman who has been waiting in anteroom all morning. "Perfect! Just the type for the banker. You're engaged." "But," murmurs favored gentleman, "I don't want no engagement. I'm the liquor merchant Mr. Jones recommended to you."

Sailing for Paris scheduled for Saturday, the nineteenth: Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray and La Marquise, having begun mysterious plans for latter's next picture.

The Liquor Market: Prices unchanged despite heavy sales due to rainy Labor Day. Continuing hot weather helping light wine market, especially in retail restaurant trade.

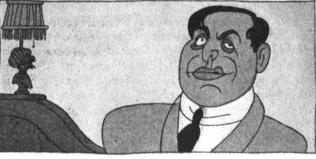
Observations: Seasonal note struck by current window displays on Fifth Avenue, some even going in for Prep school banners. . . . Sign in second story window on Sixth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street reading "Painless Dentistry; We Gas Our Patients." . . . New men's hat in Commodore shop called "The Vanity Hat." . . . Petty Officer of Naval Police on duty in Times Square subway station, there to guard young ladies from fleet's personnel or vice versa. . .

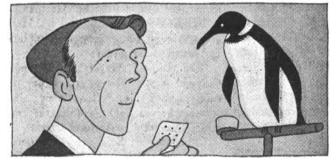
-THE NEW YORKERS



EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU THINK NEW YORK WOULD SUPPORT AN ART THEATRE?









THE ANSWERS:

MORRIS GEST, impresario, of West Thirty-ninth Street: "Do I think New York would support an art theatre? HUH! Look at the condition of my best hat! However, I'm learning. When I bring over the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre I shall insert into the second act of each play one of the three remaining Dirty Words that haven't yet been pronounced on the stage (you know what they are) and see what that does to the box office."

WINIFRED LENIHAN, director of the Theatre Guild School of Acting, of West Fifty-second Street: "That really remains to be seen. I am at present knocking a lot of silly notions about Duse and the Moscow Art Theatre out of the heads of my pupils. When they are ready, and if they are all good little boys and girls, they will be allowed to play small parts in Guild productions and they won't be charged a penny for the privilege. That's what you call an Art Theatre!"

AL. H. WOODS, producer and newspaper correspondent, of West Forty-second Street: "Sweetheart, I have always found the New York public deeply appreciative of sincere artistic effort in the theatre. When I put on Strindberg's 'Up in Mabel's Room' and Andreyeff's 'Getting Gertie's Garter' the public simply flocked to see them. It is true that my production of Ibsen's 'The Green Hat' may shoot a little over their heads, but my faith in the intelligence and discernment of the New York public is unshakable."

R OLAND YOUNG, actor, of West Fifty-ninth Street: "The worst of it is, it does! Look at the Theatre Guild! Goes right along year after year. When I played 'Burgoyne' for them I wrote a letter to the papers about the Guild, calling it incompetent, water-logged, inept, paralytic, doddering, maladroit, stupid, quackish, slatternly, imbecile, beef-witted and balmy in the crumpet—and still it prospers! After that experience I play my Molnar for the commercial managers and get my salary."

ALCIBIADES JOHNSON, producer, manager, actor and batik painter, of Greenwich Village: "Heavens, yes! New York will support an Art Theatre, but it will take some time before it is educated up to it. We've had just loads and loads of fun with our Peanut Shell Theatre down here in the Village and last week several people really bought seats to see our production of my play, 'Pierrot Inconsolate.' Of course, we don't pay salaries. How could we call ourselves an Art Theatre if we paid salaries like Shubert and Woods and Belasco and Gilbert Miller and all those low, coarse commercial managers?"—RALPH BARTON

6



A DAY IN TOWN



5:02 A. M.—Two policemen are killed in a running revolver battle with a taxi driver caught wearing a sport shirt.

5:03 A. M.-Profes-

sor John Dewey of Columbia Philosophy Department, old clothes addict, is arrested as vagrant while taking morning constitutional.

5:41 A. M.—A man believed to be "Sticker" Haddock of the Gopher Gang tunnels his way into the Federal subtreasury and escapes with \$1,000,-000 worth of two cent stamps.

5:42 A. M.—Two men said to be "Sticker" Haddock tunnel their way into Cartier's and escape with \$450,-000 worth of wrist watches. The police give chase and shoot Gertrude Massey, a stenographer employed by the Ajax Linseed Oil Company, in the left leg.

7:12 A. M.—The Ku Klux Klan tars and feathers Abraham Lefkowitz for wearing a yamulka on the way to the synagogue.

7:15 A. M.—Ted Shawn, clad in chiffon, arrives at Rye Beach to greet the sunrise.

7:21 A. M.—Izzy Einstein, disguised as the Spanish Pretender, raids Coughlin's Union Hall, 1891 Second Avenue.

7:49 A. M.—Jans Jaramatoviwcz, an eccentric Croatian, kills his wife with a can opener and then kills himself, leaving a note informing Uncle Duliacz that it is all for the best.

8:00 A. M.—Frank Campbell comes to work in a new hearse.

8:12 A. M.—Samuel Shipman commences work on a new moral drama. 8:31 A. M.—Man drowns best

friend in Y. M. C. A. pool.

8:45 A. M.—Eighty-three members of Sweetness and Light Association depart for Turkestan to abolish seraglios.

9:00 A. M.—Mrs. Tillie Schippstooser, 89, marries Hymie Schmück, 15.

9:10 A. M.—Parade of the Boys' Junior Republic up Fifth Avenue.

9:12 A. M.—Alfred Buldnar, multimillionaire owner of the Buldnar Realty and Cut Plug Co., Inc., leaps from the fifteenth story of his hotel and hurtles to his death. He leaves a note informing his wife, Asphodel, that it is all for the best. 9:14 A. M.—John S. Sumner falls out of bed after writing letter to the *Daily News*, calling attention to the immoral influence of George Gershwin and evils of tobacco chewing.

10:45 A. M.—Taffic tie-up on Broadway during experiment conducted by Mayor Hylan and David Belasco with red and green signal lights.

10.50 A. M.—Jackie Coogan abandons plan to play Hamlet and goes into training for bedroom farce Avery Hopwood will make over from Othello for him when he is of age.

10:51 A. M.—Izzy Einstein, disguished as Brander Matthews, raids the Musicians' Club.

10:59 A. M.—Two men disguised as Dry Agents steal eight motor trucks of safety pins from garage adjoining precinct police station.

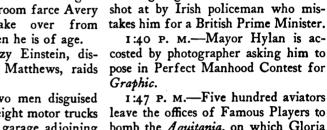
11:00 A. M.—Mrs. Yenta Kartoffel, heartbroken, shoots and kills her husband, Dr. Henry Kartoffel, a dentist with offices in the Heckscher Building and is captured fifteen minutes later in Max Steuer's office.

11:01 A. M.—Dr. Fleisch Mc-Carthy, D.D.S., fills teeth of Mrs. Rifka Hitch with tin instead of platinum. Samuel Untermyer refuses to fight case for her.

11:26 A. M.—Gustave White, colored, slashes himself with a razor in the Kosy Kalifornia Kafeteria, where he was employed as dishwasher. He will die.

12:32 P. M.—John S. Sumner raids the art department of Macy's and confiscates three sepia prints of "Susannah and the Elders."

12:43 P. M.—Mrs. Delphinium



the police.

leave the offices of Famous Players to bomb the *Aquitania*, on which Gloria Swanson is returning to America, with roses and American flags.

Fifenbaum shoots and kills her hus-

band, Dr. Noble Fifenbaum, a dentist

with offices in Aeolian Hall, and is

saved from leaping out of the window

to her death by the timely arrival of

shot and killed in a running revolver

battle with a taxi driver caught wear-

wearing high hat on Fifth Avenue

ing a battered gray fedora hat.

1:19 P. M.-Two policemen are

1:35 р. м.—George Jean Nathan

1:59 P. M.—Dmitri Schulemalofsky, an eccentric Lithuanian, stabs and kills his wife and five children with an ice pick and mortally wounds himself. He leaves a note informing his cousin, Julius Purim, that it is all for the best.

2 P. M.—The International Gotham and Detroit Hearthstone Love and Brotherhood Society issues daily bulletin that the home is the center of Civilization.

2:38 P. M.—School children of P. S. 75 have fire drill.

2:46 P. M.—Matzoth factory burns down on lower East Side.

3:05 P. M. — Samuel Shipman finishes his play. Names it "North Is North."

4:15 P. M.—Otto Kahn endows new Art Theatre.

4:16 P. M.—Bernard M. Baruch, J. P. Morgan, Bishop Manning and other practical jokers cause the arrest of Charles Hanson Towne on the charge of bigamy.

4:30 P. M.—Millie Hockelwurst, aged eight months, shoots aged grandaunt in fun.

4:31 P. M.—Mr. Frank Munsey, returning from Europe on the Berengaria, is photographed with ankle watch he acquired in Paris.

4:49 P. M.—Ann Pennington has her legs insured for another \$75,000. 5:35 P. M.—Izzy Einstein, dis-

guised as ex-President Hadley of Yale, raids the Union Club.

6 P. M.—Six petrified members of

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"None of your dam business."

7

the Union League Club removed from seats, having been dead eight days.

6:15 P. M.—Julia Hoyt signs a contract to pose for Gutzum Borglum's monument, "The Rivers of the New World," to be erected in Eustace Park, Boise, Idaho.

6:30 P. M.—Geraldine Farrar begins hacking at the Civic Virtue statue recently called to her attention by Swedish Ladies' Ice Cream and Stone Foundation Association.

7:22 P. M. (Sunset) — Mayor Hylan begins his series of twenty-four lectures on "Why I Love Old Glory" broadcast by the Municipal Building station.

7:31 P. M.—David Pickstcoffilovitch, fiery boy orator, executed for refusing to repeat oath of allegiance in Public School auditorium. 7:46 P. M.—A crowd of drama lovers gathers in front of McBride's Theatre Ticket Agency to watch the electrically operated mannikin in the window raise its eyes and lift advertising placards out of a box.

7:50 P. M.—Police reserves called out to disperse crowds ogling art pictures outside "Artists and Models" at the Winter Garden.

7:52 P. M.—Lee Shubert calls Broadway to prayer from Muezzin Box atop Winter Garden, and Irving Sinnott, assistant Comptroller of Public Works, pulls a switch and lights Broadway.

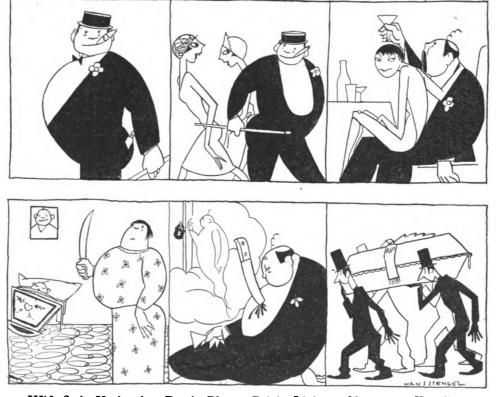
HOW TO PASS TIME—

IN THE SUBWAY STANDINGhow many times a minute does the man next to you fall on you-does he have to

-think of ten ways in which one could dispose of him-how do so many people get into one train-why don't they leave some behind at the station-think of ten reasons why everyone can not have a seatthink of a hundred why everyone should -begin to smoke-how long is it before the guard tells you to stop-wait till he squeezes his way to you-explain to him that you cannot see even one "no smoking" sign-how long is it before you give up-what do you think of the strapsthink of ten ways in which they are a help-think of ten in which they are a detriment-listen to the guard-can you understand him-think of ten ways in which you could pronounce the same stations-would you do it-suppose you needed the money-take your hand off the strap—see how far you can lean back before you have to clutch it-how many times do you miss it-close your eyestry to sleep.

-JOSE SCHORR

OUR SERMONS ON SIN



Wife Stabs Husband to Death, Blames Bright Lights .- Newspaper Headline.

HARK, my harp rings out in minor, for this is a tragic ode, of a man named Jimmy Winer, who forsook his wife's abode.

Where the scarlet lanterns flicker, through the gaily painted throng Jimmy Winer strolled, and liquor led him on the path of wrong. Jimmy Winer thusly scorning matrimony's sacred port greets the dawn of every morning where the wanton women sport.

But the hand that rocked the baby chose the cold and cruel blade. Sin brings woe, though her array be gaily colored silk brocade. Vainly on the silent portals knocks his soul, above you see, warning to all erring mortals, his defunct anatomee.

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Reader, heed thus not the calling of gay Broadway's lawless din. Now you stagger, soon you're falling: death will be the wage of sin. —HANS STENGEL



Another True Story

\HE men and women who work for Bernarr Macfadden call him "God Almighty" among themselves, which is not so trite and has more point than would seem.

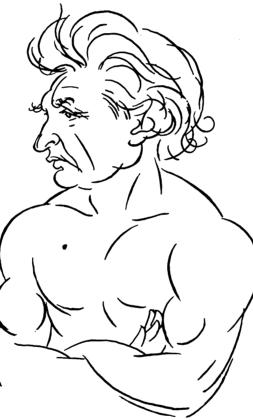
When he first came to New York

in 1894 (from Missouri), a pouter pigeon fellow of bulging chest, long beak, thick hair, and skinny legs, he would have guffawed at such a title; so would have Alexander before the march to Egypt. Now, B. M., as he styles himself, would probably disclaim it only with the vehemence of uncertainty. There are times, he has confessed to his associates, when he feels that in writing editorials and publishing Physical Culture, True Story, and ten other magazines, as well as his new New York newspaper, the Evening Graphic, he has heard the dictates of a Higher Voice. The phrase, "The God-driven pen of Bernarr Macfadden," invented by the ex-wrestler Leslie, now his publicity man, has done even better than could be expected; it has partially convinced Macfadden himself.

In the thirty-one years since the New York Sun reported inconspicuously the first appearance in New York of Professor Bernard A. McFadden, both the spelling of the name and the man have changed curiously. Of the name he has explained, "I was christened Bernard, but I decided to make it a name out of the ordinary." The transition of the man has not been so simple.

The rising of the curtain of his career discovered him then, as the Sun said, "chatting and posing in an interesting way for over an hour," at a special matinee given by himself for the benefit of a few. His chest seemed out of proportion to the rest of his body-he stood but five feet ten inches -and he caused surprise by lifting a blowing, grunting, perspiring and

100-pound bell above his head. His arrival caused little enough stir. He was hard put to it for a job. The \$15 a week he finally got as assistant to the physical instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club seemed generous enough at first. His work was the



Bernarr Macfadden

rubbing down of paunchy members after their exercise. But subsequently he discerned a disparity between the labor and its reward. Within a few months he told his employer that he was going into business for himself. He departed, and soon in the front parlor of a shabby brownstone front on Madison Avenue, Professor Mc-Fadden established himself. Thither, some months later, came one afternoon his former boss to see how the young fellow was getting on. He entered to find six rotund, wheezing,

completely undraped gentlemen running about the room, blowing lustily at toy balloons bobbing above their heads. The visitor watched them with drooping jaw.

"What in hell!" he said. "What's going on?"

Professor McFadden smiled, and his smile was wide. He lowered his voice.

"I blow the balloons up and throw them into the room and tell these fellows to keep 'em up in the air. They're not allowed to let 'em touch the floor. Best exercise in the world. After half an hour I give 'em a shower and a rubdown.

"The balloons," Mr. Mc-Fadden added, "cost only fifteen cents a gross."

The ex-employer departed humbly.

The money paid by the perspiring balloon blowers perhaps gave Professor McFadden leisure to invent and manufacture the McFadden pulley for developing muscle in the home. Soon appeared his advertising pamphlet, boosting the pulley, but carrying as well some general writings on health by the professor. These writings appear to have been his first literary efforts, and they found many interested readers; the professor had happened along at the

moment when a choked and corseted world was ready to listen to advice on health. Thus sprang into the glory of adolescent manhood that periodical Physical Culture Magazine.

The professor was earnest and he wrote earnestly; he had found his own way upward from a puny boyhood. He still is earnest, but now physical culture is hardly his consuming interest. Circulation figures and financial statements must necessarily share his attention in the conduct of his \$15,000,000 publishing business.

Whatever else may be said of Mc-

Fadden later, authorities have found his monthly magazine on physical cul- mitted. Nor does B. M. recognize much good sense in what he wrote, and now writes, on physical culture. He contended that clothes were meant for comfort, that sex should be dealt with frankly, that the outdoors is peculiarly adapted to exercise, that there are more and better things to eat than just meat and potatoes, that the naked human body is neither to be feared nor shamed. Of course with these he had what some in the medical profession called absurd and perhaps dangerous notions, such as that of a diet of milk was the cure of nearly all diseases of body and mind. For these last, doctors grew to hate and fear him as his public expanded. They have tried to jail him. He hates and fears all doctors and thence have sprung such vagaries as his "SERUM TRUST EXPOSE" in his own publication.

I^T was in his Physical Culture City in New Jersey that the public conscience and the newspapers first hunted him out. In 1905, Anthony Comstock, vice crusading progenitor of our own John S. Sumner, became thrillingly outraged at posters of McFadden's designing, which advertised a "Carnival of Beauty and Brawn" in point. His editors have told writers: Madison Square Garden. The posters revealed buxom ladies in union suits, see? And another man. Write about The worm had turned for the Professor. Thereafter he became a butt for public indignation.

The worst blow came when he was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails in the form of the pictures of very nearly nude persons in Physical Culture Magazine. The Professor was sentenced to two years in Atlanta and a fine of \$2,000. President Taft set aside the prison sentence, but the Professor has never quite recovered his breath. That experience has done more to shape his career than any other incident. He learned the penalties a principle may carry with it. He wants no more of them.

Since, Bernarr Macfadden, name changed, has been desperately suspicious of the world. He has walked through life with a lawyer skilled in the obscenity law at his elbow. His eyes have been fixed, no longer on the day when a great flock would exercise e ery day and subsist on fruit and nuts, but upon the hill top of finance where he now stands looking at the world.

For ten years B. M. prospered with

ture. Then came to him the dignified, white-haired Coryell, whose claim to fame was that he originated Nick Carter, the thrillers of twenty years ago. With him came a great idea. It was that an untapped public lay waiting for short stories it might know or deem to be true. Only Macfadden could have welcomed the idea so warmly, for he, too, likes true stories and he felt his taste to be that of an immense public. It has been his genius or good fortune that it is. He and many others are children still; they believe in Santa Claus. True Story Magazine appeared and achieved the greatest success in the history of monthly periodicals. Its circulation passed 2,000,000 in a few years. With its ten subsequent counterparts, Macfadden has uncovered a reservoir of readers already 5,000,000 strong. He proved that his taste is that of an immense public. He became a millionaire.

The new magazine marked the change in his attitude toward sex. Preaching physical culture he had been forced to preach sex frankness as a part of it. But his new magazines are constructed from another view-

"Here's a man, see? And his wife, that. And let the shadow of a bed be on every page but never let the bed appear."

His staff writers are contracted to produce specified thousands of words each week, all, of course, "true stories." Each, it is said, must be approved by a girl manuscript reader, the magazine's editor, the executive editor of all the magazines, Bernarr Macfadden, his secretary (at one time the second Mrs. Macfadden also passed on most stories), a board of ministers, and the obscenity searching lawyer. No higher recommendation from the first reader can be asked than "Gee whiz! This story has a kick. I could not put it down." Any more intricate valuation is neither wanted nor per-



any himself. He either gets "a kick out of it" or doesn't. The plan is lovely in its simplicity.

"I have instructed my editors to write Up not Down to the public," he advertised of the Evening Graphic, the newest of our daily newspapers, and it is presumable that he believes they are doing it.

As a successful business man must, B. M. has a practical side.

"We're in this business to make money," he has reminded his execu-tives. "Don't forget it."

Yet he has days, more and more infrequent, when his employees know that he is in a "physical culture mood." They select those days in which to urge upon him new and daring projects. "If it's true we'll print it," he says on those days. And the next he reverses his decision with, "We can't very well afford to offend those people; there's no sense in going off halfcocked."

E has two large mirrors in his pri-H vate office, one on his desk. Before them he sometimes flexes his muscles and does his exercises. After a shower he slips into a silk bathrobe and receives his business callers. He is painfully self-conscious, even with employees, and deals with them circuitously. For days he remains broodingly angry at subordinates, nor can they learn the reason. Withal, he has a driving power which enables him to watch every activity of his vast enterprises and yet accomplish huge quantities of detail work.

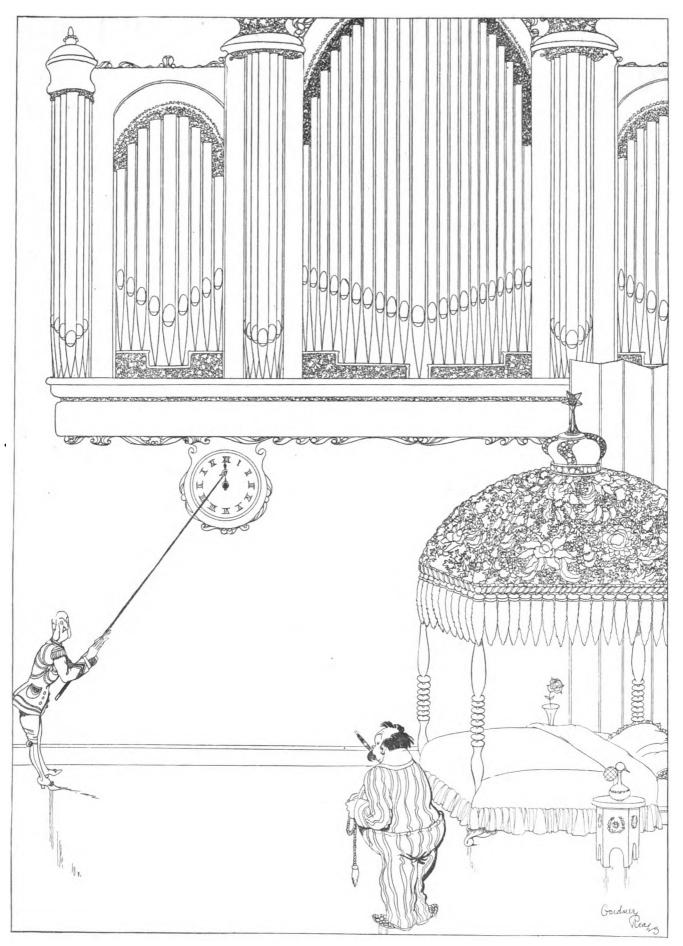
Money by millions, has not lure Macfadden from his simple habits His clothes looks baggy; his only ex travagance has been two motor cars He persists in physical culture for him self and provides an exercise class fo employees in the office each afternoon

But his bodily pride, perhaps th most striking part of his personality, i slipping from him now. He lool old, older than he is, which is 5 years. At a recent birthday part given to him by his employees, he be came highly emotional, which he doe easily.

"I know I look older than I am, he said, the lines never deeper in h face than then. But he swelled h chest suddenly, bulged his arm mu cles and almost shouted:

"But I feel fine. I feel younge than I am."

-Oliver H. P. Garret



"Just set the organ for ten, Jenkins, I gotta be up early, t'morra."

MURDER AS BAD ART

EARLY every day you see the statistics in the papers. "Half as many homicides in Erie in an hour, as in England in an era." "As many assassinations in St. Louis in a second, as in Yucatan in a year." "More murders in Manhattan in a month, than in Schleswig-Holstein in a century." From which it is to be inferred that private salughter is an American activity.

When, moreover, you observe the high consideration accorded to our

slayers — a consideration expressed in most cases by letting them alone (and this, in a democracy where such a privilege is almost unheard-of!) or --- in the few authenticated instances of captureby hero worship and adulation, it becomes further clear that we regard the murderer somewhat as Spaniards the matador, as Frenchmen a poet, as Germans a philosopher, as Jews a prophet. Murder is an American expression, a folk art. It contains some virtue so close to our desire, that we have protected it jealously from the class distinctions which begin to

encroach on our once so purely democratic life. The American murderer can win a front page, be he millionaire or beggar. The same sob-sisters will write him up-gilded clubman or lowly loafer. There is no hierarchy here but Merit; no limit to glory save the intensest competition. Murder, in short, is an American art. My quarrel with it is, that it is bad art; and that America's growing devotion to it threatens our cultural progress.

Consider, first, the psychology of murder. Murder is above all a solution. We take an elementary case. A hates B—hates the sight and presence of B. So A kills B. A no longer sees what he hates to see. He has succeeded: he has found a solution. pulse. A wants B's purse. B, alive, situations between A and B; and con-

would prefer not to give his purse to sider how in a less successful milieu A. So A shoots B or slits B's throat. than our own, they might be blunder-B no longer objects to giving A his purse. A, once again, has succeeded. He has found a solution. This is the he fights, perhaps vainly, to overcome emotional murder-what the Europeans know as the crime passionel: since the commercial desire, the willto-earn, is the dominant American emotion. We go still higher in the category. A wants B's girl, or B's social status. B, active and alive, is too handsome and too clever. A spoils



"Private Slaughter is an American Activity."

B's beauty by bashing in his face, and overcomes B's intellectual superiority by bashing out his brains. A, now unimpeded, wins Girl and Fortune. He has succeeded again: found a solution again. This is the intellectual murder: since Shakespeare and Milton severally tell us that love of woman and love of Fame are the last infirmities of the noble mind.

Having thus placed murder under the Microscope provided by a scientific age, we have detected in it a constant germ: what might be called the success-bacillus-the will to a quick solution. Now it must be understood why murder is so advanced and wide a practice in the United States. We are believers in success: we are clamor-This is the instinctive murder. We ers for a solution: we are no brookers will complicate it with a higher im- of delay. Take our three hypothetic

ingly met. A French A hates a French B: he grins and bears it—or his hatred-or he avoids B-or possibly he comes close to his foe and, by studying him well, strains to turn hate to love. These are arduous endeavors, for which there is no guarantee of success. None of them gets results, like arsenic or a bullet.

A London A covets the purse of a

London B. Unless he is as atypical as genius, *A* will not dream of murder. He will pick B's pocket, or gamble with him, or slip by stealth into his room at night - or even do without! Again, it is clear that success is less assured. The solution is in doubt: the result is far below 100 per cent certain. And now, finally, *A* belonging to any of the effeté societies of Europe, has a rival in B for a girl and for social fortune. He will probably try to get at the girl (an uncertain method where a moment's success "carries no insur-ance") or he may try

to outstrip B by study and application. The processes are long, difficult, full of hazard. The American way of assassination is sure-fire.

But the American method gets so quickly and nakedly at the result, by destroying what stands in the way: which is Life itself. And not alone the life of B: what A avoids-trial, struggle, doubt-is just that content of experience which enriches living and is the stuff of art. The American system is very competent, and very sterile. It is related neither to life nor art: but rather to the machine.

Let us consider our other American arts. We shall then see at once how general is this love of a solution of a quick solution; and how systematically we eliminate from life those elements which might hinder a solution. Quite recently we were mad over the Cross

Word Puzzle. The puzzle was soluble: it made success easy: and it contained nothing-neither sense nor content-except the incentive toward success. Even if one did happen to fail, despite the aid of dictionaries and of neighbors, in finding the "3-letter word meaning the adult of kitten" next morning's paper put an end to the agony. Similarly, there is the Movie and the Popular Story. They must contain a mechanism leading in simple and directest terms to Success and a solution. They must dispense with any forms of "life" that might impede solution. We can see now, how harmoniously murder fits in with the other common ways of American Law and Order.

So much for our recognizable arts. Now, if we turn to our public lifeto our "serious side"-we encounter the same habit. We have social problems: and we solve them. Folks got drunk on alcohol? Easy: abolish alcohol. Roundhead foreigners cluttered up our landsides? Easy: abolish immigration. Dour dramas corrupted Sweet Sixteen? Easy: censor the drama. Crazy communists upset bedtime-story mood of bourgeois gentlemen? Easy: jail 'em and let the Supreme Court of the United States outlaw their nonsense. These are all

problems they still have in blundering, backward Europe. By Gosh, we've solved them.

And we're constructive, too: not merely defensive. Having money means having a good time. We've learned that. So we are abolishing every value, and throwing in contempt each occupation, which does not aim at money: either in the earning of it or in the display of it, once it has been earned. And finally, success is success. Having discovered this, there is nothing left but to murder all moods and impulses which would deny this final and crucial American proposition.

You have the idea. We jolt off more folk in New Jersey in a week, than they do in Germany in a generation, because Murder is so consonant with the American Idea. Of course, murder's a low form of our art: a folk art. (We have our pickpockets, too.) But you can't get away from it. The murderer is a go-getter. The murderer has a problem and he solves it. The murderer sees what he wants, and he takes it. The murderer believes in quick action: he is a maker of success: he is a man with results. ("Success" magazines and popular platform artists please copy.)

because—as Goethe put it—"art is long." The short-cut gets you "there." But what if the "short-cut" cuts out life itself? You've had nothing on the way. And when you are once "there," what can you do but start again-on another short-cut-for the next place? This is the joker in our competence. We do away with the means: and behold! the Means are everything and the End is nothing. It's like the modern Sunday afternoon. We used to go nowhere in particular, on foot: and see the country. Now we motor 100 miles to X. And X. is nothing. And we've gone so fast and swallowed so much carbon monoxide gas, that the way was nothing either. So we speed on to Y and to Z, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

To solve the problems of life is very simple. All you need do is to eliminate or murder life. That gets rid of the problems: and that explains ninety-nine one-hundredths of what men call civilization. For life is all Problem, and the brave dwelling therein: and the solution is death. A good life is the art of avoiding quick solutions. And Murder-this so popular American practice, this so simple mechanical means toward a solutionis a good symbol of the bad art of And all of this makes for bad art American life.--SEARCH-LIGHT

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

17 TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE is, for instance, The Visiting Foreigner.

The ship news men meet him at Quarantine

And ask him what he thinks of the skyline,

He says he thinks it is magnificent,

Which, oddly enough, is usually the truth.

If he is a military or diplomatic celebrity,

He is convoyed immediately after landing to City Hall,

Where somebody makes a speech to him on the steps

And gives him the freedom of the city,

- A blessing whose privileges have never been adequately defined even by its recipients;
- Then he is whisked up Fifth Avenue with a motorcycle escort and such dartings and clamor

That nervous women wish they has chosen some other day

To come out shopping for a Balbriggan sports coat.

If the V. F. is a titled or royal personage,

Local hostesses make un-Fabian moves to control his temporary destiny,

With the odds generally well placed on Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The V. F. always admires Riverside Drive enthusiastically, And those who have him in charge have to explain for hours Why he shouldn't do so.

A semi-public luncheon or banquet is arranged for him At which he hears Mr. Otto Kahn make a speech

And his fish is covered with a sauce which reminds him

Of the paste his secretary uses on his scrap books.

Almost unfailingly before his departure he remarks at least

That he had understood there was Prohibition in this country, Doubtless wishing, from the quality of our hospitality in this connection,

That he had not been misinformed.

He expects to find American women beautiful and is not disappointed;

He expects to find people in a hurry, and ditto.

Sometimes the V. F. is literary and lectures to us,

Whereupon it develops that the trend of the modern novel

Is doing a whole lot to cement kindly relations

Between our country and his own,

Which would go considerably bigger if some of us

Didn't read the European journals occasionally.

Secretly branding us a country of all luxury and no comfort,

He raves to our reporters about our spirit and institutions

And then takes it all back later in his book.

Rome wasn't built in a day,

But most alien impressions of this country are.

When an American makes a trip to Europe

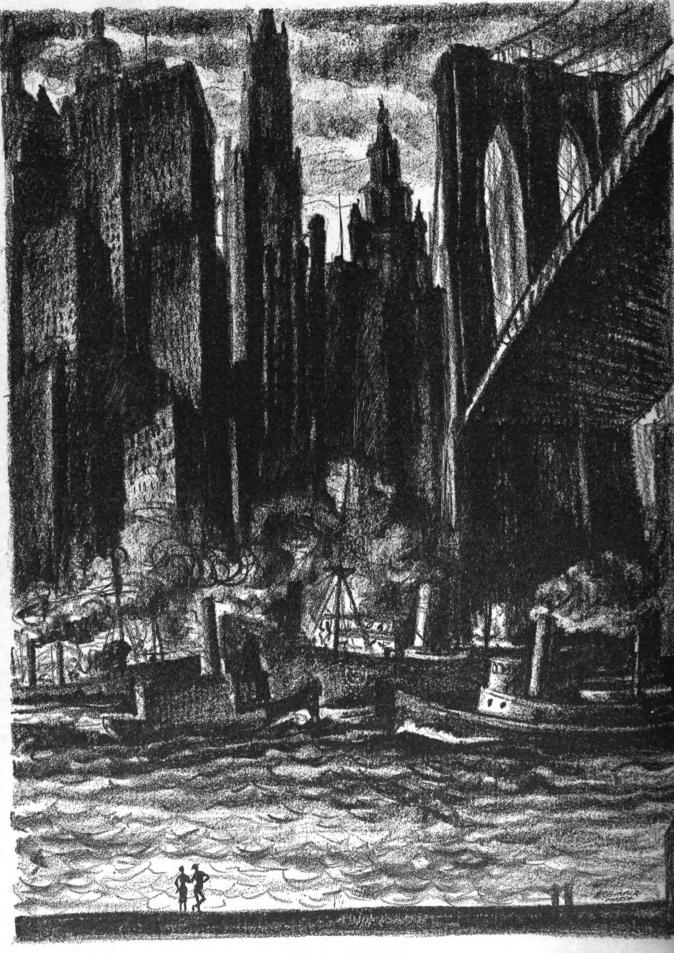
His letter of credit is usually so shot to pieces on his return That he has to tip the boat steward in three currencies.

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Isn't it a poor rule that doesn't work both ways?

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD



"Pretty,-isn't it?"

THE CURRENT PRESS

EATH and destruction provide the big news for us here in America. Scandal has its devotees, of course, among the serving maids and shopgirls who pursue their own quaint notion of current events through the pages of the penny-dreadful tabloids. And there are recurring seasons when the press deals with a large hand from the stewing pot of politics. But the news constant, the one element which never fails to evoke the popular curiosity, is calamity. Let human life be destroyed, whether by providential edict or a jealous wife, and America is certain to clamor for the last crumb of the details.

The last few weeks have witnessed several of such violent disasters. The airship *Shenandoah* was wrecked. A navy airplane was lost at sea—its final and fortunate recovery coming after the newspapers had wrenched the tragedy dry of regrets, in time for an unusual happy ending. A particularly grotesque murder was committed by a New Jersey lunatic.

The wreck of the Shenandoah was reported in the New York press with that completeness and authority which distinguishes it from the dull journalism of the provinces. And incidentally, the published account provided us with brilliant testimony to the improvement in journalistic methods during the past quarter century.

Twenty years ago, and we would have been regaled in the news columns with lurid and violent rhetoric, representing some imaginative reporter's conception of what might have happened in the control car of the airship. Fed in the gush school of newspaper letters, the writers would have felt compelled to dramatize the event, and would have ended by dramatizing themselves as actual victims of the catastrophe. And they would have tried to give us the emotions of terror and despair at the sinister crash of breaking struts, 4,000 feet above the gloomy Ohio countryside. Horror would have stalked through their paragraphs. And over all their work would have hung a taint of concoction, of spurious imagination which would have left suspect of such few facts as they bothered to compile.

But the stories which appeared in our present press were splendidly restrained and factual. Sitting in New York, we were given an accurate and vivid enough account of the disaster that befell the *Shenandoah*. After reading our papers, we knew approximately how it happened. To accomplish that end is enough ambition for the press.

The restraint which I mention is particularly creditable in the case of Peter Vischer of the *World* and Joseph Brady of the *Herald Tribune*. For these men were on the scene a few hours after the accident. They wrote their stories, apparently, late at night in a region that was boiling with emotional excitement. And yet they managed, in their dispatches, to be calm and forthright. Mr. Brady, according to the statement of his paper, was sent with a photographer by airplane from New York to Ohio through storms and considerable peril. The *Herald Tribune's* reward for hiring the plane was a superior pageful of pictures, brought back by the photographer, Harry Schoenhals, and a graphic series of accounts from Mr. Brady.

The recovery of the lost seaplane, which was by all odds the most thrilling end of its adventure, was reported to us here by the Associated Press, with consequent small difference between the displays in the various papers. The identity of the Associated Press writer is not known hereabouts. But he performed worthily.

I AM an avid reader of news, and probably no different from the vile herd in my usual feeling of interest towards the stories of men's high crimes. Yet, for a reason which persistently escapes me, I cannot bring myself to read at length of the latest New Jersey murder. The youth charged with the crime presents no intriguing problem of psy-



chology such as the comrades Leopold and Loeb proved to be. He is simply a madman of uncommonly revolting properties. If my guess is not deplorably wrong, it is probable that the reporters recording the progress of the case felt much the same. There has been a distinct forcing in their stories, an artificiality which is usually perceivable when men are making a story for which they have no real interest. I beg to be excused from further discussion of the matter.

I N a like, and no doubt scampering manner, I propose to hurry past the columns and columns of politics which are crowding the papers. It is very difficult stuff to read. And politics remains the one field in which I cannot trust any of the public prints. Whatever political story appears, there lurks between its lines the hint of an end to be served. The reporting of politics no doubt is improving. There is, I suppose, an honest belief in many editorial offices that the news columns are giving the opponents a square deal. But I don't believe it can be done. The *Times* seems to stretch farthest in this direction, and if I were pressed for an admission, it probably would have to be confessed that Candidate Hylan received no palpably unfair thrusts from that paper. I shall extenuate my refusal to read or attempt appraisal of the political stories by the statement that during six days of subway riding and careful observation of my neighbors, not a full dozen were caught perusing such stories. Politics, not falling technically within the categories of death or disaster, is not a major American interest.

PRESSING on to matters of more absorbing moment, we reach the affair of Mr. George Herman Ruth, vulgarly known as Babe. Recent Sunday editions proclaimed the fact that Mr. Ruth had been surprised by his manager, bousing with more than the usual flagrance; in short, violently drunk. Also, that for his defection he had been fined \$5,000 and suspended forthwith from further participation in baseball games.

But the tragedy was recounted in no such terse and succinct style. Indeed, amazement at the quantities of discursive type employed in analyzing the imbroglio drove me to the compilation of some statistics: The Ruth story was in the prints four days. During that time, slightly more than 82,000 words were written in the New York papers about this distinguished American athlete—or about four times as many as are contained in that celebrated comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."

The Journal was most voluminous, running 10,350 words. The Telegram and the Times were a close second, carrying well over 9,000 words each, and from that imposing figure the papers trailed off to the Sun, which was content with a mere 4,200 word discussion of the unhappy event.

I can think of nothing to justify this extravagant interest in a matter which is manifestly so cheap and stupid. A highly commercialized performer—one who is far from the peak in his own trade and is almost constantly embroiled with his





"Oh, My! This is my first chance to come out to-day for some fresh air."

that punishment is administered. And at once he is glorified, as the whole dull business of baseball is glorified, with a wholesale display of type.

ORTUNATELY, this affair had been H settled by the time the income tax lists were made public. Else, no doubt, we would have been denied the rich amusement afforded by the latter spectacle.

The chief source of my chuckles over the income tax business lay in the attitude assumed by the editorial writers. In only one journal, it seems, was a note of harmony struck between the editorial page and the news columns. That was in the case of the Evening Post. Editorially denouncing the printing of taxpayers' names, the Post refrained from publishing them.

But in no other paper was such a splendid spirit of co-operation (see Rotary by-laws) evinced. The others contented themselves, while their news columns were filled to bursting with the precious names, with scourging the practice as un-

employer-becomes at last so refractory fair, prying, improper, and beyond the pale of legitimate news. The World, for example, was most severe in its denunciation of the lists. And yet the World printed more names than any paper in town. Indeed, the lists at this writing are still appearing in that journal.

> My sympathies lie with the news editors. I believe that the income tax lists are news. Certainly, if they are to be dismissed merely because their publication is a snooping trick, then half the type in the papers, every day, would have to be thrown out on the same ground. For, after disaster, our chief interest is in other people's private affairs. In my estimation, the income tax lists are as honestly interesting as the breakfast menu of the man about to be hanged, as the past of a blue-eyed darling whom misfortune has cast into the public ken, or as the cloistered life, let us say, of the celebrated Mrs. Budlong.

> The very essence of the American newspaper is curiosity, not to say eavesdropping. Since the publication of the income tax returns is the topgallant mast of brash inquisitiveness, let us hail the

event as a coup extraordinary, and recommend this estimation of the matter to the editorial writers.

NE story gained prominence during the last few weeks and convinced me of the waning powers of city editors. I refer to the strange case of Mr. Max Phillips, Red Bank collar manufacturer, and his nebulous Russian countess. For two days the papers were full of Mr. Phillips: the stories reading like serial installments of a blood and thunder movie thing, what with hidden plots, sinister and beautiful dark women, shots out of the night, private detectives in the greatest abundance, and the subtle hint of deep purple mystery about to be revealed. Then it petered out. When Mr. Phillips announced with distressing calm that he did not choose, after all, to disclose the secret, his name fell at once out of the prints. That is most astonishing. 1 promise herewith that if any city editor is tenacious enough to plumb to the heart of the Phillips adventure, I will read every line of his story. I feel sharp disappointment at being deprived of the dénouement in this stirring tale.

HE Evening World has earned praise for itself in two regards: First, for the magazine page which appears daily; and second, for importing to the metropolis Mr. Allen T. Naive, a blind reporter from Gary, Indiana. The magazine page seldom fails to have at least one neatly written story among its columns. And it is further embellished by a daily sheaf of dispatches from the capitals of Europe, bringing news of minor adventures along exotic streets. In addition, there have been several groups of articles in series, concerning the history of New York.

WILL be forced to dismiss, without proper and earnest consideration, such throbbing items in the news as the battle of the Atlantic City bathing beauties; the expensive contests over \$1 and \$2 bills (over telephone numbers, license plates, wife's maiden name, date of birth, and all other personal possessions which the editors can hit upon) being fostered by the tabloids; and the touching case in Hoboken of the parrot which saved the life of his mistress by shouting "Oh Lord" during a fire.

I^T must be chronicled, however, that the zoological editors held up superbly. Indeed, the World must be beside itself with pride over the publication of a dispatch from France relating the discovery of a pink frog with long tail and blue eyes, which stands on its hind legs and sings. A mere bit concerning the mother antelope at the Zoo will seem trifling after that .-- MORRIS MARKEY

THE TOWER APARTMENT

MY career," said the successful builder, "dates from the day I realized the possibilities of the hall bedroom. The hall bedroom had been taken for granted. In boarding and rooming houses it was regarded as the smallest unit of the establishment. Until I arrived, nobody had thought of subdividing it. Nobody, I suppose, thought it could be done. The hall bedroom was overlooked, but what an oversight! As large rooms became smaller and smaller, the hall room relatively grew larger and larger. Yet nobody capitalized it. It was like the stom. Science considered the atom indivisible until the electron came along. Well," and here the builder patted him-self with justifiable pride, "I was the electron of the hall bedroom, and I came along.

"I was living in a hall bedroom myself at the time; top floor back in a boarding house. I and it were the cheapest things in the place. The aristocrat of the second floor alcove gave me nothing more than a cold, grudging nod.

"Then, one night, I had my great inspiration. The hall bedroom was not in reality small. It was merely *thought* small; a belief surviving from more spacious times when it was small in fact. In a Summer hotel, thought I, a room of the same area as this is not small; it is large, and commands a good price. A stateroom this size on a boat is almost a suite. The hall bedroom suffers from an inferiority complex. I shall change all that.

"I did. The first thing to do was to change the name. Nothing was more deadly, more of a handicap, than the name, Hall Bedroom. It was a barrier to progress. Henceforth I should allude to my hall bedroom as the Tower Apartment. It was merely a matter of keeping my face straight when speaking. Handy with tools, and with my landlady's permission, I put up a partition. Yes, gentlemen, I divided my hall bedroom in two!

"I then built in a dining table which, when it was folded was closed, became the door of the closet. This side of the partition we called the living room; where the door let down was the breakfast nook. The side of the partition nearest the window we spoke of as the sunny sleeping chamber. We thought at first, the landlady and I, of calling it a master's bedroom, but gave that up finally a being a trifle illogical, there being no servanty quarters.

"I had been paying \$4.50 a week for my little hall bedroom. To my proposal that hereafter I pay her \$7, reserving the right to sublet it for anything over that I could get, my landlady consented. From that day I date my fortune. All furniture had been taken from the Tower Apartment so as to make it look larger the way a Summer hotel room looks, you know, when you come out to engage it in May or June—and I myself slept on a cot. But not for long. Oh, not for long. My advertisement under the head, "attractive two-room suite," brought inquiries at once, and I had no difficulty in renting it to a young business couple, who hated housework, for \$67.50 per month.

"Gentlemen, that was but the beginning. I found hundreds of other hall bedrooms all waiting to be converted into Tower Apartments. Soon I was drawing income from scores of grateful boarding house keepers, whose hall rooms had suffered from the inferiority complex.

"City dwellers leaped at what I had to offer, particularly when I advertised meals and maid service optional. Soon I had a waiting list. And that man who had the second floor alcove, who used to give me the cold and grudging nod when we met on the stairs of my old boarding house, he begged me, almost with tears in his eyes, to let him have the first vacancy.

"I long since turned the details of that end of the business over to my subordinates. I am now personally engaged upon a venture in the suburbs. I have my agents out in the country buying up large and unused dog houses. These I am erecting with concrete foundation upon lots which I recently acquired. I stucco the exterior of the dog houses, add a glassed-in porch and a pergola for roses, and put them on the market as bungalows for \$4,995, terms the same as rent. Next year I am going to look into the possibilities of abandoned bird houses. The trees are full of them."

-ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

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Poor Namepickers

SUPREME COURT-SPECIAL TERM, PART II (Ex Parte)

By Mr. Justice Benedict

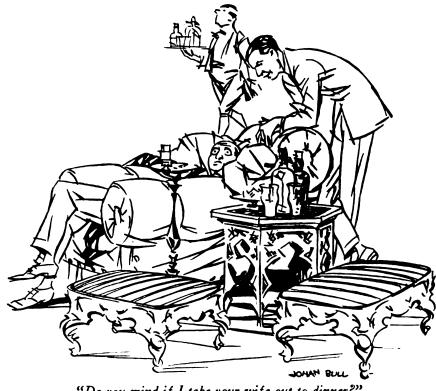
In re Toothpick Boys, Inc.—The name sought to be assumed by this association is a misnomer, because it is not in accord with the particular objects sought to be attained by incorporating, which are stated to be "to improve the minds and bodies of the members by the open discussion of topics of the day, by athletic exercises," &c. If the athletic exercises referred to are mainly in the application of toothpicks, it is manifest that the continued practice of the toothpick habit would not improve either the minds or bodies of the members and would seriously interfere with an open discussion of the topics of the day. Application refused.

-New York Law Journal

F. O. B.?

Estimating the population of the city as four times the number of school children, Detroit has a population of 1,255,892; "Greater Detroit," a population of \$1,500,000.

—Time



"Do you mind if I take your wife out to dinner?" "Not at all." "And, oh, I say, will you lend me a ten spot?"

THE NEW YORKER'S ADVANCE SHOWING OF EARLY FALL CARTOONS FOR THE TRADE



FIRST again! With its usual prompt- regular low price of ten cents each, or ness and initiative, THE NEW YORKER is able to take pride in being the first to display the newest line of cartoon illustrations to the Daily Press. Repro-

the entire lot for fifteen cents. A testimonial signed, "A satisfied customer for ten years" (believed to be the Literary Digest) says: "Your service has given comduction rights to any of the cartoons here plete satisfaction. We have found the shown may be had at THE NEW YORKER's cartoons regulation and good upon practi-

cally all occasions." THE NEW YORKER takes pleasure, too, in announcing that our late Fall and Winter line will be available in due time, offering a comprehensive treatment of the standard subjects-the Pilgrim and the Turkey, the Precious Lump of Coal, Father Winter, etc.



The **Theatre**

N "Outside Looking In," Maxwell Anderson has failed to retain the exalted heights of "White Desert" and "What Price Glory," in which he was involved as author and co-author respectively. It is a pardonable failure.

"Outside Looking In," which is at the Greenwich Village Theatre at the moment of writing but which will certainly be moved to an up-town theatre, is a genre play of tramp life. For three acts a dozen tramps, not too unlike the Marines of "What Price Glory," live and eat and sleep and drink and fight on the stage of the theatre, hindered from wandering off into the alley only by the slightest thread of a story. There is just a flicker of an attempt by the playwright to introduce emotion into his characters, but it passes more quickly than it came. This, say Mr. Anderson and Mr. Jim Tully, author of "Beggars of Life," out of which came the raw materials that have gone into the play, is the way tramps are. Their actions are not necessarily a precedent for anything save what is being done at the moment. This is the way tramps are.

There is to "Outside Looking In," as there is to "What Price Glory," that curious quality of highly selected romantic language and situations that nevertheless manage to persuade their observer of their essential realism. Never, on land or sea, were there Marines who talked like the Marines of "What Price Glory;" never, on land or sea, were there tramps who talked like the tramps of "Outside Looking In;" and never were there Marines or tramps on stage who were better able to convince you that you were actually eavesdropping on a convention of their originals.

The persuasive ability of the tramps of "Outside Looking In," unfortunately, does not function consistently

throughout the play. There are many minutes, particularly in the second and third acts, in which the uncomfortable sensation of being in attendance upon self-conscious actors posing as romantic tramps makes itself felt. Mr Anderson's dialogue is all too often elaborately artificial, and when he offers long scenes in which his leading character turns Roy K. Moulton writing against space, with observations of which "as silent as the White House after election" is a fair example, the effect of plausibility steals mournfully into the wings. And then, happily, it is regularly recalled by Mr. Anderson before it is too late and allowed to spread itself all over a stage controlled by the semblance of real human passion and speech.

Charles A. Bickford, as "Okla-homa Red," and James Cagny, as "Little Red," are the leading actors in Mr. Anderson's new play, the Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt whose struggles for the possession of a personable young woman again supply the story. Mr. Bickford, a new and an excellent actor, seems to have taken on both the virtues and the vices of Anderson's writing. At times he is a gorgeously convincing and persuasive king of the hoboes, and at other times he is as much a tramp as the Nat Wills who reads telegrams or the Jim Barton who wanders, unshaved and alcoholic, into the splendid homes the rich have in vaudeville. Mr. Cagny is both more plausible and less picaresque.

Blyth Daly is the "Cognac Pete's" daughter of the new play. A worse exhibition of acting than Miss Daly's could scarcely be imagined. To the rôle of a young strumpet, fleeing the strong arm of the law after she has murdered an incestuous stepfather, she brings all the graces of one of Miss Spence's Little Women on a receiving line at the Park Lane, and to her moments of great emotion she brings the heartbreak of a Vassar senior who

has missed a stich in the link of the Daisy Chain she is constructing.

Mr. Anderson's new play, then, is one of mixed qualities. If he regularly breaks the illusion of his scenes, it is nevertheless obviously true that it was he who created them so compelling that their disruption is a cause for rearet and annoyance. He has stifled unnaturally emotions in at least two of his characters in the play, however "Little Red" and the strumpet. Wherefore at least this one of his admirers, who became a public nuisance two years ago on the street corners of the town by shouting loudly about the emotional excellences of the Anderson "White Desert," herewith begs Mr. Anderson to introduce into his next play at least a tiny bit of the thing he showed two years ago he could do so well.

AND now to the staples! "Cradle Snatchers," at the Music Box, you will probably consider a good show, if you consider "Cradle Snatchers" at the Music Box a good show. It is designed to show that what is sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander (an excellent line that also occurs in the play, by the way). For this purpose, three women of the roaring forties, equipped with husbands who do a bit of dallying with the flappers, provide themselves with callow cake-eaters that the husbands may become jealous. On account of something the playwright said, however, this plan does not work, and so for the final curtain the wives are on their way to a road house with their young men, and if the husbands' jealousy is going to be thereby aroused, that's only a small part of what they have in mind.

The writing of the piece is extremely vulgar and unfunny. However, there may be those-in fact, it is here positively put down that there are those-to whom vulgarity without humor has its entertaining uses, too.

And so they should see "Cradle like, in case you've attended only the Snatchers." ball park productions), "Il Trova-

A^T the Longacre there is, at this writing, a thing called "The Dagger." It will almost certainly not be there when these lines appear in print. And consequently a description of its many happy absurdities, of its true capture of the spirit of the plays that used to visit Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1890, will not be given, for it will only give rise to hard feelings by those sybarites who were unfortunate enough to miss it.

INCREASINGLY now are the relatives from Topeka and Wichita descending upon the natives, demanding loudly what shows they should see during their three days' stay in the nation's metropolis. This department offers gratis the following plan, which it has successfully used, to its harassed readers.

Right after dinner pick up THE NEW YORKER'S Goings On department and select the name of the first show you see. Put your little visiter into a taxi and say to the driver, "The Forty-fourth Street Theater, cocher, and none of your damned lip." The grateful hick will thus see what is by all means the best entertainment to be found in the town. One has reference to Al Jolson, whom Gilbert Seldes has single-handed made a national favorite overnight.

Everything that can be said about Jolson has been said. There remains only the opportunity of going to see his show every available night.

-H. J. M.

Music

WHEN the curtain goes up on "Tosca" at the Century Theatre come Monday evening, music will again be at work for the season. Mr. Gallo's opera, if the presence of critics be a reliable index, is the official opening of the musical year, and as we wait for tickets to arrive, we might snoop around a bit and make notes on a few events which may serve to lure you from a discussion of the five-cent fare for an evening.

The industrious Mr. Gallo has developed a capable company which seems to pass on artists to the Metropolitan with something like regularity. The performances of the San Carlo Grand Opera are tidy and snappy, and if you're a little rusty on "Aida" (or want to know what it really sounds like, in case you've attended only the ball park productions), "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" or "Carmen," a session with the Gallo company will put you in excellent condition. An able impresario, this Gallo, and a canny one. Inspect his announcements and you will find that his list



Suggested Bookplates

of singers is advertised as "Alphabetically Arranged."

A few weeks after the Gallo company leaves us to sample hotel accommodations throughout the land, the Metropolitan goes into action. One of the most exciting events of the season will be the appearance of a new German tenor, Lauritz Melchior, who has been goaling the pilgrims to Bayreuth. This department has had many accounts of the newcomer, ranging from a tale that he is a whilom baritone of middle age to the assertion that he is the first tenore robusto to emerge since Caruso. At any rate, the new Parsifal is, by birth, a Dane, and the bets are that he's good. The best German tenors haven't been Germans. They have been Poles, like de Reszke, Bohemians, like Slezak, Dutchmen, like Urlus, and Canadians, like Johnson. Of the novelties and revivals, Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad" interests us particularly, but the work which will stimulate the most solemn discussion will be Stravinsky's "Rossignol." The first critic who refrains from saying that the orchestral suite is more effective, will win the first box of cigars sent to this department by a concert manager. The second box will go to the reviewer who does not use the return of Mme. Schumann-Heink as the spark plug for a discourse on the lost art of *bel canto*.

The return of Toscanini, the debuts of Klemperer and Goossens and the launching of Dohnanyi probably will be the important orchestral events of the year. The third box will be readdressed to the writer who does not lament for more than eight paragraphs that Toscanini is no longer at the Metropolitan. Klemperer, already announced as "a seven foot giant" (have you ever seen a seven foot dwarf?), probably will help to bring back a German domination in local orchestras. If the simultaneous presence of Messrs. Klemperer and Furtwaengler at the head of the Symphony Society and the Philharmonic, respectively, results in a conductors' duel, we shall smoke the fourth box ourselves, for if Klemperer is good enough to challenge Furtwaengler, he's a conductor!

Goossens and Dohnanyi both made fine impressions under not too favorable conditions last season. The young English composer-director has at least one advantage over his Hungarian competitor: he is listed as a guest conductor, and guest conductors never are such good targets as the regulars.

A DVANCE notices from concert managers indicate that there will be a lull in the bombardment of new singers, pianists and fiddlers. There seem to be more new managers than new artists, but if you want a few names to watch, we suggest those of Walter Giesekking, a pianist, and Joseph Szigeti, a violinist.

There are also to be at least two new concert halls—Mecca Temple in Fifty-fifth Street, which will be the largest in town, and Steinway Hall in Fifty-seventh Street, which will be the smallest. Mr. Damrosch will inaugurate the former and Mr. Mengelberg, with the Messrs. Hofmann and Gange, will provide the first program for the latter. The fifth box of cigars will be shipped to—but wait. The first hasn't arrived yet.—R. A. S.

Books

WILLA CATHER'S new novel will be complained of, and by some who have appreciated her and did not mistake "One of Ours" for

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.

"The Professor's House" is incomplete, that it discloses an excellent character in an interesting family group, elaborates a situation full of promise, and then, after a puzzling digression, does disappointingly little.

These complainants will be the people who must have their art explicit. Ostensibly, "The Professor's House" is-as an Ibsen play is. The professor is a fine independent spirit, something of an originator, something of a torchbearer, but naturally unsocial and recessive, a tendency that "delight" has overcome through his years of vigor. At fifty it is being borne in on him that delight is behind him. He is entirely out of accord with his limited, vain and worldly wife, and largely with his married daughters, between whom there is a jangling that oppresses him; his creative work is finished; and the contact with a Promethean mind and nature has been lost to him with young Outland, a former student, in the war.

The jangling referred to is due to money, the yield of an invention of Outland's, willed to the daughter he was to have married. She is an engrossment of her mother and the money has made her an arrogant sybarite, on the nerves of her sister and on the professor's own. That consequence of the unworldly Outland's love is packed with easy drama, which the complainants would have expected Miss Cather to develop.

Instead, she introduces a "document" that will seem to them scarcely relevant: Outland's story, told long before, of his discovery of a cliff dwellers' city and ensuing blows to his boyish idealismdisillusionments about Washington scientists and about his friend and partner, to whom the discovery meant just some salable relics. After which story, she ends with the rescue of the professor from a pas-

will to go on.

This sketches what there is of "The Professor's House" (Knopf) for the reader with no eye for symbolic intimations and masterly omissions. But the reader blessed with such an eye will surely see at once that it is Out-

her best work. They will say that land, not the professor, who is the pith of the conception, and that his story is its epitome. Also that this seemingly incomplete and rather unimpassioned novel is, for one thing, as fervent a protest as the strenuous "Arrowsmith," and that two-thirds of its effect, which is tragic, is beyond explicit fiction.-TOUCHSTONE

> THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.

Art

'HE Daniel Galleries are showing an advance section of the Owen Merton water color exhibition, the main body of which will arrive from England in a fortnight and be on view the first week in October. The samples now on hand are indicative of this artist's later work, it is said, and show the water colorist at his best.

To us it is an unexciting best. They



too proper and elegant. Give us the robustness of Charles Demuth or the Bolshevism of John Marin in this medium and we get a thrill. The Merton pictures are African, we believe, and belong to that school-"It's Africa, and of course you know

Africa." Vague, romantic splashes of things that have neither form nor color enough to hold the eyes. You feel that they didn't have form or color enough to hold the attention of the artist. Merton had his last show here two years ago. Perhaps it would be juster to save full appraisal until his whole bag of tricks is tossed out next month.

HE Galleries also proudly bring out the latest water color of Preston Dickinson. A new picture from Dickinson is quite a feat as he works so carefully and lovingly on everything he does. This one is from Montreal and shows the effect of the environment. It is a cognac bottle, a cocktail shaker and glasses. If you care for pure form you will like this Dickinson. The bottle and shaker tower above you like the Woolworth Building and the glasses have the same upward reach. It is a marvelous picture, we should imagine perfect. Yet

it is so beautifully handled that you have the feeling of it being brittle. Perhaps some of the charm of Dickinson is lost when you stop to consider such things as technique and the time he spends in his organizations. But, as the gallery man says, you can't have everything in one picture, and Dickinson puts into his what no man can improve upon.

The exhibit now current also includes some Marins and Demuths, some old and some new.—M. P.

Motion Pictures

R. JAMES CRUZE, that flower of our native directorial crop, insists strenuously that his remarkable picture "The Pony Exress" (at the Rialto and Rivoli) is in no way related to his former master work, "The Covered Wagon." Hence we shall deliberately compare them. Know ye all, therefore, that they are very

sive suicide, and his mustering of the are too restrained, the English; always close blood relatives indeed. Both derive from that period of American history when the Big West was struggling to grow up. Both are pictures filling into a historical background a succession of magnificent and doughty plainsman deeds. Furthermore, both are excellent. The caravan epic





"THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" After a diabolical cinema career, Mr. Lon Chaney prepares to meet a hideous and deserved death at the hands of a vindictive Parisian mob.

stressed the human and picturesque struggles of the pioneers to get born, the Pony Express is dramatic, and more ingenious in describing their early growing pains.

There is a partly authentic political setting for "The Pony Express." It is at all times interesting, however, not having to do with primaries. On the eve of Lincoln's election, that critical hour before the civil war, a group of unscrupulous demagogues attempt to isolate California from the Union and make her a separate empire for their own delectations. They attempt to manipulate the Pony Express-inaugurated splendidly during the story -so as to suppress any news that might bring Hiram Johnson's State into the Union. And but for the courageous fight of a lone patriotic Pony Express rider, that optimistic land is almost lost forever to the Great Republic. He, intrepid lad, roots mightily for Lincoln and the North when he is not shooing off Indian massacres, practicing card sharping, thwarting bold bad embryonic Klansmen, sweeping up the prairies, and making passionate love. Single-handed and cleanly republican, in a sweeping symphonic finish, he frustrates the Benedict Arnolds and saves the Golden Gate for future tourists and native sons.

There is no dragging in the unfold- hammock. But Mr. Barthelmess makes seems, are no long ing of the story. It clearly sums up his "Bilge" a reading from life. cash for petticoats.

Mr. Cruze's genius for emphasizing well-limned characters, be they humorous, simple, or cruel, as well as his strength in fashioning climactic scenes, and skilfully handling numerous subplots. Especially does he cause Mr. Wallace Beery to glitter as an uncouth Rabelasian good-for-nothing, who faithfully follows the fortunes of our heroic pony boy, Mr. Ricardo Cortez. Thankfully, Mr. Cortez is reformed from his usual banal suavity to red Western corpuscles. Mr. Ernest Torrence shines, too, dragging about his evangelistic sledgehammer to impress his crude religion on a benighted heathenism. Curiously, there is a flash silhouette of Lincoln, telling that one about the Deacon's daughter. Truly it is all a happy, well-made and satisfying picture. While Mr. Cruze lives, no one can say there is not hope for the movies.

IN "Shore Leave" (At the Strand), Mr. Richard Barthelmess turns in an excellent hard-boiled performance as "Bilge" Smith, the gob who wouldn't live off'n no rich woman. Nor is he helped along by the story, either; for at its best, this erstwhile Belasco play is merely a colorless duologue between a tar and the simple village modiste who loved him because he smelt so salty and was ill from sleeping in a hammock. But Mr. Barthelmess makes his "Bilge" a reading from life. "Bilge" swears picturesquely, eats a lot, handles the dames with no easy touch, is shiftless, sour, tough, slangy and generally shrewd in an acidy way. By dint of these deft touches, Mr. Barthelmess lifts his courting difficulties to no mean heights. And if you don't believe us, a visit to the Strand followed by one to Riverside Drive any evening after nightfall (the fleet's in) would help check up on what this talk's driving at.

AFTER an hour or two of "His Majesty Bunker Bean" (at Warner's) Mr. Matt Moore manages to impress his silly inferiorities on you so insanely that you can't help laughing at his foolishness. He is the downtrodden clerk with illusions of geneological splendor, who carries himself so spinelessly and helplessly that Lady Luck simply falls all over him. He wins both girl and fortune, and most naturally on kissing her for the final fadeout, loses his balance and tumbles with her into the swimming pool. Such is the mood of "His Majesty Bunker Bean."—T. S.

"Flood ties up West Side tube for five hours." The subway ought to carry a spare.

The Nottingham lace trade is in distress because of the styles. Women, it seems, are no longer spending their petty cash for petticoats.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, September 18, to Friday September 25, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

THE GORILLA-Selwyn They're all in this: the two blunderers from headquarters, the super Hawkshaw, the mystery, the scary skeleton, and the murder

threats. But thank goodness! it's burlesqued. LOUIE THE 14TH-Cosmopolitan Mr. Leon Errol matching his expressive legs

with unfathomable Ziegfeld beauty. SPRING FEVER—Ambassador The golf club and the bed are symbolic of

this delightful trifle of a comedy. IS ZAT SO?--Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

A coupla hard guys get mixed up wid a lotta swells and provide extensive entertainment in hand-picked American lingo. See! ARTISTS AND MODELS-Winter Garden

There is genuine humor to help things along when the more elemental appeal of the revue

begins to get wearing. DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-George M. Cohan A somewhat literary New England play by Eugene O'Neill convincingly morbid and rugged when O'Neill isn't being a Greek dramatist.

dramatist. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Apollo George White presents George White's Scan-

dals about the way George White usually does. GARRICK GAIETIES-Garrick The Theatre Guild youngsters release their

youthfulness in a good Varsity revuette. ROSE-MARIE-Imperial

This was about the best of its ilk last year, and as far as we know it hasn't changed much. THE STUDENT PRINCE-Joison's

"Old Heidelberg" (stop us if we are wrong) has made a good novel, play, movie, and is

now a musical comedy. THE BOOK OF CHARM-Comedy About the best of the season's openers is this

- crowded piece of delightful rustic comics. THEY KN W WHAT THEY WANTED K KI v Everybody out California way seems to be able to handle these little marriage problems so much better: if you will only take a lesson
- from this Pulitzer prize winner. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-Greenwich Village Theatre

Reviewed in this issue. BIG BOY-Forty-fourth Street

When Al Jolson forgets his mammy in this well-paced (musical) musical show, he is about the best raconteur and entertainer we know.

Openings of Especial Note

SUNNY-New Amsterdam

Tues., Sept. 22. Marilyn Miller in a new musical comedy with tunes by Jerome Kern.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-Longacre Wed., Sept. 23. Comedy with Gregory Kelly,

written by George S. Kaufman.

(Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

MUSIC

SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY-Cen-tury Theatre

Mon., Sept. 21, "Tosca" and ballet. Tues., Sept. 22, "Rigoletto." Wed., Sept. 23, "Aida." Thurs., Sept. 24, "Butterfly." Fri., Sept. 25, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Sat., Sept. 26, matinee, "Carmen." Sat. evening. "Il Trovatore."

ART

OWEN MERTON-Daniel Galleries Advance showing of water colors of one of

the newer English painters. HARWOOD H. SIMPSON-Weyhe Galleries Primitive American, rara avis in a land where

even barber pole painters are sophisticated. L. BONAMICI-John Levy Galleries

Beautiful pigmented stuff put on with care.

MOVING PICTURES DON O

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks returns with his snake whip, genial acrobatics and love making in Old Spain. Gay romance. At the Strand Sun., Sept. 20, for one week, possibly more. KISS ME AGAIN

If you haven't seen this charming Parisian trifle about divorce and the delicate fingered pianist, you will never figure in our will. At the Olympia, Broadway and 107th Street, Wed., Sept. 23 to Sat., Sept. 26. THE MYSTIC

Imported Hungarian gypsy spiritualistic charlatans thieve amidst melodramatic and supernatural phenomena-if you can figure that out. At Loew's Lexington Fri., Sept. 18, and Loew's American, Sat., Sun., Sept. 19, 20. THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Mr. Lon Chaney as the hideous cynic lives in uncanny Parisian cellars and sewers, dying horribly for his love. Almost a grand thriller. At the Astor. THE PONY EXPRESS

Reviewed in this issue. At the Rialto and the Rivoli Fri., Sat., Sept. 18, 19, and possibly another week at one of those theatres. SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

You can't possibly be one of those people who haven't seen W. C. Fields disturb an ocean of Griffith mawkery in this circus story? At Moss's Regent, Fri., Sat., Sept. 18, 19.

THE UNHOLY THREE

Down Mephistophelean alley with three malicious crooks, Lon Chaney is comparatively beauteous for a relief. At City Hall Theatre Sat., Sun., Sept. 19, 20. There is no Manhattan showing of "The

Gold Rush" scheduled for this week.

Openings of Especial Note

THE FRESHMAN

Harold Lloyd returns in a new comedy of college antics. At the Colony beginning Sun., Sept. 20.

SPORTS

POLO-Westbury, L. I. American Open Polo Championship to be decided at the Meadow Brook Club, Sat., Sept. 19.

RACING-

- Aqueduct meeting continuing all week. YACHTING-Manhasset Bay Yacht Club
- 1925 Annual Fall Regatta, Sat., Sept. 19. GOLF-Arcola Country Club, Arcola, N. J.
- Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. New Jersey State Championships for women.
- TENNIS-West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sat., Mon., Sept. 19, 21, Semi-finals and finals of the National Singles Championships. BASEBALL-
 - Vankee Stadium: New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sat., Sun., Sept. 18, 19, 20. New York vs. Chicago, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOWS-Greenwich, Conn., Smithtown, L. I.

Two equinine exhibitions on Sat., Sept. 19.

DAHLIA SHOW-American Museum of Natural History

Horticultural Society of New York invites garden devotees specializing in dahlias and others interested to gather Sat., Sept. 19, and Sun., Sept. 20.

EXPOSITION—Hotel Commodore

Display of Women's Arts and Industries all next week, opening Mon., Sept. 21, 8 p. m. Thereafter, Fashion Shows, evenings at eight and afternoon entertainments best followed in your own newspaper.

CONVENTION-The Waldorf-Astoria Fourth Annual Meeting of the Military Order of the World War, Thurs., Sept. 24, through Sunday, Sept. 26; Military Ball Fri. night, Sept. 25.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (Knopf). Ostensibly, a fragmentary novel in which little happens. Actually the drama of the loss of a young Prometheus and the dispiriting of a receiver of his fire.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's). A beautiful and searching presenta-tion of an unambitious man and his way through life. As he is a farmer, it is being mistaken for an "epic of the soil."
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). Essence of ironic comedy. For everybody who likes any brand of "sophisticated" fiction, from the Arlenites up to the Anatole French.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Dorans). If mystery stories refresh you, this should equal a week's vacation.
- ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (Boni & Liveright). A Wayward Girl, done to perfection, in surroundings and circumstances done well enough in the Arnold Bennett manner. She is what Tarkington didn't make of Cora in "The Flirt."
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). The first half is character-sketching, the rest a deliberate stunt in construction, the whole lighthearted, human and delectable. Scene, a villa
- in northern Italy. SERENA BLANDISH, by "A Lady of Quality" (Doran). Properly a morsel for devotees of social satire, but it won't overtax those who just want light fantastic modern fiction.

SHORT STORIES

FIVE ORIENTAL TALES, by Comte de Gobineau

- (Viking Press). Short novelettes, romantic, richly colored, and in two cases satirically humorous. By no means new, but readers to whom they are will find them fascinating.
- CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). Fifty-six stories, a number of them representing Galsworthy at his best, a few at his worst.

GENERAL

- H. L. MENCKEN, by Ernest Boyd (McBride). A summarizing and appreciative study, in the interesting "Modern American Writers" series.
- ORANGES AND LEMONS and THE HOLIDAY RANGES AND LEMONS and Int. Int. Round, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Two books of Milne from Punch, selected for quality and likelihood of appeal to American readers.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THE Davis Cup matches are over for another twelve months, and as was to be expected, the holding nation resumes pos-, session of the Cup for 1925. If you sweltered in the stands last week over at Philadelphia, you saw some good tennis, some bad tennis, and a great deal of extremely exciting tennis during the three days. The presence of the French team added a touch of the picturesque which made the challenge round far more colorful and interesting than usual.

Tilden played curiously in and out tennis. Rumor around the club afterwards was to the effect that he went out on the court determined to throw his match with Borotra. Obviously untrue. There are two ways of looking at this match. One is that Tilden was physically not at his best, that he was bothered by his shoulder and far from the Tilden of old. The other is that he was playing carelessly with his opponent as he has done before with other and less celebrated oppon-And unable to pick up the ents. threads quickly enough when he wished. Personally, I have my suspicions. We shall know more definitely this week at Forest Hills.

The sportsmanship of the national champion against both his opponents, however, left much to be desired. One very unfortunate incident occurred in the fourth set of his match against Borotra on the opening day. Needing but a game for the match, the French player went to thirty love on his own service. He served a fast serve down the center line which Tilden struck at and hit into the net. The score was forty love! But Tilden at once stepped forward to the umpire with the ball in his hand, claiming a let on the ground that it was damaged. After some discussion the let was allowed by the umpire, and play went on. Borotra, obviously upset by the incident, lost

THE Davis Cup matches are the game, and eventually the match.

A close study of the rules fails to provide any reasons for Tilden's asking for a let, or for the umpire allowing it. Criticism of the incident was severe after the match; players, officials, and close followers of the game agreeing that a mistake had been made and an injustice done to a foreign player. "No such thing could have happened at Wimbledon," said an observer from across the seas. To which I heard someone make the rejoinder: "Well, he got away with it, didn't he?" Unfortunately true.

ERMANTOWN was the mecca G for tennis lovers of the country, and the porch of the clubhouse was thronged with names famous in the history of the sport. Julian Myrick, the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee was observed talking to Sam Hardy and Manuel Alonso, captain of the Spanish Davis Cup team; Karl Behr, Holcombe Ward, and Beals Wright, Davis Cup stars twenty years ago; William J. Clothier, national champion in 1906, looking not a day older than when he played end on the Harvard eleven, and many others. Anderson of the Australian team came over from New York with Mrs. Anderson, and sitting in the next box was Miss Eleanora Sears of Boston with Miss Elizabeth Ryan. Vance R. Mc-Cormick, Frederick H. Strawbridge, George W. Elkins, and Dwight Davis, Assistant Secretary of War and donor of the Davis Cup, were also watching the matches during the week end.

PERSONALLY, I am a great believer in the professional spirit. You will hear an awful lot of talk about the amateur spirit in sport; but in these days when an amateur championship in golf, tennis, or channel swimming automatically carries with it a twenty thousand dollar contract with a newspaper syndicate or a new seven passenger, eight cylinder de luxe sedan, I find the professional spirit not only far more unsophisticated, but far more efficient as well.

To-day the amateur champion in whatever sport you please is in imminent danger of being run over and knocked down by offers of largesse that would have caused such sturdy old professionals as Cy Young, Hans Wagner, or Christy Mathewson to swoon with astonishment. It takes a hardy soul indeed to withstand the winning of an amateur championship nowadays.

And nowhere is the difference between the amateur and professional spirit more clearly shown that in the actual running and managing of large sporting events. Whenever I read that committees have been appointed, I shudder in anticipation. Committees mean trouble ahead. Up at Cambridge, Fred Moore stages a football game and handles a crowd of fifty thousand without the slightest difficulty. But he is a professional. Har-old Woodcock at Yale is another professional. He fills the Bowl with eighty thousand people, parks their cars, and sends them on their way rejoicing. Without the benefit of com-mittees. But these amateurs-

Last month at Forest Hills, for instance. We barged and shoved and pushed our way on a train at the Pennsylvania station, standing up all the way out to Forest Hills. From the station platform two narrow flights of stairs give out to the vast domain of the West Side Tennis Club, the scene of the battle of the day. It was hot, and wedged in between a man just returning from a visit to his bootlegger, and a fat lady with a parasol under her arm, it was hotter still. Inch by inch we progressed down the covered passageway which leads across the street and out to the main piazza of Forest



before we were free for a dash at the ticket booths. But unfortunately, others had dashed before us. The line in front of each booth reached far down the street.

Now this was the final round of a championship of the United States, yet there were but three ticket booths and one seller in each booth. You might imagine the whole thing was a surprise to the club. Such, as the saying goes, was not the case. As long ago as last Winter it was known by the West Side Club that they were to hold the event. And to a day just when the finals would be reached.

At last we bought that ticket. Down the dusty roadway to the Stadium until we reached the gate. And there was another crowd. They were assaulting the gate not in an orderly line, but in an unruly mob from all sides. And the gate was only half opened. Two ticket takers stood at the entrance of the half closed gate, so that not more than two persons could squirm in at once. In all, I think we were an hour from the time we left the train until we were seated within the penetralia of the Stadium itself.

This you will observe was an amateur event run by amateurs. Here is the other side of the picture. The next Sunday the greatest crowd that ever saw baseball in Manhattan attacked the Polo Grounds to see one of those so-called "crucial series" between the Giants and Pirates. Having no tickets we were somewhat timorous about crashing the gate just a few minutes before play was called for the first game. But nevertheless we took the elevated to the Polo Grounds. And with several thousand others we were spewed out to find-what? Confusion? Long lines? The uncertainty and waiting of Forest Hills? Not at all! We found plenty of booths and plenty of ticket sellers. We bought seats and walked in without difficulty or crowding. Before the first ball was pitched we were in our seats, having

Hills. It seemed ages: it was ages consumed nearly ten minutes from the elevated platform to our places in the stands. And there you have the difference between the professional and the amateur spirit.

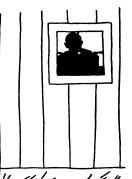
> 'HE Futurity, America's greatest L test for two years olds, was run last Saturday before a brilliant assemblage at Belmont Park, thirty-five thousand watching Mr. William R. Coe's colt Pompey stand off Canter and Chance Play at the finish. About that finish there was, and probably will be for some time, a good deal of dispute. A furlong from home, Pompey with a lead of almost a length of J. E. Griffith's Canter, and Chance Play belonging to the Log Cabin stable, began bearing toward the inner 1ail. From the top of the grandstand it looked as though the leader was tiring and tiring fast, with the natural result that he was interfering more and more with the second horse close behind.

> Whether these two horses behind the winner, and more especially Canter were so seriously interfered with as to prevent them from coming up in that last sixteenth of this great race is something difficult for the layman to say. A claim of foul was lodged by Clarence Turner who rode Canter immediately after the race, and for nearly twenty minutes the stewards; Messrs. Wilson, Hitchock, and Vosburgh, heard the testimony of all concerned, finally disallowing the claim. Pompey certainly did bear over somewhat, but just how much that had to do with the result of the race is a big question. There were almost as many versions of the incident afterward in the grand stand and the paddock as there were people who saw it.—J. R. T.

Daylight Shaving

We are solidly behind the striking barbers in their demand for a shorter work day. They can easily make it up by omitting the ballyhoo for hair tonic and face massage.





PROVERBS FROM A YOUNGER SOLOMON

WOMAN

WHO shall find a perfect woman? Her value is greater than indestructible pearls or suburban lots, and she shall not be left to live alone. Nay, she shall early and often become a June bride.

The heart of the bridegroom trusteth in her, and he boldly eateth her buscuits. She goeth forth in the morning, while

yet it is early, and spendeth his salary. Like the birds of the air that stoppeth not to cook, she goeth to the delicatessen and bringeth home food for her family.

She feareth not the noon-tide heat of Summer, for she hath provided herself with furs; and she dreadeth not the snows of Winter, for are not her chiffon hosettes the gauziest to be found on Broadway.

She driveth the car abroad and forgeteth the rules of traffic. There are three things that man comprehendeth not: the brightness of other people's children, the mind of a juryman, and the way of a woman with a car.

She anointeth her face from the fleshpots of Paris and she keepeth that schoolgirl complexion; she shingleth her hair and her grandchildren rise up and call her a good sport.-ISABELLE STEWART WAY

ELEGY

What goddess gave Manhattan Isle an Ornament like Mayor Hylan!

Our Galahad devoid of guile, an Honest Man is Mayor Hylan.

He digs our subways mile on mile; an Engineer is Mayor Hylan.

He foils the Traction Interests vile, an Eye for plots has Mayor Hylan.

For all the toiling rank and file, an Advocate is Mayor Hylan.

With Mr. Hearst's approving smile, an Able aid has Mayor Hylan.

In cutaway and silken tile, an Elegant is Mayor Hylan.

So gentle, just, and free from bile,-an Open mind has Mayor Hylan.

He broadcasts every little while an Ode in praise of Mayor Hylan.

He is what one might almost style an Advertising Mayor Hylan.

Who dare oppose with crafty wile an Autocrat like Mayor Hylan?

Alas! that Tammany should pile an Avalanche on Mayor Hylan! -ARTHUR GUITERMAN





Signs of Autumn

26

- Barney's reopened September 15 with a midnight revue
- Club Lido, same night, with Maurice and Barbara Bennett
- Ciro, September 17, with a Bernie orchestra and midnight revue
- Club Mirador, September 21, with Moss and Fontana

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THE above list is in the nature of a life-saver to a harassed young woman who is getting very tired of saying "Montmartre" in answer to telephoned queries from thousands of guileless young people who want to go dancing in style and who, like as not, have never had the pleasure of social acquaintance with Charlie, the adamant head waiter.

Crashing the gate at an exclusive Vanderbilt dinner party of six would be easier than getting a ringside table at Montmartre without a formal introduction. But, with all due thanks for appearing on the horizon again, none of the old night club favorites had the consideration to open in time to save this department from being somewhat Broadway for another week at least.

FOR some time, I have been annoyed by persistent and glowing rumors about a certain Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, which I tried to walk into unannounced with lamentable results some weeks ago. So I finally made myself a nuisance to the most complete man-about-town of my acquaintance until he consented to take me there. I had expected hilarious revelry, popping corks, Michael Arlen, undressed chorus girls dancing blithely on tables, and general uproar within its portals. Instead, I found a very quiet room (decorated by Wana-maker's, and very nicely decorated, too!), an informal orchestra, led by Georgie Walsh, whose antics served as entertainment, Fred and Adele Astaire, low becoming lights, Richard Barthelmess, and a leisurely atmosphere in general. The answer may be that I was present only from about eleven-thirty until a little after one. The adherents of the club insist that the slogan is "The later the livelier" and I will have to take their word for it.

Sufficient to say that, being a girl of quiet, refined tastes, I spent a very enjoyable evening wondering whether a few iron ships appliquéd on the walls are adequate excuse for naming a place a yacht club, and how anybody who was the least bit dubious about his footwork would dare to essay the two steep flights of stairs cascading perilously down to the street.

THE other excursion into a night club of theatrical flavor was made to the Owl Club, at 125 East Forty-fifth Street. This, principally on account of the spectacular caricatures that compose the wall paper, is without doubt the most black and white place, as far as decoration is concerned, of any dancing place in town.

The feature is four booths, housing Mexican, Chinese, Italian, and negro chefs, each wistfully concocting the dishes of their native land (such as Hamico Eggs Carramba, Ham and Eggs So Li Hi, Hameroni and Eggsetti, and Ham and Eggs) in full view of the audience. "Come out and inspect our kitchen" is an unnecessary invitation at the Owl. The kitchen is right in front of you—but, instead of having one booth, like the log cabin at the Plantation, they must needs have four.

The other feature is the fact that your negro waiter, en route to procure you White Rock and chili con carne, is quite likely to burst into a Charleston or to raise his voice in a spirituel, with apparently no provocation except a crash of cymbals from the orchestra. In the same way, a howl for a cigarette girl may result in her being seized with similar convulsions on her way across the floor to your table. It is a little like Small's, in Harlem, where the waiters put on an inspired revue every Wednesday night, and is most amusing.

The drawbacks to the place are that the audience, except for a scattering of theatrical celebrities, is extremely butter-and-eggish and that the orchestra seems to have a little competition so that the man who makes the most noise and finishes the selection first wins. Which means that the brass instruments are too much for the size of the room.—LIPSTICK

TRENCH EPISODE

CRASH! . . . The earth shook and trembled as the echoes of the explosion died away. A second's deathly silence, then, a sharp incisive rattle, unnerving in its persistency. The air was rent by a thousand reverberating sounds, hoarse voices, shrill whistles and frenzied warnings. Foul fumes stifled and clogged the heaving chests of sweat-stained men, feverishly active under a pitiless sun.

A cold deathly fear gripped him as he scanned the devastating zone and realized that it must be crossed. He braced himself and made a decisive dash. Gaining a crevice he looked back at what he had dared, and then ahead at what he still must dare. Could he make it? Others had, he must. His brain reeled. Choking, he essayed the final stage. In and out of the deep-dug pits, up and over the high-flung mounds he struggled on in blind perspiring terror—till at last with one final effort he won through the area of street excavation, and gained the cool quiet safety of his destination, Hick's soda fountain on Fifth Avenue.—R. L.

The Last Command—Battery Park

He had a stiff, neatly clipped gray beard. He wore an officer's cap

- With some insignia or other on the flap
- Of his cream-colored coat of pongee.
- His black-gloved hand firmly grasped an open umbrella
- That was the dismal gray-green-black of mold,
- But shipshape even though it was very old.
- He had a kind look and something else about his face
- Which set him apart from the people you see nowadays—
- A sense of duty and a conscience. It made him look almost foreign.
- He stared straight ahead at the bay shimmering under the sun.
- He had nothing left to do but sit and stare.
- His work was done.
- He saw the ships go sliding out,
- Smelt the salt air, heard chains clank and whistles shout,
- Only-the man himself was not there.
- He was at the wheel watching the lift of foam,
- Ahead of him youth, Trinadad, Bagdad, what you will— i
- And always the limitless sea.
- He raises himself slowly. He can hardly bend his knee.
- He starts out stiffly, I won't say for home. But it's a clean, neat room big enough to
- hold his cot and seaman's trunk. He wants it small. He says it looks more

like a bunk. —Dorothy Homans



"ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I was troubled with a crop of boils. A crop of them. I lost eleven pounds in two weeks. Then I went to the Skin and Cancer Hospital. The head physician there laughed when I told him of the salves I had used, saying that those boils were an internal, not an external disturbance and that I needed something to clear my

system. He recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I followed his instructions. It took no more than two weeks to clear my arms, and I felt like a new-born man. I continued taking the yeast for another week or so; and since then I have never been troubled with any form of skin eruption.'

DAVID GINSBERG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The most important thing in life • • •

Abounding health-how thousands have found it -through this one simple fresh food

TOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense-Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion -clear the skin-banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers-in fruit juices or milk-or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-2, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices, or milk, spread on crackers, with a little salt, or just plain. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

"SIX MONTHS AGO I was in miserable health. My system was filled with poison, due to constipation My complexion was pale and lifeless, my eyes were dull-I was merely dragging pale and breess, my eyes were dull—I was merely dragging through life. I had no appetite, was nervous, irritable, and cranky. At last I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. . . Every day for a month I ate two cakes, and then reduced to one. That was six months ago. Today I am a new person. My eyes are clear and sparkling. My rosy complexion is the envy of all my friends. And when I awake in the morning I feel that I could new a syncarta on a horomatic " I could play a sonata on a broomstick."

LENA LEE MESTEL, Collinsville, Ill.



"I NEVER KNEW when a bilious attack would come on me, even though I tried to be careful of my diet. It happened once when I was week-ending with some friends-another time when I was driving my car down a narrow mountain road. The usual violent headache followed, the usual gone feeling the next day from the effect of a purgative. I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast, its aids to digestion and elimination. I tried that, at first one cake a day . . . My last bilious spell was over a year ago, and I feel positive that I will not have another. Nor WEBER, Denver. Colo.

Digitized by

OF ALL THINGS

HE President has returned to Washington, school is open and New York is full of new plays and felt hats. The vacation season is over and somebody ought to break the news to Wilkes-Barre.

"If Every Human Heart Could Tell Its Story." If that were not an ad for True Story magazine, it would be one of those poems republished by request in the Times book review.

The Veterans' Bureau has returned to the Treasury nearly seventy million unspent dollars saved by cutting expenses. That other noise we hear is Charles Forbes turning over in his political grave.

A Prudential Insurance Company doctor says that a man of sedentary occupation should walk three miles daily. The R. J. Reynolds tobacco people can make a good thing out of this if they work it right.

Hylan, the underworld rallied around ferences and unite against the common Walker. Including, apparently, quite a enemy, the force of gravitation. number of subway riders.

Now that peace is restored it begins to look as if Babe Ruth had been the victim of a typographical error. Somehow the word went round that the Bambino was a home rum hitter.

This primary teaches us that what New York needs most of all is a good bipartisan garbage disposal system.

Sometimes we wish that our aeronautic As exclusively predicted by Mayor authorities would drop their personal dif-

-Howard Brubaker

THE ARTIST AS A BUSINESS MAN

WHEN he was assistant art director of a lesser advertising agency he used to sit with me in the Brevoort bar and criticize fashionable portrait painters whose social talents were making them rich. The haut ton success of several contemporaries piqued him. He, too, could draw, but they had received the delicate finishing touch of Europe schools while his circumstances had forced him to surrender his brush to commerce.

"Give me five years abroad," he would say repeatedly, "and I could show those fakers how to make money."

I often thought Wall Street lost a great figure when he decided to enter the League, for he was, above all, a business man with the soul of a glacier. That is why he finally persuaded a downtown bank president to back him for five years in Rome and Paris. It was no philanthropic endowment pressed upon him by a kindly lover of art, but a hard-boiled investment wherein papers were signed and usurious interest was carefully figured.

After he had toiled three years in Rome under a great maestro he descended upon Paris and specialized only in beautiful women. His personal magnetism charmed the more famous ladies into sitting for him, and his subtle hand created them even more beautiful than they actually were. Comely morons in the incarnate state became divinely inspired deities on his canvases, and he managed to collect enough notables to launch an exhibit that captured the attention of the world to which he aspired. After that the sailing was smooth. The increment he had lost on indigent countesses, he more than made up on the wives and daughters of vulgar opulents from our own great open spaces who showered him with dollars from Dubuque while academicians shrugged with contempt. At the expiration of his bondage, the

banker's investment was paid and New trast to his richly set stage. He had pur-York, the greatest goal on earth, lay ahead.

He spent six months in London acquiring perfect raiment and a decent accent. Before his return to Art's clearing house, he hired a master of ballyhoo who trumpeted his fame in the public prints and filled the rotogravure sections with his photographs. Some showed him in marvelous tweeds painting his last duchess; others revealed him on the boulevards or at Cannes, clothed by Michael Arlen and hatted by Morris Gest, for he affected a wide Montmartre sombrero which he wore on all occasions.

His advent in New York was almost front page news. The studio he chose was magnificent. He sought no artists' colonies, however esoteric, but reared himself above upper Fifth Avenue like Jove secure on his cloud-crowned Olympus. His Wolseley car, with its green liveried Briton at the wheel, was a model that sneered at the most conservative Minerva along the thoroughfare, and his valet had been twelve years in the service of an earl. His bank balance was four hundred dollars.

But the Peris bowed before him, as is the custom of our people before press proclaimed genius. His opening exhibition was the event of the Autumn, and the first lady to commission him for her portrait was a fair piper whose alluring notes led her lesser sisters through the hole in the mountain. Celebrated Junos from Manhattan and points west, noted actresses, wonder women of the silver screen, and an occasional Delia towing Tibullus of the Butter-and-Eggs, were drawn to the master's magic brush. And their radiance was immortalized in adulatory oils for the modest sum of \$15,000 per portrait.

His secretary was the one amazing con-

posely explored the city for its homeliest feminine machine until he found this stern-faced virgin of thirty, silent, cold, and efficient; a female replica of Calvin Coolidge. She sat in his sanctuary at a Seventeenth Century Italian table under the portrait of an exquisite Russian princess who had been a companion of his Parisian days. The effect she gave was that of some terrible sibyl inscribing the names of pilgrims who craved audience with the tweed-clad oracle of beauty. As a foil she was perfect.

He became enormously wealthy, and developed a superb condescension towards his peers. The wide, black hat became the proud helmet of Art's newest finan-, cial Navarre, and there were whispered scandals coupling his name with butterfly ladies and young maharanis.

One evening the girdle of Aphrodite snapped. The last belle dame of the day had descended sighing to her limousine. The tired artist looked out of the studio window at the gathering twilight. High in the western sky Venus winked sardonically at her tired satellite in his majestic tower. He watched her until a small, pink cloud obscured her from his aching sight. From the street rose the acrid fumes of commerce.

He turned towards the corner where his secretarial Gorgon sat regarding him with the icy eye of business. He glanced at the princess above her, and was suddenly enveloped in the dread weariness of one drowning in a sea of beauty. He wandered to the table and leaned listlessly

against it. The sibyl stirred the leaves. "Hell!" he said at last, "let's get married."

They now live near the Sound and the Morris Gest hat has been discarded. He is the most successful painter of stocking ads in the world .--- PHILIP PRATT

THE CRILLON, NATURALLY

YOU are, let us suppose, weary of taking your luncheon or dinner where the orchestra is so noisy you cannot taste your food. You are no longer diverted by the girl who sings, or the conversational waiter. The crowds in large hotels have lost their appeal to you. Dark spots float before your eyes and you are positive that your doctor would prescribe if you so much as said "ah" to him. Every meal leaves you with a clatter hang-over, but you would *like* to find a restaurant you would enjoy.

Where to go then? The Crillon, naturally.

Space does not permit a complete travelogue of the Crillon at one time, but from the moment you enter the quiet charm of its corridor and relinquish your hat with a sigh of content, you just know

An excerpt from the Baedecker of the Restaurant Crillon says of the main dining room, "The lady on your right is a Princess of the Blood. And that gentleman with the trim mustache is none other than ______. Not really! Oh, yes, he eats here often. Lying off to the East is a secluded, upraised platform, reservations upon which are in constant demand. From there a splendid view of the September-flavored decorations the work of a celebrated artist—may be had. The



service at the Crillon has not been questioned since 1607 when Cotton Mather asked why only one cup of coffee was served at a time."

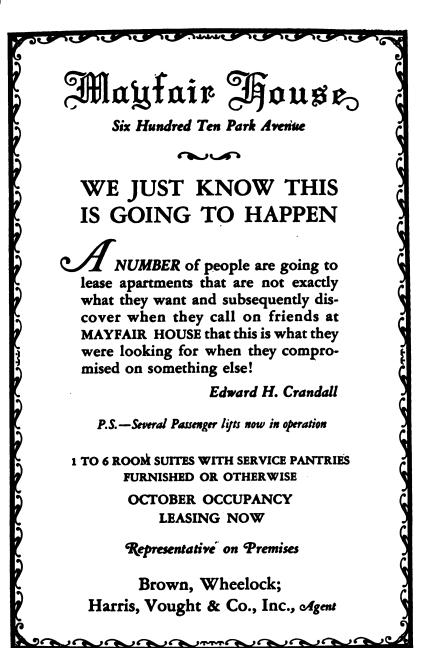
The Crillon is a quiet and delicious respite from the overburdened centers of shopping and business; it is one of the few places where the amenities of dining are still respected.

Some time ago, the Crillon was padlocked. It no longer affords the raison d'être of this padlocking to its patrons. But it has a detached point of view. And besides, there one may obtain ginger ale, sparkling White Rock, or bubbling Aquazone, as well as the very best brands of cracked ice.

"There is a key," the headwaiter of the Crillon says, "for every padlock. And moreover, to patronize the Crillon is to mark yourself as discriminating."

"Every one who comes here is late for something by the time he is able to force himself to leave," the headwaiter says, showing you to a table.

DESTADONT CRILLON 15 EAST 48th STREET 0.J. BAUMGARTEN PRESIDENT^{AND}GENERAL MANAGER





To be had at the best Clubs, Hotels and Smoke Shops and always at the HUMIDORS OF THE ROOSEVELT, 45th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.
Trial Size - \$.35 3½ oz75
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3.00

16

THE OLD KING COLE TOBACCO CORPORATION 5 COLUMBUS CIRCLE, N. Y. City

THE NEW YORKER

ST. ELITE

SUNDAY morning. New York is going to church.

Leisurely, yet swiftly, the parade forms; silk-hatted, frock-coated, ultimately correct; for once, the Male takes his share of attention in the March of the Sexes. What is it the old poet said: "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world"?

"... and they say the market is due for a boom, too ..."

Furred and flowered, Paquined and Worthed, transparently and invisibly hosed; heliotrope and orchids; alluring, entrancing are the ladies. Swish, swish, tap, tap, each on the arm of him chosen above all others. "Whom God hath joined together let no man . . ."

"... fifty thousand counsel fees alone, my dear, and ..."

The church. Warmly hospitable, calmly cool, House of God. Voices hushed at the door. Swirl of draperies against mahogany pews. Ushers, politely, frozenly smiling, tiptoe, tiptoe. Careful, careful! An hour a week for divine guidance. God should be shown one's soul every now and then to make sure it's in proper shape.

"... solid gold candelabra; they say they cost ..."

Two new entrants, sack-suited, semisoft collared. An usher's eyebrow raised three-sixteenths of an inch, questioning, cautious. "From the World and the Trib." Whispers. "To be sure, gentlemen, delighted to have you with us. A pew in the front? Mrs. Wellington-Harby's—in Europe—would be charmed." "No, in the back, where we can slide out." "Just as you say, gentlemen—here, please."

"... keep your ear cocked, Bill; the City Editor said he was going to raise hell with the Bishop to-day ..." The organ, "largest in the world."

The organ, "largest in the world." "Lead, Kindly Light——" Soft, shooshy settling back into seats. Sighs of comfort. Rustle, rustle, hymn books being opened. Lofty memorial windows, richly purple, gold, crimson, committing to posterity the names of the departed. "In memory of —in memory of——" Who? Few remember. Somebody's touching, hundredthousand-dollar memorial to a dead wife. ". . married again inside of six weeks; shouldn't have . . ."

Choir boys, angelic, sweet, cherubs lent by Heaven to solace mortal griefs; tones soaring like larks, guileless eyes searching the stately vaults of the giant cathedral. "... that little light-haired one comes into ten million dollars when he's twentyone; the old man cornered ..."

The rector. Tall, gromed, benign, crisply gray at the temples; fashionably Liberal, propitiatingly Conservative; tones soothing, modulated, persuasive, gently

entreating auditors to enter into God's infinite love and mercy. Inspired, compelling. "And so, my friends, that message delivered centuries ago, still lives to guide us and will live through eternity: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'..." "... why, there's Margot Ardmore; she

"Amen." The swelling organ. People gather in aisles, in the vestry, on the steps. Voices resume normal pitch. Duty has been performed; Christianity is safe for another week. Among his flock moves the rector. "I am glad you feel it has helped you, Mrs. Morley, but—'eloquent'? I am afraid you flatter my poor efforts . . . Ah, Mr. Clay, I had hoped to see you. Very generous on your part, very generous. We shall see it is mentioned in the Bulletin. No, no, my dear sir, I insist. As an example to others if for no other reason . . . Wednesday evening, Mrs. Cotter? I think so, and would be delighted, but—suppose my secretary phones you . . . Thank you, Mrs. Herbert, but I fear I am not worthy of such . . ."

"... the club at three-thirty, Bert. Bring something along; my locker's dry ..." —T. H. BLISS

MODERN VERSION

THE children could not wait to get out to Grandma's, the little dears, because they always had such a good time there, and so they clapped their hands and were so happy when they finally came within sight of the house.

Sure enough, there was Grandma sitting on the porch with her feet on the rail (she was always waiting like that), trying to get Grandpa to get some cracked ice. My, how glad Grandma was to see all her children and grandchildren, and she sent Grandpa to hurry up and bolt all the doors and see that the cellar was safe, she was that happy.

"And whose little girl are you," cried Grandma to little Susan who was squeezing the oranges, but Susan did not mind because she knew that Grandma always had to have her joke, she was such a jolly soul. Then Grandma sent Ronald after some cigarettes, he was her favorite because he was such a funny boy and was just like her, all the family said, because he had such a twinkle in his eye.

Then Grandpa came in with the ice and Susan finished squeezing all the oranges so they sat there all afternoon and had the most fun. Everybody agreed that the children were right and that there was no place like Grandma's, even though Susan did claim that ginger ale mixes better than orange juice.

-LEONARD MACTAGART

What you can do with a Pathex



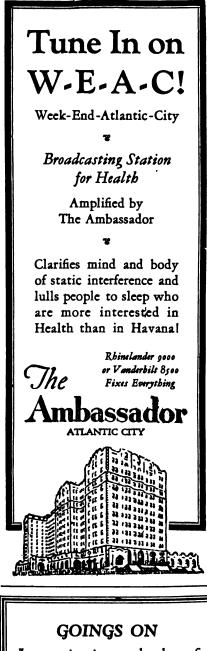
Think of the "kick" you'll get watching yourself sink a ten yard putt.

With a Pathex your wife or one of your friends can make motion pictures of any play just as easily and at no greater cost than taking snapshots.

Besides the pictures you take yourself, there is the great Pathex library you can draw from: famous comedies, educational travel pictures and so on.

Remember, Pathex film is non-inflammable and practically indestructible.





A conscientious calendar of events worth while

TABLES FOR TWO

Where to pass the time after **4** A. M.

PROFILES

Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected

These Regular Features and a Hundred and One Other Items Appear in

THE NEW YORKER

RECIPROCITY IN SPORTS

It seems hardly fair that the West should do all the enlightening on native sports. Here in the East, every vacant lot is being put to use for a rodeo, and the whoops of the cowboys may be heard above the roar of the subways and trolley cars. The East should—if from nothing more than a spirit of fair play reciprocate with a few troupes of trained performers to show the West a few thrills found only within bootlegging distance of the Atlantic. Possibly something along these lines:

Subway Bucking: Staged in genuine subway car, with thick glass sides, permitting uninterrupted view of the animals in action. Side doors will snap open and shut for a period of half an hour, and two hundred picked riders will struggle for entrance and a hold on half a dozen straps. Nero would have paid well for this—don't miss it.

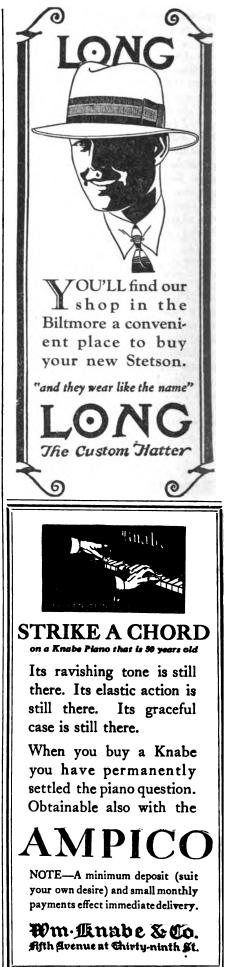
Motor Dogging: A space the width of Fifth Avenue, one block long, is measured off. A score of the city's most agile and desperate jay walkers are tossed in. At the sound of a traffic officer's whistle, double rows of buses, taxicabs, and cars operated by stout women will tear on to the scene and strive to make the world exclusive for motorists. Survivors will be given a big hand and the number of the car which finally brought them down.

Crowd Collecting: Three exhibits will be set up. The first, a man demonstrating a new razor strop; the second, a man washing a window on the fourth floor; the third, a man repairing a sidewalk. A crowd of busy executives will enter, and the men who fail to attract the majority of them for a period of forty-five minutes will be sent back home.

Conference Calling: This calls for endurance of the most rugged variety. Ten junior executives, sound in limb and astounding in wind, will stack up against ten selected vice-presidents and general managers. Any subject will do to start the event off. The prize—a life subscription to the American Magazine and an I. C. S. course—will be awarded the man or men who can recall, after eight hours, what the conference was called for, and what was done about it.—STANLEY JONES

THE SPEAKEASY

O girl, the chatter in your place Next door, your Latin plumply face, Your wine wakes memories of eves Where Arno soft through Florence weaves I spent in youth. How I delight To see you moving there at night! How less than nothing care I for The fact I know you break the law! —A. VAN STEENBERGH



A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

CAST: The Woman, The Man, Cornelius J. Smoosh, First Revolver, Second Revolver.

SCENE: The living room of an apartment.

(When the curtain rises, The Man and The Woman are discovered, standing in the center of the room, locked in a passionate embrace. They break away and gaze fondly at each other.)

THE MAN: My Sheba!

THE WOMAN: My Shiek!

(They embrace again, passionately.) Both (together): Mmmmmmmmm!

(They are engrossed in each other. Cornelius J. Smoosh enters, stealthily. In his right hand is the First Revolver. In the left hand is the Second Revolver. He glares at the Man and Woman.)

CORNELIUS J. SMOOSH (sardonically): Ha! Ha! Ha!

(The Man and The Woman pay no attention to him. He takes a few steps forward. He points the revolvers.)

FIRST REVOLVER: Bang!

SECOND REVOLVER: Bang!

(The Man and The Woman scream and then fall dead. Cornelius J. Smoosh chuckles a sardonic chuckle and walks toward them. He stands over them and peers into their faces. He recoils in horror.)

CORNELIUS J. SMOOSH: My God! My wife! I thought I was in the wrong house!

CURTAIN

-HERBERT ASBURY

THE TAXPAYERS GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH

HE pompous music of brasses snarls through the streets of Rome . . . In the white-hot sunshine of the public square the people crowd up to the wall of perspiring guards . . . What's it all about, Bill? ... I dunno, I think it's one of the park concerts. The Mayor is fond of music these days . . . Haw, haw, haw! . . . Tradesmen, clerks, vendors, shoemakers, slaves, maids and matrons, strain and elbow in the mob . . . Guards beat back the front ranks, who step upon the feet of those behind . . . What d'ye wanta do-tear the toga off me? . . . What's it all about, Jack? . . . I dunno, I guess them cops is going to get medals . . . The pack sways in the sun . . . A stir at one side of the cordon and a group of Senators, tiny in the great square, flutters

across the cleared flagstones . . . Who's the guy with the red hair? . . . It's Red Mike; he's going to decorate some cops. No, it's firemen! He's going to decorate some firemen! . . . There goes the band! . . . The red-headed Roman poses like one deep in thought, then fidgets with his pocket and glares at the crowd defiantly . . . Look, they're shakin' hands. Oh, the reporters are takin' pitchers . . Shut up-he's speaking . . . "And I wanteh thank-the Comishneh and the Fire Chief-for their wonderful workwhile I have always done my part-in passing appropriations for our brave firefighters—I wanteh say—" . . . Oh, he's givin' 'em new cars . . . "And when our brave firemen ride home in these wonderful covered automobiles after fighting in the cold for your home or mine . . . You ain't got a covered automobile, have уа, Joe? . . . Оно ѕа-ач са-ан чо-о-о SE-E-E-E . . . ALL OVER! ALL OVER! C'MON NOW-BEAT IT! RUN ALONG! Don't be hangin' around here! . . . A noble Roman has been democratic again!-E. F. H.

FASCINATING STATIS-TICS OF THE DRAMA

THE box office receipts of "Abie's Irish Rose" were greater than those of "The Loves of Lulu" for the season of 1924-25.

If the names of all the actors and actresses who have announced they would never play outside New York could be tabulated, they would fill a large portion of the hotel registers of several hundred tank towns throughout the country.

The dinner hour of a chorus girl, compared to that of any other girl, is most inconvenient.

A careful survey shows that "Where, Oh, Where Are the Grave Old Censors? Lost, Lost In a Wild, Wild World" was the most sung, if not the most popular song along the Rialto several months past.

If all the slightly vermillion-tinted female characters portrayed on the New York stage during the past season could be turned loose on Broadway, the revered Anthony Comstock would turn 1,800 Revolutions Per Minute in his grave for the next thirty years.

All flops attributed to failure to provide last minute funds, if placed side by side with the 1,500 plasters necessary to put the show over, would show the same degree of visibility as the lucre.

The time consumed in reaching a theatre by taxi at the opening hour would enable 456 butter-and-egg men to convene in Dubuque. And why not?

Dubuque. And why not: —Philip Pratt

•

Most of the facts of life conspire To call the optimist a liar.

OUTSTANDING

exclusiveness is the feature of AINSLEIGH'S offerings.

When a retail concern, situated at 21st St. and Broadway on the 11th floor of an office building can show the improvement and growth that we have, there must be something behind it. We have that something!

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Every convenience of best metropolitz hotels. Beautifully furnished bedroomseach connected with bath. Excellent cuisin On four state roads. Only 50 miles fro

New York. Larry Siry's Club de Vingt Orchest every Saturday night.

Reasonable Rates. Write or phone your reservations to ROOM 327, DEPT. N.

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ROMANCE

An age of steam shovels, clamorous rivet hammers, roaring locomotives and buildings that thrust themselves into the firmament is far removed from the days when painted galleys, propelled by brawny slaves, made their hazardous way across the known world of ancient days. So far removed is it, that short sighted people have frequently remarked upon the lapse of romance into oblivion.

It does not require an overwhelming imagination to supply a persuasive argument against this belief. One has but to round a corner of Fifth Avenue to any of the multitude of charming small shops, and there to re-live the romance which has brought within reach the objects d'art and the arts themselves of quaint corners of the earth beyond the ken of the olden time sailor. THE NEW YORKER'S Shopping Guide is a sign post to the romance in these small shops.

Antiques	Beauty Culture (Cont.)	Hats
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and allverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6326.	THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experi- ence. DR. ROBINSON,	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 835
years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 772
Arts and Crafts	Books	
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and giass. Gowns, decorative hangings,	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	Ladies' Tailors
gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	Flesh Reduction	of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER
SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashloned figures 50c. a set. [§] Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone Mornings Circle 8177	Chickering 4174 ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$6 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultiess in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.
	Look Young Be Young	Маре
Auction Bridge	Footwear	THE MAP MART offers a varied assortmen of old and decorative maps for all purposes. You
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 29 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	Inspection is invited. 41 East 6oth Street Regent 265.
		Restaurants
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	Golf School	AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Stree Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaik Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypy songs—Dancing after theatre.
Beauty Culture	KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Shirt Hospital
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795	A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustra- tions. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost. Shirts made to your own measure. OTTO RIEFS, \$1 W. 50th St. Circle 733
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	Swimming Instruction
Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	"SMILE" FROCKS—New Fall models in Artsilk, Fiannel, Faile & other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request. Gloria Browning 156 East 47th Street	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N
LOUISE BERTHELON, Inc. specialize in the re- moval of superfluous hair and facial blemishes by RERCTROLYSIS. Private entrance. Consultation free. 48 East 49th Street Murray Hill 2768	Gowns Made to Order	Tea Room
Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin rowths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. SIST St., Telephone Circle 1144.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Skyles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.

WHY NOT SHE-FIENDS?

UR pictorial-pathological press-"Girl Slain by Fiend. Story on page 3"---is singularly blind to opportunity. I refer to its failure to cover crime so as to give equal rights to both sexes.

For example, John Batts, 23, clerk, South Brooklyn, was murdered last week in an alley in Greenwich Village, the assassin escaping. And how, forsooth, did our pictorial-pathological press handle the story? No picture, four lines on page 10, like this-

"John Batts, 23, clerk, South Brooklyn, was murdered last night in an alley in Greenwich Village. The assassin escaped undetected."

Shades of Messalini, Great Catherine, Iris Storm and the Skillkip case-or was it the Shellpek case-what a waste of a front page wow!

Consider:

"Brooklyn Apollo Brutally Slain!-Photo shows scene of crime. The poor little crumpled heap is Jim Bitts, who only yesterday sang about his work in Bloom's drug store. Story on page 3.'

Page three:

"George Botts, handsome blonde soda dispenser, never reached his drab little rented room in South Brooklyn last night. Shortly before one o'clock this morning, hours after he had smiled farewell to his pals in a Broadway drug store where he earned a meagre wage, the police found his body in a Greenwich Village cul de sac, battered and lifeless. Only a block away a jazz orchestra was playing the song last heard upon his lips, 'Redhot Mama, I'm Your Asbestos Boy.' A score of detectives, baffled by this latest atrocity in a growing wave of murdered young men, etc., etc."

And next day:

"Startling Clue in Butts Case! She-Fiend at Large!

"Police working on the mysterious slaying of George Blats in the vicinity of a swagger night club where he is believed to have been dancing until a few minutes before the outrage, advanced the theory to-day that the Flatbush Adonis was the victim of a female brute. They have reports of a huge, hulking, sinister figure of a woman prowling about Sixth Avenue. Did this dastardly Amazon follow the handsome drug clerk as he tripped through the darkness toward his drab little rented . . . etc., etc.?"

And the further possibilities:

"She-Fiend's Prey Unveiled as Tea-Hound!-Probe Shows Jack Butz Frequented Broadway Jazz Haunts!—Pearl "It Stickpin Missing—Was He Hounded by son." Vampire Gang?—Showered With Gifts "S From Female Admirers, Say Friends-Whispers of a Rich Old Park Avenue Sugar Mama—Secrets of a Gigolo's and Blues." Life---"

The thing is really without limit. We make no charge to the p. p. press for the suggestion. Let them go to it! Of course, it is always possible that Job Burts drank too much bad gin, fell over a hydrant and was bumped off by a Belgium block, but what's a speculation or two among enterprising editors? What this town needs is more and better murder stories during the dull months.

-Constant Crime Reader

SWEET REVENGE

HREE gallons of gas, please." "Yes, sir. Want some cylinder 'oil, too?"

"No, just gas.".

"Do you want some paint? Your car needs it, and we've got some dandy paint -heat proof, dirt proof, guaranteed to wear long."

"No, I want only gas to-day."

"Then you want your car washed?"

"I said that I wanted only gas."

"You want a tire, then. We've got some good non-skids. Only \$40 a piece. >> Want one? Yours-

"I tell you I want only gas to-day!"

"Yes, sir; but-say, your rear lights are all shot to pieces. You need new ones. We just got in some dandy new crack-proof celluloid lights. Shall I put some in?"

"No! I want only gas, do you understand?"

"Your magneto needs adjusting-didja hear that funny noise in the motor when you stopped? It needs adjusting. I'll fix it, what?"

"No! I want only gas, gas !! Do you hear!!"

"Yes, sir!" And with the gas obtained, the exasperated motorist drove angrily away. But for once the garage man had got even with his barber.

-W. Peter Schramm

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

Assuming they had been done by our Modern Lyric-Writers.

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born at."

"When you and me were young, Maggie."

"Heaven lays about us in our infancy." "For what is so rare like a day in June?"

"To he who in the love of Nature holds . . ."

"Who ran to help me when I fell?" "My Mammy." etc.

"It's a wise Poppa that knows his own

"Sweeties to the Sweetie."

"So idle like a painted ship."

"Three cheers for the Reds, Whites

"Won't you-set down?"-S. S.

Theatre Guild Productions GUILD THEATRE 52nd St., W. of B'way Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Klaw Theatre

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Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE NEW YORKER

3

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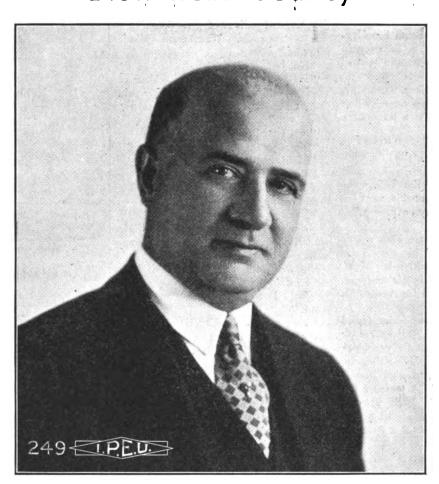
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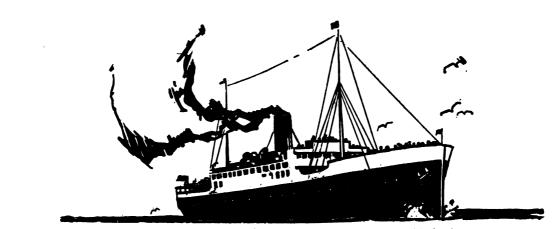


Charles W. Culkin A Real "New Yorker"

Born, raised and educated in New York City. Since early manhood he has served the city faithfully and capably. As Alderman, as Deputy Fire Commissioner, as a Business Man, he has been successful and stands on his record of achievement in seeking your support for the Shrievalty.

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72-hour cruise down the Atlantic coast. 60-hour ride back

to Florida Road The Royal

Here, there, everywhere throughout the country thousands are following the footsteps of old Ponce de Leon in thought and fancy when they are not by train, boat, and automobile. The spell of the new "Florida Enchantment" is broadcast. All are eager to see Florida for themselves.

To make the seeing easy and inex-pensive, Hollywood by the Sea pro-vides a royal road of travel to this region of romantic delight and ma-terial enjoyment. We are providing a tour of Florida, matchless in what it offers and what it costs.

Low Cost Travel and Seaside Luxury

For \$150.00, we take you down to Florida on one of the most luxurious, most profitable, and most enjoyable trips of travel that has ever come before your eyes. A 14-day outing tour with multifold pleasures, amusements, and recreations; and above all, every comfort.

The trip that tells you the wonderful story of what is taking place in Florida. You visit Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Miami and Palm Beach. You see the wonderful scenic stretch of the peerless Southeast Coast of Florida; its serene skies, glistening beach; its wonderful city building. You feel the fascinating climate of this magical coast.

First comes the 72-hour cruise down the Atlantic Coast on a Clyde Liner;



then 8, days of sight-seeing, amusements, golfing, dancing, living at the finest Hollywood hotels with every appointment of convenience and comfort; and finally a 60-hour boat trip back home.



You find at Hollywood the utmost embodiment of fascination of Florida that now possesses the imagination of all. But you will find more. You will find the real substance behind the Florida enchantment. You will find a fine city made and in the making;

a city of fine buildings; of wide, bril-liantly lighted streets; schools, and churches.

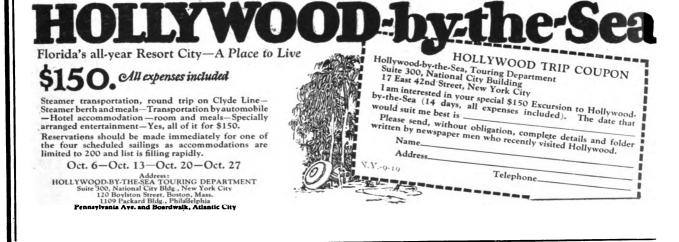
You will luxuriate in the seaside-life; enjoy the surf bathing on its coconut palm-decked shore; delight in the gorgeous \$250,000 bathing pavilion.

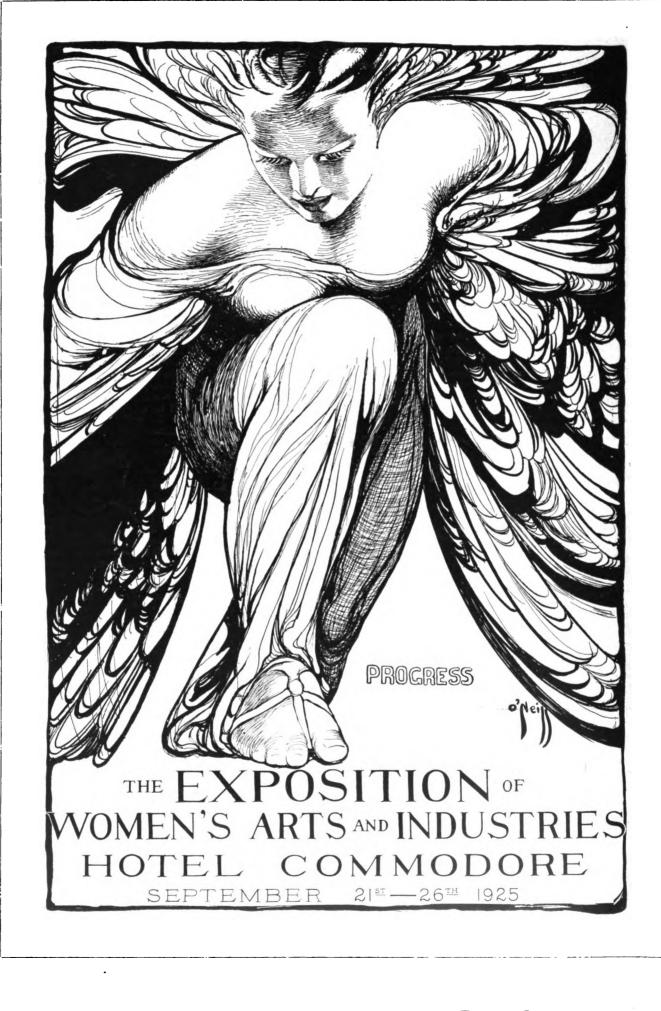
A Place to Live

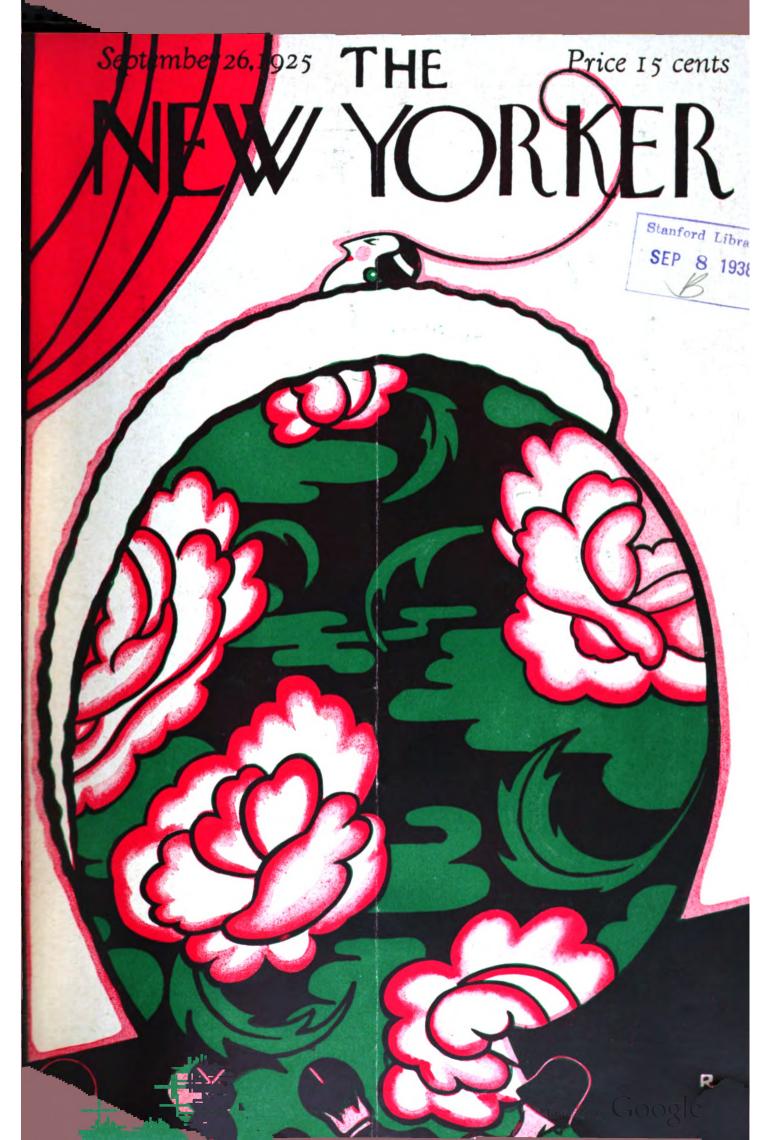
Most of all, you will marvel at the splendid scientific program of devel-opment that Joseph W. Young, Founder of Hollywood, has laid down for this jewel beach city of Florida's, Southeast Coast. You will find Hollywood a place to live, and to enjoy life.

Don't overlook this great oppor-tunity. It is the chance of the year to see Florida at the right time. The migration is already on, earlier than usual. Only special circumstances and conditions make it possible to provide this low rate for you.

Reservations are limited, and are allotted as they are received. Join one of Hollywood's specially conducted excursions. Write at once for com-plete details. Tell us you wish to go, and tell us at once.







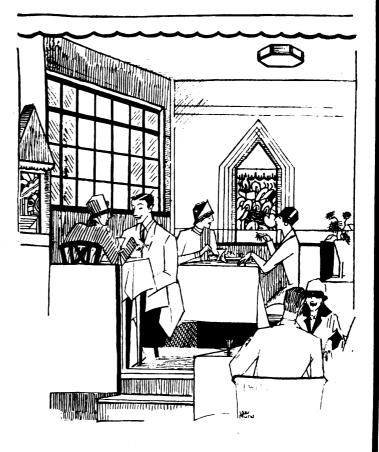
THE CRILLON, NATURALLY

ET us suppose that you have come back to town for the season, after missing August, which is the month dedicated to shrimp salad. Already you have been whirled into the press of a multitude of social amenities. And already the question of where to take your luncheon and dinner guests is looming dreadfully in your mind. You are wearied

by too little service, and by too much—which is just as bad; you are oppressed by the garish and noisy tumult of modern eating. You desire to eat with and talk to your guests—not to display them. Where to go, then?

The Crillon, naturally.

There one may find a quiet, exquisitely decorated salon just beyond and slightly above the main dining room, perfectly adapted to these needs. Again we refer to the **Crillon Ba**edecker, that Guide to Tasteful Dining, which is a part of every smart household: "This *chambre parfaite* has caught a Russian tincture that savors its very atmosphere. It was in this room that Samuel Johnson, the celebrated playwright and pro-



ducer once said, 'Crillon leaves no culinary art untouched, nor touches any that is not adorned.'"

Crillon is New York in that definition of New York which includes only the sophisticated facets of the city, and the good taste it has inherited from a social generation that dates back into the graceful pageant of the Colonial period.

The headwaiter at the **Crillon** will be charmed to lead you and your guests to a table where you, in turn, will be charmed to dine. "The difference," he will say, "between a newcomer and a habitué at the **Crillon** is that the newcomer has had only one opportunity."

"So far," he will add, straightening a piece of silver to precisely the right angle.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

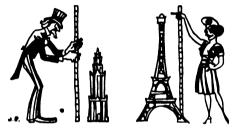
Notes and Comment

Nour way to the office last Thursday we met Mr. Charles E. Hughes at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street as the traffic was changing. The former Secretary of State was being given a frightful bawling out by a Luxor taxi driver. "Where in hell are you going?" asked the driver. Mr. Hughes refused to make any statement.

LITTLE boys and girls with very very short dresses and trousers are appearing in Central Park again, which means that society is coming back to us. To our mind, not by any means the least charming part of society is its offspring. The smart note is still to show as much chubby thigh as possible. It is a Paris style. Even three years ago in the Tuileries, Gallic ingenuity had contrived costumes little short of amazing. Although our nurses and seamstresses are doing well, they have a long way to go yet before they catch up to the French.

ALONG the same line, as an American publication we cannot but notice the absurd statement that one or more French cars have had eight cylinders in a line and four wheel brakes for eight years. We do not believe this. If we did, we would have to believe that American automotive engineers are not the pioneers we know they are. The life of an American grows more precarious every day. If one is not careful, one is likely to be told any time that Paris has a higher structure than New York.

HER Royal Highness Queen Marie of Roumania in an article in Cosmopolitan Magazine says, "Often ONE IS LIKELY TO BE TOLD -



I have been asked how I retain that look of youth." She recommends laughter; not mincing affected little smiles, but honest laughter. Thus it is proved again that royalty is fickle.



Only a little while ago we remember seeing that the only thing that would keep Her Highness' complexion going was Pond's Cold Cream.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S poem which was published on the front page of the newspapers last week enjoys the distinction of being the



worst poem ever published by an oil king. Horrible though it was, we have decided to forgive the author if he agrees not to try to persuade Miss Edna Millay to manage a gas station.

LAST Friday the agitation and discussion over the reported commercialization of tennis became so heated that we decided to go down to Forest Hills and look at the problem first hand. We called up for seats and found that the minimum charge was three dollars. Quod erat demonstrendum.

WE fear that the Secretary of State did not make America's position quite clear to Mr. Saklatvala. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, and anybody who wants to act that way will have to stay in England.

IF Mr. Hylan is looking for a swan song we suggest: "When we flipped the light bombastic on the sidewalks of New York."

The Week

AS a result of Mustapha Kemal's campaign, Turks discard fez for more civilized headgear and, in Philadelphia, a judge fines a man for breaking another's staw hat on September 16. Mayor Hylan, defeated in primaries, announces that he will return to private life and Theodore Roosevelt, in Asia, postpones his search for the Marco Polo goat. New enforcement head decrees that Izzy Einstein must remain anonymous hereafter and Federal Church Council finds prohibition not yet a success. Henry Ford foresees a century of prosperity and taxicab driver is sent

to jail for insulting fare who gave Seven hundred him ten-cent tip. movie theatres pass from control of Famous Players into smaller branch company, after Government investigation of alleged monopoly, and a man named John Smith dislocates his jaw laughing at an after-dinner joke. Judge Olvany and Mr. McCooey make their peace and a Brooklyn baseball player announces his retirement because of the vile invectives shouted at him by the fans. The State Banking Department estimates New York's annual loss through stock frauds as \$500,000,000 and a woman insane for fifty-six years leaves a fortune of \$2,000,000 on her death. New York paper prints series of articles vigorously advocating clean-up of college football and Illinois University denies that vice exists on its campus. Authorities assert crime is still on the increase and a Lithuanian is fined twenty-five dollars for failing to doff hat to American flag carried past in parade.

HE Fall shows, bright though they may be, will have to be exceptional to furnish art circles with more chuckles than did one of the last of the Spring, a private view which was attended by a goodly group of notables, among them Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mr. George Luks.

It was Mr. Luks's conceit at this show to follow Mrs. Whitney, who is the sculptress, wherever she went, hanging on her remarks as though en-Eventually, this wore on tranced. Mrs. Whitney's nerves. Icily, she inquired, "Would you be so good as to tell me, Mr. Luks, why you are following me around the gallery so persistently?"

The whimsical George bowed humbly. "If you really want to know, Mrs. Whitney," he murmured, "It's because you're so frightfully rich."

First Nights

WENTY-FIVE years ago, Mr. Al Woods's first nights concerned the woes of "Bertha, the Beautiful Cloak Model," but last week his was the distinguished premiere of the season; a play so eagerly sought after that even in a week providing twelve openings, speculators were offering five hundred dollars for twenty tickets to "The Green Hat"---

offers Mr. Woods piously rejected. Moreover, so keen was the desire for seats in the Broadhurst that the messenger carrying a pair to Mr. Max Steuer was waylaid and tricked out of his envelope, just as though it had contained a mere million dollars worth of negotiable securities.

It was the maddest week any of us remembers in the theatre. There were "The Vortex" and "No, No Nannette" the night after "The Green Hat," among the more important of



the dozen, and on Thursday, "First Flight" at the Plymouth, by which time the inveterate first-nighters had seen each other often enough to give some attention to the play. And there was also, on Monday, the Theatre Guild's presentation of "Arms and the Man," almost overshadowed by later events. The lesser fry simply were lost sight of completely.

O Mr. Woods's, as I have said, were the honors of the week, such is the flare for Mr. Michael Arlen and the lady whose tiger-tawny hair is raven black on the stage. Yet, as the advertisements have it, there is always a touch of yesterday about what Mr. Woods does to-day. For all the Hispano Suiza off-stage and the Rolls-Royces outside, the genial Al could not forget wholly the friends of other days; and such friends as will appear in no blue book except when the telephone company chooses this color for one of its volumes.

But, of course, there were the elect, also, in droves. That young Mr. Arthur Bachrach, late of Princeton

gaged in glorifying the male necktie, lent his benign presence. He is, I believe, the most consistent of first nighters outside the ranks of the critics; the logical successor, in this respect at least, to the evening cloak of the late Diamond Jim Brady. There was the elderly and mysterious gentlemanname unknown to any of the many who have seen him, and age generally estimated at sixty-who bowed that grande dame, his mother, to her seat with all the courtly elegance of an Eighteenth Century beau. There were Mr. Gilbert Miller, most consistent of the managers at premieres, and Mr. Ray Goetz, and Miss Irene Bordoni, and Mr. Irvin Berlin-and, indeed, every bigwig of Broadway, as well as many of the two Avenues.

The most distinguished first night Mr. Woods has ever known; and yet, as observed before, there is always a touch of yesterday in what Mr. Woods does to-day.

HERE are definite standards for first night audiences, and among these, Mr. Sam Harris sets his highest. If there is doubt about any applicant for tickets, the Social Register is held at hand for final assay.

Mr. Winthrop Ames is another who places stress on the quality of his first audiences, as do Mr. Belasco, and Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Dillingham. To be eligible for recognition by the last, one must have had four mentions in the society columns, have made, say, five visits to Miami or Palm Beach, and, further, one must possess the prestige of two visits to Deauville.

All theatrical managers, however, pay their social debts with invitations to first nights, a gracious payment, indeed, in these days when dinners are many but amusements are few. It is noteworthy, too, that the learned Justices of the Supreme Court are on every manager's list.

And first night tickets are not, as may be supposed, free. Some newspaper critics even pay for their extra guests. As well do the actors and the author. And whatever the producer may do by way of complimentary presentations of seats, is an item to be entered under withdrawals in his personal checking account. Issuance of passes starts after the premiere. Such is the custom.

HERE will be moans from the l older members of your club if and the Triangle Club and now en- you dare compare first nights of your

own day with those of yore. The mildest of them will cast the first families in your teeth if you are so rash as to bring up the subject.

He will tell you that, once, the tickets for a first night were allotted to the clubs, and the members took their families. You used to see the Vanderbilt and the Whitney boys, Billy Jerome, Stanford White, Samuel Adams Clarke, Jack Fallensby, Freddy Gebhard, James Poor. No comparison to-day, sir; nothing like it. And the critics-a poor lot. Only three out of the grand company remain: Alan Dale, Charles Pike Sawyer and James Metcalfe.

And it may be as the elders tell; who can say? Yet, twenty-five years hence, doddering ancients ourselves, we shall probably find ourselves informing some young whipper-snapper that he doesn't know what he's talking about-why Julia Hoyt in that rose gown, or Alec Woollcott rotoundly advising some fair young thing to be less sexy-those, my boy, were the days.

Incident

N the cluttered lobby of the Broad-In the cluttered 1000, 0-hurst during the second entr'acte, Towne was dis-Mr. Charles Hanson Towne was discoursing with friends as to what had gone thus far in "The Green Hat" when an impressive limousine slid slowly up to the curb.

"There is the height of nonchalance," murmured Mr. Towne. "A work. Grumbling, he undressed in objected strenuously, and, when his

gentleman arriving for this opening after the second act.

The limousine's passenger dismounted and strode quickly into the theatre. It was Mr. Michael Arlen.

Mr. Arlen, they say, had never seen a complete performance of his play to that date. He had seen an act in Detroit and another in Chicago. Even the opening in town did not enable him to complete his acquaintance with his own work. Nervousness, they say.

Diamonds

FOR picturesqueness, those of the old order always can cite Diamond Jim Brady in a dispute, and there can be no rebuttal. We have no first nighter to-day whose shirt front glows so magnificently; certainly none who goes to the extreme of carrying unset diamonds loosely in his pockets for the joy of fingering and displaying them in handfuls.

This love for unset stones gave Mr. Brady a fright one night when, with kindred souls, he was travelling in the private car of Charles Sanger Mellen, then President of the New Haven. The company dined well and, afterwards, partook of the contents of many tall glasses, while they were marvelling at the beauty of the diamonds Mr. Brady handled so carelessly.

Presently, the party retired. Mr. Brady ambled to his stateroom. He reached for the switch. It did not

the dark, and threw back the covers. Before him then danced a hundred glittering shafts. He reached for them but they eluded him. Again and again. They climbed the steel walls of the stateroom.

"Porter," he screamed frantically, "porter!"

But the porter did not come, nor did anyone else until the joke had worn off and Diamond Jim Brady's companions were pleased to inform him they had placed fireflies in his bed.

Standards

FRIEND who lately returned Afrom France, assures me that he lived there delightfully and quite inexpensively, in a good-sized farmhouse which he rented.

Property is cheap enough for outright purchase. A good-sized chateau and several acres of ground may be bought for the same sum as would swing a six-room bungalow in the Stamford section. But, for shorter stays, leasing a place is preferable.

There was only one disadvantage to renting; the plumbing was, to put it most mildly, primitive. When he leased the place my friend proposed installing a bathroom in the smallest of the bedroms, a proposal he advanced to his landlord with the bright good will of the tenant who is going to improve the owner's property.

Strangely, the owner of the house



"What do you mean by coming in this time of the morning and waking me up?" "Why, you worm, you told me distinctly you wouldn't be back until after breakfast yourself!"



ABSENT-MINDED BARBER SHINGLES DANIEL BOONE'S COUNSKIN HAT

Gallic gestures had subsided somewhat, of the Navy and Mrs. Wilbur and a tion to get rid of the furnishings. consented to give an explanation.

"But nobody will wish to use the bath after you leave," he expostulated. "It will be but a bedroom wasted."

Brass

CLOWLY the conviction deepens **D** that not even Mr. Sinclair Lewis was able to do full justice to the Babbitt type. I offer in evidence the tale given me by one of the members of the New York Symphony staff, lately returned from a tour of the provinces with Dr. Damrosch's orchestra.

In a North Carolinian city, the local committees, Rotarians, Chamber of Commerce and the like, met to decide upon a form of welcome for the visiting musicians which would sustain the South's reputation for cordiality. At last they hit upon the ideal plan.

When the tired members of the orchestra tumbled from their car, they were met by the blare of fourteen wind instruments, tortured in the dissonances of the Shriners' Brass Band.

Discipline

HE Transport Henderson, recently arrived from the West Coast, brought into port the Secretary ford Hills, and last week held an auc-

couple of deep sea yarns:

Some of the naval officers' wives were playing bridge on deck. One of the ladies, in the excitement of a redouble, lighted a cigarette. An instant or two later, Mrs. Wilbur, chancing by, removed the solacing brand from the tray where it had been laid and dropped it gingerly into the sea.

"Tut, tut," she said. "Smoking on the Sabbath!"

Another time there was a dance. After the party the ladies who had acted as hostesses were preparing to pass out the remnants of the refreshments to the sailors who had acted as waiters, etc.

Again the first lady of the Admiralty appeared in a nick of time. Intercepting a plate which was intended for an innocent sailor, she called aside the wife of an officer of the fleet:

"My dear! How do you expect us to maintain the discipline of the Navy?"

know.

Charity

R UPERT HUGHES has disposed of his big country place near Bed-

At the outset, the prices were not very commanding. Mr. Hughes had not gone in for antiques, and that is fatal mistake in northern Westa chester if one ever intends to break up housekeeping and sell off. The auctioneer and his followers invaded the author's studio, and a dictaphonewhich sheds some light on the present modes of literary composition-went for \$9. An expensive, but distressingly modern, rosewood desk yielded little better than cartage, and then a picture was brought to the block.

Eventually three dollars was bid.

"For the third and last time. Do I hear a quarter?"

Mr. Hughes, who had been watching the progress of events with dismay, thought his moment had come to intervene.

"May I say a word? This drawing is an original by James Montgomery Flagg, presented to me by the artist. It was made to illustrate one of my The officer's wife said she didn't books. A few days ago a similar one was sold on Fifth Avenue for \$150."

> The author's appeal was not without effect. The bidding was resumed with spirit, and did not cease until Mr. Flagg's original brought \$4.

> Mr. Hughes effaced himself, and strolled through his old living room.

A rural Episcopal rector was admiring a magnificent couch which must have cost its owner a chapter of a successful serial.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Hughes.

"Oh, yes indeed," replied the clergyman.

"It is yours."

Pioneer

THERE may be others, but so far as contacts in town have made me aware, the San Carlo Opera Company is the only one of its kind in the country. It is self-sustaining. More, it must be profitable, since its impressario is sufficiently important financially to be also a director of an imposing New York bank.

The San Carlo is as much a contradiction in terms as its owner, Commendatore Fortune Gallo. The company is, as a whole, poorly paid; it goes in for cheap scenery. Withal, it gives usually a first-rate performance. Signor Gallo will ask you to dinner and regale you with luxury. Next time, if he is in the throes of one of his periods of economy—personal as well as business—he will take you to a table d'hote where the sixty-five cent charge is outrageously high.

In the long, hard road he has travelled in twenty years of opera presentation, he had learned much about cutting expenses; and what he has learned he practices ruthlessly. Yet, he is the major hope of young singers, young composers, and young conductors. More than a few of them owe to him their first chance to make public appearances. He is sincere in his wish to help beginners along. Besides, it helps keep the salary lists down.

Probably, his San Carlo Company will make money at the Century, where more magnificent enterprises have been flat failures. It is meet that it should be so; for if we are to have native opera, it must be hardy enough to flourish when chill winds blow. No enduring plant can be raised in the hothouse of a subscription list.

In Our Midst

THE Liquor Market: Champagne, selected, case lots, \$80; Burgundy, dry or sparkling, selected, \$80 @ \$85; graded applejack charged with sparkling water, sold as champagne, \$40 @ \$50. Grain alcohol prices up sharply to \$10 @ \$12 per gallon because of nervous market due to new prohibition regime, further influenced by customary tendency to rise toward end of month when wholesale houses' allotments dwindle.

Latest designation of a disappointed politician, to wit, Mr. John Peter Mc-Cooey, of Brooklyn, "The Man Who Would Be Kings."

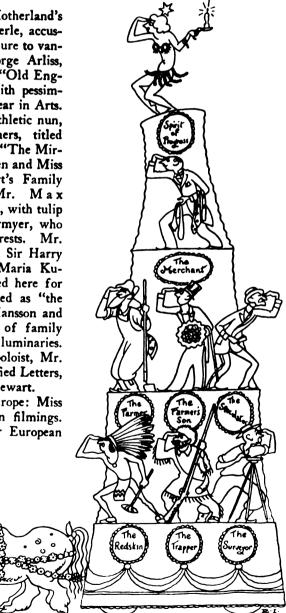
Observations: On recent evening, twenty-five of annual early crop of theatrical dark horses already listed at Leblang's Bargain Basement . . . Non-professional Miss California doing daily dozen gesturings in automobile (white) modestly sirening its shrieking way down Broadway . . . In Gimbel's window, waxen images of celebrated screen feminines, said to be made "from plaster casts being applied to bare figures of actresses."

Coming back to the Motherland's Bosom: Miss Gertrude Ederle, accusing English trainer for failure to vanquish Channel. Mr. George Arliss, bemonocled and ready for "Old English" in the hinterland, with pessimisms as to this being lean year in Arts. Miss Rosamond Pinchot, athletic nun, with Lady Diana Manners, titled Madonna, for Cincinnati's "The Miracle." Miss Helen Mencken and Miss Iris Tree, of Sir Herbert's Family Tree, Thespianesses. Mr. Max Schling, saying it, naturally, with tulip bulbs. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who says it with Traction Interests. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, from Sir Harry Lauder's country. Miss Maria Kurenko, Russian singer, lured here for tour, having been epithetted as "the Patti of Siberia." Lars Hansson and Karin Molander-Hansson, of family of Swedish motion picture luminaries. Mr. Devereux Milburn, poloist, Mr. Lawrence Vellier, of dignified Letters, and Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart.

To thinly-populated Europe: Miss Dorothy Gish, for foreign filmings. Mr. S. Jay Kaufman, for European nuptials. M. Max Decuigis, capitan of French Davis Cup Unsuccessful Team. Sir Arthur Balfour, noted Tennis star of British politics, on Berengaria. Miss Bee Jackson, for missionary work in introduction of Charleston abroad. Mrs. Henrik Willem Van Loon, to join historian. Mr. J. P. Morgan, local Midas, for rest from arduous loan floating, to serene, pastoral Albion. Mr. O. H. Belmont, king of the sport of kings, for sundry machinations abroad.

To Frederick O'Brien's South Seas: Mr. Rockwell Kent, woodcutter and litterateur, for further work on plan of his Straits of Magellan book.

-THE NEW YORKERS



Forty-second Street Through the Century—A Proposed Float for a Parade Commemorating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Greatest Crosstown Thoroughfare.



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: WHAT PARTICULAR PHASE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION IS DRIVING YOU crazy?

THE ANSWERS:

F AY LANPHIER, "Miss America," of California and the cosmos: "I think the freedom of the press is the hardest thing we have to put up with to-day. Why, those reporters and photographers won't leave a girl alone, the freshies! All I ask is to be allowed to live quietly in my little gray home in the West and cook for my father and mother. Pshaw! 'All this publicity is mere tinsel, after all."



C LARA SMITH, coloratura soprano, of Seventh Avenue: "Direct-by-mail advertising is the curse of modern times. It is God's judgment on a wicked world. My little home is flooded with circulars every morning advertising permanent waves, mascara, eye-shading, skin bleach and hair dyes. I fill seven waste paper baskets a day with notices from laundries, garages, bootleggers and insurance companies. It is really very difficult to extract the fan letters from Carl Van Vechten from all this rubbish."



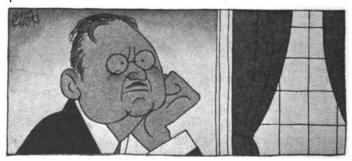
J OHN F. HYLAN, mayor, of Brooklyn: "I'll tell you what it is when we are alone. It's a thing that even husbands and wives don't talk about. You've noticed that advertising campaign in the magazines. Well, I'll bet I've got it. I've been worried sick over it. Haven't you noticed how my work has fallen off lately? I couldn't ask anybody and nobody could tell me. But I am sure that's why I didn't get by the primaries. Maybe a little child will tell me sometime."—RALPH BARTON



J OHN D. ROCKEFELLER, filling station wholesaler, of Pocantico Hills: "Oh, don't—don't ask me! It is all too terrible. Numerology has blasted my life. I have worked hard and honestly since I was a small lad, pinching and saving, and now as the leaves begin to fall upon my shoulders, I find that my name works out, through the mystic numbers, to FAILURE! I don't know what I shall ever do! I am too old to begin all over again."



G ILBERT SELDES, author, of East Thirty-fifth Street: "The radio is undoubtedly the most degrading nuisance of the present century. I at first held great hopes for it and looked forward to the time when it would spread culture throughout this dark land. But as it develops it gets worse. The programs steadily become more popular and through some of the stations, notably wJz, the trashy compositions of Bach and Beethoven now form the bulk of their output. Only a few of the stations are still trying to educate the people up to good jazz."



MID~TO₩N

R. FRANKLIN PIERCE was President of the United States in that gay year, 1852. Commodore Perry's whimsical treaty with an outlandish nation, called Japan, had just been ratified. In Vermont, an unbelievably silly law had been passed by the Legislature; a law which forbade the sale of spirits, no less, sir.

These things interested the town but little. A new wonder had risen, the Crystal Palace, out in the country, on a site opposite the Croton Reservoir. It was almost as fine a building, they said, as the original in London. Mr. Washington Irving had been so good as to lend his name to the Committee. And a shrewd young Yankee from Connecticut was directing the Exposition-a Mr. P. T. Barnum.

Thither the bloods of twenty-odd drove of an afternoon from fashionable St. John's Park, young gentlemen with vari-colored waistcoats and tall beaver hats. They stopped for tea at the Croton House, together with their ladies, who made a lovely show in their flowing crinolines, with tiny parasols for protection against the sun's, or the glance's warmth. And all laughed gaily at the wit of a younger among them, a Mr. Chauncey Depew, of whom the elders said it was unfortunate he took nothing seriously. He might go far, otherwies

Across the street from the Crystal Palace was the Latting Observatory, which towered itself three hundred and twenty-five feet. The tallest building in the world. The whole town came to gape.



to pick up. People said they shouldn't wonder if Fifth Avenue were continued out to it one day.

Of course, it had had attention be-For a decade, or so, the promefore. nade around the Reservoir had held attractions for the beaux and belles of town. And their fathers before them had known the road which led to the Weehawken Ferry, at whose other end was that lovely Summer resort and, later, the shaded walks under the Palisades, where, of a Sunday afternoon, male New York went for an outing which had a taste of the Parisian in it. The Elysian Fields were across the river, too; and on them a new game was being played-rounders-which was to become baseball.

The fashionables who drove out to see the Crystal Palace lingered to inspect this neighborhood of rocks and goats, and soon enough, along the northern side of the street, the brownstone dwelling reproduced itself, until Forty-second Street was beginning Forty-second Street, between Fifth

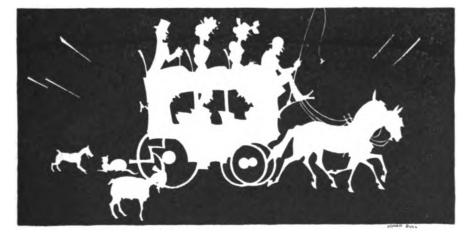
and Sixth Avenues, was one long row of ugly houses, shrouded by lovely shade trees from the gleam of the artificial lake across the road. Presently, the Harmonie Club set up its quarters near Sixth Avenue.

Churches came, too, pursuing their congregations as is the way in New York, at least. Dr. Bing built on the corner of Madison Avenue, in bizarre arrangement of vari-colored brick squares which led the irreverent to refer to his edifice as the Church of the Holy Oilcloth; St. Bartholomew's moved up from Lafayette Place to Forty-fourth Street; and Dr. Thomas Hastings, father of the architect whose firm built the Public Library on the site of the old reservoir, presided over the Scotch Church where Aeolian Hall now stands.

Farther east the first of the three Grand Central depots was being con-When it was finished, a structed. prank of the younger set was to wander over to the fence-enclosed plot opposite, on what is now Vanderbilt Avenue, which was the particular and private playground of Maud S., Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's pet. One had merely to shout at the trotter to cause the moving spirit of the New York Central to poke his head out of an office window with angry and uncensored expostulations.

Maud S. was Mr. Vanderbilt's pride, more so than was his railroad. It might interest Mr. John McE. Bowman, a lover of horses himself, to know that Maud S.'s grazing patch of those days was the entire block now covered by the Biltmore Hotel.

The first of the Grand Centrals inspired Forty-second Street to become what the section still is-a hotel





center. On the corner of Lexington Avenue rose the Vanderbilt, which was deemed too out of the way for popularity, until a gentleman named John L. Sullivan began to make it his headquarters for lusty drinking and boasting. This brought a certain fame and a certain patronage.

The Grand Union, probably the most loved of the street's hostelries, came slowly into Two small hotels existence. on the block and a row of brick dwellings merged imperceptibly into the place presided over so famously by Mr. Simeon Ford and Mr. Angus Shaw.

Their hotel was at its best in the early 'Nineties, when, of a Summer's evening, one might see as many as a hundred men well-known about town seated in the chairs set out on the sidewalk. Mr. Henry Clews and Mr. Collis P. Huntington sometimes would drop in, after having done their household

shopping at the big meat market on Forty-fourth Street, where the oneprice system was not yet in vogue and a gentleman with a flair for bargaining might save something on the cost of meat towards justifying a descendant's purchases of Rembrandts and Gainsboroughs.

They served the best food and the best whisky in town at the Grand Union. Of the former Mr. Simeon Ford remarked that he had to pay his meat bill every day, because if he let it run three days the butcher would own the hotel. As for the latter-in all the years of its existence the Grand Union never let a room on the ground floor. These were known, collectively, as the Morgue; and were reserved solely for gentlemen whose condition would make it difficult for them to navigate the maze-like stairways.

The Grand Union, too, was one of the earliest hotels to use gas for illumination, a fact which one time caused Mr. Ford to complain grimly that his place was altogether too popular with "They pay two would-be suicides. dollars a night for their room and use four dollars worth of gas," he said.



Whoopsie Daisy!

the latter's acquiring what is to-day the best collection of early New York prints in the country. Then, it was only another reason for visiting the Grand Union-to see the decorations. Mr. Shaw went in for buying the work of living men and, thus, profited chiefly in good will.

The old oyster bar of the hotelor, at least, the formula used in the preparation of those succulent oyster stews-was transferred to the Grand Central when the city condemned Messrs. Ford and Shaw's place for the building of the first subway.

That subway-the Fourth Avenue line-was directly responsible for the erection of the Hotel Belmont.

During the work of construction, such was the carefree spirit of the early days of this century, two hundred-odd tons of dynamite were stored on the corner of Forty-second Street

and Fourth Avenue. The block was occupied entirely by one-story taxpayers, but when the two hundred-odd tons of dynamite accidentally exploded, even those insignificant buildings were able to accumulate claims Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Ford had for damages aggregating twelve millions of dollars.

So some bright legal light in the Interborough's hire decided that it would be cheaper to buy up land, buildings and, incidentally, claims, than to fight each case separately in court. The railroad did this, and built the Belmont, now part of the

Bowman chain. The Manhattan was another of the famous hotels of the Forty-second Street district. It was it-and not the island, as is popularly supposed—which gave the celebrated and lamented cocktail its name.

Thus, in a hundred years, Forty-second Street has changed from a dusty country lane to

an interest in art, which resulted in a self-contained metropolis. The brownstone of its middle age has given way to granite and marble. It has seen a railroad dynasty rise and has written its epitaph on a narrow, short avenue. It has reared itself towards the sky and burrowed beneath itself far into the earth. Thrice within fifty-odd years it has built the greatest terminal in the country, only to have it outgrown each time before two decades passed.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge is President of the United States in this gay year, 1925. There is talk that our flying forces are not prepared for war; and a few jingoes have whispered fatuous advice to keep an eye on that same Japan. There are cries that the cost of enforcing National Prohibition is excessive. A failure, they say.

All this interests the town but little. The bloods of twenty-odd debate whether Forty-second Street is uptown, or down.-HENRY COLLINS BROWN

'VE been, you'll be happy to learn, On a backwoods vacation; And on my triumphal return I expect an ovation.

The town is as quick on the jump And the plays are as scrumptious, The cars are as ready to bump

And the drivers as bumptious

As when I went off to the trees," Said the small Pekinese.

LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE

"No more shall the radio cry

To the air's outer layer,

No longer shall Echo reply,

'John F. Hylan for Mayor!' What made us refuse to keep in One who favored his kin not-

A statesman so guiltless of sin

That his watchword was 'Sin-nott?'-You don't have to answer, Louise," Said the small Pekinese.

"The Northmen, beloved by the Norns (Those three ladies in blinders),

Have lately been blowing their horns As America's finders;

But so were a Frenchman, a Jew And a Gael in a galleon,

A Welshman, some Chinamen, too, And a certain Italian

As well as those Lords of the Seize,"

Said the small Pekinese. -Arthur Guiterman





Young Man from Dubuque

THE Old Lady from Dubuque has had her day in court and her share of ten point lines in print. Make way, then, for the Young Man from Dubuque, born Louis Josephs, who stuttered his way into Broad way immortality under the name of Frisco.

Just as John Barrymore is the actor's mummer, as Huneker was the critic's *feuilletonist*, as Conrad was the novelist for writers, so Frisco is the comedian's comic. To the public he is only Frisco, the Jazz Dancer, but to those on the same bill his brown derby is the motley of their dearly beloved clown, particularly since Bert Savoy is now with the angels he once kidded.

Unlike Julius Marx, he never wise-cracks. His wit is not clever, as Bugs Baer's. It hasn't the mint julep tang of Irvin Cobb's, the Bull Durham flavor of Will Rogers's.

And yet, where men of humor gather together, say in front of the N. V. A. club, where the pianos of Tin Pan Alley tinkle in the eternal travail of unborn tunes, and where Frisco is most at home, linger by at a respectful distance and cock an eaves-

dropping ear. You will hear people laughing raucously, immoderately, joyously. And they will be laughing at the frenzied, stuttering clamorings of Frisco.

Within two years after he had left his home town of Dubuque, Iowa, Frisco originated jazz dancing. In another year he had schooled the first jazz band.

Many, many seasons ago, Mort Singer had a show in Chicago called "The Modern Eve." As a novelty attraction, he imported from San Francisco Frankie Hale and his Texas Tommy Girls. The Texas Tommy dance was forerunner to the jazz dances of to-day, lineal ancestor of all the syncopated hoofing and hipping

supper club patrons get for their couvert charges.

Louis Josephs was a chorus boy with "The Modern Eve." He was fascinated by the entertainers from San Francisco, by the animated stepping of the girls. He was wont to ape them



Louis Josephs

in the wings. Scornfully, the other chorus boys began to call him Frisco. Louis Josephs liked it.

"It'll b-b-be easy to g-g-get it into the l-l-lights," he said.

Nights after the show, Frisco, in quest of dimes to bolster up his lean stipend as chorus boy, went to Colisimo's, a famous restaurant on the South Side, where foregathered the blooded young men of the town. Frisco shillabered his way into the entertainment at Colisimo's.

In Chicago at the time was a movie actor called Charles Chaplin, doing two-reelers for Essanay. Frisco was a Chaplin fan. He liked the way Chaplin wore his derby hat, the way he smoked his cigarette, the way he

shuffled when he walked. Frisco dramatized Chaplin into a dance. He would cock his brown derby at a rakish angle, blow furiously on his cigar which he always calls a heater—and shuffle along in a strange, unrhythmic rhythm. Lo, the jazz dance was born.

Always, before he stepped on the floor, Frisco would borrow a half dollar. When he finished his dance, he would slyly drop it on the dance floor. A shower of other coins would follow from the patrons. There is more than one way to collect the living the world owes. The dimes began to accumulate.

Frisco had his jazz dance, but as yet there was no authentic jazz music. He found the essence of its technique in the strangely undisciplined antics of Brown's Band, a group of musicians who played for the show in The Cave, the cafe of the Hotel Grunewald in New Orleans. Brown's Band was forced to change its tempo to irregular caperings of the Behold, jazz music Frisco. was born. One day they played too fortissimo to suit the dancer's fancy. He took off his brown derby and hung it over

the tenor saxophone. Every jazz band windjammer to-day hangs a derby hat over his instrument, in certain ecstatic moments of the number, and doesn't know why. But Frisco knows.

Frisco took his brown derby, his "heater" and his jazz dance back to Chicago, to "Smiley" Corbett's place in Randolph Street. It was there, for a whimsy of bibulous inspiration, that Art Greiner sent out and got a formidable, official-looking roll of real parchment. On it he caused to be written, in elegant script:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby recognize Frisco to be the greatest jazz dancer in the world."

It was signed by a long and illustrious list of names and presented to



Frisco with much ceremony. heater became a roman candle in Frisco's sputtering gratitude. He took it seriously. He came to New York, and in due time, everybody took it seriously.

Ziegfeld condescended to permit the stammering zany from the West to try out his dance on the Ziegfeld Roof Garden. Frisco performed before the most blasé audience he had ever seen in his life, an audience including, in all likelihood, a couple of buyers from his own home town of Dubuque. When he finished, by force of habit, he dropped his half dollar, and was almost drowned in a Niagara of silver.

"He's making a honky-tonk out of my swell roof garden," yelled Ziegfeld, scandalized, and issued brisk orders. Frisco counted his silver in the allev.

The next night, repeat customers bawled loudly for the jazz dancer with the cigar who danced to a twitchy fragment called "The Darktown Strutters' Ball." Ziegfeld sent for him, and offered him \$100 a week. Frisco preferred the half-dollar system, but Ziegfeld stood pat, and a contract was signed. When he left the roof garden, two years later, he was earning a thousand half dollars a week.

Frisco is a Kimberly whose diamonds of wit flash none the less brilliantly because they happened to be unpolished. He stutters because his tongue cannot keep pace with his restlessly romancing mind. Everything about him stutters-his feet, his hands, the very cigar whose puffing, as Frisco puffs it, is a waggish pantomime at Frisco fed the horse. Now the group which preoccupied passersby grin.

You are somehow sorry for him, because he can never catch up to his ideas. There are those who dub him Münchausen. If he is a bit of a

HOSTS of all my lovely sins, J Who attend too well my pillow, Gay the wanton rain begins; Hide the limp and tearful willow.

- Turn aside your eyes and ears,
- Trail away your robes of sorrow. You shall have my further years,-
- You shall walk with me to-morrow.
- I am sister to the rain;
- Fey and sudden and unholy,

Petulant at the windowpane, Quickly lost, remembered slowly.

The liar, it is only because his eyes deceive him, because his memory edits events according to his wistful fancy.

> He is a chameleon who, willy-nilly, takes on the color of his environment. In Dubuque he was a Dubuquer than whom there was none Dubuquer. In Chicago he became the generic loophound overnight. In New Orleans, as soon as he had registered, no Creole looked upon him as a stranger. In Hollywood, as soon as he got off the train, he was afflicted by a sympathetic attack of Kleig eyes; and in New York nobody notices him because he is so typical.

He believes fairy tales.

He is the only man who has ever been able to draw a crowd in Times Square at three a. m. of a week day, without committing murder. It happened one cold winter morning.

In front of the Automat stood a venerable nag, attached to a mouldy hansom. The Jehu was within, drowning his hatred of taxicabs in thin, hot soup. Frisco happened along, perfectly sober, the top of his brown derby covered with snow, his Corona Corona (these were the days before the Muriel) milling melancholy between his teeth. He saw the horse and an idea came to him. For a moment he stood there in his brown derby, in a brown study. Then he went into the Automat and dropped a nickel. He came forth presently with two doughnuts, and fed them to the equine oldster.

A passing newsboy loitered, watching. Frisco gave him a coin and asked him to go in for more doughnuts. The lad came out with two more. Again was joined by a lady who was no better than she should have been. Frisco sent the newsie in for more doughnuts. The little knot of humans in the falling snow grew. Soon there

RAINY NIGHT

- I have lived with shades, a shade; I am hung with graveyard flowers. Let me be to-night arrayed In the silver of the showers.
- Every fragile thing shall rust; Ere another April passes
- I may be a furry dust,
- Sifting through the brittle grasses.

All sweet sins shall be forgot Who will live to tell their siring? Hear me now, nor let me rot

Wistful still, and still aspiring.

were a score of them, fascinated by the sight of a sad man feeding doughnuts, one after another, to a surprised and grateful old horse. A policeman happened along, and he, too, stood agape. It wasn't until twenty doughnuts had been swallowed by the horse that the copper finally spoke up and asked the question that was burning in the hearts of the sixty or seventy people who were now witnessing the strange spectacle.

"What for are ya feedin' them there doughnuts to that there horse?" demanded the law.

Frisco sent the newsie in for another quarter's worth.

"I'm w-w-waiting to s-s-see h-hohow long it'll be b-b-before he asks for a c-c-cup of c-c-coffee," he explained.

Frisco has not changed.

A recent trip landed him in Los Angeles, and he betook himself to Hollywood. The first familiar face he met up with belonged to Bryan Foy, eldest son of Eddie Foy-the young man who got \$50 from Gallagher & Shean for writing the song that made them a million dollars. Foy was dressed in a thin, shiny, black alpaca suit of the type then in vogue among the picture actors. During the exchange of greetings he noticed that Frisco seemed fascinated with his attire.

"How do you like it?" asked Bryan.

"F-f-fine," said Frisco. "B-b-but why don't you s-s-sew some c-c-cloth onto it?"

When he got back to New York, they asked him how he liked Los Angeles. Frisco told them:

"The p-p-production is great," he said, puffing furiously on the heater, "b-b-but I d-d-don't care much for the c-c-cast."

Can you give a better description of Los Angeles?

-Jo Swerling

- Ghosts of dear temptations, heed; I am frail, be you forgiving.
- See you not that I have need

To be living with the living?

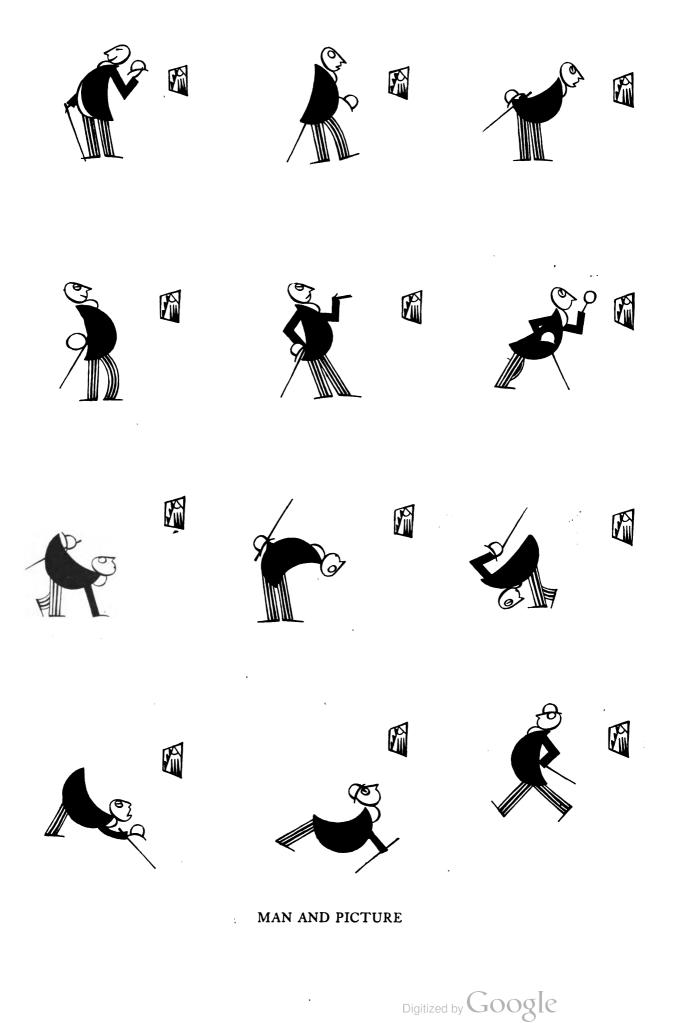
- Sail, to-night, the Styx's breast;
- Glide among the dim processions Of the exquisite unblest.
 - Spirits of my shared transgressions.

Roam with young Persephone, Plucking poppies for your slumber . . .

With the morrow, there shall be One more wraith among your number.

-DOROTHY PARKER





SONATA~MUNICIPALE

SETTING: The intersection of a busy street corner in the late forenoon. In the background one of Mayor Hylan's street cleaners is wearily dusting the sun off the sidewalk, singing at the same time a song that portrays the trials and tribulations of the Children of Israel in their piteous attempts to rescue their sample cases from the brutal clutches of a merciless resident buyer. A hawker of pianos and a hawker of souls pause for a moment to contemplate a dead horse that lies nonchalantly in the gutter-relic of a frolic that has taken place the night before. In the foreground a stalwart son of Erin is regulating traffic, alternately motioning to north and east, and south and west bound vehicles.

A horn honks, enter motorist singing:

I'm a friend of Enright's, can't you see That shield in front with its big P. D. That permits me to speed eternally, Officer, step one side!

What odds that traffic may be tied In knots as long as they are wide, My P. D. sign is bona fide, Officer, let me through!

Cop stops all traffic and sings in deep bass voice: A P. D. sign? Pass right along,

The Commissioner's friend Can do no wrong!

FIRST TAXI SHUFFER: Didja see de copper doff his cap? SECOND DITTO: To de guy in de car wit de awful map? THIRD DITTO: Why he's got a P. D. sign, you sap. THREE (in unison): He'd get away wid moider!

Street cleaner starts to cross street, gets hit by motorist who sings angrily: Hey, there you-get off the street,

> Don't you know its indiscreet For you and my bumper both to meet. Officer, arrest that man!

TRAFFIC COP: To the hoosegow You must go, The Commissioner's friend Has told me so.

He is dragged away by cop and grand chorus of Merrie Villagers appear and sing:

> None of us are superstitious, But we know that things malicious Cannot harm when that auspicious P. D. sign is nigh.

Signs there are that make a waiter Kick a Volstead legislator, But there is a power greater In that P. D. plaque.

To get on midst New York breezes You don't need school Ph. D'zes, But can speed until hell freezes, With that magic sign.

If Hizzoner's high committee Tends you keys to this great city Just you ask them for a pretty Little P. D. sign.

-E. C. S.

OF ALL THINGS

LOW LIFE IN HIGH SCHOOL

CCORDING to the churchmen's re-Aport, booze and the motor car are demoralizing our school children. The motto of the students seems to be, "high drinking and low flivving."

"The most charitable way to regard these charges," says Admiral Moffett, "is that their author is of unsound mind." The President's Air Service Grand Jury may have to declare Colonel Mitchell a balloonatic.

Young Robert La Follette was victorious in the Republican primaries, but nobody seems to know to what party he belongs. At this distance it sounds like the Babygrand Old Party.

Forty-second Street is one hundred years old this month, and they say it is getting hardening of the arteries of transportation.

Excavations near Bainbridge, Ohio,

show costly jewelry, and evidences of a bout will not degenerate into anything civilization 1,000 to 2,000 years old. It is believed that these are the remains of the original Ohio Gang.

The Smith a mighty man is he.

We refer, of course, to the author of that immortal work, "The X.Y.Z. of Hylanism."

PLAY IT ON YOUR SOCONYGRAPH Literary critics do not seem to take kindly to John D. Rockefeller's poetry. The consensus of opinion seems to be that his work is refined but smells of the midnight oil.

Anyway this town has one J. Walker who knows how to handle himself in traffic.

We hope that the Walker-Waterman nium to you.-Howard BRUBAKER

polite or urbane. An epithetic campaign is much more interesting to the bystanders than 'an apathetic one.

General Butler has given Philadelphia up as a hopeless case, and we hear that he will return to his old job on January 1. It is a fair bet that he will introduce some new strong language into the Marine Service.

The Mayor was the victim of a natural misunderstanding. He asked the voters to put an "x" before his name and they put an "ex."

We are frankly relieved by the removal of John F. Hylan from the public eye. He was beginning to look like another "Abie's Irish Rose."

Our greetings to William M. Bennett: good-bye till 1929 and a happy quadren-

IN THE NE₩S

Obituary

FEW nights ago, a crowd of Federal police swarmed through the dingy and odorous hallways that give off from Pell and Mott and Doyers Streets. And what they achieved, after ten hours of cuffing and quarreling and bewildering uproar, was the end of that recurring romantic episode, the Tong War. The highbinders they arrested that night will be sent back to China. And if we repeat in this land of the brave the history of England and Canada, deportation will mean that the end of the fighting is at hand.

Henceforth, then, the brilliant lecturers of the rubberneck wagons may relate only glowing history, and must refrain from chilling the spines of their charges with baleful suggestions of present danger. Old Mock Gunn, high in his lonely tenement, may caress his polished automatic and indulge in vain regrets for the days that have past. Ourselves, we shall miss from the front pages of our newspapers the good old bloody tales of the hatchet men.

For England and Canada ended their Tong Wars years ago by the simple expedient of sending the warriors back where they came from. If the signs may be credited in America, the institution is on the point of vanishing. And nothing will remain but its traditions.

It was a fascinating thing: this fantastic and earnest killing which has proceeded with such delightful calm, and such wideeyed unconcern for the threshing, nosey civilization amidst which it was pursued. And through their sporadic campaigns, the fighters have reserved for their white spectators a charming amiability. Tong Wars have appeared to us strange, and exotic and hugely glamorous. And yet, the causes of the warfare were quite as simple, at bottom, as the causes of any other warfare: indeed, the only difference which I can discern between it and other worldly animosities is the small size of the armies engaged, the fact that not even the tong presidents thought of floating liberty bonds, and, as far as can be learned, no devout prayers were issued for the victory of the side obviously in the right.

Chinamen in this country have killed each other for the simple purpose of gaining economic superiority. Of course, there were embellishments to that basic cause. Without national sports or national drama or romantic fiction through which to take his adventures vicariously, the Cantonese coolie had little choice but to take it personally. A lot of the fighting was done for fun. But the chief reason for their throat-cutting is quite the same as that ascribed to trade barons and maritime nations. It is only because of their boyish simplicity that the Chinese proceeded with the matter in a strictly literal fashion.

Unwise in the western ways of spoliation, they could think of no way of thieving a comrade's business prestige and yet leave his body and soul intact. They went to the root of the situation, therefore, by killing him. Deprived of this naīve expedient, they no doubt will learn our manners, for surely the human yearning to do the other fellow will persist. We may expect, then, a decided break-up of the fine moral fibre of the artless, throat-slitting Chinaman.

The Tong and Tong Wars are no more indigenous to China than chop suey. At the time when throngs of the yellow men began to emigrate toward America, their government was a despotism, headed by an emperor who kept his subjects honest by the trick of beheading them for a lie or a theft. Brought up under such influence, the Chinamen arriving in this country naturally found themselves whipped at the outset. They could offer no competition whatever to the ahrewder,



"What's the dog waiting for?" "Oh, nothing . . . once in a while I cut a piece off the ear—she just loves that."

if less explicit natives. They had, in short, not a Chinaman's chance.

Faced with this situation, they organized themselves into protective societies, which they called Tongs, and which at the outset were much similar to our own Chambers of Commerce. From this simple beginning grew the bitter feudal orders whose enmities have cost perhaps 250 lives during the last ten years.

HE first great Tong Wars were waged in the twisting streets of San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast. The participants were members of Tongs whose names are not familiar to us in the East: the Suey Yings, the Bing Kongs, the Four Brothers, the Jung Yings and the Suey Dons. A misplaced seed in a fantan game, seductive glances bestowed upon a slave girl, or, amusingly, the use of the homely epithet "boob," were enough to send an infuriated Tongman home for his razor-edged cleaver. And once he had delivered his ferocious chop-stroke, the thing was on in earnest. Back and forth they fought, each Tong attempting to keep its tally always one ahead of the others.

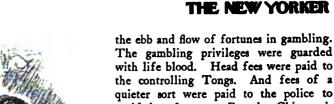
In the East, Chinese affairs have been centered in but two Tongs: the On Leongs and the Hip Sings. They, too, started out peacefully enough. The latter was the first of the great Tongs. By 1890, it was the lodestar of Chinese life in America. It furnished an active protection for its thousands of members, mostly laundrymen, against the depredations of their fellow countrymen or Americans. But it had no reputation for violence, and generally minded its own business. Its power sugmented year by year, and finally with its immense authority, came arrogance. A series of disagreements brought the birth of the On Leong, which attracted to its membership merchants of every sort: proprietors of curio shops, small restaurants and even the great silk emporiums.

The chief cause for the formation of the On Leongs, however, was the discovery, about 1900, that Americans had acquired a growing fondness for chop suey. The restaurant men resented the monopoly of trade locations set up by the Hip Sings, and threw their numbers, together with their immense wealth, into the On Leong.

The first Chinese shooting affair, directly traceable to Tong membership, occurred in 1901. It created a considerable stir in the press, aroused the Tong members to the notion that they were missing a great deal of robust amusement, and the blood feud was on.

From the very first, however, the canny





the controlling Tongs. And fees of a quieter sort were paid to the police to avoid interference. For the Chinese is the greatest gambler of all earth's creatures, and no law can stop him. He invented the put and take top. He invented dice. He invented cards. He probably invented, I suppose, Wall Street and Saratoga Springs.

At any rate, there were many killings which grew out of gambling, and out of the retaliation doggedly bestowed upon the Tong whose membership contained the original slayer. The fighting swelled and diminished in tidal waves, reaching its peak with the wholesale killings of 1912, when gunmen stormed a theatre in Mott Street, shooting wildly among the audience and killing more than a dozen men.

HE war which began last Fall, now ended, was a periodic outbreak. It was caused, immediately, by the expulsion of fourteen members of the On Leongs who, instead of retiring quietly, lifted \$40,000 from the On Leong treasury and at once become members of the Hip Sings. The strife, during a spread of sixteen months, has resulted in the sudden death of sixty-eight Chinese.

Incidentally, the latest war provided the brave police laddies with an entirely new form of added increment. The robust coppers, sighting an honest penny, hired themselves out as guards for the more timid of the Tong members, each of them harvesting from three to five dollars per diem for physical protection. For this reason (if you must have a scandalous suggestion) the police may not have been so assiduous in their efforts to stop the war. They made no arrests. Indeed, when a new man appeared on the beat, some weeks ago, and distinguished himself by unearthing a case of automatic pistols and 1,000 rounds of ammunition, it is told that he was severely upbraided by his comrades. The next day, it is said, the guns and cartridges had found a safer and more secret resting place, high in a Mott Street apartment.

But even diligence on the part of the police will not preserve the Tong Wars. They are ended, and not without the approval of the Chinese themselves. Of 80,000 Chinamen in America, barely 10,000 are Tong members. They have deserted the societies in swarms during the last three or four years. They are becoming Americanized. They are taking correspondence courses. They are joining civic clubs. And they are discovering that the blunt diplomacy of a pistol bullet is kid stuff when ranged alongside the subtler methods of American business.

-MORRIS MARKEY



ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

"Ladies and gentlemen—to-morrow at ten o'clock Mister Dento will draw a heavy sightseeing bus with his teeth filled with people for two blocks at Broadway and Forty-second Street. I thank you."

fellows preferred to hire professional bad men to do their shooting for them, having absorbed no doubt something of the American spirit which gives us a predilection for watching paid hands play our games.

A few desultory murders, and their gorge was up. Hatchet men were imported from China in everything from empty packing cases to royal suites on the steamers. A definite scale of prices, not puzzling to our modern gunmen, was established for killings. As much as \$15,000 was paid out recently for the doing in of an active leader.

T the outset, there were two chief Amotives upon which Tong killings were hung: interference with slave girls steel door, behind which were teakwood and gambling quarrels. Women have tables whose inlaid tops were the field for

always been the difficult part of Chinese life in America. They were prevented by law from bringing their native women folk to this country. And they were confronted by racial prejudice when they approached white girls. Such Chinese girls as were smuggled in, such native beauties as took the bold step past the barriers of the Chinatown, were handmade pretexts for a row. Most of them were kept stern prisoner. But there were kidnappings, alienations, barterings which brought many a keen-ground cleaver swinging from a gloomy doorway.

The Chinatown of old-I refer now to circa 1912-was immensely different from the ratty little alleys of nowadays. Not a cellar, then, but had its oak and

YE ANTIQUE MARKET

RECENT developments in the antique business indicate that good taste has at last percolated to the less intelligent classes. Only last week a party of ladies assaulted a New Jersey farmhouse. There were some sixteen in the party. Finding the door unlocked, they rushed in and began shouting, "I'll take this!" "I'll take that!" "No, you can't have that—that's mine!" "How much for that *lovely* chair?"—and so on. The police wisely refused to interfere and were sent a copy of the *Making The Celler Lovely Magazine* by the president of the Artistic Drain Pipe Fitters Union.

Antique hunting is being organized with some efficiency at last. There are several agencies now, which keep "spotters" in the field. These "spotters" travel about through the rural districts disguised either as vagrants or as young advertising women making house-to-house investigations for beauty aids; they peek about as much as they can, and send in detailed reports of their activities to headquarters. A card catalogue is kept. It is no uncommon thing to see a dozen parties of ladies in the agency at once. "Ah yes!" the salesman will say. "We have information of a very fine spittoon in Section G of Westchester-a fine example—Atlantic City glass—identical with those that used to be kept in the old Astor House." Or else, "A fine rag rug, slightly hooked, just north of Paterson-fine soup stain on right hand corner -suitable for wall hanging." And so on.

These agencies have done much to open the eyes of collectors to the real meaning of antiques. Due to their influence, many classes of objects which had been overlooked in the past have been brought into the light and given a high place in the estimation of cultured people. The round glass oil lamp that wouldn't have brought a nickel five years ago, brings up to forty dollars to-day. Common kitchen china has been found to possess that indefinable something which antique lovers require in all their things. And by the way, without that indefinable something, a piece of furniture or glass is not worth tuppence, you may be sure. It has been discovered that the most ordinary types of drinking glasses, including the halfpound tumblers for throwing at back yard cats, which the earlier Sears Roebucks turned out, have been nothing less than "pressed glass" all the time, though nobody thought they were anything but moulded by machinery. The kitchen table, as it turns out, is a "bolted table;" which means that the legs can be unbolted so as to facilitate shipping from the factory.

In addition to their other services, the antique agencies have brought home the indisputable fact that antiques can be put anywhere. People didn't formerly think this. The idea used to be that if you owned an expensive greystone house on the upper East Side and kept a butler, you ought to fill the place with town house furniture. That's nonsense. If you've got a marble hall for an entrance, put a rag rug on it; if you've got a thirty by fifty foot dining room, cottage furniture is the very thing for you; there's nothing like a New England farmer's corner cupboard to full out that space by your Fifth Avenue window.

No. Indications are that there is no positive limit to the variety and uses of antiques. One of the larger agencies has listed among its possibilities (it hasn't actually come to it yet, to be sure) a particularly fine old piece of cheese in a farmhouse not far from Hartford, Connecticut. It is presumedly in the kitchen. The farmhouse was abandoned and the cheese was located by the "spotter" from the front gate without going in. Meanwhile the Beautiful Pantry Club and the Society of Rock Gardeners, the latter of which was the first organization of its kind to come out flatly for the Beauty Is Everywhere movement, have both endorsed the early typewriter as a legitimate antique. It is a step forward. (The Rock Gardeners, incidentally, first came into prominence through their publication: How to Maks a Garden Out of a Couple of Old Bricks.) And in the trade, generally, there is a lively movement towards less prejudice and more old stuff at any price.

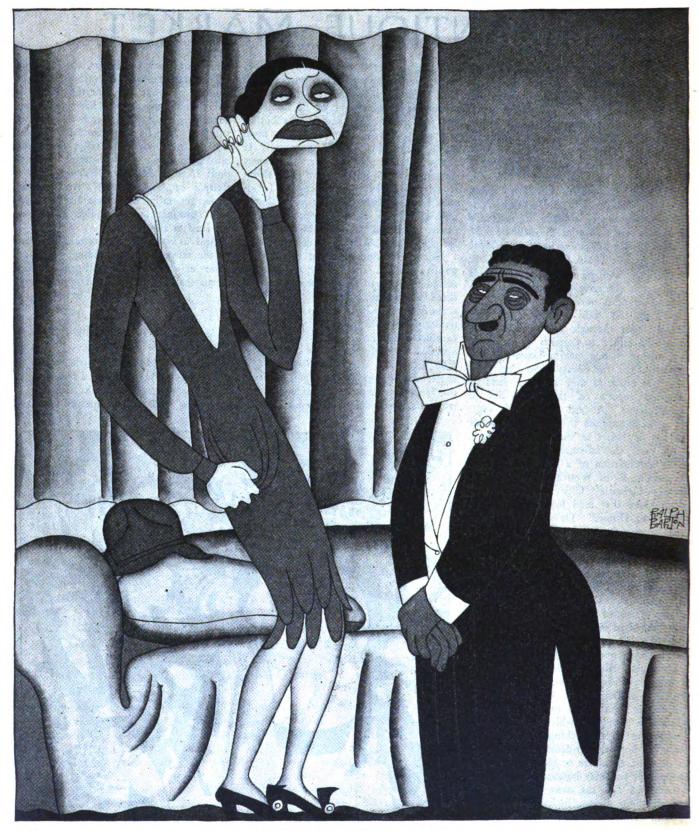
And as we said, the refining culture of the movement is spreading more and more among the unintelligent, which means that the ladies are happy anyway. —A. VAN STEENBERGH

A LITTLE YOLK ABOUT THE YEGG

Speak kindly to the little yegg And Analyze and Frend him, The only reason that he killed Was 'cause the cop annoyed him.



The Courage of Their Convictions



"THE GREEN HAT" Miss Cornell's Latest and Mr. Arlen's First Triumph in the Theatre

THE talented Miss Katherine Cornell, the Iris March of the stage version of "The Green Hat," and Mr. Michael Arlen ($n\acute{e}$ Kouyoumdjian), its author, stop to consider things between acts.

At latest reports, the line at the box office reached from the Broadhurst Theatre to the Battery, with Miss Gertrude Ederle treading water in the Bay. Mr. Arlen is thus repeating the magnificent clean-up that he made in Chicago and Detroit. "The Green Hat" is full of the most delicious pathological and obstetrical conversation for those who never have any fun at home.—R. B.







The Theatre

THERE are those, of course, to whom the desirable color scheme for the lily is black and blue, who would treat of the nightingale in terms of udders, and of the cow in terms of tone. These are the people to whom "The Green Hat" is unreal and consequently uninteresting.

"The Green Hat," to be sure, is unreal; as unreal, say, as the Kaiser's Christmas dinner in Paris; as the success of Pickett's charge; as the possibility that the young woman who sang "They Always, Always Pick On Me," with slides, in the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Bijou Dream, in August, 1911, is still radiant, dewy-eyed, rose-lipped, personable, eighteen. . . . "The Green Hat," then, is not for those who lisp in skyscrapers, who merge railroads and do their nine holes in seventy, who get out of every day in every way the utmost in sense, health, and potential achievement.

The regimentation of life, fortunately, is not yet complete. There are still, by the grace of unpassed amendments, those to whom, on occasion, there are other realities than the realities of logical human conduct and behaviour, other actualities than those of reason and order. There is the sublime reality, of maudlinity, of selfpity, that surpasses in interest, in real being, the machinations of the routined neurones of the race. There is, in brief, that gorgeously painful moment, achieved variously by various people after the eighth Seidel or the third Benedictine, when one wishes that one had led a better life. For such as these is "The Green Hat."

Diyar Arlen, himself, has supplied the test. "It makes you think," he writes somewhere of the "blues" as they resound through a London cabaret, "of things you have never done, with women you have never known." If, on the other hand, you can keep right on mentally balancing your bank book or making plans for the morrow's calls upon the trade, while all about you delicately constituted men and women are sobbing at the mendacious memories of misspent lives, don't go to see "The Green Hat" at all, but stay home and reread your Hawkes on "Higher Algebra." It's much more real, and you'll surely have a better time.

What one has been trying to get at -by a route, admittedly, that can be compared only to going to Newark from New York by way of Montreal -is that "The Green Hat" is a grand, sentimental debauch for the romantically inclined. It has no place at all in a discussion of the Higher Theatre -by a coincidence, it not only makes no claim to such a place, but bravely builds up a spite wall by calling itself a Romance-but it must be seen by those to whom the theatre, after all, is theatre. What matter that the reason shouts that Iris March could have dodged all her troubles by going to live at a Y. W. C. A. hotel and that there are Keeley Cures for such as Gerald, when the heart bleeds tears through sentimental eyes and sighs that no loves endure?

This column's lyric mood has collapsed, alas, as quickly as it came. And so to more prosaic discussion.



Katherine Cornell is an excellent, though scarcely an ideal, Iris March. (The ideal-this in answer to A, who had that bet with B-is Ina Claire.) Miss Cornell, it seems, is an actress of authentic, of plausible emotions, and she at times shows the strain of playing a rôle that has no more grasp on life than the little boy's daydream that the Giants will, after all, snatch the pennant from Pittsburgh. The scope of the rôle-the expression and the compression of the maudlin yearnings of a domesticated, work-a-day, orderly civilization-is a bit beyond her.

Margalo Gillmore is the other important actress in the cast. She is *Venice*, the touch of reality in a world inhabited by the originally mad *Marches* and the rest whom they have helped to make the least bit cuckoo. Hers is a perfect performance.

The men are what they should be the embodiments of the playing fields of Eton, the white man's burden, the thin, red line of empire, the Cape to Cairo.

Surely the reader will know by this time whether he wants to see "The Green Hat" or not. The next step is to try to get in.

ARMS and the Man" is the current attraction at the Guild Theatre. But those who depend upon this department for advice—and there are a good deal more than you would think —are simply going to have to get along as best they can on their own.

The undersigned, then, accompanied by a veteran Shaw scholar and actor, settled down in his seat—S-II2 —recently for an evening of shall we say—just this once—Shavian humor? It was, however not to be.

The person in T-112 that evening has undoubtedly the dumbest and most offensive cackling, in a world in which cackling has been pretty well developed in many circles. He cackled whenever a word was said on stage,

and he cackled whenever his companion said anything, with the two events pretty much going on at full blast at one and the same time.

Came, then, the moment in which Raina, (Lynn Fontanne), says to Captain Bluntschli, (Alfred Lunt): "It is the only library in Bulgaria." In older cultural centers, this department has been privileged to see whole audiences rise in their wrath and express their disapproval of that slur upon an allied nation; it has seen other audiences chuckle gently, or even guffaw loudly, at that laborious witticism.

On the night of Sept. 18, however, the person in T-112 cackled loudly, said, "They're married, you know, Alfred Fontanne and Lynn Cossart," cackled loudly again, said, "Isn't it rich?" pointed out Jascha Heifetz, who was leagues away, in the next row, and cackled again. Whereupon this reporter and his Shaw scholar and actor companion reached for their hats and strode into the night, which would be the Winter Garden in time for Brennan and Rogers.

If T-112 will communicate with the undersigned, he will learn something to his advantage. He will at all events be subsidized to a free cure for the cackles.

From other and trustworthy sources, however, comes the report that the Guild has again done an intelligent and well-acted item of Shaw.

-H. J. M.

Music

USTOMERS desiring an early Ioad of Italian opera had an opportunity to get a few bales from the Boston Civic Grand Opera Company, which furnished two weeks of Verdi, Puccini, et al at the Manhattan Opera House recently. The performances of this new organization ranged from the entertaining to the unconsciously entertaining. On consecutive evenings we heard a "Boheme," which cap-tured exactly the lusty lush of the score, and the Weber and Fields of opera, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

"Cavalleria," a work which makes severe demands on the sitz fleisch, was rescued chiefly by the efforts of a young chorus master who dived to the stage at intervals, score in hand, to retrieve the beat for the hidden chorus from the efficient Mr. Paci who conducted. Mr. Paci's tribulations in leading "Cavalleria" may have been responsible for the largo tempo of larger effects of what you have of it.

demi-tasse induced howls of approval whenever anybody seized a high note and put it down for the count.

Following the tradition of visiting operas, there were frequent and unannounced changes in the casts, and, if we are not too far off, it seemed to us that Signor Leo Piccioli, a capable young baritone, also appeared under the style of Mr. Leo Pickens. Α singer from whom we'd like to hear



more was Norbert Adler, a New Yorker, who did a good Rodolfo in "La Boheme." Mr. Adler may have been a trifle hoarse when we heard him, for he was a bit cautious in the upper reaches, but he has an ingratiating lyric tenor and he sings with enough light and shade to insure his summary dismissal from most Italian opera companies.-R. A. S.

Books

ONRAD left "Suspense" unfinished at the approach to its stage of climax. There is said to be nothing to show how he planned to go on, and as it is composed like "Nostromo" there is little to infer from, except your general knowledge of his trends -and so, at the break-off, you are to console yourself with the interest of surmising, and the pleasure of the

most of "Pagliacci," but Leoncavallo's Are you, by Gum! We can only report that we were a kid robbed of candy, lamenting the story as if it had been a galloping Dumas, not a Conrad at his most symphonic and least continuous. We ached, and do now, to know what Conradian destiny had in store for Adèle, the lovely Countess of Montevesso. And how far the engaging Cosmo Latham was to be drawn into adventure related in some way to the return from Elba. And if Napoleon, thus far a shadow across the waters upon Genoa, was finally to come into view.

> There are novels of Conrad's the lack of a good third of any of which would be worse. "Suspense" (Doubleday, Page) is easier to follow than "Nostromo," but leads less potently. Still, it is that Conrad, and no mere decrepitude of him, and anyone who has doubted that he was always a master story-teller first is likely to be painfully convinced by it.

> **HE** bright spots in its melan-L choly week were Ben Travers's "Mischief" (Doubleday, Page) and "Mr. Petre," by Hilaire Belloc. "Mischief" is farce, with nothing subtle about it, and with bedroom scenes that would take you back to Avery Hopwood's reign, were not its whole tone so decent and parts of it so funny. "Mr. Petre" (McBride), for which Chesterton drew pictures, is grave horse-play with the bunk omniscience of Big Business. Both have dull stretches, in spite of which both are worth while.

> The same week's two prize duds, with us, were "Kept" and "The Grand Ecart." We should call "Kept" sophisticated fiction for elderly residents of Upper Tooting, or whatever the gag London suburb is this year. As for "The Grand Ecart," its bid is made with abstruseness and a sickly audacity, and we advise you to wait for the coming Paul Morand.

> N interesting first novel, influ-A enced by May Sinclair, is "The Misty Flats," by Helen Woodbury (Little, Brown). It follows through a viciously infantile mother's frustration of a gifted daughter, and if the daughter is uneven and best in her childhood, the mother is consistently good.

> HERE is one shining story, "A Proper Funeral," in Olive Tilford Dargan's "Highland Annals"

(Scribner's). Its companions have their points, but most of them appeared in the Atlantic, and are all too characteristically Atlanticky.

-Touchstone

Art

THE amiable current show at the Kraushaar Galleries will be on view another fortnight and then give way to their first important exhibition of the new season, lithographs, etchings and drawings by Manet, Daumier, Degas, Lautrec, Constantin Guys, Forain. This will come the week of October 12.

In the meantime there is much that is good in the modern wing of foreign and domestic art. We were pleased to see one of our favorite dark horses, H. E. Schnakenberg, represented by an ambitious still life. Now and then we see examples of this artist's work, notably two canvases at the Whitney show last Spring, that convince us he is at the forefront of the younger painters. There still hangs some fear about him, perhaps from the Academy days, and if he does not become a great artist it will be because he paints too well.

His manner is one of the soul and when he sticks to that method he brings forth an emotional picture. But when he suddenly remembers rules, he draws near the headache school and is as good a painter as about any American, plus ten percent Matisse. The "Still Life" we do not care for as much as his "Willows" of Tyringham. But it has care and great organization and we suppose a certain compromise is necessary for pictures that pass the admission test to galleries.

When Schnakenberg gives a show of his own we shall rush to it with a lot of stored up cheers.

The "Flowers" of Redon is one of the lovely things of this show. Then there is something by Luks done in one of his happier veins: the urchin a la Henri with a good deal of brilliance in it.

A rather nondescript thing that bolsters up its claim by its subject, "Before the Inn," shows Christ and two disciples. It is by Augustin Vincent Tack and is for those who like the washed-out method of painting. Then there are samples of the galleries' favorites, Gifford Beal, John Sloan, Maurice Prendergast, William Glackensa, and Guy Pene du Bois.

THE Metropolitan Museum is showing in its room of recent accessions a collection of rare prints, acquired through the aid of Mortimer L. Schiff. The collection includes Lucas of Leyden's "Rest on the Flight Into Egypt," two landscapes by Augustin Hirschvogel, an early impression of Albert Albrecht Altdorfer's "Temptation of the Two Hermits" and the "Deposition From the Cross" by I. A. M. of Zwolle. The



Museum asks that you also note their additions to their collection of laces. And we urge upon you, as we should every month or two, the necessity of a visit to the American wing.—M. P.

Motion Pictures

TNDER the ordinary circumstances of this trite life, anything entitled "The Freshman," now crowding them into the tastefully decorated Colony, would serve to summon up boring vistas of a subject which gasped its last, years ago; i.e., the college comedy. But then, as far as we are concerned, Harold Lloyd, who quickens this particular college comedy into glorious laughter, would hardly come under what you would call "the ordinary circumstances of this trite life"or any triter one. We are afraid that he is much more interesting than life itself, and, irrelevantly, were he to grace something termed "The Curse of the Crematorium," we should be perfectly satisfied to sit six days on a soapbox before the box office waiting the start of the funeral picture.

"The Freshman" is a slice from the realistic movie life at dear old Tate, "a large football stadium with a college attached," as the subtitle put it. To the glowing halls of this foolish intellectual menagerie comes Freshman Lloyd to lead the life of *Merton Gill*. He is immediately dubbed "Speedy the Spender" and doesn't know he is being guyed. But by sundry refreshing and ingenious means he shows them that he has the stuff that college presidents are made of; and so we find him, at the feverish finish, being carried across the line in the arms of his benevolent Providence for the winning touchdown and the sweet-faced girl.

In the meantime he has not forgotten those of us in the audience and has left us little time out from laughter. We have laughed at his affectation of the hard-boiled, his little trick hand-and-foot shake, and his badly basted tuxedo which comes apart so easily. We have enjoyed the first serious study of college life since Ben Turpin, as *Rodney St. Clair* ran with the ball for his beloved Alma Mater. We have had much more fun than we should have had at twenty seminars at the Harvard School of Philosophy. We have laughed.

I F the scenario grist mills continue to mutilate any more of our literary and dramatic favorites, we are seriously thinking of deserting the Art of the magic lantern for a more enjoyable pastime, ballet dancing or table tennis. Witness, for instance, the grand massacre of "The Circle," at the Capitol Theatre. There, if there was ever anything anywhere, was a great play-one of the most romantic and poetic high comedies we had ever seen. And being, as it was, Mr. Somerset Maugham's best work, acted by as flawless a cast as ever could have been assembled in one small part of the globe, it had everything in its favor for transfilming into a wonder picture. It should have been extraordinarily novel for the cinema-being a delightfully incisive, courageous and wholesomely poetic work. But what have they done to it? In fact what they have done to it.

Instead of making a circle of the action, they have sketched a very wavering arc—if you can describe the scrawl that way. A ludicrous and "happy" ending has been tacked on in the interests of Mr. Will Hays's propa-



Nor Indian, nor Bad Man, nor Gun-fighting Can Stop "The Pony Express," Ricardo Cortez up, in that Rip-Snorting Men-Are-Men Picture at the Rialto.

ganda for the hearthstone as the center of civilization. The entire point of the original play has been lost-or perhaps, it was never seen with clear eyes. The thing is beyond us. We don't know how they manage to do this sort of thing. We have thrown, as you may have guessed, our hands in the air, shrugged our shoulders but decided to grin and bear it.

FOR the sensitive we beg to announce joyfully that Rin-Tin-Tin, the canine Barrymore, is back as welcome relief from motion picture thespians, in a genre drama of Louisiana, termed "Below the Line," and As showing at Warner's Theatre. usual our hound hero is enlisted on the side of virtue, but thankfully it is not the virtue that gambols so bloodily about the open spaces. This time he is fighting for our downtrodden friend "Tol'able David" and handsomely does he acquit himself, too. He flaunts his hardhitting forepaw and front teeth in the faces of numerous alligators, one bad man and one half witted one. And to top it all off, he fights a terrific and winning battle with a pack of mean bloodhounds. It is, as you may divine, an excellent should last well into next week. picture.—T. S.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 21, the list of new books worth while on page 31.

REVIEWER'S NIGHT-MARE

"So's Your Old Man," a tragedy by Avery Hopwood with music by Eugene O'Neill and lyrics by Joseph Urban, presented by the Equity Players in conjunction with George M. Cohan with the following cast:

Minnie, a flapper	Flora Finch
John, her father	
Julia, her mother	
John, a traction magnate	
Charles, his pal	

Staged by Fifth Avenue Coach Co. Settings by Tiffany. Costumes by Guarantee Exterminating Co. Wigs from I. Miller. Shoes from Fisk Tires Corp.

BEFORE an enthusiastic first-night audience last night, "So's Your Old Man" began its fortieth week at a matinee that will make history on Broadway.

At the conclusion of the play, the audience rose to its feet and called for the author. Whereupon Mr. Samuel Shipman responded and said, in part, that he had never had a play of his so warmly received since "The Two Orphans." The show is apparently a sure-fire hit, and

The story of the play has for its locale the Steppes of Russia where Rosie O'Hoolil.an is kidnapped by a band of Norwegian pirates. At a gripping cli-max, the theme song, "Love Is a Wonder-ful Thing," is artistically introduced by Peggy Joyce. In this song Louis Wolheim took encore after encore.

In the leading part George Spelvin was featured. Never has he been seen to such good advantage. In his curtain speech he pointed to Mrs. Spelvin, sitting in the stage box, as his best friend and severest critic, and she blushingly acknowledged the introduction. One of the bright bits of acting in the play was contributed by a Mrs. Fiske, whose name is new to New York theatregoers, but who will undoubtedly make a niche for herself in time. Francine Larrimore gave evidence of her versatility by abandoning her former types of rôles and appearing in this play as a flapper. David Warfield contributed his vaudeville speciality.

Those appearing in minor bits were Jane Cowl, George Arliss and Ethel Barrymore. They were just about adequate.

The show is risque, but that is to be expected of any of John Golden's pro-ductions. Special children's performances will be given every Thursday at midnight, it was announced.

-Howard J. Green



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, September 25, to Friday, October 2, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-Eugene O'Neill's intermittently brilliant study of the Puritan of the '50s, whose harsh morality brings his stern house down about his ears. GEORGE M. COHAN, W. 43d. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Sidney
- Howard, who got the Pulitzer Prize for it, contributes a courageous tract for the new morality in this play of the Californian vineyards. Pauline Lord is still in it. KLAW, W. Asth.
- THE VORTEX-Noel Coward, come into his own on Broadway at last, treats us to a study of just what has happened to the decadent elite of Great Britain. HENRY MILLER, 43d E. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT-Reviewed in this issue. BROADHURST, 44th W. of B'way.
- THE BOOK OF CHARM-TO quote our own opinion: "As merry and adult an American comedy as you will, with luck, see for many months to come." COMEDY, W. 40th.
- THE GORILLA-Glorifying, to coin and coin, the African gorilla by the simple expedient of burlesquing that trite mystery farce you so well know about. SELWYN, W. 42nd. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-Glorifying, to go right
- on minting, the American Hobo. GREEN-WICH VILLAGE.
- Is ZAT So?-The hard-boiled, so loved in this age of machine slaves, are involved in thea-trical and pleasing actions in this comedy in the American (hand-made) language. CHANIN's
- FORTY-SIXTH STREET, W. of B'way. ARMS AND THE MAN-Reviewed in this issue. GUILD, 52nd W. of B'way.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-To be reviewed next week. LONGACRE, 48th W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-The Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker holding painting and modelling classes in the interest of the Higher Musical Revue Art, under auspices of the Signori Maestri Shubert. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at Soth.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-Exactly what you have come to expect of George White-tuneful, merry and pulchritudinous. Apollo, W. 42nd.
- ROSE-MARIE-As far as we are concerned, this nusic show deserves to last forever, being lovely, tuneful and well-witted. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Now that W. C. Fields has closed in the Follies, Leon Errol will be able to take over the humor of all of Longacre very nicely, if you please. Cosmopolitan, 59th and B'way.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE-This musical rendering of "Old Heidelberg" is good to the last senti-
- mental grace-note. JOLSON'S, 59th and 7th Ave. GARRICE GAIETIES-Theatre Guild younglings leave off from their art for a moment to grow blithe and humorsome in a semi-mad revuette. GARRICE, W. 35th St.

- BIG BOY-AI Jolson. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, W. of B'way.
- No, No NANETTE-In town at last with Louise Groody, Charles Winninger, and the best of the music we've been hearing for a long time. GLOBE, B'way and 46th.
- SUNNY-To be reviewed next week. NEW AMSTERDAM, W. 42nd.

AFTER THE THEATRE

- BARNEY's, 84 w. 3D-Broadway couvert charges, Bohemian atmosphere, and carefree clientele. CIRO's, 141 w. 56TH-Somewhat theatrical folk
- at play in gilded halls. CLUB LIDO, 808 7TH-The present favorite-until the next one opens. Maurice and Barbara Bennett inaugurate the ballroom dancers'
- season. CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st-One of last sea-son's most popular. Moss and Fontana dance.
- DEL-FEY, 45TH AND 6TH-Rough and Tumble spirit of '49 on Broadway. Doubtful for debutantes, but "Texas" Guinan and her Little Girls are unique hereabouts.
- LIDO-VENICE, 35 E. 53D-Plenty of room to dance here until the Park Avenue season opens.
- MONTMARTRE, 50TH BET. 7TH AND B'WAY-Time alone will tell whether this Summer society stamping ground will withstand the rivalry of the other night clubs opened last week.

MUSIC

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY, CENTURY THEATRE -Mr. Gallo's artists, nightly, in good performances of the standard repertoire. Select the opera you want to hear from daily newspaper announcements.

ART

- MODERN ART-KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 FIFTH AVE .- Interesting collection of best American and French painters.
- OLD PRINTS-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM-Valuable additions to the collection of prints-many of them rare.

MOVING PICTURES

- Don Q-Mr. Douglas Fairbanks kaleidoscopes his breezy way through the ticklish politics of old Spain and makes swift-moving romance. At the Strand Fri., Sept. 25, running daily through Sat., Oct. 3.
- THE FRESHMAN-Reviewed in this issue. At the Colony.
- THE IRON HORSE-Recording the building of the steel bellyband of America. A crack historic Western. At the Rivoli Fri., Sat., Sept. 25, 26, and then moves to the Rialto for the following week beginning Sun., Sept. 27.
- KISS ME AGAIN-Last call for this delightfullymolded lubitschean trifle about that matter of divorce. At the Plaza Fri., Sept. 25; at the Gotham, 138th St. and B'way, Sun., Mon.,

Sept. 27, 28, and at Loew's Circle, Tues., Sept. 20.

- THE MYSTIC-Supernaturals and melodramatics !! Spooks and crooks !! Made thrilling by Tod Browning's gift for the uncanny and humorous. At Loew's 7th Avenue Sun., Sept. 27.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-A semi-ghastly piece after Edgar Allen Poe, set in the sewers of Paris and boasting Lon Chaney's most hideous make-up. At the Astor.
- THE PONY EXPRESS-Another crack Western done by James Cruze. Go for the excitement and when you calm down take history notes about your country. At the Rialto Fri., Sat., Sept. 25, 26. Moves to Loew's State Sun., Sept. 27, and runs there for following week.
- THE UNHOLY THREE-If you have to chase this bizarre penny-dreadful tale of three diabolical characters and their evil-doings to Yonkers or Billingsgate, it is well worth the trouble. At Fox's Academy, E. 14th St., Fri., Sat., Sept. 25, 26.
- No Manhattan showing of "The Gold Rush" scheduled for this week.

SPORTS

- POLO-INTERNATIONAL FIELD, WESTBURY, L. 1.-Wed., Sept. 23, at 3:30 p. m. Semi-finals of the Senior Polo Championships, Princemere vs. Orange County. Finals Sat., Sept. 26, at 3:30. Winners vs. Meadowbrook.
- FOOTBALL-Sat., Sept. 26, 3 p. m. At last. Opening games at Baker Field, 215th St. and B'way, and Ohio Field, 181st St. and University Ave.; Columbia vs. Haverford and New York University vs. Niagara.
- Dog Show-TUXEDO, N. Y.-All day Sat., Sept. 26. Annual Show of the Tuxedo Kennel Club.
- Horsz Shows-Annual awarding of ribbons, Fri., Sept. 25, and Sat., Sept. 26, at Locust Valley, L. I. (Piping Rock), and Sat., Sept. 26, through Mon., Sept. 28, at Morristown, N. J. Mineola, L. I., Wed., Sept. 30, through Sat., Oct. 3.
- RACING-Aqueduct, daily at 2:30 p. m. until Wed., Sept. 30, after which followers of the ponies must move to Jamaica, L. I., where the Metropolitan Racing Association meets Thurs., Oct. 1, and thereafter daily, at 2:30 p. m.
- YACHTING-CITY ISLAND YACHT CLUB -Annual Fall Regatta, all day Sat., Sept. 26.
- BASEBALL-Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Detroit, Sat., Sun., Mon., Sept. 26, 27, 28; at 3 p. m. Sat. and Sun.; 3:30 Mon. No National League games in town.

OTHER EVENTS

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF 42ND STREET -Celebrated Mon., Sept. 28, through Sat., Oct. 2. If shop window decorations aren't enough you may drop into the Hotel Commodore where Forty-second Street Property Owners and Merchants Association will offer exhibits of old and new mid-town.



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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

ENNIS is over for 1925, and Tilden is again the champion of champions. As a good many of us suspected at Philadelphia when he was playing in the Davis Cup matches, the champion was just fooling the boys. Against Borotra, against Lacoste, he was careless, uncertain, at times indifferent.



Last week at Forest Hills when playing Johnston and Richards, against whom no one can afford to be careless and indifferent, he was brilliant and steady, the stroke master supreme, the Tilden of old. Never, even in the semi-finals when Richards, with superb volleys took the first set from him, did one feel him in danger; never, even in the finals when Johnston evened the score at two sets all, was there any likelihood of his going down to defeat.

This year he was more devastating against Richards than ever. The supervolleyer was beaten and decisively beaten by the super-baseliner. And then came the finals, the best finals of a National Championship since 1922; the champion meeting speed with speed, doing everything that can be done to a tennis ball and doing it better than Johnston, who was playing the best game of his long and luminous career. Those fierce forehand drives from the little Californian's racquet were being whipped across court and down the line as only he can whip them; they were burning into Tilden's court so fast that against anyone but the champion they would have been outright winners.

Still they came back, always they were returned. No, that's wrong. Tilden did more than merely return those unplayable drives of Johnston's. He sent them blistering back to burn the lines, untouchable placements. He passed Johnston at the net, he outguessed him from the back of the court. Occasionally after an especially fine rally, someone in the stands would rise up and shout from the sheer tension of the thing. But always there was Tilden down there in command: Tilden, calm, masterful, waiting the right opening and then putting the ball into it with incredible speed and sureness.

Once in the fifth set, after Johnston when leading had been caught and passed by Tilden, and was behind at 2-4, there was a long and unusually brilliant rally. Back and forth went the ball, forehand and backhand, long hard hit drives following each other in such rapid succession that the vast crowd was stunned with the spectacle. Johnston made a shot that against anyone else would have won the point. Tilden returned it. Then Johnston made another shot that looked like a sure winner, and Tilden saved it by getting under the ball when almost on his knees. Then Johnston put his shoulder



and all his strength behind the ball and whipped it down the line with Tilden on the other side of the court. But two loping strides, and the ball came back down the opposite line for a clean placement, leaving Johnston standing. He threw back his head and laughed.

A hearty laugh it was, too, a real laugh. And in that laugh there was something of relief. It was the relief of a man who knows that he is being beaten not by a tennis player, but by a tennis genius, not by a man, but by a machine. There was relief and there was satisfaction in that laugh; satisfaction at seeing such shots made, and realizing that no living being could cope with them, could ever beat the possessor of that charmed racquet.

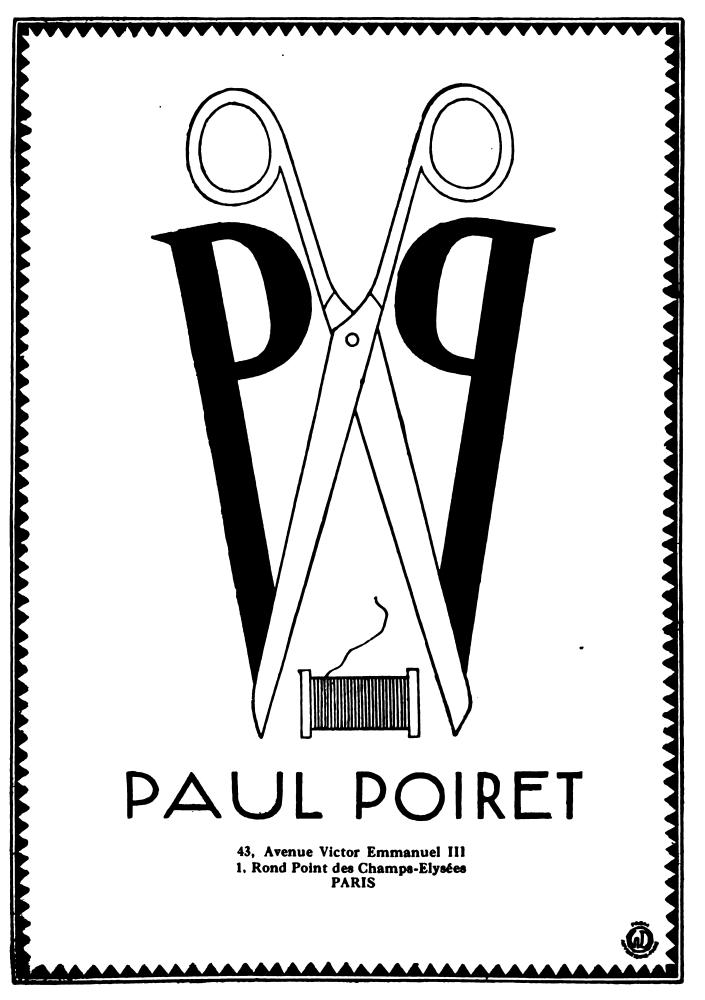
For all through the match Johnston was on the defensive. On this point hangs the tale. Even when he was attacking from forecourt, and volleying with all his skill and cunning Johnston was defending, was attempting to stave off those relentless drives to his baseline which he knew carried death and destruction to all aspiring tennis players. You probably noticed, if you were one of the fourteen thousand who packed the Stadium at Forest Hills until it looked like the Yale Bowl on the day of a Princeton game, that Tilden usually got better as the rally progressed. His shots came back harder as Johnston's increasingly declined. But though he was top dog from the start, what a match it was between these giants of the game! And how Tilden used the strategy that has made him the genius of all time, how he mixed up chop and spin, twist and slice on service and drive! The champion of champions. The greatest player of all time. Ward and Wright, Larned and Doherty, Clothier and McLoughlin, Brookes and Wilding, Williams and Richards and Johnston -there never was, there never will be again a tennis player like William T. Tilden, 2nd.

And yet of the two, Tilden and Johnston, somehow I can't help feeling Johnston is the greater. For Tilden can only win National Championships. Whereas Johnston can win the crowds.

I NDEED, it was quite annoying to read one's newspapers of Sunday last and not to find one word or mention of the 14th annual horse show of the Greenwich Riding Association and Westchester County Hounds held at Round Hill, Greenwich, Connecticut, on Saturday, September 19.



The show was held on the grounds of the Round Hill Club in perhaps the most beautiful spot of Westchester or Greenwich. Every minute of the day (it was an all day show) ticked and vibrated with enthusiasm, with exhibitors and horse show lovers coming and going, but it was



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

VII. Binding the Pages

RULY the sun never sets on THE NEW YORKER. We have seen how the forests of northern Canada are combed for the trees that make our paper; we shall learn how the mines of far Peru yield the lead for our type. Yet before these printed pages may be sold each week they must be carefully fastened each to the next; and for the paper clips employed in linking these pages we must turn now to sunny Mexico, in the region of alkali and desert sand, where we find THE NEW YORKER's gigantic Cactus Farm.

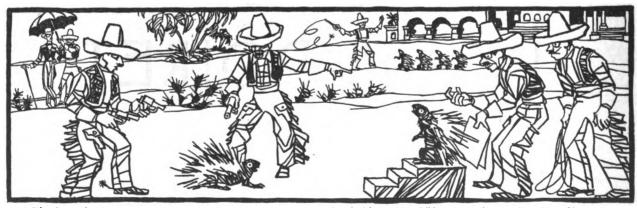
In its baby days the pages of THE NEW YORKER were assembled and fastened together crudely by means of safety pins. Sometimes bent hair pins, elastic bands and even chewing gum were used in that hectic period, for with the growing circulation the editorial drawer of safety pins was soon depleted. A brief attempt to solve the difficulty by printing THE NEW YORKER on one long piece of paper, which opened out like an accordion, was abandoned upon the invention of the subway and the editors cast about to discover a permanently satisfactory method of binding the pages.

The period of 1857-1901 (known as the William L. Plaster Period, or simply "Wimple") is marked by the two great experiments conducted by THE NEW YORKER in this field. The first attempt came during the Ulysses Simpson Grant Administration, when the Democratic faction sought to clip the pages together with fish bones. These proved too brittle; an exciting uprising ensued known as the "Astor House Riot," in which eighteen were killed and scores wounded; and in 1893 (August 3, to be exact) the discovery of the possibilities in Cactus Spines was made by a scientist in the employ of THE NEW YORKER, who later made something of a name for himself by the invention of a lumpless potato for mashing in restaurants. Mr. Luther Burbank (for it was he) set out 697,000 small cactus plants on the plains of northern Mexico; and from these plants to-day sufficient spines are picked weekly to clip together the 8,657,000 copies of each issue, making due allowance for the considerable portion worn away in the trousers of the Mexican experts employed in this work.

Meantime the circulation of THE NEW YORKER increases weekly, and already the editors are debating the number of years ere these cactus spines will also prove inadequate to meet the growing demand. As an example of the farsightedness of this paper, we may mention that Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER's field superintendent in charge of the work of clipping the magazine, was dispatched last week to Wyoming to complete arrangements there for the establishment of a huge Quill (the genus *Erinaceus*) Farm, where 3,000,000 porcupines (*Erethizon epixanthus*) will be raised and trained against such a paper clip shortage.

Although work on this farm is still conducted with some degree of secrecy it is a known fact that these porcupines (*Erethizon epixanthus*) are being taught painstakingly to back up against a sheaf of papers and deliver two spines exactly in place at the given command and it is the hope of Mr. Tilley that in time these animals will assume this work of clipping entirely, thereby saving THE NEW YORKER nearly \$865,000 weekly, or the equivalent of 173,000 annual subscriptions.

After all the rest of the magazine has been assembled and bound together, however, there still remains the important work of gathering in the five dollar bills as they are sometimes humorously known. In order to accomplish this task THE NEW YORKER relies on an ingenious plan known as popular "subscription," as it is called. To any man sending five dollars (five dollars) to our office to cover postage, tobacco and incidentals, THE NEW YORKER will mail a year's subscription (or subscription) gratis.

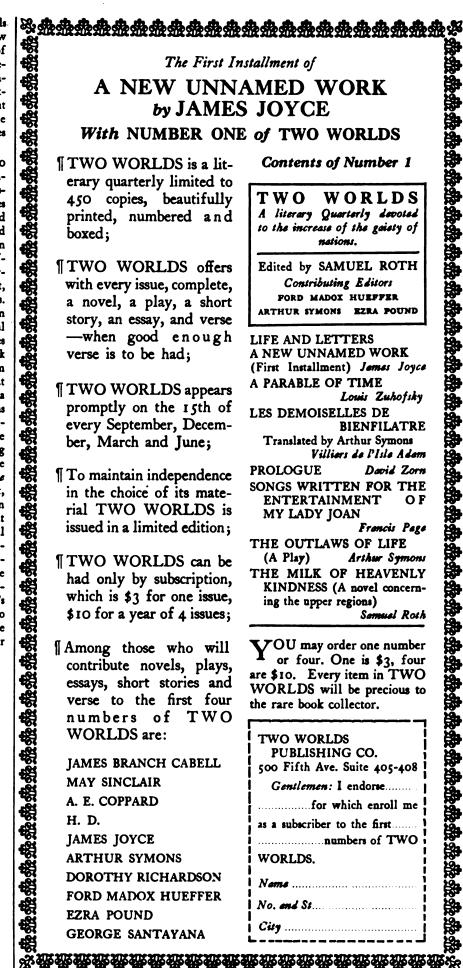


The Carramba Quadruplets at Work Training "Plankwalker" and "Jennie Lind," Blue Ribbon Porcupines on THE NEW YORKER'S Quill Farm. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, Field Superintendent in Charge of Porcupines, May Be Seen in the Background

not until after the luncheoning periods at the Round Hill Club that the show took on that full color so characteristic of this annual affair. Now, it is to be remembered that this showing of thoroughbreds does not boast of the greatest attendance of outdoor shows in the East, but it does truly carry the smartness of the English corrals of "bluebloods" (horses and people).

The attendance was well past 1,000 which is a record for Greenwich. Interest this year spread beyond Westchester and Fairfield counties. License plates from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey were much in evidence and the parking was well managed. Gordon Grant did a splendid job in handling affairs and found time to watch Mrs. Gordon Grant with H. J. Fisher's mount, Primrose, win the ladies' hunters class. Mrs. Robert Law took the blue ribbon in the ladies' saddle class. The principal prize winners were, of course, the Misses Becky and Sally Lanier. Miss Becky took even blue ribbons and five seconds in the jumping class and I was sorry that this young lady could not have given a private exhibition. Her horsemanship was best testified to by the applause from out-ude the ring. Miss Sally added to the Lanier collection of ribbons by taking three blues in the same class. They rode Silver Crest, Down East, Bolling, Dixie and Deuces Wild. Mrs. Austin Flint, O'Malley Enox and Arthur Warthen judged the jumping class. I hope that the show next year will be as successful at the one just finished, and also that Sunday editors next year will consider it important enough to report. Not that the Greenwich crowd care as much for publicity as they seem to on Long Island. It's only that we, personally, would like to have more people know what a good horse show they have in the southwest corner of Connecticut.-J. R. T.







PARIS LETTER

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 15.-

HE annual panic for steamer I tickets is on and going full blast, with the American trippers pouring into Paris from all directions and looking harried and nervous in the vicinity of the Opera House where most of the steamship offices are situated. The Gare St. Lazare is a seething mass of men, women, children, nurses, and trunks, the last item labeled with the labels of the four corners of Europe whither have traveled this Summer the invading hordes. Train loads of transients for Le Havre and Cherbourg, however, are beginning to relieve the congestion; so that Paris, in the less noticeable side streets is once more taking on its per writer and Latin Quarter celebrity own nationality. Though we like a Paris Summer, it's rather a relief.

The French are actually reclaiming their capital for the Winter; but of course with the prospect of fleeing again in the Spring when the tide sweeps from the West again. Homes on the avenues and boulevards are being opened leisurely, which means that in distant parts society is packing its trunks. On the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Boulevard St. Germain, wooden shutters are coming down and concierges are becoming energetic; dancing at the Boeuf sur le Toit is getting more impossible each evening (No, it is not such an entirely American place as you think); and the social lights at the Ritz Sunday night dinner dances, which for the last three months haven't meant anything to Paris (if they have existed), are beginning to be noted in the Monday newpsapers.

Racing is on at the beautiful Chantilly track and a couple of other nearby courses in spite of the daily showers. You must know that the weather will not spoil a French racing crowd, though it will dampen somewhat the display of elegance. In short, the real Paris is rising Phoenix-like from the ashes of a successful but a very un-French Summer indeed.

splendor of several Oriental potentates, sprinkled with caste marks and blazing with turbans replacing the respectability of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who has departed to visit Evangeline convenient scarcity of young men. Johnson at her Geneva villa during They are actually getting scarce too. the session of the League of Nations.

It's rather an inter-seasonal time. But we can't write home satisfactorily about Paris without mentioning Fanny Ward, because like the poor, which we always have with us, she is everywhere. She is looking extremely girlish and acting the part quite creditably. And speaking of face-lifting, which we weren't quite, Carrie King is going to America in November to have a reef taken in her physiognomy, and publish her memoirs. These memoirs, as we gauge from hearsay, should cover about seventy-two years; and this first volume may have to be supplemented later by a second, because Carrie has scientifically renewed her youth lately. She has been a newspaso many years that a continuation seemed desirable, so she offered herself to Dr. Vornoff as his first woman patient.

One of the most important achievements of the season has been that of two enterprising American girls, Helen Scott and Marjorie Booth, who have set themselves up at 56 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré as professional aids to their fellow countrymen. They shop for and with you; buy theatre or railroad tickets; find apartments and furnish them with servants; answer simple or involved questions about Paris; and incidentally provide escorts for seeing night life. They guarantee the escorts to be "gentlemen," most of whom they have known for several years.

This service makes it possible for a mother and daughter in Paris without men friends to step out in the evening properly attended by a young man who knows the town and can dance. The escort conveys the ladies in no mere taxi, but a private-appearing motor; orders in glamorous French and pays all checks; and suggests places of amusement. No money changes hands; that embarrassing feature being attended to in advance at the office by the Misses Scott and Booth.

The escorts, who are young under-Noticed on passing has been the salaried bank clerks, are protected from dull evenings by Miss Scott's insistence that she meet all the ladies before the evening is planned. If the girls are not attractive, she finds a TOP HAT



17, zue Vignon Aris .

THE couturiers present each of their collections in their Paris salons. Myrbor, the great creator, is making a trip to New York specially to submit her models to the well-dressed women of America. Myrbor knows how to interpret all the various silhouettes and bring out the personality of each one.

My RBo R



MR. FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, owner, lessee and manager of that other and more famous Tower, is, and will be for at least two weeks, our favorite colyumist. He writes as follows:—



I never was the kind of bard To praise a paste, or laud a lard. I never twanged my precious lyre To sing a coffee, soap or tire. I never hymned a touring car, A cigarette, or a cigar. So when they said to me, "I think You ought to boost your favorite drink," "Agreed!" I cried. "But not for gold!" "All right," they said. So, brave and bold,

I sing in no uncertain tone In joyous praise of AQUAZONE.

F. P. A.

And please do not cynically suppose that the above is mere verse without veracity. Mr. Adams is an Aquazone addict—terms strictly cash and please save the empties.

+ + +

Talking of columns brings us to the Brooklyn Boys who have been receiving so much attention from Edward Hope in the Herald Trib. They are, as you must know, the ferocious little fellows, unbelievably costumed, who drive so many poor honest drinkers to desperation.

* * *

"They come creeping, leaping, stealing through the ceiling; they come oozing through the carpet; they come easing through the door, by the vast uncounted billion, by the marshalled army corps."

* * *

Naturally we know all about the Brooklyn Boys. And though we do not guarantee that AQUAZONE Mineral Water in a highball or rickey will prevent their appearance we do know that it has a powerful influence over them, often rendering them quite friendly!

+ + +

Belated News Item. Even though Mr. Charles Chaplin may have no recollection of the event, we have plenty of witnesses round at the Hippodrome to prove that, between acts, he drowned a deep thirst in this same beverage.

+ + +

Contributions to this column are welcome. But the finest contribution possible takes the form of an order to your druggist or grocer or a word in time to the waiter. Splits or pints. Advertisement VANDERBILT 6434



TABLES FOR TWO

WILL never, never get over the rapid-L ity with which important sociological, economic, and moral changes are made in New York. Not more than two weeks ago, at least half the diners at the Colony restaurant were in day clothes, and the Montmartre was positively the only aftertheatre dancing place you could go to without having a haunting suspicion that you were slumming in one way or another. Now, the town is suddenly full of top hats, Paris evening dresses, real pearls, Elizabeth Arden complexions, and all the outer semblances of high life. The season is on. Great indeed are the workings of the Cunard line.

E ARLY in the past week, the gentle, throbbing voice of Barney Gallant came over the wire, announcing that he was reopening his place on Third Street and that the occasion was to be the most brilliant affair of its kind since the storming of the Bastille.

I have always liked Barney's. The decorations, following the scheme of Lucien Bernhard, are Bohemian, but neat and restful withal, and nobody pays any attention to the gown you have on, and you don't have to get a requisition from your waiter to stroll over and make yourself at home at someone else's table. So I decided to go.

It was a great occasion. W. C. Fields was there, and Phil Baker from "Artists and Models," rising to take a bow regardless of what celebrity was introduced. Persistent but untrue rumors of the impending presence of Michael Arlen rent the air. Barney promised me solemnly that he, on the following day, would send me a list of the celebrities whom I should have recognized in the dim light, but artists, in whatever line of work, are notoriously forgetful. He didn't send it.

AND the following night, with a fanfare of trumpets, came Ciro's reopening. Children, children, what a time was had by all!

The master of ceremonies was a buoyant go-getter, a little boy-friend of all the world, who insisted hourly that you call him Al, and persisted in addressing his public as "Folks!" There were also in the show sundry young women, completely unabashed, apparently, when their costumes misbehaved. "Friend Al" saved the evening so far as I was concerned by getting Sterling Halloway, from "The Garrick Gaieties," to sing "Manhattan," and made me happy, occasionally, when he left the floor to Frances Williams, who, to my mind, is simply grand.

Ciro's is one of the most attractively fitted out night clubs in town, but there is a clientele which wants more than gilding and which sees neither gaiety nor charm in a show which is not in good taste.

N OTHING would do, on the evening after all this excitement, but a quiet dinner and an early bedtime. The place selected for the dinner was the Kangaroo, a little restaurant on Fiftieth Street that stands out from the other rather tea-roomy places that dot the west Forties and Fifties by reason of rather interesting patronage. The English and Australian persuasion of the people who dine there has led to the development of curried dishes surpassed only by those at the Ceylon India Inn. These worked into an extraordinary dollar dinner. Among those interested in the place are Sir James Elder, Commissioner for Australia and Mr. David Dow, Official Secretary for Australia.

So much for the dinner. My plans for a good night's sleep went to pieces, about an hour later, when I found myself being dragged, shrieking, to the Lido, which had opened on the same night as Barney's. Enough people to fill the Grand Central Station were battling at the door.

The decorations at the Lido are as they were last year, except for some very tricky lanterns—inverted pyramids with bizarre faces painted on each of the three sides. Ciro's has also added the same sort of lamps to last year's interior. It seems strange that one or the other of these clubs didn't get such a very unusual effect copyrighted, but who am I to question the workings of great minds?

the world, who insisted hourly that you The place was packed to the doors with call him Al, and persisted in addressing everybody you ever heard of, Maurice and

Barbara Bennett being ostensibly the reason. Maurice is as lofty as usual, as graceful as usual. He manages somehow to make the public believe that they are seeing something new when he executes a few of the steps he has been doing, with the same pleased smirk, for the last fifteen years or so. Barbara Bennett is just about the loveliest-looking thing, both in face and figure, that these critical eyes have looked on in many moons, and she dances rather well. More self-confidence will make her a most interesting personality.

At one first row table sat, to coin a new title, the Anglo-American Beauty Alliance, namely, Mrs. Julia Hoyt and Lady Diana Manners. They were supported by at least three dozen flowers of young American Womanhood who, if the stories of beauty contest winners are true, use lvory Soap for their complexions and never use more than one beauty cream at a time. Next table, Adolphe Menjou. Next table, Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray—and wife. Which gives you an idea of why everybody in the world is thining up to the head-waiter of the Lido.—LIPETICK

PIER WATCHMAN

He sits all night at the office door

And chatters with sailormen come home From Bombay, Liverpool, Singapore

And all the ports that the sailors roam.

- From seas that shrank from the Roman oar,
- From Grecian islands, from old Cathay. From Marathon, where the mountains

In all the pomp of a prouder day.

With roamers over the world's wide lanes, He sits and chatters the night away,

Of food and drinking, of aches and pains, And what poor wage is a watchman's

pay. —James Kevin McGuinness

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YELLING JOURNALISM

Thus Nicholas Roosevelt in the Times book review:

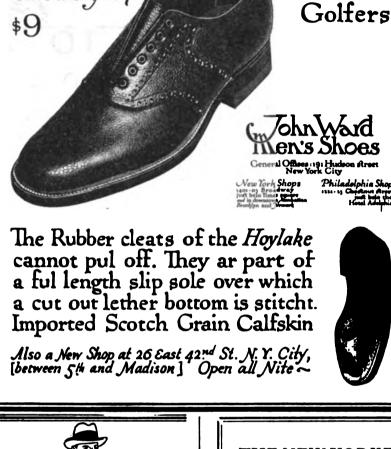
Had our leading yellow jingoists seen fit to publish this book in installments, we should undoubtedly hear newsboys crying, "Wuxtry! Wuxtry! Read all about the great war! Japaacee Navy blows up Panama canal and seizes Philippines!"

Mr. Roosevelt's luck has evidently been better than ours. We never heard a newsboy say, "Wuxtry," and the only free knowledge we ever got was, "Yah, Yanks lose!"

THE OCULIST

OPTIMISTIC FATHER: Son, what is a pedestrian?

Boy GOLFER: A man who has to live surrs with an oculist.





The Hoylake

THE NEW YORKER

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GLAMOUR

Louix XV, Georgian, Colonial, Rococo, Empire. or Modern American: with whatever period your house or apartment may be identified, now that it is late September, it must be in a more or less measure refurbished for the Winter. And depending on these and other periods as an inspirational source, the shopper must make her purchases and have her Fall decorating done.

There is in the very names of these epochs of design a glamour, a savory sense of the modes of dim and perfumed pasts. To retain the harmony of her household it is important for the shopper to choose the right places in which to do her buying and the right people to assist her in her planning. THE NEW YORKER'S Confidential Guide has been specifically adapted to these needs, and the delight expressed by its patrons will become your delight when you begin to make use of its columns.

Antiques	Beauty Culture (Cont.)	Hate
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and alverware. Large sift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.	THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experi- ence. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. ELSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358
Arts and Crafts	Books	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. Restorative Skylicht Shop	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	Interior Decorators and Decorations TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco- rated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron, 41 West 49th St., N. Y. Circle 1492
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FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	Golf School	Restaurants
Beauty Culture	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionala. Open daily 8 am. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Flith Avenue) NEW YORK	A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustra- tions. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	Shirt Hospital
NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795		Worn places restored invisibly at low cost. Shirts made to your own measure. OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. 50th St. Circle 7339
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	Swimming Instruction
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Iyals. Expert in Charge, Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y.	Gowns Made to Order	Tea Room
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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVEIS

SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). The romance he left unfinished. Napoleonic. The scene, as far as he went, is Genoa, toward the return from Elba.

- FIRECRACEERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). The deepest, the most ironic, and where meant
- to be, the funniest of the new novels that are revues of present-day "high life." SERENA BLANDISH, by "A Lady of Quality" (Doress). A light satire, reverse-English on the old style marriage market story.
- WEEK-END, by Charles Brackett (McBride). A romantic lambkin of a story, consciously and becomingly clothed in the most modern styles in wolf skins.
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (Knopf). It requires more understanding than any other novel of hers-and may very well turn out to be thought her best.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinchart (Doras). The highest powered mystery story in years.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scrib-mer's). The poem, in prose, of a life cut in two by a war. So far, the best work of one of our two most promising young novelists. ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (Boni & Liveright). An accurate picture of the girl
- of depressingly poor-but-respectable family who becomes a prostitute because it's her natural bent.

SHORT STORIES

- CARAVAN, by John Galeworthy (Scribner's). His stories from novelette length down, to the number of fifty-siz.
- FIVE ORIENTAL TALES, by Comte de Gobineau (Viking Press). An enjoyable translation of the stories in Gobineau's "Les nouvelles Asistiques."

GENERAL

- H. L. MENCREN, by Ernest Boyd (McBride). A thoroughly good, appreciative summing-up of Mencken as "The American," "The Philosopher," and "The Critic."
- THE HOLIDAY ROUND and ORANGES AND LEMONS, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). The cream of Milne's regular contributions to Punch. "Oranges and Lemons" includes verse.

LADY-COUSINS

ADY-COUSINS never work out. I shad one once. She was slow to wit and seemed as safe as U. S. Steel. And yet, because of her, I am forever crippled as a social lion. She had decided to round off my education by instructing me in the dance. I wandered conscientiously around her sitting room floor with her apparently harmless in my arms.

Wonderful isn't it?" I murmured. One had to learn to carry on a conversation while one danced.

"Yes." For a moment she was buried in thought then came brightly out of the grave. "Oh Bronz, what was the name of the chained elephant in the Zeo; you know, the big one that strode to and fro in his cage, without haste, without rest? Gunda, wasn't it? Anyway they treated him shamefully."

It was Gunda; that's why I can't Charleston to-day.-BRONZ

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And Then I Began To LIVE

PERHAPS Fate sent Mr. Sisson to me that morning. Lord knows, it seemed so. Only an Unseen Power could have stayed my hand in such a mood.

As I stood there before the mirror, all the wretchedness of the night before came stalking back to torment me—the missing necktie, the dropped fork, what the taxi-driver said, Myrtle's averted face...

To end it all would have been so easy. A turn of the wrist, a sweeping stroke of the razor and the hideous picture which had wracked my sleepless hours would be wiped out—forever.

Then-

"Good morning, Mr. Thurble. Have you had your bran this morning?"

I turned and met—for the first time—the infectious Sissen smile. Slowly the razor slipped from my hand and clattered to the floor. Who was I to withstand the radiance of that smile, the smile which had swayed kingdoms? "No," I muttered, "no bran."

Something snapped. As though the flood-gates of restraint had burst, emotion surged over me. I found myself, chastened, sobbing upon the broad Sissel shoulders, shoulders that had borne the cares of a nation.

And so came a new day. I began to LIVE.

Let Mr. Susson and THE NEW YORKER stay those homicidal impulses that assail you on the street, in the subway or at the movies. Quick, before it's too late.

Enclosed find \$5.00 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER. Name

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WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

BECAUSE when I'm tired of talking to people, I can say, "I'll not be home to dinner." Then I go to a movie, stop at Circle Childs for food at nine, walk all the way to 113th Street, and nobody need know where I have been so my good or bad taste does not have to be explained.

Because—on the other hand, there is home, with a kitchen and a real stove where I can make hot muffins to go with the steak, and hot chocolate sauce to go with the ice cream—and can ask, "Want to eat dinner with me to-night?"—and you do. (Several of you!)

-AGNES AMIS

Because it is to the person who says, "I like New York only to have a good time in," what X is to the algebra student. To the knowing it is a universe wherein rotates a separate and busy world for each kind of endeavor and interest.

Because in spite of the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance and similar brothers' keepers, a genuine spirit of laissez faire is still at large, and youth still welcomes love and establishes its lovers' lanes along the crowded avenues and on bus tops.—VEE PERLMAN

•

Because if you don't you are done for; because if you're not up to snuff you'll soon be snuffed out. Because you can sit in the game with only one white chip and because you must have one.

Because when a woman, losing a high heel, walked with a limp and sat down helplessly in a Fourteenth Street car, two mechanics took tools from their bag and fixed it for her—and because the other passengers applauded.

-Trowbridge Larned

•

TONG WAR

Run, run, run Through Doyer Street and Pell, Old Gee Lun Is on his way to hell.

"La-dies an' gentlemun— Note on your right The hole in the window From the Tong War fight." —HENRY F. PRINCLE

•

A BACHELOR VISION

Marriage sleep—end of freedom Children weep—frightful tedium Money spent—on something phony Union wrent—alimony.

THE NEW YORKER

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Garrick Theatre

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DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE : NEW YORK

Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin

(In the life of the individual cities fall, civilizations are devastated, the Bacchanal choruses past him with upraised goblet, Terpsicore dances by with a subtle flash of white limbs.

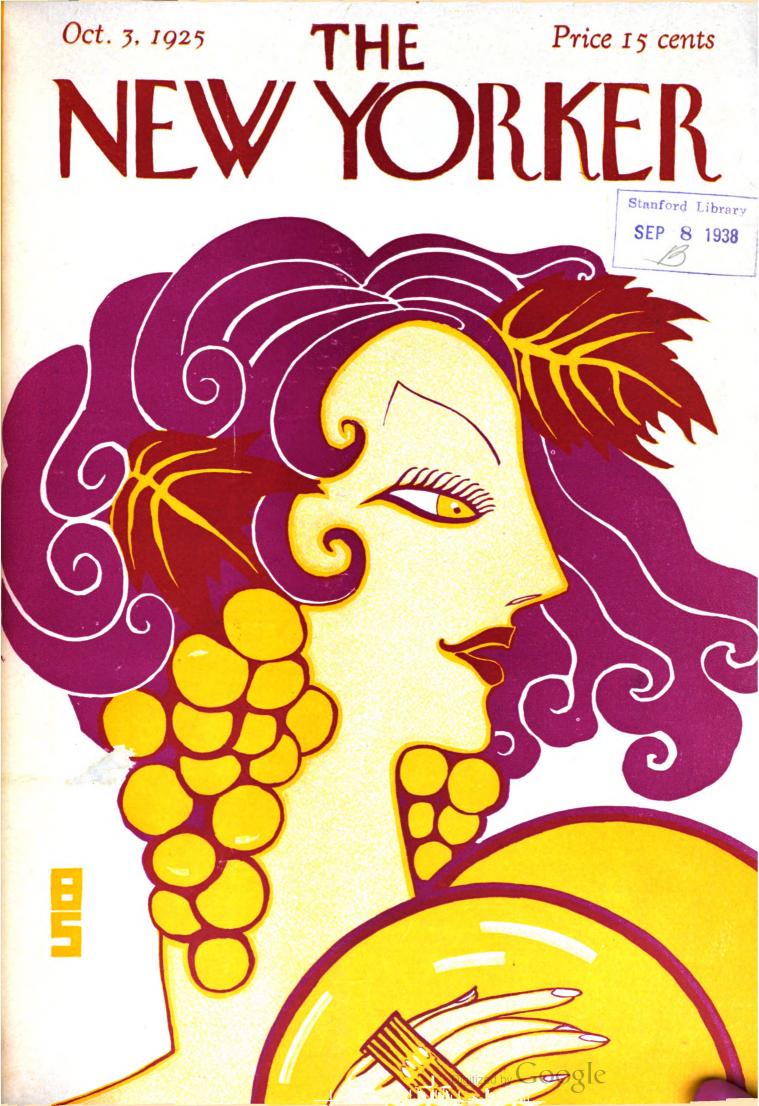
(And into his own life is constantly woven the fabric of which the great procession is made: love, hate, conflict, and the glimmerings of wisdom along the course of the gaudy years. **(**Because "The Wanderer" is more than a mere plot in a stupendous setting. It is the congregated emotions of living, packed into dramatic brevity, so that the watcher feels seductive kisses pressed against his own lips and flees in terror before a city that thunders down upon him—feels them as keenly as events in his own life.

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"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation. "I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In

"I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman." MRS. F. R. CONNER, Florence, Ky.

"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. I ate it with a dash of salt and a cracker—the flavor being not unlike that of fine cheese. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short, my nervous system is normal and in excellent condition. Overwork does not bother me; my endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a competent physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it." WALT MARSH, Belleville, Ill.

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The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk —or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

You will find many delicious ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast: spread on crackers, dissolved in fruit juices or milk, with a little salt or just plain.



"THIS SPRING, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I certainly have never regretted doing so. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion, and indeed, I not only *look* better, but *fccl* better. Before, I merely toyed with my food, but now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

MISS JENNY CHARTRAND, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ADY DIANA MANNERS is informing America that the younger generation of English aristocrats has thrown tradition to the winds and has begun to earn money. As an example she cites that Lady Rachel Byng has become a hare farmer. This seems an excellent way of combining good breeding with independence.

UP in Haverstraw, New York, is a picture theatre bearing the sign "Greater Movie Season—No Show This Week." The most confirmed of cynics must admit that occasionally the moving picture industry makes a step in the right direction.

AMONG the facts about Brooklyn which we happen to have at our fingertips is that it is the second largest Norwegian city in the world. Oslo, the capital of Norway, ranks first. Much as we admire Brooklyn, we are ready to admit that it comes second when compared with almost anything.

THE NEW YORKER is frankly tired of hearing American sportsmen and sportswomen on their return from Europe explaining why they failed to do whatever they were going to do. Miss Ederle complaining that her trainer refused to let her

continue the crosschannel swim is the latest example. We can't help but think of the man who first swam the channel, Captain Webb. After



he had swum it, he came over here to swim the Niagara rapids. He failed. But he had no alibi. He was drowned.



TIMES have unquestionably changed. There was a day when people of any pretense whatever kept a laundress. But in the last few



weeks we have heard several people of impeccable position stating that they can't get their dress shirts washed, and blaming the Tong War.

THE feat of Lieutenant Williams in flying at the rate of 302 miles an hour brings to New Yorkers the happy thought that some day it will be possible to come home from Boston in about forty minutes.

A^T last there is a corporation on Broadway acquiring the services of eminent authors for those advertisers who can display enough money to buy a bit of their fame. Among the literary lions who at this broker's behest will contribute a few roars for the Fall trade are Irvin S. Cobb, Rex Beach, Caroline Wells, Gelett Burgess, Ellis Parker Butler and Nina Wilcox Putnam. It is getting more and more difficult for a writing person to starve to death.

A BODY of indignant Britons is grumbling again about the American Dollar which, this time, is taking away from England Lord Leverhulme's superior collection of antique furniture and paintings. In defense we beg to say that Lord Leverhulme was Lux, that flakey soap which keeps our flimsies dainty, and which has taken so many millions of dollars out of American pockets and put them in Lord Leverhulme's. We

suppose there is no use in asking Englishmen to be anything but British. But the only remark about American money credited to his

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late Lordship was that he "didn't mind the dollar at all."

The Week

SRAEL ZANGWILL says American commercialism is ruining literature and Franz Molnar settles wife's suit by paying her thirty thousand dollars. Postmaster General New advises laying aside funds against Christmas and daylight saving is over for the time being. Mayor Curley of Boston censors "What Price Glory" and Police Commissioner Enright advocates universal finger-printing. Judge Gary advises that Golden Rule is best plan for business conduct and a Brooklyn butter-and-egg firm fails. Milwaukee Clearing House offers twentyfive hundred dollars for dead bandits and Babe Ruth joins Police Reserves. Episcopal Bishop says "obey" in marriage ceremony is nonsense and British courts are cluttered by three hundred poor applicants for the new fivepound divorces. George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells join society to raise standard of moving pictures and bullfighting, Madrid advises, is on the wane in Spain. Columbia professor deplores passage of unsound laws and Mayor Hylan appoints David Hirshfield a Magistrate. Prohibition, it is announced, has cost the country one hundred millions in appropriations for enforcement and President Coolidge issues statement deploring the nation's losses through fires.

Departures

WE see by our morning papers that Mr. John Murray Anderson is to direct thirty-six tabloid musicomedy curtain-raisers for the new Famous Players-Lasky super cinema theatres, and, at the same time, we hear that his Park Avenue Theatre will, in all probability, not make its bow before January, possibly later.

Three dozen productions will keep Mr. Anderson busy, which perhaps accounts for the postponement of the opening night in East Fifty-eight The building for the new Street. theatre has a background. It was the old German Conservatory of Music, and is remembered as the site bought by Mr. Gil Boag for a combined theatre and night club in which to star his wife, Miss Gilda Gray. Mr. Boag subsequently gave up the plan for the theatre when Miss Gray fared forth into moving pictures. Last March Mr. Anderson took over the site.

THE Park Avenue Theatre will be a tiny affair, two hundred and ninety-nine seats. Mr. Anderson's plans are interesting—dramas, musical comedies, a first John Murray Anderson Follies—each to have a limited run



in its birthplace, and then to expand to Broadway-if the box office line becomes long enough. But what is most appealing, beside the fact that audiences are not to be subscription, are the drawings for the interior of his diminutive play house. Reminiscent, it is to be, of the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. There will be a balconv of five miniature boxes, curtained, from each of which one will retire, through a leather-padded door, to a cosy anteroom where coffee is to be served between the acts-perhaps, also, before the curtain, which is never to rise before the continental hour of nine.

Mr. William Bottomley has done the designing. The walls of the house are paneled with mirrors, over which draperies are to drop noiselessly during the performances. Oyster-white and vermillion, mid-Victorian coloring, with Eighteenth Century iron work, all arranged with charmed simplicity. Thus one finds Mr. Anderson associated with pleasing departures in both the theatrical and the moving picture worlds. There is no telling what nice thing he may do next.

Accent

ONE thing about a Parisian accent: it is insidious, even in its effect on its possessor. You might ask at Hickson's for confirmation; or if you prefer, take it this way:

A lady entered Hickson's shortly after noon and attempted to make known her wants in what sounded like, and really was, perfect French. Unfortunately, those members of the sales force who spoke French were at luncheon. The lady continued to speak French, but presently, lapsed into English long enough to remark that she would conduct her business only in a civilized tongue. So, a messenger was dispatched to a restaurant nearby and a French-speaking sales person summoned hastily.

Thereafter, speaking French exclusively, the lady purchased six gowns.

And, having concluded her business in a civilized language, the Countess Salm, neé Miss Millicent Rogers, left the shop.

Moments

THIS being World's Series week, the story is apropos.

During the series last year, in Washington, a car drew up before the crowded parking space in front of the grounds.

"Can't get in here. Move along," ordered the policeman.

"But I'm Mrs. Walter Johnson," protested the lady within the car.

"Oh, in that case," said the policeman. He turned to the nearest of the row of cars. "Pull out of there," he ordered. But that car also held a lady, in addition to the chauffeur.

"This is General Pershing's car," the lady informed the limb of the law. "I'm one of the General's party."

"Pull out," the policeman ordered sternly. "Didn't you hear who this lady is. She's Mrs. Walter Johnson. Pull out and hurry up about it."

Aviation

COLONEL MITCHELL has done more than merely promote a Presidential Commission's Inquiry into Air Defense. He has succeeded, although perhaps unintentionally, in reviving interest in aviation as a whole, so that the forthcoming meet at Mitchel Field promises now to be an important event. At least, the list of names lent to sponsor the affair is definitely imposing, and the committee of direction reports optimistically.

Captain Pellitier d'Oisy, one of the great French aviators of the war, is to

pilot a light bombing plane, watched by three of his rival aces—Colonel William Bishop, R. A. F., Captain Rene Fonck, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

The Meadow Brook and the Creek clubs have planned entertainments for visitors; and among the list of box holders one finds such names as: Mr. Vincent Astor, Mr. Averill Harriman, Mr. Otto Kahn, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Elmer Sperry, Assemblyman Trubee Davison, Mr. George F. Baker, and Mr. Harry Guggenheim.

It will be New York's first really important aviation meet since 1920, when the combination of general

apathy and the unfortunate selection of Thanksgiving Day for the occasion resulted in the attendance being limited to a few chilled enthusiasts and a handful of bored official observers.

Morley

O LD MORLEY" still drives his dilapidated, low-necked hack, hunched on the blanket-draped box, a short, well-padded figure, reddish of face, enormously well-disposed towards life in general, but with that slightly waggish reservation which indicates that he knows what it is all about, is on the inside.

Morley has become exclusively Racquet Club property, and he exercises a fatherly protectorate over all its members... as an old pensioner perhaps he is subsidized; at least when he was ill last Winter he found his bills "taken care of," and little over which to worry his wise, old head.

He will never quote you a rate, Morley... "what you like, gentlemen." He is therefore always grossly overpaid. Never will he solicit custom by so much as a wave of the whip, but he seems possessed of an uncanny sense which tells him at once, as one comes out the door, whether one has need of him, and he gathers up the reins or leaves them fallen to nod pleasantly, as the manner of egress indicates.

Morley will take you anywhere, on the most meagre directions, and he will wait without end, often on his cwn initiative. This particularly for those last remnants of bachelor dinners. One instance, I remember, when I had driven joyously about town until three a. m. and had alighted at the Beaux Arts, dismissed and paid him. Coming out two hours later I found him still there. He vouchsafed no explanation, but took it for granted that it was in order for him to see that I reached home safely.

After one bachelor dinner or another, Old Morley has had about his neck the arms of practically every famous rounder of the city, embraced at the orthodox moment when the latter must mount to the box and drive himself... uncanny way of handling young gentlemen has Morley.

With all of Morley's paternalism, he is almost invariably the butt of friendly abuse. "You old scoundrel, Morley; rob us of our last penny, you will." Such he takes with easy humor, very much as *William*, the dear waiter of Shaw's play, "You Never

Can Tell." And like William, Morley moulds destinies.

As one drives down the Avenue behind him, old timers among the passing taxi drivers lean from their cabs and chuckle back at him and he smiles and wiggles a careless whip . . . mighty man that could ruffle Morley, the philosopher. Famous doormen who were bell hops when Morley was in first flush shake their heads at his longevity.

HOW well Morley recalls the days of our own empire when, at the end of our unsteady passages from the portals of George Rector's, we found his welcome fiacre at the curb like the celestial car of day, waiting to deliver us into the kindly hands of "Red" Smith at Jack's . . . or that night when we were overcome with love as the Goddess of Churchill's sang "Oh You Wonderful Girl" . . . when the strong arm squad of Eldorado waiters propelled us up the Long Flight and into the street . . . perhaps after a Saturday luncheon party at



THE ASTRONOMER

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the Knickerbocker's Armenonville, an act and a half late for our twentieth visitation upon "The Pink Lady"... and the numberless times when Paul beckoned quietly to Morley from the door that led to Sherry's bar and discreetly whispered that it was time for us to keep a vital appointment for dinner... Morley, king of cabmen and Silenus of a Bacchanal on wheels.

M R. George Jean Nathan has issued his Fall denials. Not true, he says, that he has sold his interest in the *American Mercury*. Not true that he has severed relations with Mr. Henry L. Mencken. Not true that he is going to Italy to write a novel. Not true that he is to write for the screen. Not true that he is married. Not true that he is to do daily dramatic criticism—only once a week, Sundays, for the *Morning Telegraph*, on a one-year contract. Not true that he issues denials.

Postponement

N EARLY everything and everybody that has ever had anything to do with Forty-second Street has had its place in the spotlight of the Fortysecond Street Centennial, except possibly the reason that the tremendous Mummer's parade, at one time announced as the opening feature for Monday, September 28, was not held.

Permission had been obtained from no less than Commissioner Enright (for the first time in history) to close Forty-second Street from Times Square to the Hotel Commodore. All the shows in town had promised that their principals and choruses would participate in costume, if any. Motion picture stars would be dragged from hiding and forced to let the public gaze upon them. The adding machine that was keeping count of the bands to be in line finally broke down under the strain. It looked like a big day.

It was then that the complication, which interfered with all these choice offerings, intervened . . . thus:

Final arrangements were being made at a "get-together" luncheon at the Astor and Chairman Albee was about to drop the gavel for adjournment when a small voice addressed the chair.

"Excuse it, Mr. Albee," it said, "but you should remember that Monday is September twenty-eighth?"

"Well?" said the Chairman.

"And that September the twentyeighth is Yom Kippur, the holiest of days, when eighty per cent of the people you count on for support will sit quietly at home, in strict observance."

This Music

ONE sees them everywhere, bands of thin youths armed with the black cases of their calling; cases for viol, for violin, for trumpet and for saxophone. They pile out of buses and taxicabs; they stand in groups each Saturday, waiting in our terminals for trains to take them to country clubs; they rush into the cloistered quiet of Park Avenue apartment houses. They are omnipresent, these youths who furnish the madder music for which hostesses are forever crying.

Season after season a new vogue is won by some master among their kind. It was Whiteman some years back, then Lopez, then Specht, and, last vear, Ben Bernie, who was first to wrest recognition from the lightfooted world through the medium of radio broadcasting. When they are established, these maestri form innumerable smaller orchestras labelled with their names and welded into shape under their batons, so that Long Island may have a dozen Whiteman orchestras over the same week-end and Westchester as many more under equally famous direction.

Not so widely known as those mentioned previously, but fully as popular as they for social functions, is the orchestra conducted by the energetic Miss Anna Burns, who, that she may lose no patronage owing to doubt as to the spelling of her name has it listed in the telephone directory twice, the second time as "Byrnes." She plays piano and directs as well at many a successful dance, her tremendously vital personality having gained her great favor.



THE NEW YORKER

Hostesses also turn for music to Eddie Davis, who disports betimes at the Club Lido, Whitstein of New Haven, whose vogue owes much to Yale, Markel, another collegiate favorite, the Commanders, out of Elsie Janis's show, the California Ramblers, and Lary Siry of the Ambassador.

No doubt there are many, many more, but these are the better known and will be most in demand until some youth with an odd sense of rhythm devises some fresh interpretation for the saxophone, or the fiddle.

Local Color

MR. NORMAN-BEL GEDDES is busy now with the details of his impending production of "Arabesque," a modern dramatic spectacle whose locale is Tunis.

In the course of the production, according to the dictates of the script, the desert Arabs play a native game with pebbles.

"Pebbles!" doubtfully exclaimed Mr. Geddes, when he first read this notation. "Pebbles are not visually dramatic. We'll make it chess."

But, then, the property man interposed when this change in his list was ordered, where was one to get Arab chessmen; what did they look like?

Nobody knew. Mr. Geddes deemed it best to summon one of the authors, Mr. Cloyd Head, who is an authority.

"There are no Arab chessmen," Mr. Head explained, drily. "Playing chess is forbidden by the Koran."

But the visually dramatic will not be denied; Koran or no Koran, it's going to be chess.

Prospect

THE long-delayed regeneration of Columbus Circle may be under way. Announcement of Mr. Hearst's and Mr. Ziegfeld's plans for building a new theatre thereon seems a fair indication that the graceful, sweeping hub of the city is not doomed forever to orangy-drink stands and buckwheat cake counters.

It was originally Mr. Hearst's notion to make the Circle his publishing center. There, were to be given to the waiting world the soul-tried heroines of Smart Set, the glittering fashions of Harper's Bazar, the gay infidelities of Cosmopolitan, and the screaming headlines of the dailies. The squat white triangle at the northern corner opposite the Park was the





beginning of a huge building, which crept only two stories towards the sky before its projector discovered that the city's zoning ordinances frowned on the prospect of cluttering that vicinity with the heavy motor trucks needed for publishing transport.

So the notion of a publishing center, if it did not actually die, grew wan. Now we have the prospect of a theatrical center in the Circle, which is a big improvement over the first idea.

And a project not without its mute justice. Mr. Hearst surely owes Columbus Circle something as retribution for the Maine Monument, for the erection of which his newspaper campaigns were responsible.

Art

THE best laid plans—and if you don't know any convenient mouse who will verify these gangings astray, there is Mr. Chandler Ross, the miniaturist, to tell you all about his log cabin, if only he can control himself long enough to do so.

This log cabin was to have been the log cabin of all Lake Placid; something for the Summer tourists to send home postcards about, and for the more permanent residents to discuss all the year round. Mr. Ross planned it carefully. Its interior was to be of rough, hand-hewn logs, with never the blemish of a saw-ridge on their faces.

To procure just the right logs, properly hewn, Mr. Ross made a tour of the lumber camps of New York State; and from them pushed on into deepest Canada and darkest Maine. They were shipped, in ones and twos and threes, to Lake Placid, where an expensive interior decorator was supervising the building. Presently, he sent word to the explorer of the woodlands that enough timber was at hand.

Aglow with the fine anticipation that his successful explorations justified, Mr. Ross returned. He entered his cabin, ready for the great gloat. There were his logs, all in place—and all carefully planed smooth and stained a gorgeous purple.

There is an epilogue. When Mr. Ross entered the cabin, the decorator was perched on a ladder, performing the finishing—as, indeed, they were touches. The ensuing explosion so rocked the surrounding country that he fell from his ladder and sustained a broken leg.

Paterfamilias

FOR the present season and perhaps for many to come, Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut will bow to audiences in the Bronx, for his son, Joseph, has financed for him a converted nickelodeon in that region where Zionism flourishes so well. This playhouse, lately opened, is called "Our Theatre."

It was a nice gesture on the part of Schildkraut, Minor, thus to provide a home for the artistic enterprises of Schildkraut, Major.

When Joseph Schildkraut, a comparative unknown, was chosen by the Theatre Guild for "Peer Gynt," his father's dramatic library furnished the annotated script which Mansfield himself had used in preparing the rôle; and the elder lavished on his son the long labors of coaching which made it possible for the youth to write his name on dramatic history.

Those who saw Rudolph Schildkraut, in the times when he was young from the direction of Professor Reinhardt, possess, they say, a treasure of artistic memory such as the present does not furnish. He is still a consummate artist and his great ambition is to play "King Lear."

This dream may be realized, but for the time Rudolph Schildkraut will labor in the small Bronx house—and the younger will have Broadway to himself.

Last Nights

AFTER all these years of denouncing our friend, the printer, we discover him this week pointing a gleeful finger at our First Night resumé, published just seven days ago. "Mr. Sam Harris," he remarks, "allots tickets for his openings with a Social Register at his elbow? Perhaps you have never heard of Mr. William Harris?" And in vain did we inform him it was William we meant when our nimble pen slipped.

We did, however, have the satisfaction of telling him that he neither knew how to spell Mr. Irving Berlin's name, nor enough to follow the lettering we set down for it, which was even as we have it now.

-The New Yorkers

Heroes of the Week



CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN —Who, although the staple dinner topic of the civilized world is the great depths of tragedy that underlie his comedy, and in spite of the fact that someone begs him on an average of once every fifteen minutes to play "Hamlet," continues to make pictures which are, in the main, hilariously funny.





JULES BRULATOUR—Who won another battle in his life-long war to keep his wife's (Miss Hope Hampton's) picture out of the public prints the other day when the Steamship Paris brought the Brulatours and the French Debt Commissioners into port. M. Caillaux kindly aided Mr. Brulatour in his modest purpose.



WILLIAM H. ANDERSON—Who, after what he did to the public, has asked that it donate \$45,000 (the price of about 700 cases from bootleggers or nearly a thousand from federal agents if you know one) to pay his debts. A large portion of the public has written in to say that it will cheerfully donate an expensive lake full of nice, fresh water for Mr. Anderson to jump in.



SELAH B. SIRONG—Who, although a Justice of the Supreme Court, has had the courage to say, "I do not believe in awarding alimony unless there is good and sufficient reason for it," thus striking at the very roots of the second largest all-female industry and rudely disturbing the rest of a number of idle ladies. May the judge never die till we kill him!



GERTRUDE EDERLE—Who, although she did not reach the goal in her recent try at swimming the Channel, apparently came near enough to the shores of the Tight Little Isle to absorb some of the true British sportsmanship that we read about in the papers. Miss Ederle is reported as laying full blame for her failure upon the shoulders of her trainer.

MISUNDERSTOOD AMATEURS



amateurs. I do not say this in the spirit of one of those Americans with his nose made retroussé by constant turning up

Nat the country's defects, its culture, its arts, etc.—if any. Nor do I say it in any spirit of jingoism. I make the statement as a matter of fact, tinged with a little pride.

Let us start with the childish game of marbles. The boy who would not play for keeps, of course, was an amateur, but he was looked down upon by the other little boys on the block. The boy who would not play for keeps lacked the spirit of adventure. When he grew up, he was almost certain to turn out a draft dodger.

The National Pastime is no amateur game. The spirit of amateurism is not in it. As I recall the days of the back lots whenever there was a game involving any real competition, the players on each side chipped in ten cents apiece. The winning team took the entire dollar and eighty cents. As it was in reality gambling money, it usually was spent in frivolous fashion. Easy come, easy

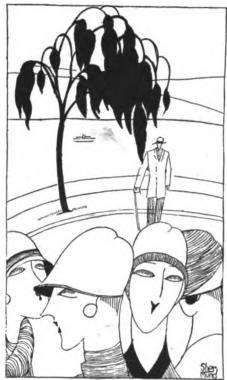
There is not an amateur baseball player in the United States over the age of ten years. Our collegiate baseball players are professionals, petty professionals, but professionals certainly, if the definition of a professional is one who plays or has played for monetary gain.

The national trend away from amateurism started even before we were a nation. There was Braddock, the gentleman-sportsman-general who insisted in leading his redcoats in solid formation through the open country against the French and Indians who tnew what camouflage meant even in the days before it was written into the English-American dictionaries. George Washington, who had become a professional, and who had lost his amateur standing as a fighter through association with the Indian, who was an out and out pro when it came to fighting, advised the amateur general, Braddock, against using amateur methods in an open tournament.

But General Braddock insisted upon keeping the amateur standing of

E are not a nation of his army. He escaped with that and nothing else. British troops also had trouble with the Boers longer than they should because of their passion for amateurism even in warfare.

> It all seems to depend upon the point of view. If you were to walk up to Mr. William Tilden, 2nd, and tell him that his conduct resembled that of a professional, he would bring



his racquet smartly down upon your skull. If you should tell Mr. Jack Dempsey that he was acting like an amateur, he would forget Estelle for the moment and sock you on the chin, as he so quaintly puts it.

The men's singles champion in tennis makes his living out of literature and the drama, silent or spoken. There are those who are ungenerous enough to insinuate that the arts have offered him these opportunities merely because he is a great tennis player. This is unfair. Tilden's genius could not have been hidden. Al Woods and David Wark Griffith would have found him anywhere. Try as it will, Obscurity can not keep Genius down even if it sits on its neck.

The women's singles tennis champion also has gone in for literature, and the catty ones are making what would be called cracks, if we were on the dear old alma mater's team. talking of one of the frankly profes- Even worthy young men working

sional sports. These cracks, as they call them, are unjustified.

I am quite sure that, even if Miss Helen Wills did not know a racquet from a skillet, somebody in the Hearst service would have found her out, Mr. Brisbane, Mr. Koenigsberg or Mr. Ray Long. They would say, "There is a young girl at the University of California who is a combination of Elinor Glyn and George Elliot. We must have her writing for the Hearst Syndicate. Let her write tennis or something of the sort for us." These insinuations are made by persons whose tennis and literary styles are mediocre.

I notice that they have started to muckrake the collegiate football situation again. Insinuations are being made to the effect that old grads are hiring good football prospects for the dear old alma mater.

I know the inside, as they say, of one case that was pointed out to me. An old grad of a certain college, visiting the Middle West, came upon a very deserving young man with a thirst for knowledge. This old grad was certain that this young man would be best served at his own dear old alma mater and that when graduated he would be a credit to the same.

He investigated the young man and found that he was working his way through the Middle West college and that the job he held was paying him only seventy dollars a month. The philanthropic young man wired certain authorities in his alma mater and asked if something could not be done for that deserving young man. He got a reply in a few hours. Something certainly could be done for such a deserving case.

The worthy young man was given transportation to the alma mater and a job that paid him three hundred dollars a month. It consisted of winding up a grandfather's clock every evening excepting Sundays, when another worthy young man attended to the chore.

It was a mere coincidence that this young man thus aided weighed a triffe over two hundred pounds, and that he could make a hundred yards through a broken field in about ten seconds flat, and that he became a half back

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their way through college must have recreation.

The philanthropic old grad would have done the same thing for any worthy young man even if he were not athletic. It is strange, however, that so few young men of inferior physique really are worth helping through college. But that is no reason why a lot of people should make insinuations about old grads who want to help young men through college.

Some are born amateurs or gentlemen sportsmen. Others become amateurs and gentlemen sportsmen for business reasons. For instance, an amateur golf champion can get sound tips on the market, also highly lucrative employment that might not come

his way, even if he followed all of the advice of Polonius and Arthur Brisbane.

Many a tired business man with a socially ambitious wife is forced into becoming a gentleman sportsman. He has to buy a racing stable. It is expensive, but it has served to crash the social gates.

There are some who will ask, "What is the difference between an amateur golfer or an amateur tennis player who gets jobs and perquisites that he might not otherwise get and an out and out professional?" Such persons do not understand the true spirit of amateurism. Neither do I.

The A. A. U. is constantly at work examining the expense accounts of the

amateur runners, but nothing ever comes of it. This is because the practical definition of amateurism seems to hold true.

"An amateur athlete," according to this definition, "is one who will not take checks." They find it under the pillow.—W. O. McGEEHAN

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PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR

Suit by Form-Fit—Shoes by I. Miller —Hat by Geltwasser—Collar by Troy, N. Y.—Shirt by Isenberg—Spats by Piccadilly, Inc.—Gestures by the Zephyr Windmill Co.—Voice by Magnavox Co. —Head by Portland Cement Co.—Torso by God—Brains by Waterbury Watch Co. —Death by Justifiable Homicide.

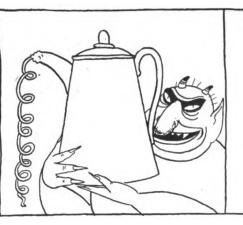
---LEONARD HALL

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Writer of No Mean Ability Dies of D. T's."—Daily Newspaper



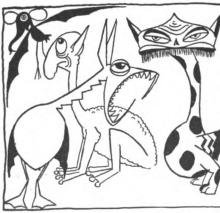
MINOR poet Percy Myer, meant to be the nation's pride, ably plucked the lyric lyre; furthermore he had a bride.



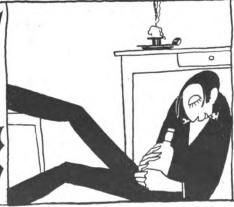
This container, not intended as an instrument of sin, was by Percival amended, now the devil looks within.



Untold were the quarts and gallons dripping from this poison well, Percival was in the talons of the delegate from hell.



Soon his bride beside his grieving mother learned the tragic news that their loved one was perceiving animals of many hues.



Poor benighted Percy Myer, did it pay to be a rake? Yesterday he did expire chased by the magenta snake.



Silent Clotho's nimble fingers spin the thread of life through years. But her sombre sister lingers with her ever ready shears. —HANS STENCEL





A New Yorker Who Sings



Reinald Yorkers, Werrenrath from Brooklyn. with

U. and later, both bear the stigma of coming from well-to-do people. Also, of having been exceedingly well brought up. There was a garret in the Werrenrath home, but the future baritone did no starving in it. On the contrary, he ate several apples a day in it, thus keeping any amount of doctors away. Also, when he tried to duck going to college, he was firmly sent there by a maternal parent who had her own views.

He looks New York. In fact, when he is ready to step on the concert stage he suggests that popular magazine page, "What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing." He knows a lot of languages, but he talks New Yorkese. Add to this that he lives in the Bronx, that he is married and has three children, and the sum total of his offences against the onetime preconception of a Great Musician is pretty well complete.

On the other hand he is not any of these things-by themselves. He drives three temperaments abreast, but none of them ever gets away unless he wants them to. There is Werrenrath the Artist, musician like his father before him; there is Werrenrath the Analyst, cool and logical; and there is "Weary," who is just plain Urchin.

If he has a pose, it is that he hasn't any pose. Hence, when the Urchin is uppermost, he adores to say the kind of things you wouldn't expect a Great Musician to. Last winter, a girl, a friend of his, met him in the lobby of Carnegie Hall at the Philharmonic and said: "I've just been getting my seats for your concert on Sunday."

IKE most born New cheerfully, "Aw, you make me sick!" But Mr. Werrenrath would no more hails make a remark of that sort to the He wrong person, or in the wrong place, and Deems Taylor, than he would wear on the stage of whom he Carnegie Hall the mussed white chummed at N. Y. tennis pants and the open collared shirt can hear them) that "He's such a dear



Reinald Werrenrath

that delight his soul when he mooches around at a Long Beach house party or up at "Stevie's" (Percy Rector Stephens's) camp in the Catskills.

Werrenrath the Coolly Logical believes in suiting things. He said once: "Suit your delivery to your song. You wouldn't wear your golf togs into a ballroom, would you?" And he likes telling about how an old aunt of his once explained to him at a susceptible age, that there are good reasons why houses are divided into different rooms, and that while you did and said certain things in the kitchen, you did and said certain others in the parlor. And so on. This sense of the fitness of He beamed down at her and remarked things may be one of the reasons why,

while Werrenrath the Urchin revels at times in the unconventional, the same dear old ladies beam at him over their diamonds year after year from the same boxes. And why, going down the stairs, they tell each other (you

boy. Oh, yes, my dear, I knew his mother well. And Deems Taylor's mother, too. Isn't Deems a sweet boy?"

In the greenroom, it is true, the Urchin suffers the agonies known only to the strong man who is being gushed over. Go up to him and say, as many do, "Oh, Mr. Werrenrath, you were so wonderful! Do you know how wonderful you were in that last encore?" And he asks: "Then what am I to say? I feel like a blame fool. If I say yes, the report goeth forth that Werrenrath has the swelled head. If I say no, I'm lying. Because I know as well as you do when I've sung well."

"Katey" Spaeth once drew up a lovely list of "Answers to Greenroom Queries" and sent it to him. If a questioner asked him, for instance: "How does it make you feel to sing all those beautiful things?" (oh, yes, he gets even more terrible ones than that

often) he was to turn to Answer No. 14, "Well, you see, I just put my Or if they whole soul into them." came at him with: "Mr. Werrenrath, aren't you perfectly exhausted after a concert like this?" he should file Answer No. 9, "Dear lady, it never wears me out to sing for my audiences. I love them too much." . . . Werrenrath chortled. Then for about half an hour he had a perfectly beautiful time, fitting the wrong answers to the right questions. That is the sort of thing he enjoys.

There was a woman, once, that called him up just as he was starting for a train, and wanted him to hold the wire while her husband hummed

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into it the tune of a song she had just composed. Did he once hear the melody, said she, he'd use it on his programs. "Weary" finally thought somebody, not improbably Frank Adams, was having fun with him. But no, the song came next day. "And need I say," he inquires, "that it was rotten?" But he didn't get excited, not even when he was standing first on one foot and then on the other trying to get his composer friend to ring off. One thinks of the Latin temperament under circumstances like that.

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But Mr. Werrenrath has a satirical side that is somewhat fearsome at times; the futile and the sensitive alike wriggle a little in its path. His so serenely ultimate "Lightweight!" or "Ivory above the neck!" disposes of a good deal . . . and of a good many.

Werrenrath the Artist has his intensities, his agonies, his prejudices, and as hotly as any Latin of them all. They are manifest, however, in other ways than by throwing a fit of temperament on the stage or back in the greenroom. "No, that sort of thing doesn't get you anywhere," says Werrenrath the Cool, and it rarely happens. His sympathies, for his friends especially, are tremendously strong, but even these are seldom allowed to sway his judgment. Yet the Artist crops out, now and again. One little sign: Most men and all women are privileged to call him "Weary," if they want to, after the second meeting. They do it anyhow. Men whose

acquaintance with him at N. Y. U. was limited to hearing his name at roll call, if any, "Weary" him all over the place. But, man or woman, don't you think you can call him "Reinald," unless he asks you to. That is his mother's name for him; and a very, very few others.

He hates Beethoven, so he says. At college he decided that "Beethoven was all right when he had it; but he lost it young." So he organized an Anti-Beethoven Association which by and by Huneker and Leonard Liebling joined. Harold Bauer, president of the rival, the Beethoven, organization, is much amused thereby. Sagaciously, he probably sees in it something of Werrenrath the Urchin, making a long nose at something he really doesn't hate much. One notices that last Winter, for instance, Werrenrath sang at the Beethoven Association concert. It might be because the Beethoven is getting to be like the Browning Societies, which consider every poet but Browning!

It would be amusing to visualize the various Reinald Werrenraths getting a song ready. Werrenrath the Artist is carried away. He wants to pour his soul into a phrase, or note. Whereon Werrenrath the Logician says, "Wait a minute, wait a minute! . . . Not too much of the emotion thing . . ." And so the result of the two temperaments' conflict comes to be something so exactly lovely that the intelligentsia, even, listening, get the well-known and justly celebrated

choke in the throat, hearing him sing "Pale Hands I Loved." . . Which they would lynch anyone else for doing to them. Why, Werrenrath can sing "The Lost Chord" to organ accompaniment and get away with it! And "Punchinello," too; than which there is nothing thanwhicher.

One of the nicest things about Werrenrath is his attitude towards other musicians. Nearly all of his greatest friends are in his own profession. That says a lot. And a happening like this may account for it: there was a singer who was doing considerable work in Werrenrath's own line and Werrenrath, in an aisle seat, was listening at a recital. This man as a rule sang unusually well but that was an off day. Or, at least, so some of Werrenrath's friends thought. As some of them passed his seat on their way out they indicated their opinion to Werrenrath. Not in loud voices, but still unmistakably. Werrenrath was furious . . . "It isn't only the vulgarity of it," he afterward told several of them whom he sought out, "it's the pettiness that it makes me seem capable of. If I can't keep my face shut about another man's work I can stay away from his concerts."

Not calculating, although cool; not vicious despite temperament; not cruel or consciously dominant for all his gaminerie — Urchin, Analyst and Artist in one. Or, as his press agent once said, "Not so much an American singer, as an American institution."

-CLARE PEELER

OF ALL THINGS

NOW Liberty is offering a \$1,000 prize weekly for the best example of American heroism. The first dividend belongs, of course, to Secretary Kellogg who, single-handed, saved our government from overthrow by Saklatvala.

But for the Secretary of State's action St. Petersburg, Florida, would by this time be called Leningrad.

The only thing that worries us is that England may retaliate by making us keep our Congressmen at home.

President Richmond of Union College tells the freshmen that the legs and minds of modern youth have been weakened by ease. We gather that the student of today is all right in the center but wabbly at the extremities. Something helpful should be done about these weak ends. Pretty soft for Washington! When it is tired keeping cool with Coolidge it can keep warm with Mitchell.

Something tells us that when the aircraft inquiry is finished, we shall be asked for larger appropriations for the army and navy. This is the kind of story that always has an unhappy ending.

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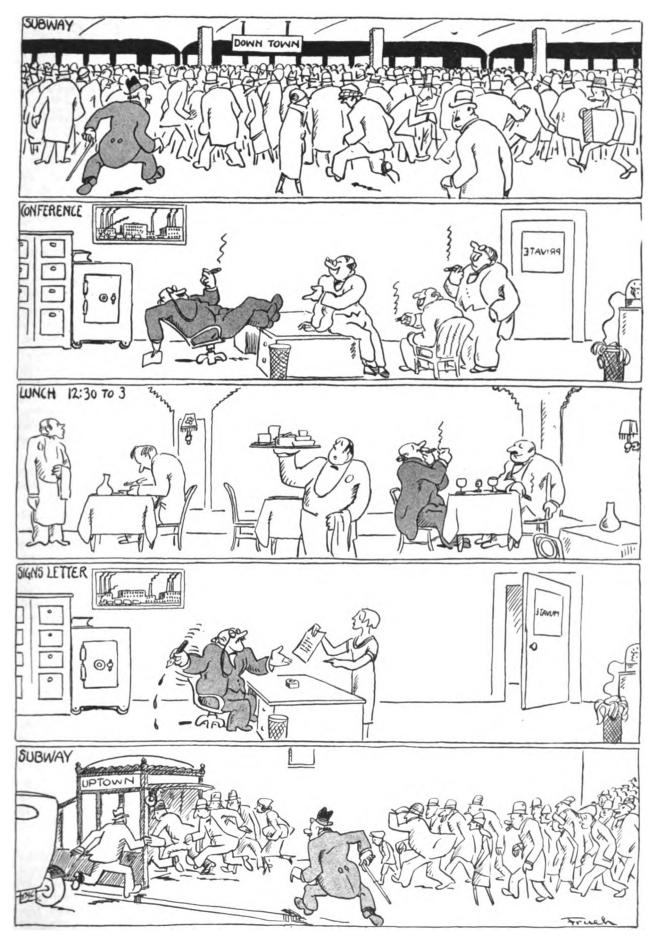
The dispute between Britain and Turkey sounds complicated, but if you go to the bottom of the Mesopotamian mess you will strike oil. When a weak people has something that a strong one needs, quarrels will be provided by the management. By a simple process of reverse English, raw material is war material.

When M. Caillaux finishes that other little job, he might try his hand at funding the debt of William H. Anderson. Our own admiration for Mr. Waterman is vast, though possibly negative in character. He never advertised a pen for the big-fisted, red-blooded he-man.

Strenuous efforts are now being made to revive our love for the Constitution. But it isn't the Constitution that bothers people so much as the buy-laws.

Analysis of the income tax returns for 1924 shows that the average Republican Senator paid fifteen times as much tax as the average Democratic Senator, while in the House the score was ten to one in favor of the G. O. P. This teaches us the melancholy result of getting crowded away from the pie counter. Meals are not being worn square in Democratic circles these days.

-Howard, Brubaker



THE BUSY BUSINESS MAN'S DAY

THESE MOVIE HEROES



The Envious Retired Iowa Banker and the Movie Leading Men

HE movie heroes of Hollywood are in social session following the usual dinner of ducks at the club, three dark, handsome young men. Dark ones are the rage this season, but these young men carry few of the delusions of youth. They know that any moment the blond Nordic may supplant them. Meanwhile, they may eat ducks.

Envious ones regard them in passing. The fatted banker heaves, thinking of his own youth, which occurred before movies were invented.

"Young-and sittin' on top o' the world," sighs the fatted banker, whose own youth was consumed tediously cultivating the ephemeral corn that grows in Iowa.

"Gee!" sighs the fatted banker. "Some life them guys must lead."

HE movie heroes yawn and look at jeweled wrist watches.

"What'll it be to-night, boys?" asks Ray.

"We might go up to my room, cut the telephone wires, lock the door, leave word that we are out of town and get drunk," suggests Jack, hopefully.

"I'm getting tired of getting drunk," spits Ron. "Aside from the monotony of it, there's the danger."

"Yes, the danger," they reflect.

"Still we could be careful about it," insists Jack.

"Count me out," says Ron, decisively. "I almost got mine the other day. Woman in a Ford coupé ran

me down on the Avenue. I was going eight miles an hour, close to the curb. It cost me a thousand. Better a grand than headlines in the paper."

Across the room the fatted banker droops over a table while he wags his wattled head and mutters:

"Young devils. Drinkin' and drivin' fast cars. Look at me. I got the dough, but Gee-zus, I got it too late!"

HE movie heroes shift irritably. "Little mah jong?" insinuates

Ray. "Shut up, damn you!" flings Jack. "Well, you name it."

"Have you thought of using a disguise?"

"Yes, but it won't work. We might disguise ourselves and go out to the beach and ride the merry-go-round. But some sap would be sure to see us. And when we were found out oh, boy, what a row!"

"There's a special lecture at the Christian Science church. Do you think we could go to that?"

"Our presence would be misconstrued."

They sink deeper into the stuffed chairs. Presently Jack opens his eyes.

"How long has it actually been since you fellows kissed a girl? The truth, now."

"Oh! Let's see. With me it has been a year-no, it's been two years. Ever since Will Hays put the vice clause in our contracts.'

"It's been two years for me, too." "Same here," finishes Jack.

The banker, flicking cigar ashes into the rug, eyes them with envy.

"I bet they're talkin' about their scrapes now," he mutters. "What a life fer a young feller with the looks -and the money, too."

→HE movie heroes fall back desperately on each other's society.

"We might get married," laughs Ron, to make conversation.

"I'm not Chaplin," sneers Ray. "And, by the way, I almost had to recently," Jack continues.

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"I made the mistake of attending a society ball at the home of a prominent burgher. I might have got away with that, but I was feeling reckless. I made a grave misstep."

"What?"

"I danced twice with one of the girls."

"My God!"

"Yes. Next morning I realized what I had done. But it was too late. The lawyer got me on the telephone at 10:30. I got out pretty easy, though. It's only going to cost me five thousand a year for five years."

"Well, all I can say is, you're a fool for luck."

"So say I. It's a wonder they didn't make you marry the girl."

"Don't seem right to me," mutters the fatted banker. "Them guys never worked or nothin'. And they got everything. They got youth, good looks, lots o' dough and-just t' think -any woman on earth would fall for them guys."-Don RYAN

IN THE NE₩S

These Tabloids

O N A showery Summer's afternoon, some six years ago (which is rather a deceptive opening for a distinctly tragic tale) a shadow no larger than the thumb and forefinger of a man's left hand appeared upon the faintly saffron horizon of American journalism.

Light laughter and a few discreet boos greeted the apparition, which was credited at the moment as merely another and deplorable excrescence of the war. This morning, however, that foolish little cloud has grown until it hangs over the American press like a pall. Not quite like a pall, either, for such light as creeps through it is not a sedate gray, but the bright hue of ochre. And by its reflections, the American newspaper is discerned to be suffering from a pronounced jaundice.

The subject of this harangue, as vou may have divined, is that remarkable phenomenon, the daily tabloid: the stunted, picture-filled publication which you have read over the shoulders of divers blondes, etc., in the subway. Three distinct species are daily exposed for sale upon the newsstands of New York: the Daily News, the Daily Mirror, and the Evening Graphic. I have confined my research, for the purposes of this discourse, to the two first named, since Mr. Macfadden's product (the Graphic) does not openly claim to be a newspaper, confining itself rather to the spreading of a particular propaganda. In addition, it baffles me, and I am always slightly uneasy in any discussion of its virtues. I am not sure, yet, whether it is the most grotesque fungus which ever attached itself to the press, or whether it is the most subtle commercial stroke yet contrived by a man of amazing resourcefulness. Very probably it is both.

The Daily News, foster child of the Chicago Tribune, was the first tabloid in this country. It, indeed, was the unpretentious little cloud which invoked the laughter of 1919. But, contrary to the fixed opinion of the loyal little band of 1,000,000 who constitute its clientele, the News is not a product of American ingenuity and invention. It originated, where the Athenaeum and Addison's Spectator originated, in London.

There is perhaps something prophetic in the original conception and noble ideal of the tabloid newspaper. The idea first manifested itself as a "convenient sized journal, edited by women for women." It was crowded with domestic hints, innocuous and tardy pictures of current events, and lengthy stories written from the woman's viewpoint. The venture was a pronounced flop. And the notion probably would have died with the valedictory issue had not that very issue fallen into the hands of Lord Northcliffe's brother. That impish prank of destiny may be blamed for all that has followed.

The final copy of the "Woman's Paper" had hardly been used to wrap up a pair of cobbled shoes before



Lord Northcliffe flung upon the streets of London the first real tabloid, the London Daily Mirror. But it was not so bad. Of course it shocked the readers of the Mail and the Times. But Englishmen have never had the fervor for crime which distinguishes our gracious countrymen. And the original Mirror valiantly engaged to present the real news of the day. Scandal was there, naturally. As long as the Earl B's and Mr. A's allow their secrets to get out England will lend an ear. But the *Mirror* balanced its news between scandalmongery and affairs of the Empire.

With the success of the Mirror, there burgeoned the Daily Sketch, the Graphic, and one or two minor tabloid dailies. And circulations began to mount astoundingly.

Still, America was unmoved. It seemed preposterous that England could invent a money-making enterprise which was worthy of copying. And this attitude might still be smugly held this side the Atlantic, despite the 2,500,000 daily circulation of the London Mirror, had it not been for the machinations of a shrewd gentleman, by name George d'Utassy. At the time of his great idea, Mr. d'Utassy was one of the canny company which William Randolph Hearst always has seemed able to enlist. He was, to be exact, the visiting manager of Mr. Hearst's London magazine, and once in two or three months he would sail across to do a bit of managing.

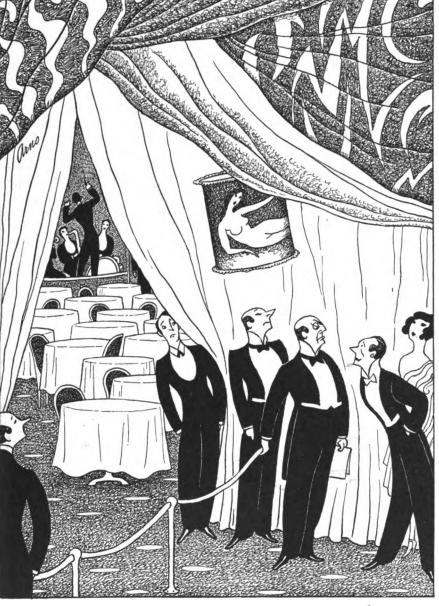
On one such visit, toward the close of the war, it came upon him with the force of a thunderclap that this tabloid proposition was something like! He hurried home. And in the great man's cabinet, he laid down his suggestion for the inauguration of an American counterpart to the great London success. He was given the cold shoulder.

Despondent, that gentleman strolled through Central Park, encountering by the merest chance, a titled representative of the Chicago Tribune. In a burst of confidence, the Hearst man explained his big idea—largely because he just had to tell somebody. To his surprise the idea met a response. Conferences began to follow one another with breath-taking speed. And before he knew what had happened, Mr. d'Utassy was consulting director of the New York Daily News, at a salary of his own naming.

Those early days are somewhat pathetic to look back upon. The *Daily News* arranged with the *Evening Mail* to print upon the latter's presses during the night. Two reporters were hired. A commercial photographer was placed under contract to make pictures where, and if possible, when ordered. And with no







"Couldn't you please squeeze us in somehow, captain?"

ture Newspaper leaped upon the scene. section be wrapped about the Sunday For ten months there was complete failure. Not a line of advertising appeared in the paper. Its news was stale and badly edited. The pictures were generally bought out of photographers' stocks.

Then, with no more rhyme or reason than motivates the actions of a Mayor Hylan, the paper was a success. Circulation figures began to double themselves. New York had caught ting, therefore, that he should carry the notion. Things like this happened: In 1921, the circulation of vulgarity toward which the News had the Daily News was 485,000, but the never striven. The News, however, Sunday News was selling only about wary of its first opponent in the field, ing business; and they are growing 225,000 copies. An obscure sub- caught up the challenge, and the battle fast.--MORRIS MARKEY

heralding whatever, New York's Pic- editor suggested that a colored comic edition, and it was done. In three weeks, the Sunday circulation had more than doubled itself.

It only remained then for Hearst, bitter with chagrin, to trail along. And he started the Mirror. Once before, Hearst had demonstrated his ability to pilfer another's thunder when, with his Journal, he out-Pulitzered Pulitzer. It was only fitthe Mirror to heights of audacious amusingly diffuse and shrewdly based

E NEW YORKER

for the guerdon of Minnie Fish, fastreading ribbon clerk, was on.

The Mirror has not cut, to any considerable extent, into the circulation of the News. It has grown to a healthy 300,000 while the News, with its 1,000,000 and more daily patrons, continues to be the most widely read daily journal in the hemisphere discovered, after certain hardships, by Christopher Columbus. But while the Mirror failed to win any circulation battles, it has thrilled its select circle of readers with a menu of fantastic and flaming rubbish which gives it every right to sniff contemptuously toward its rival.

But the tabloids have their subtleties. It required a triple cunning, for example, for one tabloid to get its big beat in the old days when a certain clergyman's affairs were being stewed in the prints. The beat was registered when two enterprising reporters for two days employed wiles, bribes and coercion in the attempt to have the Rev. Dr.'s housemaid sign an incriminating affidavit, directed at the rector's character. And, more recently, was it not a tabloid that printed a lengthy, signed interview with the murderer Noel's mother, which the distracted woman vehemently denied in every other paper of the city?

And perceive the gaudy cerebration which resulted in the crusade made by one of these publications to drive Harry Thaw out of New York.

But, after all, it is a very simple thing to estimate the performance of the tabloids: With unction and spurious gravity, they disclose slave rings which are at best nebular; they prowl among the unhappy memories of victims who, by a certain twist, may be romanticized; they employ such items of the news as seem suited to their purpose as pegs upon which to hang breathless suggestions of unsuspected deviltry; they gird on their armor for ringing crusades upon matters that are trivial; they play upon the prurience of their handmade audience with any instrument that comes to hand, and upon their cupidity with stupidly opulent contests; they are unrestrained in the publication of gruesome photographs; they hold it old-fashioned to attempt the recording of the actual news; they publish editorials which are upon trifling matters; they are the biggest money makers in the publish-

CROSSTOWN

river.

Forty-second Street and Twelfth Avenue. Egress. To Sandy Hook boats; Hudson River Day Line; West Shore R. R.; the Weehawken Ferry. Dominant industry of the region, that of getting Jerseyites out of New York in the evening and back again in the morning-as between good and evil, a 50-50 proposition. Trolley cars, motor cars and commuters eddy indiscriminately about the quay.

Eleventh Avenue: The West Shore Hotel and a traffic policeman, the latter somewhat resented by the truck drivers. Eleventh Ave. their street with some trivial competition by the New York Central Railroad tolerated to make it interesting. The West Shore Hotel imparts a tone and tendency: West Shore Tailor, the work The West we do looks like new. Shore Barber, F. Russo. The West Shore Lunch, beef stew fifteen. H. Glauberman going out of business.

The Ninth Avenue frontier. United Cigar Store on the New York side of the line. Dr. Baron, Surgeon; Dentist; X-Ray; Gas; Novocaine; Gold, Silver, and Porcelain Fillings; Weekly Payments; Roofless Plates; Sanitary Bridgework; Entrance Around the Corner. The Holy Cross Academy. The Mosaic Tile Company.

Eastward from Eighth: Orange drink. A. Schulte. Loew's American, Wallack's, Eltinge, et cetera. Stein's Makeup. Automat. **Jack's** Lobster Palace. One of the distinguishing marks of the American continent: "Abie's Irish Rose." Shooting gallery. Pitchman: "I have all the latest popular recitations for a dime. 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' "The Girl in the Blue Velvet Gown."

Seventh Avenue, Broadway and Forty-second. Six sesquipedalian vistas, no two alike. Kaleidoscopic. Phantasmagoric. Changing, changeless. Orange drink. Tyson Co. Liggetts Times Square, so sorry to be late but the expresses were not run- Rialto Theatre and Barber Shop, 20 barbers. J. Gumpel & Son, Best Value in Town. Green cars, red cars, Chinatown bus, leaving right away. Goldstone Bros., Diamonds. Special \$1,585. Came from Fifth Avenue and cost \$2,250. Aeolian radio towers.

Knickerbocker grill, we'll talk that

FERRY slip; and a street arab over at lunch. People. Simpson's. under the wheels of red taxicabs. is throwing pebbles into the People. Coral Gables. People. Ride in the Open Air.

Bryant Park being made useful as a subway roof. City Property Post No Bills Powers Kennedy Construction Corporation. Fleischman Baths. The great emporium of Stern Brothers. Dr. William Pinkus, the Library.

Forty-second and Fifth. Symmetrical. Romance: the air mail boxred, white and blue. The Royal Tailors, World's Greatest Clothes Value, \$30. All Along the Avenue, Chesterfield Cigarettes. Schultes. United. Rogers Peet.

Fifth to Madison to Vanderbiltthe via sacra of the Westchester commuters, ending in-

The Grand Central Station, circumscribed by a zone of chaos which a 24-hour-a-day nonstop miracle prevents from achieving the progressive depopulation of Manhattan Island

Pershing Square. Where, please? Lexington Avenue, the brink. Silvercraft Clothes. Fire Sale.

Third Avenue. Ride in the Open Air. Pitchman: "Who'll be the next to take home one of the two dollar radium tipped fountain pens for twenty-five cents?"

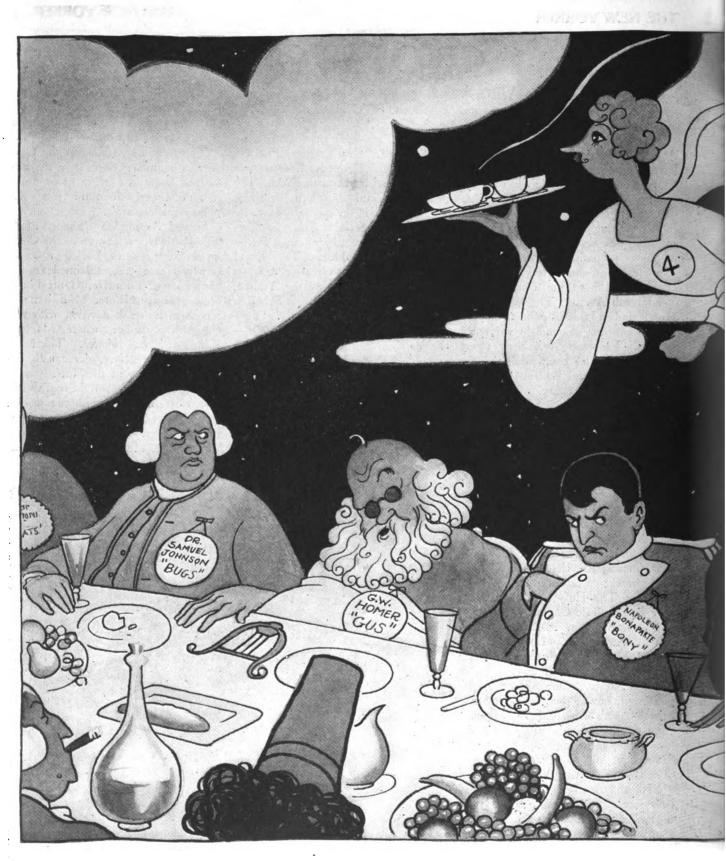
Second Avenue to Prospect Place. The Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, ivy grown. Facing rows of surprised mansions, reclaimed from a generation of slum life. Genteel brick reds, greens, yellows. But none so rococo as the pink pavilion with turquoise blue sashes, where Marjorie Rambeau lives. Silence. The hardworking East River, decorously distant, at the foot of the bluff.

But a radio's spires on the roof vouchsafe vicarious touch with the world; and a street arab is throwing pebbles into the river.---MARQUIS JAMES



"Good-by Sadie, where'll I meet you?" "Oh, in the Hotel Astor lobby as usual, dearie,"





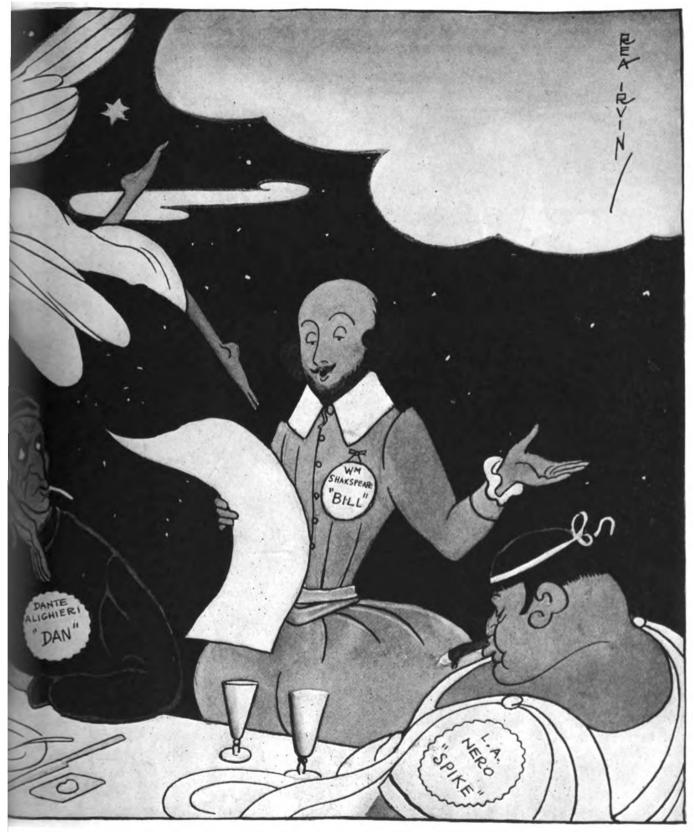
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THE WEEKLY LUNCHEON OF THE CELESTIAL ROTAL



UB-THE ALL-ETERNITY LEADERS IN THEIR LINE.

"BILL" READS A POEM AS FOLLOWS:

THE BEULAH BOOSTERS

ROTARIANS all we pledge ourselves to Beulahland so fair. It's like you will I am sure not find anywhere, With its wealth of entertainment and climate so rare About it we are enthusiastic is what I declare.





HE TOLD US SO

"Arms and the Man" at the Guild Theatre

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne doing one of the best little jobs of their careers (or has it definitely become career?) as Captain Bluntschli and Raina Petkoff in the Theatre Guild's production of "Arms and the Man."

It is obvious that Shaw wrote this comedy in 1894 to prove that he knew then as much about war as his colleagues would be able to learn from the last one.

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---R. B.



The Theatre

G EORGE S. KAUFMAN, the literate will be able to discover for themselves by consulting page one, is an Advisory Editor of THE NEW YORKER. George S. Kaufman, the theatrical advertisements proclaim, is the author of the newly-opened "The Butter and Egg Man." And so this is obviously the spot for a little log-rolling.

"The Butter and Egg Man" is an adult and intelligent member of the "Turn to the Right" school. (How many members of the class remember that other adult and intelligent "Turn to the Right"-called "The Deep-Tangled Wildwood" — which the George C. Tyler players offered at the Frazee Theatre in November, 1923, with Mr. Kaufman as a responsible author?) There is no satire of idea to the play and very little satire of caricature to the characters. There is, however, much healthy venom to what the people of the play say and to what they do, and satisfactory sections of the play are much more concerned with the apple-sauce of the theatre than the peach-jam which Mr. Golden ran up into a couple of millions or whatever his play made.

The plot, in brief, has to do with the adventures of a Chillicothe, Ohio, innocent who has heard, as who has not, of the ease with which fortunes are made in the theatre. With \$22,000 that he has inherited, he becomes butter and egg man to a production about to be made by two shoestring promoters. (This reporter, let it be said of him when the final judgment comes to be made, proposes honestly to make not even the slightest pretense to supposing that there is anywhere anyone who does not know what a butter and egg man is, and so it shall not go in quotes nor be parenthetically and laboriously explained.) By a peculiar coincidence, however,

the youth not only does not lose his money but gets it back with hundreds of per cent in interest, and in addition he wins the love of a beautiful young woman.

Gregory Kelly is the dairy Lochinvar, and an excellent job he does. In addition to its admiration for the Kelly histrionics, however, this department finds time to wonder why no one has yet pointed out the remarkable similarity between Kelly's voice and that of one Al Jolson in his more maudlin moments. . . If the similarity has been pointed out, this department doesn't care to hear about it.

Of the rest of the cast, Robert Middlemass and Denman Maley are particularly effective. Middlemass, a first class actor who has been not a little handicapped in recent years by rôles written for insane asylum stock companies, emerges with a true and moving characterization of the opportunist manager. Maley is again one of the bewildered, not quite bright and protesting lower middle class Americans he does so well.

"The Butter and Egg Man," then, is not for the artistically inclined. By finding out what plays the artistically inclined propose to patronize, however, and by staying carefully away from them, the readers of THE NEW YORKER can have a merry and entertaining season, with "The Butter and Egg Man" among their prominent ports of call.

AMERICAN supremacy in what was distinctly an American branch of the theatre has been challenged. Perhaps the alarm should be sounded. Perhaps not. Maybe they'll go away quietly.

One has reference, the curious may be pleased to know, to the matter of the sheerly theatrical play. The play, that is, that has relation nor to life nor to thought, but solely to the matter of interesting and inflaming its

audiences by way of situations and lines that are born and bred in the box office. (This definition of the sheerly theatrical play, by the way, holds good only for the life of this article. The undersigned reserves the right to change his mind at his pleasure, or at any other time.) The English are writing them now. There are, thus, "The Pelican,"

at the Times Square Theatre, and "The Vortex," at Henry Miller's. (There is, too, in this connection, "The Green Hat," at the Broadhurst, but the authoritative opinion on that play was printed in these columns last week.) Both newer plays are of the stage stagey. In neither is there the slightest claim to verity, to plausibility, to artistry in terms of life. In both is there a succession of scenes, and a basic plan, that can be understood and granted by the intelligent theatregoer only in terms of footlights and Beaver-board and missing fourth walls and everything else that goes to make the boarded-up mirror the essential theatre holds up to life.

In "The Vortex," beyond argument—this department will simply refuse to listen to any, if the worst comes to the worst—there is matter that makes the observer feel at the moment that the theatre should never concern itself with anything but the exaggeratedly theatrical. And the second-act curtain, with its frenzied piano accompaniment to a mother-son dilemma that never was on land or sea or anywhere but the theatrical boards, provides as exciting, as interesting and as provocative a moment as the theatre has to offer.

There is much that is less interesting in "The Pelican" perhaps for the very reason that the authors—F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood —who may even fancy they have a literary reputation to uphold, attempt ever so mildly to make a rationalistic compromise between reality and the essence of their drama, which is theatre. The very fact that their program contains the informative note that "An old legend has it that the female pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young with her own blood" proves that they do not know their own business as well as does Mr. Coward, the author of "The Vortex." For Mr. Coward, too, could have supplied his program with a program note. "The Vortex," he could have said, "has nothing to do with the ten per cent the government adds to the price of tickets, but here means rather a whirlpool." But Mr. Coward is wise enough to know that an audience doesn't care what a Pelican is, or even is not, so long as its blood is stirred and its emotions roused by things it would completely disbelieve fifty feet away, in the street.

The subdivision of this article began—if memory serves—with a reference to the English challenge to American supremacy in the matter of sure-fire theatre. Don't let him bother to write in, but if the reader disagrees, let him devote some thought to explaining why the three English hits of the early New York season are all so clearly, and for the most part well, written in terms of the tested counting house.

THERE have, despite our own preoccupation with the serious drama, been a number of musical comedy openings in recent days. Thus:

"Sunny," at the New Amsterdam, is one of the most glorious and luxurious musical plays the town has seen in recent years. The star is Marilyn Miller, who was in "Peter Pan," and Barrie's loss is our gain. There may be somewhere some one more beautiful than Miss Miller, but where, where? And Jack Donohue is very, very funny—he's become quite a dancer, too—and there are a dozen other musical comedy favorites, whose names will not be mentioned here, but they're probably the first twelve people you think of.

"The Vagabond King," at the Casino, is one of those stirring musical plays, like "The Student Prince" and "Rose-Marie," that started coming to town last year long after all but the most optimistic had given up hope of ever again seeing a show devoted primarily to good singing. In addition, there is here a moving plot —it was originally "If I Were King" —extraordinarily beautiful costumes

by James Reynolds, and Dennis King, as the hero.

"Dearest Enemy" is by the author of the "Garrick Gaieties" but is not as interesting as that circumstance would lead you to expect. The book, in short, is dull. The lyrics and music are fascinating, however, and there



is tasteful and inventive direction by John Murray Anderson. And the leading rôle is played by Helen Ford, who is appealing beyond belief and has a home-girl quality that is not as usual as might be believed. She has, in addition, the theatre's most beautiful legs, and is dozens of years younger than Mistinguett.

"Merry Merry," at the Vanderbilt, is the latest offering of Harlan Thompson and Harry Archer, who wrote "Little Jessie James" and "My Girl." It is better than their previous offerings and the trustees of the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern mantle are about to turn it over to them. Furthermore, there is Marie Saxon, personable, agile, tuneful.—H. J. M.

Music

THE local visit of Mr. Gallo's San Carlo Grand Opera Company at the Century Theatre is perhaps the least important contribution of this organization to our musical culture. While the Boston Civic Opera Company, or its equivalent, at one end of the scale, and the Metropolitan, at the other, supply us with lyric drama, Mr. Gallo's boys and girls invade theatres in Dubuque and wherenot and give their thoroughly competent versions of "Il Trovatore," "Tosca," "Carmen" and the other staples of the operatic menu. The month on Central Park West comes by way of vacation to singers who have been trying to get hot water on trains, and to Mr. Gallo it probably is not much more than a report of progress and an opportunity to find out what the New York papers think of his new artists.

Yet our music lovers, or whatever you call the people who go to opera, are taking the San Carlo seriously. On the opening night, there were 347 tuxedos visible in the parquet, and our music lovers continued to arrive until the first act of "Tosca" was almost finished. This means that Mr. Gallo is half way to Metropolitan standards. He will have reached them when the audience begins to leave before the second act is over.

The most interesting newcomer in Mr. Gallo's company, up to the time that we delivered this copy and ran, was Franco Tafuro, a young tenor who looks something like Bennie Krueger, that able saxophonist. The Signor Tafuro started his local career in "Tosca" on the opening night and continued it the next evening in "Rigoletto," vice Giuliano Oliver, who was unable to participate in Verdi's opera owing, it was explained. to the nonarrival of his trunks. And a tenor who appeared as the Duke of Mantua without his trunks would be polizeiwidrig. Mr. Tafuro's trunks or trunk, however, had arrived promptly and he gave us another sample of his abilities. The critics disagreed on his merits, but he is being talked about and he probably will become a San Carlo favorite. One reviewer confided to us, if not to his readers, that Mr. Tafuro's début was considerably more impressive than that of Caruso. Another débutant of the evening, Mr. Chotzinoff, the World': new critic, complained that the Cavaradossi was handicapping himself by imitating the great tenor.

Our private and public opinion was that Mr. Tafuro had a good voice which he emitted easily except when he passed high A and that he was a good actor as tenors go. There was not, however, anything that might have been called tone coloring and he seemed to be so fond of his top notes that he dragged them with him into the footlights, from which stance he hurled them at the music lovers. Or the first night he was applauded and howled at until he repeated "E lucevan le stelle." On the second night he won almost no response with an even more sure-fire aria, "La donna e mobile"-probably because he omitted the conventional cadenza and high B at the end of the second verse. When he attempted something in the neighborhood of that note off-stage near the end of the last act, the reason for the omission was obvious. If someone will persuade Mr. Tafuro that there are more tone gradations than forte, fortissimo and double fortissimo and that a tenor's place is in the stage picture rather than near the conductor's neck he may become one of our best opera singers. And if we are invited to call again at the Century, we may have more news about this young man.

Another visitor was Emilio Ghirardini, who was the *Rigoletto* of the scond night. This baritone seems to be one of the best actors in the company and his impersonation, although it followed the usual stage business of the rôle, was original in that it had restraint and humanity. Mr. Ghirardini has an agreeable, supple voice and all that remains for him to do now is to find the pitch and keep it.

Speaking of baritones, something will have to be done about their aggressiveness. In "Tosca," Mr. Valle grabbed Miss Roselle and shook her until she must have wondered whether he was a baritone or a Charleston dancer; and in "Rigoletto," Mr. Ghirardini tossed Miss Lucchese for a most unexpected first down.—R. A. S.

Books

WELLS'S new novel was known to be his promised and the to be his promised return to his "The History of Mr. Polly" type, and all of us were wondering how far it would bring back the lost glorious artist of the Mr. Polly, Tono-Bungay period. Only the very optimistic can have had the highest hopes; yet "Christina Alberta's Father" has chapters, and more than two or three, in which he gets back a measurable distance, and in the rest of it you see him further off through clouds of words.

This wordiness is not all to be put down to the decline of Wells's art. There seems to have been a rather common literary accident. He degned a "history," thoroughly Pollyeque on a larger scale, of little Mr. Preemby, a lamblike "shut-in," developing a benevolent delusion that he is Sargon, king of kings, proposing in

that capacity to rule and right the world, and so going through the mill of a stupid public routine with the insane. He wrote it, but Mr. Preemby's presumptive daughter ran away with his interest, assumed unintended proportions, and took most of the vitality out of Mr. Preemby as Sargon, leaving-words. She is the real creation of the lengthy novel; it is hers, and if it had been meant to be, or if she had been kept controlled and Mr. Preemby vivid, it might be much more like AI Wells and would surely be much less prolix. Good as she is, a strong-minded young individualist, this department wishes Mr. Preemby had won out. Also that Wells the philosopher, theologian and what-not had been made to be seen and not heard toward the end of the book.

Christina Alberta's having captured it is, of course, theory, but it is a fact that its title was originally "Sargon, King of Kings." It is easily Wells's best novel since the war. Its publisher is Macmillan.

I crowds notice of some exceptionally interesting fiction. Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Window" (*Doran*) is perhaps "for the few," but not for any few whose exclusiveness is a love of obscure styles. If there is obscurity, it is in the depths of Mrs. Wylie's poetic fantasy, which is charming on the surface and wrought in clear and classically beautiful prose.—TOUCHSTONE



"Where's the Louis XVI Room?" "Oh, it's a long way down there. Why don't you go into the Egyptian Room—it's right in here?"

Art

I was Bunker Bean, we believe, who upon coming to the prestige of a flat, decided to go in for a little decoration and fared forth to buy etchings, having heard somewhere that etchings were safe and the proper thing for any gentleman. We, who have always secretly claimed a kinship to Bean, have only recently learned that etchings are not only safe and proper but also exciting. And what is more to the point, good etchings are within the reach of the sometimescalled struggling masses.

Take the Frederick Keppel & Co. exhibition of etchings of the Sevententh Century, on view in their galleries until October 6. You look for an hour at the etching of "A Woman Preparing to Dress After Bathing." Bean would have liked that in his bachelor quarters; you boldly ask the price. It is a mere \$1,250. But a few spaces further on there is a view of Amsterdam, and only \$24! After all it is an etching by a master. And there is no one to check up on what you tell your friends.

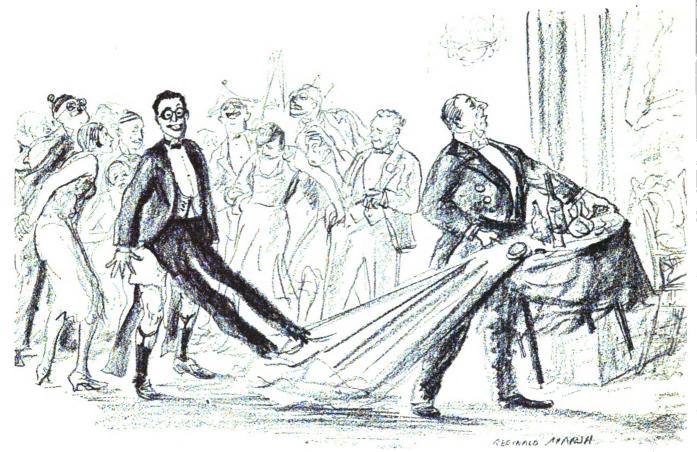
The Keppel show is a selected one, as most of their exhibits are, and so well catalogued that even the newcomer to art can walk about and enjoy it without vertigo. The Rembrandt of the woman who failed to dress after bathing is our favorite. The novice viewpoint, no doubt, and made without benefit of experts. But that, we are told by the man who sells the prints, is nothing to be ashamed of. Too much harm has been done by the scorn directed at those who fall into the bromide category of "I don't know much about art but I know what I We have about assembled like." enough courage to state that the bromidic theory of buying is the one safe guide.

After all it is your picture and you have to live with it.

And now that we have that off our chest we urge you to drop in at the first engraved invitation show of the new season. If you don't buy you are sure to get a kick out of standing amid the masters. There is "Le Bouvier" of Claude, said to be the finest etching in the world. Perhaps you will not think so.

Look then at Canaletto's landscapes and if you do not admit that these are the finest etchings you have ever seen we will eat this review at high noon next Tuesday in any New

e new YORKER



Harold Lloyd Making No Particular Attempt to Keep Up With His Trousers in "The Freshman"

York park not littered with news- it has not caught the spirit of the Scanpapers.

Perhaps you have a religious turn. We haven't. Anyway there is the Rembrandt series, including "The Flight Into Egypt," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "Christ Disputing With the Doctors," "The Agony In the Garden" and "Crucifixion." Also there is the Callot series of the Great Passion and the Miseries of War.

And now is a good time to remind you of the Bellows Exhibit at the Metropolitan the middle of October. We thought of it in Keppel's as last Spring they had a Bellows exhibit with lithographs at \$30 that are now selling for \$100.-M. P.

Motion Pictures

TNHAPPILY the sincerity and courage applied to the making of "The Tower of Lies" (so-named because it has to do with neither turret nor prevarications) (at the Capitol) has far outstripped the actual final re-This transfilming of Selma sults. Lagerlof's prize winning genre novel, "The Emperor of Portugalia," attempts to scale the artistic heights, but fails for sundry studio reasons. Aside from a colorless and loose-jointed re-

dinavian scene.

The picture reeks of the studio scenario shops and the pleasant fields of Long Island. Much has been sacrificed in order "to get the story across." The leading characters, with the exception of Mr. Lon Chaney, who gives the most repressed and hence finest performance of his long list of nightmares, and Miss Claire Mc-Dowell, no more suggest Scandinavian bumpkins than eight Hermes of Praxiteles do eight Mr. Will Hayses. Especially is Miss Norma Shearer a sinner in this respect. She could hardly be mistaken for a yokel-maid under any circumstances.

But for all this critical cruelty, there is curious and refreshing assurance in the idea that the picture is at least striving for something a little better than such opera like "Passionate Knees."

T is almost always interesting to watch Mr. Sydney Chaplin if only for the reason that he is blood brother to a famous man, coming under Max Beerbohm's category of "the little known brothers of the great." And then there are other times when he is counting, its great shortcoming is that interesting to watch because he is a

true comedian with a refreshing English pantomimic style-reminiscent of low music hall comics. But then there are still other times when he dissolves into mere boring humanity and gets only a drowsy yawn.

Such approximately, was the gamut of interest that we ran, while viewing his antics through "The Man on the Box," fanfared sumptuously into Warner's Theatre. Hence we forgave him the clumsy opening section of this unskilful face, laughed loudly with him during his hugely amusing adventures aboard that seagoing hack and bore with him even through many repetitious moments that followed. But when, at the seasick end of the proceedings, he donned his "Charley's Aunt" uniform and giddied about as a lady's maid, not even a whole geneology of Twains, Joe Jacksons and Leon Errols could have saved him.

We are one of the obtuse persons who simply can't see anything above the stupidly dull in a male dressing up as a woman and indulging in little so-called funny sexy situations.

-T. S.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 23, the list of new books worth while on page 27.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, October 2, to Friday October 9, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- UNDER THE ELMS-Eugene DESIRE O'Neill, in a hardy mood, inspects New England Puritans of the '50s. A refreshing tragic theme in a town of music shows. DALY'S, 24 W. 63d.
- THE GREEN HAT-Miss Katharine Cornell and Mr. Michael Arlen make a sentimental feast of the latter's novel, without sacrificing the unhappy ending, or is it happy? BROAD-HURST, 44th, W. of B'way. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-
- Some one of these days Mr. Sumner is going to rediscover this wholesome treatment of Californian morality-what with Hollywood so near-and then you'll be sorry. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- THE VORTEX-Reviewed in this issue. HENRY MILLER, 43d, E. of B'way.
- THE PELICAN-Reviewed in this issue. TIMES SQUARE, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED-A Brieux play, with E. H. Sothern. To be reviewed next week. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.
- THE BRIDGE OF DISTANCES-The first offering of the International Theatre, Inc. To be reviewed next week. Morosco, 45th, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-The poetic slang of the American hobo enriched by Charles Bickford's splendid reading of it. GREEN-WICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
- THE GORILLA-The ancient formula for the mystery farce made hilarious with giddy burlesquing and a thousand sprightly wise remarks. SELWYN, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- IS ZAT SO?-Comic inter-relations between some New York swells and a pair of "Tent' Avenoo's" best. Including that charming tough, Mister James Gleason, talking select New Yorkese. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH STREET, 46th, W. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN—An intelligent re-vival of Shaw's "What Price Glory" and "Soldiers Three" as the beginning of a twoyear Shaw season by the Theatre Guild. GUILD, 52nd, W. of B'way.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-Reviewed in this issue. LONGACRE, 48th, W. of B'way.
- THE BUCCANEER-A Maxwell Anderson-Laurence Stallings play with William Far-num. To be reviewed next week. PLY-MOUTH, 45th, W. of B'way.
- APPLESAUCE—A comedy with Allan Dine-hart and Vivian Tobin. To be reviewed next week. AMBASSADOR, 49th, W. of B'way.
- THE HOLY TERROR-George Abbott in a John Golden production. To be reviewed next week. GEORGE M. COHAN, B'way bet. 42nd and 13d.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE-The luxuriant sentimentality of its music and book will make a tearfully happy evening of a visit to this tuneful version of "Old Heidelberg." JoL-
- son's, 59th at 7th Ave. ROSE-MARIE—If it lasts much longer this musical comedy will develop into an American Institution. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Leon Errol droops his clay feet and legs about the vast expanse of this inconceivable Ziegfeld musical comedy glamour and so brings laughter to lonely Columbus Circle. Cosmopolitan, 59th and B'way.
- GARRICK GAIETIES-Fledgling Guild lads and lassies, in a fairly madcap revuelet, burlesque their more mature elders. GARRICE, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.

- BIG BOY-Al Jolson at the top of the ladder of versatile entertainers makes this top-hole musical comedy good beyond blurbs. Forty-FOURTH STREET, 44th, W. of B'way.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-This is about the best revue George White has done and he has done several excellent ones, if dat old debbil memory is not a sieve. Apollo, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-Presenting, among other excitements, the Broadway sex appeal North of 49th Street and South of 50th Street. WINTER GARDEN, B'way bet. 49th and 50th.
- NO, NO NANETTE-Reviewed in this issue. GLOBE, B'way at 46th. SUNNY—Reviewed in this issue. New AMSTER-
- DAM, 42nd, W. of B'way. MERRY MERRY-Reviewed in this issue. VAN-
- DERBILT, 48th, E. of 7th Ave. DEAREST ENEMY-Reviewed in this issue.
- KNICKERBOCKER, 38th and B'way. THE VAGABOND KING—Reviewed in this
- issue. CASINO, B'way at 39th.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- AMERICAN BORN-George M. Cohan in his own comedy. Hubson, 44th, E. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 5th.
- STOLEN FRUIT-FOLEN FRUIT—A play from the Italian, with Ann Harding. Eltinge, 42nd, W. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 5th.
- CAUGHT-A play by Kate L. McLaurin, with Antoinette Perry. THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 119 W. 39th., Mon., Oct. 5th.
- ARABESQUE-A Norman-Bel Geddes-Richard Herndon production, with Sara Sothern. NATIONAL, 208 W. 41st, Mon., Oct. 12th.
- HAY FEVER-A comedy by Noel Coward, with Laura Hope Crews. MAXINE ELLIOTT's, 39th, E. of B'way, Tues., Oct. 6th.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-Cyril Maude in Michael Arlen's comedy. GAIETY, B'way at
- 46th, Tues., Oct. 6th. THE TALE OF THE WOLF-A play from THE TALE OF THE WOLF—A play from Ferenc Molnar's Hungarian, with Wallace Ed-dinger, Roland Young and Phyllis Povah. EMPIRE, B'way at 40th, Tues., Oct. 6th. THE CALL OF LIFE—A comedy from the
- German of Arthur Schnitzler, adapted by Dorothy Donnelly. COMEDY, 41st E. of B'way, Wed., Oct. 7th.
- THE CROOKED FRIDAY-Dennis Neilson-Terry and Mary Glynne in a play by Monck-ton Hoffe. B1jou, 45th, W. of B'way, Thurs., Oct. 8th.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- BARNEY'S, 84 W. 3d-Haphazard, somewhat Bohemian gaiety always on tap. Occasional outbursts by Arthur West and cuties.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave .--- If you like Maurice and Bennett, know the headwaiter, and care to spot celebrities, you cannot do better.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st-Society's favorite of last Winter resuming its popularity,
- with Moss and Fontana. CLUB MONTMARTRE, 50th bet. 7th and B'way-Still good, despite more spectacular rush on the recent openings. No entertainers to interrupt your dancing.
- DEL-FEY, 107 W. 45th-Texas Guinan sweeping Senators and vaudeville artists into one great, big rowdy family. "No" for débutantes.
- LIDO-VENICE, 35 E. 53d—All the atmosphere and none of the boredom of an exclusive club. Sans cabaret.

MUSIC

- SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY-CENTURY THEATRE.
- The Puccini-Verdi repertory, with occasional "Carmens" and "Fausts." Select your favorite opera from the schedules as announced in the dailies.
- "DIE TANZGRAFIN"-IRVING PLACE THEA-TRE.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings. An echt Deutsch operetta about a disguised noble-woman with one of the best light opera sopranos you ever heard in Editha Fleischer.

ART

- MASTERS ETCHINGS-KEPPEL GALLERIES, 16 E. 57th.
- A selected exhibit of some of the finest etchings ever made. Mostly Seventeenth Century. MODERN ART-KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 5th Ave.
- Best American and French painters in an interesting collection.

MOVING PICTURES

- DON Q-Douglas Fairbanks, the King of the Merriwells, makes some Spanish Grandees sit up and take notice of his cheery acrobaticism. A whirlwindy life, laughter and happiness picture. At the STRAND Fri., Sat., Oct. 2, 3. No Manhattan showing scheduled for following week.
- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd in intellectual and slapstick pursuits at dear old Tate College, your old Alma Mater. There have been funnier pictures but not funnier Mr. Lloyds. At the COLONY.
- THE GOLD RUSH-The farthest north that Mr. Chaplin has yet travelled for comedy; not his best but humorous enough, goodness knows. At LOEW'S STATE beginning Mon., Oct. 5 for entire week following.
- THE IRON HORSE-A page from American History: this having to do with the laying of the first transcontinental railway. Well-diversified Wild Western drama. At the RIALTO Fri., Sat., Oct. 2, 3. THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Picar-
- esque and diabolical machinations in, about and under the Paris Opera House with Lon Chaney making unpleasant faces at all con-cerned. At the Astor.
- THE PONY EXPRESS-A roughriding, redcorpuscled James Cruze history lesson. Plenty of action, including massacres, pony expressing, double-dyed villainies mixed with broad humor. At LOEW'S STATE Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 2, 3, 4.

SPORTS

- FOOTBALL-COLUMBIA VS. JOHNS HOPKING Sat., Oct. 3, 2:30 p. m. at Baker Field. (Take Van Cortland Park Express to 215th St.)
- RACING-JAMAICA, L. I.-All week, beginning each day at 2:30 p. m.
- DOG SHOW-ENGLEWOOD, N. J.-Sat., Oct. 3 -All day. Airedale Terrier Club and Cairn Terrier Club exhibitions.
- AIR RACING-MITCHEL FIELD, Garden City, L. I.-Thurs., Fri., Sat., Oct. 8, 9, 10, each day 11 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Service and civilian units in aerial competition, including parachute jumping. Pulitzer Trophy Race, Sat., 3 p. m. Special train schedule will be announced in daily papers.
- BASEBALL-YANKEE STADIUM-New York vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Oct. 3, 3 p. m. Polo Grounds-New York vs. Philadelphia,

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Sun., Oct. 4, 3 p. m.

SPORTS

LTOGETHER too few spectators saw the finest polo match of the year at Westbury last week, when the Orange County four defeated Meadow Brook eleven goals to nine in the final round of the Senior Championships on International Field. It was polo of a very high standard, punctuated by few lapses during the afternoon; full of hard riding, fine shooting, and well directed and intelligent team play. Never dull, never devoid of interest, it was polo at its best. The class of play was well up to the standard one expects in the final of this event, and the unlooked for victory of Orange County was a popular one for the team so ably led by W. A. Harriman, the members of which have endeared themselves to the world of polo by their manner of play and their thoroughly good sportsmanship.

A warm, rich sun shone down on the green field at Meadow Brook, and airplanes from Mitchel Field adjoining hummed lazily overhead when Lord Wodehouse, the referee, tossed out the ball in the first chukker. From the start it was a fight, with Milburn and Hitchcock those two great internationalists trying magnificently to break up the team play of the Orange County four-Webb, Harriman, Stevenson and Cowdin, each a cog and a most useful cog in their machine, each rising to the occasion whenever presented. A smart, polo thinking team, Orange County; well mounted, seizing every chance, fighting every bit of the way, pressing home the attack just when the attack had to be pressed home in order to stave off those splendid rushes of Milburn's up the field, or those tremendous shots of Hitchcock's who was the longest hitter of them all. They were at their best when they needed to be, toward the middle and end of the game when their hitting and their team work was superb, proving themselves the team of teams of the Senior Championships beyond the shadow of a doubt.

MILBURN AND STODDARD ---

THE

OF



The losers made a gallant fight before succumbing. Hitchcock, taking the ball the whole length of the field, scored first for Meadow Brook. Webb who all



through the afternoon was a tower of strength both offensively and defensively at two for Orange County, tied the score; and then Meadow Brook went ahead at 2-1, holding the lead until well along in

₩EEK

the second chukker when a pretty piece of combination between Harriman, Webb and Stevenson evened things. And before the end of the period, Webb alone, despite Milburn's desperate efforts to ride him off, took the ball down the field to put his team one goal ahead.

Milburn and Hitchcock in the third and fourth chukkers were at their very best, the Milburn and Hitchcock who swept the British team off their feet on this same field a year ago. With Boeseke always in the right place at the right time, they scored three goals, two of them at acute angles. The spectators settled back, this was the sort of thing one expected. A close game—but a Meadow Brook victory.

After coming from behind and snatching the lead, Orange County had been caught. Caught and passed. It was time for them to crack. Indeed a less sturdy, a less resourceful side would have cracked when men like Milburn and Hitchcock started to apply pressure. But Orange County, as though challenged by losing the lead, went into the fifth chukker to grab that lead and hold it to the end. Watson Webb, riding as he had done in the semi-finals against Princemere, was everlastingly on the ball, giving Cowdin an opportunity to score and then scoring himself a few minutes later. He was the best man on the field during those last few chukkers as his side attempted to hold that two-goal lead and stave off the rushes of Hitchcock and the Meadow Brook four with every man fighting for the narrow margin that spelt defeat or victory and the winning of a championship.

Because at the start of the last chukker the score stood ten to nine for Orange County, and there was every chance of Meadow Brook coming through with a rush to win. But Hitchcock was unable even with Milburn's help to put the two goals across, and Orange County added its name to those of Meadow Brook and



Midwick as the winner of a Senior Polo

BUT for those who had eyes to see there was something more than just a polo game taking place at Meadow Brook last Saturday. The west stand at International Field was well-filled with the élite of Nassau County, their sleek Daimlers and Renaults and Lanchesters and other traces of the grande snobbisme parked carefully without. In the west stand also were the occupants of the special train from Manhattan, lovers of the game and polo enthusiasts from all over the country, and in the middle was the Meadow Brook Clubhouse, the high shrine of polo in this country, where sat the cognoscenti of the game, watching the riders charging, doubling, tearing up and down on the green turf below. While over across the way-

O VER across the way the east stand facing the sun was empty. Almost, that is. Perhaps a half a hundred persons were scattered along the front row; but those half a hundred, grooms, stable boys, camp followers and hangers-onthey know polo. No need for them to look on a program to see who it was made that last goal. They had no program and no need for one. They knew every player and every pony on the field by wight. And as they talked on in the jargon of the stables and hunting field, off at one side, a man sat alone.

He was dressed in riding breeches, he wore an ordinary grey felt hat pulled way down over his forehead to enable him to look into the sun. His arms were stretched out over the back of the bench, his mouth was tightly closed, and there was a penetrating look in his eyes that took in the field and each one of the eight Farticipants of the struggle. It reminded me strongly of a similar scene at Hurlingham before the war when like this father, Lord Desbrorough alone in the stands, watched his son Rivvy Grenfell play a match that was to make or break him as a polo player-that same Rivvy Grenfell who years later won death and the Victoria Cross at the same time by saving the guns at Landrecies. And there was the dentical scene being enacted before my eyes, with Harry Payne Whitney, sportsman extraordinary, watching his son play No. 1 on the Meadow Brook side.

One could hardly expect a youngster to thine along side two such players as Milturn and Hitchcock. But somehow he just didn't click. He missed at critical moments of the game. He overrode when he had the ball and an open field. In a word, the touch of genius which made Harry Payne Whitney one of the greatest polo players of this country was mixing.—J. R. T.

Double Room, Bath and Ocean Outlook, \$8 and \$10

Cost of Room, Bath and No Outlook in New York

IT costs two people at least \$10 a day for a room and bath in New York with nothing to see—so the reduced price of \$8 and \$10 for 400 rooms in the AMBASSADOR makes it more economical to week-end at Atlantic City!—the only extras are your fare and a bigger appetite!

DE LUXE BREAKFAST, \$1; LUNCHEON, \$1.50; DINNER, \$2.50 ALSO A LA CARTE SERVICE



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

VIII. Digging Type for the Printing.

E HAVE taken up the various aspects of the work of printing a great magazine like THE NEW YORKER, but this series could not be called complete unless we considered now the actual work of *printing* itself. For if it were not for *type*, and printing with type, THE NEW YORKER would have to be printed in pictures instead, and probably sell for two cents in the subway like the

illustrated *Graphic*, sometimes laughingly referred to as a "newspaper." Then another bad feature, too, would be that this series would have to be omitted.

Although it is no longer a surprise to the reader to learn that letters and words are mined far under the ground, yet there was a time not so long ago when the airplane itself was looked upon as an impossibility, and people used to laugh at the automobile. In those faroff days, THE NEW YORKER obtained its letters from alphabet blocks, noodle soup, or even the monograms on the editor's watch and cuff links; and letters were used sparingly, hell being spelled h-l and damn d-n in those times. The typewriter had not been heard of, and they probably would not have believed it even if it had.

In August, 1869, just ... sixty-nine from twentyfive is nine from five is six,

and six from two less one is, well, anyway... over fifty years ago, a young gold prospector in Chile, while washing out the dirt at the bottom of a stream preparatory to taking a bath, suddenly discovered two R's, a Y and a battered figure which might have been an E or an F or part of an old bed spring. Seizing his pickax he struck down into the earth and uncovered a rich vein of alphabet, including the letter S, which had been missing up to that time, our forefathers using F instead of S, as for example "Funny face" for "Sunny face," followed by a sock on the jaw.

It may well be imagined that THE NEW YORKER'S

Mr. Eustace Tilley was not slow to perceive the possibilities in this new form of American letters. He at once bought 3,000 acres from Mr. J. P. Morgan, the young prospector, and sank shafts all over this area; and within six months THE NEW YORKER was receiving over half its type from Chile, and negotiating to buy Peru. The early mines were lucky enough to strike it rich, dozens of O's being pulled



The memorable (will we ever forget it?) late afternoon of Thursday, August 26, 1823, when young Joseph Pulitzer while bending to avoid a playful ceiling draught, accidentally discovers the cuneiform system of inverting the letter M to make the letter W. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, Field Superintendent of Type Mining, may be seen in the background registering polite, though conservative, surprise.

> that in so vital a work, one so all-important to the success of the magazine, THE NEW YORKER has spared no effort to arrange every detail in mining the type, from the ground down. No letter is so small but that it has its place in the scheme of things; and in THE NEW YORKER lead mines, operated by the type representative, Mr. Tilley, one letter receives just as much attention as the next, and is read and answered personally by Mr. Tilley himself. Sometimes these letters contain a five-dollar bill and to all such correspondents Mr. Tilley invariably mails back a year's subscription, just to show his appreciation and good will.

out at one stroke, linked together like sausages; and these O's were sometimes left in pairs to form the figure 8.

In fact, the only difficulty that was experienced in the whole alphabet was the total absence of W. For a long time the magazine had to be called THE NE YORKER until a young man chanced one day to put his head between his legs, and, considering the problem from this new angle, he discovered that what was being exploited as an M vein was really a rich strain of inverted W. By turning the dredging machinery upside down and working it standing on their heads, our workmen were able to mine excellent W's from then on. That boy was Joseph Pulitzer; and as a reward he received the Pulitzer Harmonica Prize, worth about \$5, or a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER. It may well be conceived

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). An idyllic fantasy, with a subtle allegorical undertone. For connois-scurs of "the science of the beautiful" in letters.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). Sufficiently reminiscent of the Wells of "Mr. Polly" and "Kipps" to be recommended to those who had given up his post-war fiction.
- Porgy, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). Some negroes of a Charleston rookery, most vividly presented, and a hurricane that alone is worth
- reading a far longer book to witness. THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (Knopf). A drama of the way of the selfseeking world with fine spirits and their illusions. Unlikely to be Miss Cather's most popular novel, but up to date, her best.
- SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). The Napoleonic romance, technically of the "Nostromo" type, that he left unfinished. Half a Conrad is better than many another author's collected works.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). The biggest and best thing going in the "sophisticated" line.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). A mystery story "as is one !"
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Seribner's). The life of a man who loved his farm, before and after a war. One of the finest novels ever written by Americans under thirty.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). Farce. Just funny; some of it extremely so.

SHORT STORIES

- CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). All his short stories in one volume, uniform with
- "The Forsyte Saga." FIVE ORIENTAL TALES, by Comte de Gobineau (Viking Press). Novelettes, three romantic, two predominantly satirical.

GENERAL

- ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Twenty-two essays, interesting and pleasant by-products of his travels in Italy.
- H. L. MENCKEN, by Ernest Boyd (McBride). In the "Modern American Writers" series. After reading it, some talkers about Mencken will know better what to say.

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DECAUSE, as for the weather, one is B never outraged, as one is elsewhere, by "unusual" manifestations. Be it hot or cold, wet or dry, it is merely the weather-and that's that.

-Mary Shoemaker

Because I can live in the Mills Hotel without affecting my grace in twirling a walking stick while strolling up Fifth Avenue.

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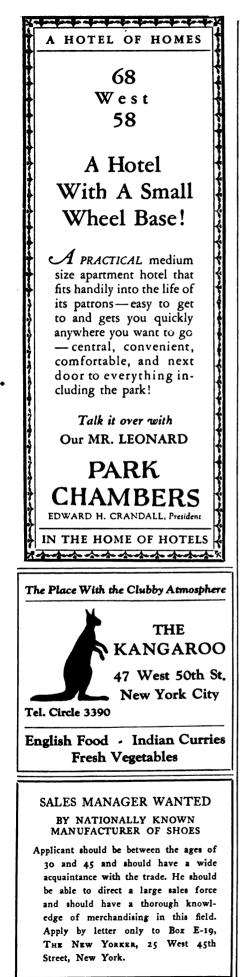
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TABLES FOR

ALL the little boys and girls who of comparisons of present and past have been having such a lovely glories might just as well stop reading time during the past two weeks showing off their brain and brawn in an attempt to get a table at the Lido had another big chance on Thursday, September 24, at the opening of the Club Mirador. Strong women and beautiful men, actresses, artists, society folk, celebrities in every line, were just so much chaff before the wind of the most brilliant night club opening of the season.

All of which does or does not prove that New York is not a fickle town by any means, and that old favorites can be remembered-often for as long as six months at a stretch. Last season, the Mirador was about the only after-theatre dancing place that careful mothers, with an eye to the future, allowed their débutante daughters to enter, and it looks very much as if this year it were to be more than ever the smart rendezvous. Moss and Fontana danced with a precision and grace that their opening in "Sunny" two nights before had not impaired in the slightest, Miss Moss looking exquisite in rose chiffon with swirling ostrich feathers to match, with other feathers, pearl gray tipped with black, at the hemline. Incidentally, she was the recipient of more flowers than all the passengers of the Berengaria in full season combined. Of course, it was impossible to dance, impossible to talk, impossible to get a waiter when you needed one. But if you are so incurably provincial that you think that a dancing club is the place for swooping artistry in footwork or for seven course dinners elegantly served, you would do much better to stay at home and listen to the radio. Because, unless there is another epidemic of padlocks, the Mirador will undoubtedly have the atmosphere of opening night throughout the Winter.

ON the following night, finding myself in the company of a party who felt the urge to tread a measure round and about the town, the spirit of exploration which has made our great country what it is to-day led us and Russian decorations on the walls. to the Club Borgo. Last year I had I even unbent so far as to eat Borsch heard a great deal about it, but, what and Shaslik. The place really is dewith one thing and another, I had lightful. Intimacy is achieved by never been there. So all of you who having the restaurant in a connected

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this little essay here and now. I only know that I liked the place tremendously as it now stands, and probably wouldn't like it at all if it became more popular.

It is tastefully decorated, and, except for the occasional invasions of energetic Spanish dancers, emitting barbarous cries, very quiet and informal in atmosphere. The music is very, very good to dance by and-O, marvelous to relate!-soft enough to make conversation pleasant and possible. If you like plenty of room to dance, don't want to be inspired to spend the rest of the night in revelry, and have no use for the favorite indoor sport of identifying shy little celebrities hidden away at ringsides, you will like Club Borgo after the theatre. And, if reports from last year are still true, it is an ideal place for one of those confidential dinners.

AFTER bewailing the passing of the Russian Eagle at great length and with more feeling than is customary with me, the news that its successor, the Russian Swan, was now doing a rushing business next to Chalif's, totally unaided by the prestige of General Lodyjensky and his capable wife, brought forth no other response from me than a sense of General Mitchell's utter futility. recent fiasco has convinced me that it is a bad plan to be premature with obituaries. So I said that it couldn't possibly be the same, that I hated imitations of successful experiments in any line; that, in fact, I refused to go near the place or to acknowledge its existence in any way. Which would undoubtedly settle the fate of this impostor for good and all.

On the following night, any amateur detective might have beheld me admiring, somewhat reluctantly, the Cossacks and hussars that guard the door, the beautiful young women in native costume who humble you by selling you cigarettes, and the effect of candle-light against the rich rugs are hanging on my words in the hope series of small rooms, so that the



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music can be as far away or as close at hand as you like. Dancing takes place in one of the rooms. Even a party of perfectly ridiculous young things from the suburbs, being exceedingly coy about somebody's engagement, could not spoil my girlish pleasure. I forgot completely to ask whether sad songs and Volga boat songs went on until breakfast as of old, but if you rush to the newsstands and buy THE NEW YORKER next week, I will be delighted to inform you first hand.



ERRATUM: Due to the chivalrous and misguided enthusiasm of some printer or proofreader last week's column contained a sentence which read "More self-confidence will make Miss Barbara Bennett a most interesting personality." The original sentence contained an "even" at the beginning and a "not" in the middle.—LIPSTICK

Probably a Traffic Cop

Policeman to Get Cross. —The Times

Chicago is to have a school for domestic servants. Probably the graduating class will sing: "Three little maids from school are we."

Shenandoah Crash Laid to Girders —Headline in the Times

Isn't there an officeholder called Girders somewhere who can complicate matters by challenging this?



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LITTLE THINGS

A spider taught Robert Bruce to win a battle. A straw broke the back of a camel. The finger of a little Dutch boy thrust in a leaking dyke saved vast stretches of Holland from becoming a watery waste. History, precept and legend teach the importance of trifles.

Trumping your partner's ace may cost you an invitation to the most eventful ball of the season. A poorly fitted shoe may keep you away for another reason. Asking for a mid-iron on a mashie shot may put you in a painful position at your country club. THE NEW YORKER's Shopping Guide is designed carefully to chart the most charming correct pathways among the all-important little things of life.

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T seems that it is always on my busiest time. Low waistlines, a few models days that Jerry, boarding school roommate, perennial flapper, and graceful idler, elects to come to New York to do her shopping. Hence, I was not in the least surprised when the phone rang, the other day, and her excited voice came over the wire. "Darling, come on down to Bonwit Teller's with me and see the new Paris models. I've just got to think of some way of making up that cunning silver cloth, and I want to fix over my green chiffon, and meet me downstairs there in ten minutes." The result was that, protesting feebly, I walked into Bonwit's just in time to dissuade her from spending precious shekels on the new long earrings, marched her past the lingerie, artificial flowers, and handkerchiefs, and entered a packed auditorium with her just as the master of ceremonies droned out "Poiret dinner-dress of silver lamé." Jerry gasped, "My dear, that would be a perfect sNAP to copy!" and we settled ourselves as quietly as possible.

Actresses conversed critically amongst themselves; stock girls in the back, brazenly neglecting duty for a moment, gazed wide-eyed; little dressmakers reached for their pencils; next to us, a rich charge customer hissed at a salesgirl and muttered frantically, "That model! I must have it! And I don't want any copies made, either!" Tactful, whispered apologies. The model is very expensive, and a department store cannot afford to sell only one version of it. Across the aisle-"If she doesn't want that dress, I want it!" And, to a running accompaniment of illbred snickers from onlookers, the battle was on.

HE newest thing about the Paris models being shown here, as at the other Fifth Avenue stores, is the twopiece jumper dress for evening. The rather sporty cut of this (which is much more adapted to the American figure than the French, and which will probably be more popular here than abroad) is developed in very elaborate materialsbrocades and lamés, besides the more conventional crêpes. There are a great many metal embroideries on everything. All shades of green and bois de rose for both daytime and evening; tan or black and white for the two-piece dresses of day-

showing the flare in the back of the skirt that was heralded as the newest thing, skirts about two inches below the knee. Such are the selections of New York buyers from Parisian offerings.

T is with sorrow that I predict that one of the most attractive models of the Winter-Lanvin's dinner-dress consisting of a long silver blouse and a black satin or velvet skirt-will have just about one more month of smartness. Remember, my dears, what happened to purple, and hesitate before you invest in a dress that will make you feel self-conscious going by the \$19.75 shops in Fortysecond Street in about two weeks' time. It is a shame that the most spectacular fashions are almost inevitably doomed to die of overpopularity, but such is the case.

NE thing has for some time been puzzling me on my strolls up Fifth Avenue. It is what the crowd of collegiate men-of-the-world outside Kaskel & Kaskel's windows is gazing at as I pass. This time, it turns out to be a display informing the well-dressed man that the feather in his fedora must not be of a plain color any more. It must be a jolly reminder of the gaudy flies used in those dear old salmon fishing days.

IN the historic World's Series battle now being staged between the green and brown buses, the score, during the first five minutes on the corner of Fortyfifth Street and Fifth Avenue, stood 19 to 3 in favor of the greens.-L. L.

Sickening

Whenever the people have heard the truth they have risen with indigestion against Governor Small's accusers.

-Kankakee Republican

A Fat Contract

Dorothy Mackaill has just signed a contract with First National which provides that it may be terminated at any time "after the weight of the artist shall exceed 130 pounds." -Local newspaper Theatre Guild Productions **GUILD THEATRE** sand St., W. of B'way Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE : NEW YORK

ET us suppose that you have just shot your valet because the ribbon on a new fedora was fully a quarter of an inch too wide. Similarly, your wife has poisoned her maid (the twenty-third this month) for sewing a hook instead of a snap on her blue three-eight to three-forty-one (P. M.) gown. Of course, you are both very much upset. But it is time for dinner and one simply must eat—calories and all that sort of thing. Where to go in such a situation? The Crillon, naturally.

No one has ever been tempted to shoot a waiter at the Crillon, even though in the year of the Great Chicago Fire (B. C. $\infty 0.04$ —at a rough guess) one of the Borgias stared at a waiter till he winced, for failing to serve his favorite dish, pate de fois gras, with orchids. With this single exception, the service at the Crillon is celebrated for its soothing and tactful efficiency.

For those who have just left behind unpleasant scenes such as shootings and poisonings, precisely the correct luncheon or dinner is unquestionably essential. They may be most successfully selected at the **Crillon**. Similar respite may be found there for the diner who seeks distinguished seclusion from crowds, noise, garishness, tasteless menus, gun powder plots and sightseeing buses.

"The code of the elite and the urbane is this," the headwaiter at the **Crillon** will comment politely, "to grant instantly the expression of a desire."

"But," he will add, contemplating the smart gathering over which he presides, "we never meet with the expression of a real need, for every *need* has already been considered."

DRESIDEN

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BY concealing her marriage to the Prince until she arrived, the Princess Misknikoff, formerly Mrs. Aimee Gouraud, got her name on the front page of the newspapers. Doubtless this was not her purpose. From her point of view, it may have been an unfortunate accident. But it is an accident that happens here whenever people who get married to Princes, etc., conceal the fact until their arrival. If publicity is disagreeable to the Princess, she has our sympathy.

IS New York a Menace? The West Wants to Know." This is the title of a Methodist pamphlet. In reply will state, "yes," and that we have to build fifty-five story hotels to accommodate the West during the menacing season.

NEW YORK, too, is a contradictory place. Waiting recently in the lobby of the Waldorf, we saw more nonentities trying to attract attention and failing, than we did celebrities trying to avoid attention and succeeding. Visitors should be repeatedly warned that they must not form their opinion of New Yorkers from the other visitors they see.

FORTY-SECOND Street opened a new century of effort on Monday. It is odd that so celebrated a street should have steadfastly resisted all efforts to beautify it. The Public Library is on it, the Grand Central and many other fine buildings are on it; yet to this day it is a shabby street. We wish it many happy returns of its Centennial. May its next hundred years be less inelegant than its last.

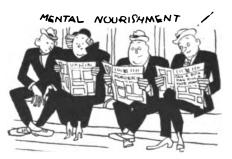


A BRITISH surgcon says that the brain needs little food. People have, in fact, been known to subsist for days with no mental nourishment other than a tabloid newspaper.

SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS



GOING down Fifth Avenue recently, our taxicab was preceded by a coupé with half a dozen sleds in it. Inquiry during a traffic tie-up revealed that the coupé man was going to show these sleds as samples to someone who would buy them, and



sell them to someone else who would sell them to stores where they would become available for children who live in the country, and who like coasting. They would be first slid upon at Christmas time. It opened our eyes to the fact that Santa Claus, who we thought was a loafer eleven months of the year, is really a hard working old soul.

The Week

URKEY abolishes polygamy and the Association of Butter and Egg Men meets here in convention. Six thousand year old Sphinx is cracking with age and Mayor Hylan announces definitely his retirement to private life. Theodore Roosevelt writes to inform friend he has attained proficiency in speaking Hindustani and Alexander Kerensky founds Republican paper in Paris. Dorothy Gish says what the movies need is more love-making and Dean Hawkes of Columbia proclaims that falling in love is reason many students fail in college. Lady is robbed of \$750,000 worth of jewels while staying at the Plaza and Commissioner Enright decides he will not run for Mayor. Indian legislature passes Prohibition law, subject to British approval, and London police surgeons disagree on tests for inebriety. New Jersey legislator with nine children refuses support to Birth Control League and artificially propagated oysters are found to be as good as those naturally produced. Magistrate counsels citizens against talking back to a policeman and Von Hindenburg requests that his birthday be let pass without pomp, ceremonial, or celebration. Prince of Wales arrives at home and King George forbids modern dancing in Balmoral Castle.

WE were driving past the old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, now relegated to the limbo of lost things. The charming old lady sighed. Yes, she had heard Patti there . . . a brilliant party in Mrs. Mason-Jones's box. (Mrs. Mason-Jones, you know, was Mrs. Manson-Mingot in Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence.") And Christine Neillson graced that stage too. She was the first opera singer to be taken up by New York society. That was in the days of the Langdons, the Wilkeses, and Van Courtlandts. The old lady herself, then a young girl, braved the criticism of that charmed circle to give a luncheon for the prima donna.

Of course there are Van Rensselaers, Delafields, and scattered remnants of yesterday's resplendence, but the gates have been flung open. The walls of brownstone have fallen just as the Academy has crumbled away. Society was so delightfully small fifty years ago.

Economics

THE world knows Mr. John D. Rockefeller's attitude towards money. His shiny new dimes have had their fame as tips broadcast through the land. Confirmation of his practical economies are never lacking; and the latest of these is at this time amusing certain members of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club.

There is, as a major figure in this incident, Mr. Pat Lagin, who has been a collector of laundry throughout Westchester County for, lo, these many years. Many of his customers, even those most prominent in Bradstreet's, knew him personally. Latterly, Pat changed employers and, so, lost the patronage of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. The present work is satisfactory, so why change? Such was the reasoning of the Laird of Pocantico Hills.

Presently, it occurred to Pat to submit compared price lists. Mr. Rockefeller was paying five cents a collar for laundering. Pat's new firm would do it for four. The opposition charged thirty-five cents for a dress shirt, as against a bid of thirty. And so on, through the items of male linen.

The Laird of Pocantico consulted black-and-white reproductions.

his valet. Did the new laundry do good work? he inquired. It did.

"Well, then," said Mr. Rockefeller, "Pat shall have our work again. The difference in price will run into quite a saving, to be sure."

A Painter

GEORGE BELLOWS, whose Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum opens next week, was the only American artist



who could get space on the front pages of the daily press by virtue of the controversial quality of his work. He commanded the interest, albeit only occasionally, of the common run of his countrymen. I recall, as an example, the wide consideration accorded his "Crucifixion," which aroused transient interest in art even among such hide-bound conservatives, in this matter, as yellow journals and the religious press.

It is not quite the usual thing for the Metropolitan to accord such recognition to an American artist, although it has done so before, and perhaps would do it more often if such distinction were earned. Winslow, Whistler, Aiken, Chase, and Fuller have been thus honored, and Sargent is to be early next year, but several of these were American only by birth. Their art, training, and their outlook became European by the time they reached technical maturity.

In this respect, again, Bellows was unique. He was a lanky Middle Westerner when he came to town twenty-odd years ago, and he remained so—curiously blunt, sometimes even gauche—until his death. His knowledge of the masters was limited to what he saw in American galleries, for he never visited Europe. The rest were familiar to him only through black-and-white reproductions.

If it is important to have American art, Bellows is the most significant figure our painting has produced. If the importance is to have art, without nationality, he ranks with half a dozen others of the first flight. His great distinction, it would seem, is his Americanism, which is of the soil, and of the roaring industrial plant, of the streets and of the fields of professional sport.

BELLOWS had a wit that savored of the smart ruralist; of the village general store sage. It was after the Armistice that a gentleman suspected of pro-German leanings arose at a banquet to berate one of Bellows's canvases, which had for its subject the Germans' repatriation of Frenchmen too old for labor, and for its title, "Return of the Useless."

"Mr. Bellows's painting is all the more remarkable, since it was done without his ever visiting Europe," the speaker commented, acidly.

Bellows rose placidly, at the rear of the banquet hall, to defend himself.

"Say! Do you think that Leonardo da Vinci ever had a ticket of admission to the Last Supper?" he inquired.

CERTAINLY, those works of Bellows which are best known among the populace are his prize fight episodes, of which subjects he did six paintings, as well as various lithographs. These are well represented in the Metropolitan's Memorial Exhibition, the decision being that the works shown should be typical of everything to which he put either pen, pencil, or brush.

Perhaps the best realization of the completeness of the collection may be gained through the appended table, which was furnished me by one of the committee in charge of the exhibition. The first column represents the total known works of the artist in each division of his labors, and the second the number of these to be hung in the Metropolitan.

Paintings	130	63
Lithographs	170	59
Drawings, Sketches, etc.	150	24

Unquestionably, it will be an interesting show and one may look forward particularly to seeing again "Sacred and Profane Love," that gorgeous bit of humor with which Bellows tantalized the art critics.

Surely that canvas of the long, white nude seated next the demurely clad lady will serve once more to wake bitter and amusing controversy among the devotees of canvas and palette.

Gratifying

THE perfect formula for declining an invitation appears on one of those prepared post cards that the recipient is supposed to return to his inviter after striking out one of two alternative phrases:

"I'am glad to be able to

regret that I cannot

attend the annual dinner of the Society for Setting the Hudson River on Fire, on Thursday, October 15, 1925."

Of course to send back the card without eliding either phrase would be unthinkably rude, but oh! how selfsatisfying!

Cycle

THEY say, with a sigh of deep regret for the passage of a landmark, that "Abie's Irish Rose" is on the verge of closing. A verge, however, as applied to this hoary veteran of the Republic Theatre, must be understood to be very wide, indeed. It is not at all unlikely that a full score of plays will be born and will perish before the final curtain rings down on it. Sometime about the first of the year is the date most frequently suggested for the completion of the cycle.

And how strange the town will seem if the electric sign, "Abie's Irish Rose," no longer flickers along Fortysecond street. For the play has become a large part of our times. It has had great effect on our lives. Wits have become famous, or more famous, by their comments upon it.

People date their memories by the time—long, long ago—when they first saw "Abie's Irish Rose." Thus, one gentleman happening to mention the play at a dinner party, was informed by his wife that she had seen it before they were married; before they were engaged, in fact. And since then the couple has become veterans of the life marital, with all the responsibilities of parenthood now more than a year old.

A landmark passes, surely enough.

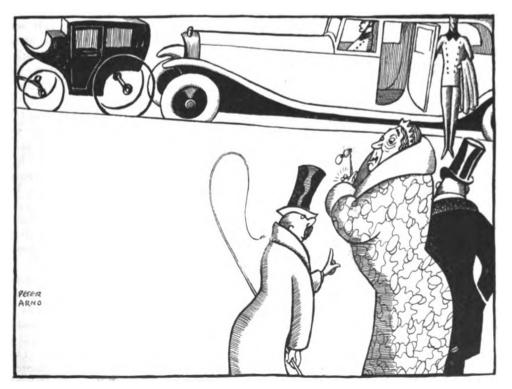
A ND what of that wide community which has lived its separate lives within the confines of the play itself—the company which, day in and day out, has performed the comedy for all these bearded years? Only three members of the original cast remain. In two of the major rôles, Mr. Harry Bradley and Mr. Al White, the Father Whalen and the Solomon of the piece. A demure young maiden, Miss Dorothy Grau, also has clung through the ages. When first she appeared she was a mere child, one of the flower girls at the wedding ceremony. But time and circumstance have promoted her. Now she is one of the bridesmaids.

Actors and actresses have come and gone at the Republic, while "Abie's Irish Rose" blossomed perennially. One knight of the buskin married and has become a father since the play began. Another fine old soul passed from the Republic to the larger stage beyond. Three original players have fallen in with the ways of the times sufficiently to have won divorces from sympathetic courts.

It has been a separate community within the town's life, the "Abie's Irish Rose" company, but soon—soon, that is, for this most long-lived play it, too, will disintegrate. And nothing will remain save the memory of a tremendous success, Miss Anne Nichols's fortune, road companies, of course, and the unique distinction which will accrue to those few souls who did not see the comedy performed.

Aesthetics

IT is unfair, indubitably, to insist that one maintain one's aesthetic conceptions against the hubbub of everyday life; and yet, knowing it un-



"Elegant cab, lady?"

reasonable, I could not but be amused by a late tale of an incident of Macdougal Alley.

Mme. Julia Hoyt had found time from her many duties as actress, designer, author, and belle dame, to grant an interview to a representative "clined to count, as of greater worth, of one of the many newspaper syndicates whose purpose in life is to keep the provinces posted as to New York's ways.

The gorgeous Mrs. Hoyt was speak-

ing. "I simply adore the aesthetic taste of the Italians, the chivalry and courtliness which is inculcated in them from infancy. They-

At this moment a large indoor baseball bounced through the front window of the Hoyt home, demolished a nice bit of Bohemian glass, and then flopped, most discourteously, into the fair lady's lap.

"Beastly little Wops," exclaimed the hostess, jumping up. "I've told them time and time again to keep out of the Alley. Pardon me while I telephone the police. Wops!" Beastly little

And presently, her mission accomplished, the fair lady resumed, "Let me see-oh, yes, I was saying, the true Italian culture and chivalry is found even in the very young----."

Indubitably, one's aesthetic conceptions cannot always be maintained in everyday affairs, but the contrasts these afford sometimes are amusing.

Banks

HE Fifth Avenue Bank is to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, on October 13. I am not familiar with the degree of exuberance which banks lavish upon occasions of this sort, but the Fifth Avenue Bank seems justified in some form of jubilation, some unbending of its soot-stained red-brick dignity, if only as a polite snicker at the gentlemen, long-passed, who thought its founding a mad dream. Once a hazardous experiment, laughed at by distant Wall Street, it has come to be the doyen of some thirty-odd banks which have come, with the northward growth, to the new financial center. It was Wall Street which had to move, via branch banking, to Fifth Avenue territory.

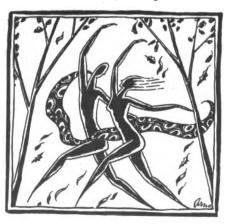
With the rush uptown after the population, the banking industry has left behind its icy inquisitions of pros-

pective accounts, its cold domineering. It has become almost human, perhaps sometimes a little too human. Where once the icy-hearted banker treasured as an asset a life career, from office boy to mahogany desk, now he is inmemberships in clubs, (real or prospective) ability to play golf and bridge, to turn a pretty compliment. Not that the change is too fundamental, for both the old and the new orders were bent on capitalizing their personal suggestive value. But the modern midtown banker relies for good impression on a carnation in his buttonhole and the latest shirting instead of resorting to a sturdy set of whiskers as of old.

Very, very old timers will recall that the basic urge of the Fifth Avenue Bank's conception lay in the notion that the handling of women's accounts might be profitable. To-day, most of the uptown banks have gone in wholeheartedly for the feminine trade and, with a touch of gallantry, have invited the ladies to their counting houses. And with them have come amusing difficulties.

The more acidly economical of the directors, for instance, have come to urge that ash trays, pen holders and such appurtenances be chained to the desks. Long sacred on the tables of the main halls, they now disappear in a most depressing volume from new Ladies' Departments. Any day you may observe the dear depositors handing stacks of personal correspondence, written on the bank's expensive stationery, to the bank's attendant, with the simple directions, "Please post these."

And the Fifth Avenue Bank itself. which for years courteously extended free telephone privileges to both their masculine and feminine clients, found it necessary, a few years ago, to discontinue free telephoning service in



the women's half of their establishment. A tabulation had disclosed the charming visitors chatting as much as forty minutes at a time, accomplishing their week's marketing, while a line of increasingly irate members of their sex stormed impatiently waiting their turn.

Irony

NTO each life some rain must fall . . . and into Mr. Henry Ford's some irony.

Sire Flivver was rolling along a country road in the West, when he espied an old man wearily plodding ahead on foot. On command, the chauffeur braked down to a standstill. The dust-stained traveller was invited to a lift, which he accepted. Conversation ensued, and, asked Mr. Ford, "Where are you bound for?"

"I'm going to Detroit, Sir, to take a job in a livery stable," the weary one replied.

Return

MISS PATRICIA SALMON is coming back to Broadway, a more confident person, they say, than the bewildered little figure remembered in the "Follies," who tried to fill the reaches of the New Amsterdam Theatre with a pathetically thin voice. The memory of the town is not long for such nine-day wonders; so it is as well, perhaps, to recall her as the young lady who was discovered in a tent show at Shelby, Montana, by a local dramatic critic who was there to report the color incident to a heavyweight championship prize fight.

His printed accounts of her ability led Mr. Flo Ziegfeld to engage her for the "Follies," sight unseen. She was neither a great success, nor a tootragic failure. The critics, as I recall, were laboriously kind. She survived her season, but there was no re-engagement.

Thereafter, Miss Salmon returned to the larger tent show of a real circus and announced herself happy to be back on the road.

Now, she is coming back to us as a semi-headliner on the Keith circuit. The tent show has disbanded for the Winter, as is usual when the first frost bites the rural districts in which it thrives. Her fame has been enlarged in the hinterland and, while she is no Marilyn Miller locally, yet it is expected that she will be a success



in vaudeville. The dramatic critic's venture into humanitarianism was not wholly in vain.

NOTES: restaurant issues metal identification tags for patrons to obtain entrance to bar. Number of bearer and address of restaurant inscribed. If holder meets with accident and becomes unconscious, he will be returned to bar.

DVERTISING story emanating from firm of Winsten & Sullivan: Piano company runs advertisement extolling virtues of its product and includes coupon for possible buy-One received from Westchester ers. followed up with eagerness by salesman in Ford, who finds the inquiry comes from large brick building disclosed as a private sanitarium for the "Oh, yes," says the superintendent, "That was sent in from here. We encourage all our patients to send in advertising coupons; it keeps them occupied.

Sousa's Band

WITH the glittering array of foreign orchestral conductors returned to town for the still drowsy Season, it is pleasant to note that the new Mecca Temple, Masonry's offering as a concert hall successor to the tottering Carnegie Hall, is to be opened on Sunday with no less an American program than that of Lieutenant John Philip Sousa. After years of rebellion against the rise of Jazz, he is at last to succumb with a new arrangement, "Jazz America" and perhaps, along with his famous "Stars and Stripes Forever," further modern melody amongst his encores. It may be his own way of returning the compliment of the Anniversary baton which Mr. Vincent Lopez is to present to him, on behalf of the modern musical leaders.

NEW YORK is poorly equipped with concert halls. We have little of such facilities for listening as Queen's, and Albert, and the half score of lesser halls of London. The Mecca with its lessons of acoustic mistakes well learned from our older auditoriums, the more convenient arrangement of seats we noted (along with its Moorish decorative scheme) when we dropped in at a rehearsal, should be an improvement. The Gentlemen who parade in red fezzes now and then, to the amusement of our humorists, have done well by Manhattan.

MR. SOUSA is rather a splendid figure to usher in the new era. He is, besides, a fine balance to the long haired temperament to which we have grown used among conductors. There is about him a sporting air of good-fellowship; a learned musician, he rarely talks of music—rather, he converses of horses and yachts, which he loves, of the open spaces, of his devotion to such an American pastime as shooting craps.

BANDSMEN, by the way, are the inveterate gamblers in the musical world. Perhaps many an audience has wondered at the swift gliding from sight of a band during an intermission, even during a soloist's recitation. It would find the clarinet beneath the stage coaxing numerical combinations from ivory dice, with the cornets and the French horns saying unmusical things about him. Or, in another corner, a quickly gathered group bent upon pinochle.

Mr. Sousa himself breathes deep of the spirit. The millions that number his listeners might smile if they saw him with the clicking dice in his hands, listened to his tales of his own prowess with them. Once a young lady, earnest eyed, confronted him with raptures over a soloist's performance.

"Bah," shrugged Mr. Sousa, "he is a wretched crapshooter."

THE Liquor Market: Scotch, imported, up to \$62@\$65 due to recent enforcement activities. Importers ready to let prices go even higher with a view to holiday markets. —THE NEW YORKERS

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THE NEW YORKER

Heroes of the Week

MRS. JESSIE WOOL-WORTH DONAHUE—Who is here photographed wearing a few millions of dollars worth of the Woolworth family jewels, several quarts of which were stolen from her at the Hotel Plaza last week, will find little difficulty in replacing the missing real gems with exact replicas from her late father's shops. G I L D A G R A Y-Who watched the "rushes" of her first picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," run off at the Famous-Players Studio in Long Island City the other day munching a carrot. As Miss Gray is in no way entering into competition with Miss Lillian Gish, and is understood not to care if she is mentioned in the American Mercury or not, it is assumed that the carrot was mercly to keep her shoulders quiet.

THE REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON—Who, if he doesn't get his picture printed in the paper at least once in every four weeks, is very likely to start something that *will* get it printed. THE NEW YORKER, ever conscious of its solemn responsibilities towards its public hereby comes across with the October quota, thus safeguarding the pleasures of the metropolis until November. It feels, however, that it is the Saturday Evening Post's turn next.

JAMES J. WALKER—Wh o was practically elected last week when E. H. Wilson, chairman of the research committee of the Kings County Republican Advisory Committee, published the fact that the Citizens Union record showed that Senator Walker had, in 1912, introduced bills in the Legislature increasing the time during which liquor saloons might be open.

HARRY K. THAW---Who, appearing suddenly to make a round of the night clubs last week, seemed, to those inured to the present ways of the city, like a sweet breath of the true Old New York, recalling fading memories of hansom cabs, stage door johnnies, moonlight over Madison Square, Strauss waltzes, charity balls and the dear, vanished days when men were expected to give *some* reason for an evening's shooting spree.



SOON THE OPERA

SSUREDLY the place of paradoxes is the well-known Metropolitan Opera House, situate at Broadway and Fortieth Street. It is at once one of the finest institutions in the entire world artistic, housed in the shabbiest and most uncomfortable building ever devised for music or for any other serious business; its people are contrary to the usual run of people in that they are inordinately glad to be back at worka unique trait even among artists, and just as the last sunny days of Summer are leaving us the jolly old Met. gets up on its hind legs, wags its tail and gives us Spring all over again.

There is Spring in the air, in the neckties, in the new French and Italian canes the artists are carrying; there is Spring in the fresh voices of the wonderful chorus, in the charming draperies of the fair ladies, in the first rehearsals of the strings and wood-wind, in the general tuning up, and particularly is there Spring in the newly-painted wood-wings and woodland scenes stretched flat on their backs with their feet high in the air right across the huge auditorium. The huge trees are lying lazing down waiting for the signal to get up and take their places on the stage, for they are part of the intricate mcchanical equipment. They are not moved by gentle winds, it is true, but by most ungentle gentlemen named Harry, Billy and Joe, but they move no less.

And if one needs a further sign of Spring cleaning up and tuning up, a huge vacuum cleaner is cleaning away all the old "atmosphere" from the sanctum of that noble Roman, Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the dust is being literally charmed out of the place by the invisible air pressure, all the operatic bugs of last season have departed, all the turgid air of operatic quarrels, the sighs and threats of prima prima donnas and prima seconda donnasmale and female, have been suctioned out, the ultimatums of conductors and the growls of subscribers in English, German, French and Italian have gone. In their place stands the Spirit of Perennial Youth and Music.

There is Youth and Hope. Youth is determined to start all over again and Hope promises "bigger, better and brighter than ever." The building *is* bad, the administrative offices and the



executive chambers unworthy of opera, and the auditorium itself is nothing to write home about, but things will be better, and perhaps some day we may have an Opera House that people can sit in in comfort, hear some of the music, and perhaps get an occasional glimpse of the singer-actors.

And there are the People. They are all bronzed, and "Summered up," and they look eager, healthy and Springlike. It is a foolishly-affectionate family. They are glad to see each other, and the World's Worst Paradox is spoken on all sides: "I am glad to see you, too, and I am glad to be back at work!" A bas Socialism and Communism and the Equal Division of Property! They are glad to be back at work.

Signor Gatti-Casazza arrives the day after this magazine is on the street, but his right-hand man and that "busy executive who is rarely in conference" (another of the unique), Monsieur Edouarde Ziegler, is on the job looking faithfully after every department, being in several places at once, calm, unruffled, grey headed, genial, and a likable chap... probably the ideal executive.

In strolls Clarence Whitehill, American basso, who at once claims priority in print over that Demon Suppresser of News, William J. Guard, by virtue of his Youth. William J. he of the tanned skin, and flashing eye and flowing necktie—counters with his brilliant record while taking the Northern Italian waters when he climbed, swam, and took the water "with the best of 'em." Don't speak to him of age, by Heck, or murder will supervene!

Another playful youngster, Leon Rothier, French basso, stands outside the door before a group of despairing flappers each eager for a kind word in French. Merle Alcock, American contralto, gives Leon a little gentle josh while Marie Sundelius, soprano, adds a Scandinavian joke which is untranslatable into other copyright tongues.

In the large restaurant that faithful servant of opera and genius, Giulio Setti, rehearses what is probably the finest choral body in this—or any other—country. Giulio is a placid, musicianly chap, liked by everyone, but when it comes to the chorus parts

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of about forty operas, he is there, and his chorus will meet all comers, accompanied or unaccompanied. Today they are all seated around him on chairs. They are not Egyptians, nor Sicilians, nor monks, nuns, rabbles, villagers, "heavenly voices," nor "a great choir is heard off-stage." They are just American and Italian singers in their street clothes, with young Fausto Cleva at the piano and Giulio Setti at the baton, but once outside the restaurant door one really hears "the great choir" and "the heavenly voices."

A wily athlete, Frank Wenker is doing gymnastic feats in the press room. Allowed to wear a Douglas Fairbanks moustache by permission of the Board of Directors this boy climbs up and down shelves uprooting and casting away the glittering inventions of his Chief. The basket loads are carried sadly out . . . into the outer darkness. They have done their bit and what is deader than a newspaper story of the season before. Out with them, Frankie, the "romantic engagements," the "slightly indisposeds," the "unavoidable change of cast," the "brilliant triumphs," the "honors of announcing," and the "repeated by general requests at popular prices." There will be another freshly cooked batch prepared for this season.

The scenery itself is most inconsiderate. The second act of "Aida" has got into some sort of a scuffle with "La Gioconda" with the result that the Nile is stuffed full of Venetian gondolas. "Boris Godunoff" is flirting with "Carmen" and the snow-clad Steppes are right in the center of the Bull Ring Entrance, or the Plaza del Toros, if you prefer it that way. The Sphinx looks gravely down upon the small theatre for "I Pagliacci" set for the Italian strolling players, while the cafe tables for "La Boheme" are thrown into the Egyptian tombs, in the evident hope that the assorted mummies will be charmed back to life by the pre-Prohibition touch. Worse than that, the gloomy castle for "Il Trovatore" is stuck square across the main dining hall of "Parsifal" while the watery abode of the Rhinemaidens is piled high with the tapestried chairs of "La Tosca."

On the way out one meets another real artist, Samuel Thewman, the stage director just back from Germany and London, also glad to be back at work; Artur Bodanzky, the tall, and most gentlemanly Hungarian conductor who seems to be able to watch all his instruments (including those just behind him) at once by some magic of his own; Mme. Frances Alda, who has a kind word for everybody and who can sing in anybody's opera, no matter what language, although she is a true Australian; Millo Picco, Italian baritone, stands modestly aside while the gorgeous Maria Jeritzà sweeps in-another breath of the sunshine of Spring.

Out of this swirling mass of vacuum cleaning, rehearsing in twentyfour different rooms, rearranging scores, the languages of the Tower of Babel (although we were never

there!), scenery piled high across the orchestra stalls, people with music scores on their laps humming and singing in rooms, on chairs, on stairways, electricians (under whose hand the murderous blue flashes light), property masters, costumers, wig makers, "detail-artists," scene painters, and the thousands of scurrying human ants carrying pieces large and small, will evolve, under the magic hand of Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the huge repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

And of the forty or fifty operas to be given in this season, which is the one chosen to lead the procession of gorgeous music? Ask the Sphinx now removed to Sicily, or ask the bullfighters who have found their way into Russia. They can tell you more than we know, but in the air-inside and outside the opera house-there seems to be a definite longing for that grand old work of the Italian Ponchielli-""La Gioconda" (surely one of the best works ever written for all operatic purposes). Perhaps it will be a starter already tried-"La Tosca" by the late Giacomo Puccini, or even that completely-satisfying-to-the-eyeand-ear collection of everything on earth "Aida" by our old friend Verdi. And how about "The Polish Jew"? Who knows? Who cares?

Spring is in the air at the Metropolitan and it will be a great opening of the operatic blooms. Let the wise Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza pick where he will in his wondrous garden. —W. PERCEVAL-MONGER

OF ALL THINGS

I T seems that William C. Proctor sank ever so much money in General Wood preferred and never got a dividend. Things like that are bound to happen when a soap maker tries to be a butter and egg man.

One parley doesn't make a pact.

We are being forced to the reluctant conclusion that the last war we bought was not worth the money.

Still it would have been a graceful little act of the President's to make our departing French guests a *bon voyage* gift of Secretary Wilbur.

If Colonel Mitchell had his way, he would probably spell it "Knavey."

Out of the contradictory testimony at Washington we get the idea somehow that our magnificent aircraft would be even sturdier if tied together with something stronger than red tape.

The late Thomas R. Marshall's engaging memoirs, as appearing in the *Times*, go far to explain why he never got higher than the Vice Presidency. He seems to have been almost entirely lacking in the two attributes of political greatness, applesauce and venom.

Out in Wisconsin they seem to regard young LaFollette as a chip of the old farm bloc.

The Stalwart Republicans hitched their wagon to the Ku Klux Klan with the

usual result. Maybe the Kluxers would be more important at the polls if the elections were held at night.

•

The French are apparently getting the upper hand in the conflict with the Riffs, aided and abetted by the Escadrille Lafayette. Still it may be just as well to wait until the war is won before we announce that America won it.

Mrs. Donahue, daughter of the late F. W. Woolworth, was robbed of a lot of jewelry. They are said to have been worth ten million nickels.

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The Republicans claim that Waterman has a splendid chance to win the election. Three rousing jeers by the Tiger!

-HOWARD BRUBAKER



One Hundred Per Cent American

shout: Ku Klux Klans, Se- him to New York. curity Leagues, Vice Socie--all the Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Cherubs, Thrones of the the purlieus of Wall Street: stalwart, American Heaven. "WHAT! this man? . . . During the War, he brought out the best revolutionary and pacifistic books that he could muster. He has sponsored half the advanced novelists who pollute our homes, half the radical thinkers who defile our customs, half the free verse poets who corrupt our English. He has defiantly come out for minorities in a land where the Majority is sacred. He has fought such noble democratic measures as Censorship, as Clean Book Bills-and with his own money! money doubtless ill-begot through the sale of works by renegades like Debs or Dreiser. He stands, first and last, for the Revolt of our misled youth against every proper tradition of the land. You can't go into his Office without encountering some socialist, some prophet or some radical university professor. He has popularized Petronius, Nietzsche, Moore! He has been indicted by the State of

New York for a subversive publication. And you entitle a sketch of him 100% American!! . . . Sirs, how dare you?"

Well, gently now, my gentle lords and masters. Let us see. . .

His name is Horace B. Liveright, and he comes from Philadelphia. That ox-like and memorial metropolis some vears ago suffered an earthquake: a quiet earthquake which made the statue of William Penn on Broad Street quaintly waltz, but did no damage. Some say indeed it was not an earthquake but a tremor of relief. And it occurred when HBL raced with his seven bags full of schemes down the deserted platform, and swung the

HAT!" we hear them last step of the train which brought like the other traders, to get the pot

In those pioneer days, our hero He was running to vault. was a trader. You could see him in





Horace B. Liveright

svelte and scintillant, dark withal and dashing-and on his brow already the shadow of some doubt. Indeed, the gesture of romance with which his grizzling hair swept upward seemed to express a yearning beyond Curbs and Advertising Columns. A good trader, nonetheless: he sat at the wheel of a smart car; money ran through his nervous, nonchalant fingers; the gilded pageantry of Broadway knew him and drank with him on easy terms. But, were you keen, you could see even then a discrepant glance in his nostalgic eyes. This man was looking away-toward the makers of history and of books. He was in a hurry-always in a hurry. But not, of gold at the bottom of the rainbow.

The key to the secret lay in his desk at home. There, under a chaos

> of check books and billets doux hid bits of manuscript-songs, dialogues, themes: humble and too scattered to raise their heads. The way was yet long and devious for this Lothario of traders. He grew more scarce in the canyons and cafes of Broadway. He became a manufacturer-of paper! And at last, his face was known in the dark basements and back rooms of Greenwich Village: he became a denizen of those untidy incubators of American Culture-of the American Soul!

HBL, Publisher-Put him down a product of that American ferment: of that already distant and romantic age in which our country, cut off momently from its European outlets, began to sizzle and stew in its own juice; in which theatres, books and magazines of verse rose like an enzymed scum to the surface of our life; and countless youths, perched on the garrettops of Greenwich Village, found voice and shouted: "Hail, Nietzsche; Hail, Ibsen; Hail, Dostoevski-we are come!"

The rest is literary history-or will be. And this scion of our Age of Ferment belongs to it. No record of it can be complete, that fails to reckon with HBL . . . erratic, tangential, generous, inspired . . . this trader in Letters, this gambler in aesthetics, this marketer of poets, this poet of marketeers.

Romance in Business harks back to another well known Philadelphian, Ben Franklin. The Crusade in Business is a corollary clause whose most eloquent propounder used to be a motor mechanic in Detroit. In both



these American inventions the stress is after all still business. HBL typifies a change: the injecting of business into romance and crusading. His means is negotiable coin and the ways thereof: but his end is Idea and Dream. Possibly, in the days when Liveright (with Albert Boni) first began to print Nietzsche in cheap form and to hunt for American masters, he understood that in our practical American world the artist was the unfortunate lover destined to become a hero: the Idea was the inaccessible Grail destined to be sought for. You see the difference. Long, the accoutrements of poetry had been exploited for the ends of prose. Here was a man doing the converse: a sort of Parsifal, riding around in a Ford.

For the sword he buckled on is Commerce; and the steed he rides is called Publicity. He looks businesslike enough. And his tools are mighty sharp. But if you think that his end is the same as his means, you don't know where he's riding.

There is, for instance . . . as a hint ... his Office. Rightly, it is a brownstone house which, from its origin. was destined for a home. A home it is still, although the typewriters click and the basements bulge with books. It has a warm, convivial atmosphere. To visit it, is no short matter. For everybody that works there is the friend of everybody else. And if you have business with HBL, the whole blessed family knows it-and is concerned-and is full of personal pleasant questions. There is perhaps too little outward discipline in this place. It is, indeed, an unconscious organism -running itself.

The head of it works like the proverbial heart-wherein his weakness doubtless, and his strength. To the achieved author, no human being is so troublesome as the would-be author. Liveright is a vicarious author. By self-analysis and a true humility before the creative act, he has seemingly

excised the personal from his literary will. And yet there remains in him enough of the immediate thrill of writing to bring him naturally close, and to make him helpful, to the writer. But HBL knows less of books than of men. When he discovers a writer of books who, is a man, he is likely to take the manuscripts on faith. This is why his list of Americans is better than of Europeans. He has met the Americans. Of course, in both men and books, like every intuitive spirit, he makes gigantic errors. And the reason for this is that there are in him two instincts stronger than the constant quixotism which makes him back the Idea in a world of Fact: the instinct to gamble for the sake of the game, and the instinct to help, for the fun of helping.

HBL has a weakness for the under dog. It is a fortunate fact that in literature so often the under dog of today is the lion of to-morrow. But if one of Liveright's pets stays under dog, he does not repine. He even enjoys This trader is restlessly moved by it. a need of Virtue: and doubtless the presence of a few magnificent failures on his ledgers helps.

But when the book is ready, the trader is doubled by a circus barker. HBL can sponsor a book like a lover of the Truth, and sell it like a patent medicine hawker. He has done more to put "life" into the literary market than any of his fellows. And . . . more's the pity . . . he is proud of it. For this "life" consists chiefly in undifferentiate adjectives of praise, lacking even the circus merit of alliteration. Of course, in this, Liveright is a child of the times. The complexity of reaching the scattered literate thousands, hidden in our hundred millions, is exasperating enough to make any one raise his voice. The trouble is, that straightway the other publishers raised their voices too. So that the "Book Page" has become a Bedlam -as noisy as the old Curb with which

HBL used to be familiar. Even Paris is beginning to imitate the cacophonous ways of Liveright. He knows it's bad: but he enjoys the racketprecisely because he started it.

For if he is a crusader, if he is a romantic champion of good booksif in his business career the desire to serve, the motive of an ultimate conscience can often be discerned, there is something even back of that. Good books rather than bad ones; good writers rather than dull ones; good causes rather than respectable onesby all means! For that is the way to a Good Time. This man is no reformer. He is closer to the poets. He does what he likes. And this he likes above all: that no hour be heavy. that no day and no deal be without its radiant wings. There is here much of the gambler, much of the showman, a great deal of the playboy-all good American traits. But what galvanizes these into the peculiar person is their direction toward creative, rather than possessive ends. HBL has made a shrewd discovery; that the race is no longer to the commercial. and that the joy of living has left the realms of materialistic Fact for the domains of poesy and fancy.

All these contradictory elements in HBL: the gamut indeed from stocks and bonds to Dream. And not integrated yet, any more than they are integrated in American culture. But look at them whole, and you'll find they have the American direction. That percentage of visionary and ideal hunger running through the rest of him and pointing all of him-shall we say it completes the American 100%? Well—let us hope so.

-Search-light

Calamity at Lords Cricketer Stung-Mr. G. O. Allen, the Middlesex cricketer, was stung by a gnat while playing against Notts at Lord's on Saturday, and will be unable to take any further part in the game.

–London Daily Mail





THE TOMATO SURPRISE

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BRIDE OF THE SOUND



forty-five miles from Forty-fifth Street, as the crow the condition of the Post Road and how the New Haven charges for tickets that is the best way to come. The population of our town

consists of artists, writers, editors, architects, educators, realtors and Summer city slickers. There are also people here who work for a living.

Our artists and writers if laid end to end would reach from Hotel Square to Compo Beach but only the hot-heads favor such drastic measures. These statistics refer to Greater Westport, including Saugatuck, Green's Farms, Coleytown, Weston and sometimes Lyon's Plains. There are probably no more artists in Westport than there are in New York, but they are thicker because not so diluted by clothing manufacturers and song writers. There are no art schools here; no pink rhinoceros tea rooms; the artists cannot be distinguished by their dress from members of the Nothing Greenwich human race. Villagy, Woodstockish or Provincetownian.

The art invasion is charged against Edmund M. Ashe. He came here many years ago, meaning no harm, but George Wright followed and one thing led to another and now we are Connecticut's Latin Quarter with illustrators as far as the eye can reach.

The fiction magazines of New York would have a sorry time trying to get along without our talent, but there is a subtle spiritual affinity between Westport and Philadelphia. An issue of the Saturday Evening Post that does not contain stories by Richard Connell and Lucian Cary and pictures by Nancy Fay, Ernest Fuhr, Henry Raleigh, Henry B. Davis, J. Clinton Shepherd and George Wright is regarded here as practically a misprint. A weekly Dodge ad design by William Meade Prince that does not depict some charming local scene is null and void.

Another prominent illustrator in the Fay family is Clark. His annual

ESTPORT is acreage may not be quite as great as his wife's, but he falls off far more horses. Like Oscar Howard, Clark Fay is a member of the Fairfield flies. and what with County Hunt Club's polo team which, if we say it ourselves, has been beaten by some of the best teams in Connecticut.

> Though illustrators abound, there are also many art-artists. Anderson, Boyd, Daugherty, du Bois, Lichtenaur, Mazzanovich-to mention just a few-also the sculptors, James Earle Frazer and Laura Gardin Frazer. In fact all the arts flourish here, oil, pen and ink, crayon and wash, dry point etching, block printing, linoleum cutting and home brewing.

Though Venice is the Bride of the Adriatic, Westport is the Bride of Long Island Sound. Like Paris, which it also faintly resembles, Westport is separated from itself by a river; the Saugatuck, too, has its right and left bank. One can stand on either bank among the tomato cans and easily see Samuel McCoy, journalist and bard, stuck on a sand bar in his boat. If it is a larger boat it is Henry Raleigh's.

On the east shore of this more or less majestic stream is Imperial Avenue where Rose O'Neill makes Kewpies and poems. On the west side is a high hill. In mounting this you can easily pass Hendrick Willem Van Loon's new house. The artisthistorian rather likes to have people pass his house as he is pretty busy. Farther up, Van Wyck Brooks can be observed meditating upon the state of American letters and around by a pond Paul Rosenfeld sits, in season, with his impressive collection of muses.

Sooner or later you will be bumped into by William McFee. This novelist and critic has swallowed the anchor but he is not as yet a perfect landlubber. He drives his car down Main Street as if he were alone between The Lizard and Sandy Hook. He is held here in high esteem, but that is not the way he is held by traffic cops. Other motorists have learned that it pays to drive carefully because it is a blame nuisance to have to stop all the time and scrape etchers off the mud guards or pick minor poets out of the carburetor.

The Bulletin of the Author's

League of America, trade paper of the writers and illustrators, is published here. There are also two local papers though neither of them knows there are so many. The Westporter-Herald is not on speaking terms with the Standard and it is pretty cool toward the English language, too.

A person might stand in front of Sachs's grocery on a clear day and see such assorted notables as Lee Simonson, stage designer; Webb Waldron, novelist; Everett Shinn, illustrator; Ruth Hawthorne, playwright, and Simeon Strunsky of the New York Times. Some of these are confirmed Westporters, others can take it or let it alone. Bill Hart of the movies was born here. He has beautified the ancestral home and sometimes he calls upon it and gives it his moral support.

The real salon of the intelligentsia is Compo Beach. Here they meet daily in the Summer to compare views and shins. The remark is often passed by rough characters that these ornaments of American art and letters are not so terribly ornamental with their clothes off.

The Rotary Club met the artists' nine the other day and the artists were even worse by a score of 15 to 14. It is hoped that this puts an end forever to the local phrase, "the fast artist set."-HOWARD BRUBAKER

TO TOSTI

(Adagio Lamentoso)

OOD-BY," intones the wailing J 'cello,

"No use, dear heart, the Summer's through!"

The leaves may change to red and yellow But we stay blue.

Unstrung by Fate's uncertain chances,

We wanly murmur, "Homeward, James!"

And muse, "It's time to think of dances And football games."

"The hour has struck," we sob, "for sinners.

Who weep with you at Autumn's ways, To plan a round of social dinners And cabarets."

When Summer woods turn damp and frostv

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And Autumn winds begin to sigh,

We wave to you, O Sigñor Tosti,

A last "Good-by!"

-ELIAS LIEBERMAN

IN THE NE₩S

The Navy Inquires

TOU have not squandered much time during late days, I suppose, reading or thinking of the inquiry going forward at Lakehurst into the causes of the Shenandoah's wreck. You have an experience of Government investigations. And you doubtless have concluded that this was just another case of gnawing over regrettable bones-another of those pompously official probes, as they say, as silly and trivial as a debate in Congress and likely to accomplish approximately half as much. You have, perhaps, been bored at the newspaper reports,

But then you have not walked, feeling suddenly like an ephemeral mite, into that huge, gaunt hangar that stands on the desolate New Jersey meadow, to see the Los Angeles, lying lonely and forlorn, alongside an empty stretch of chilly air that used to be the Shenandoah's berth. You have not seen a dour-faced petty officer standing beside the pile of relics and crying at his memories of the ruined ship-while less sentimental survivors of the disaster bedevilled him with lusty fo'csle jokes and no sympathy whatever. You have not seen a spikehearded Bavarian officer, once the accursed enemy of this commonwealth, throw a rouleau of blunt and unexpected truth into the teeth of an Admiral of the United States Navyand make him like it.

Minor adventures, these, of course. But with them under his skin, one gained the notion that the matter might be of some importance. And when Captain Anton Heinen challenged Admiral Hilary Jones and his court of inquiry to apply their coat of whitewash and be damned, one reached the conclusion that here, at last, might be an official inquiry which would demolish precedent by achieving the giddy height of an honest decision. For the gentleman of the Navy, in their cocked hats and glittering swords, knew while they listened to Heinen that they were receiving a lecture on dirigible navigation and practice from the soundest expert alive. They are aware now, that to dismiss the facts of his testimony and to bend to his charge of whitewashing, will be to bring down their masts and encourage particular world.

Until the German appeared before the court, a most curious lot of testimony had got into the record. The survivors of the crash, officers and men, had told of their experiences. But they had not given mere factual accounts of the stupendous adventure which befell them above the Ohio fields. Nearly every one of them had advanced his own theory of the causes of the shipwreck. And as a result, the court was in possession of a dozen



opinions, each of which had been advanced by one or two men, to be refuted by the evidence of three or four.

Commander Sydney Kraus, for instance, said that in his opinion, the break-up was caused in this manner: The wind wrenched the control car loose from its supports, leaving it suspended from the hull only by the heavy control wires leading back to the elevators and rudders. Before the control car finally broke free, the sawing action of the wires cut through one or more girders, which so weakened the keel structure that the ship buckled amidships.

But he had hardly advanced this theory before Colonel Charles Hall, Army observer and a survivor of the wreck, gave evidence which proved it false. Colonel Hall was in the control car during the storm. The control car was still firmly attached to the

the knowing laughter of their own hull, he said, and riding steadily, when he heard the sound of crashing girders in the hull aft. Alarmed thereby, he dashed up the ladder from the control car into the body of the hull. For several seconds thereafter he stood watching the girders twist and snap before he saw the control car break from its moorings and plunge down.

Captain George Steele, supported by several fellow officers, had a much simpler version of the causes. The Shenandoah, he said, had weathered many rough storms in her two years. And these had weakened her structure so severely that she could not resist the impact of the Ohio gale. The wreck, in his estimation, was in fact an act of God.

Having heard these and several other diverse theories, the Inquiry Board came to the ninth day of its hearings with but one fact clearly discernible: that the Shenandoah had gone to pieces above Ava, Ohio, on the morning of September 3, with the loss of fourteen lives-all of which the board knew just as well on the day it first sat.

Then Heinen was called. Through all the proceedings had hung an air of impatient waiting for his arrival. The enlisted men of the crew, clustered on their benches and leavening their boredom with the incessant whispering of jokes and witty comment on the solemn affair, roused each other with the occasional admonition, "Wait for Heinen. He'll tell 'em." They are for him, to the last man. The officers, most of them pupils of the veteran when he was tutoring the American Navy in its handling of the airship, spent their off moments preparing long lists of questions, intended to confound his theories when he should appear. They dislike their old teacher.

He was among enemies when he sat down, and he knew it. The Judge Advocate, a model of gentleness in the questioning of other witnesses, flung questions at him like a whip-The members of the court lash. leaned forward, frowning, caustic in their rebukes as he floundered in the circumlocutions of his bad English.

He told them that the ship had worked to the vortex of the storm because Commander Lansdowne had handled her badly. He told them that



given heed to the storm warnings

which, said Heinen, "were screaming into his ears," the ship would never have found herself in the center of The the violent wind disturbance. observations showed a drift to port, a drift which was sucking her into the heart of the storm. Had she held her head dead against that drift, she would have avoided the storm center, as Heinen himself avoided a storm vortex when the Shenandoah broke from her mooring mast two years ago, with half a crew aboard and only three engines running.

There was something astonishing in the spectacle of a sentimental German, a man of the race which produced the Moonlight Sonatas and the rhapsodic Nocturnes, giving a roomful of matter-of-fact Nordics a lesson in unsentimental logic. There was a jar when he laid the wreck to Lansdowne's error, a jar which he tried to cushion with the observation that the dead commander had not been negligent or stupid, but simply inexperienced.

His explanation of the wreck was borne out by the testimony of at least two members of the crew, and by the Meteorologist Anderson.

And when his former pupils tried to break down his train of observations, they failed.

The testimony of Heinen left the court with two alternatives. It can accept his theory and account for the wreck according to his analysis. Or it can fall back upon the assumption that the disaster was an act of Providence.

There is no half-way ground, for all the theories which fall between were exploded.

The decision will bear strongly upon the future of lighter-than-air navigation. Let them agree that a perfect and perfectly operated ship was crushed by the hand of God, and men are likely to conclude that God has a frowning regard for such vessels. The popular imagination will grow old toward the pretty dream, and that promised day of casual transportation by air, which is closer than the exaggerated grotesqueries of the Sunday supplements would lead us to believe, will recede far into the nebulous future.

Let them conclude that men were at fault, and not the scheme, and resilient man will merely check off an error, and set about its correction.

-Morris Markey

"Will you buy a copy, Mum? It will help me work my way through college."

never would have broken up if the past the pressure height, to determine naval authorities, intent upon saving whether the automatic valves were the precious helium, had not made opening properly at the designed mofoolhardy changes in the ship's safety equipment.

And he told them that they would avoid placing the blame where it belonged, preferring to spread out responsibility so it would not hurt individuals or departments. Before he had finished, they were begging him for more of the same.

This is the explanation he gave:

Each of the eighteen interior gas cells of the Shenandoah was originally equipped with an automatic exhaust valve. Buoyant gas, such as helium, expands as it ascends, until it reaches the so-called "pressure height," at which altitude the gas will burst its container if it is not released. The purpose of the automatic valves is to expel the gas at pressure height, and so avoid the ripping of the cells.

Among the dozens of airships he tested for the Zeppelin works, the most important maneuver was to rush the ship upward at a vertical

even in this dangerous position, she speed of fourteen metres a second, ment.

> But the fact that helium was nonexplosive filled the authorities in control of her with a false sense of security. Since she could not explode, nothing serious could happen. And since helium is a very expensive commodity, ways and means of saving every cubic inch of it were sought. And finally, it was decided to reduce the number of automatic valves from eighteen to eight. She had only eight, then, when she encountered the Ohio gale.

In that storm, the Shenandoah was caught in a swift vertical current which swept her above pressure height at the velocity of ten metres a second. The gas in one of the cells amidships, having no way of escape and expanding rapidly with the ascent, burst its The hull container and floated off. was left without support in its mid section, and buckled.

But if Commander Lansdowne had

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THE RIGHT TO LOVE

There is a broad sweep of curving marble stairway that leads to the second floor of the Municipal Building. And all day long, day after day, they come trooping up from the shouting, indifferent streets: the boys and girls to be married.

Timidly, most of them approach their romance: step by step along the marble railing, with shy smiles and prankish hesitations. And some march boldly up, laughing and sure-hearted, arm in arm with each other and the world. But in the large room, with its severe wooden benches and grilled windows through which the right to love is sold, they all grow subdued.

There is a long wait, generally, occupied with the earnest filling out of marriage license applications. It is not easy to smile over these papers, with their blunt, intimate questions. So they hurry through, to stand then in the long line that leads to a bronze grating. Here, the halt is brief. Sometimes the hard-scrubbed hands of the man will shove two scrappy dollar bills to the clerk. But most times he will search secretly for his largest denominations: a twenty, perhaps sometimes a crisp hundred. And he tries to appear careless of his change.

With the precious slip of paper passing alternately from hand to hand, they climb then up a narrow, darker stairway, and hunt awhile in the corridors, with no joy whatever, for the small door that leads to the official marriage chapel. Triumphantly, they find it at last, to bring up with a faint shock of surprise at the discovery of twenty other couples waiting there along the quiet benches. They had not imagined so many other boys and girls, and they make little effort to conceal their disappointment at the vision of a long wait. And the wait seems doubly long in this bald, undecorated room. For there are no whisperings, not even the touch of hands, nor a too long glance. A frigid dignity hangs in this room, and a bleak silence.

Once in every two minutes a large, paternal figure appears in a doorway. He looks first at all the guests, then turns his eyes downward to the paper folded in his hand.

After an impressive pause, he says slowly:

"John Adams" and Mary Graythis way please."

They bounce up eagerly. But on their feet in the hush they grow sedate again, and march with careful steps through the door held open for them. Inside, they find a tiny room, with an old Persian rug on the floor. But the table is glistening, with a shiny silk cover, and on it is a vase with one white lily.

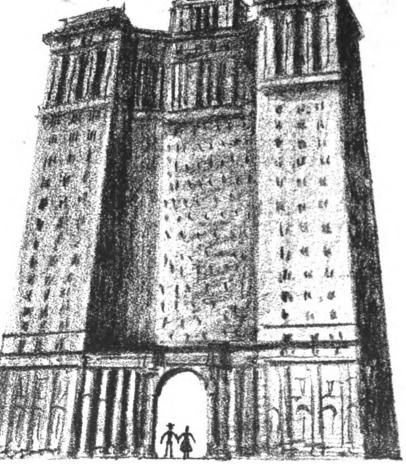
The ceremony is astonishingly short. Twenty words from a weary, but eternally sentimental minor official, and the thing is done. When he shakes their hands, they look at each other for the first time, it seems, in hours. And sometimes they smile. They never kiss. Quickly, they are hurried into another room, where in the glow of his happiness the bridegroom is prevailed upon to purchase, for seventyfive cents, a magnificently embossed certificate of marriage. And then they go out through the last door. There is a singular quality in this door. Its upper half is of clouded glass, and across the corridor is a red light to show, perhaps, the location of a fire escape. But coming through the clouded glass, the light is rose-colored, warm and pervasive.

Through it, they go into the streets again: 15,000 pairs of them in a year. —PUYSANGE

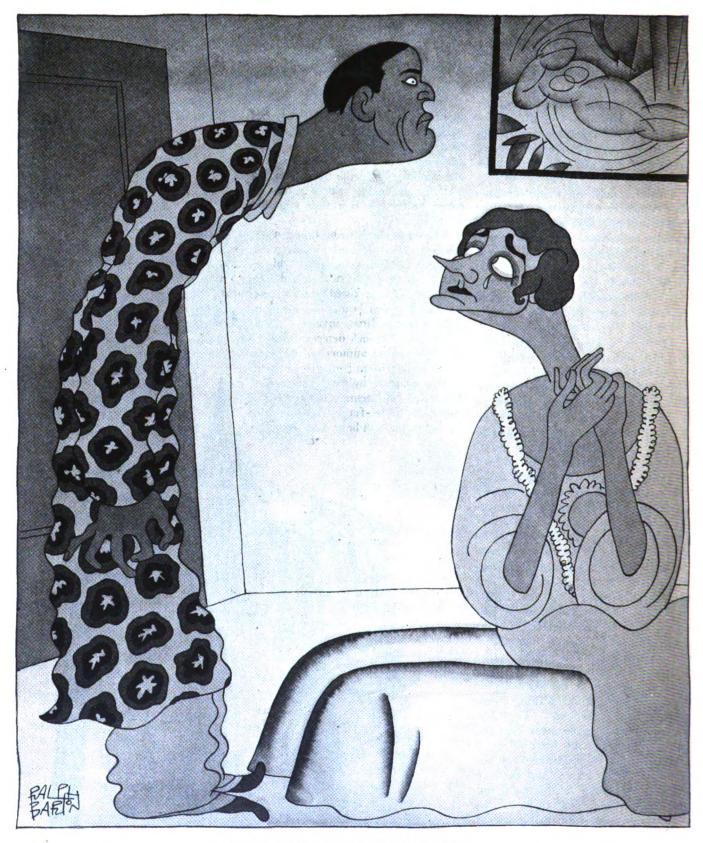
WE have been trying all week to meet the wag who named one of the Pennsylvania's Washington-New York express trains the Liberty Limited.

OUR governor drew a big house in Chicago, and he has received invitations to speak in 400 other cities.

Generally speaking, the urbans are pro-Smith and the Reubens are anti. Tammany and his religion might be forgiven him, but he has never worn milk on his shoes.



The Stronghold of Sacred Love



THE STRANGE THRILLER

That Mr. Noel Coward Brought to Henry Miller's Theatre from London

MR. NOEL COWARD quivering through one of the two scenes with Miss Lilian Braithwaite in "The Vortex" that will be discussed over many a demi-tasse far into the Winter, and perhaps longer. The other scene that it will be

absolutely essential to social success to know something about occurs at the end of the second act. Either is guaranteed to open your pores and make your hair stand on end.

—R. B.









The Theatre

TOT infrequently are dramatists tempted to offer plays concerned with nothing much more than the dramatization of the fact that the legendary King Hoosiz -? to 768) and the almost (-mythical Jacques El Rippair (the Raper of the Sabines) were anything but legendary and mythical in the contemporary flesh. These people, the dramatist would have you know as the evening wears on, were just like everyone else, and even more so, the exigencies of the theatre being what they are.

Last year it was "The Firebrand" that carried that message to Broadway. This year it is "The Buccaneer," now on display at the Plymouth.

Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, who wrote "The Buccaneer," have not contributed much of interest to the proceedings at the Plymouth except the exposition of the aforementioned thesis that the more or less ancients did not realize at the time that they were that way. In this instance, the paradigm of their selection has been Henry Morgan, a pirate bold, who spent much of his life collecting material for a serial-autobiography to be known as "Fun on the Spanish Main," but they caught him and hanged him and he's been of consequence in nothing much more than costume balls ever since.

This Morgan, then, is shown immediately after his capture of Panama and his assumption that the Panama fleshpots are now his. It is not with too much surprise, consequently, that the audience—which has seen historical plays in the modern manner before—realizes that the Morgan of the play is to be shown as alive, a man, with man's passions and fears, heroic, with a great soul's whimsies and conceits. Nor is there more than the minimum of half-wit gasping that is to be found in any audience when it develops that the rough, but gentlemanly Morgan is about to engage in a battle of forensic amour with a highborn English lady, fortuitously domiciled on the sun-kissed but boring shores of the Caribbean.

With not a little invention, and with at least as much determined dramatic labor, the authors contrive to have the lady's imminent surrender to Morgan checked by her sudden discovery that his attentions in a stay of less than twenty-four hours in her own home have not been monogamous. But there is a last act and the journey ends in the lovers meeting.

All this is very wordily told in the play at the Plymouth—more wordily, for purposes of comparison, than here even. There is an amusing scene in the third act—much like a scene in "The Firebrand"—in which Charles II holds a bored court and sentences Morgan to be hanged, but all in fun. For the rest, occasional moments of brightness are regularly obscured with long stretches of rhetoric gone mad.

William Farnum, who is Morgan, and Estelle Winwood, who is his English lady, are the principal players in the piece. Mr. Farnum seemed to this writer sluggish and determinedly comic; Miss Winwood, on the other hand, was gracious, sweet and probably pretty much what the authors meant her to be. (Miss Winwood's great quality, of being emotional only when the emotions are aroused is not as customary among the emotional actresses of the American theatre as might be imagined.)

Robert Edmond Jones contributed



two beautiful settings, though the second, sombre and huge, was hardly of much service in providing a contrast to the funereal procession of words that passed before it.

17

A description of the first night of "The Buccaneer" is not complete without some words about the audience that graced it. Thus, the audience sat in stony silence when some thoroughly gorgeous line was uttered by an actor, some delightful situation frantically presented by the authors. And yet, when Morgan said to the lady, "You must first lose your reputation for virtue, before you can gain a reputation for anything else," there was such an outburst of applause as to interfere seriously with the attempts of a few chronically disgruntled patrons to find out what the line meant, if anything. This peculiar audience conduct was several times repeated in the last act and there were those-if this commentator is not those he is at least a beginning in that directionwho began to fear that the first actor to begin to recite the alphabet would be greeted with an ovation unexcelled ir. the city's history.

AND so, by easy stages, the reader has been brought to a consideration of a piece about "Accused," of which E. H. Sothern is the star, Eugene Brieux the author, and David Belasco the producer. All at the Belasco Theatre.

"Accused" is not for those lucky fellows who fall asleep a moment after they hit the pillow. Certainly there is no sense in carrying soporifics to Newcastle. If, however, nothing bores you and you can listen indefinitely to people saying the same prosaic things about the same stodgy subject over and over again, "Accused" is votre huckleberry.

Brieux, you must know, is the boy to whom the theatre is mostly an end of the book for the problems of life. This time the question is, "Resolved,

that a lawyer is justified in defending a client whom he knows to be guilty." Unfortunately, contrary to the sensible procedure in force at all American high schools, the time of neither the affirmative nor the negative is definitely limited by law, and consequently before you know it all of the debaters are starting in over again in the plausible belief that the judges may have missed something in the first exposition.

There is, as always with Mr. Belasco, good acting to the debate. Mr. Sothern, in one of the lengthiest rôles the theatre knows, is dominant throughout and only occasionally given to a Shakespearean interpretation of the part of a young French lawyer. Ann Davis is appropriately tearful and emotional, Lester Lonergan shows again what an exrtaordinarily good character actor he is, and Hugh Herbert is the captain of the affirmative side and presents his arguments plausibly.

TWO other plays opened during the week of Sept. 28' and seem likely to be on the Broadway scene even as late as the release date of this issue. They are "A Holy Terror," at the George M. Cohan, and "Applesauce," at the Ambassador.

Well now, for the sake of argument, suppose you never see them, what will you have missed? On the other hand, the variety of entertainment in New York City every night of the year being what it is, suppose you do see them, what else will you have missed?

"A Holy Terror" is an old-fashioned melodrama that just doesn't come off. A not uninteresting scene is the one in which a high official, in a great hurry to leave town, holds a court of inquiry, with an assistant reminding him anxiously every two minutes that another quarter of an hour has passed. Put this in the "Follies" and follow it with a fast dance number and you've got a show.

dance number and you've got a show. "Applesauce" is a cheap little brother of "The Show-Off." It is written in comic-strip terms and played for the values of the last picture in which Mutt hits Jeff over the head with an ax, only in "Applesauce" they use words.—H. J. M.

Music

THE industrious little light opera company on Irving Place delved into archaeology for one night only,



a little while ago, and came up with the first performance in more seasons than even the omniscient Andreas Dippel could remember of Lortzing's "Der Waffenschmied," one of those early German shows in which everybody except the soprano knows that the Count is posing as a member of the Armorers' Union, Local 574. In spite of the incredibly simple-minded story concocted by Lortzing, who was an actor, an opera singer, an orchestral conductor, a fiddler, a stage director and about everything else except a good playwright, the work had charm, especially as the Herren and Frauen of Mr. Fugmann's company made no effort to turn it into "Die Meistersinger."

Arnold Gabor, appearing als Gast, sang the Armorer-Count with all kinds of gusto and a tremolo that he might leave somewhere on Fourteenth Street before rejoining the Metropolitan. It was a good, sturdy performance, however, with none of the stuffstrutting that usually goes with a guest artist. Editha Fleischer was rather wasted on the rôle of the little girl with the low Intelligence Quotient or whatever the heroine was supposed to be, but Miss Fleischer is always a joy to hear. The orchestra obviously was reading at sight and was rescued only by the strong-arm methods of Mr. Fugmann, who hurled cues at everybody except Mr. F. D. Perkins of the Herald Tribune. Things sometimes go flooey at the Irving Place Theatre, but the company is recommended to you, for it's about the most spontaneous outfit in town. The dramatic department, by the way, will be glad to learn that *deutsche Pfeffernüsse* can now be obtained at the stage door.

SOMETHING that deserves a berth on every piano save that of Mrs. J---- (but never mind the personal note) is James Weldon Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals," published by the newly assembled Viking Press. Here are all of the familiar chants, such as "Deep River," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and "All God's Chillun," as well as less familiar songs, including the beautiful "Crucifixion." The arrangements, by J. Rosamond Johnson and Lawrence Brown, are simple and direct, and can be played by almost anybody who ever looked on Czerny. They are not so atmospheric or effective as H. T. Burleigh's, but they serve admirably for the home pianist. Mr. Johnson's introduction is straightforward and sensible, and another virtue of this volume is a strange but essential one: it opens flat at any page and doesn't insist on tumbling off the piano.—R. A. S.

Books

THREE novels worth reading are Martin Armstrong's "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses," Anzia Yezierska's "Bread Givers," and Anne Parrish's "The Perennial Bachelor." The last is the Harper prize winner, late in reaching us. It isn't in any sense big, but it is bright and succulent, richly suggestive of the march of time and the sweep of social change from the days of limbs tented in crinolines to these. It chronicles the lifelong sacrifice of three sisters to their maternally narcissized brother.

"Bread Givers" (Doubleday, Page) is a Ghetto novel. We have a horror of them, not racial but due to their being as a rule so dingy and so laboriously sociological. This one is neither. Much of it could be passed off for a strong "own story." It has just that kind of strength—with just that kind of limitation, and in *Reb Smolinsky* it has quite a memorable tragi-comic character.

"At the Sign," etc. (*Harper*) is a semi-fantasia of village life, as seen beneath the homely surface even of the graveyard. What stirs its author most is old convention thwarting sex in youth, and it stirs him in a way that is a little behind the times. But his imaginings are more distinctive than his ideas. He gets some rather

Gothic, grimly humorous effects, and elsewhere makes you think of Stella Benson. We particularly liked the cracked Mrs. Dunk, robbing graves of flowers to quiet the murdered Dunk in his, and a night when the aurae of the sleepers and the dead show forth as colored flames.

PORGY" (Doran) is the best fiction writing out of the South in years. It will be said that Du Bose Heyward sentimentalizes some of his negroes a little; not knowing the negro as he obviously does, we refrain. For the hurricane in "Porgy," superb is the proper word.

IN "Cold Harbor" (Knopf) Francis Brett Young, who wrote "Sea Horses," revives the old "crawler" about a malignant mansion; is it haunted, or diabolic, or is somebody up to deviltry, etc. But Young does the thing so well that he gets fine. fresh and delightfully crawly effects with it.

***HE NAKED MAN**" (Century) is by Vera Hutchinson, sister of A. S. M. It partly makes up by main strength for an almost staggering implausibility. We aren't raving over it, but Vera has more g----- (beg pardon) more power than her tiresome brother has ever dreamed of having.

T seems unlikely that Kath-New Yorker for books news. On behalf of any who do we have submitted "Little Ships" to one, who pronounces it Mrs. Norris's best since "Certain People of Importance," and tells us it is about a nice Irish couple-you know, the kind of nice Irish people she writes about—and how they watch their young birds leave the nest, and how some of the young have troubles and cause them sorrow but most of it comes out all right; and volunteers that it is a great deal better than this "modern" stuff we like, so there!

Its jacket says it has never appeared in any magazine. Surely the reason wasn't that none wanted it. Any of those edited for millions of housewives would naturally pay in five figures for serial rights in a Kathleen Norris novel, sight that for that audience Mrs. Norris gives good value.

HERE is a novel called "Volonor," an outline of which might sound promising, and which is published by a house whose offerings usually are. Wherefore we mention it. It is grotesquely bad.

-Touchstone

Art

***HE New Gallery proudly an**nounces a new director, Mr. George S. Hellman, writer on art and literature and enthusiast for life. We congratulate the New Gallery. We hope it wasn't just our good luck (we've never had any, so it probably wasn't) that we chanced upon Mr. Hellman in his first new-broom days. May he always retain that enthusiasm for new art. Under Mr. Hellman the Moderns begin the Winter siege. And if you are of that vast population who wonder a bit what all the shootin' is for in art circles, we hope you will drop in at the New Gallery and give the thing a fair test.

If the exhibit of modern French and American painters does not get a rise out of you, we shall have to admit that art holds nothing for you, and we shall let you go back to the Polo



Suggested Bookplates

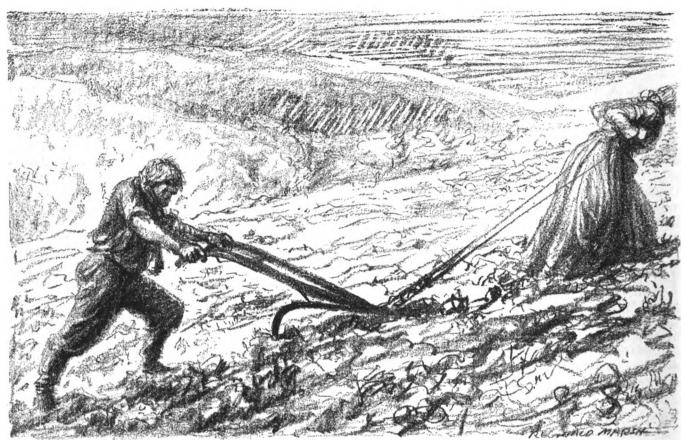
unseen. And we are bound to admit Grounds. But we retain our right to be mystified at your behavior. For art, genus modern, to us is about the most exciting thing you can experience, and stay within the law. We who have walked out on more third acts than any man in town, can hang around a room full of wild paintings until they close the doors. That's you and that's us. And that's that.

The New Gallery is so very American in its reflection. There is Andrew Friedman, who paints so well that Lewisohn has recently bought one of his works. The father of four, working from noon until 8 in a post office on Third Avenue as a mail clerk, Friedman fights his sub way home to Long Island. Comes the dawn and Mr. Friedman is up at his easle until time for the mail to be sorted. Why this gives us such a kick we do not know unless it is that art is getting down to where it belongs. That is a biased statement but we can't get vehement about anything unless we cut it on the bias. We have a dark prejudice against art that comes from palaces, and somehow look for genius in the hovel. You may not like Friedman; the example now at the New certainly is not comprehensive enough for a judgment, but it will give you an idea of what the artist can do.

Next out of Walt Whitman's America is Benjamin Greenstein, who at thirteen was drawing so well that George Bellows thought him one of the best draughtsmen in the country. Now at twenty-two he is the best since Michelangelo; that is the opinion of Mr. Hellman and he doubtless can convince you to share it with him after viewing Mr. Greenstein's work. Personally, we would not cross the street for the finest drawing in the world if it contained nothing more. But Greenstein seems to have everything, social satire, magnificence of humor and no inhibitions. There are sculptural drawings, studies in line and form and satirical compositions. Ask them to show you Greenstein and take no substitute.

> Born in London the young man was reared in Odessa and later came to this country. He studied at the Ferrer school between times spent as a seaman.

Digitized by GOOGLE



Lon Chaney, who is at present hero or villain of every third movie on Broadway, is here seen mingling rustic sentiment and rural brawn with Mother Earth in "The Tower of Lies."

his influences manifold.

The walls of the New Gallery are shocking with this new blood: Utrillo, Sprinchorn, Fiene and five Kisling just arrived from Paris. A spirited show for the Fall openings and one to see at once.-M. P.

Motion Pictures

F by the time this notice appears, I Red, Ruinous War has not been declared by England on America, we shall promptly resign as minor prophet and stick to straight criticism. The causus belli, as we see it, occurs in a glorious cinematic chef d'oeuvre at the Rivoli, entitled, "A Regular Fellow." In it one sparkling, charming, immaculate, and resplendent Mr. Raymond Griffith, gives a hilarious suggestion at satire on England's Most Cherished and Wandering Possession, (Trumpets please!) His Most Itinerant.Highness, the Prince of Wales. So arch is Mr. Griffith and so good-natured and subtle is the burlesque on royalty, that we cannot see how any Merry Englander, with the exception of the Prince (Himself) and a few Charlot Revue-ish traitors, can afford

So his sources are many and varied and to laugh at the mockery, and remain good Englishmen. Englishmen are Englishmen, as you know, because they find it so difficult to be amused by themselves. Of course, the Prince of Wales can hardly be thought of as an Englishman. He must be as Irish as Shaw, we, for one, hazard.

To the point then. Mr. Griffith, H.R.H., as Prince Alexis of a mythical kingdom, finds his public duties frightfully irksome. He longs for escape into the realms of the blessed unknown, where there will be no tiresome (and ludicrous) round of battleship launchings (which ships promptly sink), dedications of zoological gardens (which somehow rip the seat from his trousers) or layings of cornerstones (which always fall and crush his complaining dignity). He wants to wed no icy Princess who will immediately cuckold him. So by one idyllic and ridiculous means or another he manages to turn the monarchy into a republic. His kingly heart, however, is quickly chosen to become a presidential one. But the omnipresent cyclic round of duties no longer makes him wince. He has won the Pretty Little Lady Commoner-that is laywoman, not Bryanite-as his First Lady of the

Silly Land.

As you perceive, it is all very bangup and dizzying farce, touched perhaps a bit overmuch with crudish slapstick (American to the core), but saved for the entirely delightful through Mr. Griffith's restrained comical pantomime and magic winningness of personality. Besides, we reiterate, the glowing aura of pleasant lampooning hangs about the story, which as a conception is truly a credit to its assorted authors. Expressly where the royal form is satirized, the incidents are their best, and a credit to a Punch.

There is a horse attached to the Prince's activities. But not an obvious horse-that is, not too obvious. We cannot help but harking back in mind te the comfortable, fat, callipygous, sleek black old fellow-reminiscent of the lumbering, thundersome brewery hauls of yore. It would be hard to recall a more ticklish sight than the impeccably attired, smartly-charming Mr. Griffith astride the old stager's haunches: Don Quixote-wise, gay and going nowheres in particular.-T. S.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on opposite page, the list of new books worth while on page 30.





GOINGS THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while



THE THEATRE

- DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS-Durned harsh morality being enacted by durned harsh characters under old New England's durned purty ellums. Full-blooded O'Neill drama. DALY's, 24 W. 63d.
- ACCUSED-Reviewed in this issue. BELASCO. 44th, E. of B'way
- THE GREEN HAT-Mr. Michael Arlen's much read prose arranged in a theatrical burst of sentiment. With Miss Katharine Cornell at her profoundest. BROADHURST, 44th, W. of B'way.
- THE VORTEX-Mr. Noel Coward presents himself in his own brilliant conception of a slice of life from modern decadent Britain. HENRY MILLER, 43d, E. of B'way. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-In
- this case, the old Italian has to eliminate the Virile Hired Man before he can attach the Little Courageous Waitress as his wife. Wholesome California comedy drama. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- THE PELICAN-Another imported English play, dealing with the problem of the illegit-
- imate son. TIMES SQUARE, 42d, W. of B'way. THE CROOKED FRIDAY-Dennis Neilson-Terry and Mary Glynne in a play by Monckton Hoffe. To be reviewed later. Bijou, 45th, W. of B'way. CAUGHT—A play by Kate L. McLaurin, with
- Antoinette Perry. To be reviewed next week. THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39th, E. of B'way.
- THE TALE OF THE WOLF-A play from Ferenc Molnar's Hungarian, with Wallace Eddinger, Roland Young, and Phyllis Povah. To be reviewed next week. EMPIRE, B'way at soth.
- THE BUCCANEER-Reviewed in this issue. PLYMOUTH, 45th, W. of B'way. THE GORILLA-As madcap a burlesque of the
- rubber stamp mystery drama as you will ever be privileged to witness. SELWYN, 42d, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-The Weary Willie Sons of the Road, Inc., do a little generous service in the interests of romantic love. Mr. Charles Bickford leads in the characterisations of the Anderson-Tully hoboes. GREEN-WICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
- THE HOLY TERROR-Reviewed in this issue. GEORGE M. COHAN, B'way bet. 42d and 43d.
- 15 ZAT SO-A theatrically tough comedy juxtaposing the high and low of New York society. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46th, W. of B'way
- AMERICAN BORN-George M. Cohan in his own comedy. To be reviewed next week. HUDSON, 44th, E. of B'way.
- HAY FEVER-A comedy by Noel Coward, with Laura Hope Crews. To be reviewed next week. MAXINE ELLIOT's, 39th, E. of B'way. THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-Cyril Maude
- in Michael Arlen's comedy. To be reviewed next week. GAIETY, B'way at 46th.
- next week. GAIRTY, B'way at 40th. THE CALL OF LIFE—A comedy from the German of Arthur Schnitzler, adapted by Dorothy Donnelly. To be reviewed later. Common, 41st, E. of B'way. STOLEN FRUIT—A play from the Italian, with Anna Harding. To be reviewed later.
- with Ann Harding. To be reviewed later. ELTINGE, 42d, E. of B'way. APPLESAUCE—Reviewed in this issue. Ам-
- BAHADOR, 49th, W. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN-Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt enblossom "The Chocolate Soldier" done into Shavian dia-logue. GUILD, 52d, W. of B'way. THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—How the
- Young Man from Dubuque wanders into the

theatre, and out with a profit. Mr. Gregory Kelly is the Butter and Egger. LONGACRE, W. of B'ways 18th.

- THE STUDENT PRINCE-A grandiose musi-comedy, made over from "Old Heidelberg." JOLSON'S, 59th, at 7th Ave. LOUIE THE 14TH—A very funny man makes
- a glamorous Ziegfeld musical play even funnier. He is our own Leon Errol. Cos-MOPOLITAN, 59th and B'way.
- DEAREST ENEMY-The music, the girls, and the John Murray Anderson setting will help you forget the book of this historical music KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38th. show.
- ROSE-MARIE-Last season's success still proving its salt amongst the incoming musical comedies. With Desiree Ellinger and William
- Kent. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way. GARRICK GAIETIES—The Theatre Guild striplings in a pleasant revuette. GARRICK, 35th, E. of 6th Ave. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—George
- White strikes twelve o'clock with an unus-ually entertaining George White revue. Apollo, 42d, W. of B'way. SUNNY-Well, this one commands the beauty and grace of Marilyn Miller, the comics
- and grotesqueries of Jack Donohue, the magnetics of Cliff Edwards, the tunefulness of Jerome Kern. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d, W. of B'way
- THE VAGABOND KING-A real plot in a really musical musical comedy. Casino, B'way and 30th.
- NO, NO NANETTE-The music you have been hearing all these long months, finally reached town, and still surprisingly fresh and stimulating. GLOBE, B'way at 46th. MERRY MERRY-Miss Marie Saxon, the
- triple-threat lady of dance, song, and per-sonality, makes a startling leap into well-merited stardom. VANDERBILT, 48th, E. of B'way
- BIG BOY-When we say "Al Jolson" we feel that we have said enough. STREET, 44th, W. of B'way. FORTY-FOURTH

AFTER THE THEATRE

- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3d-A medium between the Bohemian and the ultra-fashionable. Midnight revue.
- DEL FEY, 107 W. 45th--Texas Guinan and her Little Girls being hilarious and perhaps indecorous. Open all night with spasmodic entertainment.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave .- Still turning them away. Maurice and Bennett dance. CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st-Celebrities
- (and others) watching Moss and Fontana. LIDO-VENICE, 35 E. 53d-No entertainment,
- but both clientele and decoration are charming.
- RUSSIAN SWAN, 161 W. 57th—The successor to the Russian Eagle, and almost as good. Russian music and some dancing.
- 10 EAST 60TH STREET-Reopened Oct. 6, too late to be reviewed for this issue, but likely to be very good.

ART

- BELLOWS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM-Opens Mon., Oct. 12. Daily thereafter. Comprehensive showing of a vital American's work.
- GREAT AMERICANS-NEW GALLERY, 600 Madison Ave. Under new directorship, two great Americans and some fine Frenchmen.
- MASTER ETCHINGS-KEPPEL GALLERIES, 16 E. 5th. A selected exhibit of some of the finest etchings ever made. Mostly Seventeenth Century.



- SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY-CENTURY THEATRE. Italian repertory, with occasional dips into French and Italianized German, well performed. See newspapers for schedule
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg con-ducting. Season starts Thurs. evening, Oct. 15. Program repeated Friday afternoon, Oct.
- RECITALS—GEORGE LIEBLING, pianist, ARO-LIAN HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 11. An interesting artist in a good program, featur-ing his own "Heroic" concerto, for which Leonard Liebling will play the second piano. MARIA THERESA, danseuse, CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. evening, Oct. 13.
- JAMES FRISKIN, PIANIST, AROLIAN HALL, TUCS.
- evening, Oct. 13. An exceptionally fine artist. BERYL RUBINSTEIN, AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 14. A good planist in an unusually
- novel program. OSCAR ZIEGLER, TOWN HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 14. Another good pianist in an equally
- novel program. TOSCHA SEIDEL, violinist, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat.
- afternoon, Oct. 17. One of the outstanding Auer pupils returning after a year abroad. Sousa's BAND-MECCA TEMPLE, 130 W. 56th.
- Sun. evening, Oct. 11. The opening of this auditorium as a concert hall by the new world's most famous band.

MOTION PICTURES

- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd capers about the campus and gridiron of Tate Movie College. At the COLONY.
- THE GOLD RUSH-Haven't you yet seen Charlie Chaplin eat the stewed shoe, do the Oceana Roll and find the Mountain of Gold? At LOEW'S STATE Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 9, 10, 11. Then at LOEW'S ORPHEUM, E. 86th St., Mon., Oct. 12 through Thurs., Oct. 15. At LOEW'S LEXINGTON, Sat., Oct. 10, through Wed., Oct. 14.
- THE LOST WORLD-A version of Beauty and the Beast wherein dinosauri do credit to Darrow and pulchritude clinches the "descent" of man. Interesting if true. Reappears at the STRAND, Fri., Sat., Oct. 9, 10.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-The shade of Edgar Allen Poe enlivens this gruesome recounting of foul deeds. Lon Chaney at his most ghoulish. At the Aston. A REGULAR FELLOW-Reviewed in this is-
- sue. At the Rivoli, Fri., Sat., Oct. 9, 10. No Manhattan showing of "The Iron Horse"
- or "The Pony Express" scheduled this week. No Manhattan showing of "Don Q" scheduled until Nov. 22.

SPORTS

- FOOTBALL-Sat., Oct. 10, games start at 3 p. m.
- COLUMBIA VS. WESLEYAN, Baker Field (Take Van Cortlandt Express to 215th St.)
- GEORGIA TECH. VS. PENN. STATE, Yankee Stadium (Lex. Ave. Express to 161st St.)
- . Y. U. vs. UNION, Ohio Field (West Side Express to 181st St.) N.
- RACING—At Jamaica, L. I., 2:30 p. m. daily through Thure, Oct. 15. Racing at Empire City Track, Yonkers, starts
- Fri., Oct. 16 at 2:30 p. m. AIR RACING-Mitchel Field, Garden City,
- L. I. Pulitzer Trophy Race, Sat., Oct. 10 at 3 p. m. Frequent trains.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

VEN as distances go in this country a thousand miles is a longish distance to travel for the purpose of watching a football game, especially if the round trip entails three nights in that depressing arrangement, an American sleeping car. When, however, that football game brings together two All-America captains; one Grange of Illinois, the greatest back in the country; the other, Weir of Nebraska, the greatest linesman of the colleges, the discomforts of such a journey pass like the discomforts of a ride downtown in the subway. And if, to add to the occasion, the game is played in such a befitting setting as the new Illinois Memorial Stadium, then indeed your football fan has a mid-season treat set before him in early October. And such was my happy lot no later than last Saturday at the Illinois-Nebraska game at Champaign, Illinois.

A magnificent and imposing structure, this new Illinois Stadium. From Wembley to West Virginia I have seen stadia of all sorts and conditions, never such an imaginative conception as this one. Stretching only along the sides of the field, and not yet built on the ends, it seats 67,000 persons. Eventually it will seat 192,000, and who is there to say that in ten years or less crowds as large will not pour down to Champaign for the Conference games? Built in two tiers somewhat as the grandstand at the Polo Grounds, it rises over a hundred feet from the field, with every seat giving a perfect and unobstructed view of the gridiron. A crowd of 30,000 can be seated underneath the top deck in shelter from the rain, and so vast is it that on the afternoon before the game several thousand students watching the teams practicing below were lost in the huge inclosure. Moreover, due to a well arranged series of ramps with numerous exits, the Stadium when full can be emptied in five minutes-a delightful contrast to some of the older stadia of our more or less effete East.

Yes, it was a fitting setting for a great intersectional struggle, this Illinois Memorial Stadium. Nebraska, leader of the Missouri Valley Conference, has been beaten twice in the past two seasons by Illinois and Grange, and this year with a magnificent team they were determined to win. Coach Bearg on the Friday before the game, admitted to me that he had hopes. This is an enormous admission for any football coach to make. A tall, tanned, keen-looking young handler of athletes, this chap Bearg; up to last year an assistant to Zuppke, the Illinois coach. And knowing as much about Illinois methods and the team as Zuppke himself-a fact which undoubtedly did not greatly handicap Nebraska in their fight last Saturday.

"The difference between Eastern and Western football," said George Braden, the old Yale halfback now on the Chicago News, as we watched the Illinois team run through signals that Friday afternoon, "the great difference is that in the East the defense is just a little better knit, more effective; whereas, in the West the offensive is a trifle more daring."

This is a true statement. It is also true that no Eastern team would schedule a game as difficult as this one on the first Saturday in October. Whether these hard schedules are a fine thing for a team or not is something no one can say offhand. At any rate, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania no team in the East faces a series of contests such as do these two teams. With this terrific, heartsearing struggle to open the season for each.

It rained all last Saturday morning in Champaign about the way it rained at New Haven during the Harvard-Yale game last November. And yet the field was in wonderfully good condition considering the storm, although plainly enough soft and uncertain. A colorful crowd of 30,000 saw Illinois kick off and the game began. A defensive battle from the start. Each team used the direct pass from center, and the huddle method of giving signals, while Illinois shifted just before the ball was passed. On the soggy surface neither backfield, not even with the elusive Grange a component part of one, could gain with any consistency. Punts, well-covered by capable ends, short stabs at an attack with little result, and the first quarter ended in a scoreless tie.

R IGHT at the start of the second quarter came the decisive play of the game. Weir, the Nebraska captain, whose kicking all through the game was excellent, punted to the Illinois twentyfive yard line where Grange was downed without gain. Two unsuccessful rushes, and no yardage against the fast-charging, quick-thinking Nebraska line. And then came a play which under the circumstances few Eastern teams would have attempted. Grange threw a forward pass out to the right.

I am not forgetting that last year Princeton started the Harvard game with a forward pass from her own twenty yard line. But the situation here was vastly different. On his own thirty yard line, the score a tie, a green line in front of him, and a very experienced line against him, Grange passed on the third down. Straight into the arms of an All-America tackle, a hurdler who can do the high hurdles in a fraction over fifteen seconds. Naturally, Captain Weir grabbed the ball and scampered over the line for a touchdown.

From then on the whole complexion of the game was changed. Grange, badly supported by an inferior line, handicapped by the wet field, and assisted by no interference worthy of the name, was unable to get started. Seldom did he get past the line of scrimmage as those fast Nebraska guards and tackles came charging through to break up the play. Once when Rhodes of Nebraska, who had been playing magnificently, fumbled, Illinois recovered the ball only to lose fifteen





yards on the following play on a bad pass from center. Gallivan, Grange's running mate, got loose a little later to carry the ball to the Nebraska twenty-five yard line, only to have the play called back because of holding. Coach Zuppke, of Illinois, assured me while we were watching the orange and blue team practice on the afternoon before the game, that he had made no special preparations for Nebraska. Seeing his team perform after that touchdown this assurance was unnecessary.

Which doesn't mean that Illinois has a bad team. Or a badly coached team. Or that Grange on a dry surface such as Franklin Field, behind cohesive interference-which he will undoubtedly have when Illinois plays Pennsylvania-won't be a hundred times more effective than he was on a wet surface last Saturday with no interference to assist his drives off tackle. Because Nebraska, and make no mistake about it, has one of the great teams of the country. Yes, Weir is a magnificent tackle. But the whole eleven played heads-up football. They tackled fiercely, they stopped Grange effectively, they got the breaks and showed themselves a veteran, smart-thinking team with plenty of football brains. I liked particularly, Stiner, a wonderful tackle, worthy balance to Captain Weir, Rhodes, full back, and Mandery a back, who did a vast amount of effective work on both offense and defense. That is perhaps un-

just to the rest of the team, all of whom played football every minute. Muhl, an end who played in the first half for illinois, caught my eye several times, and Britton, who last year was Grange's running mate and is now in the line, got off some beautiful punts.

SO we went into the second half with Illinois supporters calling insistently for a score. But in vain did those five thousand undergraduates in their yellow caps howl defiance across the field with their Indian incantations and Oski-wowwows; in vain did those football-wise, (and very charming looking), co-eds join in the cheering; in vain did the graduates and supporters of Illinois on the upper tier implore the team in cadence to "Beat Ne-Bras-Ka," in vain did the several hundred New York men and women alumni -dressed in yellow smocks with N. Y. on the back, and wearing blue berets-who had come all the way from Manhattan in their own special train to see the leaders of the Missouri Valley Conference defeated, in vain did they yell and shout for victory, in vain did that vast army of cheer leaders captained by the little figure in the bright orange suit-who, by the way, was far more acrobatic than any of the players-demand and insist on still another "Oski-wow-wow," in vain did the Illini with heart and voice appeal to the Gods for victory. Luck and the Gods -as ever-were on the side of the better

team. Another Grange pass went astray. Rhodes of Nebraska broke through for thirty yards, and in a few minutes the score was fourteen to nothing against Illinois.

Grange has been coached to let a rolling punt go, to refrain for obvious reasons from running with it. Most of Weir's kicks were so cleverly placed that he got little chance for run backs; but in spite of this he was a much battered young man by this time. Chances for the game gone, he was removed. A host of Illinois substitutes went in; one of them, so an official told me after the game, forgetting exactly what player he was replacing. A significant incident as showing the Illinois state of mind at the moment. The first defeat in the new Stadium and not unnaturally a hard one to take even at the hands of such a splendid team.

DUSK was falling as we came back from the field to the station for the Chicago express, where was brought before our eyes something at the same time naïve and sportsmanlike and possibly a trifle Middle Western. It was a large, white, printed sign stretching across the front of the station where it would be the first thing to greet the visitor as he stepped off his train. And in view of the somewhat unexpected result of the game, it was exceedingly full of meaning. It read—for all to see:

"WELCOME NEBRASKA."-J. R. T.

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

- THERE is, for instance, The Mannequin.
- Her head may not be (giving Walter Pater credit for an assist)
- The one upon which all the ends of the world are come,
- But her eyelids are certainly a little weary.
- (And why shouldn't they be,
- When cavaliers who think nothing of their last twenty dollars Never know when it's time to go home,

But insist on dancing once more to "Let It Rain"?)

- She blinks them bravely and sweetly, however,
- Stepping down from the dais in creations labeled "For You Alone,"
- "The Flame of Life," "Lovelorn" and God knows what else. The Mannequin is built along lines
- On which Venus, rising from the sea,
- Had very little.
- Her attitude towards carbohydrates and other fattening foods Is that of the Medes and Persians,
- Because it is rumored that ladies must live,
- And if you don't happen to think she's a lady,
- Just take a look at her pointed, pink finger nails.
- She parades all day in the very latest cries
- From Lanvin, Boué Soeurs, Chanel, Molyneux, etc.
- Before women weighing from one hundred fifty to two hundred pounds
- Who, thanks to the veil of illusion which keeps most of us going,
- Think they will look as exactly as she does

If they order such and such a model,

And before women weighing considerably less

- Who exchange pleasant remarks like the following:
- "That looks as if it had been made at home by the village seamstress."
- "What had Vionnet eaten to make her think of that?"
- "Isn't that the material they cover billiard tables with?"
- "Don't get it here-it's fifty less at Norbert's."
- But The Mannequin keeps right on strutting her stuff
- With an impassivity which diplomats and poker players should envy—

No metal or acid can touch her.

She makes simple sincere specimens of the feminine sex

Feel as if they were ninety-two, knock-kneed, .

- And clad in something hastily assembled from the rag-bag.
- When The Mannequin, being importuned, deigns to speak,
- It is with the complacent condescension of a queen.
- Some of her establishment's patrons can't help wondering If she feels the same way when she is in her own clothes,
- Not a few of them believe firmly
- That some man at whose name the financial world trembles
- Turns up each day at five-thirty to take her home,
- And all of them wouldn't mind knowing what she is like when she gets there.
- But be this, that or the other as it may,
- The Mannequin is a living demonstration that it pays
- To assume a superiority complex if you have it not.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD



TWC TABLES FOR

IN just about one week more, the tea dancing season will be getting under way, because the boys and girls, by now, are bound to be pretty well exhausted by the strain of undergraduate toil and will need more sophisticated pleasures on their weekends than watching football practices and shining up to the high lights of D. K. E. Accordingly, practically all the old favorites have opened their grill rooms and are awaiting the great influx with folded hands. The Ambassador grill, Connie Bennett's Plaza, 14 East Sixtieth Street (with the Emil Coleman orchestra) and the Lorraine, home of happy girlhood memories of Amherst aftermaths, have all made their bow for the Winter. All that remains is to see which of them is to attract the largest number of young things, and which will have the most convincing college-prom atmosphere, cutting-in and all.

While awaiting this momentous decision, the new night clubs being so crowded by sensation seekers that they won't be any fun for awhile, my main recreations have been quiet little dinners, not so quiet private parties, and trips to the telephone offices, citing new illnesses or professions daily that necessitated the immediate installation of Every Girl's Invitation Medium. You will all be relieved to know, I am sure, that a few old stand-bys did overcome the difficulties of inaccessibility by wire, and that I did not starve by any means.

HE first protest against all Get-Thin-Quick dieting schemes was made at the Champs Elysées restaurant, in Sixth Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street. With all the new apartment buildings going up in this region, and the fact that both Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon have taken up their residences (separately) at the Park Chambers, it is inevitable that new restaurants should make their appearance to challenge the supremacy of the Alps in that neighborhood.

Nobody, however, could possibly have foreseen anything quite so magnificent as the entrance to the Champs Elysées. It is just exactly like that where you telephone each other as soon of a movie theatre, and must be seen to be believed. It simply doesn't seem have no tickets to the theatre, and



ticket office, no lobby, and no issuer of door checks. Unfortunately, the inside of the place does not fulfill the promise of the modest three-foot electric sign over the sidewalk. It is done in green, with panels of picture wallpaper, and the few people who were there had slid quietly past middle age in graceful resignation.

The features are a staff of eager and somewhat bewildered waiters, an orchestra to which the same adjectives apply, caviar at Colony prices and the rest of the food (which is quite good, by the way) at reasonable rates. The place hasn't much character at present, but, since the attraction of any restaurant nowadays rests principally upon its clientele, there is still hope that it will be most amusing when it becomes better known, though I am a little inclined to doubt it.

At first, there was a strict rule against tipping, aside from a ten per cent charge added to the amount of the bill, but I was told that patrons protested so heartily against this barbarous custom that it was given up. (Memo: consult André's and Longchamps to find out whether they received the same protests there, and, if so, why they continue their anti-tipping program.)

HE second trip, one of those delightfully impromptu things as you are ready, dally over cocktails, right, as you enter, that there is no venture forth with no particular objec- Watch for it.-LIPSTICK

tive in mind, was made to the Samarkand, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street. From every point of view, my evening was a great success. You enter the restaurant via a long passageway, and find yourselves in a rather small room, lighted by candlelight, decorated in the quiet Russian school, and made tuneful by the music of a violin and guitar, heartrending and gay by turns.

Nobody pays the slightest attention to you. Nobody converses above a confidential tone. Nobody stands biting their finger nails as they wait for you to pay your check and get out so that they may inherit your table. In one lull between courses, our little Russian waitress could be seen dancing the Russian equivalent of the Charleston with one of the guests in the hallway. And the dinner (\$2.50) is one of those superb and wasteful gestures that necessitate your passing up numbers of your favorite dishes because you simply cannot eat any more. You are served in the most casual manner in the world, but it doesn't seem to matter.

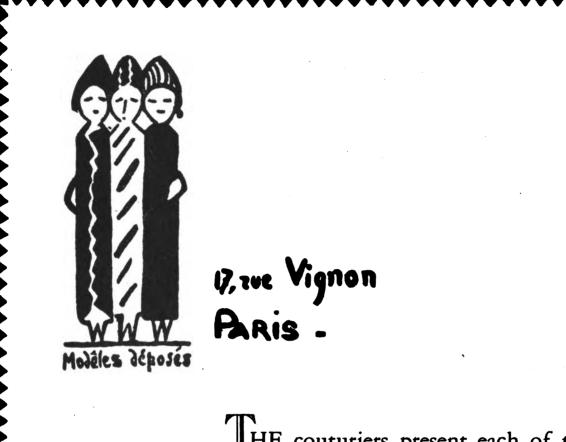
It is so nice that I know that I couldn't bear to go there with somebody I didn't like a great deal, or with somebody who couldn't maintain silences without fidgeting. The Russian Inn is gayer; and the Russian Swan is more crowded. But the next time I am in a soulful mood (which will probably be a little after New Year, unless I fall desperately in love again before that time) I intend to revisit this restaurant. Incidentally, it opens at lunch time and closes around ten o'clock at night.

EST tea room lunching place in B the shopping district, with the possible exception of Schrafft's-the Vanity Fair tea room on Thirtyeighth Street. The Fortieth Street Vanity Fair is better known, but neither the food nor the appearance of the place is as good.

NEXT week, the Everglades and its new revue, "Ship Ahoy," Phil Baker's Rue de La Paix, and the reopening of 14 East Sixtieth Street for dancing after the theatre, will be handled in a deft way in this space.

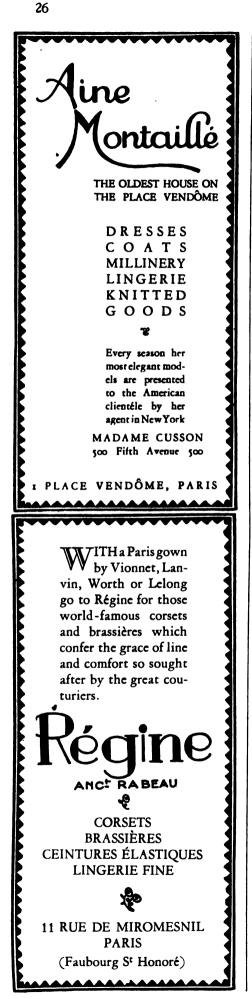






THE couturiers present each of their collections in their Paris salons. Myrbor, the great creator, is making a trip to New York specially to submit her models to the well-dressed women of America. Myrbor knows how to interpret all the various silhouettes and bring out the personality of each one.

My RBOR



PARIS LETTER

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 25-

Paris has not chosen to alter much in the last two weeks; that is, so far as the externals are concerned. It is a breathing spell, as we said. Americans are still going through the city towards the northern ports in millions, carrying everything away that's portable, and the American Express is hard pressed to find crates enough to house the antiques that are on their way to make American homes beautiful. Paris is a little preoccupied with all this week's talk about the war debt (it seems they must pay some of it, anyway) and has gossiped less than usual. What little rumor there is, is one day that the Countess So and So is actually in the city, and the next day that it was only the maid who had arrived. The last word as I write is that anyone who thinks anyone of consequence is back in town yet is a yokel. It seems they are all at Deauville or Biarritz or Venice recovering from the Grande Semaine.

Probably the event of the week outside of the fact that it is still raining, and that the waistline is still unsettled and that the tourists, no matter how many models they bought, are still going home without knowing the worst, is the news that the famous de Goncourt Diary (which, they say, roasts every famous person in France now over seventy years of age) is not going to be printed after all. So everyone, except the people he wrote about, is immensely disappointed. The second big event has been the lectures of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The French can't pronounce his name but they mutter something, buy a ticket, and rush into the Sociétés Savantes determined to see photographs of ghosts and to get ecto-plasm poured all over them. The excitement is intense and gendarmes, they say, have been warned to remain cynical. To date the feeling seems to be that science, with the aid of Sir Arthur, is making great strides.

The third big item of the week has been the making public of some statistics regarding the Exhibition of Decorative Arts. More than ten million people have attended which, by the way, if you have been there, you will know, has been nine million nine hundred thousand too many for comfort. Poiret announces that his restaurant barge has been a great success in spite of the mediocre cooking to be found on it—the trouble, he says, is that one of his designers told him that the color of food was more important than the taste.

ON the butte the smart place to see the dawn in, is the Florida. This is definite. Selli's, amusing enough last Winter and even the Winter before, is no longer chic. It has been decided. It seems that the Americans have ruined it —not financially. So the Americans have moved on to the Florida, leaving behind them at Selli's nothing but a lot of Americans. The Caveau Caucassien still features Russian grand dukes as waiters and cooks who bring you, after 4 a. m., grilled kidneys stuck on the tip of a sword. Some of the waiters and grand dukes have been employed there so long that they are beginning to pick up a little Russian. It's all very amusing.

HE Autumn Salon is still to come as the big Fall event and it is still raining. Weather that has been a source of annoyance to tourists is a tragedy for the French. The wheat crop, on which their franc depended, is virtually ruined. And the wine-Bordeaux, Champagne, and Burgundy districts report from 20 to 40 per cent loss. Champagne has already jumped twice. Families who wrote Aunt Emma that it is a shame they have to carry umbrellas all the time will soon be writing about the outrageous price they had to pay for a simple little green drink in Montmartre. Escallop of veal, on which the French live, costs 20 francs a kilo (50c a pound). Immortality costs less

The bank clerks, speaking of moncy, who staged a gallant 47-day strike for an increase of five dollars a month (they were already getting \$30, some even \$40 a month, the little spendthrifts, and nothing to pay for except their wives, babies, increased rent, increased coal, tram service, increased taxes, etcetera) they have failed. However, some of them were taken back to work. Not all of them, that is, were fired.

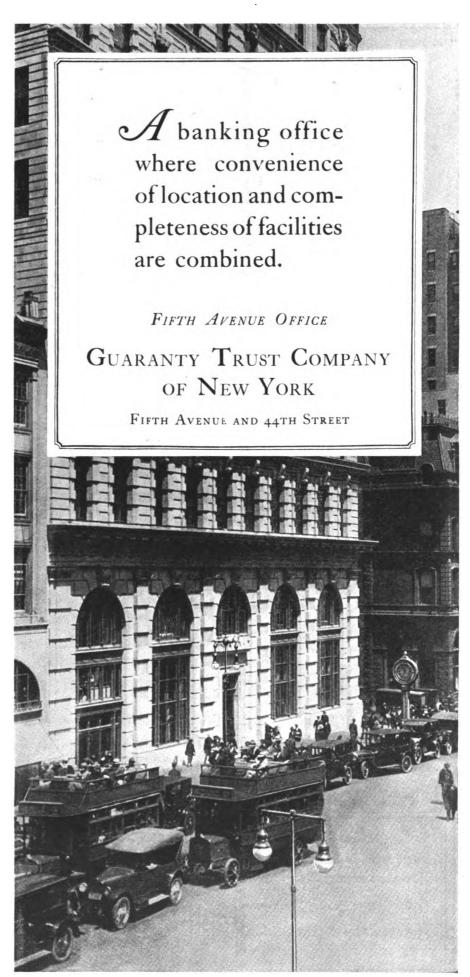
 ΔS for styles, there is one new thrilling note — pearl gray stockings in-stead of Flame of Youth, Pèche Melba, Apricot au Naturel, Juvenile No. 2 and the other similar creole shades everyone has been wearing. A few smart women are wearing gray. They may be only eccentrics. However, and here's the risk, they may be leaders in style. If in two or three years they continue wearing gray and several million other women follow suit, there will no longer be any doubt that, just as we're prophesying, gray stockings are rare but very chic. Gores continue in skirts which get shorter and shorter for the dressmakers and a little longer for their clients. There is talk of discrimination. The smart couturiers make not only clothes but perfumes. Worth still features In the Night, Chanel won't name hers: simply numbers them, one up to twenty or more. You may think it smells like roses, but the shopgirl,

says no, it smells like fourteen, or nine. In colors, a pallid blue is gaining, is even seen, ten minutes at a time, in the sky. Scarfs, alas, quite dead. So charming, gay, piratical. Big furs are their successors and I and the animals regret it.

FOR those who once in a while love to read, an item is that Clemerer to read, an item is that Glenway Wescott, author of that excellent "Apple of the Eye," has written a ballet called "Roulette." "Ulysses," the masterpiece in English of the Irish Joyce and our Red Russian Twentieth Century, has passed into its sixth edition this week. The editors of the Calendar, a new English magazine, asked Joyce for a portion of his present unfinished work. They got it. Passed it to their typesetter who it seems, is a bookish kind of chap. Likes to read. Thought he'd brush up a little on what these 'ere moderns were about before getting to work. By the fourth page he felt he knew (though they had never called it that in the alley when he was a boy) and he rushed to the Calendar office to tell them for two hours that he wouldn't dream of setting the type. And didn't. Shakespeare & Co. are wiser. They have the type set for "Ulysses" in Dijon by a man who speaks and reads nothing but French.

RISTAM TZARA, founder of the Dada movement which most people seem to think has something to do with bad taste in modern pictures or furniture, has just married a wealthy Swedish industrial. Or his daughter, rather. Too rarely poor poets marry well. Tzara is probably the greaest, most sensitive and original French poet to-day, aside from being not French at all, but Roumanian. No one has written more foolishly at times, but many have written almost as foolishly and never once so well. He and his wife, on what the French law probably calls his money, are building a pal-ace on Montmartre. Tzara is a great man of small stature and with a monocle.

In the flesh, Sir Joseph Duveen is at the Ritz and is sailing with his daughter, and a Titian which he got in Italy. A Giorgione had to replace it out of the Giovanelli collection, to satisfy Mussolini. Mr. and Mrs. Lorrillard Spencer are here; also Mrs. Leslie Cotton, the painter, who has just done the Duke of Manchester and a friend of his, who it seems, is a boxer. Also Mrs. Minette Hirst, whose divorce has just been announced and whose first remarriage has just been denied. Mr. and Mrs. William Dick, with her son, John Jacob Astor, are here, the Astor lad being ill from milk drunk in Venice. Venice is a suburb of Paris for the moment. All the American princesses are there. Parisians have been running down to Venice lately as the courts of the Louis used to run out all the year to Versailles.-GENET







NEW YORKER, NEWARKER, OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

THERE really is more than one reason why I resemble a caged hyena —a hyena being one of those animals that can laugh, no matter how they feel —but here and now, I am telling you only one of the reasons. I'm one of the big-footed kind—and I am caught in a trap.

The trap is—Travel. Living as I do, on 113th Street, between the Columbia Library, the Cathedral-for-All-of-Us, and the much-cluttered cliffs of Jersey, I must take my daily course to Newark—not for pleasure, nor yet for much profit; still, there I must and do go, every day, and thence must I return—also every day. After three months of this nomadic life, I have yielded to the contagion of research; being still in possession of a few of my scattered senses, I do hereby assert and asseverate that there exist the following ways of going from 113th Street, Manhattan, to and from Newark, N. J.

(1) Subway at 119th Street downtown to the Hudson Tubes. Thence through said tube—if your breath holds out, and if you can stagger out from under the dust at the end of the trip, you are at Newark. This trip requires from 50 minutes to two hours, depending on the state of health of Hizzoner's subways; also on the ability of the train to penetrate the gas barrage daily laid down around Manhattan Transfer.

(2) Same subway; get off at Penn. Station and take the train. You have to pay fifteen cents to go through the private Pennsylvania tunnel. Worth it? Well there *are* seats!

(3) To get a seat all the way take a Riverside bus to Penn. Station, for that same train. (N. B.—Start the day before:)

(4) Subway or (5) Bus to Thirty-third Street, and the "Uptown Hudson Tubes." To get, or see, a Newark train, count Eny, Meny, Miny, Mo; let trains Env, Meny and Miny pass by, and take only Mo. Always do this; if you make a mistake and catch Meny, for instance, you are penalized several stations, or if you are lucky, you are allowed to get off at some unheard of place like Christopher, to wait for Mo, or the next Mo, to come along. If you forget the rhyme, the only safe way is to follow the example of our unlettered fellow-travelers-run to the guard of each train, beg frantically: "Do you go to Newark? How can I get there?" And the answer is always the same: "Wait for the third train from the last on the other track." Follow this advice.

(6) Walk past the Cathedral, through Morningside; up 16 stories to the elevated express platform; be sure to keep to the right, for if you make a mistake



and get on a local, the mistake can not be rectified. Keep to the right, but get on a train on the left track. If you really want to get to Newark the same day, take my advice and a Ninth Avenue train. It's the fastest thing I have found in Manhattan.

So much for that-now to come home. Start from Newark on the tube. Do not ask for transfers; when the conductor calls "Gro-ove! Chage fr Uptun NYork, Errie 'n Hbkun," simply get up and leave. Others will follow your example. You and your group take the uptown train, and ride for as short a time as the guard will permit. Wait at Erie for "Meny" which will take you and yours to Hoboken. (Hoboken-Brest Shuttle; Black line to Paris, Green line back home.) And here is Hoboken, what shall we do with it? Take a ferry to Twentythird Street by all means. Through the spacious Lackawanna halls, where pass daily JERSEY'S FINEST, pass with stately tread, no hurried commuters we. At least not now.

We are traveling to an unknown isle, or is it? We care little about island, skyline, and the rest; we want the water, and the air, and the boats spread out for our inspection; *Hendrik Hudson, Central of Jersey*, other river craft small and smaller; sea horses in their stalls, side by side.

Along Twenty-third Street to the "L." Past a rooming house, "Clean for decent people." What is it for the other kind? Sit, on a local, or stand on an express? Sit, say we. Walk up the hill past the Cathedral. Home; hot muffins—even a caged hyena has occasional compensations.

Now this may sound funny, and it may sound phony, and it may sound fishy. It is true, it is sad, and there are no fish concerned; I, you may remember, am the only animal in the case, and I am a caged hyena. This narrative is one of the laughs of the poor beast, since he has found that tears and wails have no effect on his cage.

He can make more noise by laughing. —A. Amis

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It Sometimes Has That Effect

She Was Happy When He Left Home, He Says.

–Newspaper Headline

Among actresses who appeared there (the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre) were Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Margaret Anglin in "Green Stockings," John Barrymore and Mary Young in "Believe Me, Xantippe," Marjorie Rambeau in "Eyes of Youth," Blanche Ring, Frank Craven, Marie Dressler, Lew Fields, Lou Tellegen and Emily Stevens.

-From the World

And what, John and Frank and Lew and Lou, are you going to do about that?





Тне

Wellses.

written.

and career.

faded.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ" SAMUEL These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While PEPYS NOVELS PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather E. (Knopf). Contemplation, by an admirable A Portrait In artist who "sees life steadily," etc., of the way Miniature ... of the world with the unworldly, and of the American get-ahead spirit with individuals above it, distilled into the stories of Tom J.Lucas Du-breton Outland and Professor St. Peter. "Does for Pepys what 'Ariel' did SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). A fascinating and tantalizing fragment; the Napoleonic romance he left unfinished. for Shelley. -Stallings CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). A post-war girl bent on saving her individuality, and Mr. Preemby, laundry-man, delusionally bent on saving mankind. PUTNAMS Over-written, yet something of a second com-2 WEST 45TH ST. N.Y. ing of the best of the multifarious H. G. THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). A fantasy, so beautiful that its fine ironic import is a minor matter. Casa-THE GRAND ECART nova, as necromancer, figures in it. FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). The present-day Vanity Fair of Manhattan, hit off in the modern spirit, and at least as well as such things are being done anywhere. MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). Straight farce, built up from stock blueprints, but sometimes about as funny as farce can be. THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). The mystery story at its most mysterious, human and exciting, even if not in mechanical perfection. SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scrib-ner's). What war times and their hysterias A modern can do to peaceful lives. The war time repre-Parisian's sented is the Civil-the life, a farmer's. emotional Porgy, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). Some negroes of Catfish Row, Charleston, and a hurricane that floods it. Remarkably well adventures By SHORT STORIES FIVE ORIENTAL TALES, by Comte de Gobineau JEAN COCTEAU (Viking Press). For those who, like the maker of this list, did not know Gobineau's PUTNAM'S \$2. at bookstores "Nouvelles Asiatiques" in the original. the state of the s GENERAL H. L. MENCKEN, by Ernest Boyd (McBride). A sort of vademecum for admirers of Mencken who want a complete idea of his service ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Travel essays, well worth reading. The exciting story of A vagabond father -ONCE A WEEK, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). An-A madcap daughter other book of his contributions to Punch. More of these than of those in "The Holiday Round," or "Oranges and Lemons," have rumawa Now the British Labor Party has voted by down the Communists and the London FLOYD papers can stop printing red time stories. This is news that should be read from DELI The author of "MOON-CALF" etc. \$2.00 GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York It now appears that Secretary Kellogg omitted from his quoted extract from Saklatvala's speech parts of paragraphs and even parts of sentences, thus considerably altering the meaning of the whole. A good day's work for the Misstate De-



AINSLEIGH CONTRACTOR 920 B'WAY, NEW YORK AT 21ST ST. SUITS TUXEDOS ACCESSORIES MARKEN ACCESSORIES

Reduced Ambassador Fall Rate for Atlantic City

400 Rooms \$10 Per Day Or Less For Two People

A Big Investment in Health A Small Investment in Money.

Make Your Reservations NOW!



WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

BECAUSE I heard a crying negro in Bellevue lean over the cot of his dying friend, tears running down his checks as he tried to be of some use, ask: "Are yu hongry, Jack?" and because I saw a low, powerful car swing up to the curb in front of a Park Avenue apartment and a young lady alight and swish by the obsequious footman. She dropped a book as she passed, which he retrieved for her. It was: "How to Read Character Through Handwriting."—LEONARD MACTAGART

Because of the stronger half of the younger set who parade Fifth Avenue with gray hat brims turned eloquently down, thinking they are the Prince of Wales.

Because of the gentler half of the same who walk upon Broadway with dark, short hair slicked close behind their ears, thinking they are Gloria Swanson.

Because of middle aged ladies in purple silk dresses and hats ever so slightly off the color.—IRMA BRANDEIS

Because in one day there walked into our office---

A man who wanted to see us on a matter connected with the Government, and who offered to sell us "The Messages and Papers of the Presidents" at half the published price;

A distinguished looking gentleman professing ignorance of the English language who had just smuggled in two dozen Parama hats;

A dashing youth fresh from the pages of *Vanity Fair* who seemed worried lest we make unwise bond investments;

Two sorrowful middle aged females who offered us the opportunity of letting the tenement kiddies enjoy God's Sunshine less 20% commission;

A somewhat shopworn individual who assured us that the city's busiest executives kept the gloss on their hair and off the seat of their trousers with his patented liquid preparation;

A large lazy-looking lout who called us "Buddy" and shoved "The Buddies Bulletin" under our nose;

A charming young girl who, though we told her we were married, asked us to help pay her way through college via magazine subscriptions.

A CUSTOMER.-R. S. W.

Because a little lumber schooner, towed by a dumpy tug, can and does hold up three or four trainloads of commuters and four or five hundred motorists with high blood pressure.

-ELWYN BROOKS WHITE



"THIRST: the only thing in the world born with a desire to be drowned immediately." . . . English beer advertisement

Whoever it was that called mineral water a strictly masculine drink should have been at the Commodore during the recent Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries and seen the demoiselles standing six deep to get acquainted with AQUAZONE.



And whoever it was that called mineral water a feminine failing should then have seen the 42nd Street business men doing exactly the same thing in the same place at their Exposition held one week later.

Personal—will the Cornell alumnus of the greatest class since the war who contributed so enormously to the success of my little soiree on Thursday by singing the one about Aquazone's being far above Cayuga's waters, kindly return the empties to Miss Texas Guinan...P. M. H.

We would like to draw the attention of the Harvard committee who annually award prizes for distinguished advertisements, to the piece of writing in a recent Crillon page. Thus— $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$

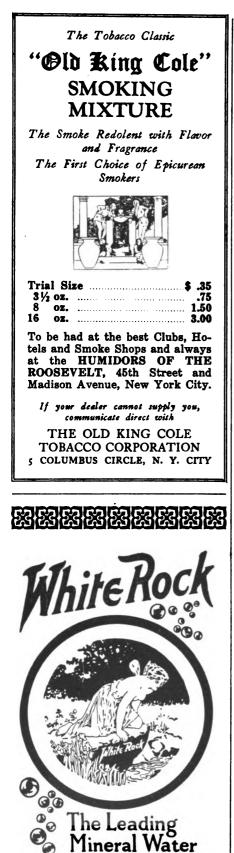
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"Some time ago, the Crillon was padlocked. It no longer affords the raison *d'etre* of this padlocking to its patrons. But it has a detached point of view. And besides, there one may obtain ginger ale, White Rock or Aquazone, as well as the very best brands of cracked ice. 'There is a key,' the headwaiter says, 'for every padlock.'"

* * *

But since you cannot be expected to patronize Mr. Baumgarten every day we ought to mention that AQUAZONE is also to be had at the Colony, Voisin, Piping Rock, L'Aiglon, Lido-Venice and nearly all other civilized hostelries, to say nothing of your grocer or druggist or tdvertisement VANDERBILT 6434



White Rock PALE DRY

Ginger Ale

Offices 100 Broadway, New York City

Ø

FIFTH AVENUE



L the way newspapers, at least once a year, feel themselves called upon to burst into print with erroneous fashion information. I suppose they do it to say that women bobbing their hair is not news.

Hence, the yearly cry is that bobbed hair is going out; that big hats are to be de rigueur; that skirts are to be longer; and that waistlines are to be reestablished. This time, they pin one of their stories on the fact that Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt insists upon long skirts. They forget that Mrs. Vanderbilt has always worn them. They forget, too, that slim flappers have always put belts around their dresses at the normal waistline; that big hats are not practical for everyday wear, and that hair net manufacturers have been trying to put the bob out of fashion for the past three years without success. What Mrs. Vanderbilt wears and what manufacturers want have no more effect on fashion than Dancing Teachers' conventions have on night clubs. Except for Vionnet, who has always made her skirts rather long and who has a great vogue this year, the Paris models are short. And short they will be for the Winter at least.

ALL of which does, or does not bring me to the point that Franklin Simon's would do well to look to its laurels as a topnotch purveyor of short, youthful, somewhat schoolgirlish (in a nice way) clothes. Because Best's, with its Fortmason hats, Chanel handbags, and stock of attractive two-piece frocks for slim girls and younger women is causing a great many people to regard the Bramley fashions, which are just a little stereotyped, with a more critical eye than heretofore.

Franklin Simon's, however, attracted the largest crowd of window gazers of the past week by a particularly effective patchwork poster of Barbara Bennett of the Lido.

OUD wails of anguish are sounding which did not have the foresight to realize that the Sunday rotogravure infatuation for the Prince of Wales could result in nothing less than an epidemic of turned-down hat brims this Autumn. But even the most prophetic of them could

AM always made just a little tired by hardly have visualized the completeness with which the turned-up brim disappeared. On a recent tour, dedicated to the purpose of buying a member of my family a new hat to replace one that he had been wearing for lo! these many years, the salesman all but broke down and sobbed on my shoulder. It appears that his shelves were so stocked with turned-up brims that he despaired of ever getting rid of them and was almost reconciled to handing them out of the side doors to deserving bums temporarily down in their luck.

"Do you distribute many hats that way?" I made bold to inquire when the salesman had gained his composure.

"Nearly all our old hats go that way," he replied, "this gentleman's hat will be in Bryant Park within the hour."

R IGHT on the heels of the August Furniture Sales, Lord & Taylor's must needs bridge the yawning gap in distance between Altman's and Sloane's with an antique furniture department. At present, they are specializing in Italian and Spanish pieces of the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth century, and in Renaissance pieces. Later, the Georgian and the Colonial periods will have their say. At present, the department here differs from those at Wanamaker's and Macy's in that it is making no special concession to interior decorators. Its appeal is to real lovers of antiques who are in the habit of roaming around in search of odd furniture, and will often rearrange an entire room in order that a new treasure may be placed to best advantage.

Bonwit Teller's is also to open an antique furniture department in the near future. Now open to the public, though not officially on display.

E VERYBODY, I am told, has moments of spending money on perfectly useless things. I, whose weakness is for absurd birds and animals of every description, fell twice by the wayside during the past week. The first stumble was in favor of the ridiculous grampi (plural for grampus, indicating Latin training), pelicans, and dickie birds holding match boxes in incredible jaws at Dunhill's. And the second was staged at Saks-Fifth Avenue, where debonair harlequins and red devils

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., RE-QUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925, State of New York, County of New York, s. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally ap-peared E. R. Spaulding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. THE OWNERSHIP, STATEMENT OF the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. R. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City. Editor, H. W. Ross, 412 West 47th Street, New York City. Managing Editor, J. M. March, 111 Bedford Street, New York City. Business Manager, Robert W. Collins, Brentwood, Long Island, New York. General Man-ager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the name of the corpora-tion and the names and addresses of the stock-holders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) F.R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; H. W. Ross, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; Alexander Wooll-cott, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; Ralph Barton, 48 East 61st Street, New York City; Rea Irvin, Spuyton Deyvill, New York City; Rea Irvin, Spuyton Deyvill, New York Kaiph Barton, City; Rea Irvin, Spuyton Deyvill, New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None 4. That the two paragraphs next above, other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stock-holder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not ap-pear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affant has no that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. E. R. SPAULDING, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1925. (Seal.) ROBERT A. COILE, Notary Public, New York County, No. 88A, Register No. 6490. (My commission ex-pires March 30, 1926.)

DARWIN TULIPS 100 BULBS Only \$4.00 (50 for \$2.50) HOICEST first size bulbs, sure to bloom. Schling's Special Mixture of 10 of the finest named varieties—not at all the ordinary fieldgrown mixture. Packed in a handsome gift box, making an unusual gift or bridge prize.

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of wire covered with bright colored wools are on display to hang in the rear window of what, to me, is a perfectly imaginary automobile.

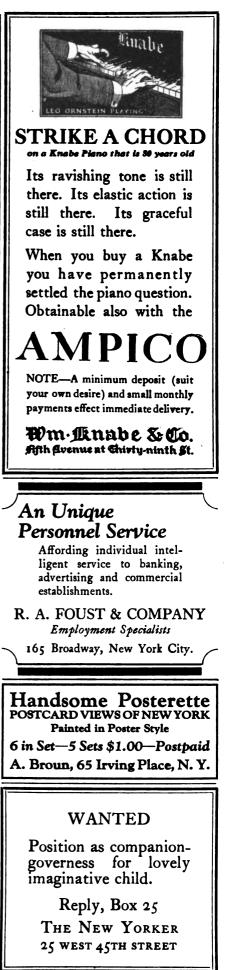
SINCE experiment has proved that cigarette lighters really can be made to work, Dunhill's has not only revived, but is making a speciality of them, of which the smartest is covered with green fishskin. They are also carrying a line of women's pipes—miniature reproductions of the kind that men smoke—which are finding many feminine purchasers, unlike the absurd pink and baby-blue enamel affairs which they showed a year ago.

'OR some time rumor had it that one earring, and only one, was to be a new mode, and all those whose jewel boxes were filled with wistful baubles whose mates had been lost at sea sat up and took heart. The rumor was false, though earrings have assumed a new importance with the advent of very long earrings extending to the shoulders. By far the most interesting ones that I have seen are to be found in little shops on Madison Avenue specializing in Spanish earrings, which start with an oval or butterfly-shaped piece close to the ear, add a rather long pendant for formal afternoon wear, and yet another one for evening which brings the earrings to the level of the shoulders. These are shown in every possible metal, set with semiprecious stones.

FOR some time, two great and momentous problems have been vexing my mind in my strolls up Fifth Avenue. The first puzzle was how Franklin Simon's plan for parking shoppers' cars for nothing, with no discrimination in favor of charge customers, had been working out.

It seemed, to my somewhat cynical mind, that there were bound to be many people who would march in, salve their consciences with the purchase of a fiftycent handkerchief, and go blithely to a matinée. So, one day, I went in and investigated, and was told, in a deep, authoritative voice, that such was not the case. Either human nature has improved a great deal since I first met it, or the plan has not received enough publicity.

The second puzzle, as yet unsolved, was how they are ever going to make the new buildings on Fifth Avenue half as attractive as the scaffolding which at present shelters passers-by from falling workmen, mortar and steel beams. The elaborate red and white structure in front of the new Harriman Bank Building is the fanciest reminder to date that New York is the only city in the world, and Fifth Avenue the only street in New York, which takes the trouble to make the exterior of uncompleted buildings as attractive as possible.—L. L.





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DANGEROUS TENDENCIES OF THE GOTHAM JEHU

BEING something of an old-timer, I can remember—in fact, it really seems no longer ago than yesterday when the popular opinion was that the New York taxicab drivers were a lot of low, evil fellows, recruited from what might very aptly be termed the flotsam and jetsam of society.

Their diction, in that remote period of old New York, often was loose, if not downright inelegant; their manners had a certain uncouth quality which reflected their careless upbringing, and some of them, according to the current belief, were not above gypping a customer. In brief, they had few of the urbane and gentlemanly qualities of the 1925 jehu.

I think the revolution started when one taxi company, in order to reassure women passengers, announced that every driver was an escort—maybe not a very nice escort, but safe. Soon afterward, a number of astonishing stories were printed in the New York press concerning honest drivers who had returned valuables which passengers had left in their cabs. Next, some of the more swanky cabs carried bunches of flowers in a cute little vase just back of the driver's seat.

That this sort of thing might become a menace, first dawned upon me the other day when I read the speech of a taxicab magnate in Atlantic City telling how his God-fearing drivers prayed every morning and evening, asking Divine guidance to make them better drivers, better escorts, better men and, in some instances, better husbands and fathers.

But the thing that confirmed my worst suspicions occurred only the other afternoon in lower Fifth Avenue. I was with a highly personable young lady (my wife, I might add) and we caught a cab. The driver, who wore a white collar, spoke in a tenor voice and who, I suspected, probably had been boning up on the collected works of Emily Post, gave us the eye up and down and then, as soon as we were seated, he struck a match and lighted a small jigger which he allowed to swing over into the passenger compartment.

It was incense! The fumes of rose, lilac, sandalwood or whatever it was floated about us as we were driven up the avenue. It was both disconcerting and embarrassing.

Where will this lead? Are we to have a generation of taxicab drivers who sing hymns, know their etiquette as well as their mechanics, refuse to carry persons who have been violating the law by drinking, and who try to make their cabs as antiseptic as an operating room and as cozily seductive in atmosphere as Abdul Hamid's Little Red Room?

I hope not. I may be old-fashioned, but I am beginning to yearn for the vanished type who could and did swear lustily, and whose sole aim was to take you somewhere for as much as you would stand for. The taxi fare in those days had a zestful life. He might get hurt or robbed, and he certainly wouldn't be uplifted, but he was sure of adventure. It's too bad.—STANLEY WALKER

HOW TO PASS TIME-

'N THE HOTEL LOBBY-read all L the signs visible from your seat-decide how many of your immediate neighbors are out-of-towners and how many merely New Yorkers (if you are a visitor remember that all the queer people are not natives, and if you are a New Yorker remember that all the queer people are not visitors)-go to the travel information desk and bid them recommend a round-the-world trip or what you wish, for your vacation or what you havethink of ten reasons why the beautiful girl with the pretty knees across the way keeps her legs crossed-think of a hundred reasons why you would like to have her keep her legs crossed-ask what it would cost to send telegrams to the first ten towns you think of-find ten reasons for telegraphing to them-how many people that pass you carry canes-do any two people carry them the same wayhow many people are chewing gum-how many are chewing something else-can you be sure-have the bell boy page you. -JOSE SCHORR

SAD SOUNDS

Life is dread Black and glum Youth's soon dead-----"Two neat rum."

First you're born Then you die Poor, forlorn— "I'll take rye."

Man strives on Weak, small, drear— "Scotch all gone? Make it beer."

Death, the ghoul Calls the hour Of each fool— "Try a sour."

Men are slaves On cold trips To cold graves "Two egg flips."

Only real Proposition 'S to repeal Prohibition.

-THEODORE SHANE

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ACTORS'

THEATRE

THE NEW YORKER

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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

IX. The Construction of Our Sentences

INING the letters that make up the words and phrases of an issue is only the first phase of the all-important work of printing THE NEW YORKER. Before these letters may be used, they must be arranged by experts in the form of words, and these words in the form of sentences, and these sentences in the form of paragraphs; and even after they have been laid one below another in the

form of stories and articles they must be placed in such order that the pages follow consecutively throughout the magazine. Six hundred trained mathematicians from Yale, Columbia, Harvard and other universities are employed in the work of numbering these pages alone.

Let us say for example that the car coming up from the mine contains among things, the letters f, v, d, l, l, r and s. These letters are laid in a row along the Now from the ground. next car the experts select several vowels, such as i, e, o, and a. The experts then gather in a conference, and various suggestions are considered as to possible combinations of these letters to make words. The first combination suggested, let us say, is "Schenectady." An effort is made then to arrange these letters in the form of "Schenectady," and is later abandoned because they haven't got a "g."

The experts then put their heads together again

over the letters and think of other words, like "minestrone" or "gnat" or some meaningless combination of letters like Buckner; until someone, let us say Morris Gest, notices that if the letters are arranged in some such order as f, i, v, e, d, o, l, l, a, r, and s, they would be exactly equal to a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER. This game is called Anagrams.

The problem of delivering these letters to the presses was long a difficult one, and efforts to carry them one by one were abandoned after it was pointed out that it was useless to go to all this work of arranging them in the form of words, if all you did was take them apart again to carry them somewhere else. For a long time one of the Special Printing Representatives of THE NEW YORKER, Mr. Eustace Tilley, was in a quandary; but chancing to glance at the ground one day he discovered a small animal with a hard shell on its back, which seemed capable of bear-



A group of THE NEW YORKER'S highly-specialized General Utility Men, comprising Blue Ribbon Logarithmists, Anagramatists, Ex-Cross Word Puzzle Workers and Tea Tasters, puzzling over the carefully selected bench-made syllables which will eventually be put together as words, sentences and articles. In the left background may be seen our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER's staff of Syntax Engineers. ing the burden. These animals, known as *slugs*, have since come into such great demand for bearing type that THE NEW YORKER has found it necessary to establish a slug farm, where they may be raised carefully in sufficient quantities to meet the needs of THE NEW YORKER.

After the letters have been mounted on these slugs and are in the form of words, they must be arranged next in sentences; and before a sentence may be used in THE NEW YORKER it must be cleaned and polished. The work of brightening these sentences is accomplished by a trained editorial staff of 5,000 men named Mr. March; and when they are sufficiently polished they are used for example by Mr. Ring Lardner in that story he is going to write. Sentences in THE New YORKER vary in length from six inches to six months or \$100 fine or both.

Perhaps we have the words: "Subscribe," "The," "to," "New," and

words: "Subscribe," "The," "to," "New," and "Yorker;" the problem of arranging these words is the next to occupy the experts. In the first place we note there are four words capitalized; therefore we deduce that one of those four must stand at the beginning of the sentence. While many possible combinations may be obtained, such as: "New The to Yorker Subscribe," or "Yorker to New Subscribe The," the only one that seems to be at once direct and logical is: "Subscribe to THE NEW YORKER."



For Human, Capable and Experienced Men in Public Office-

For an Efficient Administration That Will Get Things Done —

For an Early Solution of New York City's Pressing Civic Problems-

VOTE FOR

CHARLES W. BERRY JAMES J. WALKER JOSEPH V. McKEE Champlain Studios ©Marceau Ol'nderwood & Underwood FOR MAYOR FOR COMPTROLLER FOR PRESIDENT. **BOARD OF ALDERMEN**

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S C. MCMURTRIE : NEW YORK

Kathleen Norris

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WW ITH the Opera season approaching, it becomes clear that a number of people are urging the Metropolitan managers to patronize more American composers than they have hitherto done. It is a worthy movement—that is, if suitable operas and suitable people willing to pay high prices for American opera seats can be found. It is not worthy if these two essentials are lacking; for every time an American opera is pronounced a failure at the Metropolitan, the entire company of native composers receives an ugly blow.

We, for one, don't blame Gatti-Casazza for balking. He has had too many American operas fail. For what is the Metropolitan? It is an enormous building ideally suited to German opera with its Gods and Heroes, a little less suited to Italian opera, and not suited at all to French Opera. The modern trend in music is to something less bombastic by far. And if American money desires American opera, our suggestion is a smaller opera house.

S EATS at the opera have gone up to \$8.25, on the Stock Exchange to \$125,000, and in the subway they are practically unobtainable.

And, if Senator Walker cares about the support of the younger generation, this last state of affairs will enable him to combine his two slogans to read: "A seat for every child—not a strap."

THERE is, perhaps, no better collection of legs to be seen anywhere than at the Plaza Hotel just before tea time, when the men arrive.



They are crossed in every comfortable chair. And we notice that dresses this year are so short as to make the gesture of covering the knee obviously insincere. It is only good psychology that just so soon as the knee is shown intentionally it will be made as beautiful as possible. This means covering it with a stocking. We notice that at the Plaza they are wearing them all the way up.



M.R. NICHOLS has withdrawn the offensive phrase, "beautiful but dumb" as applied to the lovely creatures at Atlantic City, but the impression is likely to persist, nevertheless, that a beauty prize winner knows only about as much as the early editions of an evening paper.

N UMEROLOGY, the imaginative science that puts one in touch with one's cosmic vibrations, seems to be in for a season of prosperity. This week we have met many people who are conscientiously thinking of themselves as some number between 0 and 10. A number of small books now on the stands will put one *au courant* with the latest developments of the theory. We have read one and feel slightly sublimated already.

THE new model Ford plane is on display at Wanamaker's, priced at \$25,000. This looks like business, but we shall not admit that air flivvers have really arrived until we can buy them in drug stores.

The Week

E PISCOPAL House of Bishops removes word "obey" from the marriage ceremony and De Wolf Hopper begins his reminiscences in the Saturday Evening Post. American expedition unearths the Temple of Ashtaroth, where Saul's armor hung as trophy, and thieves, in Berlin, steal from synagogue silver tablet inscribed with Ten Commandments. Fascisti establish compulsory arbitration for capital and labor and Nathan Straus deprecates lack of union among Jews. President Coolidge says what this country needs is tolerance and Harry Healy, of Brooklyn, changes his name to Harry Schwartz to please fiancée, in vain as it develops. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, in Latin address to students, deplores their failure to drink more beer and wine for breakfast and it is announced that the present membership of the American Bartender's Union is 27,000. Ernest Vajda arrives to write screen scenarios and it is disclosed that Jack Luden, son of the cough drops, is studying in Paramount School for movie career. American Federation of Labor denounces Soviet government and Russian mission lets contracts here for eighty-two million dollars worth of goods. Candidate Walker journeys to Philadelphia to see how subways are dug and New York's budget for next year promises to reach \$440,-000,000. Camembert, France, plans a monument to the cheese that made it famous and quinquennial balloting on new names for the Hall of Fame is completed.

Symphonic

THE account herein printed some weeks ago of the brass band reception accorded Dr. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra by a Southern city has led to Mr. George Barrere's recalling an incident of his tour some time ago with his "Little Symphony." This musical troupe, it will be remembered, was composed of fourteen picked artists, each one a concert soloist on his instrument.

Returning from Texas, Mr. Barrere found that his booking bureau had arranged a concert in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Here, on the evening of the concert, the manager of the opera house sought out the manager of the "Little Symphony." He did not know what was the custom, the local manager explained; so would he have the curtain raised first and let the troupe come on, or would the troupe be seated and then have the curtain raised?

The novelty of not having to troop out before the audience appealed to the fourteen soloists; they decided that being seated on the stage before the curtain went up would be a welcome change. It was so agreed.

The time arrived. The stage manager received a nod from Mr. Barrere. "Let her go, boys," he called,

and the stage hands leant on the ropes. Slowly the curtain rose, to disclose the fourteen musicians to their audience.

And, as the footlights came into



view of the waiting soloists, the local five-man orchestra, in the pit, broke lustily, if somewhat tinnily, into an overture—

"If you knew Susie, like I know Susie—"

For Posterity

THE Hall of Fame, sombre and still in its stone dignity on University Heights, is not given to tremulous excitement. Hardly a sniff it gave, for example, to Mayor Hylan's late proposals to build a garbage incinerator one hundred and fifty feet under its uptilted nose.

Yet to-day, who can grudge the unblinking colonnade a quiver of anticipation? The quinquennial election is over; only the final approval of the august Senate of New York University stands between an avid public and the announcement of names chosen when the balloting of one hundred and seven gentlemen, pillars of the republic, closed October the fifteenth. Deeper is the interest this year, because the electors have fallen behind their quota of five nominees every five years and this time may choose as many as twelve names, filling seven vacancies which the last twenty-five years have seen accumulate.

THERE is appropriate solemnity in the choice of immortals. Twentyfive years, they must be dead. Slowly the machinery of decision grinds for posterity, hemming itself in with safeguards lest it give way to rash enthusiasm, cringing behind minor mysteries of its own contriving. The present wait for approval is a final precaution, taken to filter the more carefully. Until the last moment there is always the grim danger of some unexpected blotch appearing to blacken the name of an elect.

Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the present director of the Hall of Fame, impresses one as a fitting figure to conduct an election to immortality, "with dignity, restraint, breadth of view and a sense of proportion and value," as the handbook of his editing explains. "We are," Dr. Johnson will tell you, "in the twilight of our Most obvious candidates choosing. have been elected; the electors are voting upon those on the borderline." Many who are alive to-day, he will add, will have niches; perhaps that is why the quota is not now filled. Edison, perhaps; Wilson, when twentyfour years more have elapsed. There is also Roosevelt. Electors (Dr. Johnson, of course, is not one) willing. Who can tell twenty-five years from now. P. T. Barnum, Charles Spencer Chaplin, of course, no. Henry Ford, perhaps. He may do many things.

I N the meantime there is sedate excitement over what this year's choice has produced. Has Edwin Booth finally succeeded in gaining admittance? Last balloting he was second highest of the unsuccessful, General Sheridan leading him. A three-fifths vote is necessary. And John Paul Jones, he, too, came near to being tapped in 1920. Walt Whitman, Paul Revere, "Stonewall" Jackson, William Loyd Garrison, others; their ghosts stand shivering on the windswept heights, waiting to hear the verdict.

Below the Hall that stands ready to receive the new chosen immortals, thunder the commuters' trains, life

blood to a young city; behind it last Saturday, the football team of N. Y. U. defeated Union College by a score of 12 to 3, its third victory of the season. Prospects for the Violet aggregation are good, they say.

Travel Note

VOYAGERS to and fro on the *Berengaria* will be served the following anecdote for some time, since it came to being only the last time the liner docked here.

Two gentlemen, although unacquainted, were forced by the exigencies of travel to share a cabin for the sail back from Europe. One of the pair, a gruff, self-contained person, resisted the early efforts of his cabin mate to establish a reasonably cordial *entente*. So, after the first day out, they spoke to each other not at all.

While the Berengaria was steaming up the Narrows, the gruff, selfcontained one broke the week's silence. "Smoke cigars?" he inquired. His

cabin mate said he didn't.

"Sure you don't?" the hitherto recluse insisted. "Got a box of fifty here. Prime quality. Sure you don't smoke cigars?"

The affable cabin mate was sure he didn't.

"Then it must have been the steward. There are five missing from the box," said the selfcontained one.

And the silence was on again.

Hamlets

HARDLY a sea-son that we have not some Hamlet with us, but this is a Fall when only the hardiest productions may survive and we are to have no fewer than two. In the intensity of competition it is perhaps as well for the melancholy Dane that he has had a Hampden and a Barrymore to break the ice of blasé 1925 audiences for him. And it is probable that the *Hamlet* in modern clothing, which is to follow, relies in part for its success on the interest aroused by this earlier opening.

New York's edition of a *Hamlet* in up to date raiment has already progressed beyond the rumors its creation first circulated. It has been cast, as everyone knows, with Mr. Basil Sydney and with a sixteen-year-old *Ophelia*, Miss Helen Chandler. It is in rehearsal, promised for the first week in November.

The London production is well into its third month, and its local producers are taking the experiment very seriously indeed. They have not overlooked the potential publicity which lurks in curiosity about their treatment of stage direction in following Shakespeare's text. Shall foils for the duel be snatched from the walls, as in the British performance? how now is Polonius to be murdered? shall a Twentieth Century ghost materialize? shall Queen Gertrude (Adrienne Morrison) have bobbed hair-boyish bob or Eton cut? In the whetting of such interest, the performance is laid bare to the growing of accusation of being "tricky," but in the end this may be only a further means of pre-

CATS of CHINATOWN



ble that the *Hamlet* in modern cloth- serving, in the struggle for existence, ing, which is to follow, relies in part an able performance.

IN the meantime we hear that Miss Barrymore and Mr. Hampden are so satisfied with their combination that it will be preserved through the Winter, for further Shakespeare, and perhaps also for a play based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

The old Colonial Theatre, to which Mr. Hampden has courteously given his name, again makes history, this time in the northward trend of the theatre. Over a score of years ago it was Percy Williams's ace house; then it was bought by Keith and waxed supreme in vaudeville until the Palace to the South and the Eighty-first Street Theatre to the North stilled its thunder. The local population, on which an average vaudeville house depends for its main support, moved away and left it, an oasis among garages, and an oasis overrun by Don Juan hill towards the Hudson.

Then there grew and flourished New York's nearest approach to the epithet and penny throwing galleries of old England. Without designs on art, frankly admitting its plebian taste, the Colonial's was the gallery which

had the distinction of booing from its stage the great Yvette Guilbert, then, ten years ago, at the height of her power. Later, it found displeasure in Olga Petrova's performance, but a displeasure as nothing to that of the actress herself. In towering rage, she stepped out of her part, snapped words of vitriol back into her critics' teeth, and with the stroke set herself up in their eyes as a near idol. A cheerful populace, happy to be beaten at its own game.

At its heyday the Colonial was the Mecca of West Side youngsters. Not to go to its Monday matinee meant ostracism. As such, its place was never filled when it succumbed at last, and it was the success of the darktown productions, riding the current vogue, which brought it back into the electric glare.

Now again it is to rise to further glory, still the property of the Keith organization, but flaunting the banner of Hampden, the ghosts of its once shrill gallery silenced before a Barrymore as Ophelia.

Reunion

NE is apt to encounter more in the Brevoort these evenings than the mere savory French cooking, or the impedimenta of American building construction. Thus, on a night last week, I was astonished to see prowling about the disordered lobby Mr. Dudley Field Malone, Mr. Clarence Darrow, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays, and sundry newspaper correspondents.

But it wasn't, after all, a dire and portentous occasion. It was a mere reunion, in the best collegiate style, of the Grenadiers of Dayton, Ten-Forty correspondents for nessee. newspapers along the more civilized segments of the Atlantic seaboard were gathered as dinner guests of the distinguished counsel for the defense in the Scopes trial.

They dined, and thereafter disported themselves-how do you suppose?

In a mock trial.

And who would you guess was the defendant?

None other than Mr. Henry L. Mencken, the sworn enemy of the Rotarian.

A good time, it is said, was had by all.

Chaplin

I NDULGING in that careless dalli-ance but rarely seen in men of large affairs, Mr. Charles Chaplin has lingered amongst us, putting off from day to day his departure for the Canadian woods where he has promised himself that thrilling pleasance, a month's slumber. And such time as he sallies forth from his seclusion at the Ritz, he still whets his humor with whimsical adventures of the sort made fabulous by a memorable Caliph of Bagdad.

The lower East Side, for example, is an unfailing lure to him. And whenever his boredom becomes heavy, he wanders, with memories of O. Henry, along the crowded lanes which seems, knew his movie stars better to the walled-in highway beyond



OUT

YADOT

TRUE TALES

day is all y' need"

sprout from Delancey Street. Recently, while on such an excursion, he sauntered to the outskirts of a group of urchins gathered about a windy corner, and peered through to find the cause of their hilarity. They were cheering lustily, he discovered, a particularly impish gamin who, with a battered derby and a rat-tail cane was imitating the Pilgrim himself.

"Ho!" said Mr. Chaplin, chuckling a moment or two over the lad's antics. Then, bursting through and snatching up the cane and hat, "Just a moment, boys, and I'll show you how it's done."

For a second or two, the throng stood spellbound while the dapper stranger shuffled through the familiar walk. Then the original performer came sadly forward for the return of his properties.

Mister," he consoled, "Sorry, "you'd be all right, but you just ain't got the feet for it."

O^N the other hand, ignorance of the comedian's identity is not wholly confined to the citizens of low estate. It was at the Meadow Brook Club, during the polo, that Chaplin's next adventure in obscurity is recorded.

For quite a time, Mr. Chaplin threaded his way among the gay and blooded throng, forced to be content with a hesitating and palpably uncomprehending nod from here and there. It was, indeed, one of his dull after-

THE NEW YORKER

than did his betters, and was amiable in his greeting. Quickly, it was discovered that both had originated in the British town of Brixton, and there were many memories to revive on both sides.

Enter, then, an international banker of vast financial sinew and precious little personal fame. He heard them say Brixton, and joined at once in the talk. He, too, it fell out, was a native of that sterling township. For half an hour old tales were bandied back and forth, with wistful glee.

But it was not until half an hour later, when the banker was led unwillingly from his new and jolly friends, that a fellow club member whispered to him the identity of the little chap with the glittering eyes and faint French accent.

Skeptic

IF, and whenever, in future dis-course the question should arise: who is the greatest skeptic in town? the answer is, Mr. Morris Albert Kalpin, driver of an Independent taxicab.

Mr. Kalpin's taxicab, containing fare, was proceeding, with reasonable alacrity, along Sixth Avenue. Ahead, as he neared Thirty-eighth Street, was one of Mr. Du Pont's alarming wagons, painted vivid red and with large lettering proclaiming the thril-ling warning, "Explosives."

In the course of his professional duties and also of his amazing curiosity, Mr. Kalpin directed his taxicab so that a collision ensued. Perhaps it was unavoidable; perhaps not. Mr. Kalpin's fare cannot recall having given any thought to this phase of the incident at the moment of the crash.

Nothing more explosive than language ensued, however; and when the shouting and tumult died, Mr. Kalpin turned with a serene smile to observe:

"I allus thought them dam wagons wuz duds!"

Siege

LTHOUGH the vast army of Arealtors, after its long siege of lower Park Avenue, now holds many strategic positions along the battle front, the invaders are far from victory. The brave defense of Murray Hill still continues, despite the connoons, until he wandered into the stant attacks of operators and builders cloak room. The attendant there, it whose object is a thorough fare similar



Grand Central. On the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth Street, Mrs. Robert Bacon holds a citadel comprising her own house and three brownstone fronts which will not surrender. Last year, when the Number One Park-Avenue Corporation was formed, there was a rumor that she had sold out to the barbarians. Her reply was that she intended to spend the rest of her life in the chalet opposite the armory, and her neighboring allies were equally obdurate.

Farther north, the forts of the old régime still resist the onslaughts of the apartment contractors. Miss Bowdoin's dignified corner at Thirty-sixth Street is as safe as the Tuileries, and Arthur Curtiss James's Alhambra at Thirty-eighth is another stronghold of the beleaguered garrison. Drills rattle against steel girders, and the dust of commerce rises from the torn field; but the gallant old guard will not yield to the montanic cliffs now wedged between the castles of New York's golden age.

Education

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY, despite his reputation for the New England soul, is generous in his treatment of those employees who come into intimate contact with him. To the elders of his publishing houses, he is giving now a year's vacation, in order of seniority. Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of his magazines, is enjoying that leisure these months. Mr. Frank O'Brien, who won a Pulitzer prize for his editorial on the Unknown Soldier, is next on the list.

This new policy of a twelve-month holiday, when it was announced by Mr. Munsey, drew from one of his editorial council approving comment, "The Sabbatical year is a godsend in modern times."

"Sabbatical year," murmured Mr. Munsey, in the throes of mnemonics. "Sabbatical year."

At the next council following, Mr. Munsey rose to make announcement.

"I've looked up this Sabbatical year, gentlemen," said the publisher, gravely, "and I'm in favor of it."

Artiste

MR. E. RAY GOETZ is the happiest of immortals these days, for he has beaten the ubiquitous Mr. Morris Gest at his own game of importations. The unique and extraordinary Racquel Meller will venture across the Atlantic and will appear under the direction of Mr. Goetz, with the shadow of Mr. A. L. Erlanger in the background. Some time between January and April, they say.

Once before the gay singer almost visited us. She was under contract to Mr. Charles Cochran of London, and Mr. Arch Selwyn had obtained an option on her services, but the English manager's financial difficulties released her from all agreements.

Mlle. Meller will appear at special matinees, it is believed, four a week, for which she is to receive fifteen hundred dollars a performance.

Even this sum cannot be what influenced her to come here. To the Continental artiste, a triumph in New York means nothing. It is as slight a matter to her as would be an Argentinian debut to Miss Ethel Barrymore. It was only when she had disputes with her manager, or some similar quarrel —or, again, when her Parisian public was showing the indifference of familiarity—that the Bernhardt used to visit us. Mlle. Meller—although she is Spanish and sings only in that tongue —is likewise indifferent to the money involved. She is working on a moving picture of "Carmen," for which she is being paid two million francs.

Perhaps the explanation is that, as others did before her, Mlle. Meller is putting her Continental public to the old treatment of absence as a cure for disenchantment. Whatever the reason, the town will flock to hear her, particularly if her repertoire includes "During the Procession," for singing which she was threatened with excommunication until she personally appeared before His Holiness the Pope. And of course we shall see her in her rôle of flower seller.

Reform

I T is hereby suggested, on the basis of a recent experience, that an economic reform be effected by agreement among non-Volsteadians to take their gin in unlabelled bottles. My bootlegger informs me that he could afford to cut prices materially were it not for the cost of counterfeit labels and bottles made in imitation of the better known containers.

He volunteered this information when I wanted the ingredients of a cocktail too urgently to wait for delivery and so called at his office.

"What brand do you want?" inquired my bootlegger, who was busy pasting labels on bottles.

"Doesn't matter," said I.

"If everyone was like you I could sell this stuff for one-quarter less," he informed me. "These counterfeit labels cost me ninety dollars for five thousand, and then there's the cost of the corks, the caps, the bottles. That's what makes liquor expensive."

-THE NEW YORKERS



Heroes of the Week

GANNA WALSKA—Who, after having been the blotter for the critical pens of Paris, Deauville, Vienna, and Prague, returned to America last week to act in a motion picture. Music lovers look forward to seeing Madame Walska in the silent drama.





FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Who, besides being the genius behind the practically perfect Vanity Fair, has always found time to do good turns to the most out-of-the-way people and to devote an enormous amount of energy to various projects for the advancement of this village among the civilized communities of the globe. His latest good deed is the memorial exhibition of the works of George Bellows, which opened at the Metropolitan Museum last Monday.

T. S. SULLIVANT—Who, had he drawn those delicious cows, monkeys, and hippopotami, for as many years as he has drawn them, in Europe instead of in America, would have been as celebrated and universally admired in this country as Rudolph Valentino or Babe Ruth.





SINCLAIR LEWIS—Who, in the current issue of the American Mercury, has hunted down and exposed to the light the Greenwich Villagers who have invaded and ruined that once sweet refuge, the Café du Dôme in Montparnasse. This will, of course, clear Montparnasse of the arty as much as Main Street has been cleared of Babbitts.



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS—Who, after having masqueraded for years as the ugly duckling of journalism, has blossomed forth in a dashing moustache which reveals him as the handsome Rajah who owns the great ruby that was stolen from the eye of an idol. New York's "Mr. A."

AN INTERVIE₩

PRUDE," he answered, touching his chin very gravely, then jerking up a forefinger in his only emphatic gesture, "A prude is a person who sees evil where there is no evil." And Mr. Sumner, Mr. John S. Sumner, settled back behind his wan, amiable smile, with the subdued relish of the man who has met and battled down a difficult moment.

One encountered him in a chilly, back room of a made-over dwelling house in West Twenty-second Street. A girl, young and pretty, met one at the door and led the way, past dusty cases bursting with documents, into his office. She vanished, like a wraith, as Mr. Sumner lifted his head from its brooding over a stack of papers and offered a modulated greeting. He was, he said, very happy to see one. But his face was a tight mask, which concealed the delight he protested.

"But you will ask me about books," he said, in a low, weary, troubled "The public only seems invoice. terested in our work when we deal in books, or plays. But they form only a small proportion of our cases: less than three per cent, in fact. The great bulk of our work is concerned with lewd pictures, pamphlets that are flagrantly obscene and handled secretly, and matter which is so lascivious that even my opponents would grant it should be suppressed.

"Of course there are many bad books, like 'Jurgen,' and 'The Genius,' and this new case, 'Replenishing Jessica.'

"And they are just as effective as lewd pictures in artificially stimulating low desires.

"But we spend comparatively little of our time crusading against novels or plays. In the first place, there is enough other matter to keep us busy. And in the second place we have found it difficult to obtain court action on books and plays.

"You see, the present State law describes in distinct terms the sort of literature which shall be forbidden. The description consists of six words." His voice lost its momentary shade of disturbed eagerness and became once more an abstraction, slow, introspective, as if he might have been thinking in a cadence ten times the speed of his locution. filthy-disgusting-obscene-lascivi- his cigar went out.



John S. Sumner

ous-indecent." He checked them off on his fingers.

"That law had enough teeth in it. But an interpretation by a recent Supreme Court changed its aspect. The Court ruled that the statute could apply only to such literature, or dramas, as were calculated to arouse lustful and lecherous desires."

At the filing cabinets, just through the open doorway, a paper rustled in the hands of the young girl. Mr. Sumner continued:

"We are making an effort to tighten up the law. For much subtly contrived matter is escaping us, matter that will work incalculable harm. You cannot realize what evil is resulting from the distribution of filthy literature. Two days ago, for example, I stood watching a clothing model parade in an uptown window. And a man in the crowd below pulled a two-dollar bill from his pocket, and waved it at her.

"Everybody laughed.

"That is the sort of unwholesome instinct we are fighting to eliminate. The instinct itself is in the heart of every man, as it was in the Garden of Eden. We feel contempt for the man who is without such instinct. But it must be curbed. It must be controlled. It must not be allowed to dominate life!"

His voice rose to an excited pitch. "Six words: Lewd- He shook his head as if grieved. And

"Let artificial stimulation run free, and the low instincts of man will wreck organized society! Psychologists may talk about repressions and the need to give vent to our impulses all they please. But they forget that organized society is built upon repressions.

"We are content to return to the conditions of the Garden of Eden: when man had a natural, normal temptation. But we will wipe out, if we can, the artificial temptations of modern life."

Timidly, before such dominating conviction, one suggested the old, trite question about Shakespeare and Balzac and Boccaccio.

"Men of genius," he said, "writing in a language that was understood and spoken by the common people during their time. Those men did not hurt their audiences, because people were more frank and open in that period."

"An engaging frankness, don't you And weren't people quite as think? happy and admirable in those years?"

His voice deepened to a pitch of indulgent triumph: "They had to carry swords about with them, didn't they? Evolution has brought us away from sidearms in the streets and rough, indecent talk. Some of the latter element remains. But evolution will purge it from our lives. But, while we are talking-a man out West was found guilty, the other day, of taking the more revolting passages from Boccaccio and printing them in pamphlet form. He was sent to jail. And another man-" his eyes glittered, -another man was adjudged guilty of printing excerpts from the Bible.

"He was a second offender and he was sent away for five years!

"But-the works of those old masters were pitched in so remote a period that they seem to us like fairy stories. The characters are unfamiliar, and it is impossible for a reader to dramatize himself as a participant in the lustful incidents related. A modern filth monger deals with modern people, and the reader pictures himself as the actor in all the passionate incidents."

He was reminded that Jurgen was a medieval pawnbroker. And Casanova's antiquity was mentioned.

"Ah! But I question the motives of

evil."

One voiced the conclusion, then, that the author's incentive was the real test after all, and wondered what data were available concerning the motives of Shakespeare and Boccaccio.

"I agree with the late Mayor Gaynor," he replied, "that civilized man must maintain the outward decencies, and let the inner decencies take care of themselves.

"And it is to maintain the decencies of social life that we are working. We must uphold the law, and we must strengthen the law. We shall seek a

the writers. Their incentives were reinterpretation of the New York statute: an interpretation which holds that when the law says 'lewd, filthy, disgusting, obscene, lascivious and indecent matter shall be prohibited,' it means just that. It may be impossible to legislate morals into humanity. But we can legislate decent conduct into humanity.'

> One paused, retiring under the guidance of the young woman, to cast a fugitive glance at a huge highboy whose shelves bulged with books, books, books and pamphlets along the backs of which were written fascinating names.-PUYSANGE

Last week saw the triumphant comeback of George M. Cohan and Walter Johnson. And they've also started digging for King Tut again.

Our revised idea of pleasant and easy work is to be the king of Mussolini's Italy.

DEFINITIONS

Critic

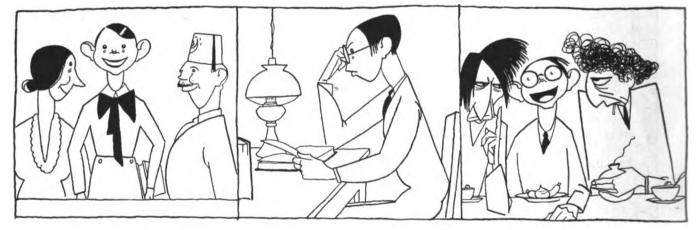
The critic leaves at curtain fall To find, in starting to review it,

He scarcely saw the play at all For watching his reaction to it.

-E. B. W.

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Radical Falls Into Coils of Law."-Daily Newspaper



ROLLO RAPPEL was a laddie, just a good and healthy boy, and he caused his loving daddy and his mother naught but joy.

But, alas, he read agnostic books by Darwin, now in hell. Nietzsche, Darrow, Dr. Fosdick held him in their evil spell.

Even like the alien traitor, eating food of pungent scent, he denied his own creator, laughing at the President.

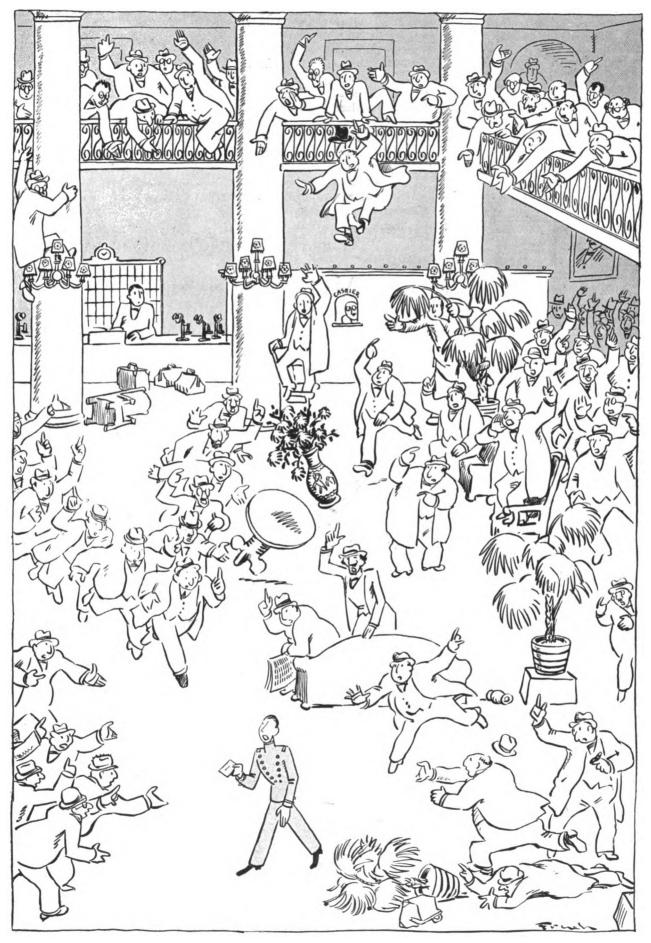


Mixing with the Soviet's panders from his home he did abscond. Yea, he even hurled his slanders at the Native Nordic Blond.

But forsooth, he could not trifle with what Freemen venerate, and the law knew how to stifle his ungrateful hymn of hate.

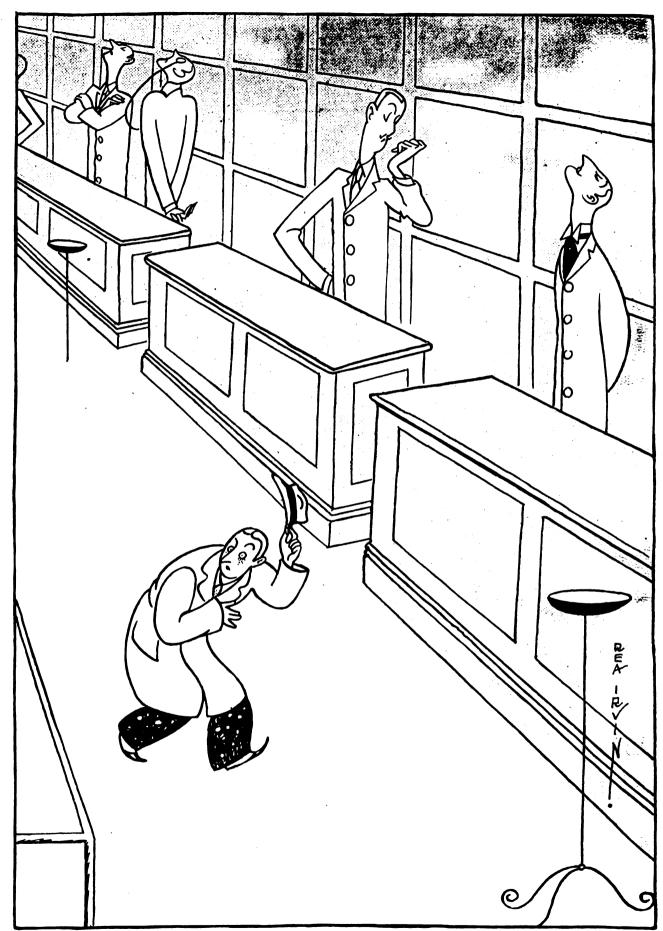
In the prison they shall perish who have stifled honor's source. Let US learn to love and cherish him who guides our Nation's course. -HANS STENCEL





Mr. Cohen and Mr. Greenbaum are Paged During Cloak and Suit Week





SOCIAL ERRORS The Young Man Who Asked For a Pack of Camels in Dunhill's







F you saw him in the street, with so therapeutic, if it were not joyous. his springy step and his eyes twinkling, you might say: "What a delightful world this most delightful little man must live in!" And when vou learned that it was Doctor Brill who dwells in a world of madmen and neurotics, you might say: "What with the war he was waging almost Islip. He lectured at New York Uni-

an impervious little man to be able to live in so agonized a world and keep his heart free!" . . . And you'd be wrong, again.

"I'm at home," Doctor Brill once told a friend, "in an Insane Asylum." There's a bit of a clue. Once upon a time, Scott Nearing and Clarence Darrow debated the question: "Is Humanity Worth Saving?" And Nearing, who thought so, looked cadaverous and gloomy, whereas the misanthropic Darrow, arguing gustily, Nay, was having a whale of a time and by the looks of him had ever managed to have one. There, by analogy, is one clue more. If you have ever met Doctor Brill at dinner and watched his face light up with jocund deviltry as some slip of a tongue gave him a clue to the particularly dark and ominous secret of your soul,

you'll be quite on the way to illumination.

The man is jovial because he is having a good time. And he is having a good time because he basks in the fever of heart-break, because he loves the webs and labyrinths of errant minds, because he is a fisher in troubled waters. Mind you, there is naught sinister about this. Quite the contrary. What would the ill and the miserable do if healthy Wisdom held itself aloof? If Abraham Arden Brill is in his element among traumas, paranoias and neuroses, let the sick be glad.

Joyful Wisdom

His career is a corollary of that of Sigmund Freud. Not so much more than twenty years ago a young medic born like Freud in Austria but settled in our country, came to the master who was already grizzled and morose



Doctor Abraham Arden Brill

alone against the savage inertia of the scientific world. "Give me the rights to translate your works in English," asked the young Brill. Freud looked about him with his tragic eyes. In Vienna, they seemed more likely to stone than to read him. A wall high as the traditional Heaven barred psychoanalysis from other lands. " M_y books in English?" he said. "O yes, you may have the rights."

So Doctor Brill returned to the land which, all unconscious, craved his new creed: the enthusiastic land, the psychopathic land — the Neurotic States. It is true that he spoke our The man's wisdom would not be half language poorly; but he was in tune that small section of America, of

with our nature. We were ripe for his peculiar brand of wisdom. And we were eager for the gusto-for the gaming spirit-in which he set forth to give it.

Doctor Brill forged ahead. He worked in the Asylum of Central

> versity. He made cures-and converts-in the clinics of Columbia and of the Post Graduate Medical School. He never stopped smiling. In particular he smiled when for a moment he turned from his work to lend ear to the horrific sounds that the name Freud called forth from leading alienists. In 1909, he had Englished—a style not radically worse than the usual jargon of our scientific journals-Freud's "Selected Papers on Hysteria." A year later, came the epoch-making "Three Contributions to a Sexual Theory."

> The Old Guard in Psychiatry stood on their hind legs and howled. Medical journals printed pages of almost inarticulate abuse: this was the reception by scholars of psychoanalysis. But Brill, with a few others, went on working, and Brill, above the

others, went on smiling. A popular magazine published his articles. He wrote a book on the subject which sold like a novel. The Freud translations came, year by year. Brill's English often sounded like the muddled ravings of dementia praecox. It did not matter. Freud was destined to be king in our city. Brill was his viceroy. And the day did not tarry when all eyes which had ever peered through horn-rimmed glasses searching for the Truth were glued to these pale grey tomes of Freud and Brill-and finding it!

America proceeded to go mad-

(For it requires some intellect to become insane.) Psychoanalysis! Who that lived them can forget those days it made mincemeat of traditional in which the souls of our American youth flowed without benefit of liquor? Not then, as now in our prohibition era, did men and girls gather about the hip flask. All they needed was water, to wet their lips parched with too long talking. They met in club, in saloon, in bed-and "psyched" each other. They discussed. Above all, they confessed. Women roamed about, dreams gushing from their unrouged lips. Young girls wore passionate avowals like posies in their hair, like lurid gems on their breasts. Strong men, inspired by Dream-interpretation, abandoned wife and career, seeking the Mate of a Complex. Plays, poems, novels, critiques lifted into glamorous light all the dark ways of our souls. And schools sprang up -and philosophies-and religions. For the slow-evolving Europeans, there had been the Age of Darwin: for ourselves this Psychoanalytic Age, a saturnalia of sex talk.

In the old days when women had leered at him through their lorgnettes as if he were a satyr, our Doctor Brill had had a good time, keeping sane. Now that they rushed at him as if he were Priest and Prophet, he kept sane, too-and had a good time. He rode the mad wave with his head cool and his eyes twinkling. He tried to calm it. But he could not resist the common jollity, since it was after all but a vulgar exaggeration of his own.

This was not at all what he had wanted. He considered himself a

course, which had brains enough. skeptic, a lover of the Fact. Psychoanalysis had won him so warmly, because it pricked old bubbles, because ideals. It was great fun to prove the carnality of your roseate dream. It was sport to say of the Monotheism of the Jews that it sprang from an Only Son Complex. These were the facts of course: but what a game to show it-to "spill the beans." That was why he'd brought Freud to America. And here was our dear country up to its old tricks and turning Freud into a new rapt image to be worshiped! Brill looked about him with amaze. A hundred Pauls and Johns were preaching a new Word to a hundred cities. The complex was the Grail. The dream was the The unconscious was the Evangel. New Jerusalem. The Cross turned phallic once again, with our enthusiasts rushing to be crucified upon it.

> This would never, never do! Brill set his fact-loving gaiety against the hosts of analysts who made up for their lack of medical training in an almost priestly zeal. He would have no Canticle made of the confession; he would not permit a new technique of psychological research to be turned into a revamped Dionysian rite. He was quite sure that he was matter-offact; that he hated generalizations; that he saw through most idealisms. His aseptic and healing principle was Reason.

Of course, the joke was on him. For his sanity was not as far from the madness of these religion-makers as he thought. True, his temperament is a personified reaction from the

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musty mysticisms of the eighteenth century ghetto, traces of which doubtless still lingered in his childhood town. The old gods and the old idealisms needed to be scrapped. Brill enjoyed the job and did the job so well, because he brought to it the same prophetic love and the same moral zea! with which his forebears smashed the idols of an older age. Once it had been Jehovah to be fought for: now it was the Father-complex. Once it had been the Kabala, now it was the Unconscious. Once it had been the symbolatries of the Bible: now it was the symbols of the dream. And the difference between them no true difference at all....

And now you see why Brill took so heartily to the work of Freud: and why America, religion-loving land, welcomed him so hotly. For Freud is a great maker of symbols. The old ones were wearing out. The old hunger remained; and unless the old hunger got new symbols to feed on, the result was Neurosis. So Freud had his new revelations: he called them Causes, he called them Motivations. They are as inexplicable as the old revelations of his ancestor, Ezekiel, who saw, you will remember, angels with wings and feet the color of brass. But they were up-to-date-acceptable to the new scientific mode of satisfying the old human hunger. Wherefore A. A. Brill heard and was converted.

No wonder his eyes have a jovial dance. No wonder he Anglicized the name of Freud and called his daughter Joya.

-Search-Light

OF ALL THINGS

AFTER thoughtful consideration Presi-dent Coolidge has cut the duty on live bobwhite quail fifty per cent-thus making the consumer honorable amends for his action on the sugar schedule.

We cannot blame the President for being annoyed by the action of the Shipping Board in dismissing Rear Admiral Palmer. This was no way to observe fire prevention week.

Our genuflections to W. O. McGeehan of the Herald Tribune. He picked the Pirates to win without adorning his prediction with any alibis, provisos or fire escapes.

THE SAME TO YOU

"Broker Owing Million Gone on His Yacht." "Apparel Trade Disappointing So Far." "Buckner Wants Dress Merchants to Push Prosecution of Credit Criminals." "Coal is Short Here, General Berry Declares." "Bootleg Gas Spreading in Nation-wide Swindle." We sometimes have a faint suspicion that a business administration would be helpful for, among other things, business.

It seems that Italy is shortly to send us a debt commission. The delegation need not trouble to bring any fruits and vegetables. No doubt tomatoes will be presented at the dock with appropriate remarks.

They tell us that outside of the two cities involved, the population was apathetic about the World's Series this year. This means that a motorist could easily get through any American town by choosing streets without newspaper bulletin boards.

A REVOLUTIONARY SUGGESTION

Electric railway officials in convention assembled admit that if they hope to compete with motor buses they must do something to improve the comfort of street cars. If our own surface car magnates ever get to thinking along that line they might consider substituting round wheels for square.-Howard BRUBAKER



IN THE NE₩S

In Gallia Citeriore

T is, of course, idle to grow breathless over the sundry announcements shouted over the hills from the West and South concerning the new scheme of the Methodist Church to tear down New York. Even with the echoes of fervid denunciation ringing in our ears, as the rural shepherds thunder warnings of the evil bred along Broadway, we of New York shall proceed in our accustomed manner, content in the knowledge that the ultimate achievement of the divine crusade will be precisely nothing.

Yet the curious minded will wonder at the motives which lie behind this latest uprising of the provincial anger. They will remember, perhaps, that it was just such ridiculous travail which brought forth the monster of prohibition. And even in their security, they are likely to grow peevish over the constant and highly moral ferment of the hither regions: to inquire, "Why do they tease us so relentlessly?"

The reason is not hidden in mystery. The movement against New York, like the movement against the demon rum, grows out of a religious revival, a cyclical rousing of the popular imagination, induced by the clerical minority to strengthen its domination over a simple people. And the ministers, intent upon catching the upward swing of this revival (which began with the Dayton phenomenon) have resorted to that wily expedient not unknown to newspaper editors, the exposé.

ALL of us, of course, know the value of an exposé. A horrible example, held up to the eyes of the throng is tangible and compelling, a more powerful tocsin than a century of damnatory precepts, however ringingly delivered. And so the clerical minority of the South and West, riding the rough little wave set up by the Tennessee disturbance, searched the horizon for a typhoon to quicken their velocity. The technique of the situation called for a grand exposé.

The reason for the selection of New York is somewhat amusing. Any tyro of sociology knows that vice, crime, is a constant, an element of human conduct that is quite evenly spread through a region inhabited by a single race. There is quite as much deviltry on Railroad Street in Beaufort, South Carolina, as there is on Broadway, proportionately. And the reverend doctors had plenty of ma-



terial ready at hand, in their own benighted neighborhoods, to occupy them with sermon texts for a good little spell.

But the dominating characteristic of small town American life, the Rotary movement and its outcroppings, made the use of the intimately known material utterly impossible. Most of the ministers in the ordinary city of the South and West are among the most frenzied participants in the booster trade. And even those who are not actually members of such organizations, are well oiled with their spirit. The Bigger and Better town is their shibboleth. And almost invariably any given city will have a firmly established rival city, competing with it upon the grounds of population, boot and shoe output, number of pretty girls, baseball game attendance, and moral purity.

Thus an Atlanta pastor, say, sincerely condemning the turpitude of his own Peachtree Street, would be set upon tooth and nail for giving the Birmingham papers and pulpits a cause for superior sneers. Clearly, then, the exigencies of the thrilling game of Boost prevented the ministry from coming too close to home in its exposé.

The next best, and indeed the obvious thing, was New York, ever a handy peg upon which to hang Phillipics and hellish indignation. The cis-Allegheny flocks, ripened by their evolution battles, were thoroughly primed for a moral march upon that city whence evolution came: that grotesquely imagined metropolis to the north, whose Wall Street they knew through political cartoons, whose cunning lechery they had learned from the movies, whose outrageous goingson were common gossip in Mr. Hearst's Sunday magazine-the city that lured them while they knew approach was impossible, that fascinated them while they envied it, that was able to amuse itself while they crawled through a life of dullness and ill content.

AGAINST this background, the clergy held up its charge against New York-a charge that, this time, includes a new, a highly diverting twist. Intimating that there is vice even among their own folk, they blame such evil upon the periodicals, the pictures, the syndicated romance and wit that is printed in New York. The sly perambulations of girls and boys among the stacked cornstalks, under the Harvest Moon, they proclaimed, was not to be blamed upon the giddy heart of youth or the burgeoning of hot spirits, newly aware of life and hungry for its meagre prizes. On the contrary, comic strips and the magazines are guilty-New York is guilty.

"It is, sho' it is!" murmur the distraught yokel parents, eager to believe the best of their adolescent offspring.

But while these hardy souls, deeply ignorant of the city they have never seen, are pinning their new hope for a vision of the Eternal Light upon its demolition, there is another group beyond the hills whose view of the situation is not so forthright. It is a smaller group; New York is a lesser mystery to them; they have certain secret notions in their private cabinets which never meet the light of day. But they are near the head of the pack that is howling against the new Gomorrah. They are, in short, the



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"Oh Freddie, play that ma-a-arvelous classical piece again—the one that sounds just like 'Don't Bring Lulu.""

well-to-do citizens, spinal columns of the churches: friends and relations of yours and mine, whose annual holiday is a trip to New York.

You may have forgotten how they conduct themselves in their own home towns. But you will recall, if you have been back to the old place recently, that they know a surprising lot about New York. They can dilate amazingly upon the metropolitan stage. They know, better than the local wits, the last mot delivered along the gay street. They can tell you all about the newest insanity of Greenwich Village, the new movement in art, the tender details of a shocking literary quarrel. They are, quite often, better informed about New York than the ordinary run of New Yorkers, because they spend their long days of leisurely inactivity reading about our city, and gossiping about it over their coffee.

They come to New York, once a year, laying aside for the moment their arduous responsibilities as deacons of the church or chairmen of the building committees, and we must entertain them.

But we have learned that the task cals begin their expansion overwhelming one. Hardly of fury is let loose.

have they arrived before, speaking with hesitation to conceal their want of it, they intimate that news of a certain leg show has filtered across the Hudson, and they would rather like to look it over. The rest is simple. Tickets are obtained for the shoddiest and smuttiest shows that can be found, and our delighted visitors troop off, devils for a little space, to live the gay and gaudy. They mumble, on off nights, the bones of Greenwich Village, reading its tawdriness as subtle but not unpleasant horror.

Then they go home. And they settle back to their jobs with the persistent belief that the performance they put on for a week or two is the life routine of their late hosts. With a curious wistfulness, they report regularly to the stay-at-homes: "Yes, sir, New York is a great place to visit, but I couldn't live there. I'd lose my sense of values."

But the year drags out. It seems desperately long since their last holiday, and before the next. And the thoughts of the careless romping of their New York friends begins to rankle. At such a moment, the clericals begin their exposé, and the wind of fury is let loose.

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YET, it would be a tragic thing on their own behalf if anything came of their antics. Let them blow New York to dust, and there would be the end of the one romantic vision that vitalizes their murky dreams. They would be reft of that pulsing enterprise, the pursuit of a romantic illusion. However misty and diffuse and amusingly inaccurate their notion of the New York that is, it would be lost to them as the objective for their hate and their yearning.

This fine value of New York to the rest of the country was deliberately besieged during the late lamented Democratic Convention. The entertainment committee on that occasion formulated the theory that the respected visitors should be convinced that New York was no different, save in size, from their home towns. It was planned to take the delegates into the homes, thrill them with bridge foursomes and pictures of the baby, and thus rid them of the perverse notion that New York was in any respect superior or more vibrant with life than their own little towns.

Fortunately, the plan failed. The delegates refused to be duped out of their deviltry. And they went home with the good news (told between deprecatory sighs) that New York was wilder than ever.

It is better so. It is excellent that the preachers of the provinces, the rural worthies and the almost effete townfolk, marshal their strength and spend their bitterness in an occasional sortie against the Wicked City. Especially now that the baseball season is ended, the crops are in, the novelty of the radio has worn off, and life threatens to grow tedious.

-Morris Markey

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MAYBE A BANANA OILCAN

Facing up Fifth Avenue, M. Caillaux stopped. His can lifted dramatically. "Such power," he said. "Such wealth." -N. Y. World.

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Of one of our younger actresses, it has been learned that she does not read her newspaper notices; she measures them.

TO CERTAIN FELLOW-POETS

My song's too light? Ah, tuneful bevy, At least be glad it's not too heavy.

My song's too brief? Ah, tuneful throng, Be trebly glad it's not too long. —Arthur Guiterman

PERSPECTIVE

OHN STANLEY believed in being on time so he did not crowd himself to a last few minutes. Leisurely laying out his shaving things, he caught sight of the crumpled tube of shaving cream, lying on a damp washcloth. His brow furrowed at he did not crowd himself to a last sight of these two commonplace articles of toilet.

On the shelf below the mirror was a glass, a glass which might once have contained store jelly or stuffed olives, now holding three toothbrushes, each tied with a distinguishing bit of colored thread. There was a long hatpin, with a black glass top: John's mother had been poking down the drain in the porcelain bowl, because the water had not been running out as it should.

There was a partial tube of tooth paste, also crumpled. Towels, variously soiled, hung variously askew here and there. And the mirror had a dried splash of suds on it.

John Stanley gazed meditatively out of the bathroom window, between the shade and the white curtain shielding the lower sash. He seemed to see a long list of things, an inventory of years and years of things, ranged in narrowly dwindling perspective down an imaginary corridor of time; seen in the distance but seen as clearly as though all were at hand-soiled handkerchiefs, singed hairs, dishes with brown cracks and pans with sooted dents, scratched arms of chairs, magazines with torn covers, a picture awry on a wall with spotted paper, a pair of shoes with worn toes sprawled idly beneath the side of a bed, rumpled sheets on the bed, a newspaper folded into a fly-swatter, cat hairs on a cushion and cigarette ashes on a rug, tarnished water in a bathtub, an open safety pin on the floor, weather-beaten clothespins, a union suit with a button gone, battered barrels of white coal ashes...

The telephone bell brought him out of it; he went downstairs to answer it.

"Hello, dear boy. I just had to talk with you a moment. Just think, John, darling, that in less than two hours we'll be-married!" The voice came softly caressing over the electric wires, a voice of subtle intonations pregnant with hidden meanings for the chosen object of its regard, and then a happy sigh. "I suppose you're dressing."

"Yes," he said, "I'm dressing."

At a church, where a white veil was the cynosure of many wearers of white gloves, a faultlessly attired groom arrived precisely on time. John Stanley believed in being on time, so few minutes.

-SIDNEY M. WILDHOLT

TEA ROOM ETIQUETTE

HE following is a complete set of instructions for a young woman who finds herself in a tea room for the first time.

Be seated.

Cross your knees.

Look in the mirror alongside your table.

Open your compact.

Powder your face.

If time is Summer, throw back your furs. If it is Winter, straighten your hat of straw.

Now, look about you. Look until you catch a look in the eyes of some young man who will no doubt be sitting alone across the tea room.

your face. Look between your fingers at the young man.

Say "Pekoe-Boo!"

When he has replied, which he probably will, "Pekoe-Boo, yourself," and has come over and sat down at your table, order tea and food with abandon.

Don't leave the spoon in your teacup. Many tea room spoons have sharp pointed handles and you might hurt your eye while drinking.

Dig up some person you know in common with the young man. There are plenty of common persons you can think of. This will be as good an introduction as though you and he had played together as children.

Converse and eat, but not at the same time.

Go to the movies with the young man or don't as your fancy may dictate. If you leave without him, say "Oolong." That adds a delft touch.-F. B. M.

CHAMPION EMERITUS

In the opinion of a South Bend business man, Dempsey has no intention of meeting Wills or anybody else, the recent transaction being merely a publicity stunt for Jack's new film. Just a reel good star!

Until further notice prayers for daily bread should be addressed to the General Put your outspread hand in front of Baking Corporation, with cash inclosed.



"I Do Believe This is the Spot"

LA MODE CHEZ ANNETTE



A theatrical man's wife indicated with a look that in her circle the jostling of an elbow was an insult.

RS. MURRAY-HILL swallowed her last sip of coffee, asked for her bill, and lighted a Miltiades. The first cigarette of the day always made her hand shake, and she vaguely hoped that nobody sitting near her would notice it and mistake her for an unregenerate addict, when she was really nothing of a smoker. She didn't feel a definite urge to smoke now, only one must do something after Baba au Rhum. She had been a fool to eat it. People were fools, in fact, to eat anything, much, when the doctors were all proclaiming how little nourishment the system requires. Three dollars for her luncheon, for instance, when ten or fifteen cents would have fed her adequately.

But the trappings of this world amount to something, and if she had stopped at home on a glass of milk and a biscuit, she wouldn't have heard the orchestra play Raquel Meller's little song or seen Fifi Baxter across the room. A glimpse of Fifi was worth any price at any time or place--all those pearls around her neck, and only the smallest strand genuine. People said she was going about now try-

woman in London who had so much as met Michael Arlen at a tea was claiming to have been the model from which he drew his Iris. Funny psychological kink, that. Because if a woman happened to be loose as well as beautiful, like the emerald in Iris's ring, her laxity was not likely to be apparent.

Take Amy Sykes, of whom Mrs. Murray-Hill imagined . . . well, perhaps it wasn't anything but imagination. At any rate, Amy never acted sexy. Never even ran to powder her nose when a man was announced, as so many sillier, and even prettier, women do. Yet men liked Amy--went out of their way to do things for her which they wouldn't think of doing for the more obvious sort. And Amy never bragged about it . . . Mrs. Murray-Hill consulted her watch, which, thank God, was going, and suddenly bethought herself that Annette's opening was at three.

Before a once fashionable house in the Fifties near the Avenue, a slow procession of motors was depositing citizens, who, although beneficently endowed with the franchise through the activities of sterner members of ing to identify herself with the heroine their own sex, cared not what the of "The Green Hat." Just as every Board of Estimate might do, so long

as they could get direct information as to whether the Vionnet knot was still being tied on the shoulder. Mrs. Murray-Hill joined them, clutching her precious card of admission a little shamefacedly. She really didn't care where the year's waistline was to be, and was confident that she was invited to this annual exhibition only because her sister, Mrs. Gramercy, whose numerous worldly interests had widened the gamut of her taste as well as lengthened her dinner list, bought a gown or two every season from Annette.

But she would not have missed it for anything, and the blush-provoking reason was that it afforded her revealing close-ups of the town's best known actresses and a goodly number of females spoken of in Henry's circle as k.w.'s. It was amusing to sit expectantly, as if one were waiting for the processional, amongst women diamond-braceleted from wrist to elbow who probably considered anybody paying less than twenty-four dollars an ounce for perfume as less than the dust. Last year, of course, there had been a sprinkling of people she knew. Annette was coming steadily along.

The entrance hall in which she soon found herself may have seen gentler

days, but certainly none better or more formal. The receiving line, in which Madame herself never appeared, was perforce recruited from the Medes and Persians because of curious and commercial spirits who might come to look and go away to copy. One glance at her card from a sheath-gowned creature with Antoine's final inspiration in bobs, and she was wafted up the grand staircase, at the head of which stood Madame's husband, who happened to be not only Madame's best pal but also her severest business manager. "Ah, Mrs. Murray-Hill. Delighted." And then, whispering, as St. Peter's flunkeys must confide to the élite of the elect, "It is another flight up, for you."

Another flight up. Mrs. Murray-Hill wove her way through the chatterers loitering on the stairs and in the aisles. How did they get that stuff to stay on their lips so definitely and defiantly? And all those small, skullclinging hats, and those gowns with a Rue de la Paixian monotony. No wonder that to a foreigner one American woman is very like another. Mrs. Murray-Hill sat down gingerly on a spindly gilt chair, honorably but uncomfortably placed near the great lights that beat upon the dais, and wished to whatever gods may be that she had brought a fan. The early arrivals seated around her stared at her. Their faces were expressionless, but Mrs. Murray-Hill sensed appraisal. Her own gown was new. It was even fashioned of one of the Autumn's ranking materials. Mrs. Murray-Hill suddenly But felt dowdy. As if somebody might step up any moment and hand her a red flannel petticoat and a pound of tea.

What would some of these women say if they knew that Henry watered the dinner claret and that she herself insisted on the cook's saving the bacon grease? Probably, "My God!" There came Villaine Gilsey, who had starred two seasons in "An Island Idvl." With a bright green handkerchief and a very dirty powder puff. There was the notorious Eva Banjou, for whom, according to the printed list, one of the gowns in the collection had been named. There was Ann Andrews, reputed to be America's best dressed actress-no wonder Madame's husband was escorting her down the aisle with such deference.

What is Annette's husband's name? Mrs. Murray-Hill never can think. What kind eyes he has! He always reminds her of somebody somebody with a strong covering on his head—of that man in the schoolroom Bible who was guiding the three wise men! Certainly. And there, for a change, was Carlotta Hempstead. Also Milly Toler. Mrs. Murray-Hill sincerely hoped they didn't see *her*. Heavens! Would they never begin? Hot wasn't the word for it. Where and what was Tophet? She must look it up, or ask Henry.

Then, mercifully, a scraping of strings, and the orchestra in the balcony overhead was insecurely embarked on George Gershwin's "Tell Me More." Out on the dais, with an assurance for which our ambassadors' wives would drop to their knees and thank the Deity, stepped a lovely girl in henna cloth, severely cut, with a tunic slightly bloused and belted just above her knees. A pointed fox skin drooped from her shoulders at a proper angle, and on her head was a henna hat with a brim somewhat more gracious than those to which we have become so unresignedly accustomed. At first the fall of a pin would have sounded like a blast in the street outside. Then a universal, satisfactory sigh, with the mannequin's final twist and her slow descent from her throne. The news from Ghent to Aix, whatever it was, could have made no deeper impression. The new lines were launched. Who cares what lies beyond the Alps? . . . "A Gorgeous Time," answered the mannequin sweetly, to those who asked the costume's name.



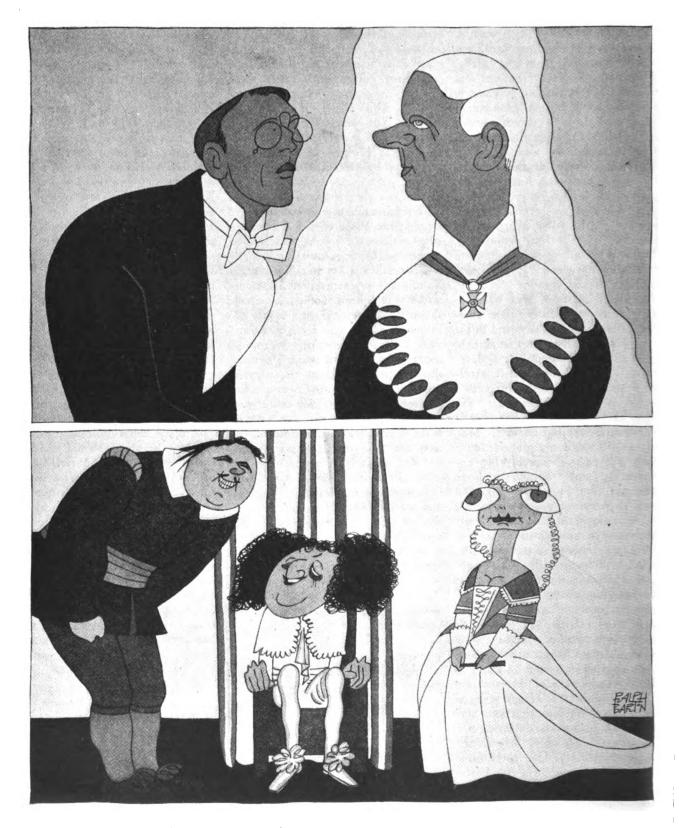
"The costume is called 'A Gorgeous Time,'" the mannequin answered sweetly

Five or six mannequins, all pretty and with lovely legs. Mrs. Murray-Hill, watching them parade in crea-tions labeled "Flame of Life," "For You Alone," "Longchamps," "Pas-sion's Answer," "Lovelorn," "At Breath of Dawn," "Tyrolean Twilight," etc., could not help wondering how they felt about discarding this gorgeous raiment at the close of day and creeping into their own habili-ments. Still, they probably had pretty good clothes of their own. She had heard that some of these girls' best friends were leading members of the stock exchange. Perhaps they themselves even owned apartment houses, just like the beggars selling lead pencils on the street corners. Mrs. Murray-Hill became conscious of the fact that she had been sitting in a hot and uncomfortable position for two hours. And yet on they came. Teapajamas, tailleurs, negligees, and evening gowns, evening gowns, evening gowns! All white and spangly. She had never seen so many beads in her life. And tiny beads, strung with such fragility. That blue one with the festoons of them should have been called "A Snowball in Hell" instead of "Joyeux." She moved a little, in the expectation of achieving a more endurable posture. A theatrical man's wife, with a black past and a look that was even more sable, indicated that in her circle the jostling of an elbow was an insult. Mrs. Murray-Hill had had enough. She would not wait any longer for the strains of Mendelssohn and the yearly mannequin bride. She crept softly down the stairs, almost stumbling over Amy Sykes, who was sitting on one of them. Sackcloth and ashes. That was what she felt like. Or overalls. . . .

DID you know that women's apparel is the <u>industry</u>?" asked Mr. Henry Murray-Hill that evening, looking up from the *Literary Digest.* "I wonder how that is?"

"Dryden says there's a peace that cometh from being well dressed that religion can never bestow," offered Mrs. Murray-Hill, moving the seven of diamonds on to the eight of clubs. The never-ending line of finery which she had reviewed a few hours earlier danced before her eyes, and she thought for an instant about the lilies of the field. But then lilies didn't go to Annette's.

-BAIRD LEONARD



TWO COMEDIES OF FOREIGN PARTS At the Empire and at the Plymouth

ABOVE: Those two superb comedians, Roland Young and Wallace Eddinger, both at the price of one in Ferenc Molnar's "The Tale of the Wolf," a new version of "The Phantom Rival."

Below: William Farnum as Sir Henry Morgan, Ferdinand Gottschalk as Charles II, and Estelle Winwood as Dona Lisa, in "The Buccaneer" by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings.





The Theatre

THE military play for thirty years was as much a Central European theatrical staple as is the crook play in America. Against the glamorous background of the Teutonic armies-now, as Big Bob Benchley has pointed out, equipped with the superb mantle of a lost cause -tragedy forces its ugly yet inevitable way to the third act curtain. There is, occasionally, a bit of obvious philosophy thrown into the dramatic pot-life goes on, no matter how many fair young men ride to their deaths, thus, or amours between the lower civilian classes and the higher military classes are bound to end disastrously-but ever is the military establishment the warp and woof of the play. Sometimes superb maudlin drama is thereby achieved, as in the "Rosen-Montag," celebrated and sometimes the result is an unimpressive dud, like Schnitzler's "The Call of Life," which the Actors' Theatre is now offering at the Comedy, in a stilted translation by Dorothy Donnelly.

Schnitzler, save to those who have not read his plays, is at one and the ame time the most delicate and subtle ind the most awkward and blundering of contemporary dramatists. For very "Anatol" there is a "Comedy of beduction," for every "Professor Bernhardi" a "Call of Life." Why he promising Actors' Theatre chose to begin its new season and the busiless of introducing full-length Schnittler to American audiences with one of his very and thoroughly worst plays is something that has now been idded to the brief list of things that uzzle this department.

In "The Call of Life," Schnitzler tolds the mirror up to the one purple which in the life of a young woman who is held by a merciless tyranny to he sick bed of her dour, bitter father. Her brief and miserable affair, made

possible after she has given her father an overdose of sleeping powder that results in his death, is with a lieutenant in the Blue Cuirassiers, that gorgeous regiment of Schnitzler's invention that is required to die to the last man because of a regimental act of cowardice thirty years before. By a not so brilliant piece of invention, it further happens that the cowardice was caused directly by the aforementioned dour, bitter father, who was the captain who gave the base order to turn and flee from the enemy. . . . For further measure, Schnitzler has arranged a second affair between a second young woman and a second lieutenant, all to the end that for the third act the second young woman may appear Ophelia-like on stage and die visibly, audibly and in philosophic cadences.

They have all, it seems, merely obeyed the call of life.

The acting provided for this piece -a Viennese "Arizona," if you must know, is spotty. There are some excellent performances, notably by Egon Brecher, that old American favorite, Hermann Lieb and Eva Le Gallienne. There are some poor performances, by the two young lieutenants (who are quaintly addressed as leftenants throughout the evening), and there is a large-sized piece of chaos heroically striving to mean something by Katherine Alexander, who is very beautiful and a good actress when she has a rôle that knows what it's all about.



THE conspiracy of silence about Michael Arlen that THE NEW YORKER has been heading these many months must be stopped. And consequently it is herewith proclaimed that Mr. Arlen's newest offering, "These Charming People," at the Gaiety, provides civilized, intelligent and thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. Reports to the contrary should be ignored.

Cyril Maude has what will henceforth be known as a superbly tailormade rôle in the character of an impecunious, fretful and human old man, M. P., by the grace of a millionaire son-in-law, whose wife (the Maude daughter) has had the poor taste to contemplate an elopement. At the risk of his financial displeasure, Mr. Maude must restore the daughter to her rightful place at the hearth of the son-in-law's home. All seems hopeless, whereupon it develops that the second party to the proposed elopement is really none other than the son of Minx, the Maude butler. The Minxes, it seems, are never let off anything, but in this instance Mr. Arlen relents and averts the terrible mesalliance of an old-line Minx with the daughter of the employer of the Minx.

Mr. Maude's performance is excellent, including the Frank Crowninshield overtones. There are, further, in an exceptional cast such competent actors as Herbert Marshall and Alfred Drayton and such an unusually beautiful and talented young woman as Edna Best, who should never be allowed to return to her native English stage. This department is willing to call a mass meeting for the purpose at any time.

ANOTHER play or two opened during the week of October 5. For instance, "Caught," at the Thirtyninth Street Theatre; "Hay Fever," at the Maxine Elliott; "American Born," at the Hudson; "The Tale of



the Wolf," at the Empire; "Jane-Our Stranger," at the Cort, and maybe twenty or thirty others that were lost track of in the general excitement.

"Caught" is the kind of play that was always being written by the director of the local stock company when you were young for a try-out by his own company. It is in its essence melodrama, slightly tempered by that great menace to the new American theatre, words. There is by Antoinette Perry an excellent performance of a middle aged but wealthy woman who sees no reason why the love of young men should leave her life.

George M. Cohan is the star of "American Born," at the Hudson and if you are—as this department is prepared to admire Cohan if he but steps on to the stage, though his vehicle be a baked potato or a revival of "Flesh," you will enjoy a bit of theatre-going in his direction. Otherwise you will not.

Noel Coward, with "Hay Fever," has set a mark for the thin-spinners of all time to shoot at. There is no meat of story to his piece and there is a good deal of straining for smart lines that do not quite come off. On the other hand, there are a number of genuinely amusing moments in the midst of the general dullness and lack of motion of the play. A grossly exaggerated performance is given by Laura Hope Crews, as a retired actress who can not help bringing her memories of the emotional rôles that were hers to a discussion of the most trivial of domestic problems.

"The Tale of the Wolf" is still another version of the play once done by Leo Ditrichstein as "The Phantom Rival." In its present form it is consistently tiresome and unentertaining, despite expert acting by Wallace Eddinger and Roland Young.

"Jane—Our Stranger" is an exceptionally poor play, fashioned by Mary Borden from her novel of the same name. It is concerned with the doings of the titled folk of France and how they get into trouble by trying to make a fool out of a wealthy American girl whom one of them marries for her money. It is all very sad, including the acting.—H. J. M.

To Be Reviewed Later:

"Craig's Wife"; "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"; "Weak Sisters"; "Lovely Lady."

Music

A^T last we have unearthed a singer who reads the music mutterings of THE NEW YORKER, and our good friend appears to be Signor Franco Tafuro, tenor of Mr. Gallo's



San Carlo Grand Opera Company. At least, we suspect Signor Tafuro of examining this corner of critiques. Two weeks ago we animadverted that the Signor would be a corking tenor if he would refrain from roaring his naturally beautiful tones at Mr. Gallo's guests. Last week we heard him in "Lohengrin," and gosh! the young man sang a string of lovely soft ones. If you choose to record this as a coincidence or a non sequitur, you're a very serious thinker, if nothing worse.

Signor Tafuro's Lohengrin, however, did not redeem the first Italian performance which this opera has had since (fill this in for yourself and save us a deal of debate). The production was funny without being vulgar. Half of the chorus grumbled its music in Italian, while the other half expostulated in German. The principals, with the exception of Signor Tafuro, lapsed into the worst German methods of vocalizing, and the orchestra was literally up to scratch. After making the usual allowances for the fact that the advertised conductor, Herr Knoch, withdrew "on account of a sudden illness" (induced, we may tell you, by attempting a rehearsal) and that Signor Peroni had to surrender a well merited evening off to take matters in hand, we set down sor-

rowfully that the Italian "Lohengrin" was rather trying. "Lohengrin," when it isn't done superlatively, is a good deal of a pain in the neck. And not even such devices as those of making up *Telramund* to resemble John L. Sullivan and encasing *King Henry* in what might be termed euphemistically a slenderizing garment provided sufficient comedy relief.

WITH a performance to-night (Friday) and two to-morrow, Mr. Gallo's workers leave us for another year, and, waiving a few episodes like "Lohengrin," their record is worthy. The Signori Tafuro and Ghirardini have done well in a variety of rôles, and when the former acts less like a singer and the latter sings less like an actor, they will be ready for promotion. There have been good performances by such Gallo reliables as the Misses Roselle, Fitziu, Saroya, Lucchese, DeMette and the Messrs. Salazar, Valle, Curci and Interrante, although the chorus and orchestra need sandpapering and Signor Peroni should not be compelled to conduct every night. Yet the San Carlo will introduce opera to many cities which might not otherwise have it, and it will not produce a nation of opera haters.

HE first piano recital of the season, that of Tomford Harris, a young American, furnished another good argument for the elimination of the sonata from concert programs. Mr. Harris, who demonstrates pianistic skill and evident musical intelligence if not imposing fire, began his entertainment with the F sharp minor sonata of Brahms, an impossible lucubration, long as the memory of F. D. Perkins. After this terrible prologue, Mr. Harris had to play his head off to recapture the interest of an obviously genial gathering. Most sonatas consist of nothing more than three or four dull pieces, and pianists and violinists generally feel that they must present one of these potpourris to prove that they are deeply musical folk. The few good sonatas have been done until the concert grands that arrive in Carnegie, Aeolian or Town Halls play them automatically, and our recitalists dig around for less familiar compositions in orthodox sonata form. After which they wonder why critics linger in the back of the auditorium, retailing to-day's friskiest mot instead of sitting in the seats which

the management thoughtfully has set aside for them.

Membership in the Society for the Suppression of Sonatas is open to all, and you will not be asked to buy bonds in order to use the clock golf course.

ITTLE credit is ladled out to the organists who provide the musical foreground for feature films at some of our cinemas, and we take this opportunity to bestow a bit on the Rivoli Theatre's musician—we believe that it was Frank Stewart Adams-who trimmed up "A Regular Fellow" with an accompaniment which, if it had been played by an orchestra, would have been greeted as a masterpiece. Mr. Adams (if it was he) chose appropriate tunes as his motifs and applied them gracefully, amusingly and dramatically to the action. It was an exhibition of musicianship and humor which ought not to pass without at least one respectful and grateful paragraph of acknowledgment.-R. A. S.

Art

THE George Bellows Memorial Exhibition is now open to view at the Metropolitan Museum, continuing until November 22. The function of a critic at a memorial can be only that of a reporter or a prophet. The latter being a foolish task, we bow to the former. The exhibit is handsomely hung, beautifully catalogued; if it is properly advertised it will be well attended.

The catalogue states that Bellows is the tenth American to be so honored by the Museum, a statement that brings less credit to the Museum than honor to the artist. But that is another quarrel. Its justification in this article is that the Museum will be wondering why some 115,000 persons each week go to the Capitol Theatre to see a movie, and some small per cent of that number will go to see a glimpse of the work of George Bellows. Perhaps with the quick acceptance of Bellows as a worthy artist the Museum has passed that phase of its existence where it thought it was a mausoleum and is reaching out for contact with the raucousness and crudity we call life. Bellows has been dead scarcely a year and here we find the Museum bowing in honor. Some day, perhaps, before an artist has died-

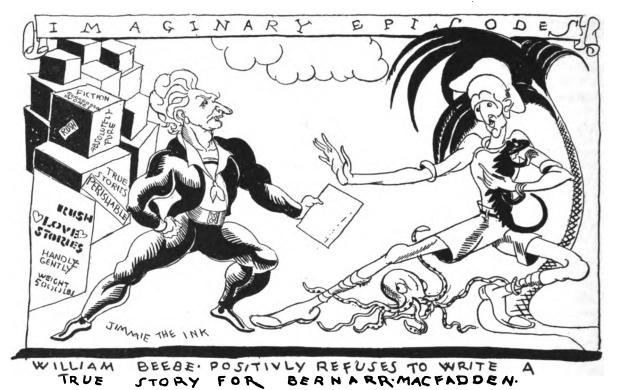
The Memorial exhibit by nature is not as exciting an experience as the Spring show conducted by Miss Sterner. That, containing the full fruit of the Bellows genius, fourteen enormous canvases in one room, overwhelmed you with its strength and facility. This exhibit, showing the whole range of his life as an artist, hung in one of the spacious galleries, somehow looses that feeling of vigor that was so indentified with the man Bellows. But for historical purposes we suppose it is a better show. It is an earnest attempt to do him full justice; that is attested by the committees of men who loved Bellows and by the uncensored preface to the catalogue. We would like a less emotional fore-

word written by one who did not know him so well; a French critic, say.

However, here is the show, and any New Yorker that does not see the exhibit during its six weeks is not worthy the name. The art world will be aware of the exhibit automatically; we wish there were means to bring it to the attention of those who walk on Tenth and those who bathe on river fronts. The buses will carry little banners announcing the Bellows show. The beer trucks should carry them too, the freight vans, the push carts. If there ever was a show that belonged to the people, the sweating, pushing, fighting people, it is the show of this man who loved and lived the divine comedy. The Museum cannot be blamed; they cannot function without audiences. But we should like to see a brass band in front of the show at Eighty-second and Fifth, with ballyhoos and circus tents and spielers to lure the timid souls.

Being of a later generation, we can only reconstruct from the annals the part Bellows played in bombing the reactionaires from their trenches. There may have been others who lent him aid and comfort, but being mansize they left the fighting to him. It was a great victory, of course, and thousands of artists now enjoy some of the benefits he won. But we are afraid he lost something in the fight-too often when he took up the lance he put down the brush. In every victory there is inherent defeat in some measure. At least in winning victory





care of, and its name is usually Compromise.

It is only a personal opinion, but we feel that, left alone to his vigor and genius, Bellows would have followed the road of his own choosing, the one which held the famous "Forty-two Kids." He returned to it later from time to time. His last canvas, from our viewpoint, is his best. It is called "The Picket Fence" and it occupies one of the dark corners. From this last one to his Kids you will find milestones, with or without the catalogue, on the path of Bellows in his high places.

There is a room of lithographs. Unfortunately, the exhibit is not as complete as it might be. We found lacking the subject that employed the imagery and irony of Bellows, and space given to too many of the sweet ones. Again we are personal, and not expert, and are remembering the full scope of Bellows's genius on stone as shown at the Keppel Galleries last Spring. However, it is the show to see. These exhibitions are difficult to arrange, and it may be some time again before so much of his work is gathered in one room.

HE most interesting thing in the regular field of art shows is the retrospective showing of the work of Robert Edmond Jones at the Bourgeois Galleries. Here are some thirtyIt is a show well worth seeing, whether you are interested in art or the theatre. To our way of thinking Jones is the only authentic artist working at the trade of scene designing. On second thought we would amend that to include Reynolds. But Jones has been the pioneer, and through sheer foolhardiness has stuck to his flag until the managers could catch up with him. He is a poet and dramatist as well as an artist and a practical technical man. A combination that is seldom met with. Jones may have been hungry now and then, but that is all past. He can now sit back and choose which show he will help by designing the sets, meanwhile amusing himself by reading the reviews of his Macbeth and trying to solve the bewilderment of the critics in those pre-Fruedian days.-M. P.

Books

S HERWOOD ANDERSON'S new novel says in full his say as both artist and seer. It is the book to which his others have led up: the short stories that pictured life's surface and suggested its deeper currents, the experimental novel that tried to reveal the depths through symbolic drama, the "Story-Teller's Story" drama, the "Story-Teller's Story" that did reveal Anderson himself. You can think of the last as a study for this "Dark Laughter," for writing it

there is always a stepchild to be taken stage sets, costume designs and so on. a novel what he wished, and essentially the John Stockton, alias Bruce Dudley, of "Dark Laughter" is the Story-Teller used in his own fiction.

Like Stockton, at least until Stockton gets in contact with the Earth-Mother, Anderson is Antaeus viewing her wistfully from the air. As seer, he doesn't impress this department greatly; his vision of what life is all about and how it works did not originate with him, and it strikes us as half-truth anyway. But as artist! Whatever he sees at the bottom of the drifting human world, here is what he sees adrift, represented beautifully and faithfully. Here are men and women hopelessly "far from their bodies;" others too far at present and so muddling, groping, dreaming; others, like little Sponge Martin and his old woman, happily close; still others, the negroes, right there, never anywhere else, and voicing their physical wisdom in the laughter that sounds through the book and mockingly points a moral at the end.

Here is the mysterious "freemasonry" of sex, and the obscure experience that has shaken the dreaming Stockton and the torpid Aline Grey into consciousness of it, and prepared them as initiates. And here somehow, without much description, is the authentic feel and savor of humanity and the earth in the Ohio valley and down the Mississippi.

"Dark Laughter" (Boni & Liveseven color sketches made by Jones for seems to have shown him how to make right) is one of our three choices as

the best American novels of this year, the others being "The Professor's House" and "Arrowsmith."

TRUE epic of the wheat belt A soil would have to be a collaboration, for no American could "do" the Scandinavians among the pioneers, and Johan Bojer, who can, has demonstrated in "The Emigrants" that not even he-next to Hamsun, the best qualified Scandinavian-could really "do" the post-pioneer stage of a Norwegian Dakota town. Up to that stage "The Emigrants" (Century) makes ever so pleasurable reading. It begins in Norway, and nothing could be better than the way it acquaints you thoroughly with each of nine young people who are to follow a local Moses to a New World Canaan. Their early years on the prairie are as good, in the main; so long as their settlement is transplanted Norway, Bojer writes rings around most of our own soil-epickers.

MARTHA OSTENSO is twenty-five, and her "Wild Geese" (Dodd, Mead) shows it. Also considerable promise; it has a strong situation very youthfully brought about, and in the miser-sadist Caleb Gare and his daughter Judith, two excellent characters. But, apart from promise, the most striking thing about "Wild Geese" as a whole is that it won a \$13,500 prize.

HE Scribners have brought out Stevenson in a 16mo edition equally complete with the de luxe Vailima, obtainable by single volumes, and low-priced.-Touchstone

Motion Pictures

FRAULEIN VILMA BANKY, Hungarian dark places, shows conclu- we ask you.

sively that her charms will bid fair to set the local film ladies looking to their laurels. In "The Dark Angel," (Strand) a delicate love story of war times and after, the Fraulein reveals herself as being a strikingly sweet and personable young blonde, with a quiet winsomeness and a fragile loveliness that is somewhat reminiscent of our Miss Lillian Gish. Moreover, the Fraulein exhibits a fine gift for emotional portrayal, being quite capable of rendering her feelings intelligently before the camera's eye, besides merely standing there upright and being content to look pretty as is the prevalent custom amongst our homebred beauties. Her performance and that of Mr. Ronald Colman make of the picture as poignant a sentimental tale as we have known. Which is saying a great deal, since the inexorable scenarists have again seen fit to slash an original, powerful ending in the interests of Public Service.

AND so forward to further dis-cussion of Haysian tutti-frutti with which we have been amusing ourself these recent days. For instance, Harold Bell Wright's little offering, "A Son of His Father." If you can manage to locate this one at your favorite theatre, and should you come under the heading of Editor, Drunkard, Radical, Prodigy, Nathanite, Magnate, or Unborn, it will fill you with unutterable Strength and Boredom. Then we recall a glittering William Fox-John Golden rhinestone, entitled, "Thank You." Here is a pregnant scene from it. The Hero has climbed on the water wagon at the behest of the bucolic minister. He walks to a rustic pump and fondling it philosophically, utters poignantly, "From now on you and I are going who has arrived here from the to be good pals, Old Pump." Now

EXCHANGE of Wives," was slightly more interesting. It based its thesis on the trenchant assumption that Good Eating and Sex are the great fundamental determinants of happy married life. An exchange of wives and husbands is effected amongst a quartet of restless married folk. What goes forward from then on, clearly proved that a good deal more vulgarity goes on behind closed connubial doors than anybody cares to do more about than laugh lasciviously. "Lovers in Quarantine" gave as much as you might have expected. There were lovers and there was quarantine. There was Miss Bebe Daniels as the young thing who couldn't win the desirable young man because she wore her hair so frousily and acted so unrepressedly. Accordingly she read a paragraph from Elinor Glyn and did her hair properly. She got the man.

"HE Everlasting Whisper" brought Mr. Tom Mix to town. He might as well have remained in the clean hills. The fellow insists on pranking about as the poetic, roughriding, whimsical, bashful strong man of the Western skyline. We much prefer the overcivilized Raymond Griffith of the closed-in spaces to this sort of God's person.

*HE Midshipman," with the Ar-I row-collarish Señor Ramon Novarro, recounted the tale of The Rover Boys at Annapolis or How Frank Merriwell won the Belle of the Naval Academy Hops. Scenes and traditional flavoring were taken first hand from the actual Naval College, but the affair was but artificial college comics rather than intelligent insight into the lives of our future Admirals .- T. S. Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 26, the list of new books worth while on page 27.

LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE

SOME gospellers up the West Fork Of Salt River, begorrah!

Would like to abolish New York As the modern Gomorrah.

Ah, spare us, impeccable men! For, besides our banditti,

There may be a virtuous ten

In the gosh-awful city. Why burn the whole dog for his fleas?" Said the small Pekinese.

"Our land was discovered, they say, By a certain Columbus

Who came in a boat that to-day

Would be classed as a burn bus. And that's why we made him a bow On the Twelfth of October,

Though Nordics disdain to kowtow

To this continent-prober And swear that they did it on skis," Said the small Pekinese.

"My master will show little zeal, I'm afraid, as a voter;

The candidates hardly appeal

Digitized by Google

To a man with a motor.

A Waterman, everyone knows, On the land is a gawker; And oh, how the motorist crows

When he runs down a Walker!

To me they're as like as two peas,"

Said the small Pekinese.

-ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

OOTBALL in a baseball park always seems somehow like a Broadway show in Stamford, Connecti-The players are there, the lines are cut. there, the scenery is there; but yet there is something not just right. Maybe it's the sight of the diamond and the yawning aperture in the green turf around what was once second base and is now the twenty-five yard line. Or perhaps it's the atmosphere of those collegiate stadia, in which football is so generally and so elaborately celebrated, which is missing.

Not that atmosphere was lacking at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday when Northern and Southern football teams representing Penn State and Georgia Tech held their annual battle. On the contrary, atmosphere there was a plenty and to spare; but of a kind that brought out the ladies' new 1926 model fur coats from the furriers, and the gentlemen's old 1925 model ulsters from the moth bags. Very likely last Saturday the tenth of October will be remembered as the coldest day of the present football season.

And I am remembering that the football season is unfinished until the Army and Navy do battle at the Polo Grounds on the twenty-eighth of next month. It was, therefore, no wonder that our Southern visitors from Georgia were so congealed during the first thirty minutes of play that they allowed the lighter Penn State backs to gain pretty much at will. Lungren a shifty ball carrier, turned the Georgia ends with some quick starts several times for substantial gains. But it was really Wycoff, the Georgia captain, who presented Penn State with their scoring opportunity.

Wycoff, who had been playing a fine game as a defensive back, was handling his opponent's punts entirely alone. In the gusty wind, blowing gales alternately up and down the field, this proceeding was dangerous. Nor was it any surprise when a long, rolling kick by Captain Gray of Penn State got away from him. He bobbled with it under the goal posts,



and finally was down on his three yard line, lucky in avoiding a safety.

His kick on the next play from behind his goal line went only thirty yards into the field, and with time for only one play left in the half, the Penn State quarter threw a perfect forward pass down the sideline to Dangerfield. That young gentleman went marching through Georgia for a touchdown while the stands cheered. And that was the end of the first half.

HE intermission was spent by the players and officials in steam heated dressing rooms under the grand stand. For the Georgia team, it must have been a relief after those glacial winds out on the field. The umpire and referee were a trifle inappropriately clothed in linen knickers, and had there not been steam heated dressing rooms for them to thaw out in, it is probable they would have frozen stiff. Unfortunately there were no steam heated apartments for the congealed occupants of the stands. Most of them did hundred yard dashes up and down the promenades back of the seats, while the hundreds scattered in what was of yore the center field bleachers, crouched high up in the shelter of the board fence which protects the field from the profane gaze of the curious passersby in the subway that happens to be an elevated at 168th Street.

Came, as they used to say in the movies, that second half, and none too soon,

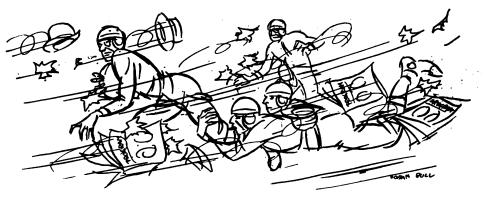
either, for the frozen thousands in the stands. Shortly after the kickoff Penn State got the ball on its own twenty yard line and started at once a series of rushes with Lungren, Dangerfield, and Pincura carrying the ball that brought them well into Georgia territory. Perhaps this sustained rush told on their team. At any rate, when they were held on the Georgia thirty yard line, and the Southern backs began to rip through their line, they appeared to have nothing left to fight off Murray, Barron, and Wycoff. Wycoff in particular tore them to shreds with his furious rushes, and though Penn State made a stand a few feet from the goal, he managed to cross the Mason and Dixon line and tie the score.

Using the Heisman shift which has meant disaster to so many football teams since 1914, the three heavy and by no means slow Georgia backs again marched down the field. Coach Bezdek rushed in a half dozen substitutes into his line, to no avail. The Penn State team seemed dazed, their tackling became feeble and ineffective. On the other hand, as the Southerners became used to the icy weather of a Northern October, they improved steadily. Once acclimated, they showed that they were a first-rate football eleven; heavy, fast, with a line that was opening up holes for the backs most ef-fectively. Toward the end of the game, it was merely a question of how great Georgia's score would be. That they were held to sixteen points was in all probability due to the weather. If they can play that kind of football in freezing weather, what a terrible team they must be on a balmy fall afternoon in Atlanta, Georgia!-J. R. T.

Influence of New York Police Methods A boy was hit by an auto on Ferry Street Saturday afternoon and so badly injured that Patrolman O'Gara shot it.

-Massachusetts paper A gelding, we understand.

What we need next is a car that is fast enough to run from under the mortgage.



That Gusty Wind

24

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

X. The Magazine's Punctuation Farm

PUNCTUATION is one of the prominent features of THE NEW YORKER; and no one of our sentences is complete without at least a comma or a semicolon. Indeed, it is estimated roughly that approximately 1,050 colons are used in every issue; while exclamation points, quotation marks and apostrophes are frequently included, and question marks are often demanded among the editorials. In fact, if all the periods on one page of an issue of THE NEW YORKER were laid end to end, they would probably have been written by Michael Arlen.

With so great a demand for punctuation in every issue, the reader may form some conception of the vast work of producing a sufficient quantity to supply the weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER. All this punctuation is raised at our own farms under hothouse glass, and is carefully cultivated by a trained staff of farm hands, 3,000 in the Long Island Gardens alone, who are recruited from almost every State in the Union. Only trained hands are employed in this delicate work, the very latest processes of irrigation, fertilization, pruning, and dry-cleaning being installed in all our nurseries. Every punctuation bed is inspected daily by THE NEW YORKER's representative, Mr. Tilley.

The period (.) is perhaps the simplest form of punctuation, since this is the seed, and from this is raised virtually every other form of punctuation upon the farm. The periods are set out in shallow pans under glass in the early Spring, and carefully watered; and after six weeks of sunshine each sends down a tiny root no bigger than a bean (,) which is called a *comma*. These commas are gathered in this stage, dried and shipped to the presses.

In another section of these nurseries, these periods are planted upside down, either separately or in pairs, and a strong light is burned night and day beneath them to confuse the seeds even further. As a result they send their roots into the air, in the form of single or double quotation marks (" or ").

Contrary to popular opinion, colons (:) are not derived simply by placing two periods together. On the contrary, a period must be allowed to flower and go to seed; and in the long pea-shaped pod the colons are found fully developed in the Fall.

Let us suppose that some of these sprouts are not gathered and dried for commas and semicolons, but are brought into the greenhouses instead. Here they are carefully nurtured and cultivated; and with the most painstaking care they are raised into the more intricate figures of punctuation. Sometimes they are cross-bred with asparagus, and the tall shoot is used for an *exclamation point* (!). A handsome bed of crocuses may be seen as you enter the greenhouse, and immediately to your right is a plot of %%%%'s, which are employed frequently in these very statistics. To your left is an attractive bed of full-blown ats (@@@@) In the very center is a flourishing garden of mixed blossoms ! 1b % & ? §? % 1b Powie! Zam! Ouch!!!, occasionally used to denote profanity or anger.

Asterisks (*****) flourish most profusely in a good, black loam. They are found in quantities in rich dirt, and a hardy flowering perennial, the "Elinor Glyn," blooms the year round, the tips of its dainty white petals suffused with a passionate pink glow.

A most intricate punctuation mark faces you as you leave the greenhouse. To achieve this difficult figure, two stakes are driven into the ground, immediately to the left of a figure five, thus: II5. Now a period is planted at the foot of the stakes, and the vine is carefully trained in and out the wire meshing; and when fully grown the result is \$5. This figure is employed in THE NEW YORKER circulation ads, as it equals the price of a year's subscription.



A scene at one of THE NEW YORKER'S punctuation farms in South Carolina. Vlajmur Tolstoisson, Chief Waterboy, is seen pouring water down the backs of a bed of exclamation marks and so breaking their spirits and bending them into question marks. The work, as always, is carefully observed by two professors from Harvard. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, General Superintendent at the farm, may be seen in the background severely but politely reprimanding a sub-waterboy for grimy finger nails.



GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, October 16, to Friday October 23, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- THE VORTEX—A bitter social pill dispensed by the versatile Noel Coward and concerning your looser-living Britons. HENRY MILLER's, 43d, E. of B'way.
- HAMLET—Revived by Walter Hampden, with Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN's COLONIAL, B'way at 64th.
- THE PELICAN—Showing that British authors still worry themselves theatrically over that matter of illegitimacy. A heavy drama for a heavy mood. TIMES SQUARE, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—A trim little triangle play worked out courageously and humanely in Californian setting by Sidney Howard, prize author. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT—A perfect dramatization of a best seller—intense, sentimentally tragic, true to the original word, and with Katharine Cornell at her super-best. BROADHURST, 44th, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED—The distinguished Mr. E. H. Sothern in a dignified play of legal difficulties and ethics. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.
- THE GORILLA—The mystery play, man's best known of theatrical friends, done into burlesque for a screaming change. SELWYN, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- AMERICAN BORN—Reviewed in this issue. HUDSON, 44th, E. of B'way.
- IS ZAT SO?—Something genuinely American, written in American, as a welcome refuge from a stormy sea of imported plays. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46th, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-Picaresque hoboes rampant on the Western skyline, providing a slangy feast of comedy dramatics. GREEN-WICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
- ARMS AND THE MAN—An eternal war play, or words to that effect, spoken forth by George Bernard Shaw. The Lunts aid in the revival. GUILD, 52nd, W. of B'way, until it moves to Forty-ninth Street, Mon., Oct. 19th.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—The lad from Chillicothe, O., has a small and profitable experience with the institution generally know as the theatre. LONGACRE, 48th, W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—Fun amidst the more elemental appeal of a Shubert Revue. And the Hoffmann Girls. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th.
- MERRY MERRY—An intimate music show with all hands, voices and limbs contributing to the intimacy. VANDERBILT, 48th, E. of B'way.
- ROSE-MARIE—This particular musical comedy lady shows no signs of aging. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Good entertainment from George White's carefully picked staff. Apollo, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE—A glorious and maudlin score attached to a glamorous setting and a so-so book, done over from "Old Heidelberg." Jolson's, 59th, at 7th Ave.
- GARRICK GAIETIES-The merry spirit of Guild youth being merry at times and imitative at others. GARRICK, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.

- SUNNY—A stock musical comedy crammed full of lovely, humorous and tuneful creatures. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42nd, W. of B'way.
- DEAREST ENEMY-You'll like the John Murray Anderson color and beauty and forget the humor of this Colonial musical piece. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38th.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Leon Errol and his funny legs in this Ziegfeld opus. Cosmopolitan, B'way and 59th.
- NO, NO, NANETTE An internationallyknown thing with the music that even Kings and Queens must have danced to. GLOBE, B'way at 46th.
- BIG BOY—Al Jolson, raconteur, singer, statesman, LL.D., poet, gentleman and mystic, at his greatest. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44th, W. of B'way.
- THE VAGABOND KING—An ornate musical show with pleasant tunes and a real plot. CASINO, B'way at 39th.

Openings of Note

- THE GLASS SLIPPER—A play from Molnar's Hungarian, with June Walker. GUILD, 52nd, W. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 19.
- ARABESQUE—A Norman-Bel Geddes-Richard Herndon production of a comedy of Algerian manners. NATIONAL, 41st, W. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 19.
- THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—Sheridan's play, with Gladys Wallace. LITTLE, 44th, W. of B'way, Tues., Oct. 20.
- LUCKY SAM MACCARVER—A play by Sidney Howard, with Clare Eames. PLAYHOUSE, 48th, E. of B'way, Wed., Oct. 21.

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Fantasy, satire, and sanity find their way into the nickelodeon at last via Messra. Kaufman, Connelly, and Cruze. At LOEW'S EIGHTY-THIRD STREET, Wed., Oct. 20.
- THE FRESHMAN—Harold Lloyd, or the Merton Gill of the Great American College, foils those cutupping sophomores most humorously. At the COLONY, Fri., Sat., Oct. 16, 17.
- THE DARK ANGEL—Reviewed in this issue. At the STRAND, Fri., Sat., Oct. 16. 17.
- THE GOLD RUSH—See this at once, you laggards. It's Charlie Chaplin's latest. At LOEW'S FORTY-EECOND STREET, Fri. to Mon., Oct. 16 to 19.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Guaranteed to give you the willies with its assorted Parisian horrors and the deathly cynicisms of Lon Chaney. At the Astron.
- THE PONY EXPRESS—A vigorous, thunderously bloody Wild Western, built about a lesson in American History. At LOEW'S BOULE-VARD and LOEW'S NATIONAL, in the Bronz, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 16, 17, 18.
- No Manhattan showing of "A Regular Fellow" scheduled for this week.
- Opening of Note: Mary Pickford in LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY. STRAND, Sun., Oct. 18.

AFTER THE THEATRE

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3d.—Somewhat Bohemian revelry in most attractive surroundings. Midnight entertainment by Arthur West and the merry proprietor.

- DEL FEY, 104 W. 45th—Texas Guinan and her galaxy of "Little Girls" providing a maudlin place to go until the dawn. Not for grey haired mothers.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave.—The smartest dancing club in New York. With Maurice and Barbara Bennett.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st.—Also the smartest dancing club in New York and not as crowded as the Lido. With Moss and Fontana.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49th—Jovial Russians taking a well dressed crowd into the family. Vaudeville along Chauve Souris lines. Dancing late.
- LIDO-VENICE, 35 E. 53d—Not much excitement, except for delightful decorations and an exceptionally good clientele.

MUSIC

- SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY-CENTURY THEATRE.
- Final performances Fri., Oct. 16, La Tosca; Sat. afternoon, Oct. 17, Hansel and Gretel.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic, Mengelberg conducting; Fri. afternoon, Oct. 16. Philadelphia, Stokowski conducting; Tues. evening, Oct. 20. State, Dohnanyi conducting; Wed. evening, Oct. 21.
- RECITALS—TOSCHA SEIDEL, violinist, CAR-NEGIE HALL, Sat. afternoon, Oct. 17. One of the best of the Auer products, returning after a year abroad.
- ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 18. A brilliant pianist of the sensational school.
- ELENA GERHARDT, AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 18. A famous lieder singer in her first recital of the season.
- SASCHA JACOBSEN and HARRY KAUFMAN, Town HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 21. Sonatas for chamber music lovers.
- FLORENCE EASTON, CARNEGIE HALL, Thursevening, Oct. 22. The Metropolitan's versatile soprano in songs.
- JOSEF LHEVINNE, CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. evening, Oct. 23. An acknowledged master pianist.
- CHARLOTTE LUND, TOWN HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 18. Opera excerpts.

ART

- BELLOWS—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A conscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.
- JONES-BOURGEOIS GALLERIES, 693 5th Ave. Sketches showing the great contribution made to the American stage by its pioneer in scene designing.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—Sat., Oct. 17, games start at 2 p. m. ARMY VS. NOTRE DAME, Yankee Stadium (Jerome Ave. Exp., East Side Sub., to 161st St.). The most important football game of the year in New York.

YALE VS. PENNSYLVANIA, New Haven. The Elis in an early test probably well worth commuting to see.

RACING-EMPIRE CITY TRACK, YONKERS. Daily at 2:30.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Boni Liveright). An even better book than his autobiographical "Story-Teller's Story," and an infinitely better novel than his "Many Marriages."
- SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). As much as Conrad lived to write of a monumental Napoleonic romance.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). An ideal novel for readers who like 'em "sophisticated." Each will get something out of it, depending on what he brings to it.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS WINDOW, by Elinor Wylie (Doram). A fable, demurely satirical and exquisitely written, in which flesh mates with brittleness and something has to be done about it.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). Farce, with episodes easily as funny as any you ever saw staged.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillon). Little Mr. Preemby's delusion that he's here to rule the world, and Christins's illusion that she is the captain of her soul.
- Ponor, by Du Bose Heyward (Doren). A group of negroes, strongly and beautifully sketched, and what you might call a Winslow Homer hurricane.
- THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinchart (Doron). Breaks all records for suspense in a mystery story.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scribwer's). A novel about a farmer and against war and war time hysteria; as authentically "human" as any on this list.

SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRISE SHORT STORIES (Herper). Twelve prize-winners, grading downward from those by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Alice Brown, Conrad Aiken and Margaret Culkin Banning to the usual thing in "best magazines," well written.

GENERAL

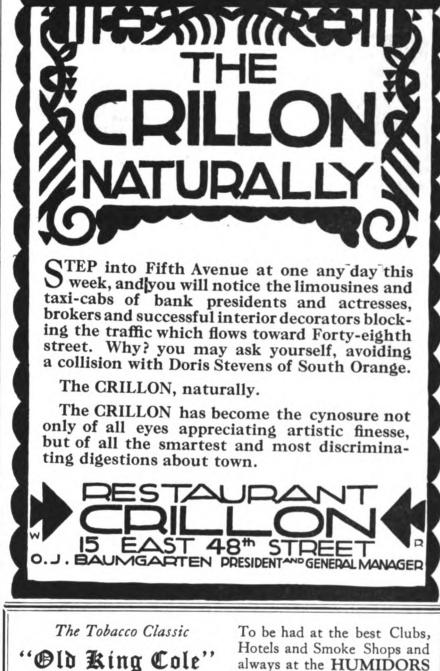
- WRER-ENDS, by A. A. Milne (Datton). A third volume of Milne's Panch eketches and burlesques. There is also a fourth.
- H. L. MENCKEN, by Ernest Boyd (McBride). For admirers of Mencken who want to know more about him.
- ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Deren). Travel papers, agreeably revealing their author in citizen's clothes, so to speak.

THE WALL STREET BARD

Lady, laugh not when I woo; Please don't feel it funny That I cannot make for you Magic songs; I've money.

Poets prate of precious things, Pretty dreams that burn them, Cloth of gold and ruby rings— I don't write; I earn them.

Though I be a prosy knave, Yet there is no rarer Sense in Homer's finest stave Than my "pay to bearer!" — JOHN McColl





SMOKING MIXTURE

The Smoke Redolent with Flavor and Fragance. The First Choice of Epicurean Smokers To be had at the best Clubs, Hotels and Smoke Shops and always at the HUMIDORS OF THE ROOSEVELT, 45th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

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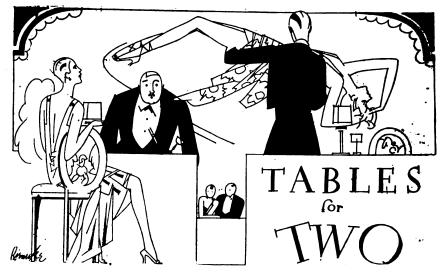
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.....



ALL the great minds who used to be absorbed solely in worrying about whether or not to order chicken salad, whether or not to Ask Him In, and the correct method of eating asparagus, now seem to have concentrated on but one vexing problem—"Are they dancing the Charleston at the smart night clubs?" At present (not that I want to set myself up as an authority on etiquette) the answer is No. And the reason, undoubtedly, is not that nice people disapprove of this pastime, but that nice people do not yet know how to do it.

Unlike the Toddle and the Camel Walk, which had their origin in finale hoppers looking for a new thrill, this dance came down from Harlem into the revue chorus last Summer, while all rich idlers were busy perfecting their golf games in the country. If the college boys condescend to take up a dance they did not originate, the Charleston will appear, via their débutante acquaintances, in the smart night clubs and dances late this Winter. But it is safe to predict that no decision can be reached on its future until the Christmas holidays.

At the Mirador, the other night, there was a most discreet suggestion of the Charleston in the dancing of several couples, but it was a suggestion that did not involve distorting the feet along grotesque angles. Incidentally, either the Mirador management has acquired a great deal of sense, or the place is not as uproariously popular as it was last year. Either way, it is all right with me. Because reservations are respected, you are not asked to feel lucky if they give you a drafty table out in the lobby, the dance floor is comfortably filled with very attractive people, the music is good, and Mar-

jorie Moss, quite aside from her dancing, has the nicest personality New York has seen in many a long day. I would go there more frequently were it not for the fact that at least five night clubs are opening daily, and each announcement sounds more alluring than the last. And what are you going to do if you happen to be the kind of person who wants to see everything that is going on?

TURN about is fair play, and the only way I could persuade a particularly adventurous youth to take me to Phil Baker's Rue de la Paix after the theatre was by a solemn promise that I would accompany him downtown afterwards to gaze on the wonders of the Club Caravan, for reasons which he did not disclose at the time.

The Rue de la Paix is the largest night club in town and, despite the presence of a Venus covered with silver radiator paint, shuddering in a grove of lilacs at one end, one of the most attractively decorated (in a very Continental manner). Furthermore, there is a startling innovation in the fact that the dance floor is sufficiently raised so that even those at the outside tables can see what is going on. The Jackie Taylor music is very good, and the show, which appears casually at intervals until quite late at night, is fair enough. Frankly, I do not know what the place lacks, but it is not very stimulating to me at present.

Phil Baker, being prohibited by the Shuberts from entertaining there, has consoled himself with the discovery that great wealth can result from buying shares in night clubs and selling them at a profit, and will undoubtedly be out of the thing, with bulging



Address: D. C. TREMAINE, Jr. Thunder Mountain Camp Stony Creek, New York pockets, by the time that this little piece sees the light of day.

As for the Club Caravan-sacré bleu, and all that sort of thing! It advertises "daringly yet charmingly lovely little stars of the stage, in costumes which are strictly Continental in conception and have made Parisian cafes the talk of the world." Now you know! And it presents perfectly adorable girls (especially one called Estelle Lavelle, and another named Marjorie Leet, just about the bestlooking thing I have ever seen) in a manner that is strangely, and somewhat tepidly, reminiscent of Texas Guinan's treatment of the Del Fey Club. I discovered that my escort's discontent with the place was due directly to the fact that he was on an artistic mission to investigate the firstnight reports of a young woman strolling about clad in a single red rosea real one! And what had they gone and done but draped her in green chiffon by the time we got there! He was so upset by his tardiness in seeing the sights of the town that it completely ruined his evening. You might have though that I had dragged him there, the way he carried on.

THE Everglades Club is on Broadway. They are now presenting a new show called "Ship Ahoy" and have done the place over in a nautical manner. Having seen said show and the new decorations and the audience I can only repeat—the Everglades Club is on Broadway.

BRIM full of loyalty to the eager public who have been standing on tiptoe for one whole week to hear my promised verdict on 10 East Sixtieth Street, I walked up there one balmy evening at one forty-five and found it closed for the night-at a quarter to two! Is this a system? Having as usual postponed my sightseeing trip until the last minute, I can only tell you that it is closing very earlyprobably only until a sufficient number of the élite who patronized it last year get settled in their apartments and get their theatre and supper parties organized. Emil Coleman is playing there at tea-time and after the theatre, which ought to be sufficient recommendation for anybody.—LIPSTICK

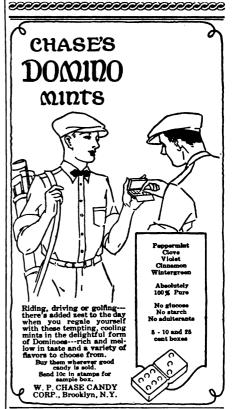
> Little drops of water Taxis called in vain; Taxis come out stronger----In the sun again.

Spend a Weekend at Atlantic City Under Ambassador's Reduced Fall Rate Of \$10 Per Day Or Less For 400 Rooms

A Beneficial Price at the Most Beneficial Period!

Phone 9000 Rhinelander TODAY!





FURNISHED APARTMENT FOR RENT Completely furnished five room apartment at 150th St. and Riverside Drive for rent for all or part of Winter. Equipment includes linen, silver and piano. Rent \$200 per month. Available Nov. 1st. Write Box 25 NEW YORKER 25 W. 45th for detailed information and

appointment.



FOR ACCESSIBILITY

As New York has expanded northward, its street planning has been executed with increasing logic. The numbered streets and avenues are a distinct advantage over the twisted, oddly named streets down town. However, business of every sort is in a fluid state, and without some form of guide it is almost impossible to locate the best shops.

THE NEW YORKER, for the sake of establishing accessibility, furnishes its readers with a list of many of the charming places about town. These are confidently recommended as "finds" in respect to the shopping amenity which each one supplies.

Antiques	Books	Interior Decorators and Decorations
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and alverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco- rated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron, 41 West 49th St., N. Y. Circle 1493
Arts and Orafa	Flesh Reduction	Ladies' Tailors
Arts and Crafts ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot-	Lackawanna 1986 ANA de ROSALES	of taste who wants the best materials, cut and ft. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111, 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER
teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled
SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN	Footwear	
Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	Maps THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited.
Auction Bridge		41 East 60th Street Regent 2655
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE	Golf School	Public Stenographer
Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 29 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICE & CO., INC.	Plays, Novels, Short Stories, Scenarios Typed. Press Notices, Multigraphing, Mimeographing, Ex- pert Work. Let us give you an estimate. Hart Stenographic Bureau, 104 W. 42d St., Wis. 1460.
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus-	ALDERT G. ALPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712 A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF Restaurants	
trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.	by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustra- tions. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	THE FOUR TREES Just For Fun Latest music—Good Floor—Best Food Dinner Dancing 7 to 1 Before or after the Play.
Beauty Culture		4 Christopher St. Spring 234
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE	Gowns, Frocks and Dresses	Shirt Hospital
17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5057 and 6795	"SMILE" FROCKS—New Fall models in Artsilk, Fiannel, Falle & other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. §3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request. Gloria Browning 156 East 47th Street	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost Shirts made to your own measure OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. 50th St. Circle 7339
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanees and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	Comme Made at Order	Stationery
Permanent Wave, Bobbing, Facials,	Gowns, Made to Order	Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deck
Hair Goods, Dyeing, Latest Styles by Specialists. Quality Beauty Salon 57 West 35th Street Wisconsin 5925	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.	6% x 8% folded or 10% x 7% single. A choice git 83.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W. 38th St. N. Y.
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON		Swimming Instruction
LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	Hats	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST.
Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless.	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models.	RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N
Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144.	W. stst St. Telephone Circle 1144. 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358	
THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which m ir the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experi- ence. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea; Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.
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friend of my girlhood and perpetual adorer of sophomores, actually had her mind all made up as to what she was going to wear to the momentous battle.

"Well," said I, "what is it to be this time? I seem to recall that, on the occasion of the great Yale-Harvard mudslinging classic at New Haven last year, your elegant costume consisted of (1) an aged flannel skirt and sweater (2) a leather wind breaker (3) a polo coat (4) a fur coat (mine) and (5) a large yellow slicker, somewhat reminiscent of the Uneeda Biscuit boy. Oh, and I forgot,a battered felt hat with twelve layers of newspaper over it. But what is the little fashion leader of the younger set going to wear next Saturday?"

"You see," said the bright girl, gazing about wildly for something of mine she could borrow, "I had that new evening dress of mine copied-in tweed. With sleeves, of course. That's the only difference."

Quite suddenly, I found myself looking upon the girl-friend with admiring eyes. Because the very newest thing about smart clothes this year is that you can wear virtually the same model-twopiece of course-sixteen hours a day in as many different materials. Tweed, velveteen, kasha or wool crêpe for morning or sports; velveteen, crêpe, or velvet combined with lamé or elaborated by touches of gold or silver for formal afternoon and informal dinner wear; lamé or velvet for evening. It makes life extremely simple, and makes it possible for a woman to buy one very good model and have it copied indefinitely.

The trouble is that the shops are full of two-piece dresses, and real discrimination must be exerted to be sure that the blouse is of exactly the right length to suit the individual figure, the neckline is cut to suit the neck, and the skirt fulness achieved in any way that is most becoming. So, instead of buying the uniform that was so prevalent last year, you are thrown upon your own good taste. Which is a great way of separating the fashion sheep from the goats.

In New York the prevalence of office hours even among the élite makes it perfectly possible to wear exactly the same

FULLY one week before the Yale- the evening. It is not necessary to dress Pennsylvania football game, Jerry, at most restaurants, though you will get a better table at the particularly smart ones if you do so. It is not necessary to dress for the theatre, though on first nights and in the first ten rows it is a good idea. It is absolutely necessary to dress at night clubs like the Lido and the Mirador. But, since even the most exquisite evening dress looks a little silly where no one else is dressed up, and a perfect morning costume looks well at almost any time, it is better to err on the side of informality than formality.

> IN a charmingly worded announcement which attracted much attention in the newspaper advertisement, and even more when it was posted in his windows, H. Jaeckel proclaimed his intention of closing his store every day between one and two o'clock, thereby ensuring that his organization "will be at its highest efficiency level during every single hour of the day." A delightful continental touch, impractical for department stores, but good for specialty shops, where the personal contact between the customer and the employee is so much to be desired.

> BOUT faces: Helena Rubenstein has ABOUT faces. ficture in the rouge and recently put out a new rouge and lipstick in a shade called red geranium, which exactly describes the color. Recommended for blondes in the daytime, and eminently successful, as far as I am concerned, for brunettes as well in the evening. The trouble with the orange rouges that were flooding the market in such quantities last year was that they contained so much yellow that artificial lights removed nearly all the color. This disadvantage is not present in Miss Rubenstein's new concoction. And don't be alarmed by the color when you see it in its little red box (it is a compact, by the way) because it really isn't violent when you put it on!

E LIZABETH ARDEN is selling quantities of tricky little boxes, containing several Babani perfumes, an empty bottle, and a miniature measuring cup for women who love to mix their own individual fascinator in perfume. Many women habitually do this, but this is the first attempt, as far as I know, to cater to costume all day long, and even well into this hobby. Miss Arden is also struggling

FORE!

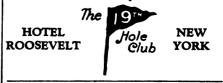
NTO the hazards of club life in New York City (although this by no means includes all clubs), on the sweep of a long drive, comes The Nineteenth Hole Club, the ideal tryst for golfers, at last.

This club will be a rendezvous for fans, fanners, pros, and cons-those who go 'round under twenty, those who go nine holes in four thousand. It will be the best place in town to recount the story of the time you made a long hole in one, bounced out and carried on to the next cup for a hole-in-one-half.

Playing privileges in several exclusive Metropolitan Clubs will be enjoyed. "The Nineteenth Hole Club" will be indispensable to the lover of golf. Not only will the atmosphere be one of golf written enhancingly upon a well-ordered club life, but the Club will be frequented by the celebrated champions of the sport. It is thought by some that Deems Taylor, Elinor Glyn, Calvin Coolidge, Edgar Rice Borroughs and Nita Naldi will spend much of their time there.

Headquarters of the Club at present are located at The Roosevelt, a hotel, on Madison Avenue. Among the first activities of the Club will be a Supper Dance-one of a seriesto be held in the Hendrick Hudson Room of The Roosevelt on election night.

"Everybody who is Anybody" in the golfing world is joining this club. The membership fee, for a limited number, is ten dollars. Further particulars about membership may be obtained from the Membership Committee of



valiantly to keep up with the demand for ture. The temple looks as with the calm, ing every possible cosmetic, from orange sticks and hairpins to liquid powder. This is simply wonderful for travelers, though, as an overnight bag, it has the disadvantage of having no room in the bag for anything except, perhaps, a French nightie. If you are a self-sacrificing girl, however, you can probably manage with fewer than three different kinds of rouge and make room, by the removal of one or two of them, for an evening dress. Hint to wealthy fiancés and well-wishers-what a Christmas present this case would make! Ah, me!

WANAMAKER'S, smart store that it is, has imported one of the loveliest evening dresses of the Winter-Chanel's youthful model of black chiffon, with a slim foundation fitted slightly to the figure in the new manner and four circular panels fluttering from the shoulders to the hemline.

BUY Your Boy One—(for yourself)." Such is the slogan of one of the most fascinating of the thousand fascinating shops on Madison Avenue-Boucher's, where every possible article for the construction of model ships is on sale. There are airplanes, locomotives, and, best of all, tiny motor boat engines that really work, for boys to put together; and complete materials and plans for every possible kind of miniature ship, from the comparative simplicity of a Viking vessel or the Mayflower to the most elaborate three-masted schooner.

Boucher's does not sell the old models made in days gone by by fisherman, but it will build a model ship for anyone willing to pay the four or five hundred dollars necessary for the acquisition of such a treasure. With an outlay of thirty or forty dollars and a trifling matter of devoting your spare time for two or three months to the pastime, you can make your own quite as well as they can make one for you. This is what they are encouraging. To anyone who is in the slightest degree interested in mechanical things, it is a treat merely to browse around. And if you happen to be bored with solitaire or whittling of an evening, I would suggest turning your mind and your fingers to the intricate and absorbing detail of a model ship.—L. L.

THE PAGEANT OF HUMAN PROGRESS

GREAT temple rises severely A above a broad, treed avenue. On the splendid vastness of its unbroken flank, there is carved a creed of mankind's hope for all to read, and incised letters proclaim the legend: Society for Ethical Cul-

her new leather overnight cases, contain- bright gaze of Pallas Athena. In the avenue there is but one man. He is seated on the low gray wall of the temple, immediately under the carven legend. Beside him there is a baby carriage and a wailing baby. But the man, whose coat collar is turned up, gives it not a glance. He is absorbed in his reading; he hunches over, all his energies absorbed in the bit of print clutched eagerly in his bare hands. It is the comic section of the New York Sunday News.—Thomas Much

RAZE NEW YORK AS MORAL BLOT, CHURCH MAY BEG OF CONGRESS

- -Headline in the World
- The West wants to know if New York is a menace.
 - The West looks askance at this den of delight.
- The youth have deserted their croquet and tennis,
 - Their chess and backgammon and Harold Bell Wright,
- To delve in erotica, fed from this city, That leaves on their souls an indelible smirch.
- And the West eats it up by the ton, more's the pity-
- According to the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
- New York makes the dramas with racy digressions,
 - New York writes the books dealing boldly with sex,
- New York prints the magazines crammed with confessions-
 - Neurotic New York makes the rest of us wrecks.
- New Yorkers carouse as they flout Prohibition;
- Aloft on their smug, metropolitan perch
- New Yorkers call morals a quaint superstition-
 - Or, at least so says the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
- Then blot out New York and reduce it to ashes!
 - Send Broadway and Chinatown crumbling to dust!
- All publishers, managers, night club apaches,
 - Expunge from the earth in the wake of their lust.
- Demolish the studio dens in the Village, And leave its iniquitous Art in the lurch.
- Then tack up a sign o'er the scene of the pillage:
 - "By order of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church." —Н. С.

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THE NEW YORKER

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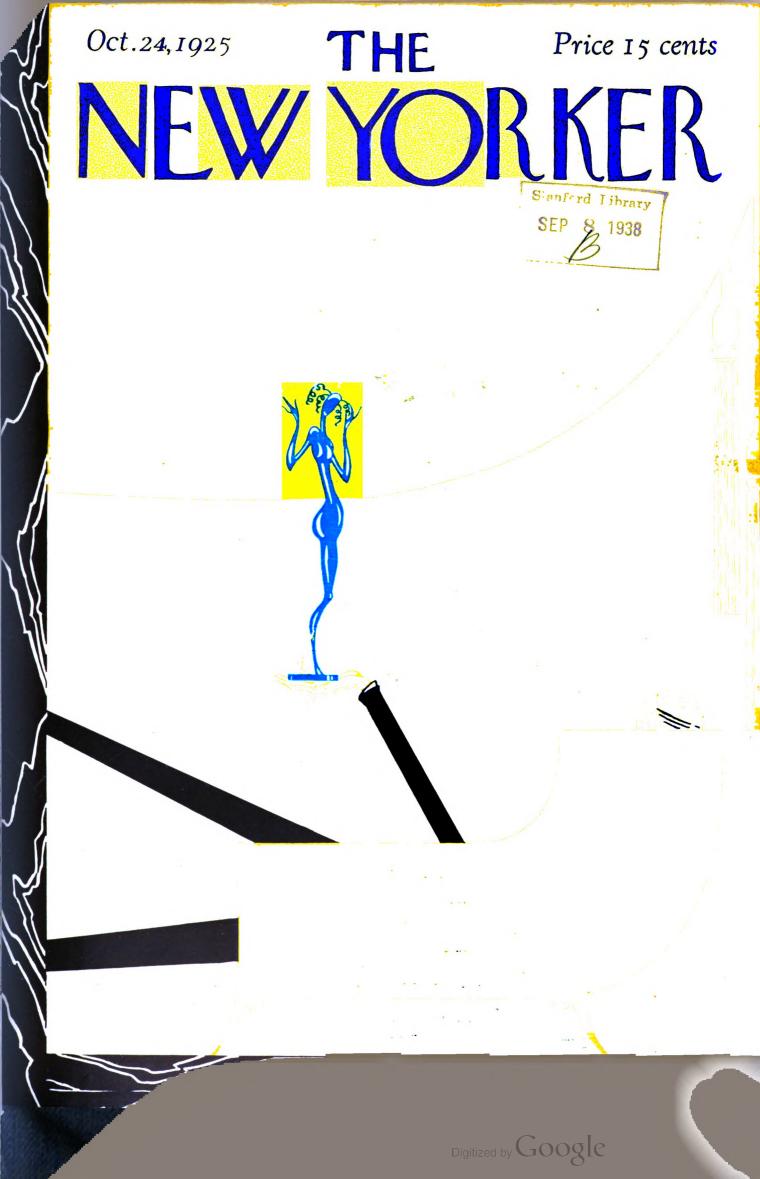
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5. Vol. 1, No. 36, October 24, 1925. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

The Nineteenth Hole Club Announces THE MIDNIGHT OPEN

Sounds of revelry by night and Hendrick Hudson turning over in his grave as The Nineteenth Hole Club, galaxy and gallery, goes down the fairway in the room at the Hotel Roosevelt which bears the name of the estimable mariner. All this on the third evening in November, which, incidentally, is the evening of the day of the current local election of game wardens and county tree surgeons.

Keep your head down. Better, keep your eye on the ball-or supper dance. The Nineteenth Hole Club, with headquarters at the Roosevelt, is a club exclusively for golfers. It will soon have a club house with every conceivable modern appointment. Playing privileges will be granted to members on a number of excellent metropolitan courses. The annual membership fee is Ten Dollars. Among the members of this club will be every one who has set a pinch of wet sand under a golf ball, from professionals to feminine beginners.

"The Midnight Open," proper, will consist of two rounds of medal play over a nine hole putting clock on the dance floor. Among those who will attend this Supper Dance and participate in the tournament are: Willie Macfarlane, American Open Champion; Jim Barnes, British Open Champion; Leo Diegel, Canadian Open Champion; Walter Hagen, Mike Brady, MacDonald Smith, Johnny Farrel, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, George Mc-Lean, Tommy Kerrigan, Willie Klein and Joe Turneasea. The prizes will be gold medals for the winner and runner-up. Bobby Jones and many other prominent amateurs have been invited to take part.

Music will be supplied by Ben Bernie's Orchestra—entertainment by stage and screen stars.

In order to be close to the pin in the gallery at this Supper Dance and "The Midnight Open," make an early reservation to,





Roosevelt

The party of Nov. 3d, inaugurates a series of Nineteenth Hole Club Supper Dances

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	WILLIAM AND BEAVER STREETS and Branches located throughout Greater New Yo	rk
	ENTERPRISING enough to be PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE enough to be SAFE	
	A Bank Statement that any Man or Woman can Unde	rstand
	October 1, 1925	
The	Bank Owes to Depositors	\$238,538,691.3
For	This Purpose We Have:	
[1]	Cash	\$39,516,844.9
[2]	Checks on Other Banks Payable in one day.	26,965,487.0
[3]	U. S. Government Securities	58,067,492.9
[4]	Loans to Individuals and Corporations Payable when we ask for them, secured by collateral of greater value than the loans.	29,126,064.6
[5]	Bonds	38,222,351.5
[6]	Loans	53,162,668.6
[7]	Bonds and Mortgages	11,169,058.5
[8]	Banking Houses	6,690,210.6
[9]	Other Real Estate	
Tot	al to Meet Indebtedness	\$262,950,570.6
[10]	This leaves a Surplus of . Which becomes the property of the stockholders after the debts to the de- positors are paid, and is a guarantee fund upon which we solicit new deposits and retain those which have been lodged with us for many years.	\$ 24,411,879.2

Our listed resources, enumerated in this statement, do not and can not include those assets of friendliness and helpfulness which this bank has in the personnel of its board of directors, its officers and employees. These are assets which pay dividends to our patrons in service and satisfaction.

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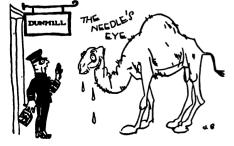
THE TALK OF THE TO₩N

Notes and Comment

HIS is vacation time for the boys who do the exploring of **L** waste places hither and yon about the North Pole. They are home at the moment, warming up, collecting money, making speeches, and buying airships, huskies, gumdrops and the other romantic items of the explorer's kit bag-in preparation for the season that starts next Spring. Welcome indomitable and loquacious explorers!

7E have always been under the impression that the United States Navy had the most efficient publicity department of any organization in the world. Otherwise, we have said to ourselves, how can they so consistently keep in the picture section and on the front page? But this is unfair. Any organization that suffers so many disasters and has so many things said against it as the Navy needs no publicity agent.

AS we flood the newsstands, the Forget-Me-Not Drive for the benefit of the New York chapter of disabled veterans opens the drive season. From now on, drives will follow each other in quick succession, mystifying the populace and complicating the traffic problem. Drives are very useful things. If it were not for them,





New York City as a whole might never learn to know its Debutantes by sight.

EN years ago daring debutantes were smoking at formal dances at Sherry's-out the window or behind the fountain in the Palm Room, and handing the cigarette to their escort when danger threatened. And they are still doing it at formal dances. But now from Boston comes the cheering news that ladies are to be allowed to smoke in the open. We say cheering, because it will mark the passing that the Government exterminate of the wallflower menace. If there exists such a thing as a conscientious stag in this modern age, it will be good news to him. For no man will long before completion of their senfeel he has to dance with the nice but unattractive girl sitting gloomily on the gilt chair if he knows she can go into the smoking room at any time serve." Mental tests for all children, and put her feet up.

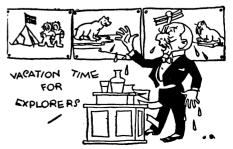
AST week we published a mildly humorous drawing of an ignorant young man asking for Camel cigarettes in Dunhill's. And subsequently, it occurred to us that it might be cause for libel-artists are so clever and irresponsible. So we investigated, putting on our most country air and walking in. No, they have none. But -were we recognized?-amid broad smiles, one clerk pulled a packet from

his pocket and offered it to us with his compliments.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY announces that it will conduct a most worthy course in Greek over the radio this winter. While recognizing that all men are better off with Greek than without it, we cannot at the moment think of anything more wholly out of key with the radio audience than a course in the revered subject. One thing it may do, however; and that is put at rest the American suspicion that Bre-ke-kekex ko-ax ko-ax from the "Chorus of Frogs" must have something to do with either the inhabitants of France or the Yale Campus.

The Week

YEW YORK Board of Trade and Transportation recommends Communists as it would dogs with rabies and five millionaire convicts, in Atlanta Prison, are released on parole tences. Peggy Joyce is expected to divorce her latest husband and Yale University establishes a "wild life preto protect society, are proposed and Mrs. James P. Donahue gets back the \$600,000 worth of jewelry stolen from



her hotel suite. Prince of Wales receives tumultuous welcome from loval Britishers and it is announced that King George reads a portion of the Bible every day. Twenty-one year old stenographer is arrested, charged with having three husbands, and, in Turkey, women receive permission to ride beside men on street cars. Bishop William Montgomery Brown is formally deposed by the House of Bishops for heresy and Mme. Ganna Walska is removed from the cast of "Butterfly" because she disputed with the director the business of her rôle. President Coolidge reiterates opposition to lending money to foreign governments for military purposes and Collier's Weekly publishes War Department pamphlet revealing plans for using poison gas against mobs of striking miners. Russian commits suicide because his horse loses in race and the Hon. Anthony Asquith, son of former Prime Minister, goes to Hollywood to write movie scenarios.

Sporting Words

OLLEGE presidents may bewail the emphasis placed on football, and in some instances, I believe, justly; but there is one matter in this connection they can never control; and that is the amount of newspaper space devoted to collegiate contests. For the college student is an item, and a definite one, both in circulation and in advertising prestige.

How much so may be realized from the experience of the Times, of which I heard lately from a newspaper man. The Times last Spring sent questionnaires to the leading colleges of the East, seeking to establish the collegian's preference in newspapers, which information, it was believed, would show the supremacy of Forty-third Street, West. Greatly to the inquirer's surprise, a definite leaning towards the Herald Tribune was established.

Further analysis revealed the reason, which was none other than the Herald Tribune's excellent sporting pages. Those collegians who wished their heroes hymned could turn to Mr. Grantland Rice's Odysseys, and those with desire to see bubbles pricked might have their fancies tickled by the gay Major McGeehan.

And, so, deprived of what would have been excellent advertising copy, the Times did the next best thing. It ordered that all sports writers have



editing; no, not even a set of quotation marks were to be permitted for so plebian a word as "sucker."

This, I believe, explains the sudden departure from anonymity which puzzled readers of the Times some months ago.

Policed

HE meretricious incandescence which is Second Avenue below St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, is to push southward, cutting its way through the wall of Houston Street. The plans are tucked away in some municipal cubbyhole, waiting the slow turning of political machinery. And when the Avenue kicks itself free, it will scatter into the tumbrils of wrecking crews no less than the National Winter Garden Burlesque itself.

Hearing, I wandered eastward to visit, for the first time, the hall to which for years I had received free passes. For it has long been the practice of the Messrs. Minsky, genii of National Winter Garden, to "circu-larize New York," sending out, to first one group and then another, passes, with alluring little notes signed "Irene" or "Alice" or such. Thus is Houston Street brought to the attention of Wall and of Park Avenue.

The Minskys have made from their tepid adventures (they own the famous Apollo on Fourteenth Street as well) a cool fortune, a fortune which is as a glamorous flower grown from a swamp. I have seen and I advise: do not succumb to feminine propaganda and bring a lady . . . nor rely too much on the power of your "ad-mittance free," for over the portals

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hangs a placard reading "After January first a nominal charge will be made on all passes."

Ironically, it is an ascent one makes to the temple of burlesque. From the first step towards the box office, up the elevators, into the huge, barn-like hall with the concrete rafters, one is the personal guest of the police force. "Keep movin"! On yer way!" Perhaps a thousand men are gathered-and half a dozen women, placid women. God knows why they are there!

One must take off one's hat as soon as he is seated. A heavy, intimidating officer is in the wake of the usheress, electric torch in hand. "Take off yer lid!"

The curtain rises, under a hand their signatures printed, and that all painted legend "The Show's The sports accounts go to press without Thing," signed "Will Shakespeare." But the steady patrolling of the aisles never ceases. Up and down pass the blue coats. One may smoke, the heavier the cigar the better, one may laugh, snicker even, applaud . . . but let so much as a single word, a wisecrack, critical or appreciative, rise through the fuming blue atmosphere: "Click!" A sharp rap on the uncovered head from the nearest guardian. Uncannily long, the arm of the law in Houston Street's burlesque.

There may be a thousand in the hall, and they sit like mice, or sheep, or cud-chewing cows-while the same comedians tell different versions of the same joke . . . hammer, hammer, hammer with the point, someone may miss it . . . the same paint-masked ladies change the color of the little strips of cloth which they wear over their ever-present, would-be-invisible body-tights; they come chanting back and forth, singing with high, unsatisfied voices. Up and down, swinging clubs, flashing spotlights.

A crashing of cymbals-the finalé! Like mice or sheep or cows they file out. Only a lucky few get their five story elevator ride; "down this way; fire escape too good for yuh, ch?" Police-haunted, they go forth into the world, the world of East Houston Street and Second Avenue-except for those others, from here and there, who sort themselves out, climb hastily into taxis and speed away.

Art Centers

PERHAPS the most striking indi-cation of the present trend in shifting art centers was the recent announcement that the entire collection



to be brought to the United States for auction-this after the heirs had arranged for a sale of the art effects at the nobleman's country seat, The Hill, Hampstead Heath.

An agent of a local gallery, dispatched abroad for the purpose, indicated to the heirs-suavely, of course -that Britishers were not going in for extensive art purchases at the moment. Americans compose perhaps nine-tenths of the market, with, strangely enough, Germans comprising the remaining portion. So, said the American agent, why not offer these works for sale where it will be most convenient for wealthy Americans to attend the auction?

This argument took effect, particularly when the heirs realized that Hampstead Heath was as conveniently located as regards London, the logical British center, as would be, say, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, for New Yorkers.

Accordingly, the Leverhulme Collection is coming here and will be shown at the Anderson Galleries on Park Avenue some time in late Winter.

February is most likely.

HE value of canvases is always a ticklish matter to discuss. Experts can disagree about this feature most cordially; and so the layman is forever at a loss.

The significant feature of local discussions of the Leverhulme collection is that authorities place so little stress on the canvases themselves. This is surely a puzzling condition when there are, among others, examples of Hals, two Rembrandts, a Goya, two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Gainsborough; and portraits, also, by such eminent masters as George Romney-in whose work, by the way, there is a great revival of interest because

of the late Viscount Leverhulme was of the sugar-coated version of his affair with Lady Hamilton provided by a recent novel-Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Henry Raeburn. Among the moderns there are canvases, to mention a few, by Sir John Millais, Sir William Orpen, Jacob Maris, Harpignies, and L'Hermitte.

> Connoisseurs, however, display most interest in the fine collections of rare laces, rich embroideries, tapestries and Georgian furniture which the late Viscount assembled. His library, too, of which caricatures of the Georgian Period form a most interesting feature, is said to be magnificent. They are in twenty-five folio volumes. And there is, also, what is said to be the first sketch book by George Cruikshank, whose genius was clearly indicated even in the rough pencil drawings of his extreme youth. This one item, alone, should pack the Anderson Galleries with Dickens and Cruikshank enthusiasts, what time the Leverhulme Collection is exhibited-if the whole town hasn't flocked to the Floridian real estate marts by then.

Suspense

SOONER or later, of course, Bernard Shaw and A. H. Woods were bound to be the central characters of a theatrical story.

It has arrived, not much beyond schedule.

Mr. Woods, then, called upon Mr. Shaw in London.

"Write me a play, sweetheart," said Mr. Woods.

"I have one here you may have," "It's called 'Back to said Mr. Shaw. Methuselah!""

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Woods.

"Well," said Mr. Shaw, "it takes three nights to play."

Mr. Woods picked up his gloves and toothpick.

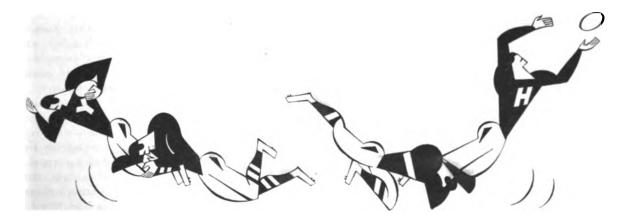
"Not for me," he said. "I like to know the day after my first night if I've got a hit or not."

Tercentenary

NELEBRATIONS of the tercentenary of New York's founding have begun, and perhaps there is as much historical warrant for the choosing of any time as for the selection of that date next Spring still to be definitely agreed upon. As usual, when historians disagree, they make a layman's decision difficult, this time for the committee already busy with the details of the official affair, in which both city and state will be invited to participate.

It is planned that this forthcoming celebration will be underwritten for six millions of dollars by a combination of private and governmental agencies, although it is expected that the event will prove self-supporting. Grand Central Palace and the lower portion of Park Avenue have been bespoken for the pageants, exhibits and memorabilia which will form the major features of the affair. And, no doubt, there will be speeches. There always are, unfortunately.

The current exhibition in Wanamaker's, arranged under the paternal eye of Dr. Grover Whalen, late of Mayor Hylan's forces, has not escaped criticism by those who know their old New York. Such an item as the raw intrusion of two gas pipes in the panel, depicting General Washington taking the oath of office as President, is one of the defects to which our elders object. The showing of Marion Davies's picturization of "Little Old New York"-perhaps due to the one-time association of Dr. Whalen with Mr. Hearst, through his Hylanic affiliations-has proved particularly irritating. Historically, it is ridiculous in spots, particularly in the



scene wherein a woman is whipped in a public square of this city in the year 1840.

The cruel practice of flogging had been abandoned almost a century before.

Yet there is undeniable merit in the murals on the four different floors of the store. They are based on authentic contemporary prints, and are laudably faithful to the originals. The portraits of gentlemen eminent in the older life of the city likewise are admirably done.

And on the whole, although criticism always makes a deeper imprint than praise, this exhibition at Wanamaker's-the herald of the city's tercentenary—is worthy of a visit by anyone who knows, or wishes to know, something of the history of the town.

The Ponies

ALONG towards the end of the coming week, the early after-noon tide of overloaded taxis which sets northward towards the environs of Yonkers and the Empire City Race Track will wax strong, and, on the thirtieth, die away. Flags will come down, stalls take board fronts, and the Sport of Kings will be ours only in the afternoon newspapers until another season. Belmont and Jamaica have already closed; the rattletrap inconvenience to the north is the scene of the last stand.

We have been hearing plans, of late, of the consolidation of these lesser tracks, to the greater glory of Belmont Park. And it would be pleasant if such a move might bring us some of the color that the sport has practically everywhere except about New York.

At Empire City, these last days, one perceives how strange our tracks have become. High up in the stands, groups a small coterie, smartly dressed, chatting intimately. One hears such names as Averell Harriman, Payne Whitney, Larry Waterbury, Cosden, Coe, Sinclair. Below and about, stands gape until one comes to the wider spaces of nominal entrance fees. There the taxi tide has beached a pushing, shoving, good-natured crowd, as anxious in their instructions regarding ten dollar investments as are those in the rarified atmosphere above over as many thousands.

To the few, the flashing thoroughbreds mean sport, intimate sport of owners and their friends, speaking intimately of each others' horses. The of jazz music; he is more important mass below is that small part of the city's race track gamblers who must sit by the table to play, watch the turn of the wheel, observe the croupier. Their information is the same newspaper information of the rest, who play the track by telephone, harried until the first racing newspaper extra comes out. And, at best, the two together are but a small fraction of our city

There is a shoddiness to our metropolitan tracks, uninviting, if the love of the sport, the horses themselves, the gambling entailed is not in the spectator. In ten days, Empire City will be a deserted park, disdained by straggling motorists in passing. The small coterie will be seen here and there-Louisville, Lexington, Bowie; the taxi riding mass, the table inaccessible, will be playing still, but over the shoulders of the newspaper dopsters.

ENTLEMAN dining with Mr. GArthur (Bugs) Baer at Friars Club is continuously disturbed from seat to answer insistent telephonings. During third visit to booth, waiter asks: "Shall I serve Mr. J's steak?" "Yes," replies patient Mr. Baer, "he'll take it in the telephone booth."

Roger Wolfe

T is interesting to speculate upon how greatly Mr. Otto Kahn was influenced in his recent discussions in the press of the Metropolitan Opera problems by the evidence he has at hand in the career elected by his son. Here is the offspring of wealth, bred in the conservatorial atmosphere of the musical and graphic arts, turning, at near maturity, to that strange combination of roistering bluster and soft, almost erotic minors which is now jazz music -and which is also thoroughly Ameri-

Not that Master Roger Wolfe Kahn is one of our foremost exponents



as a symptom. I watched him last week, on the Palace stage, a little chap, in the midst of a great noise, wagging his arms vigorously. He kept perfect time. He was very didactic. He was most precise. When the time came, he took his bows, curtly, like a lad bowing for a diploma. Only when he began again, this time with a basket of instruments by his side, and picked first one and then another (he plays no less than ten) did a ripple of genuine enthusiasm sweep the great house. But all of his numbers sounded extraordinarily alike -they could have been one long sweet song. His only departures were in his

jazzified classics.

HERE is speculation in what another generation may think of young Kahn's career, for his is just beginning and he may go far in the new school of jazz symphonics. The tale is romantic. He practiced by stealth in the great Kahn house at Ninety-second and Fifth Avenue; he slipped away, fearing his father's orthodox disapproval, to substitute for various instruments in the great jazz bands on Broadway. He fell in with Arthur Lang's band, played on it and later hired Mr. Lang for his own orchestra. It was a bandsman in Paul Whiteman's orchestra who gave him away-let slip a tip to the watchful Variety which brought the cohorts of the press to besiege his father's house. From the explosion that ensued, he won the right to play with his own band if he could find a hotel which would engage him. Mr. John Bowman saw the opportunity, took it, and Roger Wolfe Kahn became the leader of the Biltmore Cascades orchestra.

But this was only the beginning. There was still the stage. for Roger Kahn to conquer. He had had Mr. Walter Kingsley of the Keith-Albee tribe pass upon his band and he obtained at last permission to try the Hippodrome.

There were other complications. Roger Kahn is still a boy, simple, direct, trusting, inexperienced. In his fervor he had engaged musicians to play for him on long term contracts at salaries of from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, men who would normally have received seventy-five to one hundred. He had to appear at both the Biltmore and in these other public performances to so much as break even.

Perhaps it was here that his father

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"Look! Do my nails shine from there?"

stepped in, for there came to Mr. Roger's side, one Bert Cooper, vaudeville manager, wise pilot of Broadway. The one thing that might have hurt Kahn's son was his simplicity; Mr. Cooper's nimble brain is a bulwark in the defense.

And now Roger Wolfe Kahn has arrived. It was when the Dutch Treat Club, with its imposing array of critics, made him the guest of honor last week, a place hitherto filled, in jazzical circles, by Messrs. Whiteman and Lopez only, that his father capitulated, embraced his son in public and admitted, "I can underwrite him for all I've got."

Expositions

APPENING in upon that old annual stand-by, the Electrical Exposition, which has been going on at the Grand Central Palace during the past week, one found that housewife's paradise not without its dramatic contrasts. One went, presumably, to view electrical flatirons and coffee percolators. And one stumbled over lighthouses. Although, stumbled over, does not express it precisely when beams like those which shine at Sandy Hook and Cape Hatteras hit you in the eyes, and a fog bell reverberates in your ears, across the not-so-great open spaces of an exposition floor.

This demonstration, which was staged by the government lighthouse service, was only one of several which stood out spectacularly against the neat array of domestic contraptions. The Navy and the U. S. Bureau of Mines afforded their measure of relief to the mind grown weary with contemplating refrigerators and washing machines. But the best touch was supplied by the army signal corps which exhibited a fine flock of carrier pigeons. The latter, we think, being an excellent joke on an electrical show.

As a preliminary to the late Aviation Meet at Mitchel Field, the committee in charge arranged for rain insurance. "How about wind insurance?" the agent inquired. "It will add only ten per cent to your premium." Not at all, not at all, the committee demurred. And so, on the Saturday which was expected to be the most profitable day of the meet, the wind blew a hurricane and the flying races had to be called off. It is expected that for the next aviation meet, wind, gust, gale, and hurricane insurance will be authorized.

Progress

A NEW brownstone front gleamed on the house, and in the parlor window was a neatly-lettered sign. The Gentlemen of Parts stopped and gazed at it. Then he read the house number. It's the same place, he mused.

There's a story behind that house, said the Gentleman of Parts, abruptly. I wandered in there one night, long ago, when I was on vacation from Williamstown. The parlor ran through the entire first floor, but thick, velvet curtains screened the windows from outside gaze. They had a small orchestra. You danced, if you wished; bought wine—all the rest. Decorous, for such a place.

I remember, the next forenoon, sending around a bunch of roses, without my card. Youth's fine gesture. I never went there again.

You understand, of course, what sort of story I am implying was behind that house. Well, look long at that sign, commanded the Gentleman of Parts.

The neat letters, fashioned on the sign behind the window pane, took form and heralded the headquarters of that militant crusader, Mr. John S. Sumner—The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

C'est la guerre, murmured the Gentleman of Parts, and walked away.

CHAMPAGNE cocktail without any champagne: ½ pint sparkling cider, I gill pure grain alcohol, dash of bitters and orange peel. Pour over ice in container and shake five minutes. —THE NEW YORKERS



Heroes of the Week



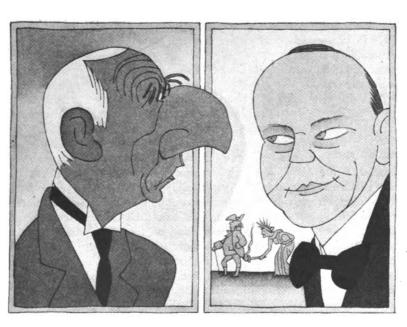


SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA—Who, as is usual with him in the Fall of the year, is being called a business man with no ear for music by a number of people who would rather like to be singing at the Metropolitan but aren't, but who, nevertheless, possesses an ear so finely attuned to sound that he can tell, nine times out of ten, the difference between the screech of an elevated train rounding a curve and the neighborhood soprano taking her lesson.



COLONEL FRANK HAUSE —Who, as editor of the Daily News, produces a newspaper which (along with

Daty News, produces a newspaper which (along with its sister luminaries of the Fourth Estate, the Graphic and the Mirror) presents the news in the luscious form in which it is discussed over our best dinner tables by the people who read the Times.



CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN— Who has arrived in New York with the purpose of touring the country to raise funds for the purchase of a dirigible airship in which he intends to fly across the North Pole. The Navy Department would probably be glad to present the Captain, who seems to love combating difficulties, with one free of charge. P. G. WODEHOUSE—Who, despite the vigilance of General Smedley Butler and Commissioner Enright, has been stolen, in a daring daylight robbery, from the Saturday Evening Post, by Liberty, the Weekly for Everybody but George Horace Lorimer. J. S. McCULLOH—Who, although he is the president of the New York Telephone Company, is not, careful investigation has proved, personally responsible for the weekly changing of everybody's telephone number. A big printer of business and personal stationery is thought to be at the bottom of it.

OUR COLLEGIATE HILLTOP



Columbia is the Ellis Island of the Native American Immigrant

used to be.

This news will not disturb the readers of THE NEW YORKER, who live south or east of the Park and never heard of Morningside until they were stood up against the wall for contributions to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Editors of THE New YORKER know better, being all honorary Litt. D.'s of the Columbia School of Journalism. For Morning-side is Columbia; and Columbia, not Wall Street or Times Square, is New York's real show window on the inand front

Columbia is the Ellis Island of the native American immigrant. In ten thousand small towns of the West and South, a girl who announced her intention of going to New York would be excommunicated and branded with the scarlet letter before she had packed her suitcase; and if she ever got away, she could never come home. But let her say she is going to the Columbia Summer School or Teachers' College, and the unlawful is made lawful by this sacramental phrase. She can go, and come home in safety; she can even stay in New York without loss of her good name.

If she stays in New York, she usually stays on Morningside; if she comes

ORNINGSIDE isn't what it home when Summer school is over, she knows New York below Morningside only from infrequent excursions, with chaperons and guides (armed guards too, for all I know, though these rarely seem necessary). And she is ten times as numerous as the traveling salesmen and members of road companies of "Abie's Irish Rose" who are otherwise our city's principal agents of pacific penetration hold consists of a spinster school in the interior.

> What half America knows of New York it has learned, directly or at second-hand, from the Columbia Summer School. Take a plebiscite in Georgia, Texas, or down-State Illinois, and you would learn by a large majority that the leading restaurants of New York are the Evergreen, the Maison Fichl, and the Flying Fame. Ask a pupil of almost any American school teacher, and he will tell you that 110th Street is the southern limit of Manhattan Island if not the northern frontier of Mexico.

So Morningside proper-and if you don't believe it's proper, live there a while and see-Morningside north and east of the campus, is a ghetto for the Nordic native-born. Its heart is the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 120th Street, where the Teachers' College dormitories front a row of apartment houses occupied chiefly by women who used to live in the Teachers' College dormitories. Chiefly, not wholly; in one of those houses Walter Ward once parked the red-headed ladies whose bickerings made the front page; and Morningside still has its male residents, though they are neither very numerous nor very male.

But the typical Morningside houseteacher in the forties and her widowed mother. Their living comes, usually, from the university or one of its subsidiaries; they inhabit two rooms or four according to their means, they eat in the tea room around the corner; they go to concerts and extension lectures, and engage in what they call worth-while activities; they lead a peculiar metropolitan life of their own, which might not excite the knaves of night clubs, but would look like Walpurgis Night itself to the folks back home. They are Morningside; the rest of us are unassimilable aliens existing on sufferance, and apparently not for long.

Such as we are, we have our life too, or used to have it. For Morn-ingside has light and air, and a view, if only of the roofs of Harlem; it has an atmosphere not wholly dependent on the university. There are

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churches and hospitals, the National Academy of Design, the cathedral and its out-buildings; there is Bishop Manning, who by actual count of agate lines got more free publicity for his business last Winter than Morris Gest. Ten years ago it was a good There was Kennelly's, where town. you could dine well, and look through the open windows painted on the wall at the distant Alps, also painted on the wall. There was the Widow's, that farmhouse on Riverside Drive where you dined under the trees, or retired to a vine-shadowed porch which the young people of the nineteen teens found convenient for cocktails and embraces. And when these discreet beginnings had led to their natural conclusion, there were green lawns on the back campus and in the cathedral close where the neighborhood babies could play.

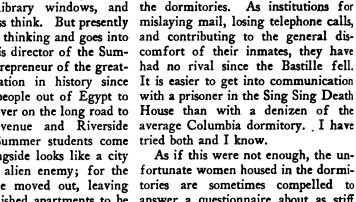
That, of course, is gone. There is a fifteen-story apartment where the Widow's used to be; on the site of Kennelly's, you have your choice between a Childs restaurant and a synagogue. To dine in decency now you must walk a mile, to Archambault's or the Marseilles or the Claremont, and pay money, or what looks like money on Morningside. Even the Claremont looks now like the clubhouse of the Eheu Fugaces Alumni Association, for most of the people you see there have obviously been going there for thirty years. The young people dine down town, and quite possibly not so well.

As for the grass where the children used to play-the back campus is filling up with buildings for the quantity production of enlightenment; the cathedral still has its green lawns, but now that it has become a ten-milliondollar institution it serves God, not man, and the babies are shut out. Sixstory apartment houses are giving way fifteen-story apartment hotels; to everything costs more and is worth less. That is the way of the world, or at least of American cities. Even now Morningside is a more pleasant place than most, especially in the Golden Pause of the academic year, between commencement and the opening of Summer School, when the one great local industry has shut down.

Then the streets are empty and the atmosphere is calm. Nicholas Murray Butler has gone off to Europe (or perhaps to a Republican national convention which will fail to nominate him for the Presidency); there is nothing to do but stroll on the campus, and stare in the library windows, and watch John Coss think. But presently John Coss stops thinking and goes into action; for he is director of the Summer School, entrepreneur of the greatest mass migration in history since Moses led his people out of Egypt to their first stop-over on the long road to West End Avenue and Riverside The Summer students come Drive. in, and Morningside looks like a city captured by an alien enemy; for the rest of us have moved out, leaving swept and garnished apartments to be rented to rural school teachers who can be counted on not to kick up the furniture or burn holes in the rugs. Alien enemies they may be when they come, but they go home to Indiana and Tennessee to tell the folks what a good time they had in New York.

Morningside is Columbia-but not yet all Columbia, and the difference is good for Morningside and for New York. Our university grows like a cancer; every now and then it reaches out and buys another apartment house, and turns it into a dormitory for women school teachers. In another decade there will be nothing on Morningside but Columbia, and not a man will be resident between 110th Street and 125th but the janitors and firemen of women's dormitories. That will be hard on us who still find Morningside better than anything else we can get for the same money; and hard, also, on our town.

For every time an apartment house is turned into a university dormitory it means another victory for Unkultur. No apartment house conducted for profit in a competitive business could afford such poor service and sloppy



fortunate women housed in the dormitories are sometimes compelled to answer a questionnaire about as stiff as that which confronts a suspected agent of the Third International at Ellis Island. They have to recount their history and confess their proclivities in detail not so very much less searching than was demanded by that famous questionnaire of two or three years back which inquired into the practices of the normal married woman. Dormitories which are supposed to be reserved for women graduates who have reached the age of discretion, if they are ever going to reach it, enjoy rules and regulations that would look like blue laws to most boarding school girls. And the suspected persons who must be so carefully supervised are for the most part school teachers who could walk through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil. They are, with praiseworthy exceptions, safe. Possibly the idea is to make them feel at home; but that is the last way visitors to New York want to feel, even if they ease themselves in via the Columbia Teachers' College.

They complain that the rigors of Ellis Island make America unpopular in Europe; but America, perhaps, can stand that. The hardships of Columbia dormitories, the growing difficulty of finding any house on Morningside which is not a Columbia dormitory; the absorption by the university of those apartment houses in which widows by the hundred lived by renting rooms, and didn't mislay mail, or forget telephone calls, or ask impertinent questions-all that may conceivably bring our city some ill will in the interior, where it has ill will enough already. We could more easily forgive a garment manufacturer who insulted a buyer (assuming that any garment manufacturer ever would, which takes a good deal of assuming) than a university which discommodes our useful advertisers, the school teachers of "the sticks."-ELMER DAVIS

THE NEW YORKER

management as you find in most of





A Kind Man

URELY, he needs no introduction. If you take Scribner's or the Ladies Home Journal you read his genial moralities on books. If you are a woman who improves her mind, you have heard his cordial lec-

tures. If you are an old Grad. of Yale, you know Billy-you've thrilled with Billy over the virtues of Tennyson or of the Campus. If you're none of . these, and yet can read, you have seen his name attached to quotes in book ads: ever so enthusiastic praise about ever so many novels, dispensed by Professor Phelps for the brief season ere they passed away.

A most successful, flourishing gentleman, you take Even if the endless it. novels he discovered to be "splendid!" died the death. You're wrong.

Kindness has killed him: kindness to others. When, nearly forty years ago, this graduate of Yale and Har-

vard announced that he was going to be a teacher, it was clear to the group of men—already large—who loved him, that literature, "noblest of the arts," and teaching, "noblest of the professions," had gained an athletic champion. Here was a new kind of pedagogue-as new in his field as Roosevelt was in his: and indeed the two men were friends and played tennis together and always the face of Billy Phelps was bright when he spoke of Teddy. Phelps was tall, square, clear-eyed; his words came in volleys of decision; he had enthusiasm of the sort which in America more usually went to the boosting of political bunk, or to the selling of commercial gimcrack. And William Lyon Phelps was "out" for literature! for the love and the spreading of letters! He was going to popularize high thinking with

the vim of commerce. This was a contemporary Phelps, extolling some new event in 1892!

And this has been the at least outward splendor of his career. Born in New Haven in 1865 and a teacher at



William Lyon Phelps

Yale since he was 27, Professor he has believed and he has tried to Phelps has stood before many generations of students and of pedagogues, spreading an infectious gospel. He has believed in his gospel; he has believed in his audiences; he has been convinced throughout that they could carry off and make their own the fine freight of his lessons about books. And by a subtle, invisible, sinistersmiling process, the audiences of Professor Phelps have rotted the substance of his intellectual faith, have softened the lines of his critical acumen. Until at the end, this man who gave his life to bind all brothers and all sisters in the spell of beauty became a spellbinder giving to the crowd what the crowd liked: a promoter of shoddy in place of masterpieces.

Stand gently by, O young and cruel

all the vigor of pioneering, with all critics who are wont to laugh at the treacle by Hutchinson or some carpentry by Wharton with the same high adjectives he once reserved for Marlowe and Dostoievski. Stand by

him gently ere ye judge this parser of Longfellow for ladies who in his truer self lauded the clean obscenities of the Elizabethans. For irony has made a prey of a gifted gentleman; nor has tragedy disdained him.

If you could hear him at Yale Chapel read the morning lesson of the Bible, your caustic mood might grow more meditative. Never was a more gallant, more authentic reading of the Divine Account. No exhorter's snuffle, no priestly sing-song, no ministerial condolence-Phelps makes the word living and robust: a high, grey man speaking Truth before you. the Phelps is a Christian. All his days and all his nights

act as his faith told him a Christian shall. The same clear yet sumptuous voice uttering a Psalm speaks in the house he lives in: in its unobtrusive hospitality, in a certain forthright purity of tone within the very walls of his New England mansion. He has read and he believes his Bible, like a lover. He has lived with his wife like a lover. He has taught English to bully boys-coaxing them from football to Browning-like a lover. More (and here we come to the root of the matter) he has accepted America, accepted democracy, like a lover. A lover convinced that all is well; a lover convinced that this mob is noble, that this particular pack of sentimental protestations about liberty and equality is true.

Kindness. Let me encourage. Let

me foster, warm, smile.... Was this what his Christian doctrine and his American doctrine moved him to? He was too large of heart to say No. And the toll of his benevolence through thirty years is that his Yea counts little. He has his following. But the youth to whom he has given his life—even that part of it which thrilled when he taught English turn from him and become ashamed to admit that they were thrilled.

In the first days of the war, Professor Phelps was a Pacifist. Did not Christ tell us to give good for evil? He took the chair at a Pacifist meeting at Yale, at which David Starr Jordan was the principal speaker. And the crowd who had loved him when he taught them the thrills of Shakespeare, awake now to the greater thrills of legalized and sanctified murder, threw rotten eggs at Billy Phelps! Did he see then, that he had won their love by getting down to their level and giving them—professionally—what they want? Perhaps. But not long after, the Professor saw the lightand declared war for his own part against Germany.

There is another true story about (All flatt this man who, after championing the Russians and the most virile masters of old England, grew even more famous by heralding a hundred bad first American novels as "splendid literature." Once, by chance, there came to study under him a boy of genius. (This was late in his career.) And the lad, warmed by him like all his students, went away and wrote a novel. And gave it to his teacher. Had not Phelps inspired him to do his best, to put the truth as he saw it into lovely forms? Phelps read the (All flatt ish.) He what cou them, more for? (A And now grey hea equipment persed. spirit of wistful. Perhap

manuscript and was shocked. This would never do. Not in America! In France, there were people like this. In Russia, it was good and true to write so. But America, the kind land, the pure land, America the happy? He had the boy in his library. First editions marshalled to the ceiling, and the log fire crackled.

the log fire crackled. "No," said William Lyon Phelps, "I can not recommend your book for publication. Listen, my friend, and I shall tell you why. I have made one mistake that covers all my years. I have been too kind—and too willing. I have praised too many books, not because they were good books but because the authors were good, deserving fellows. I must put a stop to this. I shall begin with you."

So, after extolling contemporary brass for gold—because it was kind, because it was comfortable, Phelps tripped into irony at last, and thrust the true gold from him.

Deeply he knows that he has erred: and he is among the unhappiest of men. He was no fool; but he elected to be good to fools. (All crowds are fools.) He elected to believe in fools. (All flattered democracies are foolish.) He elected to serve fools-and what could this mean but to give them, more or less, what they asked for? (All popular demand is folly.) And now the folly sits on his own grey head. And the fine critical equipment he was born with is dis-persed. And the nervous, athletic spirit of his life grows flatulent and wistful. And this man, who thirty years ago prophecied true American books, finds no creator of them all to

Perhaps he was too eager to succeed,

although success as he wanted it was merely to serve and to love—surely no ill desire. Perhaps he was not eager enough first to understand. To understand that to serve, often one must hurt: that to serve a democracy, one must be willing to stay despised and alone.

And yet—and yet, you shall not shuffle him off too easily, O cruel critics. He dreamed to be an intellectual leader—and his chief leadership is over flabby women. He dreamed to be the prophet of beauty; and he has praised more tinsel than any other critic of his stature. He has hurt what he would help, depraved what he would love—in the name of truth and in the name of beauty. But even in his failure, he has given us much for he has given himself.

Irony when it sears makes an interesting song. Tragedy, when it kills, kills what is contemptible. So William Lyon Phelps has a true value for us. He personifies the most American of disasters: the disaster of Good Intentions, when they are not fortified by intellectual hardness, when they are not drained of all sentimental juices. Professor Phelps, who has placed before his classes so many poetic tragedies to study, gives us at the end the tragedy of his career. Gives us the tragedy of the attempt at public service which does not begin with service to the most ruthless personal ideal.

Kindness has killed him—kindness to others: and killed the possible uses of his kindness. What we need for nurture is a cool rigor of the mind. If only Professor Phelps had dared be kinder to himself . . .!

-SEARCH-LIGHT

DESPITE all that urging and prodding, the city registration was lighter than at the last election. Far too many New Yorkers take the position that it makes very little difference whether a fountain pen maker or a song writer be given a chance to fail to introduce efficient government into our city hall.

THE HONORS ARE HIZZONER'S

The news has leaked out that Mayor Hylan is reading a book, the first in eight years. Senator Walker, it will be recalled, did a book in twelve.

RADIODIUM

OF ALL THINGS

John Hays Hammond, Jr. has discovered a way to send eight messages at a time on one wave. In our bigoted opinion, this is almost exactly eight too many.

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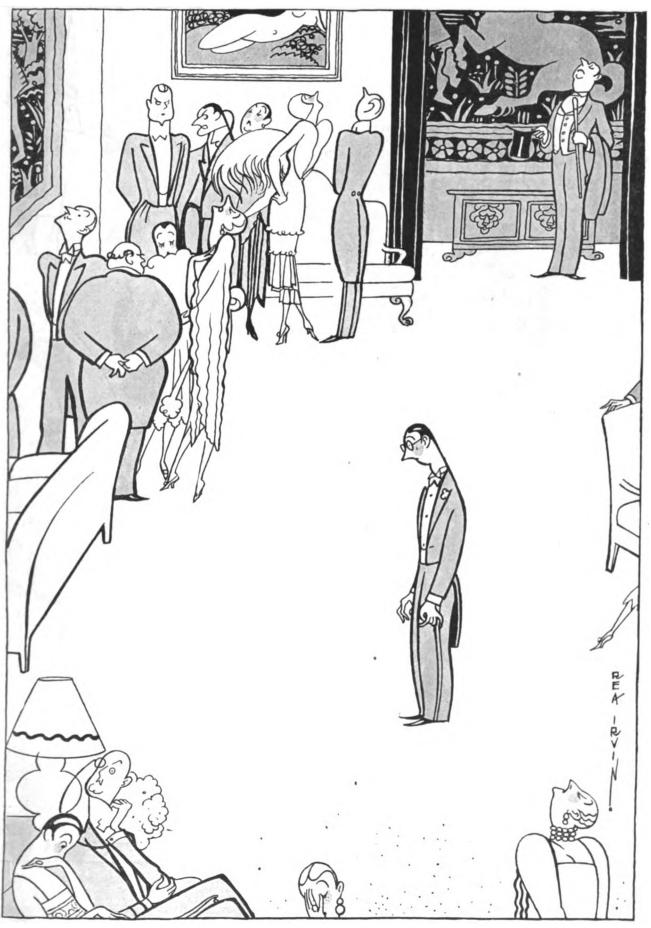
A BOOKWORM TURNS

This page is willing to lose its reason over the differences of Mitchell and the Navy, of Bishops and Brown, and of the Army and Notre Dame, but lower than that it refuses to sink. It absolutely declines to care how the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite comes out. The University of Amsterdam is going to spend six months discovering a cure for the common cold. Rah, rah, rah, Absterdab!

The franc is skidding again, and Caillaux is framing another funding proposal. This one will be an ultimatum or, at any rate, an antepenultimatum.

A dangerous trade is that of a French finance minister. At any moment he may be hit by the falling franc and knocked off the floating debt.

-Howard Brubakfr



SOCIAL ERRORS The Young Man Who Told A Clean Story





THE ART SEASON IS WITH US AGAIN

and its opening is made especially auspicious this year by recognizing George Bellows (with the aid of the cata-the Bellows Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan. logue) and incidentally recognizing old acquaintances Herewith is pictured the select multitude enthusiastically which this notable early event inevitably brought out.

THE CURRENT PRESS

RIVEN by that necessity which hangs at the heels of all great commercial enterprises wherein huge sums of money are invested, the newspapers of to-day have cunningly fortified themselves against that bugaboo of other times, a dull day in the news. So shrewdly have they fashioned their daily produce that the ebb and flow of spectacular events is no longer able to create a parallel rise and fall in circulation. The newspaper reading public has been taught to take sensation in its stride-and also to take in its stride slack times, when the happenings recorded on the front pages are trivial and unamusing.

This condition, which it was necessary to bring about before the newspaper publishing business could consider itself a stable and constant trade, a safe harbor wherein to anchor the handsome funds which it attracted, was wrought by developing a backbone which depends not in the least upon the rise and fall of news: in short, the high perfection of comics, daily essays, verse, commuters' wit, women's pages, fiction pages—all the invariables which we group under the name of features.

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These features, generally speaking, are terribly bad. Little else could be expected, indeed, since they are the product of craftsmen who must perform, whatever their state of soul, once in every twenty-four hours. Their stream of wit and invention, naturally, must be reduced to its lowest minimum if they are to endure, for any length of time, at their high salaries. But they manage to be good enough, despite the cruel pressure of their work, to hold the circulation of their papers at a predetermined and only slightly fluctuating figure. And in one or two cases-I am thinking of Rollin Kirby and H. T. Webster of the World, Clare Briggs of the Herald Tribune, and Rube Goldberg of the Hearst publications-they manage to be entertaining an astounding number of days out of the week.

But these features, which have come to serve for many readers as the very body of their papers, are entirely overshadowed by that other powerful and entirely synthetic element in the daily press: the enormous exploitation of professional sports. Such an aura



of importance and profundity have the papers thrown around the daily antics of five or six hundred hired playfellows, that it has become a national axiom among the Babbitts, that "Ninety percent of the men turn first to the sporting pages." The sporting departments, at least of the New York papers, have attracted the very cream of the talent among reporters. At least one such writer displayed such intellectual force in the recounting of baseball games that he was made the daily essayist of, his paper, and later came to succeed James Huneker as critic of men and affairs and art.

Even leaving this gentleman out of consideration, however, the quality of writing in the sporting pages is, in the large, much superior—wittier, more emotional, more dramatic and more accurate—to the quality of writing that flows through the news columns. What news reporter is equipped with the feeling for sensuous color that one finds in Grantland Rice, for example? He can give a methodical and rather stupid baseball game all the glamour and vivid flame of a gladiatorial combat.

No newspaper writing of my acquaintance moves with the sardonic humor of W. O. McGeehan of the *Herald Tribune*. The *Times* staff of professional game watchers writes finer detail than the *Times* staff of world-event watchers. And Hype Igoe, of the *World*, writing about a prize fight or a prize fighter and his manager, deals with his second-rate people and their second-rate dreams and emotions with a direct bluntness and fervor that is quite beyond the more dignified members of his paper's staff.

Some notion of the weight of power which sports hold in the press might be given by reciting the experience, two years ago, of the *Evening*

World. It was decided, I am told, to dispense with those editions printed after 4 p. m., to close the day's news without recourse to those cunning charts and diagrams, those breathless, distraught telegrams from the scene of action which generally make up the afternoon front pages. Within three months, the Evening World lost 100,000 of its 385,000 readers. At last the error was perceived, the late editions revived, the front page embellished more than ever with the bristling figures of game results, and after a year of hard fighting the 100.000 was recovered.

The weeks that have just gone past, say the last three or four, represent one of those recurring periods when the current press has depended entirely upon its sporting writers and its features to keep the public interested. The general news has been depressingly dull and tedious. A speech by President Coolidge; the merger of four hundred million or billion dollars worth of bread factories, divers holdups and government investigations; the visit of a debt commission from France; the unromantic theft of a vast quantity of jewelry from a millionaire's daughter-these have been the burden of the contemporary and ceaseless clamor. In the olden days, with no more moving stuff than this to read, the populace would have abandoned its newspapers until something happened to rouse a general and conversational interest. But, this time, the sports were there. Having literally conceived and reared that phenomenon known as the World's Series, it occurred just at the proper moment to be thrown into the breach. And the National Air Races-something better than ordinary sport because of its conceivably scientific interest-took place. These were enough to make the front pages dramatic and emotional and excited. And the reading public never asks more.

The World's Series, despite its basic triviality, made interesting reading because the men writing of it displayed uncommon ability. Grantland Rice, veteran of a dozen such contests, never poured out his heart more feelingly. George H. Daley, who writes for the *World* under the name of Monitor, sent vibrant dispatches from the field, which somehow made the



"Thought you was joinin' the Navy, buddy." "So did I, Sergeant, but I couldn't pass me Pathé News screen test."

event under way there seem important. And McGeehan was there with his ironic seasoning. His interest lay with the Boniface crowd which was profiting hugely from the contest.

"Moore knocked a home run," he mused. "And the Pittsburgh hotel keepers and the owners of the teams chuckled, envisioning to-morrow's crowd."

Millions of words were written on the seven games, and most of them were good—vastly too good for the event which inspired them.

The air races invoked one extraordinary and penetrating story, the unsigned account in the *Times* of the day following the Pulitzer race. The reporter responsible for this story displayed something vaguely related to genius when he told the simple, overlooked truth, and yet made it intensely dramatic. He saw, as none of the other reporters saw, that the race was between motors and not men. The victor's motor ran faster, and he won the race. Yet, drawing his drama from the mechanical roar of dumb machinery, the Times man made a stirring tale of it. The other reporters, it seemed, were too deeply intrigued by the circumstance that men were in the machines to realize that the machines themselves were the story.

Despite, however, the preponder-

ance of sport news and the pervading dullness of the front pages, I found four stories during the past four weeks that bore the hallmark of distinguished work. Two of them were the work of professional reporters. And the other two, the best two, were written by amateurs at the business.

The latter are the articles composed by Lincoln Ellsworth, Polar explorer, which appeared in the *Times* Sunday magazine, and the description of the wreck of the Shenandoah, submitted by Commander Rosendahl as an official document.

Ellsworth's story, an intimate chronicle of his own magnificent adventure with Amundsen, bore perhaps unconsciously all the merits which the late Joseph Pulitzer established as the best technique of newspaper writing. The piece was written fully enough not to be cramped or crowded, it was intensely dramatic without the induction of false or sentimental values, it was restrained but it was emotional enough, and its facts were set down with an easy and surefooted authority. For all that it was a personal adventure, the episode was viewed with a dignified aloofness, and yet through it ran the current of a deep and memorable feeling.

The story had form, virulence and Locarno vio a subdued passion. And it made gor- Mr. James. geous reading.

THE NEW YORKER

Commander Rosendahl's story was more staccato. Its enormous power was derived from the very matter-offactness with which he described a thrilling affair. It was like a story by de Maupassant in its austerity, in its bitter restraint. I do not think it would be possible for any professional writer, under the circumstances, to write so splendidly.

For some unfathomable reason, the *Times* did not print the Rosendahl story in full. And such editing as it underwent was bad—directed by a sentimentalist who sought only the overtones while he stood oblivious to the sweep of the integrated narrative. The *World* and the *Herald Tribune* carried all of the story, to their high credit.

The two professional performances to which I have referred are those of Mr. McGeehan in his story on the death of Christy Mathewson, and Edwin L. James, of the *Times*, in his despatches from the conference at Locarno.

Christy Mathewson, for all that he gained his fame in a trivial enterprise, was a noble fellow who died a noble death. It was McGeehan's task to tell us of the death, and to assure us that it was overcast with nobility of spirit. He did. Which was enough.

It will not do for me to go earnestly into the Locarno story, because I don't believe you have read it. Few people read such deeply important chronicles, because they are dry and dull. But if you have been reading it, you have no doubt observed the thoroughness with which Mr. James has trounced his veteran rivals of the World and the Herald Tribune. The voluminous facts appearing exclusively in his stories may, of course, be credited to a large and well trained staff, a thoroughgoing organization which the Times employs for the gathering of all important news.

But Mr. James's stories are praiseworthy in another regard: for the clear vision with which he observes the activities of the plenipotentiaries, the prescience which enables him to plumb and gauge their diplomatic sorties, and the embracing perspective he has upon the whole impressive affair. Mr. Doschfleurot of the *World*, secure in the knowledge of his own sterling worth and unfailing effectiveness, need not begrudge the Locarno victory, which has fallen to Mr. James.

–Morris Markey

FRA~NCE

O-DAY, my loves, we shall dis-cuss Fra-nce and touch on the French (nat-ives of Fra-nce) love of im-moral-i-ty. Fra-nce is a Gal-lic coun-try (estaminet) sit-u-at-ed too far north of the Tor-rid Zone and too far east of A-mer-i-ca to ac-count for the hot blood (la pa: hine) of the nat-ive Frog. On the map Fran-ce looks like a pic-ture of the com-pos-ite bleed-ing heart (d'heiuiseésisse) of Wil-li-am Beebe Dan-i-els. The French-man (Frog) is to be dis-tingwished from the rest of stum-bling human-i-ty (franktannénbommè) by his inor-din-ate love of the Fre-nch (pro-duct of Fra-nce) Farce at which he spends all his waking hours, and his wor-ship of the Gra-pe (booze) at the im-bib-ing (gozzlinnge) of which he spends the rest of the night. Fran-ce was dis-cov-er-ed before you knew it by Ju-li-us Cae-sar (a Ro-man) who im-me-di-ate-ly di-vid-ed it in-to three parts: one for the man-u-facture of the Fren-ch farce (see ab-ove) an-oth-er for the man-u-fac-ture of the var-ia-tions on grape juice (le cingelissèmnetippieu) and the third for the er-ection of a great fac-tor-y to breed innum-er-able prime min-is-ters, pol-lit-ical fac-tions, hat-red of Ger-man-y and small poin-ted beards and mous-taches (mous-taches).

As an ex-ample of the ex-treme ar-tistic in-dus-try of the French, the Farce div-is-ion turns out at least six thou-sand, three hund-red and two and a half differ-ent var-i-a-tions on the sex tri-angle (Λ) theme eve-ry twelve hours with two shifts work-ing. These, in the long run on Broad-way, whereto they are event-u-al-ly ex-por-ted, are ex-act-ly the same in spir-it, but are heart-ily en-joy-ed by mid-dle aged A-mer-i-can moth-ers. These fraus (*ces gorillisses*) love to snicker obscenely over the hid-den euphemisms that are pain-ful-ly ill-con-cealed by the Har-vard fresh-men trans-lat-ors.

Fra-nce is al-so rec-og-nized be-sides for the in-ven-tion of such terms as "bougwah" and "vin blink," for hav-ing been the chief fac-tor in a rec-ent conflag-ra-tion which you may have read about and in which ten mil-lion men lost their li-ves. As her pay-ment of a spi-ritu-al debt to the world on this ac-count, Fran-ce is ex-por-ting to her anx-ious-ly crav-ing cred-it-ors im-mor-al mag-a-zines for the Mid-dle West of A-mer-i-ca (Les Boneheaderie), shock-ing dresses, late loving meth-ods, news ab-out the Ruhr, lovely nov-els, pro-bi-tive pic-tures and handsome souvenir post card views of the Eifel To-wer (une grandissemnet plongèré). Con-tra-ry to rum-or she has no pro-duct known as mo-roc-an bind-ings.

The chief ex-ports of A-mer-i-ca to Fra-nce in-clude large bon-ed (des groaninistes) sin-gers who go there to im-prove their high C's (les painfulle notts), young Kan-sas art-is-ts who leave here to discov-er the Cap-it-al A in art and wear cor-du-roy smocks and bag-gy bre-eches on the Boul 'Mich', and many mil-li-ons of tour-ists (les insensate dombelles) who go to stu-dy re-lease of the re-pres-sion. There was an at-tempt made to in-troduce the uk-ul-el-e (alohalloloola) in-to Fra-nce but it fai-led owing to the French Ac-a-demy's in-a-bil-i-ty to reach a de-cis-ion as to wh-ether it was a musical in-stru-ment or an-other 'Ger-man plot.

Now to touch on the French love of im-mor-al-ity. Rub your hands in glee, child-ren, for you are go-ing to be rewar-ded for hav-ing been so pat-ient in wait-ing for the best part of the dis-cussion. In-stead of in-dul-ging in nor-mal (grossipipisse) A-mer-i-can thoughts the Fren-ch-man is said to spend his time in lov-ing six wom-en and wives in a lump, read-ing Mau-pas-sant un-ex-pur-gat-ed, at-ten-ding the naugh-ty Folies Bergère, in-vent-ing an-other way, tak-ing champagne from the in-cum-bent ladies' slippers, ges-tur-ing in ep-i-grams (monkeemots) ag-ainst A-mer-i-ca and gen-er-al-ly slip-ping from or-gie (La Pashe) to or-gie (La Pache) à la Balzac.

Now, child-ren, you can eas-i-ly see how this would af-fect the jeal-ous-y (*la* graum envée) of the Pur-i-tan con-science. But for any child brought up with an eye to mod-er-ni-ty, it will ap-pear that ev-en if the French-man does in-dulge in these hor-rible or-gies, they seem ra-ther tame to what the child of ten knows to-day. We who have been brought up in the A-mer-ic-an cin-e-ma the-atre and have read our Freud, Ebing and Ellis know bet-ter, do we not, my lambs? Therefore let us be as in-dul-gent with the poor over-rat-ed French-man as we are with our own par-ents.

The next les-son *mes enfantsterribles* will be about German-y and the Rhine Frank-fur-ter and Beer Sit-u-ation.

-Theodore .Shane

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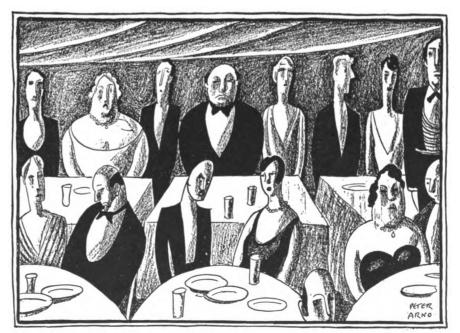
BUTTER AND EGG

Night clubs are my hobby; I like to see rural Oafs stand in the lobby And gape at a mural.

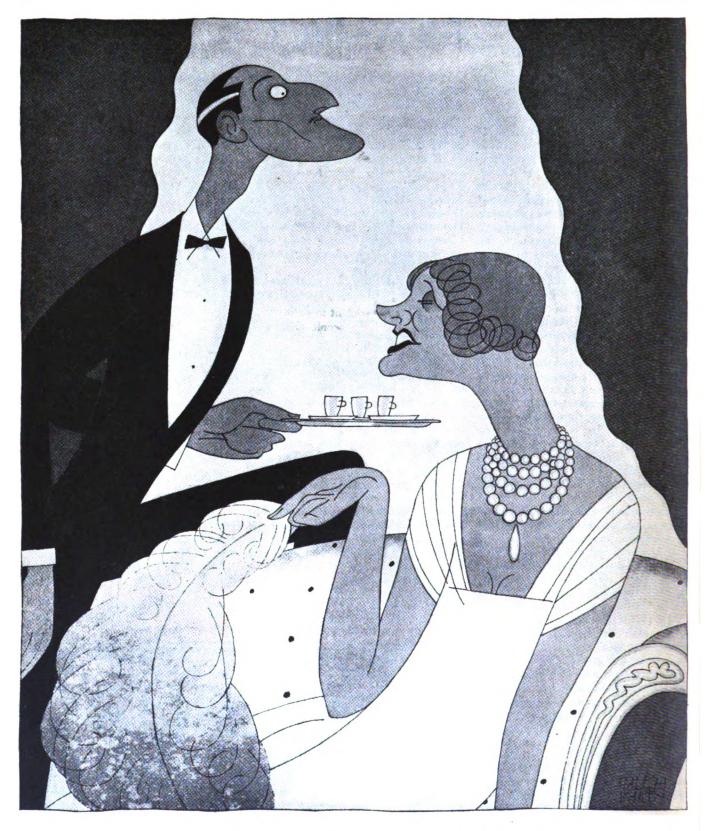
TO MISS MANHATTAN

- If skirts make maidens good or bad, Or long or short they be,
- And fashion's rule, subtract or add, Controls propriety,
- Then hey, what proper maids were they, And loath to have their fling,
- Whose skirts were made the modish way When Louis, Grand, was king.
- So, Miss Manhattan, when they say Your morals must be slack
- Because the skirt you wear to-day Seems longitude to lack,
- Reply that dress has naught to do With morals or amours,
- For Nell Gwynne's skirt concealed her shoe,

And so did Pompadour's. —Arthur H. Folwell



NIGHT LIFE



LOVE TREATED LIGHTLY AT THE LYCEUM

Miss Elsie Ferguson Shows Us What She Can Do When She Likes

M ISS FERGUSON, as the Grand Duchess, and Mr. Basil Rathbone, as the Waiter, in the delightful comedy by Alfred Savoir, which deals with love as only God and the French know how to deal with it. The piece is not likely to amuse those who play golf, read the Saturday Evening Post, woo like Englishmen, talk about Florida, or find it possible to be entertained after sundown by playing poker. It is incidentally all about the fallen Russian nobility.—R. B.





The Theatre

THE Stagers, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, have an interesting, honest and intelligent play to their credit in the newlyproduced "A Man's Man." The rapidly growing group of readers who swear by this department's critical judgments is earnestly advised to see the new play immediately. Try not to go all on the same night, please.

"A Man's Man" is concerned with picturing a slice of what Patrick Kearney, its author, calls the middle generation, which lives along the elevated. For the purpose there are revealed Melville Tuttle and Edie Tuttle, man and wife, God help them, he an ignorant, hopeless, analphabetic clerk with social visions of membership in the Elks, she a wistful, pathetic, frustrated pretty girl with a delusion that she resembles Mary Pickford and is thereby destined to win fame and fortune in the movies. So she is first act intermissioned by a loud, noisy vulgar fellow who promises her stardom and heavy wages, but it turns out that he is as unable to deliver these consummations as he is to get Melville into the Elks, which was yet another sideline promise he has made. Melville. a physical weakling, is utterly unable to impose the bodily torture demanded by the code of despoilers of the hearth. And for the final curtain, then, they are revealed with even their petty pretenses to each other stripped from them, hopeless and tired and beaten in their own right and yet clothed in the warm, dishonest glow of one of the greatest of the great frauds and delusions, the hope for the children who will come after them.

It is not a particularly pretty play, obviously, though it is unpretty more by what it indicates than by any actual sordidness in the writing. Mr. Kearney, save for some attempts to indicate the boob nature of his leading protagonists with oft-tried satirical mat-

ter that he is unable to handle, has limbo reserved for revivals of "A written his play in a straightforward and one-dimensional manner, content to show the measure of their unhappiness by their pathetic attempts to manufacture it from the scanty materials of life with which a Divine Providence has seen fit to supply them. They are third-rate people, the Tuttles of the world, and Mr. Kearney has rightly realized that they shall no more make a higher grade than, to make a display of erudition, a rich man shall enter Heaven by lifting by his boot-straps. (Any Tuttles who subscribe to THE NEW YORKER are advised that it's all in fun.)

There are two fine bits of acting to the proceedings at the Fifty-second Street Theatre. They are by Dwight Frye and by Josephine Hutchinson and the final quiz at the end of the term will contain questions about both of them. Mr. Frye, you must know if you've been going anywhere at all except the National Winter Garden .these last few years, is a fine actor always. Here he has a human part and he makes the most of it. Miss Hutchinson, except during a brief raid with the Ram's Head Players last Spring, has not been seen on New York stages before. She is beautiful. direct, intense and possessed of the emotional reserve that this department has just about decided must be a part of the equipment of any actress who wants its coveted Gold Star Award.

There is much in "A Man's Man" that meets the requirements of the many shouters for good native drama. They should rally to its support. If they don't, this department will try to leave passes in their name in the



Little Bit of Fluff," "Flesh" and "Jane-Our Stranger."

A VERY amusing time is to be had at the Lyceum, where now there is Elsie Ferguson in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." This will be true even for those who, like this department, have these many years deep in their hearts known that their violent enthusiasm was not, after all, for Elsie Ferguson the actress.

George Jean Nathan will let you know how closely Arthur Richman's adaptation has followed Alfred Savoir's original, (and then, if you care about those things, you can look it up yourself and find out how nearly right he is). Faithful to the French or not, Richman has turned out an agreeable piece of work. There is the opportunity for a happy leer on the face of the observer who watches Basil Rathbone incognito (he's really the son of a President of Switzerland) attempt and achieve the conquest of the Grand Duchess Xenia, (Miss Ferguson). And nothing can be a really bad play that gives Allison Skipworth, as a lady in waiting, the opportunity to denounce the terrible Petrograd Summer of 1917 when her innocence was taken advantage of by brutal red soldiery, several times.

It is perhaps too much to hope that Miss Ferguson will read these obscure lines. But if someone should call them to her attention-won't she please ask Mr. Gilbert Miller, or Mr. George C. Tyler, to revive some good Restoration play for her? This department is prepared to furnish a list.

MAN and boy, we had seen one "Hamlet" up to Saturday night, October 10. Walter Hampden's, on the night of October 10, was the second. With luck, there will be no more. Unless, of course, Ethel Barrymore goes in for playing Ophelia as a regular occupation.

Miss Barrymore as Ophelia provided this deponent with one of the greatest joys of his theatre going life. As if by magic, the years dropped from his shoulders, the gray left his hair, those telltale wrinkles vanished from around his eyes, and no longer was his mind full of thoughts of mergers and nasty old bonds and the thousand other worries of the worka-day world. He was young again, and there was beauty and grace and sweetness and a voice like silver in an endless world.

We have, as aforesaid, seen "Hamlet" once before and have even read it, college entrance requirements being what they are. It is not for us. We dare say Mr. Hampden was pretty good.

T the Lyric there is a good mu-A sical play called "Holka Polka." There has been some denunciation of the piece because it has no book at all, but we think denunciation of this kind is ill-advised. It might have had a book. The Harrolds, Orville and Patti, are in it and as tuneful as could be desired. There are three or four good songs, and one of them, "Spring in Autumn," was equally as good when, under the name of "Save a Kiss for Rainy Weather," it was the song hit of a Century Roof revue called "Round the Town" that was foully done to death by as unintelligent and corrupt a set of reviews as New York's newspapers have ever printed.-H. J. M.

To Be Reviewed Later:

"Craig's Wife," "Weak Sisters," "The Glass Slipper," "Arabesque," "The Enemy," "Antonia," "Lucky Sam MacCarver."

Music

O UR Society for the Suppression of Sonatas is making progress, thank you, and we are pleased to an-

nounce the election of Miss Katherine but Mr. Liebling's pianism needs no Gorin and Mr. George Liebling to honorary memberships. Miss Gorin contrived to give a piano recital without one of those youknows on it, and Mr. Liebling also provided an afternoon's music without benefit of dirgey. Mr. James Friskin has been designated an associate member, having played Beethoven's G major sonata, Opus 14, No. 2, a little work which is so charming that you'd never suspect it of being a sonata. The other pianists of the season, to the time that we typed out this report,---the Messrs. Harris, Rubinstein and Ziegler-must wait for another meeting of our membership committee. Mr. Harris was blackballed for the Brahms second sonata, Mr. Rubinstein for the Liszt, and Mr. Ziegler for the last Beethoven.

The season's first week of piano playing, by the way, brought to public notice a variety of artists, all of whom were fully justified in hiring a hall and sending tickets to the critics. Mr. Liebling, one of the few Liszt pupils extant, placed before us his own "Heroic" concerto, with his gifted nephew, Mr. Leonard Liebling, furnishing the orchestral background at a second piano. The Liebling concerto suffered, of course, from lack of fiddles, trumpets, clarinets and other instrumental accessories, although the younger Mr. Liebling did all that anyone could have asked to fill the want. This "Heroic" is good, sound, tuneful music of the old school. The modernists may make snoots at it and the classicists may deplore the sentimental passages, but it comes off, which, after all, is the test of a concerto. The composer-pianist played it as the pianists who have become almost legendary were supposed to play-with the "velvet touch," the "pearly pas-sages," the "crisp octaves" and all of the rest of the virtues whose passing our piano professor used to mourn. There was a bit of patronizing commendation from some of the critics,

apologist.

Miss Gorin, a débutante, experimented with a set of Haydn variations which were not her business-variations really are nobody's businessand with Brahms, who also does not yet make her feel at home. Her Chopin, however, proved that she is a performer of definite merits, and she may in a few years develop into a pianist like that able artist, Olga Samaroff, whom, incidentally, she resembles in her stage manner and possibly in appearance. We don't mind telling you when a tenor looks like a saxophone king, but we're not going to compare ladies ..

Mr. Harris was discussed genially, as we recall it, in last week's NEW YORKER. Mr. Rubinstein, always a sound young artist, is beginning to find a place of his own. He plays brilliantly and lyrically, and if he will consider himself herewith absolved from future performances of such compositions as the Liszt sonata, he will meet with the success which he deserves. Mr. Friskin is about the best Bach and early Beethoven player in our town, and the only competitors that he has anywhere, to our knowledge, are Wanda Landowska and Harold Samuel. But Mr. Friskin plays everything well and his only flaw seems to be psychological rather than musical; he seems to hesitate to let himself go in romantic music, al-. though his Bach has delicious abandon. Nevertheless, ladies and getlemen, here is a pianist for you!

Our last victim for this installment is Oscar Ziegler, a Swiss artist of rather imposing technical attainments, who horrified some of the folks by interleaving the Seven Short Pieces of Honegger with seventeenth and eighteenth century music. To be reasonably honest with you, a string of Honegger is rather taxing and so is a load of passacaglias, ariettas, gigues and the like. Mr. Ziegler's notion



of alternating the Honegger business with Scarlatta, Rossi, Arne and their fellows, seemed to us quite diverting, and certainly not monotonous. One of the Honegger pieces, in keeping with the tradition of modern French music, was an amusing transcription of "Chinatown, My Chinatown." -R. A. S.

Art

WHEN the coming elections are over and the new voting machines idle for a year, we are going to ask for a loan of them for a little project of ours. It's about time for some sort of a plebiscite to determine how many painters there should be per thousand of population. It seems to us that the local quota is becoming oversubscribed. Perhaps a better plan would be to draw lots and move some of the artists to the less afflicted parts.

As New York gets wickeder and the population increases, artists spring up over night like mushrooms. An exchange system whereby New York ships back one artist for every ten grain and cattle men the West sends on to see the nude revues, might be arranged without bloodshed and with benefit to the West. We are confronted, as we usually are every other week, with one of those viewpoints that seem exactly opposite to the smug apperceptions with which we went to bed the night before. Tingling with the taste of raw America, rising from the mail pouches, canal boats and bootblack stands and putting its soul on canvas, we suddenly find we are fed up. If they would only vary the story we might go on for weeks blowing the trumpet and marching around the walls. But about the next time another great soul pulls itself out of the direness of life, by chinning himself on mere paint brushes, we shall flop to the Macbeth and Milch forces. We are very unfair, we know; but that's how we live with ourself.

It's about time you knew: the exhibit is at the Weyhe Galleries, paintings and drawings of Eva Bernstein. List to her story. Out of Russia, via the overcrowded Volga boat, she came to the East Side. Three little strangers came to bless her idleness. When these were through "ateing op all the eppelsauce," Eva turned to art. This, I believe, is her first show. When Eva turns to flowers we think she is good. She has a fine feeling for form and balance and she sculptures considered as art, of course, but since these are more recent and were not



out her tables and vases. Outside. with Provincetown before her, she is very weak Rockwell Kent plus less than two per cent Gregoriev. Go see her show and call us a two-faced liar. Don't call attention of the Lucy Stone League to it, but we feel that women turning to oils for outlet, become even tighter and more repressed than man's civilization has made them. Mary Cassat excepted.

***HERE** is a beautiful show for those who ride in carriages and remember when they dined at Delmonicos, etc., at Arthur H. Harlow & Co. The exhibit is of etchings and dry point and drawings in color by Hester Frood. The former never depart from tradition, are soft and persuasive, and are always as lovely as their subjects. They are the sort to make the traveled swell with mild pride and the poor to blink with envy. The names roll off the catalogue: Cloisters at Gravedona, Carcassone, Les St. Maries de la Mer, Villeneuveles-Avignon, and so on and so on. Once or twice among the drawings we were about to shout and say here she has shot the works. But on closer inspection we found that she has been as careful and as historical as she has in her other calculations. It was only that the scene photographed was more robust. A pleasing show, and elegant.

FAR cry from the Geneva confer-Aences and the headlines that daily tell you of the sweet German moods, is the bitter irony of Forain. In a comprehensive exhibit at Frederick Keppel & Co., the Frenchman vents all the ardor of a non-combatant.

all the subjects are of the war, it is difficult to look at them only in terms of line and form. Forain has that rarest of gifts, economy. Combine that with a beauty of line and the merest hint of color, and you have his story.

***HE Macbeth Gallery announces** a group of "American Masterpieces generously loaned by a private collector of Homer, Inness, Wyant, Brush, not for sale and exhibitd solely for the enjoyment of lovers of best American paintings." The quotes are theirs and we can add nothing to their story.

And that would be about the week, what with a few exhibits ending betore you get this fallible guide. If you have not seen the Bellows exhibit once you should do so immediately. It will probably be years before you have such an opportunity of seeing Bellows in this number and arrangement. At the Metropolitan until November 22.—M. P.

Books

HERE, for a change, are some of the new non-fiction books worth looking at. Two that anyone with an eye and an ear is likely to carry home are "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans" (Knopf), which is sixty-six of Covarrubias's caricatures, and "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking Press), which is sixty-one of those, words, music and special musical arrangements.

"The Drifting Cowboy" (Scribner's) is more of the writing and drawing of Will James, who with "Cowboys, North and South" and this book does for the present day range rider what "The Log of a Cowboy" did for his Long Trail predecessor, and does it much better than Andy Adams was able to; we could read him and look at his bucking brones all night. J. Lucas-Dubreton's "Samuel Pepys" (Putnam) is a spirited French evocation of Pepys as amorist. Edith Wharton on "The Writing of Fiction" (Scribner's) is interesting of course, even though she says comparatively little that an intelligent professor with a Henry-Jamesian outlook on fiction could not have said, except in her appreciation of Marcel Proust.

"If I May" is still another bookful Not that he was. They should be of A. A. Milne's essays and sketches;





LO, THE POOR INDIAN! A poignant moment from "The Vanishing American," a sentimental recounting of white man's injustice towards a dwindling people, told in movie terms on an impressive background of Western Scenic Splendors.

contributed to Punch. Our favorite among them is "A Village Celebration," which we like as well as anything of Milne's in its line we know. And "Here's Ireland," by Harold Speakman (Dodd, Mead) is the alert, engagingly written and most entertaining record of a Summer's travels with a donkey-in contrast to the usual, My-Impressions-of-Ireland volume, which is written by the donkey about politics.

HE foregoing will betray an attempt to escape for a week from reading novels. We couldn't, altogether. In two cases we were glad we had not. "Saïd the Fisherman," by Marmaduke Pickthall (Knopf) appears to be brand new only in this American edition, but if Pickthall is new to you, as he was to us, you had better sample him. Saïd is at once a real Arab, a romantic superior to Knoblock's Hajj, and the makings for a possible Syrian Peer Gynt. You will not need E. M. Forster's assurance that Pickthall's Near East is genuine. Bulk for bulk, Paul Morand's novel, "Lewis and Irene" (Boni & Liveright) is less fun than

large the horizons of youngsters who Englishmen for the real thing.

Hugh Walpole adroitly hints in his dedication that for aught he knows, his "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair" (Doran) is allegorical. It obviously is, but the allegory doesn't amount to much compared to his bold experiment in the eerie; the Man With Red Hair is a horrible sadist, with a torture tower and two jiujitsu experts to assist him. There is gooseflesh in the tale and plenty of it, cspecially where the deliverance of a girl from his power is spoiled by a fog. But with all this apparatus and resort to melodrama, it didn't raise our hair as effectually as Walpole had by the simplest means in "The Old Ladies," when Agatha prowled at midnight into the room of the terrified May.—Touchstone

Motion Pictures

ROM the skyline ballyhooing which preceded it, "The Vanishing American," now safely ensconced

his best short stories, yet it should en- in the way of the mighty history of a passing race. It turns out to be, have never come across him, and are however, a Famous Players version mistaking certain imaginative young of the "Indian Love Call," based on a Laura Jean Libby treatment of miscegenation, with a dash of subtitle writer's philosophy and a lot of glorious scenic beauty thrown in for good measure. Not forgetting, to be sure, Mr. Zane Grey's acting as authorgod-papa to the whole mince-pie.

Such being the case, it would seem that honors should go to the weightyminded subtitle gentleman and his ally, Dame Nature. In conjunction with that Lady, he has limned, rather loosely perhaps, but always interestingly, the genesis of the Redman from somewheres behind a rock and followed him up to the heights of power and then down to the depths of reservations. But here, with the advent of the domineering white man, the philosophic writer goes overboard and Mr. Zane Grey takes full command. The tale, hereon, is written to amuse the young ladies at Miss Spence's Fine School, who like to have a good cry in bed before they fall asleep.

It has to do with an unscrupulous at the Criterion, augured something reservation agent (as played poorly

indeed by Noah Beery) who cheats and bullies the poor Indians, fallen from wood-majesty to field-peasantry. Nophaie, last of a race of legendary Red heroes, (as played by Richard Dix with as sour a face as was ever intended to suggest an Indian with an outraged sense of justice), champions them, only to lose his life in quelling an uprising. By his little generous act, Nophaie succeeds in saving his people for a quiet slipping into oblivion. He also nips in the bud that case of miscegenation which has been developing between himself and the pretty schoolmistress who wears high heels and a marcel on the reservation and who has taught him all about the Bible.

From which it can be seen how profoundly the idea of the disappearance of a once mighty race is brought out. As far as truth or profundity 15 concerned the Miss Spence's tale might as well have been termed, "The Vanishing Cigar Store Indian."

A^S the centuries vainly chase each other into the oblivion of eternity, they tell us that life is forever being created, forever dying. All is in a state of flux; everywhere there is endless change, newness, movement. And further, they tell us, the world of spirit moves: upward and higher, who knows? Yet one human phenomenon prefers to defy the laws of life and remain statically placid. We refer to Miss Mary Pickford, Amer-

ica's Sweetheart. She alone, in all the chaotic swirling, continues to perform as the ageless screen child, the grown woman who refuses to lengthen her skirts and be mature, preferring to usurp the throne from which she was deposed years ago by Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan. The formula for her cinematic placidity repeats and repeats. She is forever playing the street gamin who rises from social squalor to social gifts. There is no evolution of mind, no thought that the world may have advanced a bit, no spirit of adventure into something more intelligent. O the profound bliss of it all! O marvel of keeping so young! Of being able to retain such sweet simplicity in a world that heaves with war, accounting and subway construction!

Which will be about all from us. We merely are trying to announce that Miss Mary Pickford is to be seen at the Strand in her latest work, "Little Annie Rooney."

UT three more rosy-cheeked ap-Boles remain for dissection and then you may go, Little Soldiers. First, at the Rivoli, is a specially-prepared piece written by Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer for Miss Pola Negri. She appears as "The Flower of the Night," named after a mine of the same appellation. Two things impress one about the affair. One is that Miss Negri actually exudes sensual appeal as no marble Venus ever did, and that Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer ought to know better. He has come a long way

from such a startling type of picture as was "Wild Oranges" and seems somewhat under the influence of Mr. Zane Grey. "Fine Clothes," at the Capitol is number two. This semicomedy derives from Ferenc Molnar's stagework, known first as "Fashions For Men," and later, when the purer appeal wore off, as "Passions for Men." As it now stands, it rates a C plus, being rather lukewarm and slow for a good two-thirds of its path and suddenly warming up into gay satiric life at the end. Here it plays just about as Molnar himself meant it to play and the Pennsylvania Board of Censors will object to its being played. Raymond Griffith is to be found in the All-American cast, but he appeared rather misfit in his part. Which brings us to "The Best People" and then school is dismissed. This particular apple, is a gift from Avery Hopwood to the Paramount Corporation. But during the unfolding of the tale of a rich father who neglects his children and so leaves them to be preyed on by chorus girls and chauffeurs, Mr. Hopwood has neglected to employ his favorite prop, the bed, or lit, as the French quaintly put it. And he really ought to have done so, for the picture needs something to rest on lest it collapse from pure feebleness. -T. S.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 34, the list of new books worth while on page 16.

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

- HERE is, for instance, the Book Borrower. Whilst she is giving you the details of the Brompton divorce Or telling you how well her little sewing-woman (Why are by-the-day seamstresses always diminutive?) Copied the brown Molyneux at Bendel's, She browses along your shelves Taking down volumes here and there Without putting any of them back, So that the next time you look for "Modern Bridge Tactics" You are likely to find it, few servants being college graduates, Next to the comedies of Aristophanes. She invariably carries away something you haven't read yet-Louis Bromfield's "Possession," Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian
 - Glass Nephew,"
- Or Mrs. Arnold Bennett's discourse on her husband.
- She contributes another slab to a celebrated pavement
- By promising to return it on Thursday.
- If "Human Traits and Their Social Significance" were a snake, etc.

But it's just your luck that it's not.

There is also the Scissors Man.

He arrives at an inconvenient morning hour Inquiring if you have anything to be sharpened,

And since there seems to be something in a parlormaid's religion

Which requires her to cut rose stems with library shears

And point pencils with a fruit-parer,

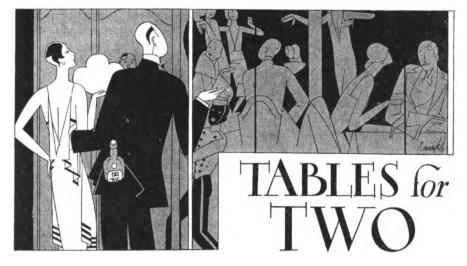
- You usually have.
- The Scissors Man disappears with your assembled cutlery.
- He returns with it after a brief interval
- Asking from three to five dollars for his services. . . .
- Well, the Bible is right about a great many things.
- "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him,"
- Especially if he is a temperamental Italian
- Armed with your own Steinached butcher knife.
- It is certainly wiser to believe one's ears

Than to have them sliced off.

- IT TAKES ALL KINDS
- TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD





HE Park Avenue season is now officially started, though its prize ringside exhibits are not as yet to be seen dinner-dancing with any great regularity. And, right here and now, I am beginning my little campaign to refute bitter charges that I never write up good places, such as Sherry's, the Marguery, Pierre's, the Piping Rock, and so on. The difficulty has been that I have been so enthusiastic over the opening of the new night clubs and the rejuvenation of the town after its Summer's calm, that I have not felt like settling down to an investigation of places so uniformly good that everybody takes them for granted.

Last week, however, I dutifully went to Pierre's for dinner. This restaurant has always depressed me a great deal, but it has been sternly pointed out to me on numerous occasions that nobody goes to Pierre's for a gay time. The real people go there to be among people they know and to feel at home. And the others are there to see the place where society dines, and go away feeling very much out of it. To me, in my present gay and dashing mood, the main attraction of any dining and dancing place outside the home is an audience containing (a) a few theatrical people of the better sort, (b) a few ultrasmart members of society, (c) one young couple who dance as if they enjoyed it. Other people, who are less gay or less dashing, however, do not feel the same way. Since its removal to Park Avenue after the war, Pierre's is the miracle of the restaurant world in that it consistently attracts the most conservative members of good society. This despite the fact that the food is admittedly only fair and the acoustics are so bad that rather indifferent dance

music, voices, and clattering dishes make a veritable din about your ears. A great many people agree with me that it is dull and that it can never hope to equal its model, the old Sherry's, but the Best People continue to entertain there for lunch and dinner regardless. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do.

I CAN'T help it if places like Katinka (newly reopened for its second season) interest and amuse me much more than the conventional evening just described. I like music, and informality, and gaiety. All of these are to be found in large quantities at this tiny Russian restaurant, where, directly after a heartrending presentation by the orchestra of the Volga Boat Song, in a romantic dim light, the table next to you is quite likely to amuse the Russians in turn by agonized renditions of "Sweet Adeline."

There is dancing at intervals, while the orchestra, in its quaint Slav way, claps enthusiastically and occasionally bellows in a manner most complimentary to the Harvard proprietors, "If you knew Susie, as I know Susie..." There are special sandwiches à la Katinka, compounded of red caviar, chicken, black caviar, and bacon, which are delicious but substantial. Also, a dish called "Flaming Mushrooms" which I valiantly ate directly after my sandwich with some effort. The entertainment is endlessly resourceful-vaudeville of the Chauve-Souris type, a spectacular dance by the bus boy on request, gypsy singing, and impromptu entertainment by any guests so inclined.

Most Russian places are distinctly soulful after midnight—Katinka allows you to remain soulful just long enough to appreciate the noise that follows. It stays open until about four on week day nights, and, on Saturdays, just as long as the guests choose to stay. It is also open for dinner, which I have not tried, but which undoubtedly is good. Pardon my youthful enthusiasm. Go and see for yourself.

THE Club Alabam has recently enriched the night life of New York by a new negro revue, which I will not recover from in some time.

Why, why, why do producers make up a negro show of Limehouse tragedies in pantomime, Moorish pageants, and Spanish fiestas? Why do they put the greatest natural entertainers in the world to work at copying second-rate vaudeville whites? If it hadn't been for the fact that I got terribly hungry at about two o'clock and had, in this way, remained to see the 2:30 show, I would have been acutely miserable. But at 2:30, the entertainers burst forth with some inspired buck and wing dancing, some slightly ribald blue songs, and a great amount of pep, thereby saving my life. The Alabam has been completely done over in Spanish style, with colored imitations of Hunt Diedrich's bull fight iron work along the walls. The orchestra, which is as good as ever, wears gold braid on its uniforms. The feature of the decoration, however, is the fact that the lighting makes your cigarette burn with a white phosphorescent light. Which in itself is worth going miles to see.

Dinner is served there Sunday evenings from six to nine o'clock which is a good thing to know if you happen to have a restless escort on your hands.

LATE in the month, Robert of the Elysée is opening the Restaurant Robert, at 35 West Fifty-fifth Street. The decorator is Winold Rice, who decorated the Crillon, and who promises a unique color scheme of purple and apple green. This, combined with financial backing from very good people, and Robert's expert knowledge of French cooking should make the new restaurant a smart gathering place.

Rumor also hath it that Don Dickerman, scientist with the Beebe expedition and proprietor of the Pirate's Den, is making Hallowe'en eve memorable by a new place called the County Fair and decorated accordingly. At 54 East Ninth Street.

-Lipstick

THE NEW YORKER



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XI. The "New Yorkerette"

IN order to increase the healthy spirit of coöperation among the Pressmen of THE NEW YORKER and cement their friendship for this magazine, the editors have permitted these workers each week to publish THE NEW YORKERETTE, a miniature NEW YORKER, containing the gossip of the Pressrooms. The circulation of this little publication among the men employed in this branch of THE NEW YORKER's vast plant alone is bigger than the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* combined, probably by Mr. Munsey. As an example of the coöperative spirit of a great magazine, we are privileged to offer below some sample pages of



THE TALK OF THE PRESS-ROOM

Watch Your Step, Johnny

The Annual Outing of the Pressroom Boys at Palisades Amusement Park last week has given rise to several positively cat-like stories that are going the rounds of the shop; and at least one of them seems worthy of being printed here:

Although we mention no names, it scems that one J-hn O'T--le, who works the second linotype from the left, was very sweet with a certain young lady all the way out to the park, and then sat with her all the way home again. Now it just so happens that this young lady is the steady of a boy-friend not a hundred miles from here, who is quite clever with the gloves; and yesterday John O'Toole showed up to work with a badly discolored optic.

It doesn't take a mathematician to put two and two together—even though Johnny swears he stumbled over a chair in the dark.

Suspicious

Heard in the Pressroom lockers: Harry T.: Say, why do you always go to the movies and sit in the back row, Bob?

Perhaps Mamie B. D. can shed a little light in this. How about it, Mamie?



OF ALL THINGS

PRESSMEN STRIKE. — Headline. Two more strikes, and the public will be out!

Ben Rootle, the staff bootlegger, says he believes in ghosts. Probably he believes in *spirits*!



Profiles

Just a Good, All-Around Fellow

Opinions may differ about Mr. Randolph McAnkle, the head of our Pressroom and the man who hires us and fires us, as the case may be, (ha, ha, we were only fooling, Mr. Mc-Ankle) but to your correspondent he is just a good, all-around fellow,



foursquare and on the level, and a perfect peach.

Yes, sir, they don't come like Mr. McAnkle, and your correspondent wouldn't have him think for the world he is just saying this to get that raise that is due him since last December.—SAM'L V. CRUPPER, JR.

TABLES FOR TWO

The boys who step out in the pressroom will find that there is swell music and classy janes at the Roseland Dancing Academy, if they want to drop in some night after the movies; and anything goes (?!!!). Those present last night from this department included: Miss Eilcen Guinnety with Chas. Roskin, of this floor, and Ed. O'Shaunnessy with a blondie; also the Mawruss Bros. who stagged it. Charlie says you got to hand it to Jo's Classy Orchestra. Right, Charlie!—LIPSTICK

THE MAKING OF A GREAT MAGAZINE

A feature of the work of printing a great magazine like THE NEW YORKER that has been neglected in this series is where do the Pressmen get all those funny caps labeled "Moxie" and "Gold Medal Flour"? Well, as a matter of fact, those caps are given to us by the "Moxie" people as a sort of an ad, like, and we wear them. Five dollars worth of these hats, if laid end to end, would be exactly equal to a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

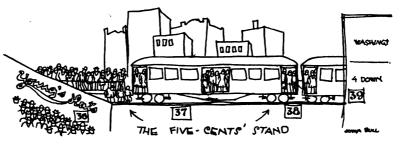
'HERE were your seats for that Army-Notre Dame battle which took place recently at the Yankee Stadium? Mine were wonderful seats. For a World's Series. Directly behind the pitcher's box, one was in a splendid position to

observe the shoots and curves of a big league boxman. But somewhat less well placed for a football game. In fact one envied the gentlemen up in those five cent seats on the elevated platform of the 168th Street Station. Perched above the Young's Hats sign in deep center, they had a perfect view of the conflict for a nickel, while those of us who had been forced to give up five dollars for seats behind home plate might as well have been sitting in Forbes' Field, Pittsburg, for all we could see of the game. So far were we, in fact, from the scene of activities, that it was almost impossible between the halves to hear the band stationed on the Notre Dame side for the amusement of that mob of eighty thousand-probably the largest number that ever saw an athletic contest in New York City.

This Mr. Rockne, the Notre Dame coach is the David Belasco of football. His lines are perfect, his effects supreme. But this year his best efforts lacked badly that element of surprise so necessary to the proper execution of a winning football play. For instance, that dramatic effect gained by starting one team and replacing it with another team at the beginning of the next quarter. The Army expected this. So after running the first team ragged, they proceeded to score a couple of touchdowns against the newcomers. And that forward pass tossed out by Notre Dame from under the shadow of their own goal posts in the second quarter, which just missed the arms of an Army back. Again you see the opposition was

ready. And speaking of forwards; the passing game for which Notre Dame is famous, and justly so, was at times distressing.

Notre Dame, so we are told by the gentlemen who write sports for the daily press, is the school where several thousand boys spend six or seven months a year tossing footballs back and forth. They run to classes throwing and catching them, they heave them across the campus to each other on the way to lunch, they run downtown passing a football through the



maze of traffic in South Bend by way of keeping in practice. At night, before going to bed they even step out in the corridors of the dormitories and throw a few passes just to keep their eyes in. But yet, against the Army, those passes refused to come off. Behind 13 to 0 in the second half, they heaved a desizen long passes, not all of them sinking into the arms of those alert backs from West Point. But several did, resulting in touchdowns. One or two were completed with long gains for Notre Dame. But far too few to have any effect on the score.

HE Army, on the other hand, used L the pass as they used everything else, just about as it should be used. Not an indiscriminate slinging of the ball about the field in an attempt to shake a man loose; but unexpectedly, dramatically, at the psychological moment. The pass which scored Army's second touchdown was perfectly executed. The ball was on the five yard line, fourth down, and the goal to go. The Notre Dame defense was drawn off to the left by a feint, and a short sharp stab was tossed to Captain Baxter the Army end, who stood alone behind the line with no one to prevent his receiving it. It must have done Coach MacEwan of West Point a world of good to see a play pulled off as that one was. And it was symptomatic of what was to come against Yale on the 31st of this month at New Haven, and against the Navy at the Polo Grounds on the 28th of November.

There was a dramatic moment at the start of the second quarter. "Noter Dayme" as the enthusiast beside me called it, was behind thirteen points. But a good many teams from South Bend have been in the same position and ended the game a win-

The situation was far from hopener. less. When from the penetralia of locker rooms under the grandstand, Coach Rockne appeared leading his men. Marshalling them before the stands, he led them at a trot across the field, exhorting them as he did to greater efforts in their last opportunity of the game. They fought, that team of Rockne's, fought for all they had. But Hewitt, and Wilson, and Baxter, and the rest of the West Point team knew too much football. They had the power, and they knew just when to apply it. Notre Dame had the guts; but the Army had the goods. Which in a word explains the first victory for the Army over their rivals since 1916. A great team this one from the Plains: watch them against Yale on the 31st. . .

BOUT the time that the news of ABOUT the time that the filtered Mr. Rockne's defeat had filtered over the wires northward to New Haven, something near seventy thousand drawn spectators were getting their breath as they shouldered their way out of the Yale Bowl with the immediate score, Pennsylvania 16, Yale 13, staring down from the already deserted scoreboards. Here was the October foundation upon which two teams hoped to build a championship reputation. And the cornerstone was carved with Pennsylvania chiselled in letters too deep for even a mad bull dog to erase in the last twenty minutes of the game.

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No one will question the dramatic heights of the third quarter, after the blind fury of the Elis had fought sixty yards to chalk a six opposite a sixteen, then torn down the field again, and hurled a magnificent forty yard pass, Noble to Wienecke, Noble firing through the waving arms of three Penn men, Wienecke leaping up over the heads of three more to receive safely on the two yard line. Six more minutes to play! Α Yale team unleashed at last, a bewildering whirlwind of blue. And then a fumble, recovered by Penn!

No one will deny the thrill

that came when not even this could stop the desperate Yale eleven, starting a few precious minutes later from their own twenty yard line, sweeping what had seemed an unbeatable team backward down the Bowl, aerial attack after aerial attack, until Noble took his quarterback's pass on the run for a thirty yard headlong sweep over the line. Pennsylvania 16, Yale 13! Everyone felt the significance of the whistle which cut off the rally.

But there will be many, probably as many as forty thousand blue supporters through whose memory the recollection of the first half, will slip . . . a half when Leith of Pennsylvania maneuvered Rogers and the great Kruez through deceitful triple passes and, just as the Yale scientists were at work trying to solve the mysterv, sent Kruez, through the wavering, puzzled line with a drive which would have carried him as many yards through sheet steel. The histrionics of the Second half make one forget the sheer smartness of the Pennsylvania team in the first. The score for sheer smartness was sixteen points; the old Yale spirit was worth thirteen.

Yale did suffer from the absence of a few. It was Allen, star back, rushed into the game at the last moment, who finally stopped Krucz' headlong career; it was Joss, coming back into the second half, who made Yale's left flank a tower of strength, as Sieracki of Pennsylvania had made his side impregnable throughout the whole game.

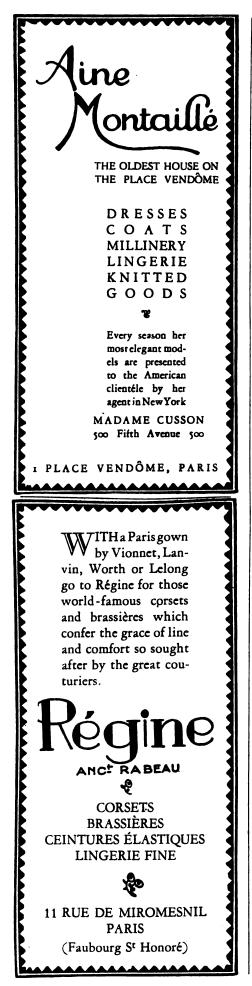
There were many times when that Yale team looked like one of those magnificent clevens of the "moral victory" era, lightning backs, grayhounds for ends, giants at tackles-a team individually spectacular which gained and gained, until it came time to take the profit in scoreboard figures. Never at any time did they have the perfect timing, the oiled easiness of the Penn aggregation during the first half. When they came near to winning in the third and fourth quarters, and they did come near, within three points, it was because they had something which many have lost for the lack of, that spirit which sends men back to line up with a run, which carries away adversaries with the insanity of desperation. They broke up that smooth running, smart opposition, tore it to shreds-but it had beaten them first .- J. R. T.

.

IN THE SUBWAY

I grasped her, I clasped her, I leaned upon her with all my weight, When the train began to accelerate; She almost flopped When the damn thing stopped. We reeled together out of the train, And I hope I never see her again. —A. VAN STEENBERGH





PARIS LETTER

Paris, October 5-

I HAVE observed a curious phenomenon lately which I put down to a bad dinner I had last week; but the thing has come up again and so I must mention it. There's probably nothing in it, for Society, as I understand it, never really does anything daring. How could it? But it is this—the mode to-day seems to be contraries. That is to say, to be really smart you mustn't be smart at all; to be dressed in the height of fashion you must wear any old thing that looks as if your maid had given it to you.

Of course, the English have been doing that for centuries, so that most Americans expect to see Duchesses look dowdy and would be outraged to find them half as well dressed as one of our average stenographers; but in Paris! If it's true, it's certainly something new in Paris. And by the way, just to be more cussed, they say now one mustn't on any account go to Biarritz, but go to, of all places, Monte Carlo which all the world thought was ruined forever by American Red Cross nurses.

HOWEVER, don't take this too ser-iously. The new Chaplin film is much more important. People actually fought for entrance the other night at the opening. They applauded all during the picture, and half the house was prostrate with laughter when it was over. Marcel Duchamp brought a whole boxful of friends and the whole crowd comically went through the ceremony of wringing out their handkerchiefs after having tried in vain to dry their tears of joy. As for other amusement, it appears to be the thing to go to a music hall. The most mighty swells attend; the kind of people you never see on the street anywhere in Europe. At the moment the entire city is quivering with excitement over the Fakir, Tahra Dey. He has been at the Champs Elysèes Theatre, and has attracted the whole world. His dressing room, we are told, is filled with flowers sent with little warm notes from Princesses, Countesses, and others not less elevated; and he has been entertained in royal ways that would leave the finite American mind utterly flabbergasted. One night he was seen at The Florida with Georgette La Blanc and a party, the next night at the Acacias with Cecile Sorel and other notables. On the stage he affects a saint-like mien and a mystical flowing white robe; he stands with folded hands with eyes turned heavenward, even while they poke twelve-inch hat pins through his cheeks and gleaming daggers

man with a short beard in European clothes inclined to prosaic plumpness. I suppose he can't help that, though.

And he's coming to New York, at what is said to be a colossal figure. The idea is that American audiences are less difficult than French. The French audiences are horribly difficult. The moment one of the Fakir's tricks drag they begin to hiss and boo. But nevertheless they love him, which I don't think the Americans who have been educated by Mr. Houdini will do.

Also coming is Maurice Rostand, son of the immortal Edmund, for the Winter season. He is one of the most amusing young men in Parisian literary, or, to be more exact, aesthetic circles. He is truly the poète fatale, although short with squarish shoulders; he is always a study in black and white, he wears very high heels, he rarely covers his long black hair with a hat, and he tosses his locks much in the manner of our own Edna Millay. He also is one of the few people alive who can wear a flowing tie and give the impression that it is the most natural sort of thing to do. When he recites his poetry, he slips out on to the stage, almost surreptitiously, and stands quite at one side before a blue-bordered, grey velvet curtain, clasping the drapery with his wan. pale hands. It's quite something to look at as well as to hear, and one succumbs even if one doesn't understand half of what he says. Audiences declare they choke and turn hot and cold freely while listening to him.

Which is enough of personalities except that there is one George Antheil, a jazzmaniac, who has written a ballet called "Mechanique." It is really very wonderful. It sounds like three people: one pounding on an old boiler, one grinding a model 1890 coffee grinder, and one blowing the usual seven o'clock factory whistle and ringing the bell that starts the New York Fire department going in the morning. It's good but awful.

sent with little warm notes from Princesses, Countesses, and others not less elevated; and he has been entertained in royal ways that would leave the finite American mind utterly flabbergasted. One night he was seen at The Florida with Georgette La Blanc and a party, the next night at the Acacias with Cecile Sorel and other notables. On the stage he affects a saint-like mien and a mystical flowing white robe; he stands with folded hands with eyes turned heavenward, even while they poke twelve-inch hat pins through his throat. Comes the dawn, as the movies say, and you see a rather short





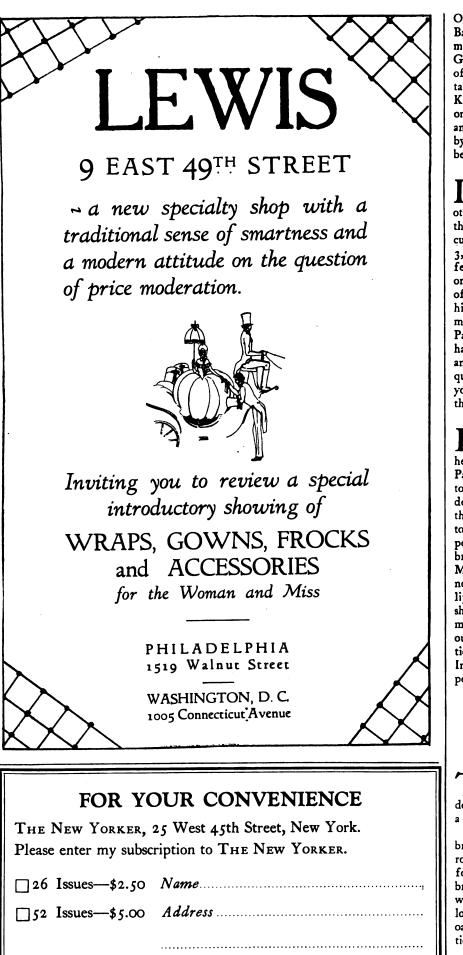
17, zue Vignon Aris -

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My RBOR

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29



Ogden Mills, Mrs. Esmond O'Brien, the Barcaly Warburtons, and Muriel McCormick, the last looking exactly like Mary Garden from the back—the same manner of dressing, the same charming Continental bow from the waist. Also noted was Kelekian, the autocratic art dealer, betting on everybody's horses except his own; and Madame Alma Clayburg saying goodby to so many friends that she couldn't be bothered watching the races.

AST but not least this week is the Autumn Salon, which opened the other day and is, if possible, more cubical than ever Salon was before. Who said cubism was dying? After looking at the 3,000-odd canvases, you go out with a feeling that one of your eyes may be orange and the other pink and that one of your shoulders is certainly six inches higher than the other. There's an enormous list of exhibitors, and among them Paul Tchelitcheff, a young Russian who has worked with the Blue Bird in Berlin and the Russian ballet; he has two very quaint pictures indeed, and the point is, you will probably see them in New York this Winter.

I'M sorry I can't talk about the American scourge. Americans are still here in plenty, but the worst is over, and Parisians are having to find something else to complain about. There's always the debt to go gloomy about, of course; but the most disturbing news of the week, to me at any rate, has been that the Paris perfumers are launching a campaign to bring make-up for men back into vogue. Men did it in the days of Louis, so why not now? It isn't at all improbable that lipsticks for men-a larger size-will be shown in the windows in the next few months. Can you imagine what some of our big hotels will look like at convention time if the fad takes in America? In all seriousness, however, it may happen to Frenchmen.-GENET

BECOMING AN OATS ROLLER

THE position of Oats Roller in an Oatmeal factory is one that is seldom sought after by young men, yet it is a calling that will well pay investigation. As is well known, when the oat is brought to the factory, it is long and narrow and pointed at both ends. In this form, of course, it cannot be used as a breakfast food. It would not go down with the general public any more than a long, narrow pointed pill would. So the oat, to be properly prepared for consumption, must be rolled into a circular shape.

In ancient times oats were made round by dropping them, one by one, from a



high tower, but this process proved so slow that something had to be done to speed up production. So the modern method of rolling the oats along a polished plane something like a bowling alley came into general use.

But the young man who is desirous of adopting oats rolling as a career should not start with the idea that it is a soft snap. The work is grueling at times; and upon all occasions, care must be taken that no curve is caused by the roller's method of delivery. The oat must leave the hand at the head of the alley in such a manner that it does not vary a hairbreadth from a straight line during its progress to the bin at the other end. The slightest curve will naturally make the oat unfit for use. Thus it can be seen that oat rolling is a very skillful profession. The roller must have absolute control of his fast one at all times.

Any athletic young man, however, who is a clean liver, should be able to become a successful oats roller. And while the monetary rewards are not, perhaps, as great as those given a big league pitcher, they are adequate for one to live comfortably upon, when it is taken into consideration that all factories in this business give the roller his oatmeal free.

-F. B. M.

THE NEW YAWKER

Yeah, I books a six weeks' tour up

- And I hops across to Europe
- Just to give 'em the once over-what I mean;
- And I heard some school-marms ravin' Over this, now, Stratford-Avon,
- But I wasn't sold at all on what I seen.

Take, for instance, Picadilly,

Old Fifth Av'noo knocks it silly; As for bridges, you just wanna make me laugh;

London Bridge ain't got a look in With the Williamsburg or Brooklyn-

Wait a minute, I ain't even told you half.

Yeah, of course I went to Paris

- Where I runs across Sid Harris,
- And we spent a week in takin' in the shows;

Some of them was good, by gollies,

But they couldn't touch the Follies Or compare at all with "Abie's Irish Rose."

Ever been there? No? Now lissen, Ain't a thing that you been missin'; Little old New Yawk's got 'em—what I mean;

-Fred G. Steelman

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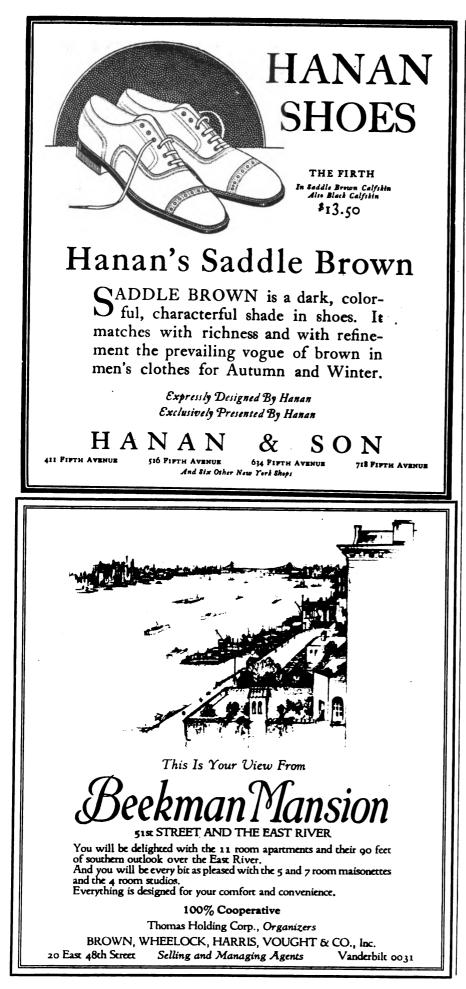
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FUTURE OF THE FILMS

HE controversy concerning the future of the movies is now in full swing and, while we do not agree entirely with either side, a study of developments during the past fifteen years convinces us that the future holds only the brightest promise for movie-goers. As an expert we have been asked to give our opinion of the radical changes which the moviegoing public may confidently hope for during the fifteen years to come. We are glad to comply, with the understanding, however, that we do not guarantee the exact time in which these changes will occur. But we are confident they will occur ultimately, no matter how dark the outlook may be at present. Our Prophecy of Progress is as follows:

1926—The word "occurred" spelt properly in subtitle. "Just We Two" filmed with 12,000 men and 3,500 horses.

1927—Audience fails to snicker when drinking scene in saloon is enacted. "The Choir Invisible" filmed with 13,000 men in the choir, but without horses. Jack Pickford fired.

1928—Taxi fails to appear when hero rushes excitedly out of house and beckons with finger. News reel without picture of Elks marching in Sacramento.

1929—Will Hays resigns. "Alone on a Desert Isle" filmed with 15,000 men and 5,000 horses. Jack Holt goes to Africa for five years' rest.

1930—Newspaper refuses article concerning intellectuality of Charlie Chaplin. Gang leader wears hat instead of of cap.

1931—Director learns there are no burros in Alaska. Director learns that Santa Fé doesn't run passenger trains into New York. Director learns that sidewheelers don't cross Atlantic.

1932—Prisoner to be hanged in morning doesn't see shadow of gallows on floor of cell. Director learns that prison warden doesn't carry thirty or forty keys on large ring. Al Woods announces he will stick to speaking stage.

1933—Character looks at number on house and goes immediately to door without looking at card, pointing to number, glancing at card, placing foot on step, examining card, and then going slowly up steps.

1934—Detectives fail to remove hats in presence of dead gangster.

1935—Orchestra leader comes out of side of pit and takes his place without calcium following him. News reel without picture of baffling blaze in Bangor. Animated cartoon without comical-looking dog balancing self on end of tail.

1936—Busy Captain of Industry eats grapefruit without looking at watch six times. Star breaks ankle while sitting on it in an endeavor to be cute. While

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showing man through dark aisle usher flashes light in front of him instead of in back.

1937—Shortage in celluloid. Ushers hold incoming crowds back out of aisles until outgoing ones have departed. Party of four finds seats together.

1938—Newspaper refuses article on "How to Break Into the Movies." Brave cowboy doesn't make light of injury and attempt to conceal it from heroine. Three performing dogs have mange and will never be able to act again.

1939—Celluloid shortage acute. Jack Holt cables that he has decided to live in Africa permanently. Winter news reel without picture of skiing in Quebec.

1940-No celluloid obtainable. Film industry at standstill.

—Joseph Fulling Fishman

HOME SWEET HOME

(The Russian Colony in New York is greatly interested in the announcement from Leningrad that the prohibition restrictions which have been in force throughout the country for eleven years have just been removed.—News Item.)

WHOOPSKI comrades, hear the news?

Russia's started selling booze! No more do they think it sinful To obtain a royal skinful; No more is it any riski To surround a drink of whisky; No more will you get the knout If you seek to ease your drought; We can all get drunkovitch (We can sleepoff in a ditch); If a Cossack should get mad, We will tell him, "So's your dad!" Down the steppes we all can roll-Folks will only think it droll; O'er the Nevsky Prospect wide We can dance from side to side; Up and down the Kremlin's walls Let us roll the cannon balls! What a time we all will have-Russians never will be Slav! A cafe, or cafeteria We can start-and no Siberia! Let us run our bags to pack, Take the next boat going back. We'll shut up our tea rooms here, Cease our selling nearly-beer. Let us leave the U.S.A., Quickly wend our homeward way. Who cares for a Bolshevik or Anything where there is liquor? Hic-hic-hurrahsky! Sound the drum! Look out Vodka, here we come!

—A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

SMOKING MIXTURE

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DEFINITIONS Commuter

Commuter—one who spends his life In riding to and from his wife; A man who shaves and takes a train And then rides back to shave again. —E. B. W.



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THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, October 23, to Friday, October 30, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-Mr. Michael Arlen inspects a number of artificial Britons under glass and reports suavely in a shining farce. GAIETY, BWay at 46th
- shining farce. GAIETY, B'way at 46th. IS ZAT SO?—Theatrically effective comedy having to do with incongruous relations between your Gotham hard-boiled and highhatted. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46th, W. of B'way.
- AMERICAN BORN—The Dean of the Deans of the American Theatre, to wit, Mr. George M. Cohan, being his extremely pleasant self in a comedy, we suppose. Hupson, 44th, E. of Bway. THE GORILLA—A hirsute member of the
- THE GORILLA—A hirsute member of the Animal Kingdom capering about grandly in a burlesque of the ice-cold mystery play. SELWYN, 42d, W. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN—George Bernard Shaw speaking his usual arch piece, this time about war, in that sly manner of his. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49th, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—A satirico-drama of the Road, or How the Sons of Work Saved the Runaway Lass for Little Red. Boasting Charles Bickford, convincing hobo. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square. THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—The The-
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—The Theatre falls afoul of a doughty lad from Chillicothe, O. and is somewhat worsted. Good comedy from the pen of George S. Kaufman. LONGACRE, 48th, W. of B'way.
- HAMLET—Reviewed in this issue. HAMPDEN'S, B'way at 64th.
- THE VORTEX—Noel Coward prods with his knife beneath the fat of a degenerate order of Briton society. HENRY MILLER'S, 43d, E. of B'way.
- E. of B'way. THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-Assorted Californians making salty comedy of the little tragedy which is a love triangle. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED—An interesting and sombre mood from Brieux concerning the law and its ethics. With the excellent Mr. E. H. Sothern. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT—An ecstatic treat for the softer parts of the heart, fashioned from Diyar Arlen's much mooted work. Katharine Cornell makes it almost profound. BROAD-HURST, 44th, W. of B'way.
- ROSE-MARIE—The first Lady of the Musicomedy Land, as delightful and lovely as ever. IMPERIAL 45th. W. of R'way.
- ever. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way. GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—As good as George White usually has to offer—and a bit better. APOLLO, 42d, W. of B'way. SUNNY—This particular offering to the senses,
- SUNNY—This particular offering to the senses, what with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donohue, will go far, mark our words. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d W. of B'way. GARRICK GAIETIES—The Theatre Guild's
- GARRICK GAIETIES—The Theatre Guild's rosy-cheeked youngsters have a gay holiday at their elders' expense in a madcap revuette. GARRICK, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—The Shuberts doff their accustomed seriousness to present a blithe and risibly primitive revue. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. MERRY MERRY—Revealing, amongst other
- MERRY MERRY—Revealing, amongst other intimacies, the workings of the chorus girl's mind. Versatile Marie Saxon is in it. VANDERBILT, 48th E. of B'way.

- LOUIE THE 14TH-Here's looking at your slithery legs, Mr. Leon Erroll! Cosmopoli-TAN. B'way at coch
- TAN, B'way at 59th. THE STUDENT PRINCE—A glorious score attached to an ornate and grandiose book, derived from "Old Heidelberg." JoLSON'S, 7th Ave. at 59th.
- BIG BOY-Why, Al Jolson has even sung to Calvin Coolidge-and almost made him smile. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44th W. of B'way.
- THE VAGABOND KING—Plot, music, coler and pulchritude—combining into a glittering music show. CASINO, B'way at 39th. NO, NO, NANETTE—Admit it. You must
- NO, NO, NANETTE—Admit it. You must have sung "I Want to Be Happy" at the top of your voice on some mountain top this past year or so. Well, it's from this offering. GLOBE, B'way at 46th.

Openings of Note

- EASY COME, EASY GO—A comedy by Owen Davis with Otto Kruger. GEORGE M. COHAN, B'way at 43d.
- COHAN, B'way at 43d. THE CITY CHAP-A new musical comedy made from "The Fortune Hunter" with Skeets (Richard) Gallagher. LIBERTY, 42d W. of B'way.
- YOUNG WOODLEY—Glenn Hunter in an English importation that was denied production by the London censor. BELMONT, 48th, E. of B'way.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51st and Park-Charming decoration and good music by the Larry Siry orchestra. Anything but crowded at present, and no entertainment for the time being.
- DEL FEY, 104 W. 45th—The rough and ready Texas Guinan and her gang being indefatigable until morning. Not for presidents of Women's Clubs.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Avc.—We are getting tired of telling you that Maurice and Barbara Bennett are entertaining at the most crowded smart dancing place in town.
- crowded smart dancing place in town. CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st—Moss and Fontana providing the *raison d'être* for the presence of an audience of delightful people.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49th—Reviewed on page 24 of this issue. LIDO-VENICE, 35 E. 53d—Calm and cool,
- with pleasant orchestra and clientele.

MOTION PICTURES

- THE DARK ANGEL—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a tale of tender sacrifice. At the Brooklyn STRAND, Fri., Sat., Oct. 23. 24.
- THE FRESHMAN—Harold Lloyd enrolls as undergraduate at Custard Pie College with ticklish result. At the COLONY, Fri., Sat.. Oct. 23, 24.
- Oct. 23, 24. THE GOLD RUSH—Now we're talking. Charles Chaplin, Lone Prospector hobbles about the Arctic Circle. At LOEW'S BURN-SIDE, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 23, 24, 25. At THE PLAZA, Thurs., Fri., Oct. 29, 30.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Spinal titillation to be derived from watching Parisian horrors. At the Aston.
- Parisian horrors. At the Astor. THE PONY EXPRESS—A robust Wild Western read into a page from American Plains'

History. At LOEW'S BRONX HOUSES this week.

A REGULAR FELLOW-Raymond Griffith, the seventh arch wonder, royally kids the Cooks Tour Champion Prince of Wales. At the CAMEO.

MUSIC

- RECITALS-JOSEF LHEVINNE, CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. evening, Oct. 23. A master pianist in a program which contains more new music than a master pianist's program usually does.
 - MABEL GARRISON, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. afternoon, Oct. 24. The return of the native soprano, who is always worth hearing.
 - MARGARET MATSENAUER, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 25. A Metropolitan star in songs.
- JOHN MCCORMACE, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. Why say more?
- GALLI-CURCI, METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. Again, why say more?
- ROSALIE WOLF, ABOLIAN HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. A new artist who knows how to make a recital program.
- HAROLD BAUER, ABOLIAN HALL, Mon. evenevening, Oct. 26. Another master planist.
- EVSRI BELOUSSOFF, CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 28. A 'cellist with a hard name but a beautiful tone.
- CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ABOLIAN HALL, Thurs. afternoon, Oct. 29. These Pacific Coast artists gave a fine concert three years ago and they ought to repeat.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic, Mengelberg conducting. Thurs. evening, Oct. 29, Fri. afternoon, Oct. 30 and Sat. evening, Oct. 31. New

York Symphony, Damrosch conducting. Fri. evening, Oct. 30. State Symphony, Dohnanyi conducting. Sat. evening, Oct. 24.

ART

- BELLOWS-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A conscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.
- FORAIN-FREDERICE KEPPEL & Co. GALLER-185, 16 E. 57th St. Interesting show of war drawings in color.
- EVA BERNSTEIN-WEYHE GALLERIES, 794 Lex. Ave. Up through the soil again with nice form and color and not too much imagination.
- HESTER FROOD-ARTHUR HARLOW & Co., 712 5th Ave. Beautiful and well bred draw ings in color and etchings of castles, lanes and geography of the better sort.

SPORTS

- FOOTBALL-Sat., Oct. 24. At 2 p.m. WASH-INGTON AND JEFFERSON VS. LAPAYETTE, Polo Grounds (6th Ave. Elevated to 155th) COLUMBIA VS. WILLIAMS, Baker Field (Van Cortlandt Express to 215th).
- RACING-EMPIRE CITY TRACE, YONKERS. Daily at 2:30. Last week of local racing.

OTHER EVENTS

- THE ELECTRICAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, last day, Sat., Oct. 24. Labor saving phenomena, gathered under one roof for the benefit of the housewife, and others interested.
- NAVY BALL, HOTEL ASTOR, Tues. evening, Oct. 27. The season's first benefit ball, aiding the National Navy Club.

CLOWN

clowned well.

My circus began the year before I came out. It seemed, once, as though I were utterly alone, dancing in the middle of the floor. I knew suddenly that I was not popular. The stalls of the circus were full. The crowd waited. This was their holiday and they expected to be amused. Forsooth, I thought, I as well as another may be the favorite gladiator. So I cried to the stag line: "Hi, you wet smacks, come dance with me." I was a great success. I did what I could to give them pleasure, and I hope now that it was enough.

The next year I came out. My pictures were in every daily journal, to be leered at by stevedores, thrown in gutters, and caressed by dray horses. My face came to be as well known as that of the ballyhoo man at Luna Park. I went to every respectable party given that year. I spent my mornings at work contriving new words with which to amuse, new gestures with which to astonish. It could not have been for myself that I did these things. It was for the Crowd. The clowning was still excellent.

In the Spring of that year, I married a man whom I thought despicable, because the King and his Court expected it of

HAVE clowned perhaps-but I have me. The Olympic Games had come and gone and the daily journals needed pictures. Daintily, I walked down the aisle, so that the young men and old women might glut themselves on a vision of virginal white purity about to be sacrificed. Daintily, I walked down the step: of the cathedral, so that the photographers might have their fill of me.

> I was given, by the grace of God, a child. It was cried across the country, from window to window, alley to alley, village to village, three months before the child came, that I was in an interesting state. It was announced, again, in every paper and my picture was offered again for the enchantment of stevedores, gutters, and dray horses, with the caption, "BABE COMES TO SOCIETY COUPLE."

> At the end of these things, I came to sue for a divorce and the daily journals declared a yellow holiday. The eager eyeballs of the suburbs were delighted and exercised over my every passion.

> I have lived with the privacy of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. Do not wonder that I remain as a flower that has lost its pollen. The King and his Court have been, I hope, pleased. I have clowned-but I have clowned, perhaps, not badly.



M R. NORMAN BEL-GEDDES, joint producer with Richard Herndon of "Arabesque," that arrived in town this week, all hot from the desert and a Buffalo début, is AQUAZONE addict No. 3527.

From the columns of this magazine's sober London contemporary-the Spectator:

- "Pure water is the best of gifts that man to man can bring,
- But who am I that I should have the best of anything?
- Let princes revel at the pump, let peers with ponds make free,
- Whisky, or wine, or even beer is good enough for me."

-ANON.



Now that Florida is a New York suburb it is only fair that it should be given the freedom and privileges of this city. We have done our bit by sending our Mr. Frazier down there where he is now selling choice case and carload lots. Miami and Palm Beach papers please copy.

+ +

Twinkle, twinkle, little bar, In my pantry-there you are.

-and having got that far we couldn't for the lives of us finish it satisfactorily. This annoys us so much that we offer a brace of tickets to any show in town for the happiest ending submitted before November 1st. And just to make the conditions of this contest original, you need not mention A*******. Address Box H2O c/o THE NEW YORKER.

Junkman: "Any rags? Any old iron?" Husband: "No, my wife's gone away." Junkman: "Any bottles?"

+ +

Answers to Correspondents

- A.D.C. The left hand door and knock three times.
- C.S.H. Try leaving out the orange juice.
- M.C. No dear, turn him down flat.
- C.L.D. You're right. It is the only one supercharged with oxygen.
- F.C. From all-well all the bestrestaurants, hotels, drug and grocery stores or

-PETER PANSY Advertisement.

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NOVELS

- SAID THE FISHERMAN, by Marmaduke Pickthall (Knopf). A somewhat picaresque and often humorous romance of modern Syria.
- LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). A brilliant book-length story by the author of "Open All Night" and "Closed All Night."
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knop/). Some denizens of the Manhattan menagerie of 1924, viewed in the Comic Spirit.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). Wells's best novel since "Mr. Britling," and something of a return to his best vein.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). A farce novel, which gets freshly hilarious results by old familiar methods.
- DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Boni & Liveright). Authentic American life, explored with the help of the new psychology.
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (Knopf). Equally authentic American life, illuminated without obvious assistance.
- PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). A romantic glimpse of some real Charleston negroes, and a masterly portrayal of a hurricane.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's). War's remoter tragedies, exemplified in the life of an Ohio farmer.
- THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (Century). Norwegian pioneers on the Dakota prairie, from a Norwegian point of view.
- SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). The Napoleonic romance Conrad's death interrupted.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). A somewhat satirical and very beautiful eighteenth-century fantasy.

SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (Harper). Twelve, among which any taste in short stories will find a few to please it.

GENERAL

- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS, by Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf). Sixty-six caricatures. Preface by Van Vechten.
- THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS, edited by James Weldon Johnson (Viking Press). Sixty-one spirituals, in musical arrangements.
- ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Essays yielded by Huxley's travels, principally in Italy.
- THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (Scribmer's). James wrote "Cowboys, North and South," and this is another good, homely book of the same kind, with equally spirited illustrations by the author.

• RESOURCEFULNESS

R ONALD and his little sister, Alice, had been playing all afternoon. They played much the same game, since they were eight-year-old twins. Notwithstanding this fact, Ronald discovered he was loser by fifty dollars. 'This made the little fellow real angry and he spoke to his sister about it and tried to reason with her about the fifty dollars, but she ran crying to her mother and told her that



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Ronald had called her "a simple little dementia praecox."

"There, there," said her mother, "boys will be boys, and you must remember he is your only little brother. But I do wish you children would stay out of the gin. There isn't going to be a thing left for dinner. Run along and play now, and don't bother mother any more." So little Alice ran away, like her mother had said, and they didn't catch her until she got to Cincinnatti.

Little Ronald felt so sad because he had lost his little sister and he remembered all the mean things he might have said to her, and had neglected, that he broke open her bank and took her money, so that if she were dead he could send some flowers to the funeral. But the next day his little sister came back and he did not have to send flowers after all, and he felt so glad that he let Alice have his rifle to shoot at the tires of the passing automobiles, and the children went to bed that night happy once more.

-LEONARD MACTAGART

CATTY PORTRAITS

Self-Seller

Earth-tang and generosity And sportsmanship—ah yes, all three! Another woman is a Cat If she denies such things as that: You say so, and the men say so (You told them, that is how they know—)

Myself I'd almost think them true You've such a bluff, convincing way Such self-belief in what you say, If only I'd not lived with you!

Virtuous Lady

Though you do all that the pious should I wonder if you are quite good? For one thing's sure beyond a doubt In spite of all convincing cries, The Truly Bad, and Truly Good (I think they fear to be found out) Never advertise!

Brave Little Woman

- You lifted up to me your blue, wet, wistful flower-eyes,
- You were very small, and you were very thin,
- You waved a piteous lame paw the world had always stepped on,
 - But you were brave withal, with such a noble heart within!
- But after this I think I will save indignant pity
- For somewhat larger people who may even look well-fed,
- Because when you went next door lamepawing for sympathy,
 - You told her I had hurt that paw, my next-door neighbor said!

-Margaret Widdemer

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THE NEW YORKER is published every Friday in New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street. H. W. Ross, president; R. H. FLEISCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, secretary and treasurer; E. R. SPAULDING, general manager; RAYMOND B. BOWEN, advertising manager.

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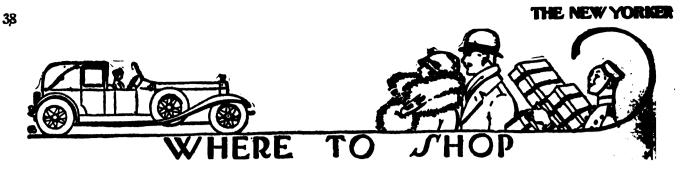
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LUNCHEON MOODS

The casual luncher-about-town is given to dropping into the nearest familiar restaurant. Perhaps it is an old family heirloom restaurant, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, till every bit of silver and every parchment lamp shade has been familiar for generations. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is a place into which the rain drove you one day and from which you have been too lazy or not sufficiently adventuresome to go forth.

Each week, in THE NEW YORKER's guide, there is a hint of somewhere to take luncheon or to dine that is a par excellence tea tryst or dinner rendezvous for just such an individual as yourself.

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	D. Veitry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER
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THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experi- ence. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 115;		Luncheon and afternoon tea



Avenue is reaching such a high peak budget on footwear. that it is almost embarrassing. Though every salesgirl worthy of the name is almost infallible in spotting a customer who is merely "looking around" and getting ideas, her tact and her patience are endless. (Soft music here.) Most of the better department stores, except on bargain days, insist that their sales forces guide prospective purchasers about by the hand rather than let them prowl. This, probably, is more to save the stock from inexpert handling than politeness for politeness' sake, but it is very cheery just the same.

However, I am still debating whether I prefer to do my casual shopping under the watchful care of a salesgirl or whether I would rather wander around in a place like Ovington's, where everything is securely placed on \$5, \$10 and \$25 shelves and there is no one to dissuade you from spending more than you had originally intended.

SHOPPING for shoes this year is just about the most fascinating thing that you can possibly do. The fashion magazines are full of bulletins from Paris saying that subtle greens and greys and bois de roses and russets are to creep into footwear; that black shoes, to be really chic, should be relieved with touches of grey, beige, or a color to complement the costume; that evening slippers should be of pale apricot satin, colored brocades, or metallic kid with futuristic designs or pipings of silver or gold kid. Which gives you a lot of leeway, and makes every shoe window an unending source of emotion.

J. J. Slater is obediently showing very amusing evening shoes combining silver and gold kid. Cammeyer is rightly proud of its daytime slipper, in all kinds of materials, with a chain strap across the instep supplying the necessary color note. I. Miller, beside its Perugia shoes, which are very attractive, has crashed out with colored satin slippers, embroidered in sweet pinks and blues at the toes-eccentric and not particularly smart. Everywhere, particularly at Hanan, brown shoes combining kid or suède with reptile leathers are appearing in droves. And the futuristic affairs at Saks-Fifth Avenue are really too much for good resolutions about antique, but probably isn't. Fortunately,

OURTESY to customers on Fifth spending too much of the household

All these shops insist, despite the newer things they have to offer, on hauling proudly from their boxes the good old opera pumps of silver or gold kid. These are still uproariously popular, but I advise you to be firm. Because metallic kid goes all to pieces in about two wearings, and the metal cannot be restored without damage to stockings for several appearances afterwards. And my personal grievance against opera pumps is that, if they stay on your feet at all, they do so by digging a nice groove on your instep and getting a firm grip in this way.

R AINCOATS are another fascinating purchase. I had set my heart on one of the Molyneux rubberized crêpe de Chine coats that vacationers in Paris had brought back with them, but, although Best's presented them in white last Summer, they are not yet to be found in colors. Nevertheless, I almost forgot my disappointment while trying on other types. There are feminine versions of the traditional Cape Cod slicker-rather snappy, especially for the country. There are others of pure rubber, violently lined, in becoming colors. There are many of shiny, transparent rubber, which I do not care for particularly (1) because experience has proved them impractical unless supplemented by an umbrella, (2) because, although the colors are intriguing, they are ruined by vague outlines of the costume beneath, and (3) because they are not very new. Innovation has been attempted by making them in Paisley patterns and futuristic designs, which some people may like. The best kind of raincoat, I think, is one of rubber that looks almost like cloth. This also comes in gay colors to make rainy days less depressing, and can be bought almost anywhere.

IN the window of a little shop at Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, just at that strategic point where passengers change buses, is a tiny highboy, about fifteen inches square and four feet high-just exactly the thing to put in that trying space behind the closet door in the bedroom where a larger article would be in the way. It looks like an

ACTORS' THEATRE Has opened its season at the COMEDY THEATRE with Dorothy Donnelly's adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's drama "The CALL of LIFE" Staged by Dudley Digges Subscription memberships for season 1925-26 now being received. Orchestra seats for 5 plays \$12 each. Address : Actors' Theatre, 45 W. 47th St.

GUILD THEATRE 52nd St., W. of B'way Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. MOLNAR'S ^FGlass Slipper NEW FALL EDITION **Garrick** Gaieties Sparkling Musical Revue **Garrick Theatre** 65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:30 Matinces, Thurs., Sat., 2:30 The Pulitzer Prize Play They Knew What They Wanted with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo **Klaw** Theatre West 45th St. Evenings, 8:40 Matinees, Wed., Sat., 2:40 49th St. Theatre, W. of B'y. Evenings 8:30. Bernard Shaw's Comedy ARMS AND MAN with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne Pedro de Cordoba, Ernest Cossart, Henry Travers, others MOVES TO 49th ST. THEATRE MON. OCT. 19th Ambassador Thea. 49 St., W. of B'wy. Evs. 8:30. Mts. Wed. & Sat. YOU'LL JUST LOVE "APPLESAUCE" ONE THOUSAND AND ONE LAUGHS with ALLAN DINEHART "A RIOT OF LAUGHS" **GEORGE M. COHAN** in his clean sweeping hit "AMERICAN BORN" Thea., W. 44 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 HUDSON THE NEW YORKER FREE the lucky person who wins the privilege of renting my apartment will receive in addition One Years Subscription to THE NEW YORKER Free of Charge! Give car! Duplex in East Sixties! Real Early American! Hundreds of Good Books! Four Open Fires That Actually Work!! Two Sunny Bcd Rooms-Modern Bath! Living Room Entire Depth of House! Complete Little Kitchen! Jap's

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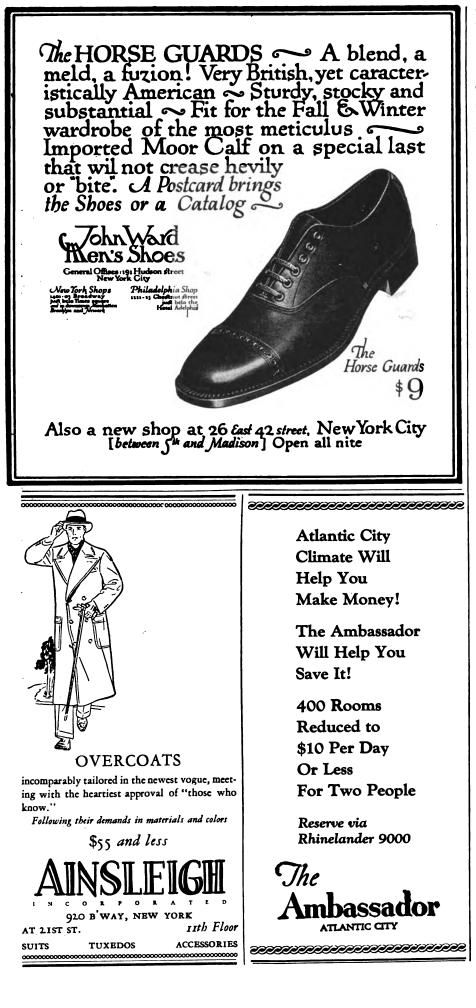
Write Box 34, NEW YORKER for appoint-

ment.

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the shop was closed, and I was spared the temptation of investigating.

SUDDEN epidemic of bright-colored feather ornaments supplanting the omnipresent rhinestone animal on the girls' felt hats. At present, the prevalent mode is to wear them, either directly over the ear, masculine fashion, or one degree northwest of the left eyebrow. Try your brother's haberdashery.

WHAT, oh what has happened to the Frutchey Silk Shop? The sign is still up in its old place at Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, but behind its windows apparently lurks a glorified junk shop where, once in a hundred years maybe, you might pick up an occasional treasure, but which is most uninviting to the passersby. Never have mine eyes beheld quite so much ornate gilt in any one window.

Across the street, Peck & Peck has broken a series of rather mediocre window displays with an exhibit of women's sports things done in blacks, white, and greys most effective.

Great things are happening in this part of town. A large black sign proclaims that Sheridan, of all people, intends to ensconce itself next to Hollander's in the near future. On the other side of Hollander's, as you know, lurks one of those shops with an arcade entrance flanked with pleasing displays of rubber reducing girdles, Broadway underwear and snappy frocks at reasonable prices. What I want to know is, where are the exclusive shops in the Fifties and on Fifty-seventh Street going to go if any more shops that belong on Forty-second Street continue their barbarous climb up the social ladder of Fifth Avenue?

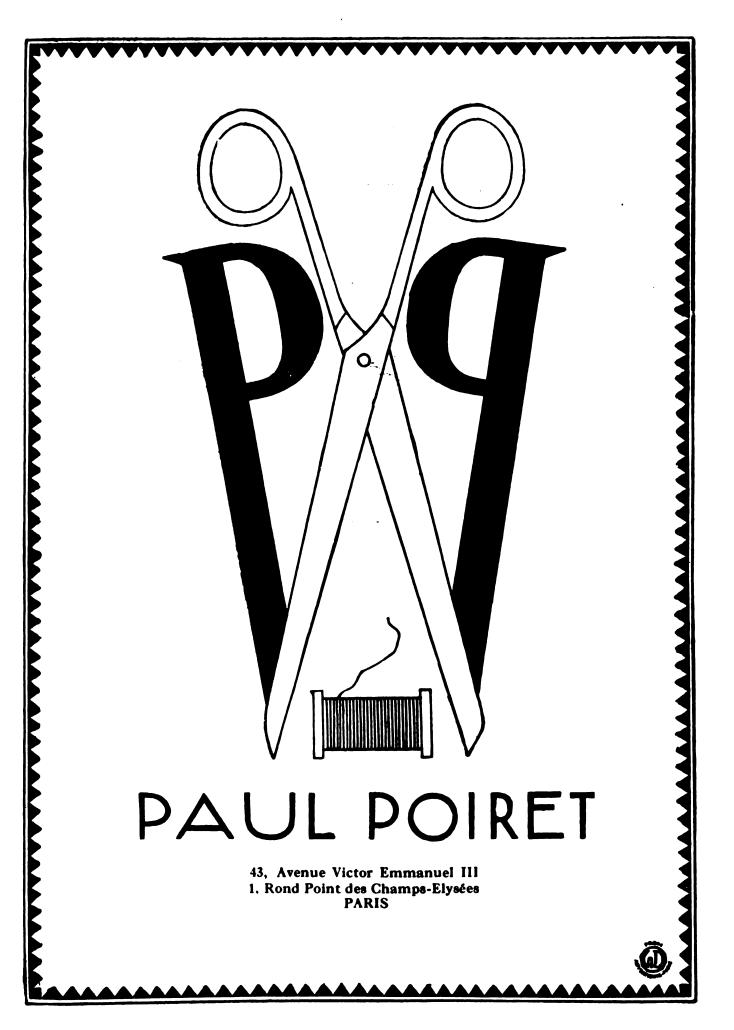
THE hunting season is on, and paraphernalia gleams in the Fiftieth Street windows of Saks's. At Spalding's, realism demands that they even include a few fox hounds and a very debonair fox to remind office workers that the Great Outdoors is still extant. It is very decorative, and, to a girl chained to her daily toil, most depressing.—L. L.

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LYRIC FROM THE PEKINESE

"How gay is this terrible town Of the Goths and the Vandals! New actors are winning renown, We have twenty new scandals, Campaigners are pleading for votes With their promises rosy, Sopranos are straining their throats And divine virtuosi Are pounding the ivory keys," Said the small Pekinese. —ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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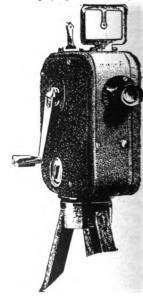


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(Slichtly hicker in Far West)

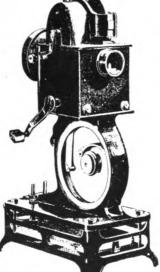




THE PROJECTOR

***50**=

(Slightly higher in Far Hest)







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Edward H. Crandall

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

R. BUCKNER is rampaging with the padlock, again armed further with the ability to take himself seriously. It may not be widely known that the Bar Association recently came close to not taking in one of the young lawyers who procured evidence for Buckner in the early days. The agitation centered about whether it was unprofessional for a lawyer to procure evidence. It is certainly not widely known what quieted the agitation. It was humor. A letter was read at the meeting from a prominent judge, pointing out that Buckner had practically made New York dry, which struck the revered lawyers as priceless. They became weak with laughter and gave in. But Mr. Buckner is without humor-luckily for his career.

WE have long believed that Prohibition would receive its death blow when fifty or one hundred men of unassailable virtue, idealism, probity and good name; college presidents, philanthropists, politicians, statesmen, bankers, lawyers, and maybe editors signed their names to a simple little statement like this: We have never obeyed the prohibition law and never TAXI DRIVERS' COURTESY DAY



intend to. All the Volsteads on the continent would be powerless to put those men in jail. For the American People would be standing up on their chairs and shouting with admiration and relief.

OCTOBER 31st has been set aside for a special purpose: Taxicab Drivers' Courtesy Day. The idea, we understand, is something of an experiment in the taxi world. If tips are unusually heavy that day, they will have a Courtesy Day at least once a year. Otherwise, they will dispense altogether with the idea of being more elaborately polite than they already are.

As the saying goes, clothes that go into cold storage must come out. And now is the time for getting them out. All localities where this cere-

mony is gone through with, last week, this week, and next week, will suffer tortures incident to congestion. Wanamaker's Storage Department, last Saturday reminded us of Paris, the day of the Armistice, excepting that at Wanamakers no one showed a particle of good humor. They say the clerks were polite. We can't say, for we never got near enough to the window to see a clerk.

HE annual controversy over the I inadequate opera situation continues. We are not in sympathy with those who want two Grand Operas. There never has been, and, we think, there never will be two Grand Operas in one community; one would be Grand and the other Nearly Grand. True Grand Opera has a social complexion. What we want, in addition to the Metropolitan, is a small opera house in which the human voice is not asked to carry a quarter of a mile over the din of two score fiddlers, and in which we can buy a seat for much less than \$8.25.

THE Fox Film Corporation recently laid the cornerstone of its New York Exchange and placed some film within it, for posterity's amusement. The film was "Darwin Was





Fashion Show on Fourteenth Street

Right." It is a nice thought on the part of the movie men. It is not, however, easy to visualize posterity receiving propaganda on the Darwin question with much intensity. We wouldn't lose our sense of balance if someone were to find a letter dated twenty-five years after Columbus's death declaring that the world was round.

The Week

XONIAN team debates with Yale, "Resolved, that ignorance is bliss," and New York City trims its budget to \$400,000,000 by refusing salary increases to teachers. Private detective who recovered Donahue jewels is indicted and Commissioner Enright makes public a letter from Montana praising a polite traffic policeman. Senator Lodge's book decries Woodrow Wilson and all his works and the League of Nations intervenes to stop hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria. Harvard scientists investigate "Margery's" claims to spirit mediumship and Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops debars, as Romish, prayers for the dead. Life Extension Institute director finds no perfect physique among 400,000 persons examined and George Bernard Shaw denounces British Medical Society as a trade union of the worst Three million dollar will fight sort. hinges on question of legitimacy and a

tablet is found which was erected by Moses, 1500 B.C., as a tribute to the Egyptian princess who discovered him in the bulrushes. Alumnus says Harvard cheering section slighted Holy Cross during football game and noted screen stars are not included in new issue of Hollywood Social Register. President Coolidge says this country needs more religion to strengthen law observance and Pussyfoot Johnson lands in Constantinople to introduce Prohibition to the Turks.

Etiquette, Etc.

UNTIL one tires of repetition of grotesque incidents, there is an amusing time in store whenever an intelligent person returns from Hollywood and observation of the out-ofstudio performances of our moving picture plutocracy.

The latest tale from darkest Haysiland concerns a director of comedies who is, among other things, an egoist of the first regard. He had been invited as one of a party to dine in the home of one of Pasadena's cultured hostesses and—rightly or wrongly—he regarded himself as the lion of the occasion. He knew, of course, how lions disported themselves on the screen. Accordingly he arrived for the dinner an hour late—and found the other guests well along in the courses. "So sorry; you must have mistaken the time," said his hostess. "We waited half an hour for you. I hope you don't mind our sitting down without you?"

"Not at all," conceded the director of comedies, rising to the occasion in the guise of one of Nature's gentlemen. "I've had my dinner."

"So sorry," murmured his hostess, again. "But do sit down, anyway." "No, thanks. I'll just stand around," muttered the suave director, smoothing thus an awkward situation. And, leaning his elbow against the mantel-piece, he toppled over a vase, which shattered on the hearthstone.

Carillon

HE Thursday and Sunday eve-I ning carillon concerts played from the belfry of the Baptist Church Sixty-fourth Street and Park at Avenue-the former at eight o'clock and the latter at seven-have already become part of the life of the town. There is talk even now of asking the municipal authorities to divert traffic from the vicinity of the church during the recitals, so that the growing crowds they attract may listen in comfort. It is to be hoped that this notion will be forwarded and that there is sufficient appreciation within City Hall to permit granting of the request when it is made formally.

It may seem a bit surprising that

such a novelty as the carillon—which was given to the church by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—should have become popular so rapidly. Yet, this is readily understandable when it is known that the Park Avenue carillon is the finest in the world, consisting as it does of fifty-three bells, and that the carilloneur, M. Anton Brees, is regarded as one of the great masters of this medium in music. He is a native of Antwerp, where his father, M. Gustaaf Brees, is both organist and carilloneur for the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The art of carillon playing has, in the past, been restricted almost entirely to Belgium, where it originated and was given its early development, and to Holland and England. There are other chimes, it is true, in other countries, but in none of these does one hear the complicated systems of bells which constitute the carillons of Antwerp, Bruges and other Belgian cities. Carillon playing, then, is indigenous to Flanders, and, as seems natural, its greatest exponents are Flemish. It is an art handed on from father to son. In some Flemish churches the carilloneurs for many generations have been of the same family.

IN arranging his programs, M. Brees considers the ordinary taste in music, as well as the developed one. He begins his concerts with arrangements of the simpler folk songs— Irish, Scotch, Flemish, and other old melodies—and includes always something of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Brahms, or some similar master. This is in keeping with the European tradition, which has it, that the carillon is the music of the multitude.

The Park Avenue carillon represents an advance over previous chimes of approximately similar size, for a special attachment on the clapper of each bell makes it possible for the carilloneur to modulate tone volume. Until now this was impossible. A note, however often struck, always had the same value, and went on welling into the melody until its last vibrations died off in the dim distance.

Error

I twould be gross discourtesy to allow Mayor Hylan to depart from office without passing along the last one hopes—tale of his impressiveness as our civic host.

The British delegation to the Inter-

parliamentary Union was being received on the steps of the City Hall. In attendance upon Mayor Hylan were several members of his cabinet, including, at his side, Police Commissioner Enright, who wore formal morning garb for the occasion, an attire which sits right well upon him indeed.

The Mayor droned on through the passages of his welcoming address. As he concluded, one of the British party leaned towards an auditor, and, indicating by a nod the superb Police Commissioner, whispered:

"Very well done, indeed; but, tell me, does your Mayor always have his clark read his speeches?"

Late News

T is interesting, that even while such antipodal luminaries as Miss Guinan's Del Fey Club and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson's Lido-Venice bicker with Mr. Emory Buckner over such matters as padlocks, we note, on all sides, the optimistic smiles of "big money" returning into the night life of Manhattan. New York, the capitalists of Broadway side-streets say, has gone dead on night club life; padlocks, the meretricious cheapness made necessary by the impermanence of vogue, and a lack of imagination in planning late evening amusement, have all contributed to the great aftertheatre ennui of Gotham. And something must be done about it.

PLEASANTEST of the plans we have heard, is that Mr. E. Ray Goetz is to do more for New York than present Senorita Raquel Meller in special matinées; he is to give us the privilege of seeing her as the *petite*



flower girl of her own night club, a noteworthy arrangement, for hers is the charm of intimacy. The old Club Royale in the East Fifties is already in the hands of decorators preparing for her advent, which may be soon after the first of the year. When one considers that La Senorita is to receive \$1,500 for a single stage performance, one may shudder at the thought of the cover charge.

At the same time, Mr. Goetz is looking in upon the improvements he is ordering in Gilda Gray's old Rendezvous, which is to be the background for none other than Mlle. Irene Bordoni. Gone to another extreme is Mr. Vincent Lopez who has only just taken over Mr. Phil Baker's Rue de la Paix, which he hopes to make profitable by more popular, rather than even higher cover charges. His rival for supreme jazz honors, Mr. Paul Whiteman, by the way, has definitely come out with the opinion that night clubs are not for the super-jazz orchestra, not his at least. Any good band, says he, is good enough for dancing.

In the meantime, a rejuvenated Club Ciro has opened with as pretentious a show as midnight New York has seen so far this year; and Florence Mills is already rehearsing a show of proportions, in the hope of reviving the darktown craze, waned these twelve months, and bringing it down from the Harlem to rest at the Plantation.

There are indeed, big things planned in the night club world.

Profit

THERE is an immutable justice, as follows—

One of the Messire McGraw's younger baseball pitchers, en tour with the Giants, dallied out beyond the hour at which all good baseball players were expected to be in slumber deep. Rather than run the risk of discovery by walking through the hotel lobby, he struggled manfully up the fire escape to his room. He stumbled, while climbing into his room, and sprained his ankle slightly.

An explanation was demanded next morning by the Messire McGraw.

"I slipped on the bath mat," said the young pitcher.

"Two hundred dollars fine for being so careless," pronounced the Messire McGraw, who has never slipped on a bath mat.

The account of this incident was

printed in the sporting columns of the press. Accordingly, on his return to New York, the young pitcher found a letter awaiting him. It was from a firm manufacturing non-slippable bath mats. Would the young pitcher, it inquired, be willing to endorse the non-slippable product. The company was even anxious to pay five hundred dollars for this testimonial. There is, indeed, an immutable justice.

Compositions

MR. DEEMS TAYLOR, one learns, has finished his jazz symphony, "Circus Days," for Paul Whiteman; and it is now being orchestrated and cut into parts, an operation that will require several more weeks. The first public performance of the Taylor opus will take place Tuesday night, December 29th in the Metropolitan Opera House, that being one of the off nights of Mr. Casazza's troupe. The piece, as now scored, runs about forty minutes, and there will be interest in musical circles as to whether an audience will sit through that much uninterrupted jazz. The composition will not be cut for its première anyway; and if it has to be shortened only the road will suffer.

Mr. Taylor, by the way, has astonished his friends by becoming head of the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which is now in its first season as an exponent of modern ideas in music. It was founded by Mrs. Edward W. Bok, who as all readers of the "Americanization" know, is the daughter of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the publisher. The backers of the school have long been after Mr. Taylor, but he was occupied with criticism and building a farm house in Connecticut. Both of these pursuits he has abandoned, however, at least for the present. His friends say that he left the farm with reluctance, but felt the Philadelphia job would allow him more time to compose the American opera which he has undertaken to finish for the Metropolitan by next year. He has already finished the symphonic poem based on "Jurgen" for the New York Symphony orchestra and which we look forward to hearing in Carnegie Hall this November.

Stand ard

I T appears that conductors of orchestras are not the only ones who are received with quaint honors in the provinces. There was Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson, who gave a reading in Detroit, at the conclusion of which a lady—filled with local pride —asked for an opinion on the works of the one and only Mr. Eddie Guest.

"He writes nice verse," said Mr. Robinson, politely and evasively.

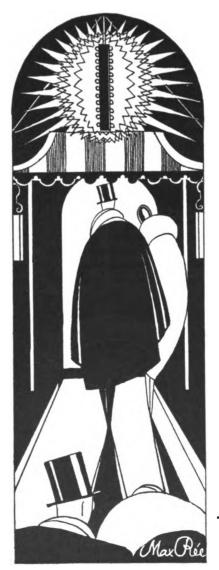
"Nice verse," echoed the lady scornfully. "Nice verse." Then she bethought herself of a new line of attack. "What kind of car do you drive?" she demanded.

Mr. Robinson confessed manfully that he did not drive any.

"Eddie Guest drives a Cadillac," said the lady, triumphantly, and strode out of the group of admirers.

John Tiller

ONLY a few, perhaps, realize that the death of John Tiller, which provided a brief paragraph in last week's journals, marks the passing of an important figure in our theatrical



world. The swift precision of a thousand arms and legs, the grace and balance of the Tiller Girls, these everyone knows. But the kindly, untheatrical old man who was Mr. Tiller, indulgent grandparent of his troupes, was an anachronism in the profession, an avoider of personal publicity.

It was forty years ago that Mr. Tiller, a young gentleman doing well in the import and export line, turned to the stage. He was driven by the subtle influence of amateur theatricals. He had been the organizer of a minstrel troupe in Manchester, a thing of ballads, songs, and occasional dances relished by the Britisher. Afterward, he set out to train his own professional troupes, and since then 25,000-odd Tiller girls have footed it with more than military precision through numberless revues.

Before his day, dancing in musical shows had been done by young ladies who wore short pink skirts and did traditional ballet steps, while the chorus was the chorus of a second rate grand opera—it merely stood around and sang. One of Mr. Tiller's contributions to progress was the invention of the pony ballet. Hundreds have copied it, but it was Mr. Tiller's originally.

Our last glimpse of Mr. Tiller was in the wings of our own "Sunny," watching a Tiller troupe, for whose première he had come to stay in Manhattan. He was a white and silken haired old gentleman who might have been mistaken for a benign, elderly manufacturer, or Dr. Frank Crane.

Behind him was Mrs. Tiller, always at her husband's side since Manchester and the days of their school for ballet which she helped to run there, so far as one can gather, along the lines of a model young ladies' seminary. Each of the graduated troupes, as it went forth into the larger world, was chaperoned diligently, and the baccalaureate sermon was composed chiefly of warnings against the wicked ways of men. The Tiller Girls have been no mere dancing organization. They have been respectability rampant in the theatre.

Origin

MR. WALTER KINGSLEY, leading authority on Broadway's chapters in the American language, has continued his research into the origin of the phrase, "Butter-and-Egg-Man," since he advised Mr.

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Franklin P. Adams that Miss Texas Guinan was responsible for its addition to the nation's speech.

She was, Mr. Kingsley reiterates; but the way had been prepared for Broadway's acceptance of the phrase by a certain Mr. Samuel Balcom, who supplies most of the larger restaurants and supper clubs with whatever dairv produce they require, and who, moreover, has been accustomed to entertaining. The scenes of these entertainments, naturally, were in the places which constituted Mr. Balcom's clientele. And, also naturally, these many festive gatherings in public could not pass without inquiry as to the donor of the events.

"Oh; that's our butter-and-egg man," became the stock explanation of supper club proprietors and head waiters.

And so, when Miss Guinan applied the expression generally to generous souls, the town was ready to accept it.

Dogs

ALONG with the contented smiles (indicating possession of blue ribbons) brought back from the annual dog show at Germantown recently there was a sprinkling of bitter frowns, through which was discerned the anger of disillusionment. And those frowns were worn by ladies and gentlemen who, only ten days ago, were boasting their ownership of the last word in smart dogs, the wirehaired pinscher. They had brought back their beasts from Paris, where all the talk of the fancy concerns the wire hair. Learning that these animals cost from \$300 to \$4,000 each, the Americans naturally thought them desirable; made purchases accordingly.

But their consternation may be imagined when, after arriving at Germantown, they discovered that the wire-haired pinschers benched by the professional breeders bore not the slightest resemblance to the supposed wire hairs picked up abroad. Too late they had discovered that the Parisians, loathe to disappoint, had sold some sort of dog to every American asking for a pinscher.

There are, the fanciers say, only a few more than a hundred real wirehaired pinschers in this country, of which perhaps two dozen are good enough to be benched. They further offer the news that the wire-haired specimen bears no honest relation to the larger doberman pinscher, and is a



HARK! I HEAR THE BUGLE CALLING. GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY.

French dog only by a hasty naturalization. In a square at Stuttgart is a statute of *der Wachtmann*, unveiled in 1620. The watchman's bronze dog is the same beast known nowadays as the wire-haired pinscher, though in those ancient times he was called a schnauzer. The German fancy was preparing to develop the breed for export in 1914, when the Imperial Staff disclosed other plans for the year.

If you really want a wire-haired pinscher, to establish your corner in the mode, look for an animal that bears close resemblance to the wirehaired fox terrier, but somewhat larger. Before you purchase him, ask every dogman you know whether he is the genuine article.

Big Three

I T is interesting to observe that the latest "Charlot's Review" which is to arrive at our shores early next week, has had no more than a tryout in London. Either the company has become exclusively New York property, or "Direct from a London run" means to it no more than "Direct from Stamford." Mr. Jack Buchanan is back in the cast, released from a Ziegfeld agreement, they say, so that with Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, the important three is complete. The American première is to be in Baltimore, the home town of Mr. H. L. Mencken, and word comes that he is to be there, his first theatrical attendance in that city in thirty-five years. The new review is said to differ only in context, not in spirit, which offers an interesting speculation as to how it will fare in this season's intense competition amongst Broadway productions.

M.R. AL JOLSON, it must be known, was one of the chief backers of Mr. Hazzard Short's Ritz Revue; and "sugar"—in case of doubt —is Broadway's term for money.

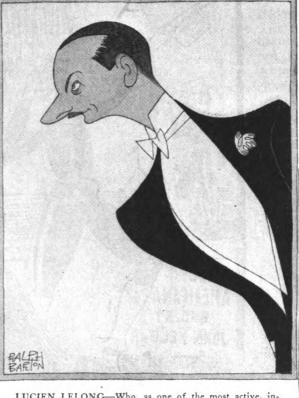
We have, then, an inquisitive friend inquiring from Mr. Jolson how long it took to train the horse in "Big Boy" to take sugar from his pocket.

"Three weeks," said Mr. Jolson. Then he went on, reflectively, "But Hazzard Short learned in five minutes."—THE NEW YORKERS

the Week

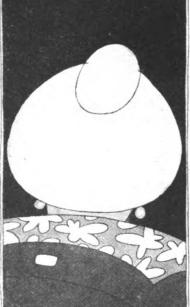


LOUIS BROMFIELD-Who has followed up an excellent first novel, "The Green Bay Tree," with an even better second novel, "Possession," and who has therefore been smiled upon by the Lord and allowed to go and live in Paris.



LUCIEN LELONG-Who, as one of the most active, inventive and productive coutouriers in Paris, is directly responsible for a large portion of the allure of American women, and indirectly for much of the business of the divorce courts. M. Lelong is making his first visit to New York to observe the devastating effects produced by his gowns.





inserted to answer the telephone in-

quiries about the famous beauty specialist that continually pour into this

office.

EMORY R. BUCKNER-Who persists, in spite of the great weight of evidence to the contrary, in believing that a city can be run without alcohol, and who has, in his blind faith, been running about town padlocking night clubs again.

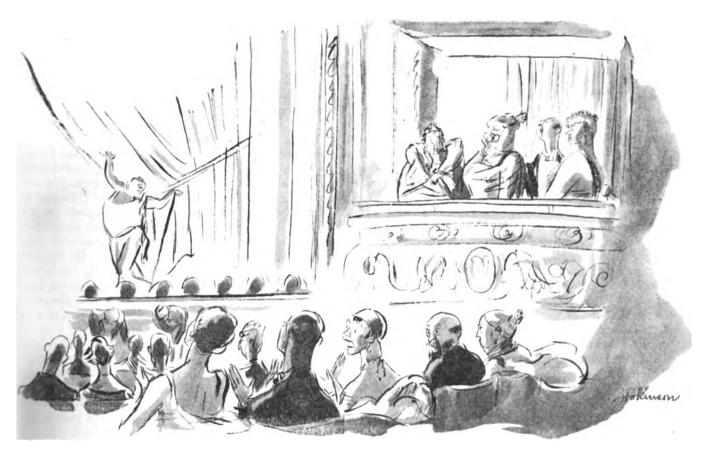
MADAME LECLAIRE-Who is the owner of the magnificent brioche of white hair which is always seen over a good scat at first nights. This is

DEWOLF HOPPER-

- "Behold the Lord High Executioner! A personage of noble rank and
- title-A dignified and potent officer,
- Whose functions are particularly vital."

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THE OPERA IS HERE



ASTE not fresh tears over old griefs," remarked Euripides. There are no sobs in these lines, but a cold, dry record of things that were and things that are. Neither could be perfect, nor could fancy dictate a wholly satisfactory choice. The subject of our contemplation is that venerable dust bin of art, the Metropolitan Opera House. It was and it is the world's most celebrated opera. Yet there is almost nothing in its constitution or character that has not been altered by the inexorable processes of time.

It is not necessary to harp too strenuously upon the thousand golden strings of Grau's day. Of what avail is it to tell how back in the early nineties "Les Huguenots" was given with Nordica as Valentine, Melba as the Queen, Mantelli as Urbain, Jean de Reszke as Raoul, Edouard de Reszke as Marcel. Scotti as de Nevers and Plancon as St. Bris? The present generation of opera goers is sure that all of those artists were as the Scotti of to-day. They were in his class and one hears him often and therefore one knows. As for "Tristan und Gadski and Ober as the women, Ur-

Isolde" with the two de Reszkes, Lilli lus, Weil and Braun as the men. Lehmann and Marie Brema, that is equally meaningless. And there is always the antediluvian adage that the old bemoan their youth.

So, then, let us go back first as far as the war. When the opera season of 1925-26 begins presently with that uplifting creation entitled "La Gioconda," it will be a little more than eleven years since the disturbance over Germany's sun spot began. Our own plunge into world strife was yet to come and we had a bag full of exceedingly German singers at the Metropolitan. The season opened No-vember 16, 1914, with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." The principals engaged in it were Mmes. Destinn, Matzenauer and Hempel, Messrs. Caruso and Amato. Toscanini conducted. Possibly this array of interpreters means something to the young opera goer of this time. To me, at any rate, it means at least one thing, to wit, that no better cast could then be obtained in the world. The second performance on November 18 brought forward "Lohengrin" with

Hertz conducted. "Rosenkavalier" came next with Hempel and Ober in their incomparable impersonations of the lovers. The Saturday offerings were "Boheme" in the afternoon with Luca Botta (deceased), Scotti, Bori and Elizabeth Schumann, Polacco conducting, and in the evening "Aida" with Destinn, Matzenauer, Martinelli, Amato and Didur, Toscanini conducting.

These casts were fairly representative of the whole season. The German works were on the whole not sung as well as they usually are now, while the Italian operas were for the most part better done. There is no light soprano in the house to-day equal to Hempel. Caruso cannot be replaced. And Toscanini, the tower of strength, has betaken himself to other fields. The hand of steel grasping the baton was never popular at the Metropolitan.

Not only Hempel, Caruso and Destinn of that company are among the departed, but Geraldine Farrar has also gone. She also has not been replaced. The average of the pres-



the 1914 organization, and the latter's level was much lower than that of the Grau force. There is a general disposition among callous observers of musical doings to believe that the place of every singer falling out of the Metropolitan ranks is filled by one not quite so good. But the acquisition of such artists as Florence Easton, Elizabeth Rethberg, Marie Jeritza, Gigli, Bohnen, and Schorr should satisfy us that we need not shoot at the impresario. It is a day of inferior singers. Recall the fact that Aurelio Pertile, who lasted just one season here, is the leading tenor of La Scala. There is none better in Italy. We ought to bless fortune for our Edward Johnson.

The opera going public has changed perhaps more significantly than the operatic institution itself. The change is part of the interesting development of the social fabric in the past twenty years. It is impossible for one who has sat in an orchestra stall at the Metropolitan for much longer than that to be blind to the fact that the chairs are mostly occupied by a new set of Especially numerous music lovers. have been the disappearances and arrivals since the war.

New York is a great absorber and those who come to see often remain to pay. And there is always the class just graduated from the kindergarten of life, not passionately eager for opera, but thrilled with a tremulous curiosity about all those matters which seem so much to concern novelists and other grown-ups.

The new people whom I see about me at the opera have all the outward signs of amiability, and of culture. But with many of them operatic experience must date from comparatively recent years. They have been educated to the standards now ruling at

world, and probably they are. They perhaps believe also that New York never had any better opera. And it is futile for any chronicler of musical doings to assert that this is not quite correct. Any one who writes thus is but an old fogy who has lost the power to enjoy.

In the small army of opera goers there is one well drilled company which the consulship of Grau did not know, and that is the claque. The mercenary enthusiasts who smite their palms so vigorously at each entrance of certain singers and after their every solo have become a veritable bore to the rest of the patrons. But the claque is firmly entrenched and could be driven out only at the point of the bayonet. The outbreak over young Mr. Tibbett in "Falstaff" last season was chiefly caused by the determination of some independent enthusiasts to get what they wanted in spite of the hirelings. It was a good sign.

The repertoire of the Metropolitan to-day is more inclusive than Grau's. It is even broader than it was in 1914. And there have been some noteworthy productions. In the swiftest of flash backs one sees "Oberon," "Cosi fan tutte," "Falstaff" and "Pelleas et Melisande"-the last on the whole the highest artistic flight of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's administration. We have no such array of singers as we had ten years ago, but we do have at times a cohesiveness of interpretation and a general fitness of stage device that give pleasure to every soul gifted with aesthetic sensibility. There is no fiery spirit like Toscanini driving forces with the urge of an insatiable ambition, but there are conductors with solid musical ground under their feet and with volatile imaginations behind their readings.

There is much catering to the vulthe Metropolitan. They are sure that gar appetite for tinsel glories, but the

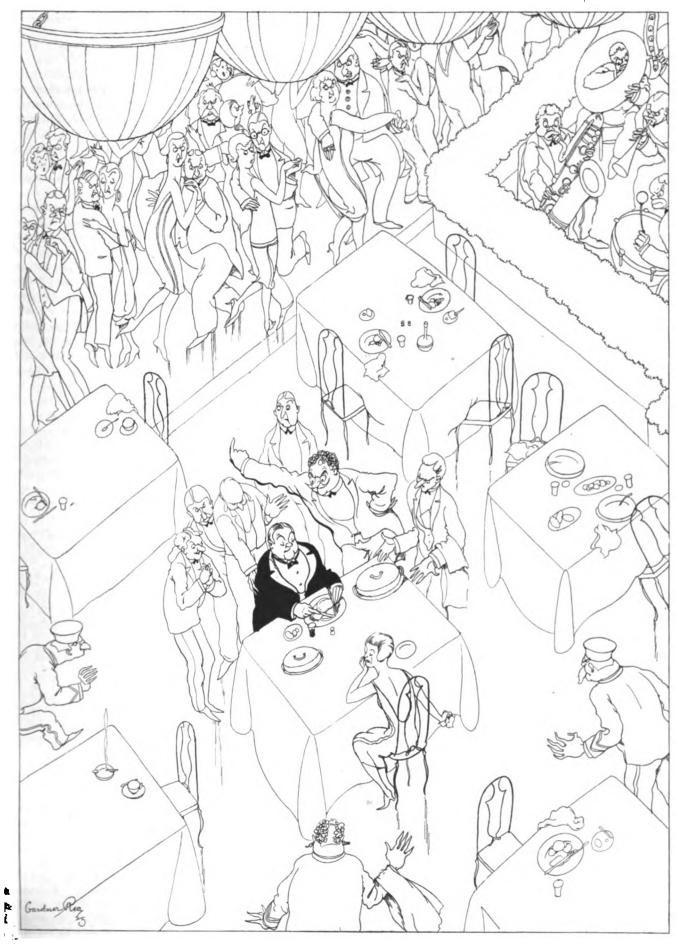
ent company is lower than that of they are hearing the best opera in the opera has always been the happy field of the property man and the costumer. The celestial regions presided over by Indra in Massenet's "La Roi de Lahore" must have reminded many observers of the Christmas cards of the paper lace period, but the scene evoked vigorous plaudits. On the other hand the pictorial investiture of Debussy's doleful drama was so beautiful and so consistent with the quality of the play that it left the noise makers with nothing to cheer.

> And here let me say for Mr. Gatti-Casazza that there is no apparent force compelling him to produce such works as "Cosi fan tutte" or "Pelleas et Melisande." His public does not ask him for them. The most thunderous applause is always that bestowed upon the barrel organ works. He himself delights to wander among the tombs and unearth the bones of operas long dead. He has his own dark pleasures. He may have enjoyed "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Loreley." He will introduce Spontini's "La Vestale" to New York, which will learn much.

In the end these variations revert to one theme, namely, that there are no great singers in the Metropolitan company for the sufficient reason that there is none in all Europe. It is a second rate period. We have some real artists and we get some truly artistic productions. A few aged opera goers, who could not be induced to part with their seats at any price, moan their nightly complaints to this writer about the substitution of scenery, ballet, and choruses for lyric stars of the first magnitude; but dropping the Metropolitan for an instant, does any one see on the horizon a second Renaud or a new Mary Garden? Therefore brethren, be of good cheer, and don't shoot at the impresario. He is doing the best he can. And there are thirty-three Americans on the roster. -W. J. HENDERSON

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THE BOUNDER WHO INSISTED ON EATING



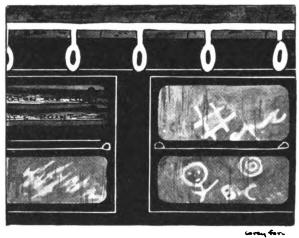
SUBWAY WINDOWS

A Further Study of Creative Art in New York

XCITEMENT here in New York has been rife, and, if anything, is growing rifer, over the astounding discoveries of a Dr. N. Metz, of whom nothing more can be learned than that he is not the Dr. Arthur Metz who strangled his wife last Summer in Boston. It seems Dr. Metz (or Netz, say some) made a name for himself by directing public attention for the first time to the entirely new field of Creative Art that is to be found in the scratches and tracings on Subway Car Windows.

chanced to board a Lexington Avenue Local on the uptown side of Fiftyninth Street rather late one evening, after a little dinner or so, and discovered to his intense surprise that the front car was empty. Realizing at once that his was an opportunity hitherto granted to few, if any, New Yorkers, the Doctor proceeded to bolt the doors and make a thorough investigation of the car, where he was discovered the following morning in a corner, with his hat over one eye and his mouth open-simply tired out after his scientific work.

In his report to the Art Society, made public yesterday, it is claimed by the Doctor that the sides of Sub-



Two Typical Subway Windows From the Mell's Collection; Probably Prehistoric

about half an inch of some soft greyish substance, probably felt. Upon these "windows" Dr. Mendel found countless strange markings and designs, which, he claims, are traced surreptitiously in the felt-like substance, behind the swinging rows of strap-hangers, by the people who are sitting down. Unfortunately, this could not be verified up to a late hour last night, owing to the fact that a day's search failed to disclose any New Yorker who had ever got a seat in the Subway.

Many experts have even advanced the theory that the drawings are prehistoric.

Dr. Mencken was able to bring only way Cars are lined with windows, two "windows" to the meeting of the constructed of a brittle, glass-like ma- Art Society, since a preposterous effort

was made by the Interborough to interfere with his investigations, just as he had almost removed the frame from a third window with his penknife. The drawings on one of his "windows," called the Edith L. after his wife, who fortunately was not strangled last Summer in Boston, consists largely of funny faces and an attempt to reproduce someone's name and address, and is very similar to the Billboard and Sidewalk Schools of Creative Art

The design on "Dashaway," the second window, is far

According to Dr. Mentz, he terial, and apparently coated with more unusual, according to Dr. Stonemetz, and shows a freer imagination on the part of the artist. Here the unknown creator has sought to express the whole futile longing in his race, their struggle for existence and the constant striving after knowledge, and, says the Doctor, is a symbolic picture entitled "The March of Civilization, But in What Direction?" Certain members of the Art Society, on the other hand, claim that the drawing is merely an attempt on the part of the artist to look out of the window and see what station he was at.

At any rate, Dr. Netz (or Metz) states he will not sell his "window" for a thousand dollars; and to this extent the members of the Art Society agree with him thoroughly.

-Corey Ford

OF ALL THINGS

collaboration of the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and the Secretary of the Treasury. We are living in daily fear that somebody will refer to this as the Green-Mellon cut.

Governor Smith says he plans to retire from public life next year. This may be the governor's original and interesting way of announcing his candidacy for the United States Senate.

WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST, POP?

"To the optimists, Locarno promises to

AS we understand it, income tax reduc- rank in history with Versailles," says the even if it runs till Spring. This will be tion will be brought about by the *Herald Tribune*. As the Versailles treaty a blow to the cynics who say that cam-Herald Tribune. As the Versailles treaty appears to have broken down in eighteen or twenty vital points, this does not sound excessively hopeful. If those fellows are optimists, Dr. Straton is a toe-dancer.

> Artificial gold extraction has been proved a failure; "Margery" has been discredited by a committee of scientists; the Florida real estate boom is beginning to wabble; but Secretary Wilbur is still secretarrying in the Navy Department.

> Mark Sullivan predicts that the President will not interfere in the coal strike,

a blow to the cynics who say that campaign slogans do not mean anything.

The Erie Railroad is curtailing its service because of bus competition. If the management had kept quiet about this, the Jersey commuters might never have known the difference.

Now that the House of Bishops has extracted the "obey" from the Episcopal marriage service, also the "worldly goods," the matter may be regarded as settled. True, little obeying or endowing has been going on for some time, but perhaps it is just as well to bring the records up to date.--Howard Brubaker





A streak of fire, a breath of flame, Eluding all who reach and clutch; A gray ghost thrown into the game That rival hands may never touch; A rubber bounding, blasting soul, Whose destination is the goal—

Red Grange of Illinois.

TOU can, if you are a regular reader of the sporting pages, estimate the prowess of this All-America halfback upon the gridiron, when he inspires Mr. Grantland Rice, poet laureate of American sports, to such a lyrical outburst. For in the past two years he has run riot through Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, newspaper sporting columns, and the rotogravure pages. In that short space of time he has, single handed, scored no less than twenty-four touchdowns against some of the leading teams of the country, gained the total of twenty-five hundred yards carrying the ball, and has completed something like fifty forward passes.

As the greatest football player of the season, his title is secure. But what is he like, this Mr. Harold E. (Red) Grange, aside from his chosen profession? Or to be strictly accurate, his chosen pursuit?

Allow me to quote from that interesting sheet, News of Sports, the bulletin issued by Mr. L. M. Tobin from his room in the Engineering Building at the University of Illinois. Following the lead of our celebrated movie stars, oil companies, actresses and railways, all the more progressive colleges to-day have a press agent. Needless to say, however, they are called nothing as crude as that. They are, "Director of Public Relations," "Special Representative of the Dean and Faculty," or "Editor of the News of Sports." Such a seemingly innocuous title as, "Publicity Man," is never used among our institutions of higher learning where American business is, of course, a thing unknown, apart. But-let me quote Mr. Tobin's words:

"Harold E. (Red) Grange—the middle name is Edward—was born

All-American

in Forksville, Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, on June 13, 1903. His father, Lyle N. Grange, in his youth had been the king of the lumberjacks in the Pennsylvania mountains, being renowned for his skill, strength and daring. His mother, a sweet and lovely girl, died when 'Red' was five years old and it was this which determined his father to move from Pennsylvania to Wheaton, Illinois. The family consisted of the father, Harold, a younger brother, Garland, who entered Illinois in 1924, and a daughter



Harold E. (Red) Grange

who was soon married. The father, who never married again, is deputy sheriff at Wheaton."

That, better than anything, gives you the background of Harold E. (Red) Grange. That, and a description of Wheaton, Illinois, where he first starred on the High School football team. Wheaton is a small town of less than five thousand people converging around the juncture of two macadam roads. Two story brick houses sheltering the First National Bank, and an agency for the Cable Piano Company. A small restaurant with the sign, "EATS," hung outside. An agency for Mr. Walter P. Chrysler's latest mechanical marvel. A garage or two-perfectly equipped. A gas station; an island surrounded by a sea of electric lights, with almost the only real garden in town situated in front of the pump. An agency down the street for Mr. Ford's devices for the farm. Beyond, a few clusters of wooden houses, then as far as the cve can see-cornfields. A dull, stolid countryside. That is Wheaton, Illinois. Mechanically speaking, in a better position than a town like Digne, France, ten times as large, the capital of a Department, seat of a Bishopric, and meeting place of a local tribunal. But, socially and intellectually speaking, the Desert of Sahara.

So much for the background of Harold E. (Red) Grange. Actually he is a presentable youth of twentytwo, this somewhat diffident young man whom Coach Zuppke of Illinois told me was the greatest player that had ever represented the blue and gold upon the gridiron. Large boned, slightly over medium height, he presents an enormous paw to you when introduced; and gives you a Hart Schaffner & Marx handshake, declaring at the same time that he is glad to meet you. And strange to say, he apparently means it. Smiling, well groomed, he would pass anywhereeven in the movies-for a clean type of young American manhood. The kind of chap one sees on the billboards advertising felt hats and over-

coats in Winter and straw hats and cigarettes that satisfy in Summer.

Yes, three short years have changed his life from that of a boy in a small country town in the Middle-West to that of a great national figure. He has been offered a half million to star in the movies when the University of Illinois reluctantly presents him with his degree and welcomes him into the fellowship of the educated next June. He has been offered a sum to play professional football that would cause even the once mighty Ruth to blench. He is pursued by interviewers from newspapers, magazines, and news syndicates the country over. During a week spent in Champaign, I observed in the vicinity of the Zeta Psi house in East John Street where Mr. Grange lives, the great Mr. Grantland Rice himself; Mr. Laurence Perry, of the David Laurence Syndicate; Mr. James Braden, the former Yale halfback, now attached to the Chicago News; Mr. Herbert Reed, pinch hitting for Mr. W. R. Hearst; Mr. Walter Trumbull, representing Mr. Curtis of Philadelphia; Mr. James Cruisenbery of the Chicago Tribune, and others no less famous. They were away from their desks in New York and Chicago to get a story on Mr. Grange. But there was no story to get. Mr. Grange, so they assured me, and as I found out for myself, is, off the football field, colorless. Alas, only too true!

Yet his mail, for example, is anything but colorless. A fraternity brother—Mr. Grange's boon companicn and a gentleman who was introduced to me as the perpetual student at Illinois—told me that he receives in football season five hundred letters a day. But, as he added hastily,

"Of course he don't answer any of them mash notes."

A statement I was quite ready to believe.

Like the young men who make such an opulent livelihood playing in amateur tennis tournaments, Mr. Harold E. (Red) Grange believes in combining pleasure with business. The pudgy gentleman standing next to me on the field as we were watching the Illinois team run through signals on the day before a big game recently, explained how this was done.

"Yes, he sells insurance. Why, y'know, all he's got to do is send in his card; 'Harold E. (Red) Grange.' Sure! They're all glad to see him. Why, he's sold pretty near every busi-

ness man in Champaign this year."

How he finds time to captain a victorious football team, solicit—I believe that's the word—insurance, receive callers until he should be sick unto death; how he finds time to do all this I cannot imagine. Besides keeping up in his studies. Not, you understand, that Phi Beta Kappa ever considered him as a likely candidate. No indeed. But he does, I insist, keep up in his work. For proof thereof, let me fall back upon my friend Mr. Tobin and his valuable news sheet.

"Grange is a student in the college of liberal arts and is better than the average student although he is not a highbrow by any means."

For the benefit of those who wish to know what it means to be "better than the average student," in a large Middle-Western educational institution, here is the record of Mr. Harold E. (Red) Grange last semester. D is the lowest possible passing mark. He received, in five courses, a B, a C, two D's and an E. The B was in Geography 3._ To an Illini this speaks vol-To those who are not familiar umes. with the courses at Champaign, let me say that Geography 3 is rated around the campus as something less than the hardest course in the university.

Do not imagine, however, that Mr. Grange has done nothing but play football for his college. He has had a share, and a very large share, too, in the building of the magnificent new Memorial Stadium, the imposing structure towering above the surrounding countryside at Champaign, which cost over two million dollars. Ten years ago a crowd of thirteen or fourteen thousand people at a game at Illinois was a record breaker. Since



the advent of Mr. Grange, crowds of seventy thousand pour down to Champaign three or four times a year. Seventy thousand people at three dollars a head attracted by this All-America halfback, means over two hundred thousand a game. When this is duplicated several times a season, you can easily perceive where he has had his part in the building of that new stadium, and you can also discover by a simple process of arithmetic that his part has not been small.

There is, as before stated, no lurid "story" in this quiet, simple, modest, unassuming Mr. Grange. But there is perhaps, just a touch of tragedy. There is in every football star that same touch. Who, do you happen to remember, was Edward H. (Ted) Coy? Edward N. (Ned) Mahan? H. A. H. (Hobey) Baker? What has become of Samuel White? Of George Owen? Of William Mallory? Once they too were the great ones of earth. They were-no, they are the Harold E. (Red) Granges of a bygone day. At present they are merely middleaged executives, tired business men, unknown for the most part even in a football crowd at Princeton, at Cambridge, at New Haven.

But a star like Mr. Harold E. Grange does more than (Red) merely help his university win its battles on the gridiron. Or assist in the erection of stadia. For unlike Harvard, Yale, and the colleges of the East, your Middle-Western university is dependent for its support upon a yearly grant from the state legislature. They have not, as have the moneyed institutions de la grande snobbisme, a yearly endowment from stocks and bonds which enables them to carry on world without end. No, each year a bill must be passed through the state legislature granting them funds. In size there is apt to be fluctuation. Suppose a star of the gridiron sweeps his college to the front by his mad dashes off tackle, his habitual turning of the rival ends. Does not the name of the institution redound throughout the nation and does not the small town legislator look with justifiable pride at the victories over the institutions of rival states? Who knows but that next year the University of Illinois may receive a couple of additional millions. And even while it receives, a well-groomed, modest young chap may wonder to himself, in odd moment, just what it is all about.

-J. R. TUNIS

THE INTIMATE DIARY AN OPENING NIGHT OF

REAT NECK. Something A.M. Vaguely conscious. Sounds of birds and trees. Life seems simple.

Probably 10 A.M. Coma ends. Breakfast and newspaper. Commence former. Glance at latter. Observe it is first night of "Green Hat."

10.05 A.M. Realize am in it. Not interested in breakfast.

10.06 A.M. Realize further that there are divers things yet to be attended to. Things like shirts, collars, ties. Wonder how to cope with all this. Life not so simple.

10.06 A.M. to 10.45 A.M. Remain inert, owing to total paralysis of all mental and physical functions.

10.45 A.M. With Olympian ef-fort leap from bed. The day com-mences. Immediately on appearance, am informed by various members of household that "Green Hat" opens tonight. Reply coolly that I have noted fact in morning paper. Am asked if l am nervous. Refuse to reply. Dress -sketchily.

1.00 P.M. Arrive in town. Notice billboard announcing opening of "Green Hat." Walk by it with complete indifference.

1.10 P.M. Remember luncheon engagement for one o'clock. Unable to remember with whom or where. Walk about quickly.

1.30 P.M. Remember am lunching with Lyman Brown. Still cannot think where. Call him up. He has left to keep luncheon date. Ask



I glance at the papers



I rushed on the stage boldly

secretary where I am meeting him. Secretary laughs loudly and hangs up. Walk about thinking.

1.45 P.M. Look up suddenly and notice Broadhurst Theatre looking festive. "GREENH... Hurry on.

2.00 P.M. Observe Coffee House Club on right. Enter. Encounter Frank Crowninshield, Austin Strong, Gilbert Miller, Roland Young, Frank Craven-et al. They mention the "Green Hat" opens tonight-but impersonally. Don't think they realize I'm in it. Lunch.

3.00 P.M. Remember suddenly that luncheon date with Brown is at Astor. Dash there. Brown not been seen there to-day at all. Wonder if / it was Ritz?

3.15 P.M. to 7 P.M. Entirely unable to account for these hours. Must have indulged in subconscious shopping, as am carrying about six collars from Cruger's.

7.00 P.M. Fetch up at Lotos Club for dinner. It occurs to me suddenly that luncheon date with Lyman Brown was really nothing but date at Shelton Swimming Pool with Geoffrey Kerr. Call him up. His courteous reply ("Yes, you poor prune") confirms this. Am greatly relieved. 7.05 P.M. On emerging from

telephone, eleven members tell me

"Green Hat" opens to-night and nine are convinced I am nervous.

7.10. Get hat and leave Club.

7.15. Arrive at Elyseé Restaurant for nice quiet dinner. Begin to notice clocks. Notice also many beautiful, magnificently gowned women with equal number of handsome, welldressed men. George, the maître d'hôtel, whispers that they are all going to the "Green Hat." Well-I'm going, too. It is the fashion tonight.

8.00 P.M. Push through battling throngs in front of theatre and further hordes at stage door. Am much buffeted. Stage door man asks me whom I wish to see. Murmur I should like to see Arthur (my dresser). Am allowed up, possibly on assumption I am the tailor. Hope I am in the right theatre.

8.30 P.M. All dressed up. Din of motor cars, horns and whistles, makes thinking difficult. Look through window into Forty-fourth Street and observe largest traffic jam known to civilization. Appears "Green Hat" is only diversion in town to-night.

8.45 P.M. Bell outside dressing room rings violently indicating curtain up and slaughter on. Feel very like Daniel. (The one connected with lions and other carnivorae.) Small dose of Spirits of Ammonia.

8.47 P.M. In the wings. Am so early that words from stage sound entirely unfamiliar, thereby strengthening suspicion that I am in wrong



I realize I'm in it



"Taxi sir?"

theatre.

8.50 P.M. Fears allayed by inspiring spectacle of fellow players feverishly offering one another felicitations.

?? P.M. Time stands still as cue reverberates on ear drum. Wonder dimly just how fast the human heart can beat before it collapses. Dash on stage boldly.

ONE hundred and eighteen years later. Hand-clapping from vast multitude of people. From various evidences gather Act One is over. Unable to ascertain name of play but there are three more acts.

9.30 P.M. September 15th, 1925 (according to Arthur). In dressing room again. Comparative quiet till Arthur discovers complete absence of evening shirt studs, which it appears I promised to bring.

9.40 P.M. Bell goes for second round. Frantic search of building for studs or equivalent. Arthur finally produces wooden laundry studs, which tickle my fancy vastly. Wooden studs for dress shirts quite a quaint conceit. Shall affect them.

Fight pretty even so far. Imagine we are holding our own. Wonder if anyone has seen author and if he will make speech.

10.50 P.M. End of third round. Come upon author in dark corner, leaning against wall. From general evidence, judge he will not make speech. He does not.

11.25 P.M. All over-till tomorrow. Members of cast inform each other they are a hit. Friends of members of cast confirm impression. Author gives whole credit to cast. Cast hands entire kudos to authorand observes later, "Well, anyway, if they don't like the play, they must appreciate the acting.'

6.45 A.M. September 16th. Never read notices but must just see if Gordon Ash is well treated. He does deserve it, poor fellow.

7.00 A.M. He is. Note further that Leslie Howard is also in cast. He is likened, wittily, to everything from an undertaker to the leaning tower of Pisa. Well-what of it? Doesn't everyone know that dramatic critics are, ipso facto, illiterate dolts 10.10 P.M. End of second round. who have no right to criticize? Not I a-) gree to buy the tickets."

that anyone ever reads what they write -least of all the people they write about.

ONE WEEK LATER. Business has been promising. \$23,000 for seven performances. Read Sunday critiques-by accident. Many things said-the shortest by George Jean Nathan-that rude little Homo Sapiens.

"The Green Hat," he opines, "is flapdoodle!"

Wonder what it's all about! -Leslie Howard

A Jersey City man stubbornly denies that he was killed by a motor car as reported by the police. Here is another flagrant example of disrespect for the law, for the National Security League to shiver about.

Harvey S. Firestone's rubber empire in Liberia will give employment to 300,000 What, we wonder, are those natives. natives doing now, if anything, and what can they buy with their modest wages one half so precious as the leisure they sell?

From a review in the *Times* of "Lovely Lady" we read: "The pestagonists are the superannuated youth of this liberated era and the corrupt, depressed, inhibited, mendacious folk of pessaic middle age." Even to one unversed in foreign languages this sounds good.

Since Washington, D. C. does not take kindly to the suggestion that it change its name, perhaps the other center of world civilization will take it up. "Pitchburg" would be good and "Hittsburg" still better.

KEEPING UP THE REPUTA-TION OF AMERICAN WIT

The high price which any critical publication is willing to pay for genuine, scintillant, original wit is exemplified by the Daily News, which paid one hundred dollars (\$100) recently for the follow-ing "Gimmie": "Gimmie a sentence with the word 'Bolivia' in it." The winning quip: "You might be telling the truth, but I don't 'Bolivia' (believe you)."-A Reader.

It's particularly distressing that they didn't give the prize to THE NEW YORKER's entry, which read: "Will you go with me to the Yale Bolivia (Bowl if



THE RENTING AGENT MUSES

APARTMENT ONE

HE chaste sign in a lower corner of one window reads, "Ernest van Phlent, M.D." He is not a general practitioner. Nor is it easy to decide what his practice is, for where in medicine is cure for discontent? Ladies are his patients, amazingly well-groomed and in gorgeous good health. He never prescribes for them until he learns-the doctor is an engaging conversationalist—what it is they wish prescribed. It may be the Riveria, or a season in London, or Deauville, or even as simple a potion as Palm Beach. And when all else fails he can give them letters to the right lawyers in Paris. Privately, his wife and he never talk, but in public they are charmingly devoted to each other. They agreed years ago to act thus, what time Mrs. van Phlent contemplated divorce, but deferred to her husband's argument, "not one of my patients ever would consult me if each did not believe she was alienating me from my wife;" to this argument and the doctor's promise of freedom with discretion.

APARTMENT TWO

Young Jerry Treyn is a hero to his friends. Having inherited an estate from his father which seemed to be nothing but debts, yet he paid within two years every obligation and has secured to himself a comfortable income. A miracle, say his admirers. Jerry does not deny. He regards it as something of a miracle himself, this perverse stockholding of his sternly abstemious father which gave to the son control of an obscure distillery in Pennsylvania at the exact moment when Prohibition made whisky really valuable.

APARTMENT THREE

Mrs. Gaudly told me the other day to sub-lease her apartment. "Now that my dear daughter is so happily married, I can retire to the country. It was only for her sake that I endured the city," she said. But I knew. I had heard how she ruled her daughter like a tyrant, shutting out life and laughter, holding the girl inexorably to her career. Little Ann Gaudly succeeded, owing her success chiefly to her mother's determination. No doubt of that. And not every girl at twenty-three is most loved and best rewarded of musical comedy stars. How Mrs. Gaudly warmed to the plaudits crowded houses showered on Ann, taking them unto herself as she did all else her daughter earned. How she shepherded the girl to and from the theatre, sitting grim-faced in the dressing room, carefully removing cards from bouquetsunless they were those of elderly and

wealthy men. At home she answered all telephone calls. She rode abroad with Ann in the Hispano-Suiza the younger's salary bought, a grim warrior in her triumphal chariot. Then, one day, after the matinée, Ann slipped away from her mother and eloped with the handsome young tenor in her company. They arranged it during waits in the wings. So Mrs. Gaudly has no Hispano-Suiza now; that having gone with the bride. And she wishes to sub-lease, for reasons other than that she gave. As the elevator man inelegantly put it, "Dat ole woman's meal ticket done gone marry hursef' right out of yere."

APARTMENT FOUR

This is to let, and I doubt that it will earn again the rental it did until lately. Neither the elevator runners nor the superintendent told me about the ladies who left there on occasional mornings, holding their fur coats high against their faces. It was the superintendent's wife who whispered this information. thanked her, and said nothing more. The tenant's name was George Sand, he said, but I doubt it. He gave as reference the Wealthiest Young Bachelor in town; and he paid his bills with commendable promptness—in cash. The Wealthiest Young Bachelor married a week ago. The papers were full of it. They printed his picture, too. It was, I noticed with a smile, also the picture of the tenant I knew as George Sand.

APARTMENT FIVE

Gorley. Deeply religious, I am told. She is said to attend every church service she can get to, whatever the denomination. Maybe she feels that thus she is playing safe, making sure to be on the right side, whichever is the right side. She gives freely, and quietly, to charities. A year ago I was called to discuss with her repainting her rooms. While I waited her appearance I glanced through a scrapbook on a table. One long newspaper article therein-from a yellow Sunday journal and profusely illustrated -fascinated me. It was an account of the scarlet career in Europe, thirty years before, of an American girl who had fascinated kings and princes. There were imaginative sketches of incidents of her career, one of these depicting an Oriental potentate scattering handsful of pearls at the feet of the charmer. The enchantress' name, it developed, was Grace Gorley. When the old lady entered I noticed she wore a string of perfect pearls .--- JAMES KEVIN MCGUINNESS

The Doheny-Fall drama, we hear, is to be revived for a Washington run next winter, but our guess is that nothing so crude as penal servitude will result. It is the genius of our institutions (as the judges say) that nobody should be sent to jail who has over eighty dollars.

"Make movies of your game," says an

advertisement for a camera. No; the old A queer, slim, worn old lady, Mrs. way is better-make game of your movies.

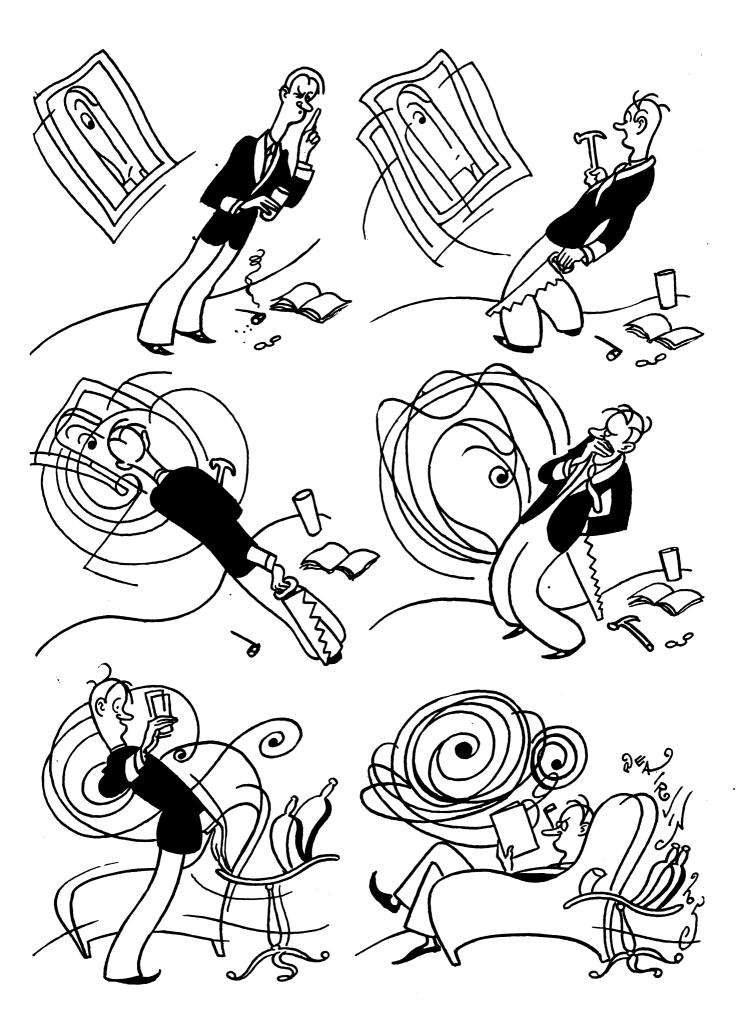


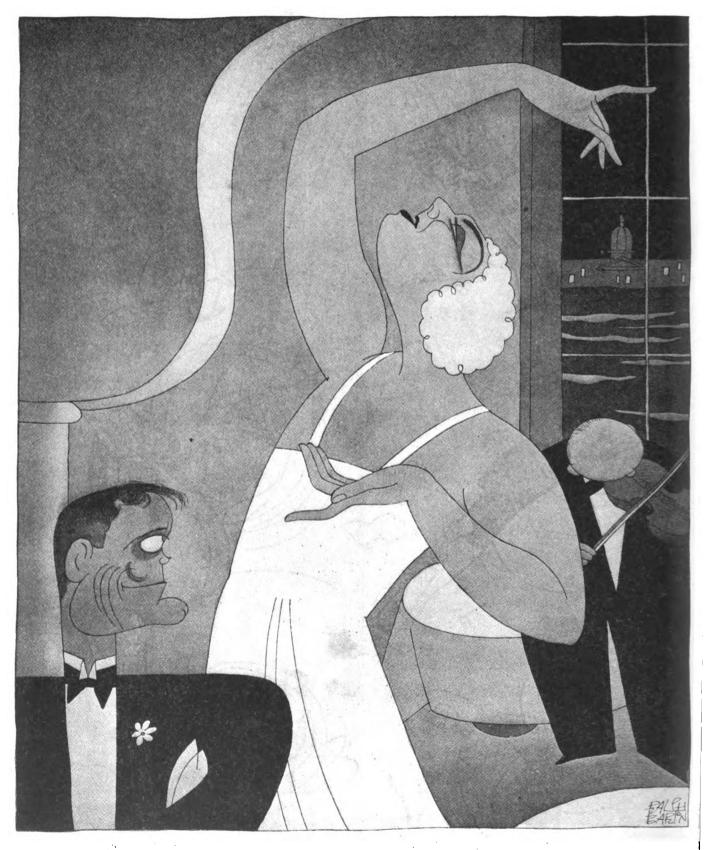
"Talking of art, drop into our museum when you are in Cleveland; we've got a million and a half dollars invested there."



A QUIET EVENING WITH A BOOK







MISS RAMBEAU RETURNS FROM SOMEWHERE The Hungarian National Dish at the Empire Theatre

M ISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU (centre, standing) and Mr. Philip Merivale in the second act of "Antonia," a play from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel which sweetly recalls the

productions of the Summer stock company which enchanted the patrons of Forest Park just outside Akron, Ohio, during the season 1902-1903. —R. B.

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The Theatre

T is an engrossing and interesting entertainment of the finest kind, that the Theatre Guild has provided as the first production of its eighth subscription season. The theatrical year may regard itself as infinitely blessed if anything else as civilized, and beautiful, and appealing comes its way in the months that lie ahead.

The Guild has given "The Glass Slipper," at its Fifty-second Street Theatre, a production that does full justice to the acting version Philip Moeller has made out of Molnar's original. Those subscribers to THE NEW YORKER who also read the newspapers will have heard by this time of the perfect acting that is June Walker's—they should know further that the cast, in general, is without a flaw, and that Lee Simonson's settings are bright, careful, and in the complete mode of the piece.

Molnar, in "The Glass Slipper," has written the play of the little maidof-all-work who sets up for her Prince Charming a middle-aged, somewhat shabby, and not particularly bright cabinet maker who lives in the boarding house which employs her. An unprepossessing person to you and me, this prince, but to her, the dashing aviator of her dreams of the clouds, the beautiful, angry one who has thrilled her worshipful soul, more and more perfect as her life, day by day in search of happiness, crosses the dividing line into the world of fancy.

For ten years this beautiful, angry one has been on terms of intimacy with the mistress of the boarding house, who now demands, for reasons of her own, that he marry her. The approach of the dreadful day of his marriage brings the little servant's dreams and adorations into the open, bit by bit, through sorrow and heartbreak and desperation, she achieves their realization.

All this—and much more; for

there are delicately shaded overtones and undertones that this reporter. alas! is unable to transmit-Molnar tells through the medium of a moving, absorbing story. He writes in a style of comparative realism, and yet there is much that may be taken as nothing but romantic fantasy, wistful and pathetic soul revelation. The so-minded audience, thus, can enjoy an absorbing re-creation of the Cinderella legend, sweetly and beautifully told-and the other-minded audience can marvel at the deftness, and grace, and beauty of the picture of a human heart beating high for happiness.

June Walker is the Budapest Cinderella, and this department herewith declares closed the list of entries for the finest piece of acting in the season of 1925-26. There are other actresses who can sustain a ten minute appearance on stage with a lump of agony in their throats, but let an appropriate amount of importance be attached to the fact that for the first time in a not unemotional decade this deponent wept, and smiled, and wept, at the arbitrary command of an actress (on stage).

Helen Westley, the boarding house mistress, and Lee Baker, the greying, strong, angry one, are particularly excellent among the others in the cast, possibly because they have the outstanding supporting rôles.

The Guild's "Glass Slipper" is throughout, a fine, sensitive achievement.

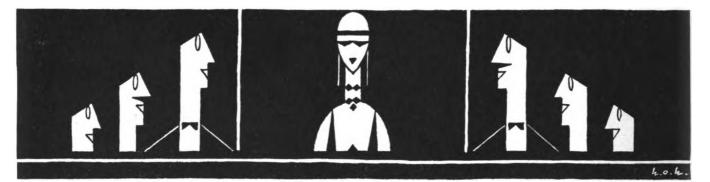
ABOUT six months ago there appeared in THE NEW YORKER an interesting account of how Sidney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted," celebrated the award of the Pulitzer Prize to his play. He promptly, the narrative had it, destroyed the manuscript of a new play that he had written with an eye solely to the box office, a play that was certain to make him a fortune, but that was otherwise without artistic value.

"Lucky Sam McCarver," now at the Playhouse, seems to be the play in question, and one can only assume that there was a regrettable slip up somewhere in the matter of its destruction.

"Lucky Sam McCarver," then, is a thoroughly poor play, and it is no particular mark of mental senility to imagine that even the prophesied box office returns will be lacking. Much of it is dull, and all of it is naïve and capital lettered.

Mr. Howard evidently had it in mind to write the play of the marriage of the self-made, dynamic man of the streets, successively a bartender, a prize fighter, and a cabaret manager, to some precious lady of the higher social orders, adventurous, jaded, courage-ous, contemptuous of the bloodless life about her. Such a marriage, Mr. Howard would show, might end in the complete defeat of the woman, beating her will against unbreakable bars, declassé, and barren at the end; in the brutal triumph of the man, who had taken from her the strengths she had to give him to rise, on the stepping stone of her dead self, to higher things.

So much for what Mr. Howard obviously meant to write. What he has actually written, in a blurred stencil, has been an awkward melodrama. His characters are without continuity of their own, and are pulled in and out of situations by strings in Mr. Howard's hands. Thus, at the beginning of the third act, the audience is required to accept the fact, unless the play is to die instantaneously on the premises, that the McCarver has that afternoon met, on the Lido, a man with whom he has swum, dined, and talked freely, and whom he has now encountered in his own residence, without a suspicion that this friendly personage is his wife's first husband. The play, it must be remembered, claims to be holding the mirror up to life, not to Alfred Savoir or Samuel Scribner.



The casting of the play has, in a major rôle, been even more unfortunate than its construction. Clare Eames, a competent, and at times inspired character actress, is required to be the patrician lady with the slumming whim that leads her even to marriage without the law. There must be an exotic quality to such a woman, an ennui of soul as well as of complexion, a fatalism in her marrow as well as in her small talk. The woman, if she lives at all, is a blood relative of Iris March . . . and Miss Eames, at the best, seems to be spelling out prettily "a society woman, full of moods and Hell-bent for life" for a parlor charade.

John Cromwell is the McCarver, and is relatively acceptable, save that he has failed to realize that for the audience his glamour must be in him and not on him. The rest of the cast is well selected and equal to its tasks, and the settings by Joe Mielziner are gorgeous.

PEORGE KELLY has achieved G a cold, hard gem of playwright-ing in "Craig's Wife." Intent on presenting the situation of the woman whose desires for independence become inevitably, with no evil intent on her part, a relentless matter of the exclusion of everything that might in the least jeopardize her own safety, Mr. Kelly has written an extraordinarily fine play. It fails to live, but this is scarcely his fault. It is rather the fault of his subject. A presentation of the general theme, which has obviously been his aim, despite the fact that he has pinned it lightly on specific characters, could not have been better made by any playwright in the virtually all inclusive knowledge of this department.

Mr. Kelly's female marionette is the woman to whom her home has become the very center of life. It is only incidentally a place for living in; it is primarily a symbol of the triumph

of her existence, and it is to be kept spotless, chaste, and inviolate, as befits a shrine. With the assistance of a perfunctory plot, Mr. Kelly provides a situation in which everything goes to smash about her, and still she clings defiantly to the exaggerated values of self that are about to devour her.

In a cast of general excellence, there are two performances that are particularly brilliant, by Chrystal Herne and Charles Trowbridge. Miss Herne, in particular, is not far from perfect in her work, and in the rare instances in which she and her rôle part company, it is not the least of her triumphs that the rôle is shown clearly to be in the wrong. Mr. Trowbridge is quiet, smooth, and as inevitable as the character of his portrayal.

"Craig's Wife" is not the play to bring you cheering to your feet. It is, however, the play to make you marvel for days at the complete mastery of his trade that is Mr. Kelly's. It is the play that, joined to your memories of "The Torch-Bearers" and "The Show-Off," makes you wonder how anyone can fail to recognize the identity of America's greatest dramatist.—H. J. M.

Music

E ASILY the most difficult (if you will pardon the paradox) musical attraction to review is the Philadelphia Orchestra. To say anything new about Mr. Stokowski and his trained instrumentalists is something that seems to be outside of the talents of our chroniclers. Mr. Stokowski, apparently, has as much chance of drawing a roast in this town as certain films have of getting panned in the Hearst papers.

How, we wonder, would Mr. Stokowski fare if he were a resident conductor? He comes into New York with at least two edges on his local competitors. First, he can try out his programs on his Philadelphia admirers before playing them for his Carnegie Hall devotees; and second, as you may have suspected, he is not, like other conductors, always with us. His ten subscription concerts are so thoroughly sold out that magnates who can demand rows of seats for other events are left weeping in the lobby, clutching vain fifty-dollar bills which will not buy even standing room. If Mr. Stokowski were to appear fifty or sixty times per annum, his concerts might not be provocations for flying wedges on the doormen of Carnegie Hall. Might not, we said, but they probably would be. For Mr. Stokowski is more than a fine musician and a brilliant conductor. He is a showman, and showmen are scarce in music.

O^N the evening following the Philadelphia Orchestra's opening concert, the State Symphony trotted into Carnegie Hall. This organization seems to be blessed with the vitality that distinguishes such eminent world figures as Bartley Madden and Kid Broad. (Neither of these gentlemen is to be found in the latest edition of Grove's Musical Dictionary, unfortunately.) The State was born as a solace to Mr. Stransky after his departure from the Philharmonic, and when the gifted Josef retired to devote himself to art with a lower case "a," it was deeded over to Ignatz Waghalter, of whom the more the merrier. This season, the State pops up with two excellent musicians managing the baton-Ernst von Dohnanyi and Alfredo Casella. Mr. Dohnanyi, who has the first crack at the orchestra, is an able leader, as he proved at one performance last season. The strength of the State lies in its programs, but it's too early to make predictions.

OFTEN we have envied Lawrence Gilman, whose readers continually favor him with such letters a s this:

"A bets B that Wagner was a greater composer than Verdi. Kindly decide, and oblige,

> "Two Red Hot Sports from the Bronx."

That jealousy is ended, for we have received a note from a gentleman in East Twelfth Street in which occurs this paragraph:

"What is your opinion of the music critics of New York in general and Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff of the New York *World* in particular? My friends seem to think that he is the best, but I do not agree with them."

We take it that this communication was written earnestly, as everything that concerns music should be, and it cannot be dismissed with an epigram. Nor do we think that we are quite qualified to decide the question, on which may hinge all manner of things. After discussing the correct procedure with several musicians whose concerts have been reviewed in the World, we have come to the only possible solution. Herewith we turn the query over to one who can answer The floor belongs to Samuel it. Chotzinoff.---R. A. S.

Art

HERE is yet a day or two in which to see the exhibition of drawings, etchings, and lithographs at the C. W. Kraushaar Galleries of such famed men as Daumier, Manet, Forain, Guys, Legros, Toulouse-Lautrec, Redon and Fantin-Latour. Unless that list strikes a chord, you will not be interested. If it does-you probably will have been there several times. We will never get over jumping up and down and shouting about anything of Lautrec's. Or we hope we won't. There are about twenty of his lithographs, and some of them so reasonably priced that the beginner need not feel ashamed about inquiring. Among the drawings, ten by Mathieu Verdilhan are worth anything they may be asking. When the law comes restricting the practice of art, we hope the French are the sole survivors. They alone seem to have taken hold of this organ of the body, function of the mind, dream of the soul-call it what you will-and used it to its utmost. Oh yes, there is Constantin Guys, with six drawings worth walking some distance to view. The Galleries state that it will be some time before such a collection is spread before you again. Our advice is,

take their word for it and go and see.

CULPTURES that we can recom-D mend must be good, or bad, we do not know which. Anyway there is the exhibition of things by S. T. Konenkov at the Reinhardt Galleries, things carved in wood by a forlorn Russian. The catalogue points out, and we have no means of disagreeing, that any sculpture of the Russians has been a faint echo of the western schools. With Konenkov, Russia found a carver who went after the Russian soul. And if you have read Turgenief or Tolstoy, you know what that is. Anyway, if we must come to the point, we found great joy in the carvings of the poet sculptor. Most of the pieces are in wood, the form adapting itself to the grain and bark The humorous in many instances. ones we found more exciting, more with a lilt to them and the spirit of having come from a happy creative mood. It is well worth your while to make a visit to the Reinhardt Galleries. The work of the Russian will help you forgive the Galleries for the too flaunted Spaniard they lived with scarce a year ago.

FROM there you can wander over to the Daniel Galleries, one of the favorite haunts of this correspondent, where the first Winter show is being



held. There are only fourteen pieces in the show; but they are well chosen and give you a good idea of the modern wing. The titles are down to that bareness that warns you of what neck of the woods you are in: anything that is not labeled still life is called landscape, or abstraction.

There is one that sold almost immediately it was hung: "Archybooches" by Louis Bouche. It depicts the cat in one of his quiet moods, calmly surveying life. He has been reading, one would judge, a novel by Harold Bell Wright, or the *Bookman*. In his curled paws is a roll of paper. Being a family journal we can say no more but beg you to take a look at the cat.

Charles Sheeler has one of his aristocratic still lifes, and Preston Dickinson has some of his thoughtfully calculated wa—ah, we caught you that time—pastels.

Fiske Boyd contributes two pictures, one of Martha's Vineyard and one of Charleston, the town, not the dance. These show Boyd's progress, they tell us, and are interesting mainly as sign posts. One of our favorite young painters, Niles Spencer, has a large canvas called "Studio Table." This work is several pegs ahead of any of the stuff in last year's exhibit, and shows that the painter has become firmly adult. There seems no wavering about this and bears the marks of having been done with a dash. We suppose we should include Archipenko who has an oil and canvas variation of his sculpture: a large fieshly lady who runs much to the hoof. An acquired taste, we believe, and one that we have felt in no need of, up to the time of going to press. But see "Archybooches" and what he thinks of life. —М. Р.

Books

HE self-confidence and profes-I sional capacity of young novelists in these days have had no more striking instance than Louis Bromfield's. He is scarcely thirty. His first novel, "The Green Bay Tree," was of a kind so arduous and requiring such maturity, that equally good ones used to be written only by muscular veterans, with fame to nerve them and a dozen books under their belts. In his second, "Possession," he goes as serenely through an even harder task of the same kind, one that might often have harassed an Arnold Bennett in mid-career with the mis-



Charivarical impression of "A Regular Fellow," wherein the arch and spickly span Raymond Griffith, with generous democratic spirit, makes delightful burlesque of a noted Baedecker addict, H. R. H. Edward Albert David Patrick Etcetera, Prince of England, Ireland, Wales, Etcetera. At Moss's Broadway.

givings: Do I know enough about this? am I getting these people right? and would they behave as I am making Also, "Possession" is interthem? related, as he says, with "The Green Bay Tree," being the story of Ellen Tolliver, who figured in that novel as the younger cousin of its heroine, Lily Shane, who reappears at length and importantly in "Possession," as others of the family do, and does "the Town." And furthermore, his foreword announces that these two are the first of "at least half a dozen novels" thus interrelated, each to give "a certain phase of the spectacle of American Life."

Wow, what a project! Plainly another Balzac's.

We hope it is clear that we were impressed by "Possession" (*Stokes*) as a rather prodigious feat of novel writing. For, otherwise, we wished he had suffered a little from the misgivings mentioned; his characters so often behaved as we were sure they never would, usually in doing some credible thing incredibly. And Ellen's career is itself incredible—of her. She not only gets out of "the Town" but fulfills her ambition to be great and famous. She would. But not, if this court knows her and knows musicians, as a pianist so wonderful that within a few years New York, Paris, and London audiences are falling over backward. Bromfield says she "might have been a sculptor, a painter, an actress, a writer, would doubtless have been successful in any direction she saw fit to direct her boundless energy." The devil she might! It reminds us of an item of the Mencken-Nathan "Credo," to the effect that all good Americans believe John D. could have been a Shakespeare.

His fiction and his foreword are not the only signs of Bromfield's superb self-confidence. At the end, a reception to Ellen is attended by Ella Nattatorini, and by the Duc de Guermantes and M. Swann. It is probably all right with Carl Van Vechten. Proust is dead.

H AUPTMANN'S novel, "The Island of the Great Mother," (Viking Press) is a luxuriant, ironical fantasy, well worth reading, even though its caricature of some aspects of the feminist movement seems as behind the times as Tennyson's "Princess." Ronald Firbank, precursor and idol of some of the young satirists of blasé high life, now in vogue, has rewritten his "Vainglory" (Brentano's) so effectually that reading it is like catching flashes through a fog. "Doctor Transit," by I. S. (Boni & Liveright) is something new and curious in the sex line.—TOUCHSTONE

Motion Pictures

USTER KEATON had better D have a care. For a good half of "Go West" (Capitol) he made us weep-not furtive drips of glycerine but copius deluges of real salt drops. The ninety-seven tons of water that recently fell on London was a mere creek compared to our Niagara. What caused it was the intense pathos he put into his characterization of "Friendless, Just A Drifter," than whom we have never known a more unhappy, lonely, buffeted, beaten, uncomplaining, stoical, and vagrant soul, without home, country or dime. Into the West, wanders this Stoical Lost One, having found the city's heart as cold as Sadie Thompson's. There, on the lonely pampas, surrounded by unfriendly steers, cactus, prairie waste, and callous cowboys, he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in the touching person of a sad eyed cow. Her bovine affection is inspired by his

Androclean removal of a sharp stone from her cloven hoof. She subsequently follows him about faithfully-a staunch guide, pal, and severest critic. Together, he, like a harlequin Don Quixote, and she, like a milk giving Sancho Panza, they weather it through storm and sunshine. There is plenty of inclemency at that, what with bad times visiting the ranch owner and the bad men trying to steal the cattle, he is forced to send for sale to the Los Angeles stockyards. But betwixt them, man and cow, Friendless Tenderfoot and Brown-eyed Butter Giver, they frustrate the bad men and lead the herd to its destination. The streets of Los Angeles are their most difficult passage since the steer has a natural and curious desire to wander through smart stores and china shops. But by dint of the Red Devil Suit, man and cow, they lead the herd to the shambles, safe and sound.

The finishing drive is truly a holocaustic gust of laughter, being as funny as they come. This department is pleased to suggest Brown Eyes as a candidate for its Heroines of the Week. May her milk be all cream, forever!

THE King On Main Street," at the Rivoli, is just about the best thing that could have happened to the ancient theme that Kings must be unhappy because they are Kings, and hence unable to act like Men. The reason for our enchantment beyond

reason with this rambling episodic, disjointed, and ultra-romantic affair (and we mean those adjectives, being more serious than a night club bouncer), is as follows. First, because Adolphe Menjou, the Slick, plays the rôle of King Serge of Molvania, a French Farcical ruler with a Leo Ditrichstein way-with-the-Ladies. The creatures just can't resist the King and keep offering themselves: but His Majesty being a gentleman, they are merely kissed on the ear after it has been likened to a petal. And, as far as we know, nobody else in this or any world is allowed to kiss ears and get away with it, aside from the svelte Brummelish Mr. Menjou. Second, there are three attractive ladies with kissable ears embroidered to the story. Referring, of course, to Miss Greta Nissen, of the gorgeous chorus girl beauty and the habit of posing as though she were Miss Scandinavia at a County Fair; Miss Bessie Love, about whom one can say "very wistful and pretty indeed," without uttering an insult; and Miss Carlotta Monterey, who grants a few precious glimpses of a preciously startling dark profile and an icy manner, which is bound to set a new fashion in High Cinema Society. Lastly, because Monta Bell has directed the tale and has imparted to it a delightful ambling gait. He has made the romantic nonsense always good to look on, charmingly ridiculous, and always good humored. For all of which enumeration, you are en-

joined to see this pleasant screen apple.

THE only trouble with "The Knockout," recently at the Rialto, in which the likeable Milton Sills strives mightily to burst his blood vessels in order to prove the color of his corpuscles, is that it's just like a moving picture.

OW, "Compromise," at War-ner's was different. It told the story of one pure Joan, who was so idealistic and hothouse that she soiled very easily. And when that wicked little French hussy kept pursuing her husband, she almost died from having her ideals shattered. However, after a good deal of ridiculous continuity, she discovered that Life is not all Beer and Skittles, but that we can make it what we want it to be, in so far as we are clean, brave, big or wonderful. And even then, we Never Know. For there is always God. In this particular instance, God sent a furious hurricane, which demolished a whole landscape, before poor Joan got the final lesson of We Never Know About Life. The sun, of course, came out for the final closeup and there you were.—T. S.

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Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 32, the list of new books worth while on page 35.



GUTZON BORGLUM SHOWS EMILE BOURDELLE THE INTELLIGENT L'ONS AT THE PUBLIC L'BRARY

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

at Philadelphia on the twentyfourth when Pennsylvania and Chicago met in one of those, as the newspapers like to call them, "intersectional clashes." Yes, goloshes were being worn, and yellow slickers also, until the crowded stands at Franklin Field looked like so many living advertisements for Uneeda Biscuits. Indeed, without those colorful slickers and those new cardboard rain-hats, most of the sixty thousand would have washed away in the downpour. For it was drizzling early that morning as we passed through Trenton; it was coming down faster as we came to a stop at North Philadelphia; and by game time a surly, annoying rain was penetrating the field and the Pennsylvania cheering section and their band, headed by that magnificent major domo in the red and blue regimentals. A rainy day. Bad for Pennsylvania, declared the authorities up in the press box as they surveyed that gloomy procession taking their seats on the damp concrete around the gridiron.

But this Pennsylvania eleven is a great team, and they proved their greatness in that mud, by playing the same kind of football they had played against Yale on a dry field at New Haven the pre-vious Saturday. They held the

ball, they used their heads, and despite the fact that they were outweighed by the team that was the Western Conference Champion in 1924 and unbeaten since 1923, they refused to let conditions affect their play. That was why they defeated Chicago that afternoon; and on a dry field, it is highly likely they would have won by more than a seven point margin.

Like all Stagg coached teams, the Chicago line played high; so high at first that Fields and Rogers and Kreuz got under them for gains. A sweet back, this man Kreuz, reminding one at times of Brickley of Harvard. Built like Brickley, he has the same way of running close to the ground, of shooting straight into a bunch of tacklers, and then in some inexplainable way, coming through them into the open. Like Brickley, too, he has the ability to keep his feet, even when tackled by two or three opponents. For the first quarter he ripped and plowed his way through that Chicago line; while the delayed triple pass which Yale found so bewildering at New Haven was good for yardage every time it was used. But, as the Pennsylvania team neared the goal, that defense stiffened. A Chicago line

OLOSHES were being worn over substitute was thrown in; the delayed pass was smeared. And a forward pass thrown over the goal line lost Pennsylvania her first opportunity to score.

The second came a few minutes later when Kreuz hit the goal posts in an attempt to kick a placement goal. Then but the Pennsylvania running attack



with the ball near mid-field, Rogers shot an unexpected forward pass to Thayer, Pennsylvania's smart end. Thayer was uncovered and got away toward the goal with a good start. A Chicago man tackled him; but Thayer shook him off and ran over for the only score of the afternoon. A perfect pass and a perfect catch made with a ball heavy and soggy from the rain and mud, it showed pretty conclusively that Pennsylvania is just as good a rainy day as it is a fair weather team.

Now, one of the delightful things about football is that a team can dominate another for part of a game and then be completely dominated by its opponents. Chicago up to this point had been entirely on the defensive. The play had been in their side of the field. Their backs had failed to gain more than a yard or so at a time. Their tackling had been nothing to write home about, and their line had been fooled repeatedly by the Pennsylvania thrusts. Their captain and tackle had been pierced for gains a half dozen times. It looked as though Pennsylvania might win by three or four touchdowns. Then with dramatic suddenness, the tide turned. The great Kreuz fumbled in his

own territory. A Chicago man fell on the ball and Chicago became the aggressor.

In fact, during the second period and most of the second half, the ball was in Pennsylvania territory. It is true that Kreuz got two chances for field goals;

was stopped short, most of the time, after that first quarter. And the Chicago attack was most of the time, pressing. Those backs who at the start had seemed slow in reaching the line of scrimmage, who had run over their own interference, who were ineffective, hesitant-they came suddenly to life. McCarty and Tinne smashed that magnificent Pennsylvania line for gain after gain. Down under the shadow of the goal posts, or at least where there would have been a shadow if the whole field hadn't been as gloomy as the interior of a movie theatre, those Chicago backs fought their way. Only to be stopped when a forward pass was chucked wildly into the end zone, for the Pennsylvania line was hurrying the passer most effectively all afternoon.

The way each team used the pass was indicative. Pennsylvania used it sparingly, but well. The pass was not anticipated, the passer was protected, the throw was directly to the man intended to receive it. Chicago, on the other hand, advertised her pass. The

thrower ran back in such a manner that everyone on both teams knew what was expected. He was frequently hurried and he often threw the pass into air. Pennsylvania scored on her one pass. Chicago could not score on her six or seven.

And when Curley, the blond Chicago quarterback left the game, Chicago's generalship was faulty. They wasted their efforts in rushes well down in their territory instead of kicking for the breaks. On the other hand, Pennsylvania played for those breaks. And got them, for the breaks in sport, like the breaks in life, have a habit of going to the best man. They punted, and then, when they got the ball they punted once more. Chicago fumbled and still again Kreuz lifted one of those splendid fifty yard kicks into the rain. And again Chicago fumbled, and again a Pennsylvania man was there to fall on the ball. Eighty yards covered in two rushes! There was not luck. There was not merely a grasping of opportunities, there was a smart football team out-thinking and out-playing its opponents.

Very few of the Chicago team stood out, as did the entire Pennsylvania ack-

field, as did Sieracki, (until he was hurt), and Thayer, that splendid end. But their refusal to accept defeat, their downright strength, their rushes as they swarmed through the Pennsylvania line were impressive.

WHILE the score was 9 to 0 in favor of Colgate, it only took two points to beat Princeton thoroughly, in mind, body, and soul.

For three periods, two well-coached, keen, fast lines had locked on the slippery field. Only the lightning shifts of Colgate, line and backfield moving as one, an equally fast Princeton defense and the fact that Tryon was outkicking Dignan, stood out. The footing was too slippery for final punches to score, when first one opposition and then the other put their backs up in desperation. Then, with questionable judgment, a Princeton back let Tryon's punt roll to Princeton's three yard line. While he prayed for it to roll over, two Colgate men pounced on it. Followed Dignan's kick from behind the goal line, blocked, a safety, two points for Colgate.

Plenty of time for revenge. For about five plays the Tiger went wild. At the end of a thirty yard drive, with only two yards to make on the fourth down, the Princeton team went into a longer huddle than usual, and, as the soggy gentleman behind me remarked, they evidently de-cided, "what was the use?" There followed a kick. Another kick, more kicking. It was only when the quarter had slipped away and there remained only a minute to play that the startling Mr. Slagle came to the conclusion that perhaps the decision was at fault, and, to veto it, threw a forward pass from his own thirteen yard line . . . which was intercepted to give Mr. Tryon opportunity for a minor spectacle in circling the Princeton end on the next play to splash over the line in a mirey burst. A minor spectacle, because the Princeton team had been beaten nine minutes before, by two tiny points which loomed larger than twenty.

I T rained at Philadelphia, it rained at Princeton, and it rained in New York, spoiling what ought to have been a first class football game between Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson, rivals on the gridiron since 1898. While Colgate was giving the Tiger his first defeat of the season, the team that tied the Princeton conqueror seven to seven a few weeks ago was going down to defeat at the soggy Polo Grounds by the narrow margin of one point. Representing a goal after touchdown which Ford, the Lafayette end missed on that muddy surface when his drop kick went awry.

With Gebhard, Lafayette might have been strong enough to win. Without their leader and on the day, they were the weaker team.—J. R. T.



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XII. The Circulation Problem If Any

PROBABLY never before in the history of our country has any magazine faced the gigantic problem of distribution which THE NEW YORKER must solve weekly. In order to deliver a circulation extending well into the hundreds of millions, to say nothing of the three copies which are given gratis each week to the Public Library, the staff has found it neces-

sary to employ another staff so large that the added distribution of copies of THE NEW YORKER among this new staff alone is larger than the total number of copies which they are supposed deliver. to These statistics are offered free for what they are worth, in hopes that the reader may form some conception of the immensity of this weekly total.

Naturally the problem of distribution was not always so difficult. When the magazine was founded in 1867 there were only two subscribers, both of them the Editor. As the circulation increased, the Editor used to carry the copies about the city personally on the back of his high-wheeled bicycle after working hours. This naturally made him the butt of considerable ridicule;

and Ellis Parker Butler, at that time a columnist on the *Evening Post*, used to refer to him as "the editor pedalling his wares," a mot which was long bandied about town and later made into a play for the Shuberts.

This barb of ridicule had the desired effect; and in addition the fact that the following year a new subscriber opened an account in Staten Island (a day's journey by boat in those days, and a terrible hill to climb when you got off) forced the Editor in 1883 to abandon his bicycle. After a brief experiment with homing pigeons, he hired a messenger to deliver the numbers on horseback. Later this gave way to delivering them by trolley car, and still later by telephone; this latter practice however was abandoned in 1899 owing to the fact that subscribers constantly complained of receiving the wrong numbers.

In 1900 Mr. Eustace Tilley, the head of THE

Delivering THE NEW YORKER in 1870. The Editor is here seen seated on his highwheeled bicycle waiting for Mr. Terwilliger Tilley, grandfather of our present Mr. Eustace Tilley, to give the signal to start distribution. Behind the Editor may be seen James Buchannan (afterward President Buchannan) an early supporter of THE NEW YORKER.

> to THE NEW YORKER from time to time delicious bits of anecdote which they find on the backs of postal cards, and which are used in the "Talk of the Town" department.

> In return for this generosity on the part of the Government, THE NEW YORKER not only feeds and clothes these postmen, but in addition presents them each Christmas with a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, equal to five dollars or almost double the annual salary they receive from the Government.

New Yorker's Subscription Department, discovered that the problem had grown beyond all reason, and traffic rules on Forty-fifth Street were being disrupted daily by the army of news boys who gathered about THE NEW YORKER office when the issues were due. After a hurried consultation with Postmaster-General Hays he completed arrangement by an which THE NEW YORKER was assigned 180,000 special postmen, whose sole duties were to deliver copies of this magazine on Friday.

NEW YORKER Postmen are selected carefully for their poise and urbanity, and are known for their ability to discuss intelligently the Theatre and Art criticisms with the subscribers. In addition they are trained to bring in

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because as I was walking along East Sevententh Street one late afternoon wearing my favorite green chapeau, a truck driver sang out to me, "Hello there, Iris!" Apparently everyone knows now that A is for Arlen, however more or less bravely the hat may be worn. -LEAH BROWN

Because in London, taxi drivers, policemen and bus conductors address me civilly as "miss," while in New York they merely call me "sister;" which is flagrantly disrespectful, endearingly friendly-and shows that perhaps America does mean something after all.

Because it contains so many people who are silly enough to sit down and write paragraphs about New York telling why they like like .--- HELENA H. SMITH

Because brass bands are futile. They can't compete with the din of traffic. Tripping along that nice, broad sidewalk north of the Pennsylvania Station and reading a copy of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" the other day I was aware of a sudden breeze. I casually looked up only in time to avoid walking down the horn of the saxaphone at the head of some parade.--RUTH RIDENOUR

Will you let a French girl have her say too?

Because the poules in the Commodore rotunda don't have to hang over the balustrades and whistle at the gentils beurre et oeufs papas; the dear boys know enough to come without whistling.

Because I saw at least one soda fountain clerk with French looking whiskers.

Because every ex-doughboy remembers one wartime word: baiser.

Because I have enough money to take the boat back to France any day I like.

Because I intend to stay here.

-Coralie du Briede

メズズ

Because there is always a new skyscraper or a new sewer to idle over at lunch hour.

Because you can buy anything from a lavallière to an orange drink without stepping off the sidewalks of Forty-second Street.-P. S.

Because once, while wandering near Bowling Green, flat broke and hungry, I actually crowded J. Pierpont Morgan off the sidewalk.

Because I saw a policeman stop a half million dollars worth of cars to let an old lady with a shawl over her head cross the street.

Because, like Mount Whitney and Death Valley, Fifth Avenue and Sixth are so close together.

-Gentry Poindexter

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in Forty-sixth Street New York

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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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The Nineteenth Hole Club Announces

THE MIDNIGHT OPEN

SUPPER dance, to be given in the A Hendrick Hudson room of the Hotel Roosevelt, on election night, for all the friends of golf and those who have to listen to them.

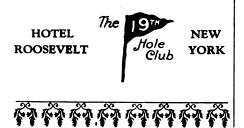
The Nineteenth Hole Club, with headquarters at the Roosevelt, is a club exclusively for golfers and their friends. It will soon have a club house with every conceivable modern appointment. Playing privileges will be granted to members on a number of excellent metropolitan courses. The annual membership fee is Ten Dollars. Among the members of this club will be every one who has set a pinch of wet sand under a golf ball, from professionals to feminine beginners.

Latest advances report that, in addition to the long list of stars announced last week, who will compete in the putting tournament at "The Midnight Open," Johnny Dundee, Bob Curry and Ralph Morgan may participate. Dickie Martin, Editor of the Metropolitan Golfer, will also play-although betting odds are eleven thousand to one-half, against him. It will be well worth while to see these stars in their putting stances.

Personal-Estelle says Jack will join the club as soon as he has another fight and raises the necessary ja- let it go.

Music will be supplied by Ben Bernie's Orchestra-Jack and "Hope" Quartararo will tango, this being their first public appearance in America.

In order to be close to the pin in the gallery at this Supper Dance and "The Midnight Open," make an early reservation to,





ES FOR **FABL**

more, and he is far from considerate. It is hard enough trying to tra played Volga Boat Songs; they used keep in touch with those static restaurants that often stay in one place for a year, but the idea of constantly learning the new names, new passwords, and new locations that will inevitably follow this new padlocking outburst of his, is a little too much. But the most annoying part of this whole rigmarole is what seems to me, on the surface of things, to be the utter stupidity of the places that have been caught a second time. If patrons have never heard of flasks and private stock they can be sure of, it is too bad about them.

Very few really smart people that I know are willing to drink anything that is handed them anyhow, and the hocus-pocus of identification fails to flatter them any more. If the restaurant needs the revenue, it can raise the couvert charge, because there are plenty of people who will pay it; and can charge two dollars for a small glass of lime juice instead of onefifty. By Thanksgiving, the Del Fey Club, the Piping Rock Restaurant (honest tears here) and the Lido-Venice, as they now stand, will undoubtedly be closed. Some are already looking for new restaurant sites. And all I have to say is that it is their own fault for being what I consider thoroughly dumb.

UT there are sadder ways for Bright clubs to die than by the padlock's click. I speak of that lingering malady that has come upon the Russian Kavkaz, that many cellared haunt near Fifty-third Street and Broadway. It has been enlarged, and Soudeikined, and made pretentious for one thing. And, even after the conspicuous lights near Broadway have gone out around

EALLY and truly, Mr. Buck- enter by a dark entrance next door, ner is not one bit funny any the crowd there is not the same. They used to remain silent while the orchesto borrow guitars from the orchestra and sing Russian or French songs for the entertainment of their friends; after midnight, it was the most cosmopolitan place in town. Now, the music is not particularly good, and they attempt jazz a little too often; and the audience contains too many habitués of Broadway not to break the spell of intimacy. Even the caviar is not especially good-an unforgivable thing! Very, very late at night, the spirit becomes gayer, the music better, and the audience more distinguished, but there is a difference, which is just a little disheartening.

> **HE** Ambassador Grill is now open for dinner and after-thetheatre parties, with Larry Siry and his orchestra providing the impetus for dancing. As yet, the place is anything but crowded, and there is plenty of room to dance. The surroundings are charming, however, and you never feel in the least conspicuous if the tables around you happen to be empty. Later in the season, ballrom dancers will entertain at midnight, but at present you will have to be content with very good food, good music, and, I hope, congenial company.

ON this, the morning after the great première, with printers shrieking in my ears, I have a chance to say only that "Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue" (lasting from about one until two-forty-five at present, but undoubtedly to be cut down) is a swell show, and narrowly escapes being a magnificent one. Frances Williams, the white race's candidate for "blue" singing, Sterling Halloway from "The Garrick Gaieties," a superb midnight, and People Who Know chorus trained by Sammy Lee, and an

interpretive singing and dancing finalé of George Gershwin's rhapsody are the high lights. Of these, more anon.

LATEST bulletins from students of the Charleston at our greater colleges. Query: Is the Charleston being done at college dances?

Night letter from Cambridge---(collect)

KICKED OUT OF RESPECTABLE BOS-TON DANCE ON EAR FOR ATTEMPTING VIOLENT CHARLESTON ON PERSON OF DEBUTANTE STOP VERY CONSERVA-TIVE VERSION WITH LITTLE LEG SWINGING AND MUCH SMOOTHNESS IN ORDER. BRIAN

Telegram from New Haven (paid, and how!)

CHARLESTON HAS ALREADY VAN-ISHED FROM NEW HAVEN INTO THE OBSCURE LAND OF THE DEMODE PA-**RENTHESIS ACCENT ON EACH E CLOSE** PARENTHESIS STOP SUGGEST YOU COM-MUNICATE WITH CAP AND GOWN CLUB COMMA PRINCETON.

ANGELL'S CHORUS

Telegram from Princeton (charged to the Princetonian):

CHARLESTON THE LAST THING TO ENTER ANYONES MIND STOP RUMORS TO THE CONTRARY WE STUDY HERE STOP AGAIN. BIOLOGY 4

Telegram from the Connecticut Aggies:

NEVER BEEN NEAR THE TOWN. NO SIG.

All of these (with the exception of the Yale effort, which looks like an attempt to be superior) will give you an idea of the great intellectual upheavals taking place in our fair land, and how our clear-eyed young people are being equipped to carry on the work of the nation. Watch for a good ballroom Charleston at Christmas time.-LIPSTICK

MELODRAMA

Act I

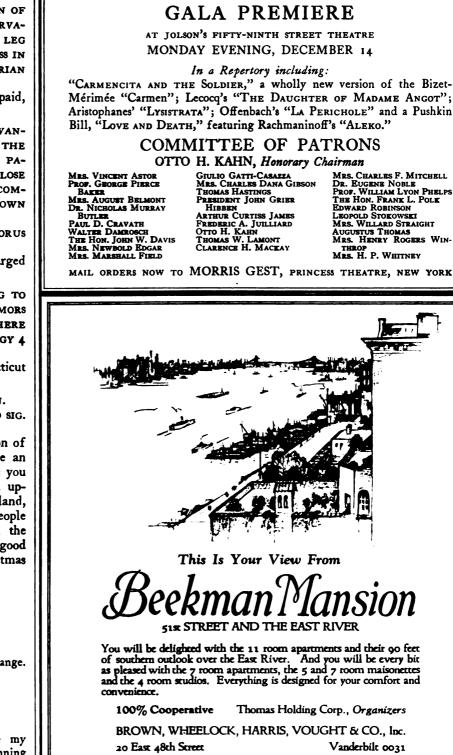
The taxi driver said he had no change.

Act II

I killed him.

Act III

I reached in his pocket, made my change, and left a tip on the running board.



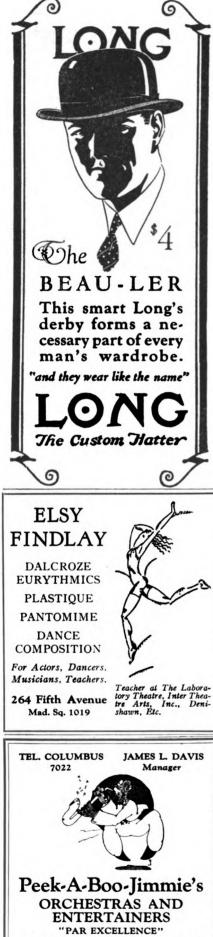
F. RAY COMSTOCK and MORRIS GEST HAVE THE GREAT HONOR TO ANNOUNCE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

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of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko (The Synthetic Theatre) Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York, Beginning with a

Mérimée "Carmen"; Lecocq's "The Daughter of Madame Angot"; Aristophanes' "Lysistrata"; Offenbach's "La PERICHOLE" and a Pushkin

MRS. CHARLES F. MITCHELL DR. EUGENE NOBLE PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS THE HON. FRANK L. POLK EDWARD ROBINSON LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI MRS. WILLARD STRAIGHT AUGUSTUS THOMAS MRS. HENRY ROGERS WIN-THEORY



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347 W. 59th STREET, N. Y. C. For References; the Leading Hotels



VEVERAL young women of my acquaintance, who wear small hats as infrequently as possible for the wholly ridiculous reason that they do not happen to be becoming, spent an enthralling afternoon recently in bitter complaint against the dearth of really good large hats at reasonable prices. These are almost impossible to find at department stores, except by accident or luck. The general verdict seemed to be that, at present, the best place to find them is Joseph's, in Fifty-seventh Street, with Tappé's, across the street, and Maison Maurice, in Fifth Avenue, as close seconds. None of these, I need hardly add, are in the \$16.50 class. But what can you do if you happen to be eccentric? My own complaint is the impossibility of following fashion to the extent of a really good draped velvet turban, which happens to be most becoming to ME. Here, also, department stores fail to satisfy, and places like Bruck-Weiss and Bendel's loom as the only refuge, probably until everybody is appearing in turbans to such an extent that you simply can't wear them any more.

HE great sensation of a recent lunch, taken with a Very Well Dressed Young Man (you know, one of those faultless boys who takes Vanity Fair very seriously and never looks either silly or cheap in a bowler hat) was his plain black necktie, worn with a stiff-bosomed white shirt, discreetly striped, and a plain stiff collar. And he spent the greater part of the meal sternly rebuking my jeers and informing me that, whereas the rest of his compatriots were just beginning to be aware that the London fashion of last year for ties in a solid color was quite the thing, he was being completely Picadilly and au fait in his addiction to plain black. Incidentally, the rumor is that the vogue of black ties may cause the restoration of scarf pins, which have been under ban, together with all other articles of jewelry for men in the daytime, for some years. My escort had not yet dared the pin, but that will undoubtedly follow in due course of time. So now vou know what the correct thing is, and you will kindly remove from the possession of the male members of your family all gaudy stripes and violent checks, lest they be tempted to wear them again and cause

you endless humiliation. And, after you have removed the ties, let them just try to find a plain black tie at their haberdasheries!

N accordance with the national spirit which, in years gone by, gave impetus to Gobelin tapestries, Jouy prints, and other designs reflecting definite pe-riods and localities, StehliSilkS corporation has employed six well known artists and illustrators of this country to create their new Americana prints-a new departure in textile design, which was for-merly in the hands of Parisian artists The Americans are Katharine entirely. Sturges, Clayton Knight, René Clark, Ralph Barton, Charles B. Falls, and Neysa McMein. All of these designs are most interesting-the most bizarre being Mr. Barton's "My Trip Abroad," recognizable as his famed Plan Monumental de Paris. This is a perspective map of Paris in green, grey, and black, with a ribbon of cerulean where the Seine separates Montmartre and Dubuque. This should be especially helpful to inebriated visitors to Paris who want to find their way home. Other designs, less intricate but no less interesting, are labelled, in an unmistakably American way, "Scotch and Flow-ers," "Manhattan" (this with a skyscraper motif), "Grand Canyon," "Sta-tistics," "Jazz," "Inca," "Hollywood," and so on, and will appear very shortly upon the retail market.

DRINCESS OUCHTOMSKY, having built up a very smart clientele for her hand painted silks in her apartment during the past year or so, has opened a shop at 420 Madison Avenue. Her work is particularly interesting in a season where futuristic clothes of all types are so very chic. Scarfs, of course, are not as good as they have been in previous seasons and should be bought cautiously. It is safe to revel in her negligées and lounging pajamas (especially those with ornamental Pierrots sprawled across eccentric backgrounds). But the high point of discretion must be reached before one buys one of the dresses. Nothing, as I said, is better than clothes in futuristic designs, either printed, achieved by application of self material, painted, or outlined by beading or embroidery. And nothing is worse unless it is done really

well. Be sure that you are not of a type IF HUMORISTS WROTE that would be swamped by such designs, that the design you pick is suited to you, and that the material is made up with due regard both for your lines and the lines of the design.

HOSE who like to dress their children in a really Frenchy way will be able to fine great inspiration at 28 East Fifty-sixth Street, in a tiny shop christened, not without tears, the "Kiddie Corner." French importations at reasonable prices for children are to be found there in bewildering variety. There are knitted dresses, crêpe de Chine trifles, miniature pajamas, violent silk dressing gowns for boys about two feet high, and brother-and-sister suits in a tempting array. Though the clothes are for children under six years of age, the toys are for all ages, and range from highly efficient golf clubs, with steel tempered heads, like those Jackie Coogan uses, to fascinating animals that crouch and leap like tigers, kangaroos, ponies, cats, and monkeys.

HE difficulty of getting pleated and tucked French lingerie laundered successfully can be overcome at a shop called Adele Rose, at 787 Madison Avenue. Lace is repaired, color restored, and the finest repleating done there with great success. This for people who hate to rely on dry cleaners.-L. L.

THE PREDICAMENT

We men of greatest charm Occasionally confess It fills us with alarm To think of having less.

We cannot rightly see, If elegance should go, How life could ever be Endurable below.

Conceive our diaphragm Incomparably placed, Our well developed ham, Our nicely rounded waist.

As softening in line, In texture sort of flabby, Suggesting too much wine And generally shabby.

Conceive our fiery eye As less disposed to burn And you'll not wonder why It fills us with concern.

And yet-with every year, We seem to entertain An ever-growing fear We rather lose than gain.

In fact the point of view Increasingly we hold

There's nothing we can do To keep from growing old.

OUR HISTORIC INCIDENTS

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere as a Writer of Darkey Stories Would Do It

PAUL! Paul!" screamed Achilles Brown, eminent etc. ning wild-eyed into the meeting rooms of the Dice Shooters' Social Club. "The British am comin'!"

"Says which?" asked the startled Paul, rather incredulously as he pried himself loose from a pair of dice.

"Yo' ain't blind, Paul," screeched Achilles, "you heerd me! Dem fiery redcoats is close to our ve'ry doahs. Kin you ride a hoss?"

"Thass what Ah kin do nuthin' else but, big boy. But whass the idee uf the hoss?"

"Is yo' peridiotic to yo' country an' flag?"

"Ashy" retorted Paul with deep pride, "ef Ah ain't nuthin' else, Ah is a peridiotic citizen uf this gloriest country."

Achilles smiled in profound gratitude. "Well, if yo' is so peridiotic, Paul, it develops upon yo' to ride to Bummingham and warn ev'rybuddy the British am hustlin' to capture the town."

Paul looked disdainfully at Achilles. "See here, Ashy," he expostulated in a high-pitched voice, "Ah ain't no law'ers fool. Dem Britishers is gwine separate mah body frum mah idees wiff a bullet ef they ketch me ridin' a hoss to Bummingham. Then what?"

"Man alive," persisted Achilles, "yo' ain't got no moh spine then a snake has ankles. If yo' save Bummingham frum the British yo' name'll go down in hist'ry with Adam 'n' Eve, Jonah 'n' Lot's wife."

Paul laughed with maniacal glee. "Yo sho don't care who goes down to death in hist'ry, Ashy, so long as it ain't yo carcass the British is gonna riddle wiff bullets."

Achilles Brown's natural good humor turned to anger. "There's a little matter of ten dollars you owes Evans Lincoln Washington what needs 'splaining. He ast me to collect. It's a gamblin' debt, I presume, an' unless gamblin' debts is paid in Bummingham, the law says, ipso factor, not to mention vini, vidi, vici, that yo' is to go to Atlanta to spend a quiet few yeahs behind bars."

"You've said enough, Law'er Grundy," whimpered Paul, "they is nuthin' Ah is moah fond uf than goin' down in hist'ry!"

And ever after that it was referred to in history as the Midnight Ride of Paul -A. VAN STBENBERGH REVERE.-NAT N. DORFMAN

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400 Rooms \$10 or Less Per Day for Two People.

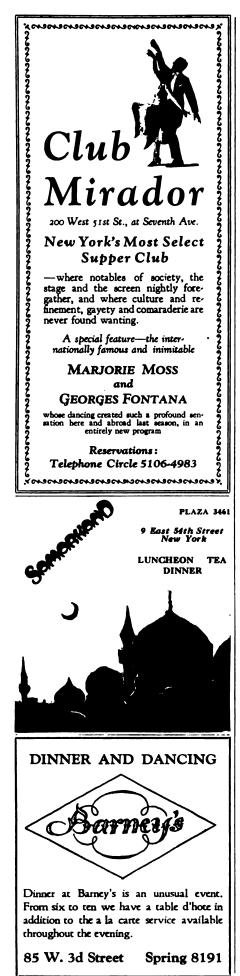
Other Rooms Similarly Reduced!

Rhinelander 9000 For Reservations









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THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while (From Friday, October 30, to Friday, November 6, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- ACCUSED-The dignified Mr. E. H. Sothern in a serious legal mood from Brieux. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.
- HAMLET-Walter Hampden, scholar, and Ethel Barrymore, Ophelia, are in this particular revival. HAMPDEN's, B'way at 63d.
- THE VORTEX-Noel Coward inspects the black depths of degenerate Albion. HENRY MILLER'S, 43d, E. of B'way.
- THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED-A circus of love amidst Californian grapevines with Pauline Lord and Leo Carrillo. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT-Mr. Michael Arlen's popular novel of symbolic headgear made trenchantly romantic for the theatre. With Katharine Cornell. BROADHURST, 44th, W. of B'way.
- of B'way.
 CRAIG'S WIFE—Reviewed in this issue. Mo-Rosco, 45th, W. of B'way.
 A MAN'S MAN—A poignant glimpse into the dingy lives of the third rate New Yorkers (an unhappy lot, aren't they?). FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52d, W. of 8th Ave
- BIG BOY—Al Jolson gives his all—which is pretty considerable, at that. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44th, W. of B'way.
- SUNNY-Marilyn Miller, Jack Donohue, Cliff Edwards and so on to Heaven's starry firmament—crowding into this musicpiece. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d, W. of B'way.
- MERRY MERRY-A tidy little show with music, and much artistry exuding from the chorus ladies. VANDERBILT, 48th, E. of B'way.
- GARRICK GAIETIES-The teething Guild youngsters make merry in a revuette of high spirits. GARRICE, 35th, E. of 6th.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS-George White's popular theatrical commodity--still going like hotcakes. APOLLO, 42d, W. of B'way.
- ROSE-MARIE-A polite, well-fashioned, nicely humored operetta of which you may have heard during the past few seasons. IM-PERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-The Shuberts exploit Mother Nature in a comic setting. The Hoffmann Girls add the spice. WINTER GARDEN, B'way bet. 50th & 51st.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE-Excellent music plus romantic book, and "Old Heidelberg" is become a pleasant musical show. Jolson's, 57th at 7th Ave.
- THE VAGABOND KING-Proving that mythical kingdoms are really made for fine eye and ear delight. CASINO, B'way at 39th.
- NO, NO, NANETTE-Louise Groody dances to the loveliest tunes that ever outlasted a season. GLOBE, B'way at 46th.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Leon Errol gamboling about Mr. Hearst's Columbus Circle and amidst Mr. Ziegfeld's glories of woman-hood. Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59th. IS ZAT SO?—Theatrical American slang still
- holding its own amidst the Piccadilly importations. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH STREFT, 46th, W. of B'way.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-A patron of the arts comes from Chillicothe, O. to help forward the American Drama-and succeeds
- in a way. LONGACRE, 48th W. of B'way. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-Maxwell Anderson looks over our hobo travelers in a satirical,

romantic fashion. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.

- THE GORILLA-The only mystery play extant at the moment-and the best of many moons because of its mapcap lines and kidded situations. SELWYN, 42d, W. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN-Word from Shaw about red, ruinous war. The Lunts, Lynn and Alfred, touch up the revival. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49th, W. of B'way. AMERICAN BORN-Mr. George M. Cohan,
- indefatigable patriot, himself, in interna-tional comics. Hudson, 44th, E. of B'way.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-The shade of Oscar Wilde's drawing rooms haunts this farce of British manners. GAIETY, B'way at 46th.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- YOUNG WOODLEY-A comedy from England with Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 48th E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 2.
- THE CAROLINIAN-A play by Rafael Saba-
- tini, with Sidney Blackmer. SAM. H. HARRIS, 42nd W. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 2. PRINCESS FLAVIA—An operetta based on The Prisoner of Zenda, with Marguerite Namara and Harry Welchman. CENTURY, 62nd and Central Park W. Tues., Nov. 3.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51st and Park-Good music by the Larry Siry orchestra, and not overcrowded at present. No entertainment.
- DEL FEY, 104 W. 45th-Even the shadow of the padlock never decreases the pace of Texas Guinan's all-night pandemonium. Not for minors unless accompanied by guardians.
- CLUB CIRO, 141 W. 56th-Their new revue. "Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue," well worth seeing, especially the George Gershwin finalé at about 2.30.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave .- Maurice and Bennett entertaining their own diamond horse-
- shoe nightly. Eddie Davis orchestra. CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st-A uniformly smart clientele that never seems to tire of watching the ballroom artistry of Moss and Fontana.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49th-Russian vaudeville, gypsy singing, Volga Boat Songs, and a sense of humour. Interludes of dancing by the guests.

MUSIC

- RECITALS-LOUIS GRAVEURE, TOWN HALL, Sat. aft., Oct. 31. A fine baritone returns. LOUISE HOMER, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. aft.,
 - Oct. 31. One of ours and a good onc. ELISABETH RETHBERG, AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. I. One of the Metropolitan's
 - best sopranos in songs. JOHN POWELL, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. aft.,
- Nov. 1. An eminent native planist. TITO SCHIPA, CARNEGIE HALL, SUN. eve..
- Nov. 1. Chicago's favorite tenor. Good here, too.
- FISK JUBILEE SINGERS, TOWN HALL, TUCS. eve., Nov. 3. Spirituals and non-spirituals by singers who know how.
- THOMAS DENIJS, TOWN HALL, Wed. eve... Nov. 4. A Dutch baritone of unquestionable distinction.

IGNACE HILSBERG, AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. evc., Nov. 5. A gifted artist presenting, among other things, a new Godowsky suite.

- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic, Mengelberg conducting. Fri. aft., Oct. 30; Sat. eve., Oct. 31; Thurs. eve., Nov. 5; Fri. aft., Nov. 6. New York Symphony, Damrosch conducting. Fri. eve., Oct. 30; Thurs. aft., Nov. 5; Fri. eve., Nov. 6.—MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Nov. 1.—CARNEGIE HALL, State Symphony, Dohnanyi conducting. Wed. eve., Nov. 4. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting. Tues. eve., Nov. 3.
- METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—Season starts Mon. eve., Nov. 2, with "La Gioconda." Detailed schedule for opening week not announced at time of going to press.

ART

- BELLOWS-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A conscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.
- FRENCH MASTERS—KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 5th Ave. An exceptional exhibit of drawings, etchings, and lithographs of Lautrec, Manet, Daumier, Forian, Guys, Legros, Redon, and Fantin-Latour.
- KONENKOV-REINHARDT GALLERIES, 730 5th Ave. Amusing sculptures, mainly in wood, by a real poet. AMERICAN MODERNS-DANIEL GALLERIES,
- AMERICAN MODERNS—DANIEL GALLERIES, 600 Madison Ave. Good examples of Spencer, Sheeler, Dickinson, Boyd and one Archipenko.
- JOHN EDDY HUTCHINS-MONTROSS GAL-LERIES, 26 East 56th St. Water colors of a young man who paints very well. ZUBIAURRE-DUDENSING GALLERIES, 45 West
- ZUBIAURRE—DUDENSING GALLERIES, 45 West 44th St. Spanish brothers who paint the Basque country in accepted Spanish manner and color.

MOTION PICTURES

DON Q-Douglas Fairbanks brings his clean Americanism into play amongst dastardly and undastardly Spanish Grandees. At LOEW'S STATE, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1. At LOEW'S LEXINGTON, Sat., Oct. 31.

TRAINING A RADIO ANNOUNCER

AM bringing up my boy to be a radio announcer. The ordinary professions, we are assured, are overcrowded. There are enough doctors and far too many lawyers. Some city editors are heard to declare that there are too many journalists and not enough newspaper men. But radio, like motion pictures, is in its infancy. By 1945, when my boy will be ready to step out into the world, radio will at least be kicking the slats out of its crib. Consequently, there should be a great demand for radio announcers.

My course of training for the child is comparatively simple. Instead of teaching him the alphabet in the ordinary way, I am scrambling it according to the signals of stations, such as wJZ, WEAF, woo, WIP, etc.

In the matter of geography, the little rascal knows even now that KDKA is the real name of Pittsburgh, that Los Angeles is really KHJ OF KFI, that Chicago is KYW or WGN, that Davenport is woc, St. Louis is KSD, and Tuinucu, Cuba, is 6KW.

When it comes to literature, I am teaching him to recite such classics as "Mabel, Little Mabel, With Her Face Against the

- THE FRESHMAN—Harold Lloyd goes to college for comic sources. At the COLONY.
- GO WEST—Buster Keaton's newest. Reviewed in this issue. At the CAPITOL.
- THE GOLD RUSH-Now, own up, you certainly must have heard of Charlie Chaplin. At the PLAZA, Fri., Oct. 30.
- At the PLAZA, Fri., Oct. 30. THE KING ON MAIN STREET—With Adolphe Menjou. Reviewed in this issue. At the Rivoli, Fri., Sat., Oct. 30, 31.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Grotesqueries, diableries, and the hideous cynicisms of Lon Chaney, guaranteed to chill the blood. At the Astos.
- A REGULAR FELLOW-Raymond Griffith ties a solid gold tin can to the tail of a mythical Prince of Wales. At B. S. Moss's BROADWAY, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 30, 31; Nov. 1.
 - No Manhattan showing of "The Dark Angel" scheduled for this week.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL-Sat., Oct. 31.

- In New York, at 2:30 p. m. Columbia vs. Cornell, Polo Grounds (6th Ave. Elevated to 155th). N. Y. U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium (East Side Subway, Jerome Ave. Exp., to 161st).
- In New Haven, Army vs. Yale. Cadet Drill 1:30 p. m., game 2:00 p. m., well worth the trip if you can get the tickets, both for the spectacle and as good football as you'll see this Saturday. Frequent extra trains until 11:00 a. m.
- In Philadelphia, Franklin Field, at 2:30 p. m. Pennsylvania vs. Illinois, equally worth while, to see Messrs. Kreuz and Red Grange meet in a fierce intersectional contest.

OTHER EVENTS

- EXPOSITION, HOTEL MAJESTIC, 72d St. and Central Park W.—Art and music of the Czechoslovakians for those interested Fri., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 30, through Nov. 1st, 3 p. m. to 11 p. m.
- CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW, MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—Horticultural Society of New York gives apartment haunted New Yorkers a pleasant glimpse of colorful blossoms all day, Thurs., Nov. 5th.

NC A RADIO ANNOLINCER

Pane," and "The Raindrops on the Roof," so he can substitute for the star recitationist whose taxicab has broken down.

He is learning to play the saxophone, ukulele, trombone, snare drum and cymbals, all at once, so he can fill in for the jazz band that fails to arrive.

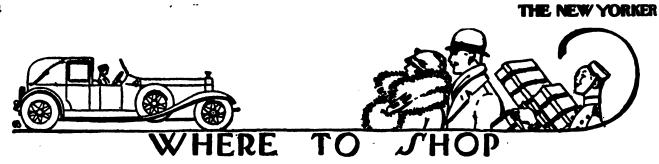
He is being taught vocal indistinctness, because it seems to be the accepted theory that this sharpens curiosity at the receiving end of radio. Results have come astonishingly early, I can say without boasting. The child's announcements of his wants can now be heard by the entire neighborhood without the use of a microphone or any radio aid whatever. The neighbors don't know exactly what he wants, but they know he wants something.

One thing I am teaching him to say with great distinctness. When he appeals for postcard applause from his radio audience, not a word should be missed.

I am certain that having a radio announcer in the family is going to be a great comfort to me in my old age—particularly if I am deaf.

-ARTHUR CHAPMAN

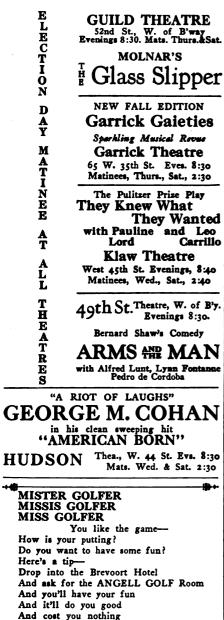




THE NEW YORKER offers to its readers the following classified list of a variety of small shops about town, so arranged as to form a constant reminder to the casual buyer. It recommends keeping in touch with this guide in order that it may serve as a weekly calendar of places to go and a memorandum of things to be purchased.

Antiques	Dancing	Interior Decorators and Decorations
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and giverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.	ARTHUR MURRAY'S STUDIO America's finest teachers of ballroom dancing. You can learn in six strictly private lessons. Half price this month. 7 East 43rd Street.	TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco- rated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mall orders. Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St., N. Y. Circle 1492
Arts and Crafts	Fleah Reduction	Ladies' Tailors
BNCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings,	Lackawanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	D. Veltry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER
gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	Footwear	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled
SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 103 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	Mape
Auction Bridge	Gifts	THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited. At East 6oth Street Regent 2655
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC.	XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION-Xmas Cards Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftamen. Studio art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village	Public Stenographer
SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS	Golf School	Plays, Novels, Short Stories, Scenarios Typed. Press Notices, Multigraphing, Mimeographing. Ex- pert Work. Let us give you an estimate. Hart Stenographic Bureau, 184 W. 42d St., Wis. 1460.
by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Restaurants
Beauty Culture	A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustra-	THE FOUR TREES Just For Fun Latest music-Good Floor-Best Food
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795	Gowns, Made to Order	Dinner Dancing 7 to I Before or after the Play. 4 Christopher St. Spring 2346 Shirt Hospital
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost Shirts made to your own measure OTTO RIEFS, \$1 W. 50th St. Circle 7339
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis Expert in Charge, Strict privacy.	Hats	Stationery
iyels Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768 Molee, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. ELSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358	Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deckle 61/x 83/s folded or 10/x 73/s single. A choice gift \$3.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W. 38th St. N. Y.
growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144.	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725	Swimming Instruction
ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. Robinson 1440 Broadway, at 49th St.	ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions 16 East 8th Street Spring 5017	SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST. RIVERSIDE 9440. BOOKLET N
Books	Health Service	Tea Room
HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice. Dr. Sauchelli 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.35, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea: Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.

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Doesn't that sound foolish?

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER is published every Friday in New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street. H. W. Ross, president; R. H. FLEIBCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, secretary and treasurer; E. R. SPAULDING, general manager; RAYMOND B. BOWEN, advertising manager.

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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). In which little Mr. Preemby is led to believe he is Sargon, king of kinge. The best novel Wells has written in some years.
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (Knopf). The dispirited Professor St. Peter and his worldly and jangling family, in the light of young Tom Outland's brief career. Miss Cather's best novel.
- DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Boni & Liveright). American life in terms of the unconscious. The dark laughter is that of negroes. Anderson's best book.
- Suspense, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). A sizeable fragment of the novel Conrad was writing when he died. Napoleonic. Structurally like his "Nostromo."
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf.) Further developments in the lives of Paul Moody, Campaspe Lorillard and others, the death of the Tattooed Countess, and the conjunction of Miss Wintergreen Waterbury and Mr. Gunnar O'Grady.
- PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). Vivid scenes from negro life in Catfish Row, in Charleston, the negroes being real ones, not the octavusroycohen kind—and Gosh, what a hurricane!
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). An eighteenth century fantasy with a humorous undertone. Better in its line than even her "Jennifer Lorn."
- LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). In which Morand has fun, at novel length, with the marriage of a young satyr banker and a Puritanic bankeress.
- SAID THE FIGHERMAN, by Marmaduke Pickthall (Knopf). Something between a better "Kismet" and the prose foundation for a Near-East Peer Gynt.
- THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (*Century*). The second-biggest Norwegian novelist attempts the epic of the Dakota prairie soil, and with considerable success.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). Just for fun, of the sure-fire farcical kind.

SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (Harper). Twelve stories, more of them good than might have been hoped of a prize contest.

GENERAL

- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS (Knopf). Sixty-five caricatures by Covarrubias, and his faithful and literal portrait of Mr. Alexander Woollcott.
- THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (Scribner's). More good present-day cowboy stuff, text and pictures, by a real cowboy.
- THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (Knopf). Sixty-two spirituals, words and music, edited and expounded by James Weldon Johnson.
- ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Interesting travel essays.

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THE NEW YORK GIRL

Her clothing is diaphanous, And though it's not extensive, (That's where she has the laugh on

us) It's frightfully expensive. —Fred G. Steelman

NEW FICTION



JACOB WASSERMANN Author of "The World's Illusion," "Gold," etc.

"A gigantic picture of modern life, thought, heart, hate, love, war, hope ... a colossal picture, the like of which has never been attempted before. There is scarcely a heartbeat he does not register."—N. Y. Sun. \$2.50

THE MADONNA of the BARRICADES

By J. St. LOE STRACHEY

A romantic novel of England and of Paris during the Revolution of 1848, by the Editor of the London Spectator. Mr. Strachey paints a living picture of the time, weaving in important historical characters. \$2.00

THE OFFICE

By NATHAN ASCH

An extraordinarily interesting novel in which Mr. Asch deals individually with every member of the office force in a typical Wall Street firm.

"Enormously fresh and stimulating."— N. Y. Times. \$2.00



By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

"A story of the first water. It is a shining golden needle in the haystack of contemporary fiction."—N. Y. World. \$2.00

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FOR COMPTROLLER





FOR MAYOR

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FOR PRESIDENT. **BOARD OF ALDERMEN**

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All Around You People Know This Secret

Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living all through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medi-vater (not scalding) before breakmann's Yeast is simply a remark- cakes at a time-they will keep able fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion - clear the skin - banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers-in fruit juices or milk -or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot

"I AM THE OWNER of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe that I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition." MRS. ROBERT CARR, Toronto, Ont.

DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE ' NEW YORK

cine in any sense-Fleisch- fast and at bedtime. Buy several fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

> And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address Health Research Dept. Y-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



ABOVE

"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I was afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had an-other sty since I are the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

> MRS. ANNA LENERT, San Antonio, Texas

"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery.

"My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recom-mended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast.'

LAWRENCE A. PERRY, Medford, Mass.



This famous food tones up the entire system-banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

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The incident occurred only a week ago in the fastnesses of the frozen north, where hungry pterodactyls gibbered outside our tents. All about us stretched a vast waste of snow and ice. Our party, composed entirely of wealthy New York clubmen, prima-donnas, and a few hearty souls from the Stock Exchange, had nothing to eat except a few ounces of wampum and a little dried Indian cookie-cookie. Somebody posed the question, "If you were not here where would you prefer to be?"

Smax

The answer came from every throat, "The CRILLON, naturally."

Thus it is, that even in the midst of untold peril and hardship The CRILLON is unforgetable. And every day at the luncheon and dinner hours New York's Smartest Thoroughfare is thronged with patrons of The CRILLON bound for East Forty-Eighth Street.

EN PRESIDENTAND

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ANAGED





Opening Monday, November 9th

Mayfair House Six hundred ten Park Avenue New Yorko

AN APARTMENT HOTEL

Welcomes Its Guests and Offers an Invitation to Visitors

 O_N the occasion of its opening, next Monday, the 9th instant, MAYFAIR HOUSE offers a cordial welcome to its guests, and an equally cordial invitation to those who wish to visit MAYFAIR HOUSE and to test the virtues of the MAYFAIR cuisine.

Edward H. Crandall

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5. Vol. 1. No. 37, November 7, 1925. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



XIII. The Work of Printing Presses

E IGHT thousand giant presses, revolving day and night at the terrific speed of sixty revolutions to the second, turn out every minute, 500,000 copies apiece of this great magazine, all folded, cut, dried, pasted, varnished, and delivered up to the waiting pressmen in attractive tissue-paper parcels tied with holly ribbon. Each of these gigantic Engines of Industry, composed of 65,000 separate pieces, is assembled and operated under the personal direction of our

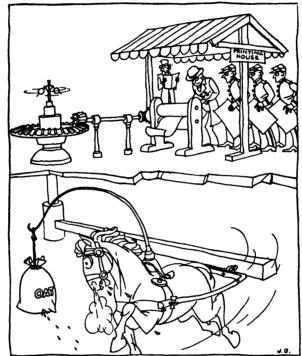
Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER'S foreman in charge of Press Work.

Perhaps a detailed explanation of the long and difficult operation of these presses may help the reader to form some conception of this important step in the Making of a Magazine. Let us say, a sheet of paper about a foot long by two feet wide is injected into the tweezle, or maw. Two giant clobbers, equipped with long steel jaws, are clamped over the edge of this paper, and it is rapidly septembered, or octobered, through a series of hot steam baths, followed by a vigorous rub-down and massage by a mike. It is now ready to be printed, an operation which is too long and difficult to describe here, and which may perhaps have helped the reader to form some conception of this important step in the Making of a Magazine.

Although the first copy of THE NEW YORKER was printed in pencil in 1847, the invention of the Printing Press the following year brought rapid changes. A printing press in those days was a crude enough affair, consisting of a large Atlas on top of which the Editor sat, thus printing one issue, while he wrote the copy for the next. As THE NEW YORKER grew in circulation and the pile of magazines increased, Mr. Greeley used to hire a boy to come in on spare afternoons and sit on the Atlas; and it was in this way that "Big Bill" Edwards worked his way through Princeton.

The adoption of mechanical presses came in the

nick of time, for the increasing circulation of THE NEW YORKER was forcing the staff to sit on issues day and night, in order to meet the demand, and the paper was rapidly getting out of touch with events. In 1886 THE NEW YORKER adopted a large press consisting of two round rubber discs, like a clothes wringer, which was driven by horses. Later, the horse gave way to the automobile; and a printing press driven by auto was ordered the following year (1870) and arrived



AN early example of the horse driven press; used in 1901-1884 (q.v.) to print THE NEW YORKER. "Pegasus", later the Pride of the New York Fire Department, is here depicted furnishing the motive force (hence the term "horse power"q.v.) Mr. Terwilliger Tilley, then foreman of the presses, was at the moment, unfortunately, out to lunch. Talmadge Kerr, his assistant, however, may be seen reading proof in the background.

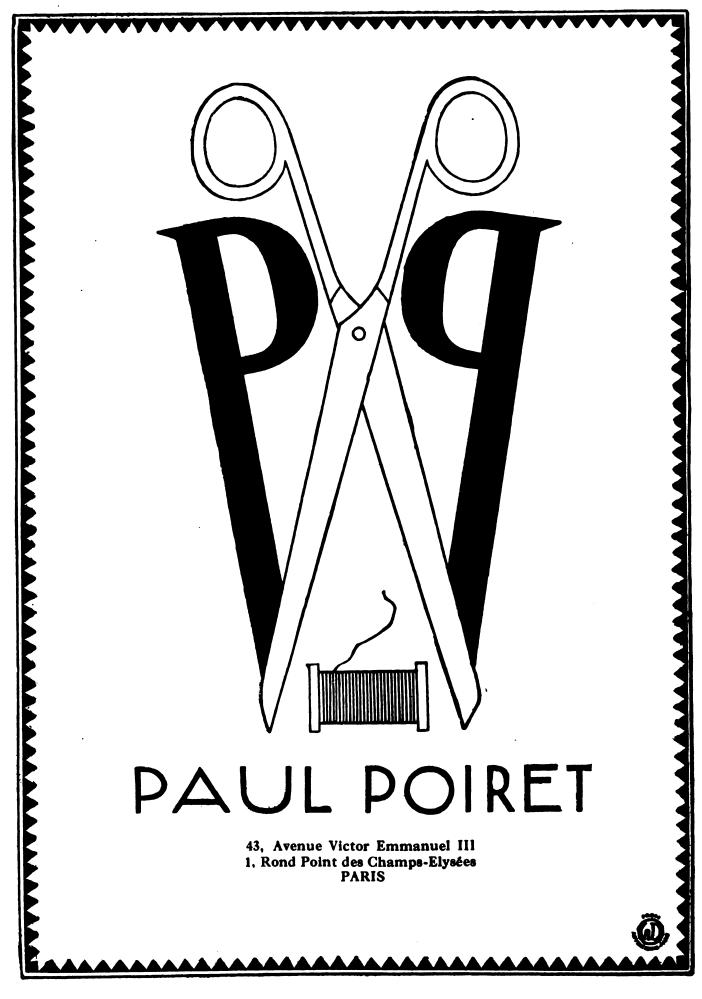
the following year, which the Editor found under the back seat of a second-hand car he had bought, brought the total up to the present figure, and developed, perhaps, the most efficient printing press in the world, which not only writes the magazine but answers the telephone, runs errands, and does the upstair work.

In fact, so lifelike are these presses becoming that they may be said fairly to think; and as an encouraging example of this tendency, THE NEW YORKER was pleased to receive yesterday from the largest of these Presses a personal check for five dollars (\$5.00) for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER—an act which might be called almost human.

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by parcels post in 1912.

The first electrical press, according to legend, consisted of only 24,927 pieces, over half of which were cotter pins, and was named Bertha. The following year 2,167 more parts were added from another printing press which had been dismantled, and as a result the New Bertha, not only printed the magazine, but also glanced through it afterwards for proof corrections, separated the issues into piles of five hundred, and rang a little bell. Encouraged by this progress the Editors advertised far and wide for more spare parts; and. among the roller skate wheels, monkey wrenches, and old bed springs which poured into their office, they found a quantity of available additions, including a piston ring, three flywheels, and a rare gasket, or female gadget. The addition of 30,174 more parts,





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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

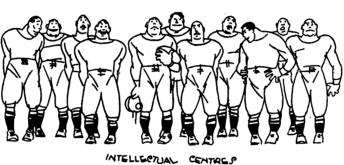
Notes and Comment

FOR the benefit of those who think our Navy has no luck, we wish to report that not a single piece of equipment either sank, fell, blew away, blew up, or unexpectedly fell apart on Navy Day.

HE entrance of John Paul Jones and Edwin Booth into the Hall of Fame, legitimately raises the question of New York's comical collection of good and bad statuary. We don't happen to know of a publicly owned statue of John Paul Jones worth looking at, and Edmond Quinn's statue of Booth, while good, can only be seen by nurses, children, and butlers who take dogs out in Gramercy Park. A popular subscription to raise statues to the chosen few would seem suitable in our eyes. The sculptor, however, if popular, ought to know how to make a statue.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the breaking of ground for Vassar's new Euthenics Building. Euthenics, briefliest put, is the science of having a perfect body and a perfect mind. It attunes one. The fact that we live in an age that owes everything

to science, is all that prevents our expressing impatience with serious minded euthenists. But we can say boldly, that if Euthenics means more Sunday supplement pictures of Vassar's daisy chains, we consider it a menace.



THE snow of last Friday, which the Weather Bureau says would have been two and a half inches thick had it not melted, for a time produced a curiously pretty mauve mud on Fifth Avenue. It subsequently became old and dirty, but at the noon hour it was still resplendent. We heard one gentleman at Fortieth Street, as a mail truck splashed him, philosophically remark that he had always wanted a purple overcoat anyway. Urban poets, they say, were out in hundreds taking notes.

THE World, in suggesting that Mr. Duke's second forty millions bequest will make Durham University one of the intellectual centres of the country, unwittingly adds the



following satirical comment on another page: "Illinois, young in years and filled with enthusiasm, whose fine democracy has earned for it the title of the 'Yale of the West', has 10,000 students and probably the finest all-around athletic coaching staff in America."

O UR semi-annual reading of the true story group of magazines, a chore which is the duty of anyone with any pretense to an understanding of the Great American Mind, awakens the suspicion that the formula of these money makers is wearing thin. The staff writers, we hear, are complaining that it's about time the editor of one or two of them eloped (with stenographers, of course) or did something to show that the stories are not merely technique.

The Week

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INSURANCE companies decrease number of burglary risks they will underwrite and a stolen tombstone is returned by its finder. William Fox buys ten old melodramas for moving pictures and a jilted suitor chloroforms and kidnaps his successful rival on his way to church for wedding ceremony.

Head of Manufacturers Association complains that play, not industry, is the first consideration of our people and Venezuela bars importation of radio receiving sets on the ground that broadcast programs lure citizens away from labor during the afternoon. Harvard Alumni organ complains against present restrictions on "Big Three" football and Father Walsh, President of Notre Dame, announces that there will be no stadium constructed by his university until all the educational building requirements are met. Chicago jury finds American art is now best in the world and the School Board of Manassa, Colorado, birthplace of Jack Dempsey, votes to name a schoolhouse after him. Police Commissioner Enright is reported contemplating a literary career and Sinclair Lewis sails for Bermuda. Experts say our oil supply will last only twenty-five years more and Henry Ford sees nation's peril in bigotry. In Italy, two people are sentenced to jail for kissing on a train and Canon Carnegie, of Westminster, says divorce is canker in American life.

At Home

THERE are naught but difficulties for the novelist who weaves into his pattern the names of the living and of the dead. It is in Mr. Carl Van Vechten's latest novel, "Firecrackers", that we read:

"It's a pity, the stranger remarked abruptly, that Hell's Kitchen, Battle Row, and Corcoran's Roost have been cleaned up. They were gone before I arrived in America. I long for a battle with the Hudson Duster Gang. I burn for an encounter with Mike the Mauler and the Bad Wop. I crave an introduction to Big Jack Selig, Kid Twist, and Louie the Lump. I regret the obsequies of Kid Dropper. Where are Tanner Smith, Big Jim Redmond and Rubber Shaw? Where is the Gas House Gang?"

Only the Old Sexton can answer the bulk of Mr. Van Vechten's inquiries, but at least one of them can be satisfied here and now. Big Jim Redmond is to be found any evening about the Roaring Forties, where he has earned a just fame as the Ziegfeld of the Supper Clubs. Mr. Ted Lewis's Parody Club, for instance, is the property of Mr. Redmond; and several other and minor rendezvous of the near-elite nestle under his proprietorship.

If Mr. Van Vechten, or even the Duke of Middlebottom, should be so inclined, there would be little difficulty about arranging the desired meeting. Mr. Redmond is so willing as to be Barkis-like. He endeavored to per-



suade his press agent to invite the novelist to attend one of his supper clubs any evening he might wish to elect; but when the former gang leader elaborated on his plan and divulged that it would include a neat little surprise for Mr. Van Vechten—in the form of a sudden emergence of Mr. Redmond in the flesh, when the Homer of the dilettantes reached a secluded passage near the kitchen—the press agent firmly declined to become part or parcel of the enterprise.

Mr. Redmond is not exactly what is known as a well read person, but Mr. Van Vechten will appreciate the tribute to his art which led several score of friends of the former gangster to send him copies of "Firecrackers".

He is quite an interesting person, Big Jim Redmond. Tall, rangy, handsome, imperturbably reticent. He walks alone, in such crowded passages as the streets along which his supper clubs are situated.

One hopes the meeting may be brought about one day. Indubitably, Mr. Redmond would enjoy Mr. Van Vechten thoroughly.

Wraiths

ONE by one, the great historic landmarks of New York's social and convivial Golden Age are surrendering to the pressure of commerce or ostensible moral reform. First to capitulate, were the famous rendezvous of littérateurs, bon vivants, and playboys of the Social Revolution, such

THE NEW YORKER

as Mouquin's, Luke O'Connor's saloon, where the late John Reed plotted against the Wilsonian democracy and where John Masefield used to be a bartender before the emergence of "The Everlasting Mercy". Next came the invasion of Fifth Avenue by the Huns of Trade, engulfing nearly all the celestial mansions which flamed with life and gayety when New York's Four Thousand was a scant Four Hundred.

The most recent landmark to succumb is the celebrated, or perhaps notorious, Murray Hill Baths, where the embattled hosts of revelry and chronic neurasthenia, among New York's elect, used to retire for respite and nepenthe. Was there a bachelor dinner at Delmonico's, Sherry's, or the Racquet Club? Six o'clock in the morning would find revellers moaning under the magic hands of William Guldensuppe and his staff of rubbers at the Murray Hill. Were there twenty-four hour poker parties? Daylight found the participants sweating in the fumes of the hot room, shifting like wraiths amid clouds of steam, or being belabored on marble slabs in one of the Murray Hill's chambers of torture, before they were wrapped in sheets and laid snoring in the long dormitory that faced Forty-second Street. Now all are gone, the dear familiar fixtures, from the brass railed ambit which enclosed the women's swimming pool, to the statue of the nude Suzanna-Symbol of Health and Art-that stood in the foyer.

EFFICIENTLY, but not without a proper sentimentality, the auctioneer's voice booms at a group of "prominent Turkish bath proprietors", eager to seize the choice morsels of the Murray Hill's equipment.

"These electric cabinets, gentlemen," pleads Mr. Regan, the auctioneer, "are worth \$1,000, if they are worth a dime. In these have sat some of the most eminent men in our country's history. What am I offered?"

"Five dollars," says a Dr. Muller, un-impressed.

"Ridiculous at such a price," counters Mr. Regan. "Don't you realize that William Guldensuppe, the famous rubber, who engineered these cabinets, was murdered by Mrs. Augusta Nack and her lover, Martin Thorn, and that Thorn was executed for the crime? There's history for you!"

"Fifty dollars," says Dr. Muller.

"Sold," says Mr. Regan, briskly.

"And now we have this statue of the lovely Suzanna," continues Mr. Regan, searching his memory for another criminal association to enhance the lady's value. "Outside these baths, where Suzanna greeted you, stood the murder car, the night Herman Rosenthal was killed by Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, and Dago Frank, at the instigation of the lamented Captain Becker. How much am I offered?"

"One hundred and seventy dollars," sobs Dr. Keough, who conducts a women's sanitorium.

"Sold," says Mr. Regan regretfully.

And so another landmark of the Roaring Forties is picked clean. "What price history?" asks an onlooker cynically.

"Oh, about \$5,000 so far," replies Mr. Regan, preparing to auction off the water fountain.

Repose

BY the time this reaches print Mr. Sinclair Lewis should be gazing at the southern reaches of the Atlantic, en route to Bermuda. He is to write a play there—a comedy of the Middle West.

And perhaps, also, he will find on that quiet island, seclusion, whilst his newest novel is appearing serially in Collier's Weekly, which publication, it would seem, submitted the highest bid among the sealed offers recently proffered for the newest of Mr. Lewis's works; and so, naturally, won the contract. This newest novel is not a satire at all.

It is, one learns with a shock, very much after the He-Man School of Literature.

The opening scene depicts the hero in a canoe, fighting bravely against the forces of Nature as represented by a raging torrent, somewhere in the Great West. Mr. James Oliver Curwood's dentist should be looking forward to a profitable time, when he shall have to repair the ravages caused by the gnashing of his patient's teeth upon his reading this first chapter.

Yet all is not lost, possibly, to those who will allege that Mr. Lewis has engaged in a piece of pot-boiling. Mr. Lewis has further plans. He is going to do as well by religion in the nottoo-distant future, as he did by science with "Arrowsmith", in the not-soremote past.

This last news leads one's thoughts quite naturally to Mr. Winston Churchill, the Sinclair Lewis of our fathers, who did somewhat the same thing in "The Inside of the Cup". Mr. Churchill, incidentally, now is living in comparative seclusion in New Hampshire; content, it appears, to leave to younger pens the contest for eminence as as the nation's tractarian.

Rewards

N these days of dimes from Rockefeller, it is interesting to note another of our philanthropists and his custom of distributing largess. Recently Henry Ford purchased an Estey organ for his home. After it was installed, he was so pleased with its functions that he wrote the firm asking for the names of every individual connected with the making of his organ. The organ people were glad to comply; the list comprising nearly everyone on the pay roll. Mr. Ford then sent his check for \$100 to every name on the list, with a letter of appreciation.

The story should end there, but it has to be noted that the Ford personal bookkeeper spent considerable time thereafter writing the various recipients, begging them to take the checks out of the frames and have them cashed, so that he could balance the books.

Ballet

INTERESTING is the news, that, during the coming season, the Metropolitan is to present "Skyscrapers", a new ballet by John Alden Carpen-



"This is 'N'Aimez Que Moi', madame-'Don't love nobody but me'."

This will be the first of Mr. talking machine industry. ter. Carpenter's works to be seen at Thirtyninth Street and Broadway, and it will, in more ways than one, be a departure for the Metropolitan, for the ballet is impressionistic, chiefly. It has no robust plot dealing with the "Awakening of Spring", or "The Courtships of Dido", such as once entranced dowager and débutante alike. The Carpenter opus is concerned with making pictures of American life. Glimpses of Coney Island, the thunder of a passing elevated train, the clatter of taxis-these are its material. One might do worse than study Signor Gatti-Casazza's face on the evening of the première.

In places, outside the Holy of Holies, Mr. Carpenter is not unknown to the operatic public. A few years ago the Chicago Opera Company, during its season at the Lexington Opera House—which is now a Loew's moving picture theatre-presented "The Birthday of the Infanta", a charming ballet set by Robert Edmond Jones, and danced by Adolf Bohn. And, again, at the Town Hall there was a presentation of "Krazy Kat", foot-noted, a "jazz ballet", for which Mr. Carpenter was responsible.

It has not been divulged when "Skyscrapers" will be presented by the Metropolitan, nor who will dance it, but it is known, at least, that Robert Edmond Jones will do the scenery.

Curtain

HERE are those so unkind as to say that the anti-climax is perfect, nothing less. As to that, if you would decide, you must needs make a tour to the balcony of the Broadhurst Theatre and sit in watchfulness at the unfolding of "The Green Hat".

You will, if you make the venture, see the curtain descend on Katharine Cornell's anguish as she declaims, "For purity, doctor-for purity."

And before the echoes of that agonized cry have died, you will hear the youthful candy butchers declaiming, "Purity chawklits: here y'are-git yer Purity chawklits!"

Talk

 W^{E} went, the other day, to a warehouse far west on Fiftyseventh Street and listened to the new Victor phonograph, which, according to its originators is to revolutionize the

Revolutionizing industry is a common enough phrase these days. But Mr. Victor, if such a man there be, has confidence in it. He is going to sell his new phonograph at prices starting somewhere around a hundred and ten dollars, and going up.

He had his machine that day in a cubicle, and he handed us over to a pleasant man who described himself as "not a critic, gentlemen, but a talking machine man", and who admirably dilated on the merits of the new and wonderful invention. It is not in appearances, this demonstration instrument, at least, at all like the Victor as we know it, except that there is a place for a record, and there's the familiar needle and a Victorian handle to wind it up with. The old kind of horn has gone forever. Not often is the pride of a salesman in his wares affecting, but in this case it was. Our pleasant man patted the square, homely demonstration case as he talked, as though it were the product of his own youth; and his words rang with the exuberance of one who has held his tongue too long. Millions, as it were, had mourned the decline of the noble phonograph! And now! "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the greatest phonograph ever invented."

While not willing to say anything about the revolutionizing of industry, we will say that we never heard so good a phonograph as this one that was turned on for us. It is immeasurably better than any other; it would be idle to qualify. The old tinniness has gone, the shrieking has gone, the shudder that accompanies Caruso at his best has disappeared. As we



listened, we could plainly see the piccolo player screwing up his forehead, and the cornet player's derby hat, and the French horn man tilting the water out of his tubes. The new Victor is a better phonograph; and that's that.

It is amusing to note that the microphone into which radio talkers speak, and which was developed for the radio, has been used to make the new records. The radio, in other words, makes a gift to the phonograph. Which is only just after all; for the radio must have made the phonograph business look a little uncertain of late.

Viewpoint

***HERE** was an assistant newspaper dramatic critic (they tell) who, on the occasion of the opening of a musical comedy, found himself deeply immersed in a poker game, from which the condition of his finances forebade withdrawal at the moment. So he telephoned his wife and asked her to attend the première for him, and to make notes on her program for his guidance in writing his review. All musical comedies are alike, anyway, he consoled himself for this dereliction from duty.

In due time, his wife rescued the assistant critic from the gaming table, by sending a messenger around with the annotated program. Reluctantly the gentleman dragged himself away to write. He opened the program and consulted the notes.

Opposite the names of each of the principals, he found such entries as:

Pink georgette dress.

Wears dinner clothes well.

Gorgeous gown-gold velvet material-must be Parisian.

She shouldn't wear green with her coloring.

It was thus that the assistant critic discovered that, while all musical comedies may be alike, viewpoints are different.

Joyous Color

OOD news for the apostles of the **U** picturesque who got the elevated painted yellow, and made it not a bit less unbearable, and who think what the world needs, at the moment, is more optical stimulation. The American motor car is said to be on the verge of discarding its present sober and chaste appearance and breaking out into brilliant plumage. That the temptation, at least, is at hand is de-





A CHILD OF THE CIRCUS ENGRAVED WITH PATHOS BY JOHN HELD JR

duced from rumors regarding the most coming Automobile Salon at the Commodore of high priced and exclusive car models of this continent and the other. The Salon opens November 15, and the innovation is to be color bold and joyous color such as adorns the parrot, the peacock, and the taxicab. No more dark blue, say the Salon Solons.

The new movement had its origin, of course, on the other continent, but some credit, says our patriotic authority, must be given to the Lincoln and one or two other companies, who have had a staff of artists poring over the plumage of tropical birds in the American Museum of Natural History, a staff which takes the influence of plumage on automobiles most seriously. Ten varieties of birds, it is said, will be displayed at the Salon alongside the cars which they inspired.

I T is not only the exteriors that are sprucing up. The upholstery is following suit, especially in the closed cars. Last year, one company reproduced the tapestried lining of Queen Charlotte's Adam sedan chair in one of its models, and this year will see the same sort of thing, only more so. One of the tendencies, I am told, is toward much more use of leather; and let this not call to mind a dismal, taxilike interior, because it will be leather of softly brilliant hues, and of the

marvelous glove-like finish. The Salon, be it understood, is the criterion for what the well dressed motor will wear, not only this season, but next season also, and the season after. It is to the standard car trade what a Patou opening is to the department stores. The National Automobile Show which follows it in two months is the stamping ground for all our good old, quantity-produced American makes. But the Salon is a highly international affair, at which one may contemplate the gleaming masterpieces of the custom trade, and all else that Michael Arlen's heroines mean when they say "motor car".

•

INCIDENT in Yonkers: Traffic policeman commands a halt for the automobile driven by Mr. Jascha Heifetz.

- "Name?" inquires the officer.
- "Heifetz."
- "What do you do, Heifetz?"
- "I play the violin."
- "Fiddle in any places around here, Heifetz?"
 - "No."

"Guess I'll have to give you a summons then."

Preparations

let this not call to mind a dismal, taxilike interior, because it will be leather ALONG with the cold weather of softly brilliant hues, and of the come other symptoms of the season; among them being preparations for Park Avenue's Christmas Bazaar, which is offered as this year's equivalent for the late lamented street fair.

Persons who mourn the passing of that colorful and unique institution are begged to remember that there were certain obstacles in the way of its continued happy achievement. One of them being the climate of New York; for, as those experienced in street fairs have pointed out, by the time the weather is stable, the clientele has left town.

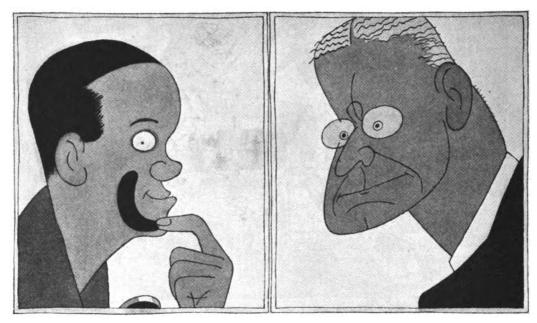
And the Christmas Bazaar, it must be admitted, does not sound like a falling off, from all data that has come to hand. The plan is to turn part of the Grand Central Palace into a miniature city, where you can buy all the lovely and luxurious objects that a real city affords. Mrs. Marshall Field heads the sumptuous list of chairmen, directors, advisors, and so forth. They will conduct the enterprise for the benefit of those crippled children who have been the happy recipients of Park Avenue's charitable attentions before.

THE Liquor Market: Recent renewed padlocking activities fail to disturb prices of Scotch, steady at \$60, and Gin at \$30; Champagne advanced sharply to \$100, owing to preholiday demand.

-THE NEW YORKERS



Heroes of the Week



AL JOLSON—Who (you may have guessed from the display of silver in all the shops last week) has just celebrated the completion of twenty-five years of wedlock with the happy slattern, Thalia, and who, if you ask us, has made the wench a very excellent and faithful husband. THE NEW YORKER drinks to the Big Boy's Golden Wedding.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE—Who, perhaps feeling that he could go no further with the literary uplift of the *World* (of which he is Executive Editor), has sought to improve the visual beauty of the paper by introducing a Sunday Color Supplement, which marks a stride in the indigenous art of America that has not been equalled since the epoch of the inlaid mother-of-pearl plaque and the distillers' complimentary Christmas calendars.



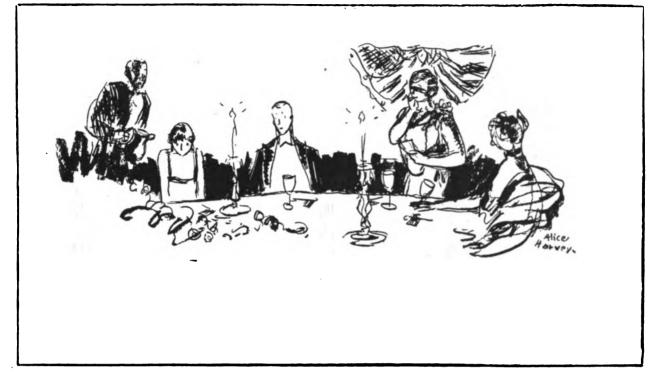
CHARLES FREY—Whose affections have been knocked down to Miss Wilda Bennett, by a Mineola jury, at \$37,500. This is believed to be a record price for this commodity, the male variety of which is usually rated in the open market at \$1.50, or \$1.65 with time payments. We trust that Mrs. Frey will devote the money (if she gets it) to some worthy cause—such as the erection of a life-size statue of Miss Peggy Hopkins as Peter Pan.



MICHELANGELO ARIOSTO—Who, with his bare hand, holds the great iron spike in the subway excavations in Central Park West, while three of his confrères smite it with sledge hammers.



NORMAN-BEL GEDDES—Who, with each succeeding production in which he has a hand, manages to push actors, authors, and other disturbing theatrical paraphernalia more and more into the background as his superb settings become more and more the whole show. It is hoped that Mr. Geddes, at the fruition of his genius, will devise a means of eliminating the critics.



"A little dull at the dinner table."

CIVICS AND LAVENDER WATER

RS. MURRAY-HILL put down the Herald Tribune, arose from her chaise-longue, and, walking slowly across to her dressing-table, picked up an atomizer and sprayed her neck and temples, a little desperately, with lavender water. She had always known, of course, that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, but she had never thought much about the privileges and responsibilities thereto attached. And now they were being thrust upon her from all sides, what with her maid Auguste disappearing for two hours every night in order to attend a school in West Thirty-sixth Street which teaches aliens enough about this country to get them their papers, and the patriotic societies stirring up so much excitement on the platforms and in banquet halls. It was quite possible that she owed her country a good deal more than hanging out a flag occasionally on the nineteenth of June or when a fleet was parked in the Hudson. After all, there were very few people left who could trace their indigenous ancestry back to 1604-when she saw for a living. However, my country,

the advertisement of "The Vanishing American", hadn't she been surprised to learn that it was about the Indian? In other countries, those who belonged and clung to traditions banded themselves together and whispered in one another's drawing-rooms. Just think of the people in Paris who would probably never have a word to say, or a thing to do if it weren't for the house of Bourbon!

Mrs. Murray-Hill had come to the conclusion that it was time for her to go in for patriotism. She hadn't gone in for anything for several years-not since the Winter of 1922, when Emily Brace had made everybody buy those books on the psychology of architecture. Patriotism was, naturally, something different. It would involve getting her friends to join things, pay dues, and probably be a little dull at the dinner table. She might even have to buy a gray silk dress and get out her garnets. But that wasn't the worst of it. Mrs. Murray-Hill recognised this new enthusiasm as the first sign of aging which she had as yet beheld in herself. Young people never really care whether or not Hamlet was mad or what their great-grandfathers did

right or wrong. She must get in touch at once with authorities and machines. There was the Woman's Republican Club, with all that lovely early American furniture. Mrs. Sabin was said to have employed Scotland Yard methods on New England to collect it.

And yet she wasn't absolutely certain that an interest in politics would be her best channel. It wasn't here as it is in England, where one's husband is usually up for something and a woman can have the whole countryside in for a garden party, and wear mauve batiste and a flower trimmed Leghorn. In New York, the crucial meetings were always held in horrible halls in the lower East Side, or out in the street in the loft district. And, in behalf of candidates whose boast it was that lowly citizens called them by their first names. Mrs. Murray-Hill had never been able to grasp that. They called it democracy, yet where did real democracy ever flourish as it does in England, which has a court and requires even ambassadors, with homely legs to wear knee breeches, and which doesn't see much point in being governed by men who couldn't easily be asked to dinner? It was

what had come, of course, of letting all these foreigners into the country. The explanation at first was that they had been admitted to dig our ditches, build our roads, etc., but who on earth wants any more ditches dug? Certainly not Mrs. Murray-Hill, with the street in front of her house torn up for four months now, causing her to go to the corner, rain or shine, to enter her motor. Of course, political conditions would probably never be any different if people of her sort kept on sitting back and doing nothing about it. But what were they, against so many? She had consoled herself with that question on October tenth when she had failed to register, because her dashing out at the eleventh hour, with Eddie Burrows having to catch a train, would have spoiled the rubber. But, perhaps, it would be better if she concerned herself only with the historical side of patriotism, seeing how many old documents and bullets she could scrape up for the museums, and attending all the tablet unveilings, etc.

Whatever she did, she would say nothing to Henry. Henry's soul was not so dead that never to himself had he said, "This is my own, my native land." He said it, in fact, almost every time he was obliged to fortify a bottle of censored vermouth with grain alcohol, or whenever the derail-

ment of a train, or the collapse of a sidewalk revealed the fact that most of the names on the casualty list ended in "ski". Henry looked as if he might have shouted many times as a blade, "The Queen, God bless her!" and then have snapped the shank of his wine glass. Not that revellers didn't break enough glasses in America, but they did so without the excuse of so glorious a toast. Henry was always talking about going off to Italy for the finish of their days. It was no time to remind him of the duties of citizenship, even if Mr. Mellon had recently put over something more in behalf of incomes exceeding six thousand dollars. He would not like to think of her as arising in a gathering of women and saying "Madam President," and then getting all stirred up as to whether the treasury should be invaded to save the birthplace of this, that, and the other person in whom her interest was but academic, at best. There was the possibility that she might even have to make speeches in public.

Well, that, of course, would never do. Not even for Mrs. Murray-Hill herself. She must certainly go in for patriotism on an unspectacular scale, or not at all. The "They also serve who only stand and wait" sort of thing. How about being nicely and

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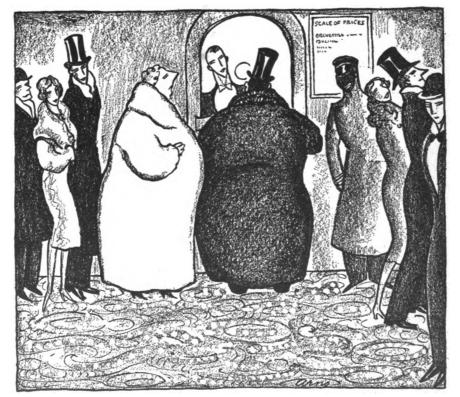
quietly civic? Pointing out politely in letters to the newspapers, for instance, various discrepancies in municipal management which might be remedied. That would be a real service.

But where should she begin? Mrs. Murray-Hill sat down at her writing desk and reflectively nibbled at the end of a most ineffectual looking pen. Finally, taking out a sheet of her best note paper, she began, addressing Mr. Gallatin, in his capacity as Park Commissioner: "I am taking the liberty, merely as a private citizen interested in the welfare and development of her city, of making inquiry about the advisability of planting more rhododendrons on the Avenue side of Central Park." Mrs. Murray-Hill paused there, then walked across the room and sprayed her neck and temples with lavender water. But this time not so desperately.—BAIRD LEONARD

The financial situation of the French is so grave that they can hardly enjoy their wars.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

She has as lovely cuticle As one might wish to touch; But it is pharmaceutical And won't bear handling much. --F. H.



"Nothing in the orchestra?" "Not a thing. How 'bout a coupla boxes?"



Notes On a Soldier

EA at the British Embassy, Washington.

"What arm of the service," asked an English woman, "was your General Pershing in before he went to staff?"

"The cavalary," her informant said.

"Stupid of me. Any woman of discernment should be able to tell a cavalryman." The speaker's glance picked up the General of the Armies, who was at that moment assuring a Costa Rican lady that her views on the opera season at San José left practically nothing more to be said.

The English woman was asked the secret sign by which discerning women in fallibly distinguish cavalrymen from the other representatives of the profession of arms.

"Their manner at tea, of course. Cavalrymen are the handsomest of troops. It is my considered opinion, that General Pershing is the second most presentable soldier in the world. And doubtless it is simply British prejudice to give first place to a countryman—Douglas Haig. If I were an American woman, I should resent the presumption that anyone should take precedence over Pershing."

Our English visitor confirms the opinion of Washington, London, Paris, Buenos Aires — one almost might say the League of Nations endorses her view: Pershing is our most cligible soldier. He is a good dancer and puts his heart into that form of calisthenics. As a polite conversationalist, he holds the grade of expert. In society, he succeeds wonderfully with the ladies. His method is to tell them nothing in as many words as possible—which is to say, blamed near per fect.

This perfection is attained by mastery of the encyclopedic minutiae of everything the world's most eligible soldier should know, which is—everything. Unlike Napoleon, who gave



General John J. Pershing

chevrons to corporals for knowing things he didn't have time to bother with, Pershing could outsmart any corporal. A soldier, in heavy marching order facing north: which way should the sharp ends of the pup tent pegs in his blanket roll point? Pershing knows. He knows all rules, all formulas for correctness—from I to 1,000,101 inclusive. He knows what to say when a French diplomat remarks, leadingly, how different history might have been if Jeanne d'Arc had picked out some good, steady fellow, married, and settled down.

So the General is not exactly a catch-as-catch-can, hail fellow well met. In this field the rules are too vague. I doubt that anyone ever slapped Pershing on the back, in his life. A back slapper would get farther with Charles E. Hughes, but there the resemblance between statesman and soldier begins and ends. Pershing is no mundane embodiment of the North Star. Unless you were a young officer in the military service, you might not hesitate to cuss a little in his presence. Pershing was a member of Mr. Harding's White House Saturday night poker game-and that was the humanest institution in Washington.

Yet he has few intimates and few friends. Usually one has few friends or none, and Pershing is not a friendless man.

He has no hobbies except horses and the study of the law. Pershing is proud of the fact that he has been admitted to the bar, and could hang out a sign as Attorney and Counsellor. He is also proud of his French, which he (somewhat) perfected late in life, and the accent shows it. This pride sometimes prompts him to talk over the head of an interpreter, though not always to the complete enlightenment of the Frenchman, who is trying to hold up the other end of the conversation. Sometimes, this was his trouble with Marshal Foch, but usually Pershing's difficulties with Foch went deeper than that. Foch wanted French generals in immediate command of American troops, and Pershing wanted them commanded by American generals. Pershing won out, and it was one of his notable victories in the World War.

Pershing never had a nickname.

"Black Jack" is newspaper color. A few old army cronies, and possibly Frederick Palmer, call him John. When Pershing took charge of the incipient A. E. F. in 1917, the interpretive journalists were dismayed to discover that he was one of the least known men in the army. His record as a soldier was available enough, but his record as a man did not exist. There were no Pershing stories, no quips or oddities; nothing. Neither President Wilson nor Secretary Baker had ever seen the man they picked, by thumbing the files, to take charge of things in France until after the actual selection was made. Pershing was called to Washington by code, and introduced to the President and the Secretary of War by old General Hugh Scott.

HEYWOOD BROUN who went to France about as soon as Pershing did, sought to remedy this shortage of color stuff in a laconic dispatch to the *Tribune* which said, "They will never call him Papa Pershing."

The observation was prompted by the General's austere deportment towards a soldier on kitchen police, who had a spot on his blouse. The implication was that our C.-in-C. lacked those amiable qualities which gave Marshal Joffre his homely nickname. Pershing smiled when Mr. Broun's characterization was quoted to him. Papa Joffre was a pretty crabby old gentleman sometimes, and Mr. Broun's mot could have been construed as a compliment without dislocating the imagination.

Broun had the right slant, though. A well known surgeon in Philadelphia, late captain, Medical Corps, will not write in to the editor to complain of that statement, anyhow. Once Pershing inspected a field hospital, and in tones audible, inquired if the captain doctor in question knew The Position of a Soldier.

The c. d. said he thought he did.

"Then why don't you get your knees together?" demanded the C.-in-C. and delivered a feeling speech on his chagrin, at seeing the High Command's plans for winning the war virtually nullified by captain doctors who stood inspection with their knees apart.

The captain doctor's story is that, if he had been given a chance to answer the General's inquiry, he

would have pointed out that he was bow-legged.

Some years after the war I suggested to the ex-captain doctor, that it was not too late to explain his position to the C.-in-C. should they meet again.

"We will never meet," said the excaptain.

The doctor's case is a sad one. I give him two more years in which to recover. Pershing was not popular with his soldiery, when it first got home. But that has about worn off. Pershing waited four years until he attended an American Legion convention. He was wisely advised. Then he went to one, and the women kissed him, and the men carried him on their shoulders. To-day Pershing has no rival for the noisy affections of the veterans. He likes it.

This alteration is partly due to the fact that the soldiers' grievances were fancied as well as real; partly because distance lends enchantment to the view; partly because Pershing can stand a story on himself. He is a student of that vast literature of A. E. F. anecdote, of which this is a censored, but well known, sample:

First Soldier: Pershing is going to take Metz—even at the cost of 100,-000 lives.

Second Soldier: Liberal son-of-agun, ain't he?

That story is a favorite with Pershing. Furthermore, the Old Man deserves recognition for the way he solved his personal post-war problem. Being a national military hero after a war is no cinch, and Pershing narrowly missed politics and oblivion. General Dawes cooked up a scheme for running the C.-in-C. for President in 1920. The preliminary steps were taken with Pershing's acquiesence, after which someone had a heaven sent stroke of good judgment, and that Dawes plan was dished.

Nevertheless, Pershing has found work to do since he got back, and in Pershing's own opinion his soundest claims to fame have been established since the Armistice. Few will know what these claims are, until we have another war. But Pershing has worked out a system, whereby it is expected that the United States, starting from scratch, can place three equipped armies of 1,400,000 men each in the field in nine months. It has never been done.

The post-war dilemma was suc-

ceeded by a tougher one. Fifteen months ago Pershing got to be sixtyfour years old and was retired from active duty. The problem of a retired military hero has been virtually insoluble up to now. But Pershing was handed an itinerant diplomat's commission, among the American Latins, and he has been in South America nearly ever since. He has proved one American in a million for that sort of thing. Speaks Spanish perfectly, but that isn't it. He has the temperament that succeeds with Latins, which among Nordics is a gift one is born with-or born without. He is the best emissary the U.S. has had in those latitudes since Elihu Root was Secretary of State.

For instance, in Paraguay the General wore his twenty-odd decorations. It is hard to recall when he did that before. Pershing's estimate of the susceptibilities of an environment may be judged from the number of medals on his coat. A French appearance rates six, say; a British appearance, four; the White House, one.

H E has nearly finished writing his memoirs. The professionals say 500,000 copies will be sold—publisher's bonanza of the generation. I'm afraid that many won't be read. If Pershing wrote as he talks, it would be different. But he writes and rewrites and polishes all of the life and spontaneity out of his copy. And he is too upright to hire a trained seal to do the writing for him. It is not in his edition of the rule book.

But for a' this and a' that, in history's pages his name will live forever. That rule is in all books. In compliance wherewith, I submit that historians should note, that besides meeting the statutory requirements for military immortality, Pershing, at the height of his responsibilities could put a company flawlessly through close order drill and explain the object of a condiment can.—CAPTAIN QUID

DEFINITIONS

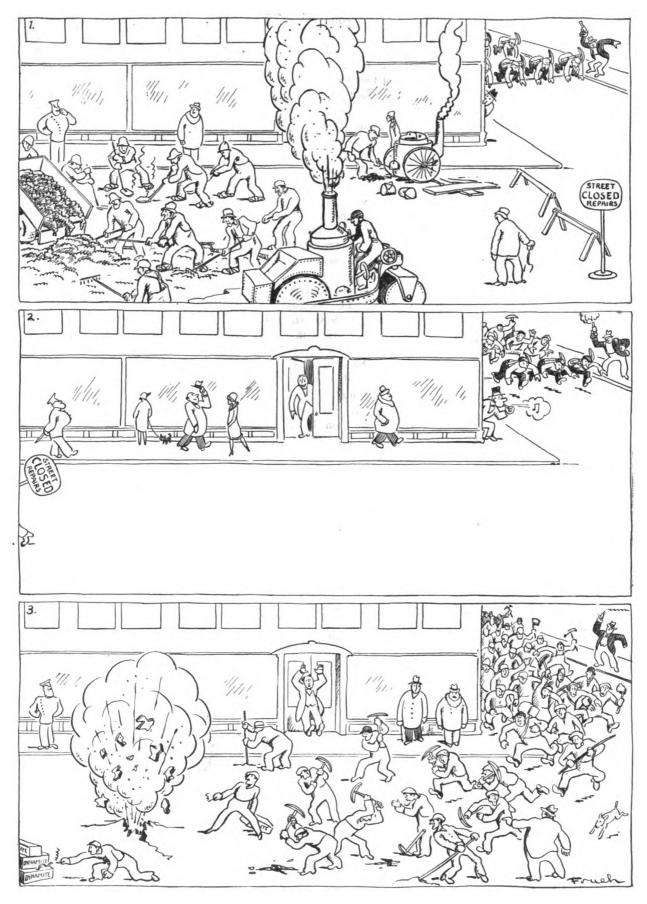
Corset

When corset was a common noun More feminine than neuter, A whale was very glad to die To make a woman cuter.

But now that corset's obsolete Through Woman's latest notion,

A whale may swim the live-long day Down in the deep blue ocean.

-E. B. W.



IMPROVEMENT Our Artist, Mr. Frueh, Notes an Incident of the Current Street Repairing Complex

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SOCIAL ERRORS The Woman Who Cut Her Husband's Bootlegger

THE SOVEREIGN VOICE

YSELF, who am not ordinarily baffled by an eccentric sparkplug or even a wireless condenser, felt slightly timid before the voting machine. It appeared such an easy thing to pull the wrong levers: to vote for the villains who had been branded as knaves and blackguards instead of the righteous gentlemen whose natural and honest bent was government of the people. But my disturbance was sangfroid itself compared to that of the man in front of me. He was much overwrought. He could not wait to have it over with; yet he dreaded the moment of his actual performance with a positive physical pain.

The short wait in line drove him to talk:

"These here new fangled gadgets ain't for guys like me. When I set out to vote, I don't want to do it by ringing up no cash register. I want to put something down on paper. I don't want to monkey with no sewing machine. I got a feeling they're going to make a sucker out of me."

When his turn finally came, his nervousness was more easily understood. For he confided to the precinct manager, without undue embarrassment, that he could not read and would have to be shown. Quite patiently, the manager helped him, answering irritable questions and guiding his hands to the levers.

"I want to vote for Jimmie Walker, see? And I ain't looking for no wise stuff to gyp me out of it."

When I had finished my mechanical ballot, I found him still waiting on the sidewalk, his political hunger palpably unsatisfied, and a frown of discontent on his face.

"How do I know," he grumbled, "whether they rung up my vote for Jimmie Walker? That bird could have made me vote for anybody he liked, and just because I can't read, I wouldn't know the difference. Now in the old days, you at least put something on paper, didn't you? And you could generally tell whether you was being made a sucker of or not. I could. I could always tell. There was the symbols in the first place, the stars and things. But how do I know they got the symbols on the square in this gadget?"



man who could not read came to his decisions at election time, what guided him to his choice of candidates, particularly to such an enthusiastic preference as that of my new acquaintance.

"Sure," he said, "I seen Jimmie once. He's a regular guy. I seen him laughing and shaking hands and cracking wise just like you and me. And besides, the Kid-that's our District Leader-the Kid gave us the low down on Jimmie. He knows him personal.

"He said Jimmie was the boy for mayor, and you can generally count on the Kid.

"But don't go thinking I always vote a straight ticket. I ain't in no machine. Wouldn't be. Didn't I vote for Harding? I didn't like that guy Wilson. He ain't my kind.

"Picking 'em ain't so hard. I ain't voted a loser since Al Smith got crooked out for Governor that time. But I don't get no fun out of voting now. Them two-cylinder voting outfits is the bunk."

I enjoyed my ironic grin as he wandered off. This, then, was the Voice of God: a voice out of emptiness. He had never read a line concerning the records of the candidates. He had no conception of their economic principles or traditions. A subway building program, in his diffused estimation, was merely so many queer marks on paper. He had voted, because somebody had told him to vote, for a man whose qualifications for office were beyond his comprehension.

I enjoyed my ironic grin. I could afford to grin because he was voting for my man.

An old acquaintance came out of the booth, looking quite unhappy. He had done his duty, he said, and voted against Tammany, but he felt sure I was curious, wondering how this it would do no good. He deplored,

with angry vehemence, the political ignorance that blinded men's eyes to the worth of unusual men, seeking public office.

He interrupted my halting disagreement by violently jerking a newspaper from his pocket. Read that, he ordered.

I read it. It was a perfectly sound argument, proving by solid logic that my candidate was utterly unfit for the job, while my friend's candidate was a man in a million for it. The identical contentions set forth in my friend's paper on behalf of Mr. Waterman had been written in my paper in support of Mr. Walker.

The newspaper to which I subscribe had shown Mr. Walker's political theory to be irreproachably sound. My friend's paper, on quite the other hand, had demonstrated that Mr. Waterman's program was well grounded and worthy, though quite the opposite from Mr. Walker's.

A slight attack of vertigo seized upon me. Thinking above the clatter of my friend's bitter discourse, and with the memory of the ironic grin still somewhere in my mind, I tried to justify my own choice in the election.

I could read, to be sure. I had read what my paper is pleased to call the issues, with a careful and analytical eye. And it all sounded entirely plausible. But the opposition paper, now that I had seen it, sounded just as convincing. It had certainly convinced my friend. Did I really know any more about the candidates after reading, than before?

The illiterate who had voted for Walker at least had seen him. I never had. And he had been tipped off by the Kid, and he knew the Kid, knew he was a straight guy. I had not even a speaking acquaintance with the editor who told me I must vote for Walker.

I grinned again, at last, still ironically. But this time I was laughing at myself.

 $\mathbf{W}^{ ext{HEN}}$ that laughter finally subsided, however, I was able to approach the encouraging conclusion that the sovereign will of the people, such as it is, was recorded in this election more honestly and accurately perhaps than at any similar political festival in the history of New York. Not



only the scattering use of the voting machine—although that is a powerful tonic in virtue's behalf—but a gradual purging of legerdemain from the mechanics of politics has brought about this happy end.

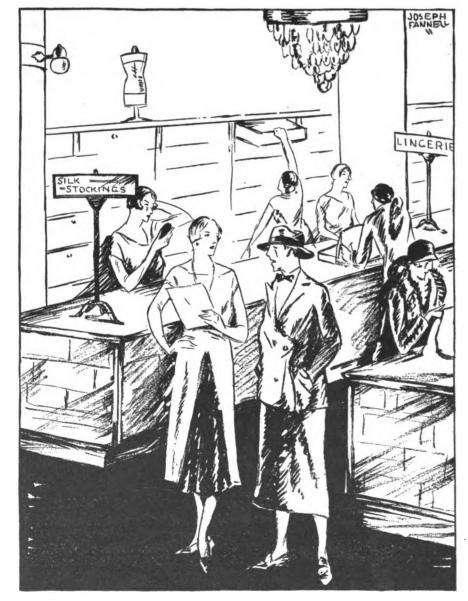
In other days-not nearly so ancient as the classic times of Tweedthere was trickery enough in the manipulation of ballots to grow earnest about. Let the fight be at all close, and the humble voter went home and to sleep with no certainty whatever that his vote had been recorded as he had ordered, if indeed it had appeared in the totals at all. Marked ballots in the hands of repeaters were the vogue. And the tabulations, at the end of the great election days, were bitter engagements with everybody holding sleeve aces and trying to get them down first.

The voting machine spoils the old can ticket," he may say.

marked ballot game. And in the element of tabulations, too, it shines forth as a weapon for purity. For it makes its own tabulations. The names of dead men still can be voted through the machine. And the illiterate vote still can be controlled by chicanery. But they cannot tinker with the totals, which mount automatically as the ballots are cast.

Just as in the old days, precinct watchers, hired to preserve the advantages of one party, may sell out to their opponents. And such collusion is necessary if the illiterate vote is to be controlled. With hardly the trouble of a wink, the vote of an illiterate entering a machine-equipped precinct may be filed in the column of the candidate with the readiest pocket book.

"Show me how to vote a Republican ticket," he may say.



"Garters? The men's department on the third floor, Madame."

And, provided he is in that sort of precinct, the Republican watcher will nod his head while his Democratic comrade leads the poor dumb soul to the machine and points out the levers which will record a Democratic ballot. But that is about the worst they can do. The fine old sleight-of-hand that once made the tally sheet a mathematical curio will be worthless when machines are general. No longer may votes droned out for one party be surreptitiously checked into the column of another. No longer may ballot boxes disappear and tally sheets be lost in the fire. The machine, they tell us, is proof against tampering; and once a vote is cast, it is cast for good.

The graveyard vote, and the sum of illiterate ballots which may be jockeyed even in the machine are proportionately small, hardly enough to affect any big election. And, these elements considered, we may rest comparatively easy as long as we are able to believe the politicians' protestations of honor, and until some mechanically inclined election day enthusiast devises a technique for adjusting the machine totals to suit his own conception of the Ultimate Good.—MORRIS MARKEY.

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A MAN WITH PINK CHEEKS

A man with pink cheeks Lives on our street, His neckties are freaks And the socks on his feet To-day and to-morrow Are things of horror, And his overcoat neat Took a gymnast to weave it. They say he's an athlete But I don't believe it.

—A. van Steenberch

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

DEAR SIRS: I have just finished a book of etiquette and have written to the publisher as follows:

"For the past five days I have been reading your Book of Etiquette, but have failed to find it completely satisfactory.

"I have diligently searched every page, but nowhere do I detect a proper form for sending back a book of etiquette that one has found inadequate.

"Hence am sending it back.

"Your humble servant," BIMBEL BUMPKIN

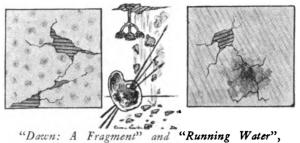
CRACKED CEILINGS

A Further Study of Creative Art in New York

OES New York find expression for its artistic impulses only on the billboards and sidewalks and subway car windows of our city? No, reply the leading Art Connoisseurs emphatically in the negative; and for proof they offer the remarkable exhibit of Cracked Ceilings, at present showing in many apartment houses throughout New York.

"Cracked Ceilings form a great, yet almost unknown phase of spon-taneous art in this city," states Mr. L. F. Shaddle, a broker, whose apartment in the upper Forties contains a rare Ceiling: "Dawn: A Fragment". "For example," he continues, "this ceiling above me here was presented to us a little over a week ago by the people upstairs, who had some friends in for a little studio party, followed by dancing and good fun. Although I am not positive of the method in which this particular design was created, I understand that it is the work of a Mr. Meyer, a guest, who was trying to complete an airplane dash from the mantelpiece to the chandelier, under the impression he was Amundsen."

The apartment of Mr. and Mrs.



Two Well known New York Cracked Ceilings Leonard Furbish in upper Park Avenue contains a rather intricate de-

sign, an exquisite mosaic of tiny cracks entitled: "The Pursuit of Beauty" which is being made for them by a prominent artist upstairs named Mrs. Mullaney. Mrs. Mullaney, according to the Furbishes, does a little work on the ceiling for ten minutes every morning, to some directions on a Victrola record; and it is expected that by the time she has learned to lift her heels above her head, the Furbish ceiling will be entirely finished, followed by re-plastering.

"Running Water" is the poetic title of the fancy design on the ceiling in the bed room of Mr. Montrose, a young bachelor residing in East Tenth Street. This ceiling was presented to him only the other day by the young

lady upstairs, who left both faucets running in the bath room and went off for the day. It is remarkable, not only for the soft blending of yellow and brown stains, but also for the unusual bas-relief caused by the threatening sag directly over Mr. Montrose's pillow.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the Cracked Ceilings now

in New York is on exhibit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thrustle in West End Avenue, which has been titled "Domesticity: An Idyll". Based on the familiar theme of a wife who does not understand her husband (according to Mr. Thrustle) and a husband who neglects his wife (according to Mrs. Thrustle), this ceiling has set out to tell the age-old story in truly epic fashion; and a year of painstaking labor by the family upstairs has left part of a chandelier and three inches of plaster in the Thrustle apartment. Although both the husband and wife have collaborated on this ceiling, the majority of the work has been done by the lady. In this work she uses only a small blunt instrument from her kitchen.

-COREY FORD

OF ALL THINGS

T has been decided at the Mitchell five new seats to the Stock Exchange. The I may been declare a trial, that free speech is a civil, not a military right. Any civilian may say what he pleases as long as he pleases Secretary Kellogg, the K. K. K., Mr. Sumner, the National Security League, Senator Butler, the Episcopal Bishops, the Tennessee Legislature, and all the judges in California.

No doubt, the Mitchell court-martial is a fair and judicial proceeding, but somehow it sounds like a performance of "The Man with a Load of Mischief".

The victory of the League of Nations over the balky Balkans was made possible, we read, by the Locarno agreement. This makes everything clear. Locarno ushered in a reign of amity, and the war was called off on account of the reign.

ticket speculators have been doing so well lately that the box office has declared itself in on the game. Early comers can get seats for \$135,000 but, even so, a couple of good ones in the seventh row would run into money.

Other market news of last week, included an estimated value of \$1250 a barrel, for silverware pinched from Jesse L. Lasky and a race track husband knocked down to a musical comedy star for \$37,500.

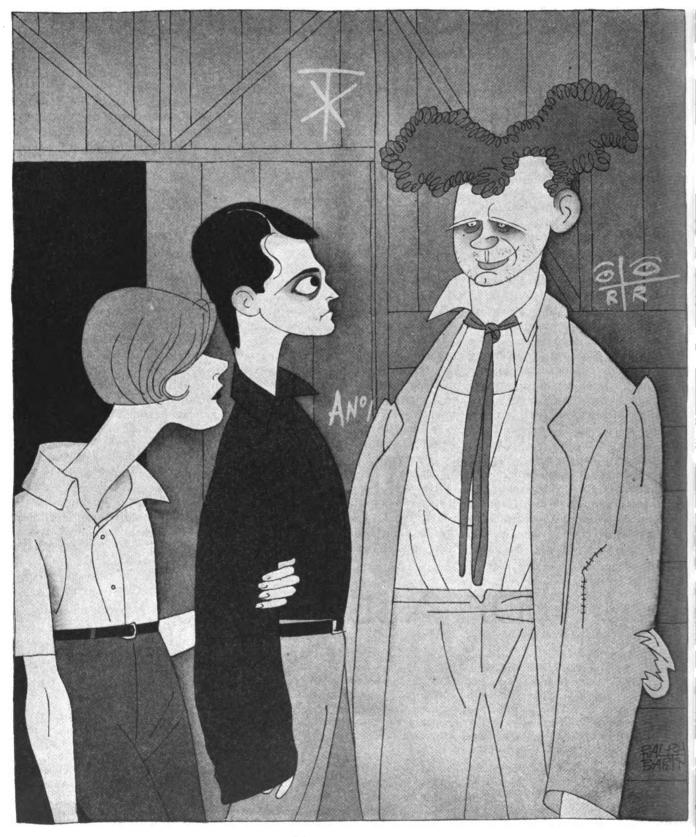
When all hope seemed lost, the National Security League saved Hartford lunchers from the perils of a speech by Arthur Henderson, M.P. The rescue of the crew of the Ignazio Florio by the Now they are proposing to add twenty- President Harding was pretty good, too.

New York's first newspaper was started 200 years ago this week. Now for the Third Big Century.

The late municipal campaign was a rather poor exhibition of human intelligence. Sometimes one is tempted to believe in government by highbrows, then comes the Hall of Fame election, and one manfully resists the temptation.

A belated message to the Countess Karolyi: Don't you care. Pennsylvania is not much of a place to visit, anyhow.

A truck driver was arrested for delivering nine kegs of something, grossly resembling beer, at the Elks Club, but the club was exonerated from all blame. The action of the order was benevolent and protective.-Howard BRUBAKER



DOWNTOWN MOVING UP

The Hobo Hit Squeezes In Among the Plays Imported from England

M ISS BLYTH DALY, Mr. James Cagney and Mr. Charles A. Bickford in Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In", the play of tramp life based on Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life",

which was too good to remain in Greenwich Village and which has, therefore, moved to the Thirtyninth Street Theatre.

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—R. B.



The Theatre

HERE are few plays that triumph so decisively over their direction and the actors of their interpretation, as does Ashley Dukes's "The Man With a Load of Mischief", now at the Ritz. With the exception of Robert Lorraine in a leading rôle, not much has been provided for the play, that could not well have been assembled in the dramatic society of any good co-educational high school. And yet the quality of Mr. Dukes's writing is such, that even the weary playgoer who has long since given up even the pretense of enjoying the histrionic effort of high minded semi-pros, finds himself fascinated by what Mr. Dukes has to offer, and makes an easy mental adjustment that puts the players and their efforts to one side.

Mr. Dukes has fashioned an ironic. maudlin, sentimental and glowing romance of the fascinating doings of the quality folk of the early nineteenth century in England. A beautiful young lady, thus, has had the effrontery to tire of the remunerative, though unsanctified by wedlock, embraces of a Prince Royal and has left his Windsor bed and board in the dead of night. Honor must be preserved, and so the Prince has sent an emissary, with a handsome and Jacobin servant, to pursue the erring person, and to restore her to a life of virtue, tempered only by royal indiscretions. It is a weary, fretful, cynical, and sophistical associate whom the Prince has thus sent in pursuit. Given to high strategems, he decides to involve the mutinous lady and his own servant in an intrigue-and an intrigue was an intrigue in those days-that she may be shamed by a realization of her own potential, infamous depths. He, himself, would, and does, console himself with the lady's maid. And then, to his zounds and confusion, the lady

and the servant decide that theirs is love, and depart, just as the anxious Prince himself arrives in the wings, left. The unhappy delegate draws himself together, squares his shoulders, and bows as is required of dying gladiators.

"Welcome Sir," he says, "unhappily I have news for you."

There is more fine writing in the exposition of this naughty tale, than in all the other plays on Broadway combined (a comparison that conjures up a horrid, though fortunately impossible, spectre). Nothing is in the play, but what is graceful, mature, sophisticated, and alert. Mr. Dukes has happily made no attempt to draw realistically the pictures of what must have been a slovenly, drooling and unsanitary life—but he has extracted a charming, wistful, adorable essence from what we like to think was a charming, wistful, adorable age.

Mr. Lorraine, as afore-hinted, is magnificent as the royal fixer. Ralph Forbes, the Jacobin servant who achieves the runaway lady, is unannoying, and might well have been giving an impersonation of the gifted star actor of the Cliosophic Society of Wilkes-Barre High School, who is handsome and stalwart, as befits one who is also captain of the basket ball team. Miss Chatterton's inconstant lady, to be sure, was more of the exclusive finishing school than of the all leveling high school. She has a noble quality, has Miss Chatterton in this play, and an accurate conception of the exact length of the pronunciation of words; and she is disposed to sacrifice neither, be the demands of the play whatever they be. And it is not without a tear that what was once a clear-eyed, eager youth who sat in the remote balcony and wept. with Miss Chatterton in "Daddy Long-Legs" must now, as the graying critic of THE NEW YORKER, earnestly if vulgarly beg her to get down to earth.

T is a bit embarrassing for a the-known for his enthusiastic response, to abstract beauty-if further identification is required, let it be said definitely that one is referring to the under-initialed-to treat of such a production as "Arabesque", at the National. If he says frankly that it failed to interest him, he is at once put down, and rightly, as a weak vessel of a one dimensional content. If he proclaims that he was, at infrequent moments, ever so slightly, moved by its color and ingenuity of scene, he will lose the respect of those in his devoted following, who find themselves in for a boring evening by following his advice. And if he says nothing at all, his cowardice will be conspicuous, and Norman-Bel Geddes, co-producer and thrice leading spirit of the play, will follow him about and shout in his ear.

And so. . .

"Arabesque" will probably be without particular appeal for those who are likely to read this column, for those, that is, who are neither completely ignorant of what the new scenery is trying to do to the theatre, nor yet completely convinced that that new scenery is the sole justification for the theatre's continued existence. Mr. Geddes has undoubtedly achieved interesting effects with his one setting, which he converts into ten different locales with the aid of lighting and decorative fabrics. (At least one of his lighted backgrounds, peculiarly enough, seems completely unequipped for having words spoken in front of it, so chaste and austere and forbidding is it.) And there is, too, a beautiful scene in which many men with lighted lanterns weave through the tortuous heights Geddes has builded on the stage of the National. All that is lacking, perhaps, is a play.

In the consciousness of its own unworthiness in the presence of anything so theatrically alien to it as "Arabesque", this department takes refuge in advising its groundlings to see it or not, as they will. Those who return from it warm in soul, and gratified in mind will recall, one hopes, that this tribune did not rail against it. Those who find it not for them, on the other hand, will perhaps cling to their guide henceforth with an even more reverent clutch.

BAREFOOT", at the Princess, will have vanished long before the print on these pages is wet. However, for the record it should be set Music down that the locale of the first act was "the log cabin in Virginia" and of the second "the love nest in Barbazon". Into the log cabin, too, for act three, there strode an urban chap who noticed that others were talking and consequently removed his hat and said, "I fear I am de trop."

HE importation—all the way from Hungary-of plays like "Antonia", is, to borrow a few words from Marc Connelly when he was dealing with something else, like bringing Newcastle to the coals. Mr. Harry B. Smith can turn out plays like "Antonia" in his stride. He has done so. So has every other librettist who ever lived.

The piece is one of those transcripts of Hungarian life that play their second acts in Budapest cafés. In the first act there is Marjorie Rambeau, now happily married and living this past decade on a country estate not so far from Budapest, convinced that she has forgotten those bright nights when she was a toasted prima donna and was up, from her café table, with the lark. Well, for the second act, she's at the ring side of the Budapest cabaret again. And the third act finds her

back on the farm, safe after what was almost a purple patch in her life.

Miss Rambeau is a beautiful actress, but she acts much like an imitation of Patricia Salmon by one who has never seen her. When Miss Rambeau acts, we mean, she acts. The rest of the cast tries hard but is never quite able to match her vigor. The one exception is Ruth Hammond, who seems to have decided to stick with her part. In it she is appropriately wistful and flapperish.-H. J. M.

RADUALLY, as M. Milt Gross G observes, it becomes evident that the modernist movement in music has started to chase its tail; by which pretty remark we mean that Stravinsky and most of the other contemporary whatnots have abandoned innovations and are trying to become little Bachs. Last season, invincible Igor dropped on us a piano concerto which derived from Bach, although Bach might have told you different. This year, he hands us a piano sonata, played at a sociable of the League of Composers, which also is a neo-Bachanalia. Comes a more important work, "Le Roi David" of M. Arthur Honegger, sponsored by the local branch of the Society of the Friends of Music, and again one of the new boys does a little Bachlifting.

If you have read the daily prints, you probably know that Honegger also washed up a little Faure, Handel, Moussorgsky, Wagner, Debussy, and Walter Donaldson, all depending on which critic you fancy. Putting in our own fifteen cents, we add the name of Prokofieff, whose little march for the piano may be discovered in the "Marche des Philistins".

From this insistence on the heavy

borrowing of Honegger, you may gather that "Le Roi David" is a work of distinction. When critics begin to charge larceny, there usually is something that was worth stealing, whether or no the accusation is justifiable. After all, nobody is starkly original, as the Tinpan Alley phrase goes, and if M. Honegger went back to Bach for a mood or to Handel for a method, he was no worse than Bach, who rewrote Vivaldi, until that gifted man almost lost his identity, or Handel, who was known as "the grand old thief". By which token, however, you are not to accept Brother Honegger as ersatz for Johann Sebastien or Georg Friedrich.

"Le Roi David", somewhat ornate-ly designated as a "Symphonic Psalm" in three parts, after a drama by René Morax (whose name, we can't resist noting, sounds like a Yale yell), is a short oratorio. Its other virtue is an archaic atmosphere which gives it the artless air of a miracle play. Superimpose on brevity and charm, an excellent performance by Mr. Bodanzky and his helpers, and you have a civilized hour or so of music.

"Le Roi To oratorio addicts, David" will be a bit of a shock. In place of attenuated recitatives, with occasional tonic and dominant chords, Honegger uses the speaking voice; the voice at this performance having been that of Leon Rothier, who intoned the lines with beautiful clarity and established an aura of good fellowship by his friendly nods to the eminent audience. Particularly dramatic moments in the narrative are heightened by orchestral accompaniment, and the whole effect comes off brilliantly. The soli and choruses are brief, almost incidental, but nearly always effective. And if there is no great emotional stress in the music, it is at least apposite



and never monotonous. Mr. Townsend's chorus, whose male congregation looks like the board of directors of a national bank, sang with fine tone and animation. The soloists turned in smooth performances, with especial honors to Miss Queena Mario, who infused her music with an impetuous fervor that added to the excitement of the evening. Mr. Bodanzky had matters perfectly in hand throughout, and most of us are again in the debt of the Friends of Music for a first rate performance of a work that was worth doing.-R. A. S.

Art

I T isn't what you would expect them to be going in for. Hence, we call your attention to the Ferargil Galleries, where they have on view the Edgar Degas collection of sculpture, some seventy pieces or impressions from the master, in his idle moments. This is the first showing of the collection, it having been tied up in France while they argued about the possibility of a tax of forty per cent in order to offset the French debt. Durand-Ruel brought them over and Ferargil are showing them and selling them at a great rate. The Metropolitan has had one little figure, or the wax model of one and, perhaps, there has been an odd one or two about in private collections. Here we have them all, and if you are interested in the words, Degas and sculpture, rush up to the Galleries and have a pleasant afternoon. The collection will either mean everything to you, or nothing. We, as you might guess, belong to the former category.

BEARDSLEY, we imagine, has always belonged to the age that lived on Omar and the Ballad of Reading Gaol. That is about eighteen, say. There probably is a return to that esthetic state at about eighty years. In between, there is not much territory that is fertile for such seed. Judge then whether or not you care to look into the matter of Alastair, whose drawings in grey plush frames are at Weyhe's Gallery. Perhaps, someone will write in to say that Alastair is nothing like Beardsley. It would take a telescope to prove the difference. Alastair has been working at it, in Berlin, for twenty-five long years, turning out these feathery slender women with one breast show-



is not enough. Nor is a fine sense of design enough. Alastair is not his name, and the artist remains a mystery. Reports that he is Carl Van Vechten have been run to earth and proved erroneous.

Weyhe, knowing our weakness, trots out another primitive. A fortnight ago it was the butcher; this week the baker who has turned artist. From the Hartz mountains (Hurrah, there is some place else besides Russia) comes Emil Ganso. He can turn a loaf and trim a pie as neatly as any baker from the canary bird country. But he is not satisfied with bread alone and needs must go in for art. For five years he has gone to the Academy for two weeks continuously, then gone back to the ovens. Sundays, he has painted and drawn. And we must admit he does it well. His women are a bit Turkish, but are sincere. And his outdoor compositions have a fine quality.

***HE** New Galleries gets right down to the visitors and explain everything. Their catalogue is pasted on the wall, and if you have no opinion about art you may consult the sheet and become informed. We rather like it. If you have a good memory and chance to meet an old friend on coming from the Gallery, you could rattle off things about Utrillo, Matulka, and Kisling, that he had never dreamed of. And, if you are in doubt about a picture, the description certainly helps you to establish prejudice. We had to agree with the catalogue; we liked im-"River" mensely Vlaminck's and think it is one of the best he has ever ing. In these Broadway days, that done. And we liked the examples of

Utrillo at the Gallery, or at any other gallery. Then there is James Chapin, a young American being fostered by the New Gallery and promised a full exhibit soon. His "Plowman" is a bit stylistic, yet it is a relief. We imagine he will go well with interior decorating. Kisling is also represented with a few of his wildest. We wish him a long life and lots of paint. George Biddle, Eugene Higgins, and our old friend Friedman are also in the show. We hope you will like the show and tell your friends about it. We did. —М. Р.

Books

THOSE newspapers that could see a joke on Henry Cabot Lodge were quick to see the huge one it was that his posthumous "The Senate and the League of Nations", in which he pronounces, as you would suppose, on the record of the League, appeared so close to the news of the Locarno compact. Even without that, Lodge's book would have had a humorous air; for though not an apologia, it is unmistakably defensive. The illustrious Senator lived to be uneasy about history. He saw the growing chance that it would magnify Woodrow Wilson, despite all his failings and blunders, because of the League, and that if it did, he himself might cut a marplot's figure; and he marshalled speeches and documents and pages from his diary in an effort to prevent this injustice.

The things in the book that appeal to us most are trivialities. Ours is a trivial mind. But so was Lodge's, on occasion. He takes pains to show that he had no personal animus against Wilson—and quotes from his diary: "I studied his face . . . a curious mixture of acuteness, intelligence, and extreme underlying timidity . . . a shifty, furtive, sinister expression can always be detected by a good observer." This department's only study of Lodge's face was made at a moment when we were nearly run down by his automobile. Perhaps, in the circumstances we were prejudiced. We recall it distinctly, however, as a very glass house of a face from which to be throwing stones like that quotation.

Wilson "was not a scholar in any true sense". Proof: "I have never noticed but once, in any of his writings or speeches, a classical allusion", and then he said Hercules when he



Miss Mary Pickford, in "Little Annie Rooney", vividly recapitulates her own childhood in the Connecticut Ghettos, to the entrancing cadence of the cacophonous maxillaries (gum chewing) of the Sweetheart Smitten Public

meant *Antaeus*; "this would be impossible, not only to a scholar, but, one would think, to an educated man". This department alluded correctly, thank God, to *Antaeus* a few weeks ago; hence we are on Lodge's own plane, and indeed, in these remarks, we are. And Wilson "very rarely made a literary quotation", indicating that "he was not a widely read man". How different from Lodge, always handy with something from Browning!

His first sentence announces an account of (guess whose the italics are) "the debate that arose when that body was asked to give *their* advice and consent". This would be impossible not only to an educated man but, one would think, to a boy in grammar school.

WITH "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl" (Knopf) we begin to see Ruth Suckow. This novel has its share of the drawbacks of her kind of realism. Parts of it are veritable ant hills of detail, and raise Stevenson's "Damn Roland and the Scraper!" to the dignity of prayer. But its Iowa small town is better than Gopher

Prairie; its small town school girls of twenty years ago are the best we have ever come across in fiction; and from childhood to marriage its Marjorie Schoessel, with her finicky maladjustment, her home fostered ego, her day dreams and her tiny endowment of temperament and talent, is the whole truth, set forth with due sympathy, about both a type and an individual.

THE CLIO" (Scribner's) might be by Somerset Maugham and Consuelo Everest, Carl Van Vechten's ten year old sophisticate, with occasional pages by some author of a "Rollo Up the Amazon", but is actually by L. H. Myers, who wrote "The Orissers". We found it a mildly refreshing change from the run of the season's fiction.

FREDERICK C. HOWE'S "The Confessions of a Reformer" (Scribner's) is an interesting contemplation of his own career by a veteran of the brigade that included the muckrakers, and such political insurgents against privilege as Folk of Missouri and Brand Whitlock. At fifty, disillusioned and mellowed, Howe has

given up dragon fighting as a bad job. "Eleanora Duse", by Jeanne Bordeux, is a biography, journalized in gasps. In "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" (*Harper*) George A. Dorsey proffers any amount of biological and psychological information, topped off with the behaviorist conception, but written in a Socratic staccato that makes irritating reading.

-Touchstone

Motion Pictures

NCE every seven thousand Super-Jewels, the art of the speeding stereopticons declares a holiday, and gives us such genuine characterizations as Otis Skinner's in "Kismet"; M. le French Acteur's in "Bill" (A. France's "Cranquebille'), Erich von Stroheim's in "Foolish Wives" and Emil Janning's in "The Last Laugh". Now we are come to another red letter day, and another such golden performance. It is that of Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut's in "Proud Heart", just Universaled into the Astor. He is magnificent as old bewhiskered Moisha Cominsky, orthodox Russ Jew, who mingles pushcart activities on the



Slummy East Side with the human control of a family consisting of one (1) bewigged, brooding mama, one boy (dot dope-cf. Milt Gross) who tends towards boxfighting and a second (2d) son (dot worse dope) who aims to being a tricky lawyer and general go-ghetto. Mr. Schildkraut is a joy of sympathy and truth to behold. He is thoroughly convincing, suggesting all the humanity, conceit, homeliness and good-humor that the Hebraic rôle calls for. The story, to be sure, makes sundry impossible demands on his natural intelligence (as a man, not actor). It holds with him for a starter, being a faithful and restrained recounting of the toilsome, grimy slum setting with its pains, sorrows, and gloomy drama. But for a finisher it grows painfully strained, developing into a hybrid crossing of "The Knockout" with "Ashamed of Parents", grown in a happiness box. Here Herr Schildkraut is called upon to support a Herr Laemmle rose-pink view of life and doesn't fail the billion dollar film master. He manages to keep step with the sincerity of his character and saves the picture for the topnotch group.

FOLLOW toothsome morsels of varying flavor and delight. "Classified", at the Strand, is a carefully nurtured progeny of Edna Ferber's, who evidently had been around to a neighborhood vaudeville house for comedy and truth about the Gotham Babbittry before writing it. The result is a semi-irritating and semi-false attempt to extol the figure of a typical New York teaser, by building up comedy about her fresh guy crassness and telephone girl's manners. She lies, teases, and is unpleasantly dishonestforever taking or stealing and forever saying no. Her head goes in and out of the sex noose, yet she manages to come through cleanly for happy (?) marriage with the tough garage mechanic. An aura of wisecracking humor does lie about her, glimmering here and there with a laugh, and her troublesome scenes with a quarrelsome, cheap family are excellent-but she seems to be a basically sour type to us.

NEXT, folks, we come to "Lights of Old Broadway", at the Capitol. Monta Bell's brilliant restraining of Miss Marion Davies, toast of a million clubmen and several continents, planets and meteors. Generally speaking, we have usually disliked anything, per se, that Miss Davies had the honor to grace. But after this effort of that lady, we must doff our derby to the fact that she is not as bad an actress as she used to be. In this cinematic instance, the splendid publicitied creature does herself double justice by playing a Mary Pickford version of an Irish wench of old New York as well as the haute dame of the rosier side of life. These she does to the new Davies's perfection, with honors going to herself in the haute dame rôle, in which she does not smile with her teeth overmuch (thankfully). The

tale, as you may have divined from the giveaway title is not half bad. It is written to the "Little Old New York" formula, including the peeps at Thomas Edison, advising to invest in electric light fours, glimpses of old Tony Pastor's, the child Roosevelt and a "Bringing Up Father" version of an Orangemen-Irish battle under Tammany. The subtitles are the worst yet, all beginning "It's not after cryin' to the gintlemen that ye were etc. etc. . . .". But, to reiterate, despite the flaws of humanity, Mr. Monta Bell, director, has imparted charm, pace, and smoothness to this Cosmopolitan magnum opus.

CEVEN Keys to Baldpate" is with **D** us again at the Rivoli. Douglas MacLean takes George M. Cohan's former part of the author who goes to lone Baldpate Inn to finish a story in twenty-four hours. And although the tale has lost some of its flavor, what with the years, the imitations, and the slight failing of the mystery farce in public taste, as a whole, the production is tellingly humorous, at times laughable and always well done by all concerned, especially the magic Mr. MacLean. That plastic faced gentleman is always decidedly pleasurable to watch. He has, as Mr. Nathan says, personality.-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 35.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK

GREAT game, that Cornell-Columbia battle up at the Polo Grounds on the last day of October. With a huge collegiate crowd filling the stands, lots of open field running, forward passing, and each team alternating in a three point lead until the last few minutes of play, there was everything to furnish as entertaining a Saturday afternoon as any we have had this season. The ending, also, was satisfactory. Because Cornell had the better team, distinctly the better team on the day. Although it was hardly fair to call Columbia's two touchdowns lucky. Despite the fact that one was made on an intercepted forward pass and another on a fumbled punt deep in Cornell territory.

For Columbia was everlastingly following the ball. In the first quarter, after Cornell had scored with a placement kick, they worked the ball down to the Columbia five yard line, and then with four yards to go on the last down, tried a short forward pass out to the right where Captain Pease was playing a defensive back. Standing just in front of his own goal line, he batted the ball down. But you may have observed that this was exactly the same play on which he ran seventy-five yards to a touchdown a few minutes later in the game. Had he chosen to catch that first pass-which he could have done-there is every likelihood he would have run down the field with the ball in much the same manner. There was certainly little luck in those two plays, but a keen eye for the ball which did not desert the Columbia leader all afternoon. That his team was beaten, was because it was meeting a better coordinated, harder playing eleven. The interference furnished the Cornell backs was beautiful to watch, and the way the Number One man took out the Columbia guards and tackles was nothing, if not effective. A powerful team, this one from Ithaca; the game at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day will be worth a long journey to see.

There was at this game, a vast amount of color, and perhaps, more college rivalry between the two stands than at

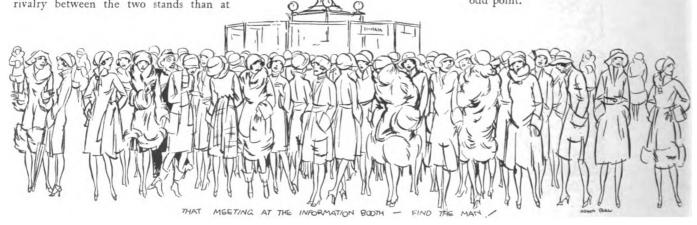
any contest in New York this season. Both undergraduate bodies furnished a great deal of noise, and each supplied an elegant and tuneful band for the celebration during the game and afterward -this last confined unfortunately to the visitors from Ithaca. The happy Cornell undergraduates had every reason to rejoice. Theirs was a splendid team. But it was the Cornell cheer leader who particularly took my eye. Since late Sep-tember I have been spending my Saturday afternoons watching cheer leaders the country over: from the little man in the vivid orange and blue suit who marshals the cohorts of Illinois to support Mr. Grange, to the rhythmic gentlemen with the slicked hair who do a semi-Charleston before their stands to animate the partisans of the University of Pennsylvania. Cornell, however, seems to have gone into the business further than any other college. They not only had the usual picturesque squad of sound producers ranged along the side lines; but, they also had a cheer leader to lead the cheer leaders. An uncouth youth, he turned his back upon the adherents of Cornell in the bleachers, and devoted his attention to a poetical timing of those who were leading them in their plaudits. Until at the very end of the yell, with a dervish-like motion so dear to all members of the Cheer Leaders Union Number 168, he turned around with a spring facing his supporters. It was very effective. And it was carrying the efficiency of cheer leading to a high art-which indeed it is.—J. R. T.

I T is this department's respectful suggestion, as long as (1) football games of interest are held in New Haven, and (2) the custom of escorting the female sex to what is, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, an hour of shivering boredom, that something be done about providing appropriate meeting places in

the Grand Central Station. A series, several hundred numbered stalls, conveniently located across the main concourse, would be an idea. No amount of aid from the new Green Cap service was any help to me, last Saturday. I finally arrived at the Bowl with The Girl almost as late as the efficient cadets whose motor-bus convoy from West Point evidently got stuck en route in line behind some flivver. The vanguard of them arrived only fifteen minutes before the inviolate two o'clock starting time.

There were many besides the cadets in the ice-coated Bowl who went anticipating a slaughter of the innocent bulldog. Their disillusionment was not long in coming. It took about a dozen plays to firmly convince those who had seen the Eli moral victory several weeks ago; that they were looking at a re-born team.

But, besides the thrill of a rejuvenated blue team there also remains the memory of the most pathetic pose in which I have ever seen a gridiron star, and he none other than Mr. Bunnell, New Haven's candidate for an All American quarter. It was when Wilson of the Army intercepted a Yale forward pass and ran eighty-odd yards for a touchdown. In the course of his flight Mr. Bunnell was, once, in close pursuit. The way of the chase ran along the side lines, directly in front of me. Suddenly, in the pursuit, Mr. Bunnell did a strange thing. He dove, not at the disappearing Cadet Wilson, but at a mark in the turf, which he alone saw. It was, he claimed, the heel print of an army boot which had stepped over the side lines, a mark which, he felt sure, would invalidate the scoring run. Wilson vanished over the Yale goal line, ten Army and ten Yale men after him. All three referees followed. Eighty yards behind, left alone hugging the sacred mark, was Mr. Bunnell. The din of the Cadet cheering drowned his cries; the action at the other end of the field turned all eyes from him. One could almost feel the agony of torture he was going through as the teams proceeded to line up without him to fight over the odd point.



But when, in desperation, he tore off his headguard, left it to mark the spot and raced down the field, there followed only arguments of which Mr. Bunnell evidently got the worst. Footprints are but footprints. There are, however, those sentimentalists who might say that it was the burning memory of those seconds when he lay, unnoticed, spurned, forgotten, that spurred him to lead the terrific onslaught which followed, and in which his team reaped ample revenge in scoring twenty-one points and efficiently demoralizing the much vaunted team which had beaten the children of The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.

—R. McA. I.

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DID you happen to observe the chortles, and chuckles, and gurgles of delight with which the gentry, who compose the sports fiction for the daily press, greeted the recent downfall of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton at the hands of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, and Colgate respectively? So full of joy unrestrained were their comments, that it seems as if the three teams ought to be obliged each season to drop a game or two for the delight of these worthy And indirectly for the commentators. delight of us all. Rarely have the columns of the papers made more entertaining reading than of late.

And the above mentioned defeats were another excuse for the resurrection of the "Big Three" allegory. This naïve legend dies hard. The football supremacy of the "Big Three", is over. Or at least, so we are told in sobbing tones. Well, in football there is no such thing as a "Big Three", nor has there been for these many years, nor have Yale, Harvard and Princeton held any very noticeable supremacy over the other colleges of the nation. Certainly not since Myron Witham brought down that smart playing Dartmouth team almost twenty years ago to defeat Harvard 22-0 in the Stadium on Soldier's Field. After all, why should Yale, Harvard, and Princeton be expected to turn out better football teams than other colleges, why is it so more remarkable if they lose a game now and then? They have fewer men to draw on than those vast educational factories scattered all over the West, and the Middle West. And the East, too. Harvard, so a recent World's Almanac relates, had 6,357 students; Yale 3,789; Princeton 2,373. The same year, New York University had 14,643 students; C. C. N. Y., 12,745, and Columbia 11,765. There is your real Big Three. And on paper, New York University, C. C. N. Y., and Columbia ought to beat Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Maybe they would on the gridiron. But supposing they did, what about it? --- JOHN R. TUNIS

The Little Shop

of T. Azeez

Je reviens de la Ville en fête.

Mes coffrets sont lourds de joyaux: gemmes en feu, gemmes en fleurs, sources captives de rayons et de couleurs qui vont éclore à la lumière. Mais j'emporte aussi dans mon cœur des souvenirs étincelants qui jailissent vers mes pensées en fontaines de pierreries.

Paris, cette année, semble une couronne au front de la Nuit, une couronne de bouquets étincelants où chaque idée pose une étoile, où l'esprit coule par le feu. Mille artistes ont tressé dans l'ombre cette guirlande de flambeaux, mêlant la Seine au ciel nocturne et les astres aux étincelles.

J'ai médité sur tous ces feux, j'ai respiré tous leurs secrets, j'ai pénétré leur poésie. Puis, j'apporte aujourdhui vers vous, au dela de l'Océan vert qui jalouse mes émeraudes, la moisson neuve des symboles.

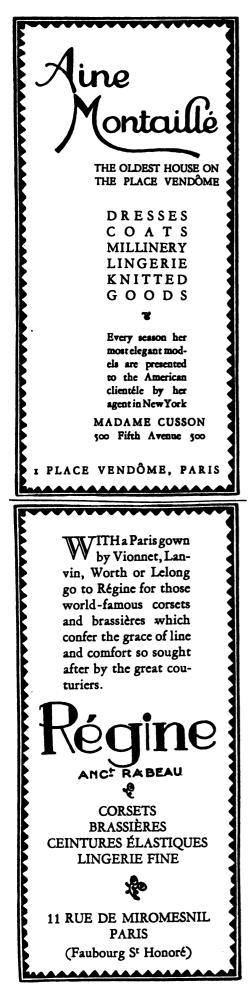
Et voici mes bijoux nouveaux, où les gemmes et les idées, comme les phares sur la mer, enlacent leurs feux. Et voici les bijoux en fleurs où vos yeux reverront demain le ciel de Paris.

Oh, please forgive me for an outburst of French. One should never do such things but when one has just come from Paris and a French ship and is laden with gems and gifts from the City of Light, well, English just will not come.

MARIE EL-KHOURY



Five sixty-one Fifth Avenue in Forty-sixth Street New York



PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCTOBER 19TH-

HE mild days are almost over and the cold weather is hovering ever nearer. Pale blue ageratum and pale pink dahlias have faded in the gardens of the Tuileries, giving it the pretty air of faded taffeta, the air of Madame de Sevigne's bedchamber. The sun has been shining. The downpour has stopped. But as one of the few last living acquaintances of Oscar Wilde of the Deux Magots Café days said—a desiccated, con-fused, old Englishman, always to be seen furling and unfurling a battered umbrella "Vive la rain," which he thinks is a

pun, "it makes the boulevards glisten."

HEY are back from Venice, almost all of them. And they tell stories. Hardly a Duchess (née Jones) but has done the Jones end proud by her appearance on the beach at the Lido. And if the Duchess had to confess from time to time that she spoke no Italian, still it was a change from having to admit that she spoke no French. The Chamber Music section of the Salzburg Music Festival was given, largely for Parisians, at the Venice Opera House. Venice turned its Parisians out to see it and the palaces, for the night, were emptied. Princess de Polignac, née Singer, who had the famous Palazzo Polignac; Cole Porter, née Musical, who had the almost more famous Palazzo Papadopoli; Princess San Faustina, née Campbell, who had a good slice of the Excelsior Hotel in lieu of a palace, all contributed to the brilliance and foreign air of the evening. Private performances by artists whom the rest of us pay fortunes to see were common affairs; for at Venice, as in Paris (Fie, fie New York) talent is fashionable. Stravinski played for one tea, and Diaghileff played for another; Melba was heard singing to herself one night on the Grand Canal; and so it went, while duchesses from Indiana clapped their hands, and worse, from Ohio became the rage, and the only American woman who had never been heard of, became little Lucy Stone.

But now that is over. The season is on. Paris is still concerned over the fact that the mannequins by some mistake or other did not get out to the annual big race at Longchamps, but that the society women did, and that the papers next day reported blacks and browns despite the gay colored satin surfaces the mannequins had intended to show. For those who may their serious side, it may be pointed out that, so far as Longchamps and Paris are concerned, they represent the national business wealth and health. They stand billions of francs, and the news that black accuracy and fluent style.-GENET

is or is not holding its own, is in Paris what a report of the steel industry is in New York. It is no laughing matter, and I'm told that someone is being scolded severely for the Longchamps blunder. Fur, by the way, is profuse, mixed and varied. Summer ermine (jaundiced) is being interspersed with other pelts, nutria also being mixed with mink and fox. In fact dead animals that in the wild life would have eaten each other without hesitation, are to be seen in every possible combination, lovingly entwined. It's rather gruesome, if you feel that way. And to make matters worse, the hunting season is on (all Frenchmen, rich or poor, hunt) and the meat markets are hung with limp feathered game, and there is a spicy smell of jugged hare in onions and white wine all through the side streets.

HEY are still talking about the wholesale Rodin purchases by Mr. Jules Mastbaum. New York is familiar with Rodin. Particularly with that portrait bust of the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles which she refused to take because old Rodin asked her to pay for it, and which the Metropolitan Museum, having either a sense of humor or having never heard of the Comtesse de Noailles, bought under the title, "Pallas Athena". Mr. Mastbaum is still carrying on. His daughter is innocently quoted as saying that last year, business not being quite so good, father only bought The Kiss and the Hands of the Devil and God. This year, things having picked up a little, he bought "The Thinker" and "The Gates of Hell". Nobody complains. They just talk. Being fully as commercial a nation as we are, they take the ironies of finance philosophically (excepting the debt), much more philosophically than the English who have had a tendency to put us down as bandits ever since we stole America in 1776, and who never could put two and two together anyway.

NEXT to Rodin statuary, the most important item here concerns a book. A naughty book. It is called "My First Thirty Years", which were certainly the hardest, and is by Gertrude Beasley, a native daughter. It is perfectly frightful, unless viewed by a cold scientist, which I am not; and it is supposed that it will have a nauseous circulation in America, clandestine, of course, among think that clothes are vanities without those who pretend they think they are buying a novel, but who know their own motive to be different. I mention it because they are having a row about it in London, and because the book is unfor millions of dollars, and billions on doubtedly an amazing one on the score of



17, zue Vignon Paris -

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The NEW MODES have just arrived from across the Sea—personally selected by Mr. Bernard. There's a Frock for every day and every night—for every Young Girl and every Matron. Evening GOWNS and WRAPS—Dance and Dinner FROCKS— Street and Afternoon DRESSES—Sport and Dress COATS—HATS for every occasion. Just the type of Clothes that delight the Smart New Yorker!



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HEN sport clothes first came into vogue for every type of day wear, a few years ago, the general opinion was that England, land of the hardy sportswoman, would provide the fashions in this line, and that Paris would continue content with her supremacy over afternoon and evening frocks. Such was not the case. For Paris immediately got busy, feminized tweeds and flannels, and made sport clothes so charming, that it soon led the field in this type of clothes as well as in the others. The reason is that Parisian sport clothes are so attractive that they may be worn either in or out of town with equal suitability; they are so feminine that they are becoming to many more types than the English tweeds, which are heavy and adapted only to tall, broad shouldered, and rather masculine women; and they are sufficiently practical to be suitable for participation in all, save the very strenuous, sports, such as mountain climbing, lion hunting, and explorations of the arctic.

However, for Autumn wear in the country, the English sport clothes are still very important. It is best to purchase them from the women's department of an established man's shop, such as Brooks Brothers, from Abercrombie & Fitch, or, best of all, from Weatherill, who tailors them supremely well. If you happen to prefer the softer French tweeds, kashas, and flannels, however, you can not do better than rush hence to the sports department of Franklin Simon's, to Dobbs, or to Knox, and gratify your fancy there. The Fortmason shop, at Madison Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, is an excellent place to purchase English brogues and sport shoes of every description, though it has gracefully relinquished the selling of its famous Fortmason hat, to Best & Company.

FOUR-DIMENSIONAL furniture," Mr. Frankl, ensconced in his shop at Four East Forty-eighth Street, said to me comfortably, "the fourth dimension, as you know, is Time." "Oh," said 1, helpfully. "Well, any time you want to move, you just take these things to pieces, and set them up again in a combination that suits the new location."

Which is just his merry way of saying, that he is at present amusing himself by designing and making furniture—notably,

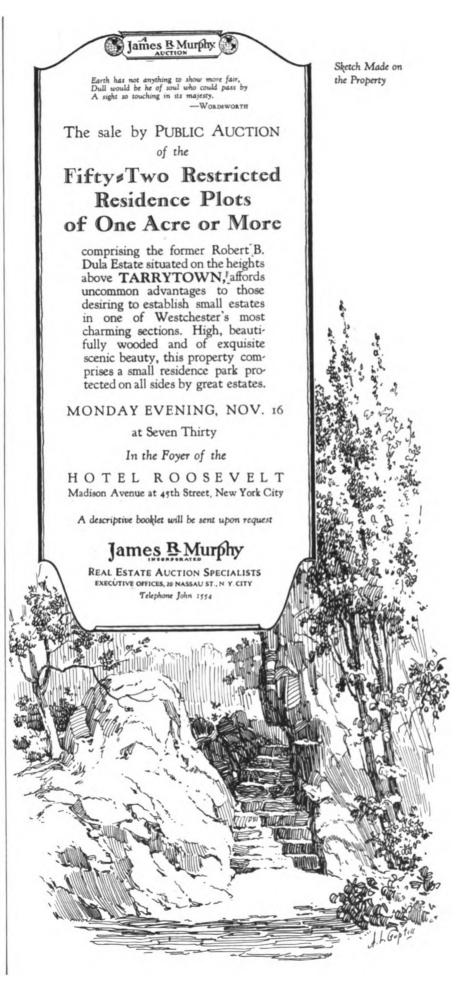
bookcases and closets-that follow the lines of buildings constructed under the zoning law. The piled up outline, tapering towards the top, is most amusing, and gives promise of being more than an eccentricity. It is the quintessence of New York, both in shape, and in the fact that it is especially accommodated to small rooms, where everything must be packed away in the least possible space. The articles are made to order to fit any kind of corner, with shelves for books, apertures for bits of bric-à-brac, closed doors for the concealment of private stock, typewriters, Victrolas, iceboxes, beds-anything you like. These are made of wood, painted to suit the color scheme of the apartment. Strange enough, they are not too "arty" or conspicuous to be tiresome after awhile, and they are most practical. I wish I could accompany this little piece with a representative sketch, but the Art Department won't hear of it.

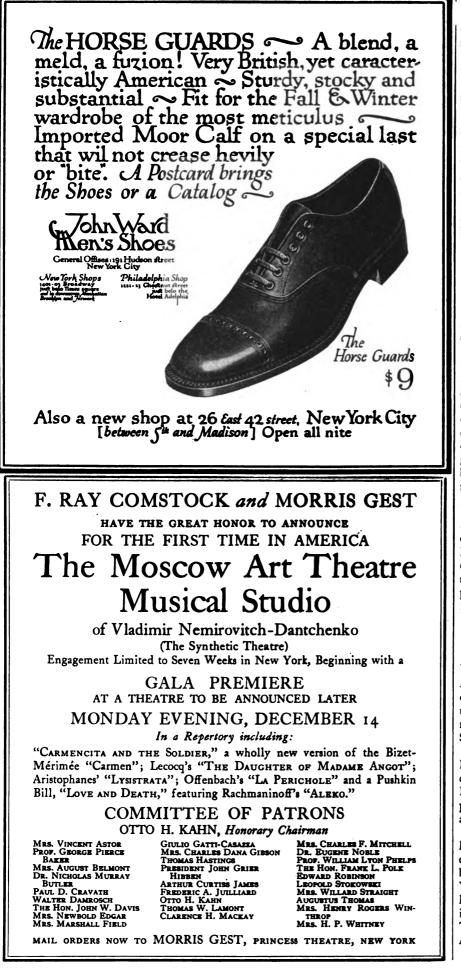
T present, one of the smartest of Asmall bookshops is the "Magic Carpet Book Room", at Seven East Fiftyfourth Street. As you enter, it gives all the appearance of a living room in a very charming house, with a roaring fire, comfortable chairs, and convenient lights for the perusal of books taken from the lending library, or books that are possible purchases. In accordance with the name of the shop, it specializes in books of travel, though there is a large selection of books on other subjects. It also has established contact with shops selling first editions, and old volumes of every description, and can secure them if desired.

Another feature of the place is Mrs. Waldo Richards's series of literary teas, on Thursday afternoons — subscription affairs, at which American and British poets, authors, and distinguished literary people of all sorts contribute to the program.

ALL of you who have been noticing Englishmen, in their casual way, wandering about in the country in coats and trousers that obviously were never made to go together, take heed and warning. Because smart shops and smart men frown upon the custom, if done in a haphazard way, with great emphasis and an eye to business. Some Englishmen do it, because they seem to be able to get away with anything. But the best places here, and, I understand, in England, although they beam upon suits composed of dark brown coats and fawn colored trousers, or dark blue or grey coats with grey trousers for country wear, do not acknowledge the existence of contrasts in any other form.

ART with a very large A, has for some time been invading the strongholds of "Business is business" in New York, and won a decisive and final victory in the silk trade with the Cheney opening,





in its new quarters in Madison Avenue opposite Altman's. Stained glass windows, art iron doors, and trees holding silks on display, and Urbanesque lighting. Really, it almost took your mind off the main business of the occasion, which was inspection of the new silks. These are softer in coloring and smaller in design than those that Paris is favoring.

Mallinson has not yet abandoned its White Elephant for more elaborate scenic effects, but the silks are worth seeing. There are strongly figured and boldly colored silks, Barbier designs with nymphs and satyrs à la Vie Parisienne, futurist designs, and Sargasso Sea patterns. The StehliSilkS Americana prints have already been referred to in this column.

F New Haven, or Cambridge, or Princeton, is any more of a football town at present than New York, I am very far wrong. Saturday mornings around ten o'clock, traffic is made noticeably heavier by cars bound towards one fracas or another. The Woman's Exchange is putting up "Football Lunches". As for the stores, their gaiety is only rivalled by their impartiality. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, at Spaldings, Lord & Taylor's, and Abercrombie & Fitch, the flags and colors of each contesting team are much in evidence. And do you know that the smartest possible coat that a girl can wear to a game is not the time-honored coonskin, but a full length leather coat lined with nutria or muskrat fur?

Is anybody here interested in the fact that the newest diamond bracelets are often an inch wide, and cost something like twenty thousand dollars, or that emeralds have pushed diamonds into second place for solitaire rings? Complete details from the jewelry front will follow in due course of time.—L. L.

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PUBLICITY AFTER DEATH

E VERY time I hear someone talk about "striving", "ambition", "kceping everlastingly at it", et cetera, I laugh until I cry. Ambition! Striving! Achievement! Deserving! Success! Ha, ha! Shades of an exploded truth!

No-SIREE! PUBLICITY! P-u-b-l-i-c-i-t-y! Publicity! That's all anybody needs today! Publicity!—Notoriety! Still better! Make your choice, after that: Wealth, position, fame, friends, titles, degrees, anything, everything!

Now, you may not believe it, but I have evolved a scheme whereby that bane of decent people's existence—struvino becomes unnecessary. How? Publicity! You may have all that life on this earth has to offer you, everything of the best, if you can get plenty of publicity. Talent? Bah! Merit? Bah! Patience? A couple of more bahs—bah everything! Aha! You think to catch us! "Very

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well," you say. "I grant you publicity brings you everything desirable while YOU ARE ALIVE. BUT—what about immortality? Our span of life on this earth is so short—what about fame after we have left this plane, life after death? Immortality! Shakespeare! Dante! Beethoven! Michael Angelo!" All that you say to us, thinking to catch us.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Again we laugh until we cry! Poor Shakespeare! Poor Dante! Poor Beethoven! Poor Michael Angelo! They lived in the days of NO PUBLICITY —and so the poor fellows actually had to work nights to be remembered now. BUT, say we, do you wish to lead a life of ease—no striving, no ambition, no sleepless nights, no worry about the dim hereafter?

Then, say we: PUBLICITY—PUBLICITY After Your Death! Make reservations now for your fame after death! Get Fame Easy! You don't need to write, you don't need to paint, you don't need to compose, you don't need even to be a philanthropist, to be remembered after death. No! You need only to hire a publicity man, a publicity man whose job 'twill be to see that, when you lie with your toes turned up, you'll not be forgotten. Details? Details you want? Ha, ha! Ernest Pascal, the novelist, says: "The very fact of his achievement filled him with bitterness. What energy and emotion and time it had required! More, an indescribable element—particles of life itself-and what was his reward!"

That's what we say: What's the reward? Nothing! You die—you're forgotten! BUT—with a publicity man who lives after you, thinking about you all the time—Aha! That's different! Want to be immortal?

Hire a publicity man now, before you die—and then take it easy! Don't die unprepared! Arrange now for your fame after death! PUBLICITY AFTER DEATH! GET OUR SPECIAL RATES! YOURS FOR NO More Striving.—IRVING KAYE DAVIS

BILLBOARD NIGHTMARE

Florida Real Estate: It floats.

Flappers: Save the surface and you save all.

Flivvers: The machine you will eventually carry.

Earl Carroll's Vanities: For young men and men who stay young.

The Daily Mirror: A clean truth never repays.

Artists and Models: The Belle System. The Subway: There is beauty in every jar.

Wall Street Options: Good to the last drop.

Fifth Avenue Buses: Time to retire. Subway Slot Machines: YOU CAN'T WIN.

-SIDNEY M. WILDHOLT

MY PERSONAL BLEND OF BABANI PERFUMES 🛥



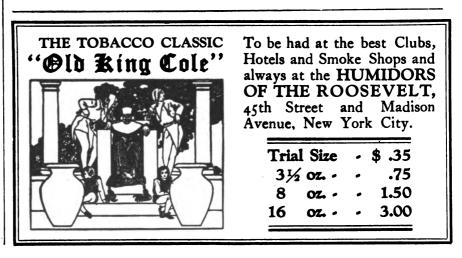


Photographed in Paris by BARON DE MEYER

Perfumes of Paris The ported by Elizabeth arden

SMART WOMEN everywhere have adopted the fashion launched in America by Elizabeth Arden—of blending two or more Babani Perfumes. Blend Chypre and Sousouki, or Afghani and Ligéia, adding others to make the formula your own. Blending a personal Babani Perfume has become a new method of increasing your charm. These fragrances are imported by Elizabeth Arden in just the bottles and boxes in which they are sealed in Paris.

ELIZABETH ARDEN 673 Fifth Overve New York EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR BABANI IN AMERICA



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O celebrate the first sailing of the 📕 "H. F. Alexander" for Miami, Helen Ford christened the boat with mineral water.

A battery of cameras recorded the event. Photos went to all the papers. And they, by skillful editing, prevented you from reading the name AQUAZONE on the bottle. Pop goes the publicity wheezel.

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WHO WROTE IT?

"For unto life the dead it could restore, And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;

Those that with sickness were infected SOTE

It could recure, and aged long decay Renew, as one were born that very day. Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell, And th' English Bath, and eks the German Spa."

Contemporary as the above encomium about a mineral water may seem, it was written by a best selling Elizabethan bard more than three hundred years be-fore trade marked drinks or Truth-in-Advertising were discovered.



Theatrical note. Pledging their friendship round at Jack Hershey's studio the other day, could be seen Leonore Ulric, Virginia Hammond, Ernest Vajda and his wife. Aquazone was the official mixer. * *

We hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to the contributor who signs himself "R. B." and suggests that we suggest that you save your bottle-caps. They make excellent parchesi counters, he says.

As Mr. Mencken points out, it's the straws that show which way the drink is going.

When a poor honest manufacturer of superior mineral water stays up all night getting distribution for his product in the night clubs and learning to call all the waiters by their first names only to have Mr. Buckner follow him around pronouncing the bans, it's hard there's no denying.

* *

One consolation remains. You can still obtain the said superior product from some hundreds of druggists, grocers, restaurants and clubs that are as yet without padlocks, and of course, from A dvertisement



TABLES FORT

S if it weren't enough for dozens of new night clubs to select this time of year for opening, a great many old established favorites must needs begin their series of weekly "club" dances, so that everybody who wants to keep up with the times may have at least six places that they really ought to go to during the course of each evening. The Pall Mall Supper Club, functioning at the Hotel Lorraine, has begun its Saturday night dances, and the Lorraine itself has inaugurated its Friday Dinner-Supper dances for the season. The 19th Hole Club, an infant organization with headquarters at the Roosevelt, has, none too timidly, started its first season; and-social climax!-the Embassy Club announces Special Thés Dansants, to George Olsen's orchestra, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

If keeping up with these doesn't give you enough healthful exercise, I might suggest a jaunt over to Csarda's, at 137 West Fifty-first Street-a Hungarian place, recently opened, which advertises solemnly, "A Night in Budapest". Whether or not Budapest, present Mecca of the touring intellectual, contains anything like Csarda's, is outside of my knowledge. The place here is charmingly decorated with fantastic Hungarian figures along the walls, has Hungarian dishes in the menu, and is enlivened by a After this, Hungarian orchestra. Budapest becomes Broadway. The orchestra valiantly essays jazz; American cuties (notably, a Spanish dancer surprisingly named Daly) disport themselves as the entertainment, and rather mediocre people look on. The manager explained that the American touches were an effort to attract the VANDERBILT 6434 trade of New Yorkers, who sup-



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erri FACE POWDER In a box as different as the powder itself!



"Give us a loose face powder with the same clinging qualities and smoothness so evident in Terri compacts, discriminating women have asked us. At last it is here-a revelation of velvet softness and exquisite quality!

Terri Loose Powder comes in four shades: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel and Spanish Rachel. The full size box may be had at leading department and drug stores for \$1.50. Terri also offers a trial pack-age at 25c per box. Send for one today. Write department G.



Terri, Inc. 4 West 40th St. New York



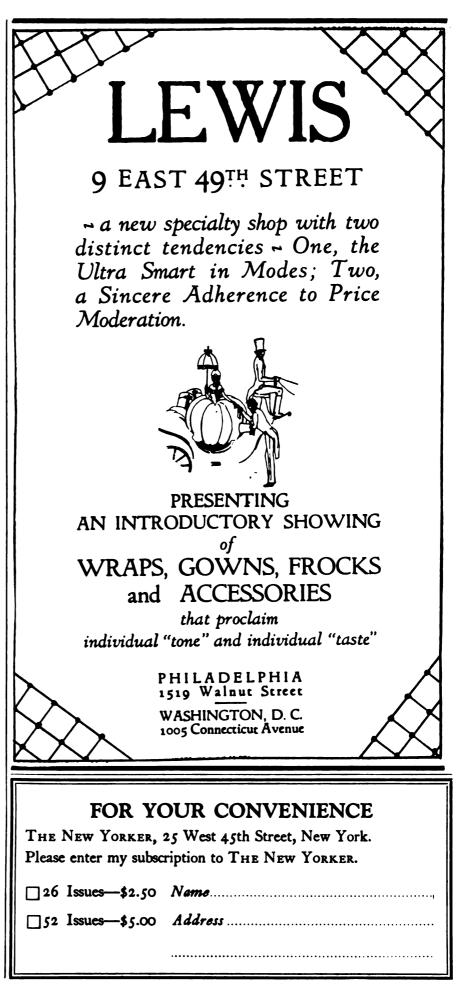
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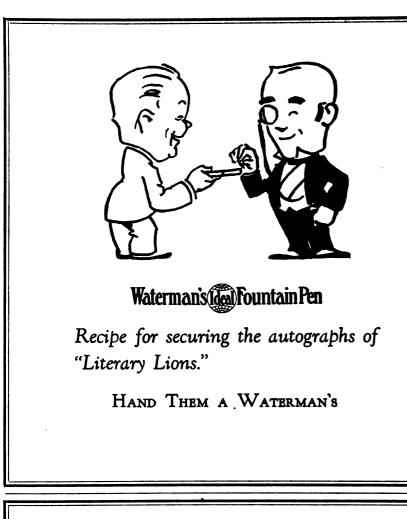
posedly would neither understand, nor appreciate the real spirit of Budapest, if it were fully transplanted. The Russian Eagle was not so pessimistic about us, and it flourished, if memory does not fail me.

NOUGH of this solemn effort at E constructive criticism! Theatregoers down Greenwich Village way might find it a great pleasure to drop in at Alice McCollister's, at Fortythree West Eighth Street, for a bite to eat before the homeward journey. This is an attractive place, somewhat reminiscent of an English inn, which has the great virtue of serving an excellent table d'hote dinner until nine o'clock (one hour later than the other Village places) and of providing a quiet place to eat until one o'clock. Other restaurants that remain open as late as this downtown, include the necessity of sitting in a stuffy cellar and watching half baked flapper Dancing in the Din. I believe a softly-pitched radio is at the disposal of favored guests of Miss Hackett, the hostess, if they must have entertainment, but it hardly seems necessary.

SECOND visit to Ciro's found Atheir elaborate revue, "Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue", vastly improved. The tempo is better and the scenes have been cut-because one hour is sufficient, for even the best revue after midnight. I still wish, with a low sweeping bow of apology to Frances Williams, who is one of my enthusiasms, that they had not introduced words and singing into George Gershwin's rhapsody, and had left the entire finalé to the chorus. I also wish that the costumes of said expert group of girls did not lay so much or so frequent emphasis on the charms of lingerie. The audience at Ciro's remains, alas, very, very Broadway.

I T seems that very smart people do not go out very much after the theatre, if the small number of high class night clubs is any indication. But at luncheon time, there are a surprising number of restaurants with a very chic clientele. For the hotels, the Madison, the Ambassador, the Marguery, the Park Lane, and the Ritz all contain a distinguished group of lunchers. For the restaurants, the Colony, Pierre's, Sherry's, L'Aiglon, Voisin, Crillon, Elysée, and numerous





We Take Pleasure

In extending to the discriminating public a cordial invitation to inspect our new beauty salon, the crowning glory of an age in which the care of the hair has become a finished art.

We have spared neither time nor expense to avail ourselves of the most modern equipment and the most tasteful surroundings. Our staff is composed entirely of trained culturists, who not only understand the scientific basis for the treatments they give, but the art that makes them a delight.

In addition, we have secured distinctive perfumes unobtainable elsewhere.

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Bobbing, Permanent Waving, Tinting, Marcelling, Facial Treatments, Manicuring

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SIMMONS HAIRCRAFT INC. Eleven West Fifty-Sixth St. others all have their quota of well dressed people-about-town. Nobody is interested in where the flies go in the Winter time. Where the smart world spends its evenings, is the question that is slowly driving proprietors of night clubs mad.

I AM beginning to feel like a columnist. Together with the announcement that Sardi's in West Forty-fourth Street, was opening a branch downtown, at 25-30 Park Place, this letter arrived in the morning mail. "I must take issue with you, my dear Miss 'Lipstick', for it must have been either an unfortunate, or unusual day when last you visited Sardi's place, and decided that its intimate vogue had passed.

"Perhaps another visit would convince you, and you might see, as I did lately, some such scene as this: Miss Marjorie Rambeau and Mr. A. E. Anson knitting their brows over a manuscript; Mr. Courtney Riley Cooper leisurely eating Lobster Thermidor; Messrs. Henry Hull and Dana Burnett; Mr. Hull's sister-in-law, Miss Anglin, casting avid glances at the French pastry; Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic holding court to a long queue of admirers; Donald Macdonald, Ruth Gordon, Harvey O'Higgins, Harriet Ford, Winifred Lenihan and Winthrop Ames, and Dr. Reed, the psychoanalyst, beaming upon them all in his best clinical manner."

I have absolutely no answer to this, except the complaints that many of these habitués have made, which is that Sardi's is now so crowded with sightseers that tables are hard to get and that the old intimacy has worn off a little. Which is causing them sorrow, but apparently has not yet driven them to places lesser known.

FROM now on, one textbook of this department is to be George Chappell's "The Restaurants of New York", an exhaustive study of every restaurant I ever heard of, and a great many more that I intend to rush forth and explore, even as the hardy author, in the guise of Captain Traprock, explored the South Seas and the North Pole. Mr. Chappell's night club information is already out of date, as may be expected at a time when the weather forecast for cabarets is so often "Open and shet—Sign of Wet".—LIPSTICK

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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). Buena Vista, Ia., and its daughter Marjorie Schoessel, who has such a promising gift for elocution. "Corn belt realism" plus something.
- Porcy, by Du Bose Heyward (Doram). For a change, some real negroes, in Charleston, S. C., and some powerful writing about them, with a whale of a hurricane thrown in.
- LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). The first novel of the brilliant young Frenchman who knows more from life than the Aldous Huxley school can imagine among their books.
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Wills Cather (Knopf). For one thing, this admirable novel holds the 1925 record for making fools of sometimes intelligent book reviewers.
- THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (*Century*). The author of "The Power of a Lie" and "Treacherous Ground" brings a company of Norwegians to Dakota.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). A beautiful ironical fantasy, with Casanova in it under mask. Everyone is saying its style is "baroque", but don't let that deter you.
- SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). What there is of the monumental Napoleonic romance that was truncated by his death.
- DARE LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Boni & Liveright). Anderson once more sees life as sex, and through Viennese smoked glassbut sees it.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). The edifying comedy of a mouse-like man's delusion, and a forthright girl's illusions, about their respective relations to the world.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). Van Vechten's best novel, and if you have not read him, a good one to begin on.
- SAID THE FISHERMAN, by Marmaduke Pickthall (Knopf). An excellent, full-bodied romance about the rise and downfall of a rascally Arab in Syria.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). Something to make you laugh, and much of it almost infallibly will.

SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (Harper). A few stories of the kind committees of judges think it their duty to like, and a number that they naturally would.

GENERAL

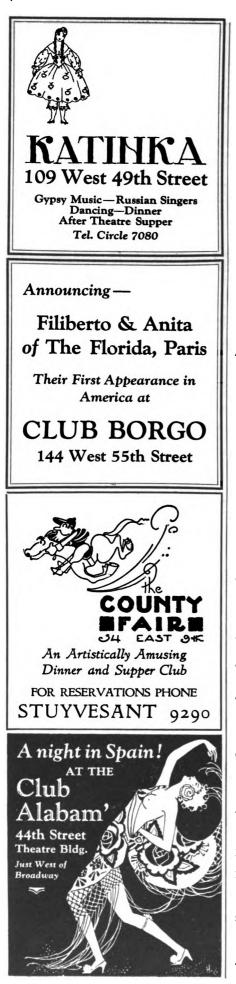
- THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (Scribmer's). James, who wrote "Cowboys, North and South", lets a specimen speak for himself, and draws pictures of him on broncs "a-breakin' in two".
- THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEORO SPIRITUALS, edited by James Weldon Johnson (Viking Press). Sixty-one of them, with effective musical arrangements.
- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS, by Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf). Sizty-eix Covarrubias caricatures. Preface by Carl Van Vechten.

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THREE DOLLARS A TICKET

Hush little grandstand, don't you cry! You'll be a stadium Bye and Bye. —Roswell J. Powers







THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, November 6, to Friday, November 13, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-The influence of Chillicothe, O., on the Metropole's Theatre, demonstrated in a rousing comedy by George S. Kaufman. LONGACRE, 48th, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—The hobo comedy you have been looking for. This boasts Charles Bickford and splendid poetic road slang. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
- AMERICAN BORN—Our best known Yankee product (George M. Cohan, Himself) in a comedy of absolutely no importance. But then there is always Mr. Cohan. HUDSON, 44th, E. of B'way.
- IS ZAT SO?—Slangy toughs settle the unhappy affairs of some Fifth Avenoo rich, in good theatric style. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH STREET 46th, W. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN-George Bernard Shaw has something to say about that matter of war. Forty-NINTH STREET, 49th, W. of B'way.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—After dinner epigrams designed and executed by Michael Arlen, spoken with arch British insincerity, in a delightful comedy. GAIETY, B'way at 46th.
- THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF— Reviewed in this issue. RITZ, 48th, W. of B'way.
- THE GLASS SLIPPER—An even more sensitive and delightful comedy, in the writing and the acting, than this sinful age has any right to expect. Molnar and June Walker. GUILD, 52d, W. of B'way.
- HAMLET—A melancholy play by William Shakespeare, with Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN's, B'way and 6ath.
- THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Sex amidst the Californian wine blossoms, or how the Hired Man didn't take the Little Waitress from the old Italian. KLAW, 45th, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED-E. H. Sothern as the Brieux lawyer in a difficult ethical situation. Good and combra Briacco Atth F of B'way
- sombre. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way. THE VORTEX-Noel Coward writes harshly of some decadent fellow-English. HENRY MULTER 42d. E. of B'way.
- MILLER, 43d, E. of B'way. THE GREEN HAT—A sentimental orgy which has pleased—or is it displeased?—Mr. George Jean Nathan extraordinarily. With Katharine Cornell. BROADHURST, 44th, W. of B'way.
- CRAIG'S WIFE—George Kelly in an Ibsenesque mood over a woman whose selfish domesticity brings her to ruin. Chrystal Herne performs flawlessly. Morosco, 45th, W. of B'way.
- A MAN'S MAN—Dramatic inspection of New York's cut rate society. Vigorously dingy and telling. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52d, W. of 8th.
- BIG BOY—Al Jolson! Did we say this before? FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44th, W. of B'way.
- NO, NO, NANETTE—This music show has weathered the years and continents and still remains refreshing—tunes especially. GLOBE, B'way at 46th.
- SUNNY—Crowded with singing, dancing, and humor-making celebrities. And Jerome Kern's pretty music. New Amsterdam, 42d, W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—A nature study in Advanced Zoology, held by the Messrs. Shu-

bert, with accompanying music and wit. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. MERRY MERRY—A trim little music show,

- MERRY MERRY—A trim little music show, nicely mounted and charmingly played and sung. VANDERBILT, 48th, E. of B'way.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE—Full throated choruses and gloriously sentimental music, make this an enormous treat. Jolson's, 7th Ave. at 59th.
- THE VAGABOND KING-You can't go wrong! This operetta has a real plot! And excellent music! CASINO, B'way at 39th.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-We're getting tired of telling about Leon Errol's being in it, surrounded by Glorified Young Woman. Cos-MOPOLITAN, B'way at 59th.
- GARRICK GAIETIES—Second edition of the Guild's babes in arms and their amusing antics. GARRICK, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.
- THE CITY CHAP-To be reviewed next week. REPUBLIC, 42d, E. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- HAMLET—In Modern Clothes, with Basil Sydney as Hamlet. BOOTH, 45th, W. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 0.
- Mon., Nov. 9. THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire in Frederick Lonsdale's new play, with A. E. Mathews and Roland Young. FULTON, 46th, W. of B'way., Mon., Nov. 9. NAUGHTY CINDERELLA—A farce from the
- NAUGHTY CINDERELLA—A farce from the French with Irene Bordoni. Lyceum, 45th, E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 9.
- E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 9. THE LAST NIGHT OF DON JUAN-Rostand's last play. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square. Mon., Nov. 9.
- CANDIDA—Shaw's comedy for a short engagement, with Morgan Farley, Peggy Wood, and Harry C. Browne. Comedy, 41st, E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 9. CHARLOT'S REVUE OF 1926—New edition
- CHARLOT'S REVUE OF 1926—New edition with Miss Lillic, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Mundin, back again. SELWYN, 42d, W. of B'way. Tues., Nov. 10.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, 518t and Park—Ideal for a quiet supper and dancing. Evelyn Grieg and Hancis De Medem dance.
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3d—A happy combination of Broadway, Bohemia, and a dash of Park Avenue. Revue entertainment. Dancing late.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave.—Well dressed hordes, watching Maurice and Barbara Bennett, and dancing to excellent music by the Eddie Davis orchestra.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51st—The acme of smartness in night clubs, and not too crowded for comfort. Moss and Fontana dance at midnight.
- DEL FEY CLUB, 104 W. 45th—Only a few weeks more before Texas Guinan leaves her old surroundings (request of Mr. Buckner) and takes her travelling circus of girls and clientelé elsewhere.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49th—Russian gaiety that need not be taken soulfully. Gypsy singing and Russian vaudeville, with interludes of dancing by the guests.

MUSIC

- RECITALS—ENGLISH SINGERS, TOWN HALL, Sat. aft., Nov. 7. Madrigals, glees, and all the rest of them by artists who come highly recommended.
- Digitized by Google



- REINALD WERRENRATH, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. 8. "Weary" in person-not a broadcast.
- MISCHA ELMAN, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. eve.,
- Nov. 8. The original Mischa. ESTHER DALE, CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. eve., Nov. 9. An American soprano in an unusual program.
- FLONZALEY QUARTET, AEOLIAN HALL, TUCS. eve., Nov. 10. First appearance this season of this famous ensemble, slightly renovated.
- GRACE LESLIE, TOWN HALL, TUES. eve., Nov. 10. A young singer, whose radio work has not impaired her taste in songs.
- ELSHUCO TRIO, ABOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Nov. Our most celebrated trio. 13.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Nov. 6; Sat. eve., Nov. 7; Thurs. eve., Nov. 12; Fri. aft., Nov. 13. METRO-POLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. aft., Nov. 8.
 - NEW YORE SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. eve., Nov. 6. MECCA
 - STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi condu CARNEGIE HALL, TUES. eve., Nov. 10.
- FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting. Town HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. 8. METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY-Performances nightly except Tues., Nov. 10. Popular concert, Sun. eve., Nov. 8. Programs in daily prints.

ART

- BELLOWS-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A conscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.
- DEGAS-FERARGIL GALLERIES, 37 E. 57th. First showing of the unique collection of things moulded by a great artist.
- ALASTAIR-WEYHE GALLERY, 794 Lez. Ave. If you like Beardsley-if not there is Emil Ganso, the baker.
- MODERNS-NEW GALLERIES, 600 Mad. Ave. Stirring stuff from Paris, and from hereabouts, in a well balanced show.

MOTION PICTURES

- DON Q-Last call for an acrobatic Fairbanks travelogue through Spain. At LOEW'S FORTY-SECOND STREET, Fri., Sat., Sun., Nov. 6, 7.. 8.
- THE DARK ANGEL-A tender and wholesome tale of love and sacrifice with Mlle.

Vilma Banky, Hungarian emotionalist. At the CAMEO, Fri., Sat., Nov. 6, 7.

- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd registers for love, kisses, proms, and football at a Western Alma Mater. Laughable college comic strip. At the Colony.
- WEST-A young fellow named Buster Keaton follows a newspaper man's advice GO and romps fairly ludicrously over the tenderfoot's pampas. At LOEW's STATE, week of Nov. 9.
- THE GOLD RUSH-Charlie Chaplin, you know. At E. 68 St. PLAYHOUSE, Fri., Sat., Nov. 6, 7. At MORNINGSIDE THEATRE, Sat. to Tues., Nov. 7 to 10.
- THE KING ON MAIN STREET-Mons. Menjou breaks hearts romantically in Babbitt Alley, U.S.A. At LOEW'S AMERICAN and LEXINGTON, Thurs., Nov. 12. SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPLATE—With Doug-
- las MacLean. Reviewed in this issue. At the RIVOLI, Fri., Sat., Nov. 6, 7.

SPORTS

- FOOTBALL-COLUMBIA VS. NEW YORK UNI-Sat., Nov. 7, 2:30 p. m., Baker VERSITY. Field (Van Cortlandt Pk. Exp. to 215th St.) Columbia against the rejuvenated team coached by "Chick" Meehan; a good game.
 - PRINCETON VS. HARVARD, at Princeton. Sat., Nov. 7, at 2 p. m. Trains from Penn. Station every half hour starting at 10 a.m. The big game of the year at Princeton.
- HUNT-Sat., Nov. 7. Meadow Brook Hunt Cup. Over the estates of Messrs. Underhill and Burrill. Frequent trains from Penn. Station to Westbury, L. I.

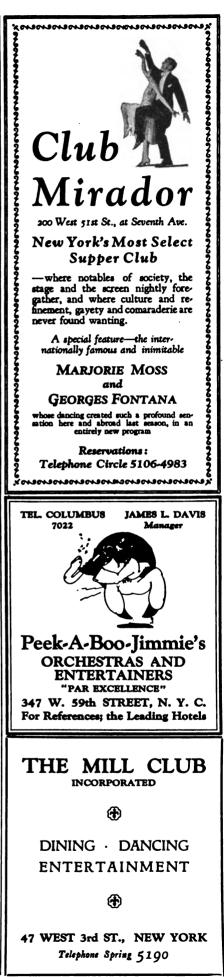
OTHER EVENTS

- Parade of flags up Fifth Avenue to St. Thomas's Church, "Armistice Sunday", Nov. 8 at 3:30. Patriotic organizations "Massing of the Colors" in the interests of history, and a gayer Fifth Avenue.
- WALT WHITMAN EXHIBITION-Public Library opens Tues., Nov. 10, and thereafter daily. Manuscripts and memorabilia of our own poet on display.
- VICTORY BALL-WALDORF-ASTORIA, TUES., Nov. 10. Fifth annual celebration with benefit of disabled veterans.
- MILITARY BALL-PLAZA HOTEL, Wed., Nov. 11. The British Great War Veterans of America will benefit from this one.

GRAY'S

WEDNESDAY matinee ... a whirling, dawdling mob seeking pleasure at a reduction . . . matrons from Washington Heights, with their jewelry conspicuous and silk hose even more so . . . stenographers out of a job and no place to go . . . collegians trying to look dignified and buy cut-rate tickets at the same time . . . the three dear old ladies from Dubuque . . . the self-conscious, boisterous high school boys . . . the flappers from Flatbush who quite evidently cut their afternoon classes . . . the girl in the cashier's cage . . . the corpulent oldsters sporting indefinable females . . . the chap with the long hair and flowing

Lord Byron . . . the school teachers flirting with anything that wears pants . . . the high-steppers from Harlem with derbies . . . Russian intelligentsia looking for something by Ibsen or Shaw . . . saxaphonists . . . the shiek from the Bronx who meets la belle dame from Borough Park there . . . the stout Jewish mothers out to forget the soup on the stove and little Sammy's report card . . . the man who stands there filing his finger nails . . aloof sub-debs who are very, very sub but not very deb . . . the meeting place of servant girls and their mistresses . . . probably all these personalities attributed to the wrong characters.—BERNARD SMITH



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PERSONAL ATTAINMENT

On this page, which serves as a signpost to the thoughtful shopper, THE NEW YORKER includes not only an assortment of attractive small stores but an invitation and an entrée to a diversity of allied amenities. Among them may be found schools adapted to improving your personal attainments, where, for example, the science of bridge, the knack of golf and the art of dancing may be perfected.

Antiques

Arts and Crafts

ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot-teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.

Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.

SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative althouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50.c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177

Auction Bridge

ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City

FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus-trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.

Dancing

ARTHUR MURRAY'S STUDIO America's finest teachers of ballroom dancing. You can learn in six strictly private lessons. Half price this month. 7 East 43rd Street. HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and aliverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 700 Lezington Ave., Regent, 3448.

Flesh Reduction

Lackawanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young

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Rhi. 8358

MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725

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Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 13 years' practice. Dr. Sauchelli 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218

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TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco-rated and tastefully furnished within your means Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Bdith Hebron 41 West 40th St., N. Y. Circle 1402

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D. Veltry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and ft. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER

J. Tussell, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled

Maps

THE MAP MART offers a varied accords of old and decorative maps for all purposes. inspection is invited. 41 East 6oth Street Regent Repent 260

OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St., PLAZA 0019

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Piays, Novels, Short Stories, Scenarios Typed Press Notices, Multigraphing, Mimsographing, Ex-pert Work, Let us give you an estimate. Hart Stemographic Bureau, 104 W 42d St., Wis. 1440.

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THE FOUR TREES Just For Fun Latest music—Good Floor—Best Food Dinner Dancing 7 to 1 Before or after the Play. 4 Christopher St. Spring 234

Shirt Hospital

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Stationery New Process Engraving Name addres 75 shoets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand dotte 61/x 83/4 folded or 101/4 x 73/6 single. A choice 8 83.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W 38th St. N. Y.

Tes Room

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Hoimes Sistere Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanes and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza

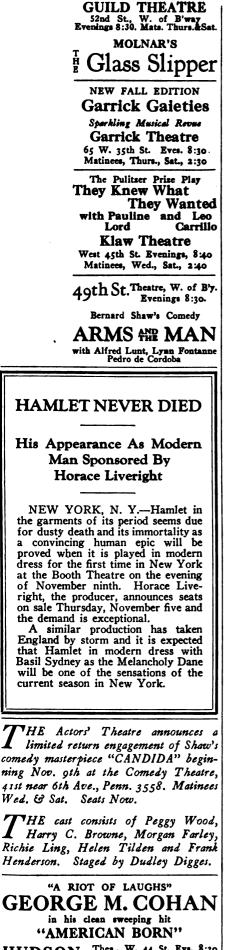
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro-lysis Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768

Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. Robinson 1448 Broadway, at 40th St.

Books

HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468



HUDSON Thea., W. 44 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

FIRE

I WAS walking uptown; the subways were too crowded—it was the day after the big rain, and the people who had dived in 24 hours ago were still standing on the platforms—the busses were full: so I was walking uptown to Fort George. Above Columbus Circle red engines raced past me; traffic stopped in stupefaction, even taxis scurried out of the way.

A fat woman, who was standing under the awning of a lingerie shop, said confidently, "I'll bet there's a fire." She was right; there was a fire. I learned that the next morning from newspapers. (Conflagration Hits Church; Stage Beauties Flee Flames in Nighties.)

Below the Marie Antoinette, a dense mass of people marshalled in all the open spaces of Sherman Square. As I approached, the mob broke and stampeded wildly like well-trained cattle in a James Cruze picture. Women shrieked; brave men hid their hats under their coats and turned away, faint with fear. One of the hundred hoses that snaked along the ground had burst and was actually wetting the new Winter clothes of half the residents of upper middle Manhattan. It was an outrage, and lots of folks were going to sue the City. The police soon restored order by turning off the hydrants.

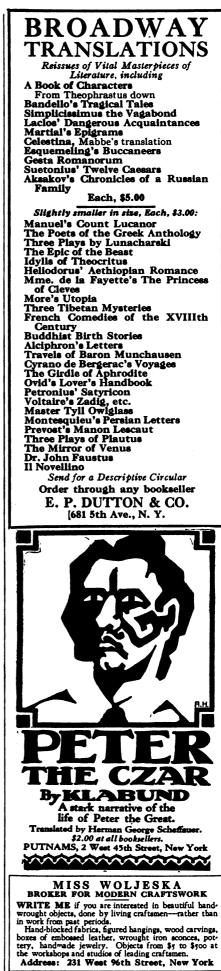
When things were quiet again, only one very old man claimed he got a glimpse of rather black smoke and some pink flames that were trying hard to look red. And yet, a fierce growl of orgiac excitement ran through the collected thousands. It seems, or so I was told, that the woman who was escorted down the ladder by a fireman had been asked to go through her rescue again for the movie camera men, who had just arrived on the scene and were already grinding out prelims of the howling horde. The fireman objected; she weighed 300 pounds.

The mob was mad at the lout for crabbing the show. "Why, Paramount 'll give her a contract if they can get real pictures of her doing her stuff here," a sharpfaced youth informed me. Feeling ran high until it ran low again when a crosseyed peddler set up a one-man stand. His patter was only fair, "Genuine silk ties from Sulkas. 35 cents. Guaranteed to last a lifetime."

There was also, of course, a woman in a car who wanted to go straight through the fire lines. She insisted she was only learning to drive and wasn't very good at backing up.—BRONZ

THE NEW YORK GIRL

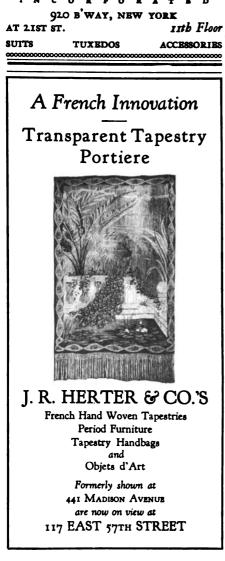
Her hair was naturally limp Ere permanents began; But now it has an awful crimp----And so has her old man. ----I. H.



TTTTTTTTT



It means that we put a little more into our clothes than we have to so that you can get a little more out of them than you would expect to—and then some.



WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because of what it used to be-when you could get a real dinner for fifty cents and a real fundamental drink for a dime, and could cross Broadway at any angle without fear of being run over by the horse cars. Now and then some one from Philadelphia did manage to get run over, but I never did; I was not a speedy youth, either.

Because the first time I struck its wild and alluring ways no one tried to sell me the City Hall. Maybe, I looked as though I did not have the price. No one suggested a bargain in green goods, though possibly I looked as if the color would harmonize.

Because, even before I stepped into its mad whirl and mildly intoxicating atmosphere, it was held up to me as a wicked city. At that time a wicked city had a greater charm for me than the Sunday School picnic with ants crawling up my pants. And it seemed all the more likable to me when I heard middle aged women charge their husbands, on the eve of a New York business trip, not to dare see the "Black Crook". By this admission you will know that it was a long time ago that I first liked New York; but having since seen much else of the world and often paid a big price for an inferior article, I must say that I still like New York.-Scott WAY

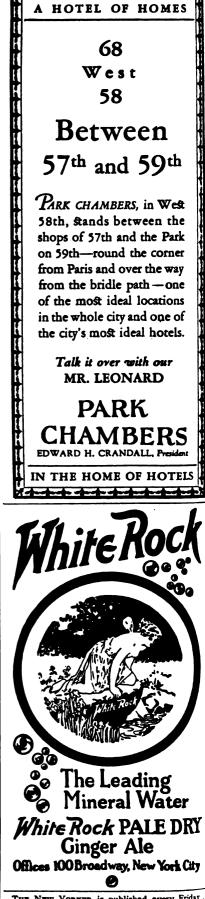
Because I have a cousin who is occupant of one of the most famous pulpits in New York as well as being an officer of both the Sabbath Day Alliance and the Anti-Saloon League, and because I have lived the usual life of indiscreet frivolity in this city for five years without his finding out about it, and because he sends me his Christmas volume of sermons to my old address in Worcester, Massachusetts, where they are held for postage indefinitely.—DECIDEDLY ANONYMOUS

Because I meet my children's ex-nurse's husband as second captain in the Ambassador Grill, and my ex-cook's husband as dispenser at the Grand Central Oyster Bar, and my ex-furnace-man as door man of the newest Park Avenue apartment house—because they all treat me as if I were a queen and act as if I had paid them or their wives the same royal wages they now receive.—Mrs. VAN RAENSSLER VAL

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BLISS

The King of Korea Is gay and harmonious; He has one idea And that is erroneous. —Arthur Guiter



armonious; THE NEW YORKER is published every Fridar a New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp. 35 West 45th Street. H. W. Ross, president; R. H. FLEISCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, scrtary and treasurer; E. R. SPAULDING, general ma⁺i ger; RAYMOND B. BOWEN, advertising manager.



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) Jis a Pleasure Go Give!

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Terri Lido Vanity

A new model in genuine bakelite with place for monogram initial. Fitted compartments for full length mirror, face rouge, powder and place for cigarettes or bills. Lipstick of genuine bakelite attached to silken chain. L goodwill is expressed in gifts of remembrance.... Among all the choice presents there is one *already* her favorite. Of course it is a Terri Vanity....so *chic*, with its fascinating air of exquisite smartness....so

HRISTMAS EVE and the hour when Yuletide

decidedly well-mannered in every magic detail. And just the thing to complete her lovely costume. She will be doubly pleased if the giver is thoughtful enough to send *two* or *three* Terri Vanities — trim, dainty little accessories to charm, that will harmonize

> If your favorite dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send for illustrated folder Jouring Terri models ranging from \$3.75 to \$7.50. Write Dept. 100.

with every alluring mood of her ensemble.

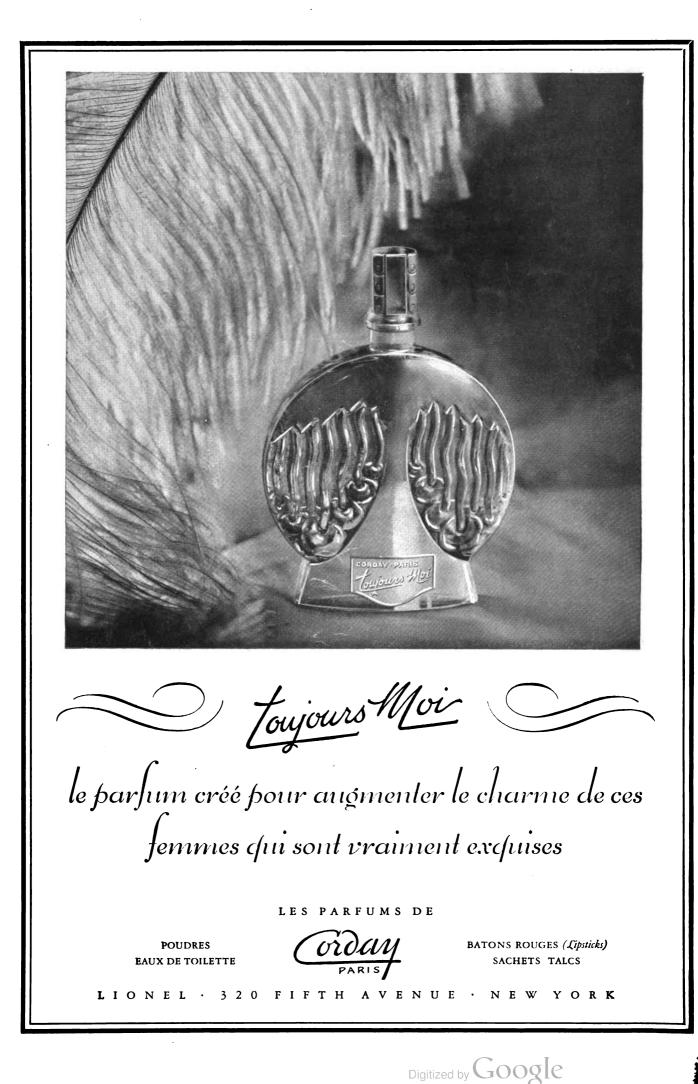


DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE ' NEW YORK

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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XIV. A Bird's Eye View of Our Special Departments

ITH so vast an organization as THE NEW YORK-ER, it is apparent, even to the casual reader, that if all the work were done in one room, this room would be so big that there would be no building in New York large enough for it, and that as a result, the room would have to be built outside the building instead, and all the machinery would rust over the Winter.

After considering this problem from all angles, in 1887 The New YORKER decided to put each department in a separate room (named "Private", after the father of our Mr. Tilley, a private in the Civil War), and connecting with every other room by means of pneumatic air-tubes, or butler's pantries. Throughout the great NEW YORKER building at 25 West Forty-fifth Street there are scattered, at the last count, over four hundred and eightysix of these "Private" rooms, in which are housed the separate units of this enormous industry of making a magazine.

On the forty-sixth floor, for example, is located the Initial Department, where proper nouns are sent to be capitalized. This department is run under the personal direction of Mr. Eustace Tilley, and is equipped with huge magnifying lenses, placed on a table before a strong light. When a word is sent to this department for capitalization, these magnifying glasses are focused upon the first letter until it is enlarged to the size of an Initial, when it is printed. These Capital Letters are used to begin every sentence in THE NEW YORKER, a style which has since been copied by all the publications in the country, with the exception of certain vers libre magazines in Chicago.

Thirteen floors below may be found the Emphasis Department, where particular stress is laid on certain words by bending them sideways in the form of *italics*. Words which are to be "emphasized", as it is called, are set up in vises and hammered with steel mallets by a staff of Editors, under the personal direction of Mr. E. Tilley. They are then returned to the Editorial Department, where they are employed in cases of high indignation or French idioms.

The twenty-fourth floor is occupied by the Margin and Open Space Department, long a prominent feature of THE NEW YORKER. These Margins are packed in twelve inch lengths, about three-quarters of an inch wide, and are placed on either side of each page of copy in this magazine. Sixty thousand acres in Wyoming and Montana are owned by THE NEW YORKER, and great carloads of these open spaces are shipped daily to this Department, in care of the Margin Department director, our Mr. Eustace Tilley. Paragraphs are prepared in the Paragraph Department on the fiftyninth floor, under the direction of Mr. Eustace Tilley. They are usually cut in assorted lengths, to give variety to the make-up of each page, and are employed generally throughout the book except in the illustrations.

Odds and ends of paragraphs that remain over from each issue are gathered together and used on the opening page of the book under the title "Notes and Comment".

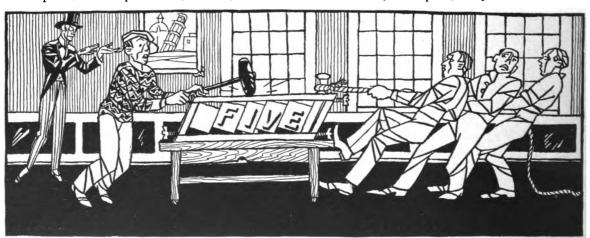
The Proof Reading Department of THE NEW YORKER is located on the top floor, since so perfect is the system on this paper that typographical errors never occur in its ifficient organization. In fact, in all the fortyeight years that the Proof Reading system has been organized by our Mr. Eustace Tilley, the only mistake thot has been known to occur was when the slugs of a two-liner were inadvertently reversed, and the inverted joke appeared as follows:

"What is an optimist, Pop?"

"A man who thinks he can make it in par."

This ludicrous error was long bandied about the office, and has become known to tradition as "That Old Optimist Joke".

Indeed, with this efficient system of proof reading in vogue, the reader may see that so perfect a magaxine is well worth the price of a year's subscription, or \$500.



MAKING *italics* for THE NEW YORKER, with the Three Stepping Goodsalls and Jazzland Jackie (in person) operating our reciprocating, bi-phase *italicizer*, an invention of our Mr. Eustace Tilley, Director-General of *Italicization*. Mr. Tilley, who may be seen on the reader's left, conceived the notion of *italics* after three Scotches and a Benedictine taken in the shadow of the leaning tower of Pisa.

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

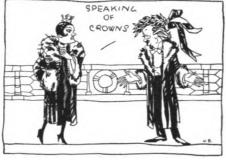
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

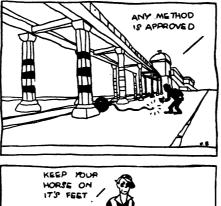
Notes and Comment

THE steamer Paris arrived with Gloria Swanson and Paderewski, two very famous people, one a musician and the other a moving picture actress. The moving picture actress brings proof that her husband's people have been in the Marquis class since 1707. The musician makes no statement concerning his social standing. The inference is that playing the piano better than anybody else and being called the first statesman in Europe by Colonel House has more or less resigned Paderewski to seeing Miss Swanson get ahead of him socially-in Hollywood.

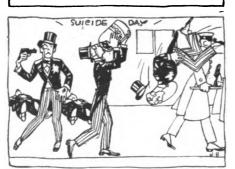
E VERY once in a while it sweeps over us what a blot upon our otherwise fair and spotless city is the Sixth Avenue Elevated. Any move to get rid of the thing has the approval of this uncompromising writer. It has no merit, as it stands, in our eyes. On the economic side—the property owners of Sixth Avenue could guarantee to furnish free transportation in busses in perpetuity and make money by it. No doubt, the elevated carries people about. But, friends, it is so surpassingly unlovely! Seldom are we sorry that New York, unlike Chicago, St. Louis, and the rest of them, has no civic pride.

SPEAKING of the Prince of Wales, we desire to say that falling off a horse when he shies and falling with a horse are two very different things. By saying so, we become the only writer in the public prints who knows that much. We know that any









man who says he has never had a fall advertises himself as an inexperienced horseman. Therefore, in our wisdom, we do not berate the Prince as a bad rider for his latest somersault. We are convinced, however, that he is a bad horseman; for the art of horsemanship includes the knack of keeping your horse on his feet.

HE Fifth Avenue Association is agitating to prohibit parades below Fifty-ninth Street. Yet we, who love such things, can muster no protest. The one time glorious parade, most ancient of institutions, bright with uniforms, magnificent with brass bands and prancing horses, beautiful and inspiring to see, has gone. Nowadays, when traffic is stopped and the entire city thrown into confusion, there passes an endless file of automobiles containing fat politicians smoking cigars. Albeit sadly, we cannot but recommend that this decayed and ugly heir of greatness be abolished.

OBSERVED on the elevated newsstand at Forty-second Street was THE NEW YORKER prominently displayed between *True*, and *Snappy Stories*. This, says the circulation manager, is very, very, good news. Suicide Day for sincere members of the staff has been set for next Tuesday.

The Week

R AILROAD Brotherhoods move to have wartime wage scale reestablished for them and General Summerall announces that three names have been removed from the Army's 2

slacker lists. Rudolph Valentino passes through town en route to London and traveller reports that real sheiks now wear Oxford bags and drive flivvers. President of Miami University asks for authority to expel one-third of the student body for being intoxicated at a football game and industrial leaders of nation assert, in print, that they pay rigid adherence to the Volstead Act. Mayor Hylan and Comptroller Craig continue wrangling at Board of Estimate meeting and a woman is arrested for stealing food for children when city takes more than two months to pay insurance due for her husband's death. Gerald Chapman is denied retrial on appeal and Benito Mussolini is saved from plot to shoot him. President Lowell of Harvard decries the influence of the football loving alumnus and a new type of prehistoric man is discovered in Moravia. British surgeon finds women suffering from new ailment, "Ankle Agony", and Prince of Wales supports movement to prevent holding Victory Ball on Armistice Night. Taxi drivers promise to be more careful about their driving and Rutgers faculty, after a trial, decides to abolish honor plan at examinations.

Lines

THERE is a new Barrymore legend to rival John's jape at the coughing audience for one of his performances in "The Jest". That, you will remember, ran, "I am dying; dying for a crowd of damn fools."

This time it is Sister Ethel who adds to the Barrymore store. Playing *Ophelia* to Walter Hampden's *Hamlet*, she approached the climax of the mad scene.

"Good night, sweet ladies; good night," piped Miss Barrymore in the thin accents of madness. And, as she did, a lout in the gallery stumbled and fell down the aisle steps, turning the tragic exit into a laugh and Miss Barrymore's voice from the piping stresses of pining *Ophelia* to the throatier and more natural tones of resentment. "Bah," huskily spoke the erstwhile Mad One, "I hope he broke his neck."

Sixty-Six

THE premonitory rumblings concerning a repertory theatre at Number 66 Fifth Avenue, once noted in this department, have gained such volume that one hears the opening production is set for the end of this month. The play chosen for the première is, of course, by a Czecho-Slovakian, whose name in this case is Francis Langer, and the translated title, which was once "Periphery" is now "Ragged Edge". There are to be as many as six plays, under the artistic guidance of Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami, who will play the lead in the first offering. The institution itself, we learn, will be known as the "66 Theatre".

"HE unknown patron of the new 66, whose name THE NEW YORKER was constrained not to reveal earlier, has consented, reluctantly, to unmask. He is Mr. A. I. Kaplan, whose power to aid art came through his efficient conduct in the molasses business, about which mellifluous substance he knows more than anyone else in the world. A dark, curly-headed Russian whose small body seems even smaller under a massive head, he is invariably hatless as he walks abroad from his office at 28 Fifth Avenue. He has been considered one of Wall Street's quiet eccentrics, but he is better known in Cuba where he learned of molasses first hand, and where he was so well observed that a Cuban novelist wrote a book about him.

Mr. Kaplan is of molasses affiliations no longer. Since he left the industry, his chief interests have been theatrical. He was one of the first backers of the Theatre Guild. One may suppose that his talent for making money will persist in being effective in Number 66. There, we have said, will be Mr. Albert Boni's publishing



THE NEW YORKER

offices and an unrelated opera school under the tutelage of an Italian impressario, Mr. George De Feo. But Mr. Kaplan, who owns Number 66, contents himself with his interests in the repertory theatre. In that and in the evasion of publicity and formal evening wear.

Warrior

IF Mr. Albert Payson Terhune should be in need of the nucleus of a plot for a short story with a dog as central character, what follows might serve very well. It has the disadvantage, however, of being true, and whosoever challenges its veracity will be overwhelmed by a series of affidavits assembled by our own Mr. Rea Irvin, one of which is sworn to by his own artistic self.

A neighbor of Mr. Irvin's in the Spuyten Duyvil district owned an Irish terrior, which was named, not unnaturally, Brian Boru. In the course of normal events, the dog engaged in a fight and was badly torn by his opponent. Brian Boru's owner thereupon bundled his pet into the family car and drove to a veterinary in Yonkers, several miles away, where the dog's hurts were bound up.

Several weeks later the Irish terrier again engaged in conflict, and once again was sorely wounded. Without returning to his home, he set out for Yonkers and arrived at the veterinary's office, where he scratched at the door until he was admitted. Treatment was administered and the owner advised by telephone to come and get his dog.

Twice more exactly the same procedure was followed by Brian Boru. He fought, was hurt, and trotted off to Yonkers to have his wounds bound up.

Then, after a fifth battle, he set off for Yonkers once more. Fortune was against the Irish terrier this time, however. The veterinary was out of town. The dog was found on the doorsteps of his office, having died from loss of blood.

Race Problem

ONE New York club has just begun to subside after as considerable an amount of inward seething as has enlivened its halls in many a year. The excitement was produced by the circumstance that one of its members, a physician, quietly but firmly brought a negro to break bread with him in the



"Let's sit down now!"

club dining room. On the arrival of the two at their table, the surrounding membership suddenly took on the outward aspect recently portrayed in these pages in Mr. Irvin's Tomato Surprise drawing.

Sundry of the more outraged stole out in quest of the superintendent, and a few moments later, the doctor was notified that he was wanted at the telephone. Once out in the hall, he found a raging superintendent who assured him that the club would not and could not serve the dusky guest. The doctor replied glacially that the club not only could but would serve his guest. The upshot of the whispered but furious debate was that the negro was served—and served handsomely.

Since then, the complaints have showered on the house committee, the house committee has taken the doctor aside to reason with him and it is barely possible that he will not try it again —out of consideration, however, for his negro friends whom he is, presumably, loath to subject to embarrassment.

I T was, the doctor narrates, one of the most distinguished lawyers in this country who explained to him that he might have known better.

"When I ask my negro friends to dine with me," the old lawyer said, "I am always careful to avoid those clubs made up of men nervous about their social position. I take them instead to such indisputable organizations as the University Club, or the Down Town Club, or St. Botolph's in Boston. It is quite possible that some of the members there are equally disturbed, but their manners are so good that the negro never finds it out."

Entente

MR. NOEL COWARD, of whom one reads occasionally if one is up on one's electric light signs, was lunching at the Astor with Miss Laura Hope Crews on the afternoon before the opening of "Hay Fever". His glance rested on Mr. David Wark Griffith, sitting at a table alone; as lonesome as a Gentile in Palestine.

"Might have him over; looks as though he needs bucking up," murmured Mr. Coward. He walked over and spoke to Mr. Griffith.

"I am Noel Coward," he began modestly.

Mr. Griffith munched on, unimpressed.

"Wrote 'The Vortex' and 'Hay Fever' and those silly things," added Mr. Coward hurriedly.

Mr. Griffith dipped into the finger bowl. "Surely you know my leading lady, Miss Crews?" "No," said Mr. Griffith, examining a crumb minutely.

"I was an extra in your 'Hearts of the World', Mr. Griffith, I pushed a wheelbarrow."

"There was an army of extras in my 'Hearts of the World'. Many of them pushed wheelbarrows," Mr. Griffith observed.

"Well, won't you come to my opening to-night?"

"No," said Mr. Griffith.

Attitude

LADIES, as mere ladies or items of a mode, cut an insignificant figure in the canvases of the Bellows Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan; a condition which may seem odd to the uninformed, but which is wholly in keeping with the artists attitude towards life.

Bellows could not paint the aesthetic. He would do nothing pretty, neither sentimental. He was antagonized by the smart, the modish, or the rich, in persons or in things.

Thus, when a fasionable lady approached him on the matter of a portrait—flattering, of course—he responded that he would do it, "If it's definitely understood that I can paint two noses on your face."

He was not, obviously, in demand as a portrait painter. This remunerative field was closed to him by virtue

of his sturdy independence and, although he was an artistic success from the conclusion of his student days under Robert Henri, he earned only twenty thousand dollars in ten years. Recognition of his genius brought him everything except money.

In contrast with this, one may muse on the nice turn of Fate by which Sir Joseph Duveen missed something good in connection with Bellows. The story has it that Sir Joseph contemplated purchasing, for six thousand dollars, "Emma and Her Children", but changed his mind. Six months later, after Bellows's death, the Boston Museum paid twenty-two thousand dollars for the canvas, the record figure, thus far, for the artist's work.

`HOSE gay dogs of the older generation! ... The sexagenarian treasurer of one of the best known Eastern universities was travelling in England this Summer with his wife and another elderly couple, and one day in London passed by a window display of Canadian Club Whiskey. The temptation was too great; he entered the store and purchased a bottle. Followed the orgy to which the university treasurer, lost to all sense of shame or repentance, has just confessed to one of his younger col-leagues. "Do you know," he whispered boastfully in a confidential moment, "the four of us finished that bottle in three days!"

Again

DEEMS TAYLOR (variously known to his friends as Smeed or Joe) will emerge from his selfimposed retirement next week to attend the rehearsals of "Jurgen", the suite for orchestra which Mr. Damrosch will play for the first time on Thursday of next week. He has also completed the brief suite called "Circus Days" written for Paul Whiteman—a composition with some jazz in it, but not much.

The completion of these two pieces clears the deck for the opera which the Metropolitan has commanded, and of which the librettist is supposed to be none other than Edna St. Vincent Millay. The shadow of doubt cast by the word "supposed" has its origins in the fact that Miss Millay is now on the sick list with no likelihood of being able to complete her part of the work by the time Mr. Taylor will presumably be panting to begin. Miss



Millay, who has been dwelling at Austerlitz, New York, on a remote and peculiarly inaccessible farm, has returned to town in the throes of a nervous breakdown and the friends with whom she is visiting at 41 Fifth Avenue are guarding her closely against the ructions and intrusions of New York.

IF her convalescence should be protracted, there is, of course, one other person who could write a libretto for a Deems Taylor score and that is Deems Taylor, for that superb musician, composer, critic, cook, typographer, and cabinet-maker is also no mean master of verse.

Mr. Taylor has been living at Wynnewood, a suburb of Philadelphia, and the statement made here recently to the effect that he was functioning there as the head of the Curtis Institute of Music (a statement into which THE NEW YORKER was led in one of its rare spasms of credulity) caused considerable hilarity in the bosom of Edward W. Bok, whose wife is actually the head of the school.

Sheraton

THE echo of a tragedy comes all the way from an antique shop in Madison Avenue in which sat a new clerk, and from which the proprietor was unwise enough to absent himself during the luncheon hour. While the boss lunched, the clerk gazed into the street and observed a limousine draw up to the curb and debouch a magnificent lady. His heart leaped to see her

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most graciously examine the window display, and most graciously enter. After looking about a few minutes, she turned to a shield-back chair of Sheraton design and inquired the price. Forty-five dollars; it was not too much, yet she hesitated. The one in the window was the same, was it not? It was indeed the same, and so she preferred it; and it was carried to her motor. It was the clerk's first sale.

When the proprietor returned he was given a gushing account of the whole romantic transaction. Glancing at the shield-back chair that remained, he turned ashen. Then he rushed to the show window and looked around the partition.

"You idiot!" he screamed, "the one in the window was the *real* Sheraton!"

Belles Letters

SINCE Mr. Frank Munsey, after a lifetime's labor, placed both the morning and evening newspaper field on what he was pleased to term a sound economic basis, the favorite back parlor sport of journalism has been trying to guess who would start the next newspaper. Among those most frequently mentioned as possible beneficiaries of Mr. Munsey's amalgamating benevolences have been the Messrs. Patterson and McCormick, publishers of the Chicago Tribune, the Daily News, and Liberty, this last being the weekly which paid twenty thousand dollars for its name.

And, of course, the present visit of Mr. Patterson to town has given life again to the old, old rumors. An evening newspaper this time, they say. Colonel McCormick will have the Chicago field under his control and Mr. Patterson will preside over enlarged activities about New York.

This is as it may be. Certainly, Mr. Patterson has had sufficient cares to occupy any man's time, of late, attending to the affairs of *Liberty*. For one thing, its editor, Mr. John A. Wheeler, has resigned, deeming the newspaper syndicate he owns more important than any weekly.

Mr. Wheeler is to be succeeded by Mr. Harvey Duell, a Chicagoan, who has been managing editor of *Liberty* and who, it is said, has been in the main responsible for that publication's engaging and lucrative prize contests, in one of which, it will be recalled, Miss Fannie Hurst was a successful competitor.

Mr. Duell goes into office backed

by a sweeping series of manifestos issued lately to *Liberty's* editorial staff by Mr. Patterson. To Mr. Rex Lardner, brother of the genial Ring, it was said:

"Get the best fiction written in the English language. Spare no expense, no time, no effort. Have men combing the cities of the United States and Europe. But get the best fiction." To Mr. Walter Davenport, this edict went forth: "We want the two most sensational articles in the world each Finance is unlimited. Get week. 'em." And to Mr. Hugh Fullerton instructions were no less explicit: "The greatest weekly sport page in the world. That's what you're to deliver.

"The cashier's office is open twentyfour hours a day. Hop to it."

And, consider, besides all this, perhaps a new evening newspaper. So are worlds moved out of their orbits.

Legs and the Man

NOW and then, said the Honest Man, I dine at the Automat. For, he continued, my knees and shins are bruised and scarred from sitting at gate-leg tables. Not only do all my hostesses have them—the tables, I mean—but even in my own costly demesne does the gate-leg kick me in the shins.

But the antique manufacturers, it seemed to the Honest Man-who is exclusively on the payroll of THE New YORKER-have already made enough gate-leg tables to supply the quaint-at-any-price trade. Now they are going in for quantity production of full-rigged ships and old maps, framed. Maps of what? Of the Bronx River Parkway? Of the Mohawk Trail? Of Ideal Tour No. 3? But not! Pre-war maps of Iberia, of Helvetia, of Rugia. Pre what war? The Second Punic, or the Gallic. And does the owner of those maps know what they are maps of? And does she care? And does she know whether Long Island is in New York State? Not Miss Legion, whose quaint living room contains three full-rigged ships, one ship's clock that stopped in 1882 at 4:25 a. m., and three maps of some place or other, beautifully framed.

Miss Legion, concluded the Honest Man, is a member of the Lucy Stone League. By request . . . of course. Her Husband's.

Sic Transit

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY, onetime laureate to General Booth and Mumbo-Jumbo, has been among us for a time. He combined his honeymoon tour with several visits to the Egyptian wing of the Metropolitan Museum and such tedious details of the life poetic, as conferences with publishers. And, of course, he found odd hours in which to regale little circles of selected spirits with readings from his major works.

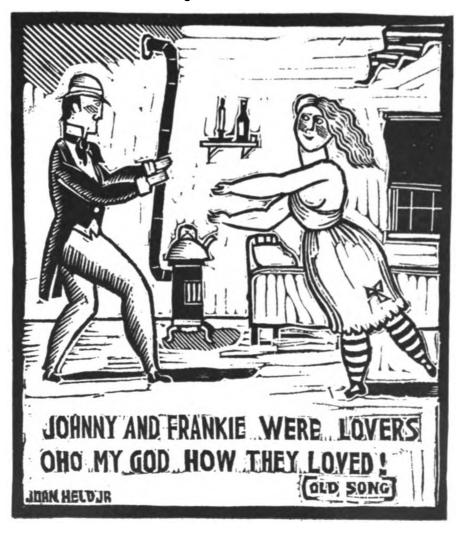
He is well on his way back to Spokane, Washington, by this time, there to resume his new life's labor of inculcating a knowledge of and reverence for English literature in the minds of the young ladies of that fair city. This newer and staider interest of the wandering bard of other times has possessed him for about two years.

Mr. Lindsay is sobered considerably in his manner of living now, even if his spirit still spreads pinions for great heights. He has disowned the wanderlust, the vagrant meal, the glowing fire of the hobo's jungle. Orthodoxy has claimed the rebel. Among other things, he preaches and sedulously practices abstinence from liquor.

Thus does our national prosperity envelope our former prophets of the free life. Mr. Harry Kemp grown well-to-do out of his royalties. Mr. Jim Tully reclaimed from the road to hobnob with our princes of the commercial theatre. Mr. Lindsay turned part pedagogue in a thriving city of the Pacific Coast. And if you would know how great has been this last conversion, it may be noted that the young lady who is his bride is the daughter of a former President of the Chamber of Commerce of Spokane.

THE latest—or isn't it?—wrinkle in bootlegging was observed lately at a large ball, semi-public in nature. Several obliging and cagey souls moved among the dancers, darting into corners occasionally upon request. Here liquor was poured out of large flasks into small glasses. The charge, we learned on investigation, was one dollar the drink.

-THE NEW YORKERS



Heroes of the Week

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS - The Big Dinosaur Egg Man from Mongolia, who has just returned from another expedition to the Cradle of the Human Race in central Asia with a basket of forty not strictly fresh dinosaur eggs. Leading Fundamentalists state that Mr. Andrews has brought back no proof that the eggs were not laid by Satan.





MARY LEWIS Who has signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company after an amazingly short career as a singer. Miss Lewis has been studying in Europe for the past two years, a course that we recommend heartily to several aspirants for vocal glory who inhabit apartments in our immediate neighborhood.

POLICE COMMISSIONER RICHARD E. ENRIGHT—Who has just published his second novel, "The Borrowed Shield". Well, as Mayor Hylan, who will be able to resume his water-color painting after the first of January next, so sanely put it, why shouldn't he? Conan Doyle has left

the field for spook chasing.

BASIL DEAN—Who, in a speech before New York club women at the Biltmore last week, presented a plan to found an English Theatre in New York. THE NEW YORKER would also like to see a few skyscrapers and taxi-cabs in New York, and it might be a good idea to name one of its principal thoroughfares "Fifth Avenue". WAYNE B. WHEELER—General Counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, who is accused, by William H. Anderson, of winking at corruption in Washington and of allowing Prohibition to fall to pieces. As we can not take Anderson's unsupported word for this, only a tentative vote of thanks is hereby tendered Brother Wheeler.

MR. BUCKNER EXPLAINS

ND yourself, Mr. Buckner — do you drink now?"

"On January 26, 1925," he said, "I heard that Mr. Stone had sent to the White House his request for my appointment. I went on the wagon that day, without waiting for the Senate's ratification. I haven't taken a drink since."

Mr. Buckner was enjoying bold frankness, although he did not smile. Instead, still sitting expectantly erect in his swivel chair, he pressed a button for his secretary, and turned to welcome the next question.

"What, then, do you think of the man who accepts a drink, or buys a drink when the mood strikes him?"

He took out his pencil and made a small mark on the pad that lay before him. He probably would have frowned, except that he never frowns-or smiles, or discloses any of his

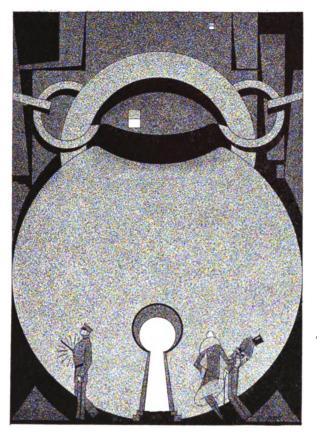
mental processes in his immobile face. He took out his pencil, which is his closest approach to a gesture of any

"That is not an easy thing to answer. You know, I have never committed myself on that, or upon my own opinion of the prohibition law. I'll say this: The man who buys liquor when he is thirsty for it is not a criminal in the sense that a check forger or a thief is a criminal. No; such a man, presumably, is dissatisfied with a particular condition imposed upon him by society, and is making his protest against it by taking the matter into his own hands. As long as he is frank about it, and professes his dissatisfaction in words and votes as well as deeds, I have no particular quarrel with him. But he is a hypocrite of the worst sort if he drinks in secret and shouts in public for the virtues of prohibition."

"What do you do when a drink is offered you-in a social gathering for instance?"

"I decline, of course, politely. I simply say, 'I'm on the wagon now.'"

"But why have you been so careful to withhold your own opinion of the he answered quickly, "and the first



prohibition law?" I pressed him.

"Chiefly because I am not very much interested in it, except as a legal problem. Still, you should be able to find some meaning in what I said a moment or two ago. You remember I said I had not taken a drink since last January. Well, prohibition has been a matter of law for some years now. The inference ought to be clear."

It is a misfortune shared by most men of slight stature that their gravity and earnestness are likely to be taken for pomposity. Mr. Buckner does not escape that misfortune. He did not, on the other hand, attempt to grow genial or disarmingly amiable. Rather, he surrendered everything to that resounding attitude of frankness. He was delighted with it; and he was past doubt sincere.

"That is as far as I shall ever go, I think, in describing my feeling toward prohibition."

"It makes your viewpoint clear enough. But, holding it, why did you give up your extremely profitable law practice to become District Attorney?"

"There were two considerations,"

was vanity. I heard that several Federal judges in this district had asked Mr. Stone to appoint me. That flattered me, and I decided to take it for a while. How could a man resist such an appeal to his vanity?

"And the second consideration was that the job presented an amusing and intricate problem in creative administration. The sort of problem that fascinates me. And I couldn't resist the opportunity to work at it. Of course, I lose money in this office. But I determined to indulge in the luxury of being District Attorney until my money gives out, and I have to go back to the law office

"There isn't any bunk about it. I wasn't drafted for the job, for a great public service or anything like that. It simply appealed to me."

We were sitting in the vast, gaunt old room, with its

empty and chilly corners and smoky walls where Elihu Root prepared himself for fame. Was it possible, I asked Mr. Buckner, that political ambition had anything to do with his acceptance of the job.

"Couldn't afford it," he said. "Couldn't live on the political salaries."

A federal prohibition agent entered, one whose name is not unknown to the public press, and engaged Mr. Buckner in conversation in a corner of the office. He said a few words, listened intently while the District Attorney spoke emphatically for a moment or two, then hurried out. Mr. Buckner strolled slowly back to his desk, and began speaking energetically:

"No, I'm not interested in the merits or demerits of prohibition as a moral force. I hold myself a lawyer, with the United States Government for my client. I shall do as well by my client as I possibly can.

"I started out with the padlock campaign. And I used it against that phase of prohibition violation which appeared to me the most spectacular and obvious. Congress, by simple fiat,

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had given us the right to use the padlock and injunction proceedings. Until the Supreme Court tells us it is wrong, we shall continue to use it.

"But that is only a small item. Prohibition, however good it may be as a moral restriction, has afflicted American life with a miserable sore. It has brought about a vicious criminal situation, with its offshoots of perjury, murders, the moral poisoning of public officials, assaults, thefts and all manner of interrelated lawbreaking. The cleaning up of this spreading sore of crime is more important than prohibition itself-which brings me to a statement of my whole philosophy concerning the prohibition law:

"Get rid of the crime that prohibition has borne-even if we must repeal the prohibition law in order to do it. In short: enforce prohibition or repeal it without delay. All the good which the law may produce is worthless compared to the chain of serious crimes which it is producing every day."

I asked, "Can it be enforced?"

"The Government has never tried yet," he exclaimed. "That is a bold statement, but it is true. The Government has made no serious effort to enforce the law. It will not have done so until it effects a complete and revolutionary reorganization of the federal court system, and pays its enforcement agents a living wage.

"A man can't live in New York on \$1,800 a year. And it is silly to expect enforcement of prohibition as long as that is the salary of agents."

By a singular qoincidence, we had strolled toward the window as he talked, and now we stood looking out. Through the street door of the building at this moment appeared the agent with whom Mr. Buckner lately had been talking. He paused on the sidewalk an instant, then stepped into a glistening limousine at the curb. As he leaned out of its window to give directions to his chauffeur, we turned back into the room, moving once again toward the big desk.

"The zealots who created prohibition," he said after a long pause, "think the mere writing of the law on the statute books makes it a fait They accompli. They do not see. decline to know the truth."

He rang for his secretary again, and while he issued certain instructions, I reflected on the talk which had come to its end. For a long time I had been laughing at Mr. Buckner. It had been such a vastly amusing spectacle, amusing and quite preposterous, his apparently devout assaults with padlocks and papers of law upon the Charleston palaces. Even the proprietors of those



establishments had made their jests on him, as they paused between visits of the moving van.

And perhaps, I concluded, certain chuckling is still justified: chuckling at the ardent clown imagination makes of Mr. Buckner when stories of his further empty and futile raids among the ephemeral cabarets of Broadway are printed: chuckling at the sonorous and peppy speeches which he casts into the air over radio: at his self confessed vanity, and at his amazing want of a ticklish spot anywhere on his active figure.

But I am not so sure that the Buckner who sits in his office, articulating with certain grace and undeniable honesty a wise and knowing philosophy upon the dubious phenomenon of prohibition, is to be laughed at. He is beginning to realize that his padlocking notion is a bit fatuous. He is approaching nearer and nearer to that bright morning when he will announce that prohibition cannot be enforced and ought to be repealed. He is a clear-sighted and thoughtful citizen, with a faint and ineradicable streak of Rotary and Babbitt in him, it is true, but curiously wise and penetrating. In gentlemen of his sort lies the hope, at last, of those to whom prohibition is obnoxious. And the best part of it all is his constantly reiterated declaration: "General Andrews, who has charge of this whole prohibition business, thinks just like I do."

-Morris Markey

LL THINGS

HE White House Zoo has lately been increased by a collie, a terrier, a tomcat, and a wallaby. We respectfully suggest that, before it is too late, the President add to his museum a genuine specimen of a New York City Republican.

After analyzing the autopsies for a week, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Waterman was defeated by the lead pencil vote.

The Manufacturers Record has published a long list of the names of prominent men who have not had a drink since prohibition. Fanatical, as ever, in the cause of personal liberty, we do not favor

the passage of any law compelling these affairs is an interesting one, but we shall gentlemen to take a snifter.

The Mayor-elect promises us the kind of administration that Al Smith would give. It is believed, however, that he will not attempt to move the City Hall any further north than Fourteenth Street.

Judging from the widespread approval of the proposal to abolish inheritance taxes, dying for one's country is not more popular with the classes than it is with the masses.

Prexy Lowell's idea of emphasizing brain rather than brawn in collegiate

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remain sceptical about the experiment until we see eighty thousand people crowd into a stadium to watch somebody think.

On the first nice Saturday in millennium we are going out to hear the boys give the long yell for dear old Five Foot Shelf.

All fears as to the genuineness of Gloria's nobility happily have been removed by research. True, the family has not used the title for many years, but it was always on tap. The famous husband is not a discount but a recount.

-HOWARD BRUBAKER



THE GAY WHITE WAY

THE NEW YORKER'S LATE FALL AND WINTER SHOWING OF CARTOONS TO THE TRADE



WITH every confidence of favorable reception, THE NEW YORKER takes pleasure in exhibiting to the press of the nation its regular seasonal showing of cartoons. It has been our privilege to supply such original drawings on standard themes for many years, and we bring forward this offering of something new in old friends with every confidence of favorable reception. The present set of drawings may be had at the usual low cost and, to customers taking the entire lot, we will include a handsome print of "The Good Samaritan". THE NEW YORKER takes a pardonable pride in its record of many years of faithful service, and is happy to announce that its staff of artists is already at work upon its late Winter offerings.



They are all alike. Overfilled, overracooncoated, overginned, overheated.

THE BIG GAME

sat in front of his typewriter for exactly fifty minutes in stony silence, thinking, thinking, thinking. Suddenly inspiration has seized him and his brow has cleared. Seizing a fresh piece of copy paper with a practised hand, he has set to work.

"All roads will lead to the Gump Bowl to-morrow," he has written. "A crowd of close to 80,000 people is expected and the few coveted pasteboards that are still available are being snapped up feverishly from the speculators at huge prices. One man in a downtown hotel to-night reported that he had had to pay \$100 for two tickets for to-morrow's game.

"King Football reigns supreme in New Dijon to-night. Old grads are pouring into the town on every train, eager to share in the triumph that is unanimously predicted for the Black and Blue to-morrow afternoon. All the clubs are full, and new arrivals who have not reserved hotel accommodations are finding it difficult to secure sleeping quarters.

"Everything is in readiness for the whistle to-morrow. Both teams indulged in a light drill this afternoon and returned to their quarters for the final skull practice. Bayes is favored to win, and Olav supporters are demanding odds.

"The athletic authorities report a greater interest in this game than in

HE night before, the local any other since the establishment of a mature man's selecting a college to newspaper correspondent has athletic relations between the two universities."

> HUNDRED trains are en A route. They are all alike. Overfilled, overracooncoated, overginned, overheated.

In the far corner of the car-the seat facing him turned so that he can put his feet on it-sits a man of mystery. Clustered about him are eager people, men and women, who hang on the words that fall so authoritatively from his lips. He is a journalistic football expert. His name is Grantland Daley. In fifteen years, he has picked two winners out of more than a thousand guesses. The first time was when Ted Coy's team played the reserves of Wilkes-Barre High School. He picked Yale to win, by at least one touchdown. The second time was when Harvard played Princeton in 1922. He does not like to be reminded that he made his prediction after the game.

In the middle of the car sits a stout little fellow in the most expensive fur coat the world has ever known. He wears a green feather-that's for Olav-in his hat, and his coat is desecrated by its arm band of green. Α pennant of green felt is in his hand. He left school at the age of eight and he has not been back since. But the dry goods business has been good to him, and there is as yet no law against

which he might have gone had he not had good sense.

Across the aisle from him is a young man of twenty-three. He has been out of Olav three years, and out of medical school one year, and he is trying to grow a mustache. He will spend most of the time en route walking through the cars, greeting as many people as he can. A young doctor has a hard time of it. He will attempt to write off the cost of the trip on his income tax report as legitimate business expenses.

Near the door is an average young man with a little older than average young woman. She has made this trip now, in mid-November, for thirteen successive years, and she is getting just the least little bit fed up on it. In particular, she knows that she is going to be very annoyed when the young man tries to explain to her the difference between a touchdown and a fullback. Some day she is going to make one of the average young men that are her lot drink the gin all at once, instead of at such long intervals that its effect wears off; and then she's going to be married; and if the average young man from then on feels that he must know how the game came out before the sport extras are on the street, let him install a radio in the parlor.

On a car platform stands a man of about thirty, and a woman slightly

younger. His clothes are not unshiny an All-Seeing Providence could never among people who were friends but and her frock is a year or two behind what the well dressed young matrons are wearing. He was president of his senior class at college, and almost landed the job of secretary of the Alumni Association last year. She is wondering whether they will really be home by seven o'clock, or whether it will be necessary to pay the Johnson girl, who lives next door, another dollar for taking care of Junior at night, too. At home, on the mantelpiece, they have a lovely silver cup that was given Junior, as the first child born to a member of the class.

Ten boys and girls, all members of the same party, are standing loudly in the aisles. The boys are Freshman, and no person referred to in their conversation has apparently ever had a last name. The girls are of that peculiarly American type of womanhood that is born nineteen years old. Their faces show no past, and one shudders to think that they may have a future. They are engaged in the merry occupation of keeping their youths attached to them and yet at a proper distance. It will be a more and more trying occupation as the day goes on.

The stout little man in the most expensive fur coat the world has ever known has managed to establish contact with one of the nineteen-yearolds. That little group will find itself oddly reduced to nine a few minutes after it reaches New Dijon. The stout little man will have an amusing anecdote for the boys to-morrow.

The trains pull into the station. The journalistic football expert has almost finished in his mind a poem that begins, "Then, it's ho! for the call of the five-yard line, and yo! for the open field." . . . The stout little fellow is signalling, "One fifteen in front of the Hotel Volstead." . . . The earnest young man of twentythree is explaining about an operation to a classmate he has tracked down. ... The trains empty.

HE Bowl fills rapidly. The rival bands enter and, with some difficulty, it is explained to a visiting foreigner that the game is not between the bands. A liquored wit is providing much merriment for the Olav rooters opposite the five-yard line. In less than five minutes he will have become America's leading nuisance. A cynic who came early is wondering how he could have ever forgotten that

have meant human beings to sit on concrete.

The teams have come on to the field. Cheer leaders have appeared and are doing their tricks. The cynic is impressed by the futility of life and endeavor. What becomes of cheer leaders, he wonders, after graduation? Are they loving husbands and kind fathers? Do their eyes ever get misty with the thoughts of the wild, old days that are no more?

A whistle blows. Twenty-two tough and wiry young men take their places. Twenty-two mothers put handkerchiefs to whitened lips. Twenty-two fathers extend flabby chests and press cigars on strangers in their neighborhood.

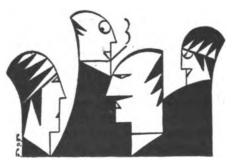
The game is on. There is a pile of bodies, legs and arms, in mid-field. A Bayes warrior at the bottom of the pile has his knee half way down the throat of the Olav captain. The teams line up, again and again. writhing young man is carried off the field and a greying woman shrieks.

A touchdown is made. Three thousand, seven hundred and sixty-two free born Americans who bet on Bayes experience sinking sensations in the stomach. The half is over.

The bands parade. The cynic is all eyes. He knows he will be frustrated again, but there is always hope. Some day that bandmaster is bound to drop that baton he twirls so insolently.

The game is on again. The coaches have talked to good effect to their This time, when the pile teams. forms, two knees are pressed down the throat of the Olav captain, who has his fingers lovingly in the right eye of a Bayes rival. The umpire is in excellent form. His gestures have line.

Forward passes are being thrown right and left, and occasionally to the players for whom they are meant. The chill of late afternoon has settled over the Bowl. Many there are who regret that they drank their lunch so early. A slight bitterness has set in



an hour before.

The game is drawing to a close. The Bayes coach has sent into the game the best player on the Bayes squad, who was being kept out for reasons of strategy. The new player does well, but the time is too short for him to make the winning points. The object of the strategy has been achieved, however, and the Olav team will never know how strong the Bayes team really was. This puts the Bayes coach into the lead for strategy for the season. The young men who bet on Bayes, however, will not have their losses made up for them by the coach.

The final whistle blows. Olav has won, or something.

THE same trains, the same fullness, the same people.

The man of thirty is having a bit of an argument with his wife. It seems that during the afternoon he encountered the President of the Alumni Association and signed a card promising to pay \$100 towards the cost of a Memorial Fountain. There are long sentences from the wife all starting with "You always . . .

The young doctor has caught a cold, and is in hiding. He feels that it is a reflection on a doctor to have a cold.

Of the party of nine, that was ten, the four young men have subsided into an attitude of admitted defeat. The boy rendered odd by the sudden disappearance of his girl is trying unsuccessfully to achieve heroic heights on one-fourth of a pint of Scotch.

The average young man is ashamed of himself. On the train going up, he bragged of his great popularity at college. Of the three people who spoke to him, two obviously knew him not, and the third wore a Phi Beta Kappa key as big as a police shield.

The newspaper football expert is starting to write his story. He has written "To-day was a day of upsets. A great Olav team, with its back to the wall, turned on the much-vaunted Bayes eleven and tore it limb from limb." He said Bayes would win by four touchdowns. Olav has won, 7 to 0.... To-morrow he will have his salary raised.

The trains roll into the stations. Many of the passengers roll into Forty-second Street.

Eighty thousand Americans have had a day of outdoor sport.

-Herman J. Mankiewicz



Peasant By Paradox

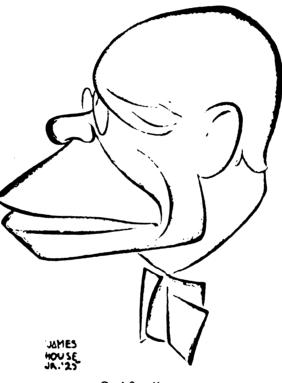
the great contrast between what he is and where he is, between what he does and what he thinks he's doing. He has made harmonious a bunch of alien elements which for most spell discord. That is the poetry of Sandburg.

It began already with his father who was a Swede and a peasant, and who turned the arm used to a plough, to the laying of iron rails. The American machine thus forced the peasant brawn to its own brash end. One could wax plaintive about that. Yet here is Sandburg, a whole race of Sandburgs, turning the American machine to the confident advantage of their own peasant innocence. The joke is on the Iron Beast. A primitive, prowling among dynamos; a singer reclining on a city lot full of ash-cans, as if it were a mead; a blower of delicate bubbles

among incandescent lamps. marks the balance-the shift, which may save us dwellers in a Machine. And he's as real, O quite as real, as his mangled brothers whose peasantry and song the Machine has perished.

When he was younger, he was known as Charles. There is a sheaf of verse, published in 1904 when the poet was twenty-six, signed Charles Sandburg. Carl is ashamed of it. He once commissioned a friend-this loyal, law-abiding citizen!---to swipe the copy that grimacingly persists in shout-time of swiftness. Litheness the Library of New York. For those and littleness-in an elevator age. A were the days before he understood delicate finger laid upon a warehouse. himself. Of course, he must be He's a newspaperman, this poet: and

UMBERLY and largely, with a was a soap-box socialist orator, he was paradox. He's so good a man for the peasant's mind, he moves through secretary to the Mayor of Milwaukee, news, because he's so bum a reporter. the Machine of our world. His he was a cook and a roustabout and a This long, slow, devil Swede—what life, his merit and his song reside in rookie, seeing service in '98 in Porto could he sleuth out? No use hiding



Carl Sandburg

Carl Rico. And then, slowly to the peasant mind, came the good idea. To be American one must be not Charles, but Carl: not Peter but Pyotr: not Michael but Mischa! What's needed is a slant—what's needed is a note just off the line. He got the hang of himself, living in a world of rectangular towns; putting a curve to the town, putting a song to the whir of the machine. No wonder they came to love him in Chicago.

Slow and soft the word—in a American—so let it be Charles. He even at his job, he earns his pay by

from him, no use closing up when he comes round. The stink of that perpetual stogie in his cheek would be enough to chloroform whatever wit he had. He's half asleep. And a good fellow, too. A friend. A lover of labor. Sure, Carl: come in. What'll ya have?

If he was sharper, this Sandburg, he'd get nowhere. If he was quicker, he'd get left. If he was brighter, he'd not be able to see-as he does see-in the dark. In the American Dark! Don't be fooled by Sandburg. This hard-guy, this mastiff-headed thrower of red guff and of Rabelaisian song, is really slight, is really shrewd, is really gentle. He's strong, because he's impermeable. He has survived, and they love him, because he remains a peasant in Chicago!

He pounds a machine in the Loop office of his paper.

Then he puts on an old hat and lumbers out to Halsted Street. There's a saloon out there, where the Java he drinks all day and all night is extra good. It's a mile walk. It takes him an hour. Trucks and truckmen stop him. Union men, his chums. He squints a new skyscraper going up; and his eyes behold the gossamer grace of the girders. That takes a hell of a time. When the Java is in front of him, and his long legs sprawled, he puts a laborer's hand into his pocket and pulls out a bit of paper. On it are four lines (a week's work!). He's got the fifth line now-about the gossamer girders. A friend comes in. "Do ye know," Carl leans mysteri-



"Sh' no use ringin'-elevator boy'sh asleep." "Le's walk up!"

ously close, "do ye now just happen to know that there's more coal goes down the Chicago River in a week than up the Rhine in a month?"

He hands you statistics—industrial statistics—he hands you coal and iron and bricks and sweat: but delicately, lovingly, like his ancestor perhaps who whispered: "Flowers are peeping from the snow. I have seen violets at Enslof." His work in the Loop has no strict hours. Maybe he's gone to sing to ladies in Wisconsin. Maybe, he's gone to criticise a movie, his solemn weak eyes squinting the celluloid, so sure that there is Greatness... American Greatness ... underneath the flimsy. Or he's riding home in a Ford. He's at the wheel, proud and mystical. This ain't no machine, when Carl is in it. It's a symbol and a word. It's a song. It takes you to business and it takes you home. It carries your butter and eggs. It lifts your kids to your side. It sends trees, stars whizzing ... "I tell you, Ford is a great man. The Ford has increased the diameter of the average citizen's world 127 miles."

Sandburg lives in a suburb. A little house squatting beside other little houses. A radio. A stack of dailies. Java. Kids bumming on the floor. A Frau in the kitchen. Old folks round the corner. What the hell . . . who said this was an Industrial Age? Watch Carl amble in, a stogie to his cheek. (I think his wife takes off his

THE NEW YORKER

hat for him, when they sit down to grub.) Watch Carl loaf through the night. By 5 a. m., lines six and seven have been added to the poem!

I know a chap, one of them wideawake moderns, who spent a week with Sandburg at his house. He had dissipated in Paris, hit the limit in Budapest, explored the Kasbah of Algiers. But this week in Elmhurst, Illinois, just about did him up. Another cup of Java? Carl wouldn't let him sleep. Java and talk and eight lines to the poem. Why, brother, do you know there are 1,376 young girls at Marshall Field's? Working all day. All those warm breasts, all those eyes. Waiting on you. Serving you. Think of that! Lillian, more Java. Now this here Prohibition. It is good. D'ya get me? GOOD. We're taking to art, instead of to liquor. The movie, the tabloid paper-art, ain't they? Literature. Any page of an American daily's got as good writing as a Dickens novel . . . That's why Sandburg does not need much sleep at night. He dreams the day: he's always half-asleep, in the croon of his peasant song. But the other chap, he was done up.

Sandburg can bring a tender poesy to the "blues" which the singers of Tuskegee, which Paul Robson himself can not beat. These dark men are getting too brainy and too conscious. I've heard them in Alabama. That intricate harmony-too mindful. And Robson's a giant. But Sandburg's a child-a great big child that does not sleep, that does not howl, that dreams and whispers his secret poesy into the facts and the machine of our world. Let him lecture to Women's Clubs. Let him write solemn serials for the Pictorial Reviews. He's safe. Not because he's strong. Because he's permanent. And impermeable. There's loam under the factories. Loam everlasting. When you hear Sandburg singing, you know it.

Maybe the System crushed his Swedish father, turning the ploughhand into a layer of rails. Carl's got the System loco'ed, singing to it, crooning to it. Making it into a thousand little songs. Perhaps he is rather weak on critical brains. Perhaps he's sentimental about the American Nation. What of it? Delicate songs within the steel of Pork-town; exquisite songs within the Pork-town muck . . . I saw a violet in the snow at Enslof.—SEARCH-LIGHT

_

EAST OF THE AVENUE

HE apartment house opposite my windows was just completed when I arrived here. It stared at one with empty windows, reminding one of sightless eyes.

It is enormous. It towers up into the sky, yet, because of its breadth, it is almost squat. It has all the individuality of a prison designed by the censors for those who offend them.

On the sidewalk, amid the litter of the outgoing workmen, was the huge blue painted sign: Apartments to rent. 9 Rooms-3 Baths. Rents \$2700 to \$3500. Small boys with toy wagons dragged firewood shriekingly away towards the slums to the east of it. Supercilious chauffeurs of the very rich, drove past in imported cars to the ultra expensive block just west of it. All day long, a clerk from the real estate office chewed gum speculatively, as he waited for prospective tenants. They came quickly, so quickly that the sign disappeared to be replaced by a smaller one pointing to the office.

A heavy man with feet like a policeman's took up his place by the big doors. He was dressed in plain clothes and looked as if he longed for beer. With military stride, he would walk to the curb to spit, and then ponderously walk back again to wait by the doors.

Vans. Countless vans arrive. Some of them bear the names of the firms who furnish on the installment plan! Fat women with the bustle effect, look superciliously at other fat women for whom the credit vans have drawn up.

Now at night, some of the windows, innocent of curtains, are lighted up. Colored maids are working. Husbands are sorting books and papers.

In one of the more expensive apartments, there is such a pretty girl. Unlike the rest of the occupants, she has chosen the big living room with windows looking both South and East for her bedroom. Presently, it is draped with curtains of turquoise velvet.

The last van has arrived, emptied its load and driven away. The children have carried off the last bit of firewood. An awning is stretched across the sidewalk. There is something opulent about a tan awning with green borders. Importantly, the fat ladies with the bustle effect walk under the awning to their cars.

There is only one imported car. It

belongs to the pretty girl who has made of her living room, the bedroom. Her chauffeur is smartly turned out in a livery of dark green. But he does not touch his cap as the pretty girl steps in or out of her town car.

In the apartment, on a level with my eyes, there sits an old man. He is bald but he has a white moustache. He wears a clerical collar. Every afternoon, from two until nearly six, he sits alone, playing solitaire. But not on Sundays. On Sunday afternoons, he sits reading. It is in the next apartment on the same floor, with only a wall between them, where the

\HE apartment house opposite belongs to the pretty girl who has pretty girl lives. And neither seems my windows was just com- made of her living room, the bed- to know of the existence of the other.

Now the heavy man with feet like a policeman's is all dressed up in dark blue and gold braid. Lots of gold braid—like an admiral. He swings his right arm with authority as he gestures to a taxi to pull in by the curb. He is very happy, but he continues to spit.

The big apartment house has taken on life. It is like a small town in the Middle West. Only the pretty girl is different, and as I write, I can look across the street and see her at her window—moodily waiting.

-THOMAS EDGELOW



"Here Y'are, Read the Lord's Prayer on the Head of a Pin."



"Say Les," he bawls, "why didn't you ever come over to Montclair like you said you would—you big bum!"

SUCH IS FAME

HERE are many advantages in acting in a successful play, but there are certain attendant difficulties. The fact of being in the same theatre, willy-nilly, eight times a week for months on end does put one at the mercy of all kinds of things and people.

Take me, who am still in "The Green Hat", for instance. Suddenly on entering the theatre quite innocently one night the following telegram is presented:

"Bringing party to see your play to-night act up kid

Wilfred Jones." Now this would be disconcerting enough if Wilfred Jones were my oldest friend, but when I haven't the vaguest recollection of ever having heard his name before, the thing is bewildering.

However, there seems nothing to be done about it; so, hoping there may have been a mistake somewhere, I retire to my room, get ready and proceed to do my bit. By the end of Act Four I have forgotten all about Wilfred. I return to my room, remove every vestige of raiment except a small but necessary pair of underclothes, and have just begun to smother a grease-painted face with cold cream, when the door bursts open and a cheery fat man appears all dressed for the party. It is, of course, none other than Wilfred.

"Attaboy!" he bellows in salutation.

"Hallo," I murmur politely, gazing at him with one eye (the other being temporarily closed with a mixture of cold cream and eye-black). He is a bald, youngish man with a hook nose. I am convinced I never set eyes on him in my life before.

"Well, how's the kid eh?" he continues, and then stops, arrested by the blank look in my one eye. "Say, you *remember* me don't you?"

He seems inclined to be offended, so I reply with some show of assurance, "Of course I do Wilfred—yes indeed—I should say so—yes—attaboy—"

"I should say so, too," echoes Wilfred jocularly, slapping me violently on a bare shoulder. "Remember that night on the ship, eh? D'ye ever see

HERE are many advantages move every vestige of raiment except anything at all of Alice now?" in acting in a successful play, a small but necessary pair of under "Alice?"

> "Oh come on now, don't pull that stuff. Little Alice Fraser—you bad boy. What you did to *that* little girl —whee! Wait a moment, I've got a gang here waiting to see you."

> Looking through the door over his shoulder I observe what appears to be hundreds of people waiting in the passage. I try to stop him, indicating my nudity and my horrible looking countenance, but he is nothing daunted.

> "What the hell!" he shouts. "They should worry. Come on in folks. Les is in his alabaster, but he looks beautiful."

> Arthur, my worthy dresser, appalled at the wholesale invasion, somehow manages to insert my quaking form into a dressing gown. Then they troop in, an endless procession of ladies in evening wraps and bobbed hair, and gentlemen in varying forms of dinner clothes, but all somehow looking exactly alike. Theatrical dressing rooms are not noted either for their spaciousness or the sumptuousness of

their appointments, and mine is no exception to the rule. There are only two chairs; so they all stand, filling the room completely and hemming me into a corner, where I cringe, clutching my dressing gown and trying furtively with a towel to clear my right eye of cold cream.

Wilfred is now, by comparison, quite an old friend. He is introducing the "folks".

"Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Miss Brown, Miss Black, Miss White, Mr. This, Mr. That, Mr. and Mrs. The Other----'' Well, it lasts several minutes in my fevered imagination.

Wilfred is speaking again. "Say Les," he bawls, "why didn't you ever come over to Montclair like you said you would-you big bum!"

I strive frantically to find a clue in Montclair, but draw a complete blank. I murmur something about working very hard at the time.

"Work eh!" howls Wilfred. "WORK! What sort of work? Like you do in the second act eh?"

He accompanies this sally with an evil wink which amuses everybody intensely.

"Very busy rehearsing," I hazard.

This, apparently, is the wittiest remark they ever heard, for they all guffaw loud and long. I go hot and cold alternately, and attempt a change of subject.

"Well, I hope you all liked the play."

This is the signal for Miss Black -or Miss White: She is a strong looking woman.

"No, I can't say I did," she announces. "In fact I hated every minute of it. It beats me why you people want to do this sort of play at all. It's not a bit the kind I like."

I try to express sorrow at Miss Black's disappointment.

"What the hell, Edith," chimes in Wilfred; "I think Les takes his part great. He's the finest actor in the country."

I smile deprecatingly at Wilfred.

"He may be," says Miss Black; "I just don't like this kind of play, that's all."

"What you need," observes Mr. This, a sombre bespectacled gentleman, "is a few snappy tunes. That's what puts a show over nowadays."

Mrs. Robinson chips in.

"This Mr. Arlen must be a peculiar man. Egyptian isn't he?"

I try to explain Arlen's nationality. "Well," she insists, "sort of Oriental anyway. No mistaking it, the way he writes and the things he writes about."

"What's he like?" several people chorus.

I try to explain Arlen's appearance. Nobody seems satisfied.

"Say," commences Mr. That, a doggy young man in a blue Tuxedo, "how d'you like acting with Katharine Cornell?"

"Very much indeed," I reply attempting brevity.

"Is she the same off the stage?" I murmur "no," or "yes." It

doesn't matter which.

"Say, that's a great scene you have with her in the second act-oh boy!" "And takes money for doing it." This from Wilfred.

"Say," persists Mr. That, "that Margola Gillmore is a pretty girl too."

"Her name," I observe a little frigidly, "Is Margalo, not Margola."

"Is it? Well, it's a strange name. How do you suppose she got a name like that?"

I glare at him through the mess on my face.

Here, Miss Black-or Miss White, returns to the fray.

"I just don't like this sort of play. And by the way, exactly what disease is it that the young man has who commits suicide in Act One?"

They all crowd round eagerly. I feel I am going insane.

"I don't know," I answer. "Nobody knows. It's a mystery."

"And what's that thing you say about Iris being a tower of delight?"

"I say, 'Iris, you are a tower of delight in the twilight of the world." "Say that again."

"Iris-you-are-a-tower-of-delight-inthe-twilight-of-the-world." (I am convinced at this moment I should have done something else for a living.) "What's that mean?"

"It is obvious," I reply seeing a red mist. "It means that the heroine is a pillar of joy in the dusk of the earth."

"Yes but why?"

"You had better," I advise shrilly, "write to the author. I didnt write the play and I don't know what it's about."

They all seem to be talking at once. "Funny name-Margola."

"And gets paid for it."

"Does that stuff hurt your skin?" "I bet he's really Persian."

"You must have a good memory." "I don't like the play."

"I didn't get what disease that fel-

low had."

"He was wonderful in the book." My old friend Wilfred comes to the rescue finally. Dozens of handshakings and "pleased-to-have-metyou!" He shepherds them out. At the door he turns for a parting roar.

"Good-bye kid. It's been great seeing you again. Come over to Montclair soon. Give me a ring and I'll have the gang there-and little Alice too. Attaboy!"

"Good-bye Wilfred," I return weakly. "I hope your rabbits die."

I collapse in the arms of Arthur. He has to dress me from head to foot. I cannot even tie my shoe laces.

Two things I would like to know. Where on earth did I encounter Wilfred and exactly what did I do to little Alice?—Leslie Howard

A DELICATESSEN TE DEUM

All pious folks the country o'er Are giving thanks with hearts sincere For countless gifts from heaven's store And all the blessings of the year. And in the great apartment belt, Where food delicatessen grows, And I for many years have dwelt In Summer's heat and Winter's snows, A million souls—or thereabout Are giving thanks with fervent breath For God's can-openers, without Which most of us would starve to death. -George Peck

HIGHER CRITIQUE

THE PLACE: Henry Miller's Theatre, Fifth Row Orchestra.

THE PLAY: The Vortex.

THE TIME: Near End of Second Act. GARCONNE (in a tense whisper): "Why in heaven do you suppose he's making that frightful racket on the piano, mother?"

MATRON (severaly): "Don't be so dense, dear. You don't imagine he wants the guests to know his mother's gone insane? He is trying to drown her voice, of course."-W. T.

The Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company reports a net income of \$1,371,000 for the first nine months of the year. Business of Mr. Buckner trying to look unconscious.



THE NOVEMBER DUSE

The Star of "Processional" Again Wins High Praise from the Newspaper Critics

the contexts materia

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Miss June Walker in Ferenc Molnar's Glass Slipper", now playing at the Guild fine version of the Cinderella story, "The Theatre.—R. B.



The Theatre

LENN HUNTER contributes an extraordinarily fine and sensitive performance to a new play of high quality that suffers just a bit from its author's lack of skill in the mechanical matter of writing for the stage. The play is "Young Woodley", at the Belmont. "Young Woodley" is concerned

with the drama that is ever provoked by the first manifestations of the tender passion in the young male breast. The drama need not be without its comic side, as Booth Tarkington has served to recall; it is not unlikely to bring with it relentless misery, as there are Central European dramatists aplenty to testify again and again; it may well be so portrayed as to bring a merry leer to the face of the beholder, or else the Hungarians and the French are holding crazy mirrors up to pusztas and boudoirs; it becomes a matter of farce, which would be American; and it is beautiful, agonizing, pathetic, clean and glorious, and that is "Young Woodley".

The story is simple. An earnest boy of seventeen, a student at an English boarding school, falls in love with his housemaster's wife, who is lonely, misunderstood and sympathetic, which would be English for our restless. A tender kiss is the sole content of the grande affaire, and then the boy is obliged by his elders to say farewell to his love. He is overcome for a moment and sobs out his grief. Then, with an ease and a self-possession and a dignity that were never his before, he goes his way. He has passed through the steel bath of love; he is now definitely and forever a being capable of emotion.

Despite the fineness of the writing, the play could easily be a comedy near to burlesque in the hands of a leading actor who failed to understand its

its human pathos. Mr. Hunter, of course, is no such actor. He is direct, and simple, and true. Where, on rare occasions, his claims to plausibility seem a little strained, they are regularly less strained than before he came to the author's aid. The season is unlikely to bring anything much more moving than his performance.

Helen Gahagan is the young woman who becomes the first object of the love of Woodley's heart. Miss Gahagan is here more happily cast than has been her lot for some time, but there does seem, at moments, to be in her some confusion as to whether she is a woman beloved of Woodley or merely generic understanding and sympathy. Otherwise, however, she is thoroughly competent as the precious irritant first to bring the greatest of heart-breaks into the most subjectively tragic years of life.

George C. Tyler has assembled an excellent cast in further support of Mr. Hunter. There are, thus, Edward Crandall, young Woodley's friend, himself perplexed by many of the same problems, but equipped with a more robust and less sensitive defense to them; Herbert Bunston, the arrogant, misunderstanding husband; and Geoffrey John Harwood, another contemporary of young Woodley, but one to whom young love is not so much a problem as a pursuit.

I N a tolerant civilization, of course, there can really be no law against such plays as "The Enemy". On the other hand, there is as yet happily no statute compelling attendance upon it. This tends to make for the greater good of all.

Mr. Pollock has seized hold of a Great Truth and made a play of it. The real enemy, it turns out, is hate. Surprise! Surprise! And lest any of this revolutionary philosophy be lost, Mr. Pollock has spelled everything out meanings or was unable to transmit in letters by the New York Billposting charity. A Fifth Avenue young man,

Company. There have been few plays in which the first act conversation was more for the purposes of second act irony, and the second act conversation more for the purposes of third act. irony, with fortunately only four acts to the play.

The piece is not without its share of fine writing, however, and one really immortal epigram is born within its confines. "Father always says," quotes one of the characters reverently, "that an optimist is a man who has to live with a pessimist." And in no play of recent years has a stage Professor at the University of Vienna been as successful in saying Gertie for Goethe as has one of Mr. Pollock's Salvinis.

At least two really capable players are wasted in the proceedings at the Times Square Theatre, and better trained experts may find even more when they come to go more thoroughly into the business of exhumation. The two of this allusion are Fay Bainter and Walter Abel. Miss Bainter is a young Viennese woman who in July, 1914, is married to Mr. Abel, an earnest playwright who, by a coincidence, has written a play known as "The Enemy" that preaches that hate is the real enemy. There comes the war and the destruction of all their hopes of happiness. Miss Bainter is wistful and altogether adorable. Mr. Abel is intense and direct, and is particularly plausible in what the higher criticism would term his mask. . . . The best performance in "The Enemy", however, according to all reports, is being given by Mr. Pollock on the lecture platforms, street corners and writing desks of the town.

One asks permission to devote a paragraph to heavy sarcasm. How about writing a play, Mr. Pollock, to be known as "The Greatest of These", on, Resolved: That what the world needs is not less, but more



Cuthbert Van Hoogenleer, is in love with Mamie O'Rourke, of First Avenue. His parents are willing, hers are not, that the young couple be married. "It's a distance of only four blocks from Fifth to First Avenue," says Mrs. O'Rourke, "but it's a million miles from First to Fifth, d'ye mind." The second act curtain could have to do with a Christmas treemaybe that old one from "The Fool" could be used.

SECOND musical play with a real plot-the first of the season, it will be remembered, was "The Vagabond King"-has arrived in town. It is at the Century; it is called "Princess Flavia"; and it is the musical version of that "Prisoner of Zenda" that was so beloved of the matinée girls when the Twentieth Century was new and virtually untarnished.

The Shuberts have given "Princess Flavia" an excellent cast, headed by Harry Welchman and Evelyn Herbert, and a sumptuous production. Mr. Welchman is a super Walter Woolf in his native London, the super being a tribute to his ability also to act. Miss Herbert, a member of an opera company in recent years, is sweet, pretty and tuneful. There is, in addition, a great chorus of male voices-someone, moreover, has hit upon the idea of giving them a stein song to sing-and a large number of beautiful and nimble young women.

HE CITY CHAP", at the Liberty, is a pleasing musical comedy, made from "The Fortune Hunter", of which the leading man was young John Barrymore. Mr. Dillingham is the producer and has done well by it. Phyllis Cleveland, the leading woman, is extremely personable and possessed of a pleasing voice, and Richard (Skeet) Gallagher, the hero and featured comedian, is a young man who seems likely to be discovered by one or more of the town's he provided for the "Barber". Here family entrance. Mr. Tibbett's sing-

is quiet, restrained, and pleasingly selective in his methods, and thus in part resembles the Willie Collier of other years. The rest of the show is typical musical comedy, of a high quality throughout.-H. J. M.

Music

WHEN you can take a French opera in which a tenor and a basso weary the virtue out of the soprano, and a German opera in which the basso bores the hair off the tenor's head, and make a good afternoon's entertainment out of the combination, you've done something. Which achievement must be set down to the credit of Signor Gatti with his double header of Ravel's "Spanish Hour" and Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad". The resuscitation of the German Barber may be recorded as an interesting revival of a bright and not too funny musical comedy in the grand manner. If the somewhat conventional humors of Cornelius don't roll you out of your expensive seat, you will at least enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Bender scalping Mr. Laubenthal. Possibly you will speculate why nobody thought of this before. There is plenty of good singing from Mme. Rethberg, Mr. Bender, and other craftsmen, and Mr. Laubenthal makes a good hero. At the dress rehearsal he hollered a good deal, but we assume that Mr. Bodanzky muffled him a bit before the public première.

(Owing to dead-lines and other matters which don't concern you, we caught the Met's new show at dress rehearsals. Hence, there will be no references to wild pitch and muffed cues and the like in this week's tidings.)

The Ravel sketch, however, is the production for which Mr. Gatti wins our weekly medal, although the scenery isn't as handsome as that which

official discoverers at any moment. He is the best one act opera now on view. The story is a snappy trifle, all about hiding lovers in clocks, and hoisting the clocks in and out of that cute little room upstairs. Finally, the hoister, a mule skinner by profession, is invited to the c. l. r. u. sans horloge. And in conclusion comes an olio quintet to the effect that even the mule skinner has his day. This may not sound like much, but wait till you see what the soprano and baritone do when they emerge from the c. l. r. u.!

> If this hint tempts you, you will hear a masterpiece of orchestral scoring. Ravel usually composes a wow of a waltz or tango, and then lets you hear just enough of it through a shimmer of muted instruments to make you wonder why he doesn't go in for a little commercial work. The waltz and the tango both are in the orchestra, and every bit of business is pointed up by comments from the piccolo player and his associates. There isn't much aria singing—you'll get all you want of it in the "Barber", though and the work calls for acting rather than vocalization.

> The best acting (again we caution you that we refer to the dress rehearsal) was done by Mr. Bada as the cuckoo clockmaker, with Miss Bori as the empirical wife not so far away. After all, you couldn't expect us to suggest to so charming a person as Miss Bori that she act a little more tough! Mr. Erolle (Ralph, not Leon) sang the poet lover well and played the part of a bore without too much verisimilitude. The same does not go for Mr. Didur as the second bore. Mr. Tibbett obviously was having a good time with his rôle as the mule skinner and with the French language. He also smoked the biggest cigar ever seen on the stage and juggled the clocks with agility, replacing them skillfully so that not even Mr. Perkins could see the Messrs. Erolle and Didur leaving them by the

ing was first rate, and we liked his acting, although we suspect that some of the experts (whose reviews will appear before this) are going to complain about a lack of realism. However, we may not be much of a judge of mule skinners.

In the "Barber", incidentally, a new member of the company made his début, we believe. He is a comical little supernumerary, and we suspect that he used to work for Joe Cook.

THE new Hammond piano, which is a not uncommon variety of instrument to which is added a set of lungs, was trotted out for us by the industrious Mr. Stokowski at his second concert of the season. Lester Donahue, a mild young pianist, played the Rachmaninoff second concerto with Mr. Stokowski's boys, and every piano dealer in town got into Carnegie Hall. Nothing exploded, not even the piano, but we shall tell you more of this device after hearing Mr. Donahue's unassisted efforts in recital.

Art

-R. A. S.

RT should never be inconsequen-Atial. We don't lay down many rules, but we must insist on that one. With the world so full of a number of things of no consequence, art should be delegated to those of bursting soul or feverish vision. No camera-minded should be admitted to the sacred cult. none who are cute or clever. The country side is glutted with golf links, dice can be bought for a dime, every department store shows you how to tat or make lace at home. And there are still a few stores vacant that may be rented for the establishment of interior decorators' shops. Surely all these things should fully occupy the minds of many, and keep unprofaned the thing we call art.

Of course inconsequentiality may be amusing, and it may be pretty or decorative. And being one of those three, it may be misleading. With a pretty frame around it, it may be very misleading. You may walk around the three galleries of the thirty-fifth annual exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in the Fine Arts building and be misled several times. Or you may be accustomed to this sort of thing and not be misled for a moment. There are hundreds of screens, many of them pretty, and hundreds of Chinese bowls, and hundreds of trees, grouped and labeled with such sophomoric phrases as "When the Moon is Green", "Uninvited Guests", "Portrait of a Lady", and so on and so on. And no one, apparently, to say them nay. Every piece in the exhibit bears the mark of having been graded one hundred per cent in decorum, attendance, spelling, perception, drawing, varnishing, and labeling. And if you stuck a lancet in the stomach of the whole thing, neither guts nor blood would flow forth.

Willard Metcalf, once talking about his early struggles, told of how he would stand it as long as he could, then walk around the class of girls he was trying to teach, smear their canvases with a turpentined rag and then stand defiant in front of the awestruck group. When some pupil would inquire as to what they should do next he would reply: "Go back to the kitchen and wash dishes."

We questioned the ruthlessness of this procedure, and wondered if the world had not lost great artists through such criticism. Metcalf shook his head sadly and said that as far as he knew they never followed his advice, but would be back in the next day's class. Even if some of them had gone back to the kitchen and brooded, when they came forth again they would have painted onions and kettles instead of Chinese pots and orchids.

Oh well, it is the women's generation, and they can do what they like. As one of the surviving members of the vanishing sex, we would like to offer this advice to a few of them: find out where Georgia O'Keefe, Peggy Bacon or even Pamela Bianca work, and set up your easel in the neighbor-



hood. Lightning may strike, who knows. The few we favor are Ruth A. Anderson, Theresa F. Bernstein, Jessie Arms Botke, Ethel Blanchard Collver, Eleanor Parke Custis, Minetta Good, Molly Williams Hand, Agnes Pelton, and especially Catharine Morris Wright. Peggy Bacon doesn't need a middle name but take yours with you if it will make you more comfortable.

N the same street, geographically, is the new New Art Circle under the guiding hand of J. B. Neumann. The first show of the season is a good one to seek as a chaser to the aforementioned Women's annual spree. Walt Kuhn has contributed two large canvases, a moronic lady and a battle scene. The latter we like very much, and the former you will like if you string along with Kuhn on ladies. Then there are some slick studies by Charles Sheeler; a bit too slick we feel and lacking that aristocratic atmosphere he gets into his stately flower things. Several newcomers are around for the first time and are kindly spoken of by the gallery attendants as "showing great development." Gert Hondius we do not like at all but we may in his later stages of development. M. Pendleton, picked up at last year's Independent show, has something that is interesting, and Michael Baxte is going after a decorative form that is not hackneyed. That is the beauty of the new stuff to us, when it is turned out by real artists and not copyists; it may be crude at the start but it is something of their own and right out of themselves. F. Blumberg and Max Weber are also in the show and there is a room devoted to early woodcuts, 1460 to 1500. They may interest you, though they did not us. A show somewhat low in tone but worth a thousand of the sort seen down the street.

ABOUT the most exciting show thus far is that of Maurice de Vlaminck and Maurice Utrillo at the Reinhardt Galleries. From time to time we have seen scattering pictures of these men, but even those samples failed to give the punch that you will get from viewing three rooms filled with these French fireworks. Vlaminck has twelve oils, fourteen water colors, and Utrillo has seventeen oils. And all of them at prices that you might expect to find at Macy's. Leaving the Galleries we were bothered

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Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut, a fine actor, makes his screen bow in "Proud Heart", a super-jewelled something about the slums, dug from President Carl Laemmle's treasure trove of saccharine buncombe — and is almost swamped under the Second Avenue El. Now at the Astor.

somewhat, as we sometimes are, as to whether we had seen immortality. But that can safely be left to posterity if we can remove the fear of our grandchildren pointing the finger of scorn and saying "why you thought Vlaminck was a great painter." For the time being we must say we think he is and that his effects are real pictures and not mere pieces of cleverness. A man who can give you "The Country Road" with as simple a palette certainly seems a great artist. His "Village" is not to be sneered at either. As to the other Maurice, the talk is of his vintages. Homecomers from Paris tell us that there was a great rush this Summer for the 1925s. We are just old-fashioned enough to think he was better in 1915. The new stuff is wilder and less like the intermission drop in the Empory Opera House, but still sentiment swings us to the earlier, placid school. If you miss this exhibit, we hope you may never find your way out of the Grand Central Art Galleries.-M. P.

Books

A^S a succulent biography of a singularly fascinating character, the Wandell-Minnegerode "Aaron Burr" (*Putnam*) is all that was to be expected after reading Minnegerode's "Lives and Times". Those who did

will not need to be told, though others may, that this is no ponderous academic opus with archives' dust and awe in it and eminent forefathers plastered up as statues nine feet high. Nor will they be surprised to learn that its Burr is neither the lofty martyr of several zealous vindications nor the next-worst-to-Benedict Arnold of school histories. Of the collaborators, Wandell seems to have been the researcher and compiler, the long devoted specialist; and young Minnegerode, himself well grounded, to have done the final writing; for the notable absence of awe, the style, and the sometimes quizzical irony are off the same typewriter platen with his portraits, which revealed a promising American disciple of Lytton Strachey.

The one eminent forefather whom the book leaves full traditional size is John Marshall. Jefferson is contemptible, pusillanimous and absurd. Hamilton in relation to Burr is vicious; still, Manhattan society, and public life, were too small for both hot little men. Burr is incandescent, unstable and devious; an egomaniac, probably a psychopath; at once astute and gullible, at once peculiarly touchy about his honor and-at the height of his career "his integrity could be discussed." But it isn't he who plays low politics between the party lines to win the deadlocked Presidential election,

and later, though some outlines of his Mexican project will always be mysterious, he really isn't guilty of a treasonable intent until, as a ruined adventurer sponging and shivering in Europe, he tries to sell Napoleon on a crazy scheme for getting back Louisiana. None of that is new, but nowhere, as far as this department knows, has it been set forth so fully and so reasonably, or made anything like so attractive to the general reader.

Details of manner and method are open to criticism. Even so, if you are with us in preferring a good biography to any but a first class novel, why, forego the opera one night, if you must, in order to get this one.

ND another night to get the third Avolume of Walter H. Page's life and letters, belated because most of its letters are to Wilson, and were not forthcoming while he lived. And naturally not. How Page suffered under some of his chief's performances, and how admirably he bore himself toward him all the while! There is nothing left to say in tribute to him or in praise of his letter writing, or of the job Burton Hendrick has done as editorial biographer, but this department will never be too sick of flag flapdoodle to do a little rising and singing when Page is named.

-Touchstone

Motion Pictures

N otherwise lethargic November 8th Sabbath was disturbed for your Gotham worshippers when Nature sent a driving hurricane to splinter the quiet into wet, whistling shreds, and Rudolph Valentino, known to your Masses as "Rudolph Vaselino" or "The Sheik", walked in, out of the storm to usher in personally the World Premier Performance of his latest artistic flight, "The Eagle". At 2.03 pip emma, Standard Time, he entered a side box and sat unobtrusively where all could see him. Your shrewd Cosmopolites were not to be deceived. Quick as a flash, they recognized their idol even before he bowed three times to their thunder rolls of applause. The thumb-thumping rose and fell in huge hunks. It threatened to break into protest for a curtain-raising speech. Whereupon the Sideburned Hero of the Flaming Tango Heels raised himself to his full Spanish height (a swarthy blush may have mounted on his handsome features but the dim lights and red Belasco background prevented verification), swept the air with a most graceful, flourishing right, and pointed towards the screen as much as to say, "Here is only the Man there will be the Artist." The hubbub subsided, but excitement seethed till the performance was away. Then, with the picture, roof-rending applause again. . .

After the fading clinch of the and his waiting Isotta Fraschini.

Heavy Lover's magnum opus, Mr. Valentino, in spite of his strict aversion for public appearances, somehow found himself on the stage before the curtain. There he stood, a sartorial marvel of symmetrical sveltitude, from the three colored Boulevard boots up past the striped trousers, snug black coat, spotted bow tie, come-toheaven collar to his slickly pomaded hair. He spoke. His accent suggested a command of more than three lan-Among the varnished bon guages. mots of thanks for the generous acceptance of "The Eagle", he quoted his friend Mr. Michael Arlen who said, "I didn't know you cared." Then with the resignation of your artist who is willing to let bygones be bygones, he admitted that his last picture, ' "The Sainted Devil", was very bad. But there would be the future. Hence he could promise that, "from now on I want to come back to be what I was once upon a time."

Abandoning contrition, he became himself again. He was about to go abroad in a few days. In conclusion he offered his million well-wishers a long distance (and incidentally the first of the season) Merry Christmas and Profitable New Year. At this the Most Cosmopolitan Audience Yet rose in international acclamation, and the Sheik slipped behind the curtains to fight his way pleasantly out into struggling humanity in a publicity world and his waiting Isotta Fraschini.

THE story itself? Well, you can find snatches of it in "The Czarina", "The Mark of Zorro", "The Sheik", "The Life History of Villa", "The Bible", The Collected Stories of All the Imitation Russian Romantic, Swashbucking Dramas, and Well's Solid Geometry. The direction and photography are brilliant, and the sex insouciance is at times delightfully handled. Vilma Banky is prettily in it, and Louise Dresser is magnificent as Catherine of Russia.

Here is a telegram received by THE New YORKER:

Will you kindly inform the moron who runs your motion picture department that I did not write the movie entitled Classified? Neither did I write any of its wisecracking titles. Also inform him that Moses did not write the motion picture entitled the Ten Commandments.

Edna Ferber

In answer, this moronic sector would like to know as follows: Did Miss Ferber or did she not sell her story, "Classified", to the motion pictures for a luscious sum? Further, did or did we not see her name emblazoned across the screen as responsible author?—T. S.

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Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 32, the list of new books worth while on page 36.



A Longer Ball Without "Pressing" & At Atlantic City YOU'LL get a longer carry and a longer roll, at Atlantic City-just swing easy and leave the rest to the climate!-You'll not only get your drive back on the tee, but you'll get back the "drive" you need in town!-One week-end at The Ambassador will put you in shape to start something back home! 400 Rooms, \$10 or less Special health Period Rates Get in on them now! Rhinelander 9000 .The for reservations bassador ATLANTIC CITY ensensensensensensensens White

The Leading Mineral Water White Rock PALE DRY Ginger Ale Offices 100Broadway, New York City



J UST before staging a complete collapse, with definite indications of rigor mortis, galloping Charleston, and chronic mirages of a quiet home in the country, I wish to go on record as saying that, everything considered, this HAS been a week!

There was the opening of the County Fair, for instance. This is a new effort on the part of Don Dickerman, scientist with the Beebe expedition and proprietor of the Pirate's Den and the Blue Horse in the bargain. The decorations are most amusingaround the dance floor is a white fence, like those surrounding race tracks, then a row of tables, then a rural white picket fence. Behind this, you may find yourself sitting in the Grandstand, or in a booth proudly proclaiming the presence of "Little Oswald, the Tiddle-de-Wink Marvel", "Maniac Marmaduke, the Man Manglin' Human-Gorilla", or in Exhibit Row among the Blue Ribbon Up State Punkins or the work of the Elderly Ladies Fancywork Club. The food really is marvelous and the menu (the Gents' Bill of Fare including prices, and the Ladies' omitting them, so if your escort tells you you can't have some dish you crave, you will know the reason why) is most comprehensive. In addition, they have Eddie Worth, "the town cut-up from Frog Holler and his nine-piece County Fair orchestra", and, at twelve-thirty, some "awful smart boys and girls puttin' on a dern good show, including singin', whistlin', jigs, an' other capers." I would suggest omitting from said show one whistling act, either one of the two orchestra acts, and two feeble attempts at a Charleston by young women who apparently don't know that anyone who does the Charleston now must do it exceptionally well. The County Fair is the climax of the Villagey places with eccentric decorations which primarily attract the uptown dancing kids.

But it is quite amusing, and the food, which is available for lunch, dinner, and supper, is really excellent.

THEN there was the opening of the Nineteenth Hole Club, on Election Night. The great feature of this was the informality achieved by the tricky putting greens on either side of the dance floor. What with the girls' skirts as short as they are nowadays, and the additional uplift contingent upon the position required for putting, the evening was not without humor. Really and truly, something ought to be done by Congress or somebody about the lingerie shortage in this country.

There was a nine hole putting contest, in which some ten well known golfing professionals solemnly endeavored to put a ball through a two inch space between two wooden disks into a hole fifteen feet away, and proudly chalked down scores that would be their professional ruin over a nine hole course of ordinary length.

The club, which is open to everybody who knows the difference between a putter and a driver, will start a series of dances in the Roosevelt Grill on Sunday evenings in about two weeks, with Ben Bernie's orchestra officiating for dancing, and the two putting greens for those who prefer to intersperse their eating with diversion of this kind rather than dancing. In the merry months of Spring, playing privileges on several metropolitan courses will be at the disposal of members.

_ Digitized by Google

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BOTH of these places are an indi-cation of the length that people are going, in both decoration and in originality of idea, to give a new thrill to "jaded" New York. And meanwhile, places like the Montmartre, where the decorations are not obtrusive, there is no entertainment except very good dance music, and patrons are left entirely to their own devices as far as amusement is concerned, go placidly on their way. Charlie Journal, by the way, still holds sway at Montmartre, and his reputed interest in a new place called Chez Fysher was due solely to the fact that he very kindly gave expert advice and assistance to the proprietor in the harrowing days before his opening.

LL you world weary dotards of A the college generation of three years back who think that you can restore your lost youth by a tea-dancing jaunt at the Lorraine Grill, take heed e'er your hearts break! The old place is not the same. There are a good many middle-aged business men, amusing themselves between leaving the office and catching the 6:35 for New Rochelle, and the good old Williams stag line is no more. Also, the music is rather loud although it does play plenty of tangos as of yore, and I never liked artificial flowers spilling from the chandeliers.

AS you have probably gathered by this time, my amusement has been concentrated upon the hours between ten and eleven at night and breakfast time, and the places that I have lunched or dined have made less than no impression on a somewhat befogged brain. Next week, I reform.

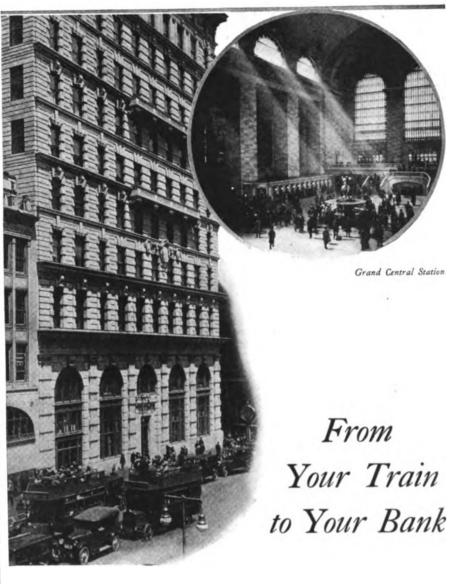
WARNING!

WARNING! Certain well dressed young women have been posing as "Lipstick" and demanding free tables from guileless restaurateurs in my name. Know ye, that the original model is a short, squat maiden of forty, who wears steel rimmed spectacles, makes her son pay her dinner checks, and habitually car-ries a straw suitcase filled with Aqua-Zome. zone. -LIPSTICK

THE NEW YORK GIRL

She shines in high society, And dances at receptions, The picture of propriety-A mistress of deceptions.

-L. L. B.



WHEN you arrive at the Grand Central Station you are only two short blocks from the Fifth Avenue Office of the Guaranty Trust Company, at 44th Street.

Convenience of location with completeness of facilities for every banking and trust service are combined at this Office.

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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

BIG football match at Princeton AN USHER - A LATECOMER as one watched the Harvard team per-means football in the best possible setting in this country. For AND AN EXCITING MOMENT

unlike those grim cities which shelter universities more or less as a side line, Princeton is emphatically a university town. And because it is a town and not a city, and because it is probably the most picturesque college town in Americathanks to a natural setting of great beauty and some lovely buildings scattered around the campus and Alexander Hall-it furnishes an ideal situation for the staging of a spectacle like a big football game. In this small town, as in no big city, the sense of a mighty and impending event sharpens the air on the day of a game, dominates everyone's conversation, occupies the thoughts of that entire multitude converging upon the center of the afternoon's excitement. Here is more color, more of the feeling of football as distinctly a college sport, than in any other place I have ever visited. From early morning, cars pour into town, cars adorned with Harvard and Princeton colors; they fill the roads bordered by those charming and mysterious looking clubs; they even adorn the driveways of these same clubs while their occupants lunch within, or at ease on the lawns in front. There is over

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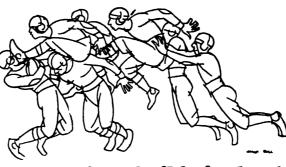
all a genuine atmosphere of good feeling and enthusiasm that is not forced or driven; but is on the contrary spontaneous and instinctive and also universal. It is Princeton on the day of a big game. Yes, an excited current of anticipation is in the air; if by chance you are indifferent about the game, it communicates itself to you despite your indifference; and if by chance you are far from indifferent, you have felt it long before game time. And so the crowds pour down to the Stadium,

that Stadium which like the town is an ideal setting for football. Because in the big stadia that seat eighty to ninety thousand people you are usually so far from the field as to make even the vagaries and uncertainties of a last year's radio much the more to be preferred. Whereas in the Palmer Stadium which seats about fifty thousand, there are very few bad seats. If any. Now, while we were watching that

Daly coached Harvard team on the field,



my mind went back to last September at the Davis Cup matches at Philadelphia. Seated near me in the press box, one afternoon during the slaughter of those modern Huguenots, Messieurs Lacoste and Borotra, was a sporting writer of one of the Boston dailies; a man who knows football as do few football coaches. During an interval, I leaned over to him:



HARVARD TRYING 70 STOP SLAGLE

they going to have at Cambridge this Fall?"

He looked at me with incredulous Irish cyes

"Did you ever see a Daly coached team with any kind of an offense?"

At the time, memories of three or four Army elevens winning or losing Navy games by means of field goals flashed through my mind. And that remark of his came back with all the more force

was almost like a high school team playing against a college.

Granted that the material at Cambridge this year has been poor, which it certainly has, there are after all some things attributable to the coaching. At least I suppose it is the business of a coach to develop punters. Surely punt-ers can be developed. Not, perhaps, punters that do eighty yards consistently; but punters who do thirty-five yards, who can get their kicks off without being blocked, who can kick over the side lines when they want to, and don't kick over the sidelines when they don't want to. A Harvard offense, or indeed any offense without a punter is like a sword with a dulled edge.

And that defense, or lack of it, against the Princeton forward passes! One wondered what Reggie Brown, who for years scouted teams for Percy Haughton, thought of it, as he stood near me in the press stand looking down on the slaughter. It was his defensive system that held a strong Dartmouth team to a couple of touchdowns at Providence several weeks ago.

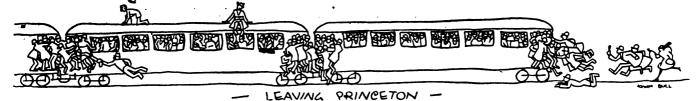
Little defense, Harvard had, and no

offense at all. The Crimson could no more gain ground against that smart Tiger team than a New York newspaper man could do an account of a football game at Princeton without mentioning Big Bill Edwards. In fact the only consistent ground gaining play that Harvard had was the Princeton penalty-for Princeton was penalized often enough. For Harvard to have won, however, it would have been necessary for Princeton to have been penalized on every play. And Harvard fum-

"What kind of a football team are bled so often that even then the score would probably have been a tie!

Miller came into the game for Harvard, and the first time he received the ball, fumbled. Stafford came in, and the first time he received the ball, fumbled. Zarakoff came in, and the first time he received the ball, fumbled. Write your own music to those words.

Almost the only time during the entire afternoon that Harvard did well, was when their band paraded across the field



between the halves and played "Old Nassau", in front of the Princeton cheering sections, at the same time forming a large P. The Tiger team on the other hand, did everything well. They passed, kicked, ran with the ball and opened up holes for the runner with great zest. To me the most striking thing about the Princeton team was the fact that their center three outplayed Harvard's center three. The Princeton backfield was admittedly superior to their rivals; but on the field it was the line which, outplaying the Harvard line, was so noticeable. For no matter how good or how bad the Princeton backs are, they could hardly have helped gaining through those tremendous holes which were made for them three-quarters of the game.

The Tiger had a typical Princeton team. A fast, hard running backfield, a quick charging line, well together, with a fine passing game. But just exactly how good or bad they were we won't know until this week at New Haven. Slagle and Dignan and Beares were effective through those openings in the Harvard line; but how effective are they going to be against Joss, Sturhahn and Benton? Prendergast gained ground easily in that last quarter at Princeton; but he was playing against a battered, disorganized, beaten team. And against such a team even a less sturdy back would probably have gained something. There were times, too, at Princeton when the passer had until the following Saturday to get his pass off. Yale will hurry him far more. And the receiver who at times was catching the pass with no one near him will certainly be covered as he was not covered last week. I: may be that we are on the eve of another big year for Yale. It certainly begins to look that way.

Meanwhile, a financial statement issued by the Harvard Athletic Association from Cambridge states that it costs eighty-four thousand dollars to run a football team at Cambridge. Eighty-four thousand seems like a good deal of money to pay for this year's Harvard eleven.—JOHN R. TUNIS

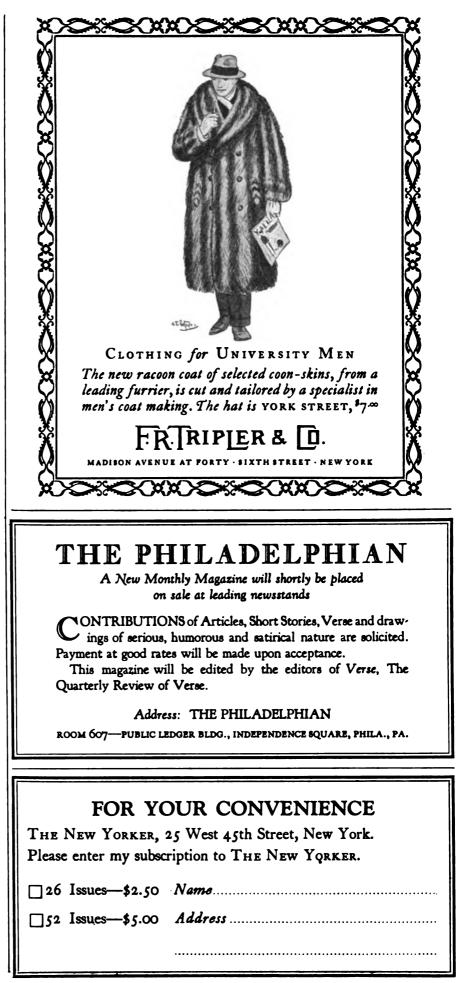
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DEFINITIONS

Prude

A prude is a lady whose Sense of propriety Marches ahead of the State of society. Hers is the fear that She'd certainly vex you all Should she allude to The base or the sexual. In brief she's a lady who Thinks that it's shocking To mention the thing that's Inside of her stocking.

—E. B. W.







ON AND OFF THE AVENUE



THE NEW YORKER

VEN if you happen to be one of those happy philosophers who live for the present and let the future take care of itself, I must remind you that now is the time to have Christmas cards engraved, to have handkerchiefs and linens initialled, to buy monogrammed writing paper, to have pictures framed, and to have photographs taken in advance of the well known Christmas season.

Probably the best in Christmas cards are hand colored etchings. Also, the practice of having the greetings and one's name printed together has been redeemed from the accusation of bad taste. This last will be a welcome relief to me, for, if you must have your name printed at all, nothing looks worse than a Christmas card with printed greetings and an engraved name from a calling card plate, in script that never quite matches and is obviously tacked on at the last minute. Also, it is almost impossible, except at Dutton's, to find cards printed in shaded

Gothic type, which is most popular at present for calling cards. This is another drawback.

One of the best places that I have discovered for the etching cards is A. A. Schiller, at 435 Madison Avenue, which also has a very good assortment of parchment cards in unique designs. A feature there, is to have a design complementing the one on the card on the outside of the envelope. At Himebaugh & Brown, at 4 East Forty-sixth Street, they are specializing in cards with greetings and names printed to match. Scribner's and the Liveright bookshop, 4 West Fortyninth Street, also has a rather good selection of cards. Edwin S. Gorman, at 11 West Forty-fifth Street, is specializing in cards of a religious nature. The thing to avoid, in entering all stationers and bookshops at present, is the

temptation to buy Cousin Nellie a tooled leather desk set, address book, diary, or cigarette box. This epidemic of tooled leather is so commonplace now that only a very expensive Italian article is even remotely justifiable.

Initialling for handkerchiefs is a thing that should be placed, and placed now, at any good department store or specialty shop. The places that specialize in initialling are so busy at present with big orders from Fifth Avenue retail shops that they have no time for individual work.

As to framing, a very smart place to have this done is at A. Miller, 401 Madison Avenue. He carries two hundred and fifty types of frames that are already made up in leather, metal, or bronze covered with gold tissue. He also has a tremendous variety of frame moldings to choose from. Incidentally, Mr. Miller insists that the newest type of frame is of colored glass with silver scroll work all over it, which is just too darling for anything, if you happen to like that kind of thing.

For photographs, one of the swankiest, and the most expensive, photographers is Edouard Steichen, at 80 West Fortieth Street. Nickolas Muray, at 38 East Fiftieth, Alvin and Florence Vandamm, at 33 West Forty-fourth Street, also make very good portraits which—take heed and



warning!—will look like you. For hazy, idealistic, and mysterious pictures—Arnold Genthe or Maurice Goldberg. For children, Bachrach seems to be high in favor, and I, who have no children, must take the word of others, more expert in parenthood as to their excellence.

As usual, Benson & Hedges are preparing for the Christmas season with cigarettes monogrammed in all possible designs.

ANY woman who has faultless taste, a reasonable amount of time to spend on her shopping, and a good figure, can dress, and dress very well, for a ridiculously small amount of money. If you have taste, you can tell where to remove or to add an ornament, where to take in a dress or let it out and give it just the right line, and how to give just the right fillip to a hat brim and thereby avoid looking like the little girls that pour out into Forty-second Street at the lunch hour. And if you have a reasonable amount of time, you can seek out the one distinctive model that lurks in almost every small and inexpensive shop. Some of the best dressed women I know, haunt Stewart's, where they occasionally find an evening dress costing less than fifty

dollars that can be made, with little effort, to look like one costing three times that amount; they journey to the economy floor of Russek's; to Avedon's; and to the cheap dress departments of Macy's or Gimbel's or Saks-Herald Square. At Maxon Model Gowns, which sell high priced dresses that have been worn by mannequins at half the original price, one may occasionally pick up a very good looking dress or ensemble suit that is smartness itself. For hats, more well dressed women than most people realize, shop for untrimmed hats among the wholesale shops in Thirty-eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, or remove cheap looking ornaments from five dollar hats from Worth's, in Thirty-fourth. And if you like to have a large assortment of shoes, and don't mind throwing them away instead of having them repaired, I still

maintain that Forty-second Street is a good place to get them, although many friends, to whom shoes are their sole extravagance, shriek dissent.

The main thing to remember is to pick out the very simplest thing that these shops have in stock, to remove all pieces of lace, artificial flowers, buttons, braid and superfluous flounces from it, and to

add, if you must add something, very nice accessories of your own.

HE originality of this nation is something miraculous. Likewise, the imagination, and the je ne sais quoi. Take, for instance, a simple matter like naming colors for stockings. Do they say taupe, greenish brown, or yellowish beige-descriptive names, all? No, a thousand times, no! You are wearing stockings of Elephant's Ear, Baby's Breath, Summer Dawn, or What Not? And the trouble is that, just as you have decided that Rhinoceros Shimmy is just the right color to match that new suit, and go back for more of the same color, they tell you that that batch has been sold out and that it is impossible to duplicate the dye exactly. But Aztec or Mystery or Sans-Souci is almost the same color. My first grey hair has just made its appearance as a result of trying to keep track of all of this verbal grandeur.

PERFECTLY fascinating shop in which to buy clothes for children up to twelve years of age is Miss L. Brogan's, at 27 East Fifty-fourth Street. These are not the rather bizarre French imported things, but dainty, hand made layettes and dresses from New Orleans. There are babies dresses, caps, pillows, and bedding, lacy negligées for mothers, boy's romper suits, and very attractive simple frocks, trimmed with real lace, for children. After five minutes in the place, I found myself frantically trying to think of some godson, or niece that should be remembered at Christmas time with an addition to the wardrobe. The place is so tempting that I would advise either keeping away from it altogether or going there immediately, because most of the dresses have to be ordered from New Orleans.-L. L.

THE OPTIMIST

LOST, FOUND AND REWARDS

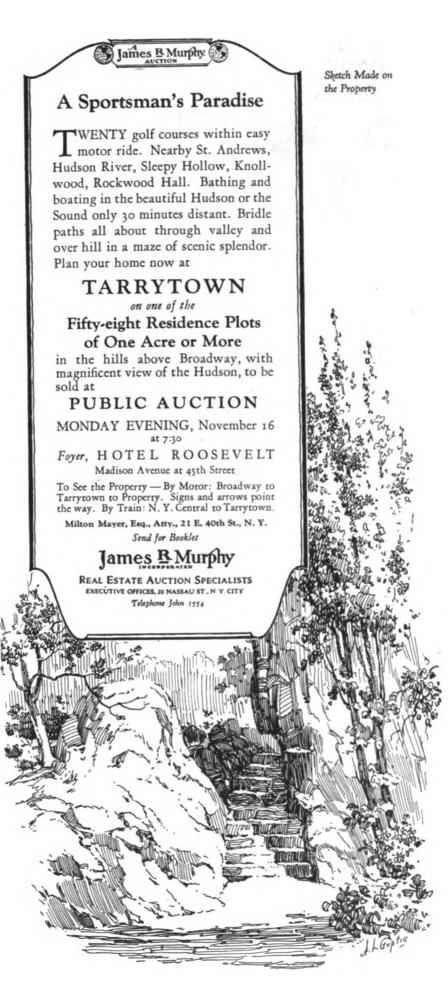
LIBERAL REWARD for the return or information regarding 47 barrels of pure alcohol stolen Oct. 20, at about 9 P. M., from Herman Chemical Co., 220 Adams St., Brooklyn. Write or telephone Triangle 4282. —Daily Newspaper

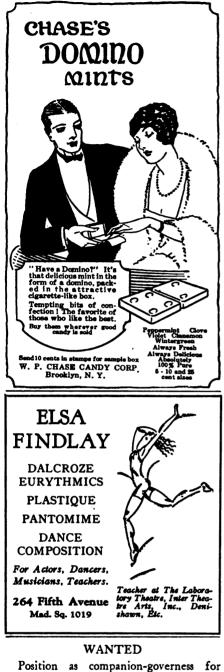
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FLORIDA

It's an earthly paradise, With its blue and lambent skies, Always clear; Where the natives sit and croon Underneath a tropic moon, So I hear; Where ferocious alligators Dine on yams and sweet pertaters Or on luckless speculators, So I fear.

-Fred G. Steelman





lonely imaginative child.

Reply Box 25, THE NEW YORKER, 25 West 45th Street.

TO RENT—AN APARTMENT

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Beautiful furniture, silver and linen, and a rare collection of old prints.

Rent \$300 per month with privilege of immediate occupancy.

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OPERA SEASON OPENS

Society in Full Blast Attends Gala Function

HE opera season opened with more work was clever, but to at least one imthan its accustomed splendor. Society was out in full force, and the vast theatre was crowded from roof to cellar, or, as M. Gatti-Casazza, the impresario said to us in the lobby, "from cellar to roof."

The opera chosen by the impresario for the opening performance was Ragarini's delightful "Hasenpfeffer and Knockwurst". This old favorite has never been more beautifully or more brilliantly given.

The singers weighed in at eight thirty, and contrary to all the dope previously printed in the newspapers, tipped the scales without an ounce to spare. True, Mme. Hogenbauer, the new soprano, who played left field for the home team appeared to be a trifle overweight, but the judges seemed justified. When Tom White, the veteran referee, entered the ring, he was given a rousing reception by the Democratic delegation in the top gallery, "the standees" as they are called in operatic jargon.

Promptly at nine-fifteen Governor Al Smith, clad in the conventional black, arose in his box in the center of the famous horseshoe, and tossed onto the stage the ball that inaugurated the season of 1925-26. There was loud applause and laughter as Tom White humorously called "strike one" on the Governor.

The story of the opera is too familiar to need repetition. Suffice to say, it deals with the adventures of Murdock, the mad King of Boulogne, who plots to obtain the throne of Dementia for his halfwitted son Thyroid. To accomplish his purpose, he poisons his wife and his aged mother and strangles the Lord Chamberlain. In the second act, there are several characters still alive, so Murdock orders the Royal Assassin to shoot the Duke and Duchess of Buffalo and stab all the servants. By mistake, Murdock is himself shot and killed. The last act is in a dungeon beneath the castle. Thyroid, who is the only character remaining alive, commits suicide.

This is briefly the story of the opera; just a simple, homely little folk tale glorified by the genius of a great composer.

Conductor Luigi Hennessy warmed up for the home team. Although this distinguished maestro has been in the box now for more than twenty years, this is the first time he ever participated in a World's Series.

"Tommy" Lowenbrau, the new basso imported from La Scala, was a disappointment to his many admirers. His footpartial observer he seemed to have a streak of yellow in him. At the end of the first act, when Murdock (Miss Bessie Pfanz) landed in his middle register and sent him through the ropes for the count, the vast audience went wild, Lowenbrau is a good infielder and is fast on his feet. but he'll have to get over his bad habit of clinching if he wants to travel in fast operatic company.

The second act started out pleasantly enough. The sextet familiar to every phonograph owner and radio fan, had to be repeated six times. It was during the beautiful duet that an occurrence took place of which we have had occasion to speak before, and which seems to us to cheapen somewhat the artistic dignity of a metropolitan operatic performance. We find no fault with well bred expressions of disapproval. We have frequently been guilty ourselves of yelling "Put the bum out" when a singer has seemed to us to be careless of the delicate vocal nuances that an artistic operatic performance requires. But the rapidly growing custom of hurling bottles and seat cushions at the performers-even though it be done in a spirit of good-natured raillery-is a practice that should be discouraged.

During the second act, Referee White stepped to the footlights and raising his hand, stopped the orchestra. "We have just received a report by radio," he said, "from Chicago Opera House in Chicago that in the second act of Tannhauser the score is now 6-6." This announcement was greeted with uproarious applause, indicating somewhat the widespread interest in the series now being played in the Windy City.

It is impossible to give adequate mention to each member of the large and splendid cast. One young lady, Miss Pearl Montmorency, a newcomer to the "silver screen", will bear watching. Her trained seal act was one of the most uplifting and inspiring performances we have observed during forty years of attendance at grand opera.

An unfortunate event, shortly after the curtain rose upon the third act, marred the complete enjoyment of an otherwise brilliant evening. The theatre burned down and all the spectators were burned to death.-Newman Levy

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With all our industry we have not as yet been able to discover what the Greco-Bulgarian war would have made the world safe for if it had been held. Wouldn't it be just our luck if it was a war to end war?

EMANCIPATED CATS

BEING frum Texas and a Keen observer and student of human nature, I feel it my bounden duty to elucidate on the subject of New York cars. Do not look for sarcastick similee as I have reference purely and altogether of the four-legged quadruped feline, nocturnal, carniverous, phonetic, Homeric, audible, armorous and immoral mammal ruminants otherwise called a car.

These Cats, unsubjected to the just persecution of its natural enemy the dog (DAWG) because of the muzzle, are entirely to arrogant *pro bono* people who wish to sleep at night and listen at the radio. They sit on the curbs with a supercilious cynical expression of bored disiloushion and claw pedestrian dogs without the formality of arching their back, which is revolutionary and radical.

At night, after one o'clock, which is the cats' union love hour, they congregate under bottle-proof shelters and carry on disgraceful orgies of licence and ribald song that is a disgrace to the name of this fair city, undoubtedly.

As a remedy to this serious situation, I suggest importing some Airedale Dawgs from Lampasas, Texas, and turning them loose without a muzzle, as they have been hunting mountain Lions and could handle these cats, undoubtedly.

Another remedy would be to pass a city ordinance to have all cat owners bob the cats' tails, severing their tails short, aprox. one inch back of their ears. A cat having his tail bobbed in this manner is guaranteed by the writer to be of no public nusiance provided he is burried before the weather gets to warm.

—JOHN TUCKER BATTLE

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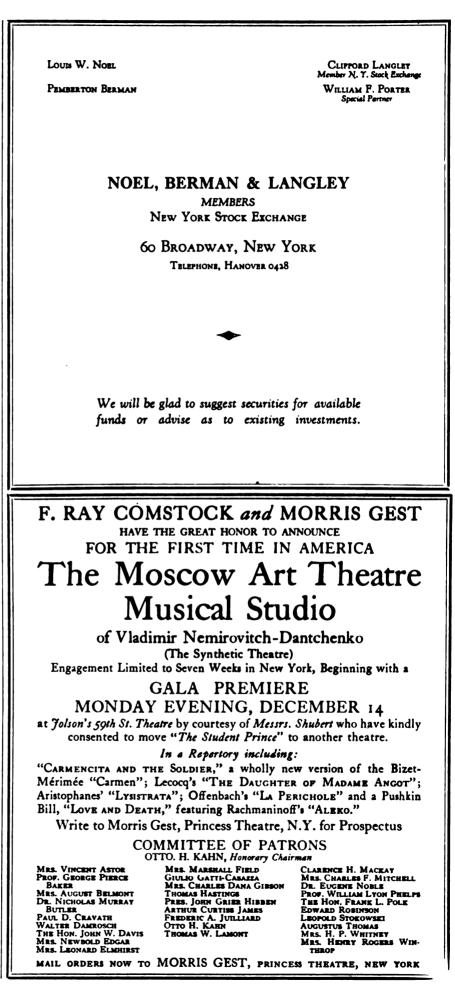
OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

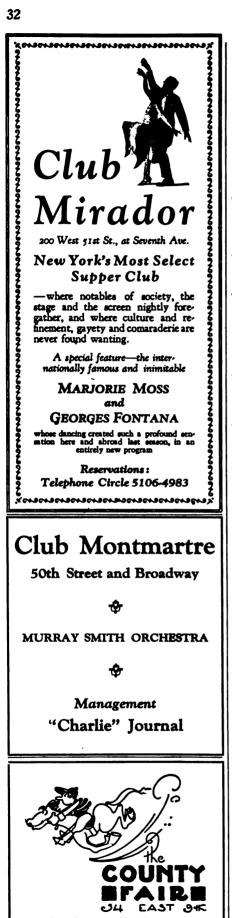
Dear Editor:

I wish to call your attention to an event that occurred last week. The early sun was beaming on West Fifty-seventh Street; and white in the sun shone the chaste walls of Steinway emporiumgood quality pianos. The door opened and out stepped an irreproachable Steinway janitor in good quality whipcord. He approached the gold fire plug, making ready to give it a Steinway polish so it would remain golden all through the day. From under his arm the janitor produced a bottle of polish and a rag. The rag was good quality. And the polish-the polish oozed from a bottle which plainly bore that bold, neat, and familiar label: GORDON GIN.

What action should I have taken? Yours,

—E. B. W.





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THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, November 13, to Friday, November 20, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- CRAIG'S WIFE-Despite third act heroics, George Kelly has written a deep one about a self-centered woman who gains a home but loses all else. Monosco, 45, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED-Brieux seriously discussing, "Shall the lawyer defend the one he loves before the bar?" E. H. Sothern helps the dramatic
- intensity. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way. THE GREEN HAT-Fourth-dimensional mance as reported super-sentimentally by Mr. Arlen. With Katharine Cornell, supersentimentalist. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
- HAMLET-Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN's, B'way at 64.
- A MAN'S MAN-The shoddy folk who inhabit this splendidly dingy comedy of New York life live in gloomy tenements along the Elevated Road. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52, W. of 8 Ave.
- THE VORTEX-Deadly potshots by Noel Coward, aimed at a rancid British social group. Melodramatic brilliants. HENRY MILLER's, .a. E. of B'way.
- THE ENEMY-Reviewed in this issue. TIMES SQUARE, 42, W. of B'way.
- AMERICAN BORN-George M. Cohan, prac-ticing American, in trifling comedy. Hub-50N, 44, E. of B'way.
- ARMS AND THE MAN-Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne polish up something Shaw
- has to say about warfare. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way. THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—George S. Kaufman makes genial comics, with the Theatre (an institution) as a background. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-Hoboes -real ones -indulge in romantics, mock trial and rich slang, somewhere beyond the Alleghanies.
- THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way. THE GORILLA—Dryasdust mystery farce leavened with laughable burlesquing. NATIONAL,
- 41, W. of Bway. IS ZAT SO?—A tight little comedy presenting theatrical distinctions between the high and low of Gotham society. CHANIN's FORTYsixth, 46, W. of B'way. THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Arlen creates
- some giddy Britishers to suit his Oriental taste, then gives them brilliant Wildean things to say before dinner. GAIRTY, B'way and 46.
- YOUNG WOODLEY-Reviewed in this issue. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.
- ROSE-MARIE—Last year's favorite operetta well up with this year's pacers. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.
- 45, W. OI B'way. THE CITY CHAP—Reviewed in this issue. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way. MERRY MERRY—Winningly personal in hu-
- mor, acting, singing and dancing, with the chorus ladies having much to say. VANDER-BILT, 48, E. of B'way. NO, NO, NANETTE-The score is lovely be-
- yond all other tunes and deathless as well. GLOBE, B'way at 46.
- GARRICK GAIETIES-Travesty on the Guild plays, with incidental revuelet activities, performed by the Guild actorettes. GARRICK, 35, E. of 6 Ave.

- THE STUDENT PRINCE-A stage full of singers of excellent music, sung to the somewhat maudlin book of "Old Heidelberg". Jolson's, 7 Ave., at 59.
- SUNNY-Jack Donahue is as comic as Marilyn Miller is graceful and both are comically graceful in this crowded music show. New AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way. THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King in 29
- pleasant as you will see amongst the kicking-crooning offerings. CASINO, B'way at 39.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls supply attractive mind and matter to this King of Revues. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50.
- LOUIE THE 14TH-Princely activities by the King of the Looselegs, Leon Errol. Mr. Ziegfeld's outstanding Columbus Circle brightener. COSMOPOLITAN, B'way at 59. PRINCESS FLAVIA—Reviewed in this issue. CENTURY, 63 and Central Park West.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- THE JOKER—A play by Arthur Goodrich and W. F. Payson, with Ralph Morgan. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 16.
- IN A GARDEN-A comedy by Philip Barry starring Laurette Taylor. In the cast are Frank Conroy, Louis Calhern, Ferdinand Gottschalk. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 16.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park-Good music, quiet atmosphere, and midnight ball-room dancing by Evelyn Grieg and Hancis De Medem.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9-Reviewed in this issue.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave .- Terribly crowded, but people seem to like that sort of thing. Maurice and Bennett dance.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51-The smartest and the most refreshing night club in town. Moss and Fontana dance.
- DEL FEY CLUB, 104 W. 45-Pandemonium from midnight till morning until Thanksgiving time. Not for sheltered débutantes, though they might see their married sisters there.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49-The jolliest of the Russian after-theatre places. Spasmodic entertainment of the Chauve-Souris type.
- MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-Charlie Journal still holding his quietly smart clientele against all comers. No entertainment.

MOTION PICTURES

- THE FRESHMAN --- Undergraduate Harold Lloyd wins the Big Game for Tate College with Providence as Interference. At the COLONY
- GO WEST—Buster Keaton takes his down-trodden self to the prairies and is be-friended by a melancholy cow. Generally amusing. At LOEW'S STATE, Fri. to Sun., Nov. 13 to 15. At LOEW'S LEXINGTON, Sat., Nov. 14.
- THE GOLD RUSH-Don't forget that Charlie Chaplin wants to be remembered by this one. At the PLAZA, Sat., Nov. 14. THE KING ON MAIN STREET-The ramb-
- ling amours of King Adolphe Menjou of



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

Molvania, done with consummate case, pantomimic charm and wit. At LOEW'S LIN-COLN SQUARE, GREELEY SQUARE, and ORPHEUM THEATRES, Mon. to Wed., Nov. 16 to 18. At LOEW'S LEXINGTON, Fri., Nov. 17.

MUSIC

- RECITALS-KITTY CHEATHAM, TOWN HALL, Fri. aft., Nov. 13. An old favorite returns to entertain the young.
 - ELSHUCO TRIO, ABOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Nov. 13. Chamber music of Schubert by specialists.
 - JOSEF HOFMANN, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. aft., Nov. 14. Just one of the greatest pianists; that's all.
 - FRASER GANGE, ABOLIAN HALL, Sat. aft., Nov. 14. A Scotchman who sings lieder better than most Germans.
 - FRANCIS ROGERS, TOWN HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. 15. A fine stylist in song, assisted by Mrs. Rogers in monologues. Isidore Luckstone, the assisting planist, deserves special notice.
 - RICHARD CROOKS, AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. 15. First recital by an unusually gifted young tenor.
 - EDWIN and JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES, AEO-LIAN HALL, Sun. eve., Nov. 15. A new two-piano combination.

 - PERCY GRAINGER, CARNEGIE HALL, MON. evc., Nov. 16. Always a good bet. FRANK SHERIDAN, TOWN HALL, Wed. evc., Nov. 18. A fine young planist presenting Chasins' "Master Class", and less contemporary music.
 - CHARLES NAEGELE, AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. eve., Nov. 19. A comer.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Nov. 13; Sat. eve., Nov. 14; Sun. aft., Nov. 15; Thurs. eve., Nov. 19; Fri. aft., Nov. 20.
 - NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. morn., Nov. 14 (Chil-dren's Concert); Thurs. aft., Nov. 19; Fri. eve., Nov. 20.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, Stokowski conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. eve., Nov.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-Performances nightly, except Tuesday, and Saturday matinee, with Sunday night concert. Schedules in daily newspapers.

ART

- WOMEN PAINTERS-FINE ARTS, 565 5th Ave. A host of pretty, pretty pictures; safe, sane, and unexciting.
- NEW CIRCLE-J. B. NEUMANN, 35 W. 57th. Walt Kuhn, Max Weber, and other moderns in a good show.
- BELLOWS-METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A CONscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.
- VLAMINCK & UTRILLO-REINHARDT GAL-LERIES, 730 5th Ave. Comprehensive and exciting show of two of the most popular Frenchmen now painting.

SPORTS

- FOOTBALL-Sat., Nov. 14, at 2 p. m.
- YALE VS. PRINCETON, New Haven. Frequent trains from Grand Central Station after 9 o'clock.
- COLUMBIA VS. ARMY, Polo Grounds, 2 p. m. (6th Ave. El. to 155th St.)

OTHER EVENTS

- ACTORS EQUITY BALL-Hotel Astor, Sat., Nov. 14. Another great mingling of the proletariat with its celebrities.
- AUTOMOBILE SALON-HOTEL COMMODORE, opening Sun., Nov. 15, and thereafter daily until Sat., Nov. 21. The fashion show of the automobile world, introducing coming styles in "the motor car".
- CUBAN EXPOSITION-HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, opening Mon., Nov. 16. Thereafter daily through Sat., Nov. 21. First annual exhibiting of arts and industries of Florida's little wet rival for New York's Winter affections.

HOW TO PASS TIME

IMES SQUARE on the curb in in spite of this-find ten reasons for not front of the Rialto Theatre-count the number of people that come in taxis per minute-how many of the taxis brush the legs of your trousers-where did they get so many people-how long did it take to make them-will they never die offwatch the skirts-are they getting higher or lower-can you see many rolled stockings-watch the men-is it true that a rolling sock gathers the gaze-how truedo the stockings roll lower as the dress lengthens-what is the dominant color in garters-(you are on Broadway now) how many girls can you see going wrong-how can you tell-how many girls make you wonder why you have not met them before-think of a hundred reasons why you have not-how many white lights can you see-how many blue-how many red -how many other colors-find ten reasons for calling it the Great White Way

calling it the Great White Way-explain why some women go out with the men they do-explain why some men go out with the women they do-Jose SCHORR

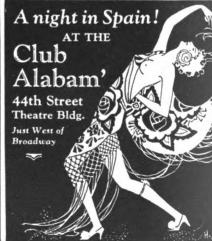
TO A SOPHISTICATE

O Beautiful, Civilized One, I adore you With the rude simplicities Of the Primitive; No filigreed perversions Adorn the affection That I offer; So I expect rejection, Accustomed as you are To ornate loving. . . .

-Le Baron Cooke



3:





THE NEW YORKER, in solemn sympathy with the post office and the packing clerks, adds to the urgent bulletins of the department stores and the exhortations of the Subway Sun, its timely bidding to do your shopping early. Coupled with this is its recommendation that the choicest gifts may be most easily selected in the small shops about town, which are here classified for your convenience.

Antiques	Dancing	Interior Decorators and Decorations
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.	ARTHUR MURRAY'S STUDIO America's finest teachers of ballroom dancing. You can learn in six strictly private lessons. Half price this month. 7 East 43rd Street.	TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco- rated and tastefully furnished within your means- Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St. N. Y. Circle 1492
Arts and Crafts	Flesh Reduction	Ladies' Tailors
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.	Lackswanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will please the woman of taste who wants best mater- isls, cut and fit. Furs-new and remodeled. Mail orders. Caledonia 7111
Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	Footwear	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled
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Auction Bridge	Gifts	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
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 29 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 19041 New York City	XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION—Xmas Cards Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village.	OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 0019
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Beauty Culture	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Plays, Novels, Short Stories, Scenarios Typed. Press Notices, Multigraphing, Mimcographing. Ex- pert Work. Let us give you an estimate. Hart Stenographic Bureau, 104 W. 42d St., Wis. 1469.
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Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON	Hats	Shirt Hospital
48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768 Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs.	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. ELSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost Shirts made to your own measure OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. soth St. Circle 7339
Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144. ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725	Stationery
will grow. Write for leafiet. Dr. Robinson 1449 Broadway, at 40th St.	ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions 16 East 8th Street Spring 5017	Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deckie 6½ x 8½ folded or 10½ x 7½ single. A choice sift \$3.00. J. Neff & Co., 200 W. 38th St. N. Y.
Books .	Health Service	Tea Room
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A REVIEW OF "POLLY"

By One Who Has Never Been There

"'Polly' coming over fine. Drums strong and male chorus superb. Soprano grand on clear nights."

The message was addressed to the management of the Cherry Lane Theatre. So far no reply has been received or the contents noted.

Ever since we took the third floor rear overlooking Cherry Lane Gardens, and that was last Summer, we have been thrilled with the preparation, and ultimately with the performance of "Polly" thirty feet below our casement windows. The rehearsals were interesting enough, and bore great promise, but the opening and the subsequent run have kept us more than usually attentive, until now we own to being the most regular and best informed auditors of "Polly", with the exception of the players themselves.

Following is a brief synopsis of the action as it may be observed any night from our flat-foul weather, when the reception is very poor, excepted:

9:07: A drum beats for fifty-three seconds as follows: ta DA ta ta, ta DA ta ta; a dactylic foot with an anacrustic. This sets the play as related to "The Emperor Jones".

9:45: Muffled growling from many male throats, indicating all is not well with Polly. Something more will come of this.

9:49: Quite a bit of yelling, savage in character.

9:52: Full-throated male chorus in the tag end of a stirring number, the closing bars reminiscent of the bosun's song in "Pinafore". The climax of the show, obviously.

10:24: Riot. Considerable roaring, this time with the drum joining in. This is surely the climax . . . Another brief outburst thirty seconds later.

10:25: Still another roar from the mob, though with less force. This is frequently the conclusion of the play.

10:38 (on clear nights): Ensemble singing, led by a hard working soprano, presumably Polly, herself, who goes at the high notes with great diligence. The happy dénouement and the curtain.

There are just a couple of points about which I am hazy. I want to know whether the growling and roaring come from a phalanx of Greek

WHE telegram I sent read: hoplites or whether the striking miners are at it again. And I do wish I could hear the first part of that male chorus, it sounds excellent.

We have decided that the first of the year we will move down to the apartment on the first floor rear and catch the entire score.

-HOWARD CUSHMAN

HE business girl who asserts sex equality in work is absent every other day because the dance the night before left her too fatigued for work.

Always arrives late the mornings she does appear; always leaves before time in the evening because of a date at the dentist's or because it is beginning to sprinkle.

Complains of draughts and wails for the office boy to close the windows.

Complains of heat and wails for the office boy to open the windows.

Cannot-for lack of "stren'th"--CATTY her own books from the vault. (Reverse, in the evening.)

Cannot "fix" her typewriter.

Cannot sharpen her pencils.

Spends ma-any minutes during the day telling Gertie Bump, with incidental calisthenics, just how the new brown dress is to be made.

Commandeers the office boy to bring her a drink.

Breaks a fingernail and spends hours manicuring and weeping over it, to say nothing of powdering her nose and day-dreaming of Horace Cuddlepepper, who took her to the last dance.

Plus.

(The men may try some of these things but Dr. Cook tried to be accredited with the discovery of the North Pole.) -J. MAX HORINE

DEFINITIONS

Clergyman

A clergy man is just a man

Who does his stint on Sundays, And though when dressed in somber hue

He's godlier than me or you

We're brothers in our undies. And though when dressed in black or brown

He's just a bit inclined to frown On gaiety,

At night, when Charlestons stir his knees He's very like, in B.V.D.'s,

The laity.

—E. B. W.

"I say, Bob old beaker, you've added ten years to my span of life."

"Well, isn't that great! Tell me."

"Why, that tip about theatre tickets. No more jogging about town-no more shattered bankrolls. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . ."



And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Commodore, Belmont, Murray Hill, Imperial, and Ansonia.

THE NEW YORKER

3

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GUILD THEATRE

52nd St., W. of B'way

Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs.&Sat.

MOLNAR'S

Glass Slipper

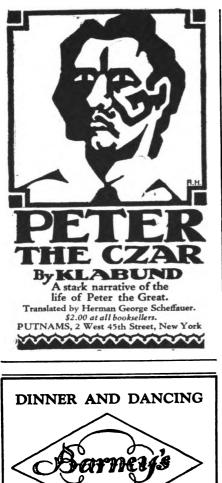
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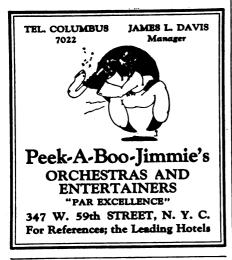
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Dinner at Barney's is an unusual event. From six to ten we have a table d'hote in addition to the a la carte service available throughout the evening.

Spring 8191 85 W. 3d Street



EXPERIENCED young woman, trained in the art of a social hostess desires position with a club or hotel. References exchanged. K. R., Apt. 3, 165 Park St., New Haven, Conn.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ" These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While. NOVELS

- No More Parades, by Ford Madox Ford (A. 8 C. Bons). Tietjens, the forbearing and chivalrous, goes up from a base in France into the line, in consequence of the feline Sylvia's pursuit of him. A worthy though less pyro-technical sequel to "Some Do Not . . .".
- FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). A brilliant novelette. For the sake of her father, an embezzler, a young hysteric must bargain with an elderly voyeur, and the upshot is an overdose of veronal.
- DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Bond & Liveright). Anderson's variation on the D. H. Lawrence interpretation of life, set forth in a rich and (psychologically) panoramic novel.
- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). All about the fastidious and slenderly talented Marjorie Schuessel, from her childhood in an Iowa small town, till she comes to port in marriage. Porgy, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). The
- Southerners are saying Heyward's negroes are as true as any one can see they are artistic. The hurricane and tidal inundation speak for themselves.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). Eighteenth Century fantasy,
- wylie (Doran). Eignteentn Century rantasy, delicately humorous, beautifully written. CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). Suggesting that we are all the king of kings Mr. Preemby comes to think himself and the little mild-eyed laundryman he is.
- FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). The best recent novel in its general line, which includes "Serena Blandish", "Week-"Vainglory" End", Firbank's rewritten and .
- LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (Bons & Liveright), which is the first long story by the robustly "sophisticated" young author of "Open All Night" and "Closed All Night".
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE by Wills Cather (Knopf). Proving that fine fiction can be profound without being obscure or complex. One of the very best American novels of this year.
- THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (Century). The distinguished Norwegian's story of a colony in Dakota. It brings the colonists from their native Norway.
- MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (Doubleday, Page). A really funny farce in novel form, with bedrooms in it.

SHORT STORIES

- THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (Harper). Twelve. Qne of the good ones is a representative Wilbur Daniel Steele. GENERAL
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (Puinam). Two volumes. A fascinating biography, written in Minnege-rode's Yankeefication of the Strachey style, and free from the sentimental biases of most of the books on Burr.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page). Consists chiefly of his letters to Wilson, which were held back while Wilson lived. Page's letters are all the admirable things that anyone has said they are.
- THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (Scribner's). Real presentday cowboy stuff; drawings by the author.
- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS, by Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf). Five dozen of the most brilliant caricatures drawn in our time.
- THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (Viking Press). Sixty-one of them, edited and introduced by James Weldon Johnson.

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65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:30 Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2:30 49th St. Theatre, W. of B'y. Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Bernard Shaw's Comedy ARMS 船 MAN with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fon-tanne, Pedro de Cordoba THE Actors' Theatre presents for a

limited return engagement Shaw's comedy masterpiece "CANDIDA" at the Comedy Theatre, 41st near 6th Ave., Penn. 3558. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

HE cast consists of Peggy Wood, Harry C. Browne, Morgan Farley, Richie Ling, Helen Tilden and Frank Henderson. Staged by Dudley Digges.

¶ Horace Liveright presents "HAM-**LET in MODERN DRESS**" for the first time in America with BASIL SYDNEY, Ernest Lawford, Charles Waldron, Helen Chandler, Adrienne Morrison and others.

Booth Theatre, 45th Street, West of B'way. Evs. 8:20. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.20.



With DESIREE ELLINGER and WM. KENT



"An obstinate indigestion had opened the scene; nervous depression followed; a skin eruption appeared on top of all. I began taking before each meal, one of the dainty cubes put up by The Fleischmann Company. The symptoms of disease disappeared; first the eruption, then the depression, lastly the digestive troubles. In a fortnight, I was enjoying life again." CHRISTIAN MAURONER, Netw York City.

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And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I was a chronic sufferer from constipation and a slave to cathartics for years. A cousin induced me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I now have no more headaches. My body is all cleared up from pimples. That dull, hazy and dizzy feeling that used to pass over me several times a day and ruin my life, efficiency, and disposition, has entirely left me " M. A. ZEFF, Electra, Texas.



"Yeast has saved me from indigestion lasting sixteen years. Sickness or dizziness kept me inactive. I was rarely free from pain more than two or three days. I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I regret I did not try it ten years ago when a New York specialist recommended it for indigestion to a friend. My trouble has disappeared; I now cat anything. I even went motor camping this summer and climbed to the top of Mt. Washington." MRS. W. BORSE LORD, Providence, R. I.

EAT TWO OR THREE CAKES A DAY regularly before meals: on crackers-in fruit juices or milk-or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bed-time.





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Mayfair House Six hundred ten Park Avenue New Yorks

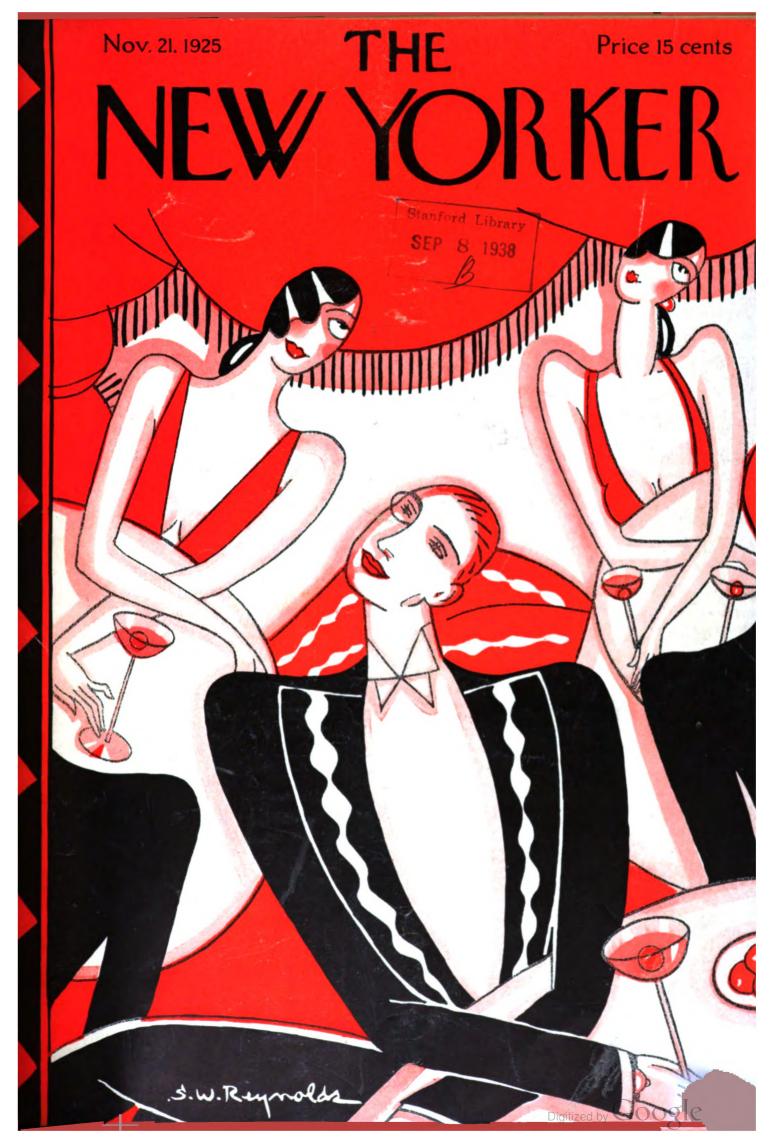
AN APARTMENT HOTEL

NOW that MAYFAIR HOUSE is formally open, its guests installed, its personnel organized and complete, and its cuisine functioning from caviar to coffee, the Management expressly invites visitors, first, to see the beauty and restraint of MAYFAIR HOUSE interiors, and second, to patronize the MAYFAIR HOUSE RESTAURANT which is conducted by a chef who knows how to cook for those who know how to dine.

Edward H. Crandall

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THE ATMOSPHERE OF

Mayfair House Six hundred ten Park Avenue New Yorks

AN APARTMENT HOTEL

THERE 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

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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A Tour Through the Vast Organization of The New Yorker

XV. Operating the Pneumatic Air-Tubes

The W 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 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

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,



When Mr. Eustice 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.

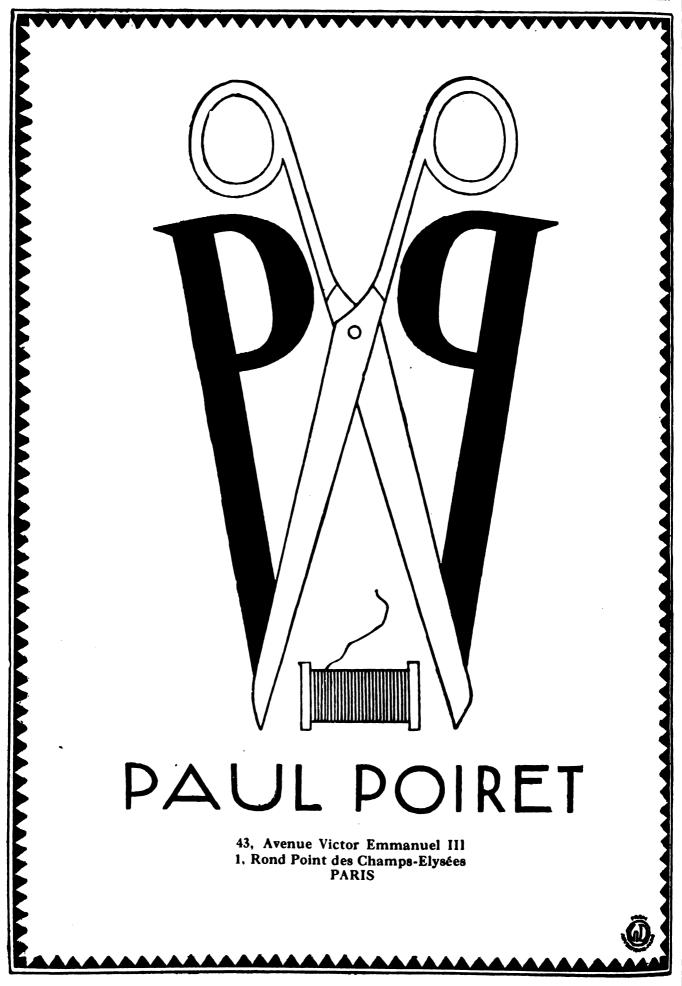
> found somewhere about the magazine, which have all been carefuly filled out by readers and returned with Five Dollars, which is just the price of a year's subscription.

> 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".

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 inadvertantly 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





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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

D 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.

*HE 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 main-tain 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 Fortyfourth 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.

I T 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. Prob-

ably 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 Yale University finds journals. 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 E v a n s 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

`HE 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

ABORATORIES 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 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 Another man --- Olin the door. Downes of the Times-refuses to commit himself. Lester Donahue, who plays it, says it is wonderful. We

The sound, or music, is theoretically



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

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 diaphram 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.

M R. HAMMOND, in the mean-time 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 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

HE 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 mention hearing the Panatrope and a in which the piano wires are built. lady," said an Amazonian person



severely, "I hailed this cab first."

There is a rumor that Mr. Brulatour 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 inspiriting 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 impressario 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 Pinnacle! Nobody knows. Call it 'Blind Husbands.'"

And it was so called.

Last Rites

O^H yes, Princeton beats Harvard, and then beats Yale, but be it not forgotten that Harvard and Yale have

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.

I T 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-

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



"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."

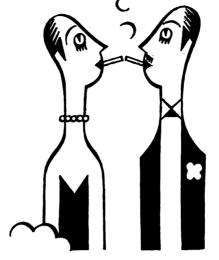
The caballers of football chew their nails in attics, poets starve, the Pigmy woman pounds her grain in Africa; but don't forget that once a year Yale plays Harvard.

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

S UCH 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 encumberance 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

I 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 thomand, 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

N EW 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 as-sumed, 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 halfhearted retreat. Holding manfully to some such position as Mr. Buckner outlined, a candidate might discern, betimes, cohorts strolling towards his standards.

I N 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 overregulation 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." . . .

URKEY

DEN

A TURKEY TURKEY

PRESIDENTIDENT

GIRLS OF

"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

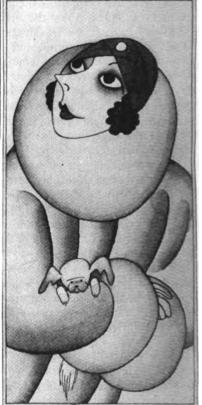




FAY COMPTON—Who, we have it from sources in which we have every reason to place the utmost confidence, has come out * from England to visit, *not to* work, in America. In view of the fact that Miss Compton is an English actress, the startling originality of this idea can hardly be overestimated.

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.



DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, twelveyear-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. 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.

THE NONENTITY GUILD

LADY 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 betraved 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, "Bolshe-viks!" if another, "I have all the in-surance I can carry," if another, "Poor dear Gene Stratton Porter," or, "Yes, yes, Max Beerbohm," if another, "Walter Johnson," or nothing at all. thought of it. Without the jungle

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

The art of being a Nonentity is not one of your flibbertigibbet, now you see it-now you don't, amber and velveteen, dilettantesque, anything for a change, casual, dabbling, tongue-inthe-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 Celebritics. There has been no more



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 rumpled brow.

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 name-"PRESIDENT". less door marked 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 You would do well to shadow one Lexington Avenue. He wore his hat forgot.

of these Nonentities for a day. Eat 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 nonelect, this shrine of unimportance, this invisible citizenry of Nonentities, survive.-DAVID CORT

The appeal of the Detroit Klandidate 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

METROPOLITAN **MONOTYPE**S

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

- HERE 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 unfailingly 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 1'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





The Lone Prospector: Thirty Years After

semblage of the intelligentsia, and a clear majority would 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 Chat-

tanooga, not Miami, was the Town of Destiny; who, thereupon, borrowed a few thousands more to buy a New York paper which was losing a thouand dollars a day, and turned it into one of the richest newspaper properies in the world. In that first desperate decade while the Times was geting on its feet, he was about as cauious as an aviator at the roulette table. He got out the same kind of paper then, as now, but, in producing it, he look desperate chances daily because here was nothing else to take. The wildest chance of all, the flinging of is last chip on the double zero, was he cutting of the price of the Times to one cent because nobody would pay hree cents for it-a wild chance be-

badge of shame, the price of the it than that. For Mr. Ochs lived and World and the Morning Journal always has lived by faith, not by sight; probably pick Adolph Simon Ochs, the which the earnest persons of 1898 re- by inspiration, not by reason; in short, garded as the earnest persons of 1925 by hunches. Four times out of five



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 trying to get out from under. Just

AKE a straw vote in any as- cause in those days one cent was the dividend checks. But there is more to

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 inter-Jewish national 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

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 wellearned defeat. The Left Wing knowit-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. Chaptin 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 "Why did you do that?" dollars. demanded his brother Hebrew, suspi-"Why," he observed, "I'd ciously. give five dollars any day to turn a bad lew into a bad Christian.'

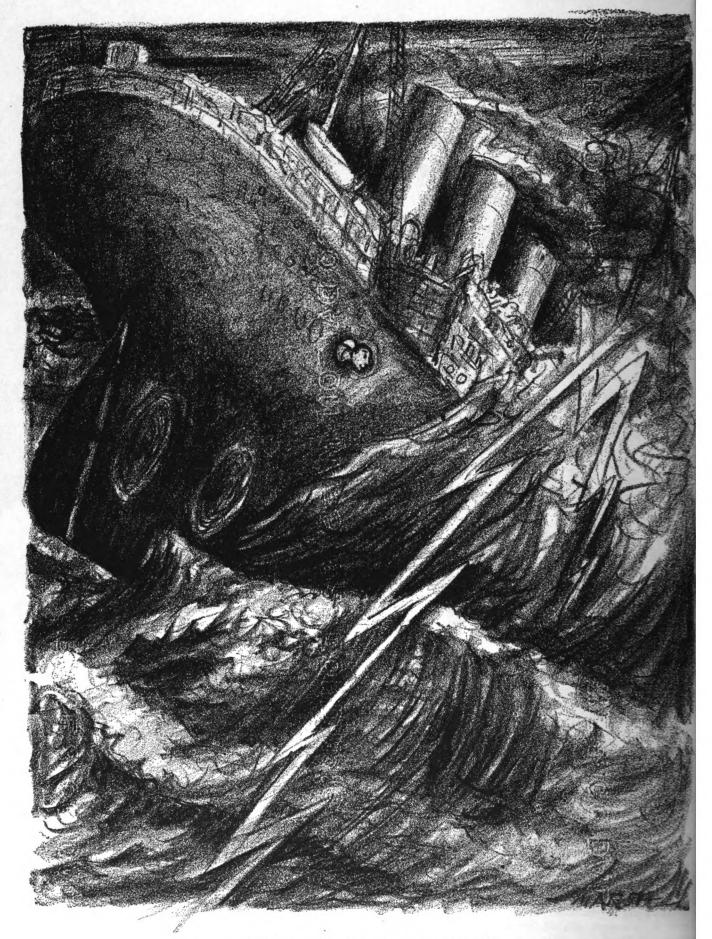
Yet it is Article I of the American Credo that Mr. Ochs has no sense of humor.—ELMER DAVIS

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?

ORE 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

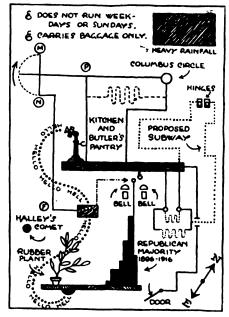


Diagram Showing Just What Happens When You Lift the Receiver From the Hook

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 was 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.



The Theatre

W E 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 ft 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 muttons, discover that even a production of "Hamlet" need not be tiresome and boring.

HERE 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 redhanded 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 Broun 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 re-One suspects, moreover, that vue. 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.

THE NEW YORKER

Music

T looks like a good season for re-vivals 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 ungently 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 cpisode 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.

HE 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 Bourdelle has not altogether accepted 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

HEY 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.

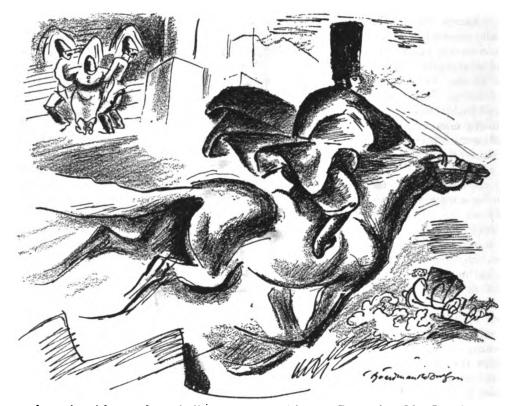
Pretending to scorn, the modern the classic ideal. He seems motivated by two desires and sometimes tries to combine disparate things. We understand him best in his architectural reliefs, notably those for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and for the Marseilles Opera House. Here we have good movement and 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 guarrel 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 joy fully depicts Mr. Valentino eloping on the Czarina's blue ribbon steed in his new picture "The Eagle".

HE 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 "A Berkshire well-nigh perfect. 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.

HEN 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

I N 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 allsufficiently 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 understandingand it is not at all certain that his final withdrawal, in hopes of winning back Martina by renouncing his 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 forebearance. 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

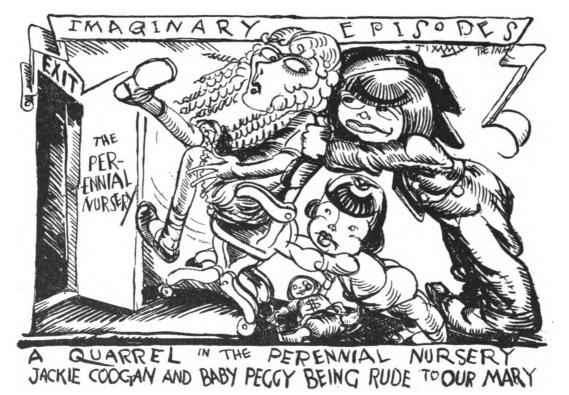
ONE went to the Rialto fully expecting to see Conrad's "Lord Jim" made an everyday botch of, and one was not disappointed by a title.

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.

 W^{HEN} 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

T 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 bethought me of Charley Towne and his addiction to a little Viennese restaurant in the Village. Being a girl who likes to have her meals regularlike, 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 Villagey 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 foodfrom 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.

A^S 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 first, 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.

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!"

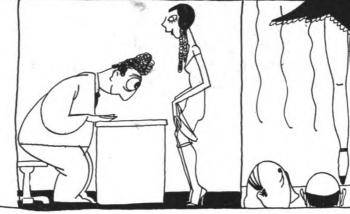
-LIPSTICK

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Mother Disowns Stage Beauty."-Daily Newspaper.

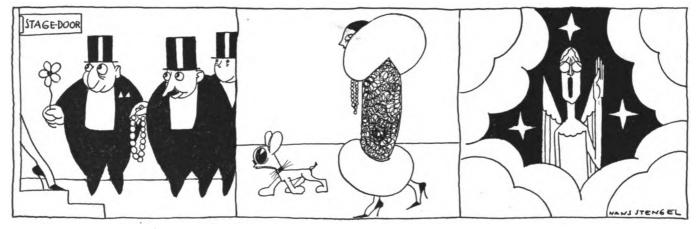


READER, let this solemn ditty fill your heart with bitter rage. Harken to the tale of Kitty and her downfall on the stage.



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

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.

THOSE RADIO TALKS

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 one of such tender years.

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

SPORTS OF THE WEEK



ATS 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, sixtyone points against Yale and Harvard can't be laughed off over night.

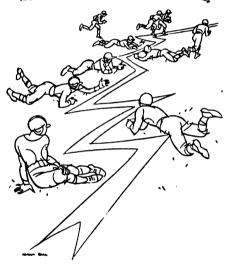
A neutral observer, I sat up in the wind-swept reaches of the Bowl the other day astonished to see the Princeton team playing with all the intensity, and determination, and fire they showed against Harvard the week before. Because many a good Princeton team has run riot against the Crimson only to have 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

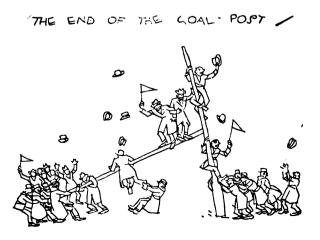
believe they would come from behind and run away from Princeton as they had done before. But strange to say, it was Princeton who did the running away. It was Princeton who outscored Yale in the last thirty minutes of play. They not only outscored Yale. They outsmarted, outplayed,

MALE TACKLERS MISSING MR. SZACLE



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. Mc-Millan 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 sweatered 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 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."

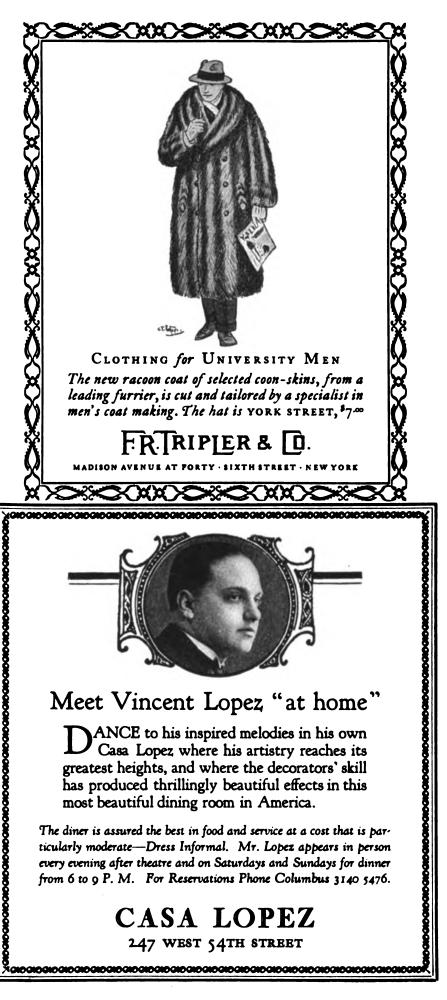
It was delirious, it was exhilarating, and for them all the more delightful, because it was unexpected. One goal post came down with a snap. A minute later the other fell. It was getting darker now, and they poured out through the tunnel to the streets, band before them blaring out the news, goal posts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





LORGE ADARCE ADARCE ADARCE ADARCE ADARCE ADARCE

THE NEW YORKER

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-ofthe-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 Galapagous 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 trivialties, 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

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

CHALL we go out this way and fall O 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

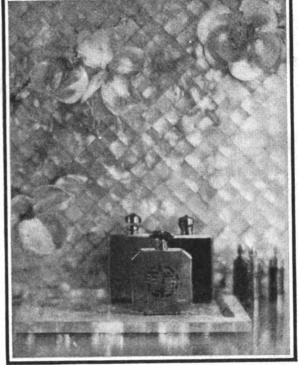
Dear Editor:

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

Enid, Okla.

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



Photographed in Paris by BARON DEMEYER

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BLEND two or more BABANI PERFUMES to create a perfume entirely your own. Blend Afghanı 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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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, rablecloths and twelve napkins, in soft tones of blue, rose, orchid and gold from \$36 to \$70.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

J UST 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.

I F 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

ON'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-

Initialled 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.

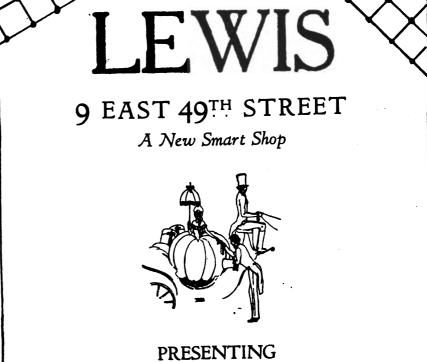
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ANNOUNCEMENT

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.



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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 reëntry 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

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THE DIAL

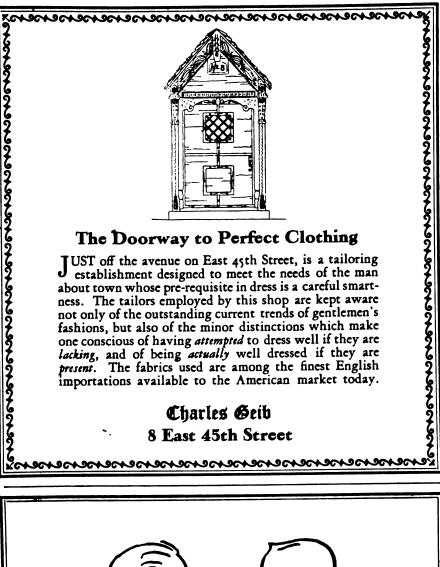
HE Dial System's here And I'm hopelessly at sea, 'Cause I'm not so good at spelling And I'm clumsy as can be. I used to sit with feet curled up And 'phone for hours and hours To all the young Lotharios Who loved to send me flowers. While from my ruby lips there'd hang A butt, rose-tipped from Jim, And 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.

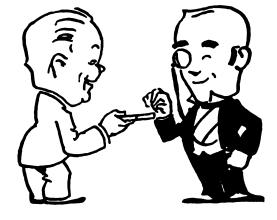
Those were the days when Life was sweet, And telephones a joy, But now, My God, I hate to think Of calling up a boy. I'm sure I get it right, and then . . . I hear the old refrain, "You've reached the special operator, Will you make the call again?" O Special Operator, You've robbed me of my beaux; But 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.

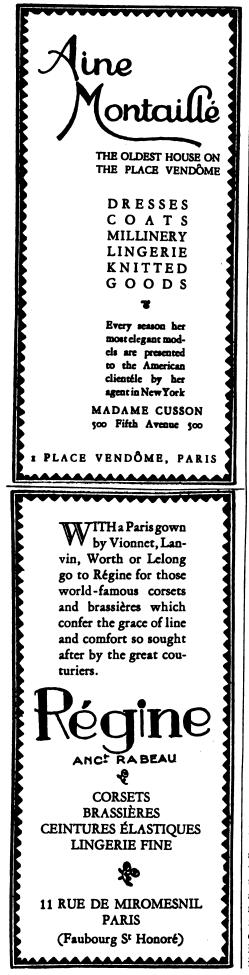




Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Recipe for securing the autographs of "Literary Lions."

HAND THEM A WATERMAN'S



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 Baummont'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 Magazin 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.)

S for clothes, the most important item A 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. Oldfashioned 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, and 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, zue 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



versational calm of Crillon. No performing elephants cover deficiencies of service. Simply a refreshing atmosphere which lends itself to the appreciation of food that deserves it. When dining out-the Crillon.



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 "Ma" Henderson's sings new song. 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



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 RE-TAIL 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 supercharge 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

A dvertisement

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VANDERBILT 6434.

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 Vlaminck 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 Ninetysixth Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, into Reinhardt's, amid cheers, charged up to the Vlaminck 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.

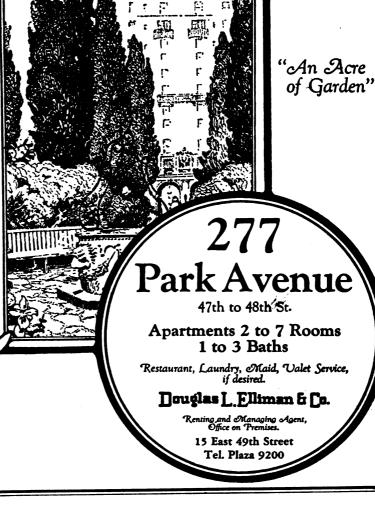
I took a firm grip on an art sofa with my teeth, protruded my lip, and looked at the picture over the edge of my catalog. It looked rotten.

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



The Tobacco Classic



SMOKING MIXTURE

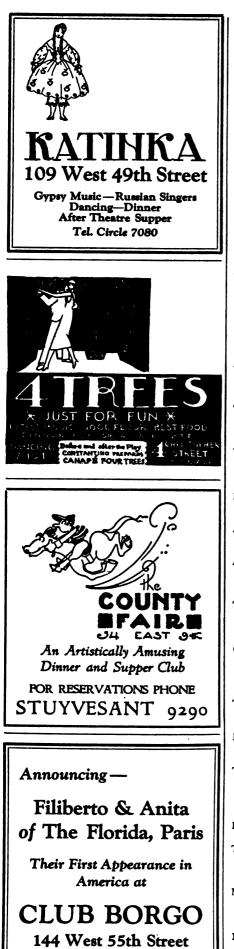
The Smoke Redolent with Flavor and Fragrance. The First Choice of Epicurean Smokers To be had at the best Clubs, Hotels and Smoke Shops and always at the HUMIDORS OF THE ROOSEVELT, 45th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

Tria	al Size	•	\$.35
3 ⅓	2 OZ	•	.75
8	0z	•	1.50
16	0z	•	3.00
		_	

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THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, November 20,

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 Brieux, 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 Barry-more. 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 MIL-LER'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. Hubson, 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 Ander-
- son'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, sophisti-cated 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 GAIETIES-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 50.
- PRINCESS FLAVIA-Another one with real music and a real plot. 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—Re-viewed on page 22 of this issue. CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Maurice and Ben-nett 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 Asron. 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. Con-sistently laughable. At LOEW'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 Lonw's



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

PALACE, BROADWAY, and BURNSIDE THE- BOURDELLE-GRAND CENTRAL TRES, Mon. to Wed., Nov. 23 to 25. STELLA DALLAS-Henry King's newest pro-

duction. 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. BRETHOVEN 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, ABOLIAN HALL, Tues. Eve., Nov. 24. Bright chamber music by a fine ensemble.
 - ERNEST HUTCHESON, CARNEGIE HALL, TUCS. Eve., Nov. 24. Only chance this season to hear one of the most interesting of pianists. PADEREWSEI, CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Aft., Nov. 25. Write your own caption.
 - LETZ QUARTET, AROLIAN 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, Bodansky conducting. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 22. THE METROPOLITAN OPERA—Performances nightly, except Tuesday, and Sunday night concert. Matinee Saturday. Schedules published in daily prints.

ART

VLAMINCK & UTRILLO-REINHARDT GAL-I.ERIES, 730 5th Ave. Comprehensive and exciting show of two of the most popular Frenchmen now painting.

ALL THINGS

HE person devising the best plan better, after all, if Matthews had stuck for reducing crime in New York to the death ray. 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

- GALLERIES (Above the Terminal.) Exhibition of sculp-ture of one of France's greatest—admission one dollar.
- GEORGE LUKS-FRANK K-M. REHN GAL-LERY, 693 5th. One of our good painters behaving himself on a holiday in the coal regions.
- GUSTAVE LOISEAU-DURAND-RUEL GAL-LERIES, 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 Tucs., Nov. 24, and Fri., Nov. 27.
- 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, 500 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.

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 flitabout.

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

-HOWARD BRUBAKER

A Spectacle Extraordinary!

Nightly for a very limited period only

The internationally famous MARJORIE MOSS and **GEORGES FONTANA**

in their spectacular, dramatic, thrilling and highly artistic production

'El Tango Tragico'

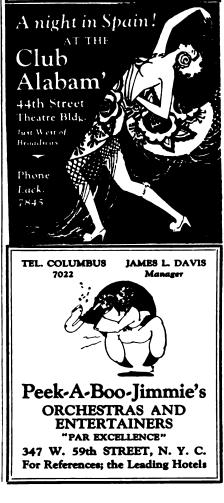
Supported by a cast of 18 and augmented orchestra

Six hundred guests burst into spontaneous applause at the premiere of this number last Tuesday evening. Several hundred more had to be denied reservations because of lack of space. This is, beyond a doubt, the most remarkable and impressive production of its kind ever presented in America, on the stage or off.

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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.

Antiques	Beauty Culture—Continued	Hats-Continued	
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jeweiry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent,.3448.	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.	ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Origina designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstruction 16 East 8th Street Spring 501	
	Books	Health Service	
Arts and Crafts ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request.	Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Feet moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice Dr. Sauchelli 47 W. 43rd St. V'bill 2213	
by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.	Telephone Regent 4468		
Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.	Dancing	Interior Decorators and Decorations	
SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St.	ARTHUR MURRAY'S STUDIO America's finest teachers of ballroom dancing. You can learn in six strictly private lessons. Half price this month. 7 East 43rd Street.	TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco rated and tastefully furnished within your means Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St. N. Y. Circle 149:	
Telephone mornings, Circle 8177	Flesh Reduction	Ladies' Tailors	
Auction Bridge	Lackawanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York City will please the woman of taste who wants best mater ials cut and fit. Furs-new and remodeled. Mai	
Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 19941 New York City	Footwear	orders. Caledonia 711 J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$6 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Qualit.	
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2,00-Dodd, Mead & Co.	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	and material faulties in make and fit. Quality Models ready. Furs remodeled	
	Gifts	Маре	
Bags and Novelties		THE MAP MART offers a varied assortmen of old and decorative maps for all purposes. You	
IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn bags, repaired by us, look like new.	XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION—Xmas Cards Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village.	41 East 60th Street Regent 265	
562 Madison Ave., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987	Golf School OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME for COLLECTOR and DECOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St.		
Beauty Culture	EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL- KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.		
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street, (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK	KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Shirt Hospital	
Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795 Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable"	Gowns, Made to Order	Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost Shirts made to your own measure OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. 50th St. Circle 73.50	
Cleanes and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.	Stationery	
TRICHO SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE Permanent removal of Superfluous Hair was awarded Grand Prix at Paris. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Macison Ave., N. Y.	Hats	Stationery New Process Engraving Name addres 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand decik 6/4 x 8/4 folded or 10/4 x 7/6 single. A choice gif \$3.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W. 38th St. N. Y	
Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro- lysis Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768	Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. BLSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhl. 8358	Tea Room	
Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144.	MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also al a carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.	



THIS is the time of year to appreciate The Ambassador's Indoor Ocean Pool—you get the outdoor thrill of the sea with an indoor sense of security —and whether you ride or golf or swim or walk or just sit around, you are filling your lungs every minute with Nature's finest brain and body tonic—the pure, unvitiated salt sea air of the Atlantic!

> Reduced Fall Rates 400 Rooms, \$10 or less Pack your bag and come!

The Rhinelander 9000 Fixes Everything! Ambassador



Mineral Water White Rock PALE DRY Ginger Ale Offices 100Broadway, New York City

CONCERTO AMERICANO

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

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.

Tce-lee-trce-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, ladics. 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 tho 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.

In addition, we have secured distinctive perfumes unobtained elsewhere.



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"I'll tell you. Jimmie never fails to get just the proper seats for just the shows the princess calls for. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . . ."



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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

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.
- HE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). A youthful Sappho, her brittle Тне 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 pioncers 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. Saïd 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.
- (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 Schuster). Told in the thoughts of a girl BALC. hysteric caught in an ugly dilemma. A flash-\$1.65;
- ing novelette, by the author of "Anatol". Poror, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). Negroes, and a hurricane and tidal inundation. Especially recommended to those who like-THE DRAMATIC SENSATION say, Stephen Crane's best writing.
- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). All the ins and outs of Miss Mar-jorie Schoessel of Buena Vista, Ia. Realism, minute and conscientious, but inspired.
- DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (Boni S Liveright). There is such a thing as being too 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 fic-tion, 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 (Scrib-ner's). Real present day cowboy stuff, homely but good.



Sparkling Musical Revue Garrick Theatre 65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:30 Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2:30

49th St. Theatre, W. of B'y Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Bernard Shaw's Comedy

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¶ "There is a fresh holiday still awaiting you in your second attendance on CANDIDA'-or your third, fourth, fifth . . . "-Gilbert W. Gabriel, Sun. Shaw's masterpiece with new Actors' Theatre cast at Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St., Penn. 3558. Limited en-gagement ends Nov. 28. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

liantly written. THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Wills Cather Century Park West. Evenings 8:25. Matinees Wed., Sat. & Thanksgiving Day. THE "PERFECT" OPERETTA

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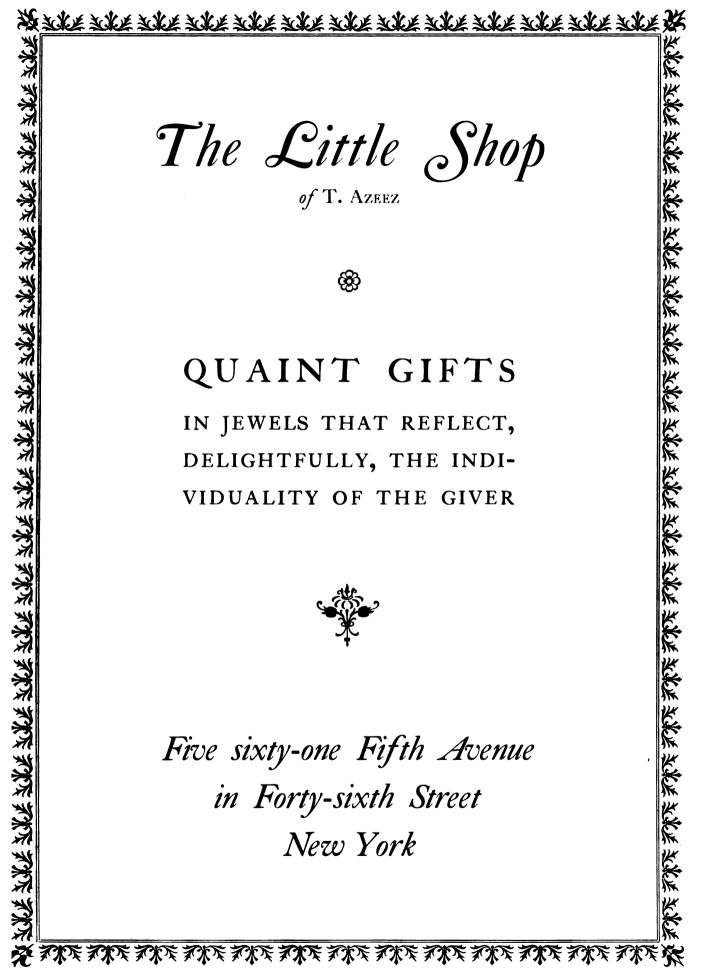
Eltinge Thea. 236 W. 42d. St. Even. 8.40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

Imperial The., 45th St., W. of By. Evs. 8:25. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Thanksgiving Day. 2ND YEAR ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

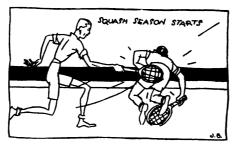
Notes and Comment

THE Vanderbilt House, beautiful as foam, wasteful, wealthy, incredibly carved, is being tramped through this week by a cross section of the nation to the tune of radios and entertainers. Curiosity knows no caste. The scene by the stairway was a little like Paris tramping through the Tuilleries in '92. Farewell forever, most exquisite of exteriors.

WE have lately been receiving letters from the Oranges, complaining that THE NEW YORKER has laughed three times at Montclair, but never at the Oranges. Excuse us please. We thought we had laughed at them. We laughed at Newark, and we thought the Oranges were a kind of suburb of Newark.

THE Class A Squash season started last week with inter-club matches, and as usual the sporting page features Jay Gould because he almost always defaults. Our question is, why does he enter tournaments if he doesn't intend to play? Surely he gets enough publicity in the financial columns.





THE critics have decided that "In a Garden", the play which opened with Laurette Taylor has too many ideas in it to succeed. This is a dig at the public, and an unfair one. "Arms and the Man" has just as many ideas in it and will be a success. The point is that Shaw's play has enough situation in it to be good, no matter what happens.

I T is encouraging to note that one of probably many fields of hashish has been discovered on Long Island and destroyed. As a citizen of the greatest bootlegging nation in history, we have been feeling that the hashish growers have been loafing. Now it appears that they have been busy all along.

WHILE in the city, Mrs. Coolidge visited the American Wing of the Metropolitan, occasioning, said the papers, great surprise to the guards. Evidently the guards are cynics. Certainly it is the custom for Presidents' wives to be entirely ignorant of what American Museums contain, yet there is no reason why Mrs. Coolidge should be criticized for her independence. After all, the breach was small.

The Week

MR. BUCKNER continues to padlock supper clubs in town and Mayor-elect Walker takes a Cuban warship for Havana. Secretary of War Davis says the army assures peace and Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen is injured in automobile accident in Berlin. Wayne B. Wheeler intercedes for discharged Prohibition agents and the Soviet condemns to death twelve minor State servants who were convicted of grafting. President Hibben's moral advice to Princeton football team is credited with having accomplished gridiron victory over Yale and thirty members of Harvard football squad resent malicious stories that they were half-drunk attending Boston theatrical perform-President Coolidge promises ance. country continued prosperity and President Lewis, head of the striking coal miners' union, says his organization is willing to arbitrate. British government breaks up ring formed to advance prices of artificial legs for disabled veterans and Englishman, returning from visit at Doorn, reports that the Kaiser is living in pre-war elegance. Red Grange announces that he has agreed to become a professional



and girl skater, nine years old, is suspended for violation of amateur rules. Bishop Collins Denny says mustache is last masculine feature left to man and Count Morner announces that he will not contest Peggy Joyce's suit for divorce, if any.

•

MR. HARRY SINCLAIR, the eminent worker in crude oils, had occasion lately to call upon the banking house of Brown Brothers, and to interview Mr. James Brown, the dignified senior partner in that conservative establishment.

"Morning, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Sinclair. "I dropped in to say 'hello' and to get one and one-half millions of dollars."

"How do you do, Mr. Sinclair," Mr. Brown countered, in great dignity. "And would you mind telling me for what purpose you wish the million and one-half?"

Mr. Sinclair looked at the ceiling; a puzzled expression settled on his face.

"Hanged if I know," he admitted. "Just a second and I'll telephone my office and find out."

Clienteles

THE George Bellows exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum, which ended last Sunday, was a great success in its way. People went to it to the number of thirty-five thousand and more; young people and artists, for the most part, say the authorities. And they say it pleasantly, for they feel that exhibits are for just those kinds of people. There is probably something to be learned about George Bellows from this. Those who will go to see the Sargent exhibition in January will be wearing darker clothes and an air more quiet, perhaps less imaginative; but Bellows was young, that is, young in American art, and the young like him best—action, experiment, refusal to accept authority.

Unfortunately the machinery of prolonging an exhibition is too complicated for the Museum to face. They would have to write for permission to all the various owners, who are scattered all over the globe, and creating conflicts with the plans of other museums to which some of the pictures are scheduled to go. Certainly if they prolonged it, everybody would be pleased. It has been one of the distinguished occasions this Fall.

I appears that the Sargent exhibition, which is to last from January 4 to February 14 is going to conflict with a Sargent exhibition in the Royal Academy, which is too bad. It means that a number of paintings that ordinarily could have been sent over, will have to stay in London. There are, of course, enough pictures in this country to make up the deficit, but some important canvases are sure to be lacking. The people of Boston, they say, are the greatest owners of Sargents in America, and will do their part.

SEE by the papers," said this department's Exchange Editor, which was considerable of an overstatement, as the only thing he was reading was the Boston Post, "that an 'exclusive night club' has just opened at Number One Rowe's Wharf, Boston. And that 'membership is to be confined solely to those whose names are in the Social Register, or prominent in the business and professional world.' Also one reads," confided the Exchange Editor, "that the decorative scheme and finishings are to be along Spanish lines, and that Oriental rugs, antique brass and china imported from Holland, are to figure in the decorations. Oh, yes. And in the ladies' retiring room, as a background, a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary has been placed in an alcove. Around the dance hall also are several religious statues. And all I know," concluded the Exchange Editor, "is-with best wishes to Will Rogers-what I read in the papers."

Mr. Brackett

THERE is a little book on the bookstands that apparently has done a service, if service it be, similar to that accredited to the Methodist Council. It is "Week End" by Charles Brackett, né in Saratoga in



"Young man, just what is the difference between alligator and lizard?"

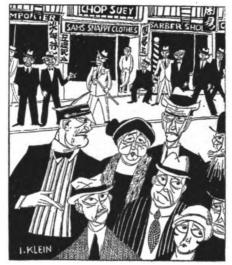
the home of his father, the late Senator Brackett. Not that "Week End" in any way resembles the Methodist Council. But New York has talked about both of them, and both of them have revealed the pleasing fact that Manhattan Islanders and the Middle West are disagreeing more consistently than ever. This probably is growth. Here comes Mr. Brackett, no less, with his little piece of sophisticated froth, which the New York reading public seizes upon with avidity, and which the hinterlands refuse to take up at all. The open spaces, it seems, can stand Carl Van Vechten, but not Charles Brackett.

R. BRACKETT has come up M from obscurity like the rest of us, but through the channel of the Saturday Evening Post. He is said by his intimates to be just like his book, which means that he is slim, sophisticated, young, and sensible to aesthetics, both healthy and faintly off color. He lives alternately in Saratoga and Europe; with him lives a witty and charming wife who keeps in order a dainty but completely mid-Victorian house. He is quoted as having said that he has not scrapped the old furniture with the antimacassars, because its fustiness helps him think up naughty things to say. But more likely it is mistaken sentiment that keeps them there. Mrs. Brackett has already been convicted of that sin on one occasion. She sent a baby cap to Gloria Swanson when the famous baby was born, and received it back from Gloria's secretary with a note to the effect that Gloria had decided not to accept any more baby caps.

Gloria softened the rebuff, however, by putting her crest on the note paper.

THERE are other books beside "Week End" which enjoy a lively circulation in New York without having to appear on the official lists of best sellers. Among them are Mr. Bodenheim's "Replenishing Jessica" (bootleg), Aldous Huxley's translation of Remy de Gourmont's "Virgin Heart", Cyril Hume's "Cruel Fellowship", and Alec Waugh's "Kept"; not any of which are books for children. A bookseller tells us all this. We have read all but one of them at some time or other and were either interested or amused.

There are odd things about localities



SIGHTSEERS

shown up by books. For example, Sherwood Anderson derives his support chiefly from the readers of New York, Chicago, and Miami, Florida, with secondary support from Birmingham, Alabama, a mining town. Mr. Arlen's well advertised book, "The Green Hat", having scaled Parnassus, has dropped to twenty-fifth on the fiction list, but is going stronger than ever in Lancaster and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. "Glorious Apollo", the bookseller says, is liked everywhere.

Cross Purpose

THE United Artists' offices in town, whence pour the negatives of our greater screen luminaries, were in furor lately. The cause was the receipt of a telegram from Sir Charles Chaplin's Eighth Assistant Chamberlain, bearing this command:

SEE MARK CROSS AT ONCE STOP Tell him come to Hollywood first train Stop

To Mr. Charles Moyer, Sir Chaplin's representative, this did not seem wholly logical. What Mark Cross? The leather merchant of Fifth Avenue? Mr. Moyer wired back for enlightenment. "The Mark Cross," he was answered in phrasing which plainly added "Do What You're Told!"

But investigation only deepened the mystery, for the startled employees of the Mark Cross Establishment in Thirty-seventh Street informed the movie emissaries that there was no Mr. Mark Cross, that he had founded a shop in 1845 in England, that his memory was lost in the company's archives. There was, however, Mr.

Patrick Francis Murphy. No, said the movie emissaries, he would not do. The telegram specified Mr. Mark Cross.

It was a full week before the great minds called into consultation in the United Artists' office were able to deduce that the person urgently required in Hollywood was Mr. Milt Gross, whose quaint interpretations of our local *patois* have almost won for the Sunday World forgiveness for printing Mutt and Jeff and the Red Magic section.

S IR CHARLES CHAPLIN was attracted to Mr. Milt Gross during his last visit to town. The Grossian accounts of dumbwaiter conversations proved highly amusing to *Charlot* and he moved to arrange a meeting with their author.

An enduring friendship was cemented during that very first meeting, for Sir Charles and Mr. Gross held forth nearly twenty-four hours in discussions of what might be humorous situations for the screen. Presently, Sir Charles announced that his new acquaintance had the most original mind he had ever encountered. Come to Hollywood and supply me with ideas, he invited. I'll teach you what I know about movies; and in a year, or so, you can become the best director on the Coast.

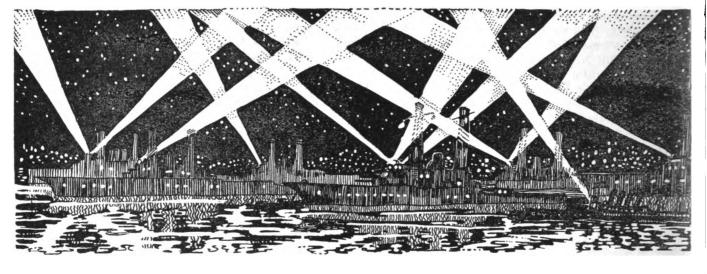
Thus, and with such minor items as salary agreed upon, they parted.

It was when he was settled on the Pacific Coast again that Sir Charles issued instructions to his retainers to summon the most original mind he had yet encountered. The name escaped him; was it Mr. Addison Sims —no; not that. It was Mr. Mark Cross, said Sir Charles.

And so Mr. Milt Gross has gone to Hollywood.

Spontaneous

As spontaneous gaiety as New York has to offer is hard upon us in the celebration associated with the Army-Navy game. There was nothing quite so pathetic, to my sentimental mind, as the sight, a few weeks ago, of the Cadets marching into the Yale Bowl in formation, and marching out again, two hours later, win or lose, still in formation. The stark austerity of too oft swept barrack rooms is a gaunt suggestion which hovers over them; their mad young enthusiasm



over those eleven of them free enough to be out on the field battling, is enough to bring tears. This Saturday both cheering sections will be packed with convicts, on their brief parole. And the city will shudder under the released energy, the frantic gulping of the cup of joy, the frenzied wrestling for it, spilling precious drops in the struggle.

For a few hours this week-end there will be, undoubtedly, genuine gaiety in our cabarets, hoarse, joyous singing in our taxi cabs. Wine, women, and song will be live pleasures, not symbols. There is talk of price raising, disavowal of it, wrangle among procurers. And it matters not. These boys from the prison camps once a year can squeeze joy out of the pounding of cobble stones, desperately trying to keep out of step.

MR. DON MARQUIS, who has finally turned to philosophy in his writings, has not dismissed humor wholly from his life. He was travelling on a Long Island train lately, which stopped at the Port Washington station.

Looking out of the window, he saw a goat, of the Billy persuasion, standing about—but, surprisingly, it had no beard. Near the goat was an elder of the village, liberally be-whiskered. The situation was too much for the gay Don.

He opened the window near his seat and shouted:

"Give that goat back his beard!"

The bewhiskered elder started at this gruff command. Then, as titters among the people around grew to guffaws, he became indignant. "Say, who are you!" he riposted. "A friend of the goat," said Mr. Marquis, calmly.

Hobby

PERHAPS the perfect combination of idealism and practability in riding a hobby has been achieved by Mr. Louis Comfort Tiffany, who, as might be expected, has a kindly feeling for young artists not yet on the make. His services to native painting and sculpture are called to mind by the current show at the Art Center, which is the sixth in the annual series of exhibits of the work of the Tiffany students.

Mr. Tiffany's plan is simplicity itself. He merely encourages promising youngsters to paint, or to sculp, lending them aid in this manner:

Each Spring a committee of artists selects a dozen works from those submitted by students the country over. The twelve youths who did the chosen pieces are thereupon invited to become Mr. Tiffany's guests in his spacious Oyster Bay home. They are free, then, to do what they like; paint, loaf, study. But every month a weedingout process is put into action. The mere triflers are dropped and others, if vacancies are made, invited instead. Thus, some years, the entire dozen survive the Summer and, in other years, only two, or three of the original group remain until October.

In November the students pack up their traps and return to their garrets. They are privileged, and, indeed, expected to exhibit their work at the annual show thereafter.

Only one criticism of the workings of the plan ever has been voiced; and this concerns the conservatism of the artists who select the successful students. It is said that a tendency towards modernism is not kindly regarded—but, then, wherever has there been unanimity among artists about art?

Audience

MR. FRITZ KREISLER is not one of those ardent souls who devote vacation times to expending three times as much physical effort as they ever would endure under the guise of work. When he rests, he rests; and last Summer, spent in a camp in the Maine woods, was no exception to the virtuoso's general rule.

This odd conception of rest did not appeal, however, to the personal guide attached to Mr. Kreisler by the management of the camp.

"He no fish; he no hunt," the guide complained. "Pay me \$4.50 a day, and all I got to do is sit around and listen to him play damn fiddle."

Title Rôles

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ADMIRERS of Billie Burke find their hearts once more wrung at the spectacle of Fate playing that indomitable actress a scurvy trick. Once again a good play has slipped through fingers which have not enjoyed a clutch on many good plays since Mr. Frohman died.

It will be remembered that the leading rôle of "The Swan" was offered to Miss Burke, but that, on the advice of her consort, Mr. Ziegfeld, she declined it. On the opening night of that enchanting comedy (which ran for two seasons), her face was a study in scarlet and next morning at five the dejected Ziegfeld was found still aimlessly prowling the oblivious

city, reluctant to go home.

Now Ina Claire is enjoying a prodigious success in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney", which was written or at least started as a play for Billie Burke. Indeed, the faithless Lonsdale wrote the first act while he was a pampered guest at Burkeleigh-on-Hudson. But his notion of what its title rôle would require must have undergone a sea change, for, upon his return to London, he did not finish it until after a loophole was discovered in the contract and he was assured that its producer in America would have a free rein in casting it. Miss Burke's lawyers wrote letters at once ominous and crushing to Mr. Dillingham, but that jaunty impresario, who rushed off to Hot Springs last week after a flagrantly successful Autumn, seemed unperturbed.

This time Mr. Ziegfeld must be aglow with the consciousness that none of Mr. Lonsdale's inexplicable recalcitrance could possibly be laid on his doorstep. Indeed, he made a bold, striking gesture to rescue the comedy from the younger actress. For, after Mr. Dillingham had sent the script to Miss Claire, but before she had agreed to play it, Mr. Ziegfeld stepped in with a handsome offer to star her in musical comedy, with ten per cent of the gross for herself, a guarantee of \$2,500 a week and other sweet perquisites. Miss Claire saw fit to decline but at least, if she is now playing in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney", no one can say it's Mr. Ziegfeld's fault.

Justice

ON the sidewalks of Copley Square, amid the throngs there assembled for the Harvard-Yale football game, moved a small, squat man.

"Tickets for th' game, gents; tickets for th' game," thus he whispered. The swarth person waxed rich as game time approached.

That is the preliminary; the aftermath took place on one of the special trains, wherein, thundering back from Boston after the game was held a large crap game. And among those most heatedly at work with the tumbling ivories, was our swarth friend, the ticket speculator of Copley Square, making wagers against some of those who had been his victims earlier in the day.

The train shunted into Grand Central. The swarth personage held in one fist a lone twenty dollar bill. "I lose twenty-four hun'red, gentlemen," he announced, glumly. "Th' day's profits an' four hun'red more."

And the scurrying company of redcaps running along the station platform wondered why such a spontaneous cheer rose aboard Car N-Y-T-18.

It was Mr. David H. Wallace who observed a friend turning the pages of a newspaper in pursuit of the accounts of the Rhinelander trial. "Ah, yes; the chronicles of the Afrodisiac," said Mr. Wallace, gaily.

OHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S Park Avenue Theatre plans have been postponed for at least a year we hear, and at the same time comes news that the Rivoli movie house is to shut its doors within a few days not to reopen until Christmas Day when it will be revealed, remodeled to accommodate the first of the curtain-raising revues which are to become a part of the Famous Players-Lasky super cinema program. The connection between these items, as we once pointed out, is that Mr. Anderson is devoting all his time to directing the tabloid musicomedies. One has opened in Boston

already, and the sudden marriage between the legitimate and the shady dramas has progressed to where Mr. Anderson, with Mr. Robert Milton, will open his school of the theatre in January to train young people for the amalgamation. The plan is to keep a revue on for six weeks, changing the feature picture each week.

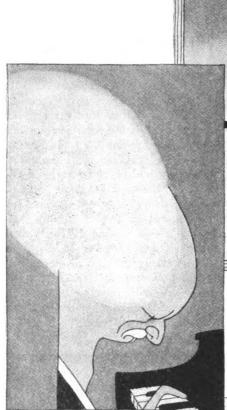
TOTE: The Liquor Market, this week, an extensive survey of the season's quotations, is printed on page 31. We must state, however, that our previous reporting of current prices has not met with the approval of our best bootleggers, who inform us that they are too low. One gentleman, in particular, who favored us with a personal visit, was highly indignant. He threatened that the one hundred thousand bootleggers who buy this journal each week would withdraw their patronage if the present practice was persisted in. There seems to be nothing we can do about this, except to assure our readers that the prices printed on page 31 are rockbottom and authentic quotations of the reigning wholesale rates.

-THE NEW YORKERS



THE FATE OF THE CIGARETTE FIEND ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR

Heroes of the Week

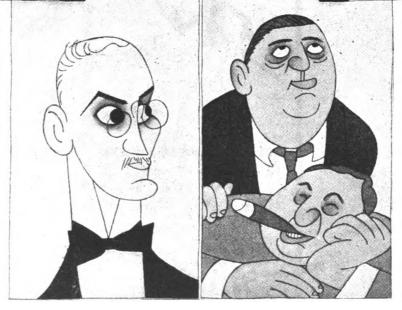




BESSIE LASKY—Who, in spite of every inducement not to work, has produced forty-three excellent canvases with her own talented hand, and is showing them in her first exhibition at the Anderson Galleries. Mrs. Lasky is also the mother of three children and the wife of What's-hisname, the moving picture man.



IGNACE JAN PADEREW-SKI—Who is, as was the Abbé Liszt before him, a great personality as well as a great musician; who seems to have recovered, practically unmarked, from a serious attack of politics that laid him low a few years ago, and who gave one of his all too infrequent recitals at Carnegie Hall last Wednesday.



LEONARD MERRICK—Who came to America on a visit without a press-agent's artillery preparation and with no intention of lecturing, supervising rehearsals of a play or of making contracts with magazines. Our records show that he is the first English author to visit these shores in such a spirit since Sir Walter Raleigh. MOE SMITH AND IZZY EINSTEIN —Who lost their jobs as prohibition agents last week and who, we can't help thinking, ought to make the best pair of bootleggers in these parts, knowing what they do about the sources of supply. They are here pictured in the disguises in which they evaded detection in the night clubs of New York. BASIL SYDNEY—Who is the Hamlet in Horace Liveright's Modern Dress production which is doing so much to rescue Shakespeare's marvelous words from the costumers. Those who were foolish enough to miss the play at the Booth are given another chance to see it at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

WHY WE GO TO CABARETS

A POST-DEBUTANTE EXPLAINS

UR Elders criticize many things about us, but usually they attribute to us sins too gaudy to be true. The trouble is that our Elders are a trifle gullible; they have swallowed too much of Mr. Scott Fitzgerald and Miss Gertrude Atherton. They believe all the backstairs gossip that is written about us. We do not mind when they load the Seven Deadly Sins on our backs, but we object when they claim that we invented them. As long as their platform is a moral one, it is hardly objectionable. Perhaps we are secretly flattered at being considered picturesquely depraved. The same moral accusations have been made against all generations since the first older generation catalogued sin for the benefit of its children. But the good taste of a generation is the individual expression of its mental fastidiousness, and we must resent a slur on the quality of our taste as too personal a criticism to be accepted lightly.

The cabaret is an institution which permits our Elders to drop into a plaintively reminiscent vein and gently deplore the present decay of society. They speak of the grandeur of the balls that used to be. They describe gay and glamorous parties. (It seems, incidentally, that these Elders of ours managed to amuse themselves very thoroughly in spite of the masses of dowagers who sat on gold chairs to observe the proceedings.) We listen sympathetically. And then it comesthe reflection on our good taste: "But, of course, you young people are bored by small parties. You'd rather go to that he lives far up on the West Side. The men on that occasion were hand-

The stag line is not a collection of which any hostess can be proud

cabarets and rub elbows with all sorts and kinds of people."

This is a comment that is distinctly offensive. Yes, we like to go to cabarets. There is no use pointing out that there are cabarets and cabarets, from the palely innocuous Lido-Venice to the colorful and more rowdy Club Richmond. There is no use trying to defend any night club. Cabaret has its place in the elderly mind beside Bohemia and bolshevik, and other vague words that have a sinister significance and no precise definition.

But, if we can't defend the cabaret, at least we can tell why we go there. It is not, as our Elders would have it, because we "enjoy rubbing elbows with all sorts and kinds of people." We do not particularly like dancing shoulder to shoulder with gaudy and fat drummers. We do not like unattractive people. But, at least, in the cabaret, though we see them and are near them, we do not have to dance with them. If our Elders want to know why we go to cabarets let them go to the best of these, our present day exclusive parties, and look at the There they will see exstag lines. tremely unalluring specimens.

There is the young man who is well-read in the Social Register, who talks glibly of the Racquet Club, while he prays that you won't suspect

There is the gentleman who says he comes from the South, who lives just south of New York-in Brooklyn. There is the partner who is inspired by alcohol to do a wholly original Charleston, a dance that necessarily becomes a solo, as you can't possibly join in, and can only hope for sufficient dexterity to prevent permanent injury to your feet. There are hundreds of specimens, each poisonous in his own individual way. And there are hundreds of pale-faced youths, exactly alike, who have forced the debutante to acquire a line. of patter that will apply with equal appropriateness to all the numberless, colorless young men whom she once had the misfortune to meet, and with whom, if they so choose, she must continue to dance at every party. The stag line is not a collection of which any hostess can be proud. Yet what can a poor hostess do?

It is not as simple to give a party now as it used to be. In the old days, one asked an equal number of attractive men and women, and one had a party. Now there is the cutting-in system to cope with. The vitality of the party depends on the size of the stag line. A third or so of the stags are attractive, agreeable, young men. The rest are just stags, and pretty terrible.

Let those supporters of male superiority, who think that hostesses should be able to find three and four times as many attractive young men as young women, recall a certain successful Leap Year party at the Colony Club.

picked, but the girls were gathered from all New York. They came in such overwhelming proportions that they outnumbered the men four to one. And the party was a riot. It was a riot well into the morning. But neither sex can stand the strain on its attractives of four to one, and the hostesses never knew where the majority of the feminine stag line came from-they suspected the Bronx. Undoubtedly the extra young women came from the same dim corners of the town whence spring the hundreds of young men who fill the stag lines of the debutante ball rooms, and vanish between functions, no one knows where.

We go to a party and take pot luck,

and the luck is four to one against us. At last, tired of fruitless struggles to remember half familiar faces, tired of vainly trying to avoid unwelcome dances, tired of crowds, we go to a cabaret. We go to cabarets because of the very fastidiousness that Our Elders find so admirable a quality. We have privacy in a cabaret. We go with people whom we find attractive. What does it matter if an unsavory Irish politician is carrying on a dull and noisy flirtation with the little blonde at the table behind us? We don't have to listen; we are with people whose conversation we find amusing. What does it matter if the flapper and her fattish boy friend are wriggling beside us as we dance? We like our partner and the flapper likes hers, and we don't bother each other.

Yes, we go to cabarets, but we resent the criticism of our good taste in so doing. We go because, like our Elders, we are fastidious. We go because we prefer rubbing elbows in a cabaret to dancing at an exclusive party with all sorts and kinds of people.

-ELLIN MACKAY

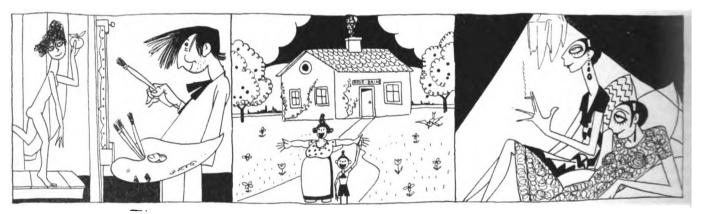
EVIL MINDED CRITIC

Even in her maddest moments, to us, Miss Groody seems to fairly exclude virtue from every pore.—Dramatic criticism in the New York Herald Tribune

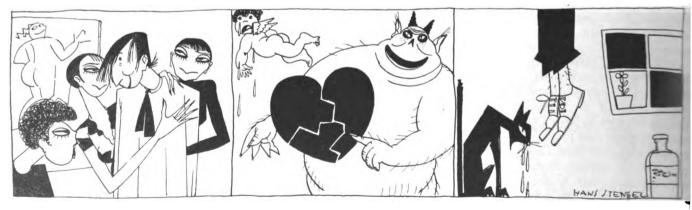
Isn't it adding insult to injury to split an infinitive when making an attack of this sort?

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

Disillusioned Artist Commits Suicide.—Daily Newspaper.



Art, brethren, is a wicked calling. Pray, can a man, who boldly chose To follow it be kept from falling While painting women without clothes? There are no roses, brightly rambling Around a cottage, with a wife And child to greet him, who is gambling With all the sacred things in life. For in the dimly lighted attic The ladies with design and zeal, Yclad in emphazising batik, Manipulate their sex appeal.



They but to gratify desire Like brazen wantons cheaply mart Their souls, and a miasmic mire Whirls at the bottom of their heart.

Jim Donnovan, why did you follow The sirens call to idle lust? Free Love, though gay is but a hollow Mirage which crumbles into dust. The tale is told, the song is ended Jim died, a bitter, sad recluse. Above you see him, self-suspended; The remnants are of little use. —HANS STENCE:

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REVIE₩ OF THE NE₩S

A Day in the Country

A NEWSPAPER photographer, friendly fellow, rescued me from the disappointed throng that pressed against the locked doors of the courtroom, pushed two uniformed attendants away from the side loor they were guarding, and with nuch purposeful shoving deposited me it the press table. And so I was, after ull my hours of waiting and gradually lying hopes, to see the Rhinelander rial.

Long before I came, the courtroom ad been declared full to capacity and he doors bolted shut. The lucky undreds who now sat on the long ows of chairs and stood against the valls had been in their places, the reorters told me, since seven o'clock. Most of them women and most of hem white, they were sitting now, umb and placid, perfectly willing to emain motionless as wood for the reumption of the parade of emotions which they had learned, through the ong days of the trial, to expect.

But observe—it was about to start: hrough a distant and sheltered doorray, Alice Jones Rhinelander, her ather and her mother, a cluster of sters and brothers and three or four wyers came in. Cameras clicked pisily in all corners of the room as tey found their chairs, laughing and natting, waving to friends among the sectators.

They were an oddly assorted lot. ather Jones was palpably Negroid, spite his aquiline nose. Mother ones was a Nordic, if not precisely a onde. And Alice and her two sisters ere somewhere in between. Cerinly they did not look like blackaoors, but they were shades darker an the darkest Mexican girl you ever w. And the husband of Grace, who Alice's sister, was an honest Virnia Negro.

Two girl reporters, the feminine ement in the staff of five sent out by e of the tabloids, were arguing



hotly. Until to-day, it appeared, Grace had worn a large and flaming ruby on her third finger. And the younger of the girl reporters, having observed that Grace's hands now were unadorned, held that the absence of the ring showed plainly the dominance in matters of taste and elegance that has come to Alice, what with her marriage and present fame. The Rhinelander bride, she explained, had never worn more jewelry than a simple gold wedding band.

At this juncture, however, Rhinelander himself appeared. Three lawyers followed him, and they had hardly reached their seats before judge and jury too came in; everybody rose for an instant, settled back comfortably, and the day was on. It began with the reading of more love letters. You have already seen the juiciest parts of them in the papers. Twentyfive reporters were seeing to it that they should come to you.

The jury heard the letters, violent and half-savage as they were, read by Judge Mills, Rhinelander's lawyer, in his soft and incongruously gentle voice. One after another they were droned out, with occasional interruptions for the wit of counsel to play heavily across the railing that separated them, and with occasional yawns in the jury box. Rhinelander, during this time, sat as motionless as it is possible to conceive, staring full ahead at the rows of spectators which he faced.

Many dreams were recounted in the letters, and an ardent enthusiast for the new science might insist that in their interpretation lies the secret of the case. There was, for example, the dream that "you kep giving me, brannew tendollar bills, piles and piles of them, but in the drem I could never get enough." First-year students in psychoanalysis may be allowed, say, six seconds in which to write their solution of this vagary.

As for young Rhinelander, the letters seemed to disturb him very little. Four hundred years of civilization has

at least taught him to mask his emotions. Except for his impediment of speech and the striking belligerence he seemed to feel toward his own lawyers, indeed toward his case itself, the cross examination of Lawyer Davis disturbed him hardly more. He simply sat and took it, ignoring the jury and ignored by the jury, and insisting with a faint flavor of bitter relish upon giving answers that were true to the letter—true enough to damage his own case. As he talked, the girl cried.

If I were reckless enough to impute motives to him, I would say that he had become conscious, at last, that there yet remained the virtue of being true to himself, of speaking his mind and devil take the rest. But his lawyer, Mr. Jacobs, thinks otherwise. Coming out of the courtroom, at the end of that day, he fought angrily through the lingering crowd. "The little fool still loves her," he mourned, "and he is tearing up his case because of it."

And that is the way the trial adjourned that day: Leonard with expressionless face and chin up, Alice crying, and Leonard's lawyers infuriated at his stubbornness. The crowd hung about until the last witness had gone, gaping and gossiping. The telegraph wires began pouring their thousands of words into the offices of the afternoon papers.

Meanwhile, there is desolation among the members of the family bearing that traditional name of Rhinelander. Desolation and also an almost incredible fortitude. For, I am told, one of the tabloid papers carried the news that Leonard Rhinelander's father grimly refused to pay Alice Jones \$50,000 as the price of a private and decorous settlement.

Gold

THE last steel door swung open on its massive bearings and there we were: Ninety feet beneath the counting rooms of the Federal Reserve



Bank in Liberty Street, face to face with half the yellow gold of all the world. Across a moat of still black water it lay, floating on a motionless caisson: neat piles of glistening bars, heavy, smooth and quite beautiful.

On the way down the long marble stairways and through the brightly illumined passages, our escort had chattered amiably of billions, two billions or ten-something-some succession of syllables which aroused merely the image of a figure with a file of ciphers after it. The words, the figures, were meaningless and trivial from where we stood now! In a low, steel-walled room, too large to be called a vault, as long as it was wide and with blazing lights clustered in the ceiling. The water which lay between us and the treasure flowed sluggishly. It was there, we were told, for protection. Thieves, allowing that they might bore through the steel, would be met by a flood impossible to stem or pass.

And there it was, the ponderable treasure that somehow made huge figures seem no longer beyond the power of conception, and somehow was breath taking. Slowly, with a suggestion of hypnotic power, it began to take hold of us: lifeless, dense, glittering beneath the many lights, it began to reach out and touch the imagination—not with a sudden shock, but with a gradual, overwhelming insistence. Half the gold in the world. Not stuff that was made in a factory yesterday. Not a symbol. But the metal itself, the eternal, changeless element, mined up out of the hardened mud through the centuries.

Gold that Solomon mined was here, its identity lost forever as it melted, mixed and cooled with the gold of Egypt and the Indies. Somewhere, in all that never changing mass, was Persian gold and gold from China gold that once had been beaten to a pretty ring for the ear of a Tartan girl; and perhaps, somewhere among those bars, one of the twelve ringing pieces that was the price of Joseph's slavery; dull gold that an Aztec boy once wrought to a soft circle for the arm of an Aztec girl, and gold once the goblet of a Roman emperor.

". . . gold and frankincense and myrrh." Perhaps some of that gold, too, was before our eyes now. "Gold and silver, ivory apes and peacocks."

Dynamic urge of life, tonic power transmuting men's dreams to men's

ANDERSON

PROBABLY more bunk has been written about the late Dutch Anderson and his companion, Gerald Chapman, than about any two cheap crooks in the history of the United States. I knew Anderson—well. To me he was just a plain, everyday crook, with perhaps a little more of the killer in him than a hop-head, but that was all.

At the time Anderson escaped from the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta I was working on a dope campaign for a magazine. The West Forty-seventh Street Hotel was one of the cases we wanted to break. It was the so-called center of drug peddling for the Roaring Forties. For more than a month I lived there, met the peddlers, and bought dope. And it was there that Anderson came to see mebelieving the stories that were current, that I was a big out-of-town crook with a bank roll.

This, alone, should be a good example of this "astute" criminal. If he had been a good crook he would not have fallen for all the "blah" that went with the pose that I maintained. But he was not a good crook. He was living next door, in another hotel and the Federal authorities knew where he was, but didn't want to arrest him for fear of killing our chances of getting evidence on the dope syndicate. True, he was not running around with a sign on his back, but he was about the streets now and then. He naïvely told me that he was waiting for the "squealer" in the Leonard Street mail robbery to be released from the Essex County jail where he was doing a light sentence. "I'm going to bump him off," was the dogged reply to my question as to why he was running a chance of appearing in the Street of Crooks.

I have read a lot of bunk about Anderson being a finished linguist, and the quiet, studious gentleman. It is to laugh. My partner, James Whitaker, who was posing as a Big Butter and Egg Man, met Anderson. The Anderson who was being held up by the newspapers as the super-criminal. Like myself he found Anderson a boob. There was a namesake of his, a hanger-on with the dope crowd, who later spent a year at Atlanta, who was a gentleman-once. He showed it. But Dutch Anderson was just a crook, getting along a bit in years, with a newspaper reputation. He wasn't one hundredth as bad as a majority of the big dope peddlers I ran into, and hung out with during that year. Not half so bad as The Dropper, Little Auggie, and the gang in the East Side baths that were ready to kill Sidney Howard, the playwright who was then investigating for

THE NEW YORKER

activities. Dreaming of a handful of this gleaming stuff before our eyes, men had made war, pressed through to dark crimes, and bitter deaths savage hatreds, and sometimes noble ends. Alexandria dead because of surfeit of it: and nowadays the Western world dominant because of shrewd use of such a surfeit. Civilization marching—with this its tool and flag.

A trollop ambling down the street: a broker peering at a thin paper tape: a grimy giant swinging a pick in a hole deep underground: a million men harvesting wheat in a field: a field gun crashing from a pit in northern Africa: and gold, this very gold, the end of all these curious antics.

They changed the guards. Twenty dingy-coated men gave place to twenty others, and a retired Colonel of Marines reiterated the simple orders he speaks three times in every day. We drifted out, and the door clanged.

When we reached the street, the sunshine seemed pale and colorless and thin, golden only by indulgent compromise. A little way along, a ragged man shuffled across the sidewalk.

"Scuse, Mister," he mumbled, "two bits for a soup and a flop?" —Morris Markey

Hearst, one night as he lay asleep. Howard didn't move, and the blackjack never descended. He will tell you it was the biggest thrill of his life, and it thrilled me, lying on the next cot. Those were bad men. Anderson was bad only when you cornered him.

Everybody knows what became of Anderson. We pulled our raid on the hotel next door to where he was staying. We also went in after him, but he had gotten away. A dozen men went to Atlanta for peddling dope, and a hotel that was a black spot at the heart of New York closed up, and changed hands for the better—also its name.

And a bit later Anderson was killed. And what a death for a super-crook! Anderson, the newspaper Robin Hood of the Twentieth Century. Passing phony bills in a little hick town in the Middle West. Cheating small shop keepers in a lumber village. Just petty larceny stuff.

No, Anderson was no super-crook. He was just a plain, everyday crook, and not half as wise or crafty as any one of a dozen you can find over on Broadway right now. A small timer who did cat big job and let the newspapers make him The one show playwright and the out novel author. That was Anderson.

-Leighton H. Bloot



PROFILES

The Hollywood Zeus

ECIL B. DE MILLE has made one contribution of inestimable value to current mythology: he has given to the world a type. Just as John Bull embodies the rugged, arrogant spirit of England, just as Lord Byron provides the ideal picture of a poet, just as George F. Babbitt

stands for all the aggressive idealism of American big business, so does Cecil B. De Mille typify the movies.

Conjure up in your mind a vision of a movie directoryour own conception, based on such information as you may have gleaned from "Merton of the Movies" or from the fan magazines—and you will have a perfect portrait of De Mille.

Within De Mille's character is combined all the bombast, all the extravagance, all the pomposity, and much of the genius of the movies themselves. He is the archetype of the motion picture director-a composite photograph of all the Olympian gods who have descended from Mount

Hollywood to dominate the earth.

It was Cecil B. De Mille who invented the correct directorial garbsport shirt, riding breeches, puttees and megaphone; it was Cecil B. De Mille who perfected that most moviesque of all movies, the society drama, with orgies at which young ladies and gentlemen, wearing paper caps and throwing confetti, dive en masse into swimming pools-in which the bathrooms are represented as glorified soda fountains-in which most of the action is limited to beds, constructed of the classiest Carrara marble and equipped with patent leather sheets; it was Cecil B. De Mille who converted "The Admirable Crichton" into "Male and Female", because an exhibitor had complained that Barrie's original title suggested a naval theme; it was Cecil B. De Mille who introduced a Siamese crocodile pit into Leonard Merrick's tender story,

of Rome by the vandals into Alice Duer Miller's "Manslaughter".

Think of all the grotesque absurdities with which the movies abound, and which have made the screen a tempting target for satirists, and you will find that most of them may be traced back, by direct or indirect



Cecil B. De Mille

routes, to Cecil B. De Mille.

This is what De Mille has done for, or rather, to, the movies. But there are certain items on the credit side of the ledger which prove embarrassing to one who attempts to cremate this Olympian deity with the fire of scorn. For while De Mille has been responsible for so much of the stupidity with which the movies are saturated, he has also brought to the screen a vast wealth of beauty. Where he has failed to engage the intelligence, he has given the eye some of its primest thrills. He has demonstrated, in almost every production that he has ever made, a pictorial sense that amounts to genius. He has done this on a magnificent scale, as in the Mount Sinai scene in "The Ten Commandments", in the primeval forest scene in "Adam's Rib", in the parade of the dead in "Feet of Clay", in "The Whispering Chorus" and in "Joan the Woman"; what is more, he "Laurels and the Lady", and the sack has done it in a humbler and less pre-

tentious manner, in the backyard scenes in "Saturday Night", and in the fast house scene in "The Golden Bed" (an episode which, by the way, was carefully deleted before the picture reached its audience).

It was De Mille who picked Gloria Swanson from the Sennett comedies

and taught her to be a star; it was De Mille who discovered the talents that lurked in Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Milton Sills, and probably a great many others.

De Mille then has not been a negative force in Hollywood.

His career, before he first dabbled with the galloping daguerreotypes, was eventful but generally undistinguished. He was one of those "children of the theatre" so dear to the heart of Alexander Woollcott, his father having been a playwright (and a tolerably celebrated one) and his mother an actress. His

elder and considerably more intellectual brother, William, wrote such stalwart successes as "The Warrens of Virginia", "Strongheart", and "The Woman". (At this point I might call attention to the fact that Cecil De Mille spells his name with a big D; William de Mille is less emphatic.)

In his early years, C. B. tried to be an actor, with no more than lukewarm success, most of his experience being limited to road companies. He told me once, "I've stayed in the 'other' hotel in every town in this country." Like his father and his brother, he received much of his training from the paternal David Belasco, and probably learned from this source the first principles of that gaudy form of hokum which was later to make him famous and rich.

It was as a theatrical producer that he became associated with Jesse L. Lasky, and when Lasky (then a vaudeville manager) and Sam Goldfisch

(then a glove salesman) organized the Paramount Picture Corporation, De Mille was sent to Hollywood to direct the first five reel feature, "The Squaw Man".

De Mille continued his association with Lasky during the vastly profitable years that followed, and when Paramount merged with Adolph Zukor's Famous Players, De Mille stepped into an executive position. There he remained for ten years, fattening his own and his colleagues' coffers with his sensational box office hits. It is said that De Mille was the largest individual stock holder in Famous Players, and that his dividends, added to his enormous salary, raised his earnings higher than Zukor's or Lasky's. Certain it is that he has gleaned fabulous wealth from the movies; he now owns several estates, a fleet of town cars, a few factories, oil wells and banks and, appropriately enough, one of the finest collections of precious stones in the world.

Last year De Mille broke away from Famous Players-Lasky, as a result of heated arguments that had arisen from that costly Biblical spectacle, "The Ten Commandments". De Mille had become more and more prodigal with the corporation's funds, but when he spent \$1,400,000 on the prologue alone, Zukor's native Semitic thriftiness was outraged; furthermore, the Wall Street bankers, upon whom Famous Players relied, raised a storm

of protest at this extravagance.

"I have had to face the most determined opposition," De Mille said to me at the time. "Except for my own little coterie, there was not one person in Hollywood that didn't think I was crazy."

So De Mille gathered up that little coterie-known in Hollywood as "the whispering chorus of yes-men"-and marched from the Zukor-Lasky corral. He is now at the head of his own producing company, with a reported capital of \$38,000,000 in the kick, and is making more successful pictures.

In Hollywood, Cecil B. De Mille is regarded as a fearsome figure who may be hated or loved, but who must always be obeyed. Movie people may snicker furtively at his majesty, but I've never seen one who was willing to stand up to him and dispute his power. His minions are all desperately afraid of him; they worship him, as one worships an omnipotent and occasionally explosive idol. The mention of his name provokes either a reverent hush or a discreet outburst of vituperation.

I believe that De Mille himself is delighted at this condition and has done his best to foster it. He doesn't care who hates him; he would be seriously embarrassed, however, if he could find anyone in whom he failed to inspire awe.

His attitude toward the critics who lambaste him in print is one of amused

condescension. His monumental selfassurance prevents him from attaching any importance to their flippant remarks.

When I met him for the first time, having uttered every unkind word about him that my vocabulary would permit, he regarded me merely as a misguided soul who needed to be shown the light. As I had commented persistently on his predilection for bathroom backgrounds, he felt it necessary to talk about this feature of his work.

"I firmly believe," he told me, "that I have done much good by showing people that bathrooms are used for bathing purposes and not as coal bins."

Cleanliness being so notoriously adjacent to Godliness, it is small wonder that Cecil B. De Mille jumped straight from the bath tub to "The Ten Commandments".

-R. E. Sherwood

AN UNLIKELY TALE

No raucous horns, no rumbling busses May stir the sacred Union League. Embalmed in chair-sarcophaguses

The clubmen sleep in proud fatigue Until, while blissful tremors shake them,

A fairy princess-where they drowse Adroitly stealing in,-shall wake them

With kisses on their dear old brows. -Arthur Guiterman

THINGS

AFTER all, New York did have some- diences average a million a day. The nitrates. Optimists believe that, as a re-thing for which to be thankful. next morning the other five million have sult of this discovery, civilization will President Coolidge did not run amuck at the Chamber of Commerce dinner and denounce business men as enemies of the common good.

We have mastered the Coolidge-Mellon idea that the best way to help the poor is to lighten the tax on millionaires and that heavy levies on the dead discourage thrift and industry. Now we are working hopefully on the thought that paying big taxes on everything we eat, drink, wear, burn, live in, ride in, and go to is really a blessing in disguise.

Our gratitude goes out to the Federal Horticultural Board for its embargo on bulbs. Our gardens must be protected from the pauper Narcissi of Europe.

There are now 740 theatres in our

to listen to the plot.

Not admitting for a moment the superiority of any other city over New York, we read with a guilty wistfulness that A.'s I. R. failed in Detroit and folded up after a run of only twentyeight weeks.

Australians are now fined two pounds for failure to vote, and casting the ballot has become almost a universal sport. In this country only about half the people exercise the divine franchise. As a result, the American government is in the hands of professional politicians while in Australia, on the other hand, it is exactly the same.

They say that the chemists have at last They were merely drunk with power. town, and it is estimated that their au- found the key to the production of cheap

soon be able to blow itself to pieces at a purely nominal cost.

It may be true, as charged, that the Movie magnates have a trust, but as far se we know they have never been accused of being true to it.

In the opinion of observers, intolerant fundamentalism has declined somewhat since the Scopes trial. Every dogma has its Dayton.

Harvard men are rightly indignant over the false charge that the football players went to the theatre in an intoxicated state. -HOWARD BRUBAKER

The Vanguard —



") always say - give them something they wouldn't buy for themselves!"



"Frederick Darling, shall mamon tell paper to tell the clerk to tell Santa Claus to bring you the lovely sleigh for christmas?"



"Do you mind picking out a necktie for my husband - one you would like yourself - he's just your type."







THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY But Only the Beginning of Miss Claire

M ISS INA CLAIRE, our favorite actress, has again settled down for a run at the Fulton Theatre in Frederick Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney", a vastly entertaining comedy with

Roland Young, our favorite comedian, leaning over the piano to make it more so. The rest of the cast is from what was once England.

—R. B.







The Theatre

CRITIC who shall be nameless-Alexander Woollcotthas called for public dancing in the streets to honor the production of "In a Garden", Philip Barry's new play, at the Plymouth. . . . With all the ill will in the world, it thus seems we shall have to learn to dance after all. With our left arm tenderly around the Woollcott waist, and our right hand trustingly in his giant paw, we are prepared to dance till exhaustion, happy in the thought that this Charleston will bring home to the theatregoing public that here is a shrewd play, that that tango will serve notice clearly that here is a civilized play, and that this and that dreamy waltz will make it evident for all time that here is a play at last, that calls for a compulsory attendance law, and that a visit to it, in a well-ordered state. would be required ere any citizen could vote, have children, attend polo matches, or enjoy any of the other rights of the free-born.

We repeat—and we are prepared to furnish bail instantly if challenged that Mr. Barry has written a highly civilized play. Not, one hastens to add, that he has nailed the jolly Roget to his pen and cleared the seas of obscure and involved language and ideas. On the other hand, however, he has nowhere taken the trouble to spell his thoughts in capital letters, nor turned monosyllabic in the sudden box office realization that the public that attends the "Follies" and "Artists and Modis" very probably can occasionally be ured to a legitimate playhouse too.

Barry's fable is simple. He has magined an intelligent man and wife, he man a successful playwright at forty, the wife a human being. The man is of a not unusual type—he is a porn worrier of life. His profession, b viously, has helped to accentuate this haracteristic. The wife, on the other

hand, knows and asks of life only that it should be lived—decently, intensely, and without questioning of it.

There comes, then, the day when the dramatist, in a particularly idle moment, becomes aware of the pretty item in the Greenwich Village Credo that, deep in her self-conscious, every woman is the mistress of the man who first wakened the stirrings of love in her. The particular stirrer-it was eight years ago, and a kiss in a moonlit garden was its sole result-is on his way to be the dramatist's houseguest, and so a plan is born to reconstruct the garden of eight years ago, moonlight and all, and to expose the wife and stirrer to it. The scene is artifically and elaborately set, and the dramatist awaits his second act climax to life.

Unknowingly, he has added the required straw to the back of the life he has been worrying. The wife's irresolution, her indecision, vanish as she realizes again that life is to her husband but a happy toy with which to do tricks. And so, without melodramatics, save of moods, she leaves her husband's home. She walks out into life from under the microscope that he had held between it and them.

The play is written gracefully and smoothly, and yet with an extraordinary economy. In particular is Barry's portrayal of the woman faultless. She is true, human, and inevitable.

Laurette Taylor brings to the play what must be the greatest performance of her career, perhaps only because here at last she has real and worthy matter to deal with. The problem of the woman is difficult, and it must be made plain by the actress that her love of life as something for living, her resentment at the managing of life that has been her lot since birth, is not a matter of material things but completely one of attitude. It is not the flesh pots, not the freedom to do this or that, that she seeks. Everything she

wants that she can touch or see has ever been hers—everything, except the freedom to take life in her stride, to run her race on uncharted courses. All this Miss Taylor gives, and more. Her gorgeous voice, heavy with its weight of unshed tears, is evidence of the life that has passed her by. There is no affectation of maudlinity and self-pity in her appearance—and yet she is, for all to see, a wistful woman who has achieved everything she wants except the manner of its achievement.

"In a Garden", one is happy to be able to report, is in no way a plea for the New Woman, or the Equality of the Sexes, or any other Movement, and the suspicion of the reader that it is, is due thoroughly to the inadequacy of the above report. It is nothing more and nothing less than an exceedingly well written high comedy having to do with the tortures of an intelligent, civilized mind. And, if the reader knows the names of as many other American plays of this nature as he can count off on the fingers of a boxing glove, this department is the party that shall race eagerly through its morning mail searching for his communication.

AND now to return to the American theatre.

"Twelve Miles Out", at the Playhouse, is an entertaining, fast moving, meaningless melodrama. (We only have to use that line three times more this year to equal the record set by the dramatic critic of the Berliner Tageblatt in 1897.) It has bootleggers, and hi-jackers, and comic old salts, and the search-lights of revenue cutters sweeping the seas, and a fight between two huge men in a darkened cabin, and a parrot that curses, and lots of things. God help us, we had a good time at it. But we still think that if you can see only one play in December, you might do better at "In a Garden" than at "Twelve Miles Out".



HERE is the germ of what I might have made a great play in "The Jazz Singer", at the Cort. A young Jew of extremely orthodox tradition and environment ventures out into the world and becomes the best of the mammy-singers. On the eve of "Yom-Kippur", as he is about to make an all-important Broadway début, his father, cantor of a Ghetto schul, falls ill and the boy, whose family for generations has supplied the schuls with their cantors, is called to take his place. There is conflict between the old and the new, between the traditional and the intelligent, and there is even a love story for good measure. The boy bows to the sugar coated inevitable.

The outcome of much tinkering with the idea of "The Jazz Singer" has made a substantial box office hit of it. It is, of course, a thorough hokum piece of work, played and written in the best values of balcony sniffling. George Jessel, its star, has an emotional talent amounting almost to genius, and it seems not unlikely that the Broadway prophets who have hailed Jessel as a second Warfield are correct. One takes the liberty of uttering the pious hope, however, that Jessel will find better plays for his talent than were Warfield's lot.

As merry a farce as has come this way in many months is to be found at the George M. Cohan Theatre. It is called "Easy Come, Easy Go", and is the millionth or something play Owen Davis has written. A health farm, and a couple of crooks who are supposed to be wealthy financiers, are what Mr. Davis gets his fun out of. The leading players are Otto Kruger, more restrained and consequently funnier than he has been for a long time, and Victor Moore, who should never have been allowed to leave the stage for vaudeville.

-H. J. M.

Music

PRECEDED by a publicity campaign that would have put over a college endowment drive, Deems Taylor's "Jurgen" started its career under a handicap that might have overweighted the greatest music ever composed. Yet "Jurgen" emerged from columns of print as a work of unusual distinction, as music which no one could suspect of having been written to order.

We fancy that the version of "Jur-



there will be a somewhat condensed, rather pointed-up edition for the next performances, for there is no more painstaking craftsman than Deems Taylor. As we recall it, "Through the Looking Glass", that loveliest of American orchestral works, was played first as a suite for small orchestra and later amplified for the symphony payroll. "The Siren Song" (why has this charming little poem disappeared from the orchestral repertory?) had hearings in at least two forms. So it's our hunch that the score of "Jurgen" will go through some similar process, for a composer can discover certain things only by hearing his work performed.

The orchestration of "Jurgen" marks Deems Taylor as master of the big ensemble. It is singularly lucid and apposite, and every effect comes off without strain. The harmony is typically Taylor, and some of the episodes, notably the passage which starts with a beautiful theme for the 'celli, are the creations of a great composer. Our only reservation is that "Jurgen", at a first hearing, sounds a bit inchoate. But so is the literary background, and that brings us into a discussion of abstract aesthetics which we leave to professional beauty Incidentally, "Jurgen" dissectors. drew a huge crowd of people who do not generally attend concerts, and many of them brought copies of the book to the performance. What, we wonder, did they expect to hear?

THE first of the season's new tenor crop was dropped into a performance of "Aida" about a week ago, and he set up a record for first-

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night neurasthenia. It is rather a severe trial for any tenor to make his début as *Rhadames* and it was a hopelessly cruel ordeal for Vittorio Fullin. Moreover, there were symptoms that he had not had many rehearsals with the company, for his stage business did not jibe with the gestures of his colleagues and frequently he was isolated on the stage with no place to go.

Nevertheless, Signor Fullin's voice has in it a "ring" which may bring him popularity, and he is not a fraid to refrain from shouting. And he is the first *Rhadames* in a long time who has not worn a union suit in the opening scene. Doubtless, Mr. Gatti, who discounts début tremors at a hundred cents on the holler will give his new tenor other and less excruciating opportunities.

HE Master Class", heralded in this department some months ago as a bit of humorous music worth listening to, came to a performance at the hands of Frank Sheridan, one of our finest young pianists, and achieved a success with the audience and about half of the critics. The dissenting opinion was that there was no substance in young Mr. Chasins's caricatures, which is like saying that there isn't enough comedy in Brahms's "Tragic Overture". Chasins has two notable virtues: he is klavier maessig, and he is impish, a combination which helps greatly to relieve the usual program of piano music. Possibly he will become as solemn as Bruckner in a few years; at present he turns out such merry bits as "Kevboard Karikatures", in which he plays about with the mannerisms of Rachmaninoff, Godowsky and Bachaus This suite, by the way, is commended to any pianist who will risk the terrifying charge of being not seriousminded—R. A. S.

Art

I F you are liberal minded and believe everything you read, as we do. you probably would have done as we did upon receiving a pathetic invitation to visit the exhibition of paintingby the members of the Tiffany Foundation, at 65 East Sixty-fifth Street. We got on a street car and began our search. The last number on Sixty-fifth Street was fifty-nine. Obviously our show was across Pars Avenue. We braved traffic, and g is across only to find that the next number was 101. Just a bit goofy that

early in the morning, so we went back. But sure enough the last number was fifty-nine. Taking a deep breath we crossed the Avenue again. There it was 101 and the next 103. We felt the number on the fence post in case our sight was failing. Then we phoned home to see if we were all right when we left the house. Being assured we were no worse than usual we went back to fifty-nine and tried to stretch it out somehow to sixty-five. Finally the door keeper helped us out by the weary information that he answered that question fifty times a day.

Our next bright idea was to try Fifty-sixth Street. Sure enough there it was, all the time. Just a little joke of the printers. Of course, you know our mood; it was that windy morning. The show is a bright thing, full of youth, and yet not so youthful that it doesn't contain some memories of the Academy walls and ways. We are afraid it is Mr. Renwick Taylor's show. He has accepted Mr. Tiffany's bed and board with a promising return of talent. Just now he is intrigued with the idea of painting with a palette knife. We feel that after he discovers it is not so new, he will fall in with the brush. And, then, he will have less of a handicap. As it is, the pictures are freer from cleverness than most of that school. Taylor has a beautiful sense of design and arrangement and in smearing on his pigment gives you a scintillating gray. Of all the trowel pictures we have seen these two years we like Taylor's far and above the rest.

Many of the other things are faint echoes of the stuff the students have seen praised as art; beginners attempts at the old stencils. Perhaps the lack of originality is due to the fact that the foundation chooses young painters of a similar sort. The fault may be in the system of selection, and if so our criticism of the exhibit is captious. We also liked "A Sunny Spot" by Prudence T. Herrick, "Houses" by Andrew Winter, "Gold Fish" by Beatrice Kendall. Our failure to enthuse over Emile Walters's "April Buds" was met with the opinion that the picture was worthy of some of the older Academicians. Ah, we could not have been as cruel about it ourself.

THE New Galleries are having a full show of George Biddle. There are no catalogues and no wall guides, but plenty of pictures. The drawings are from Cuba and are the best things we have ever seen from Biddle. They are mainly in silver point, if you know what that means. We have had it explained to us several times, but don't seem to retain. In his arrangements and simplification Biddle has followed his French masters to good effects. We feel that these must be Biddle at his best. We admit to no thrill from his paintings; careful rendering of mild exoticism, both the subjects and the technique seeming to have lost their native strength in the painter's handling.

Be kind and do not go in the back room where E. P. Stadelmann brings down the average of this usually clever gallery. From Munich he comes, and we feel sure he has a dual personality or active subconscious. One Mr. Stadelmann did a fair study of fruit, and the other revels in roseate ladies arising from sea shells floating in the waveleted sea. O LD coaching prints are to be enjoyed by those who read the Memoirs of William Hickey and perhaps Thackeray. The Frederick Keppel Galleries are having a brave show of them until the twenty-eighth of this month. We get more hurt than thrill out of them, being at the age where the past is only the past. However, we have a feeling that they are the best of their kind.

INTO the darkened splendor of the Knoedler & Company Gallery you should tread boldly to see the show of Seventeenth Century Dutch Masters. For, if you meech in as if you did not belong, you will probably not receive one of the handsome book catalogues. Put your thumb and first finger together and jerk it back and forth at a Rembrandt and then they will think you are of the cult. The Knoedler people seem to be novices at this sort of thing. The Grand Central Galleries would charge \$5.00 for



such a catalogue. Anyway, we get humble and contrite before such painting. We honestly feel that if we did not even see the pedigree of these pieces, we could stand in reverence before the "Kitchen Maid" of Gabriel Metsu, "Interior With a Woman Nursing a Child" of Pieter de Hooch or Rembrandt's "Man Reading".

Analyse it if you must as early patterns, there it is. Our hat goes off, and our knee down to the Cuyps, de Cappelles, Steens, who had to learn to paint by apprenticeship before they were allowed brush. Don't miss this concentrated show.

I F your living depends in anyway on the movies you will have seen the exhibit of things by Bessie Lasky at the Anderson Galleries. It is a mighty name and can command. There were teas, and catalogues, and blurbs, and forty-three, count 'em, forty-three pictures. Lorna Birtwell, the Boswell of the occasion, writes in the foreword, "There is nothing so annoying as the self-conscious attempt of the artist to impose his personality upon the objective world-the misguided and egotistical endeavor to express one's self rather than one's subject. From this mistaken course Bessie Lasky has steered clear."

So there you have our review. If the painter strings along with the foreword writer and believes that stuff, she should buy herself a good camera and leave the tubes and brushes to artists with something to say. If she doesn't believe it, she should fire her Boswell and sit a while in front of her pictures number nineteen and twenty and try to wonder out why she quit that path.

'HE Société Anonyme gives us many things to marvel at. Just now it is Fernand Leger one of the leading French revolutionists. You no doubt have seen many copies of Leger in the various modern shows but there is something of genius in this man working seriously at it. We can't say we enjoyed the show. It is too trying on the eyes and a mind trained to simple forms. But here and there was an exhilarating bit and something to chuckle over. You should see it whether you are for or against; Leger is capable of handling his side of the debate with no help from us. At the Anderson Galleries until the end of this week.-M. P.



Books

NUSUAL novels, on which it is our duty to report to you, have been piling in so fast that three must be given short shrift. The one likely to please the most readers of THE NEW YORKER is Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" (Doubleday, Page), any part of which is as good in its field as the best of his uneven "Where the Blue Begins", and which embodies a much more intense, and inspired, and searching piece of straight fiction than we should have expected him to write. It is not all straight. Some children palaver (too sagely) on the warfare between child and grown-up, the imaginative ones concoct a game of spying on the enemy, the boy chosen spy makes a wish on birthday candles-and immediately afterward, but at the end of the book, reports the game too terrible, and growing up inadvisable; the intervening chapters present the children twenty years older, unhappily or stodgily grown up in degrees according to their types. There is more than this to the fantasy. It is very deftly handled, becoming a trifle obscure toward the end but none the worse for that, and it is the feature of the novel that Blue-Beginners will most delight in.

YOU will probably have to read "Manhattan Transfer" (Harper), for it is about New York and is pretty sure to make a lot of noise. John Dos Passos, who tried to pack the A. E. F. into a novel, has now done the record job of packing Manhattan Island into one. You will feel when you finish it as though you had spent a It is too bad she was funny looking.

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telescoped quarter-century in riding up and down on fourth-dimensional L and subway trains through the homes, haunts, and private lives of all sorts of actual Manhattanites, getting glimpse after glimpse of a number at successive stages of their careers. That you will have enjoyed your ride is a question of definitions of enjoyment; that you will have found it a memorable experience is unquestionable. Dos Passos's Manhattan is not the hypothetical typical New Yorker reader's, but as far as this department knows, it is very much like the real, complete thing-which is to say, like a hell of chaotic futility. Its denizens are a scurvy or pitiful lot, whom he views with a sardonic eye and puts on paper well. The goddams, and such of "Three Soldiers" are there, but not doing duty for strength, the Joyce influence is marked, but beneficent, and there is no such bogus character as the composer-soldier was.

KAREL CAPEK'S "Krakatit" (Macmillan) combines scientific romance of the type of Wells's "The War of the Worlds", and a Wellsian brand of playful and poetic human tenderness, with fantasy, that humor saves from being just delirious, and with a general allegorical import, though the allegory is not so continuous and definite as it is in Capek's play about the Robots. Engineer Prokop is a genius at making explosives. He can extemporize them almost anywhere, and when confined to a castle and munitions works in the company of a Tartar princess, he proves as explosive as they are. Krakatit is his chef d'oeuvre, too frightful to be loosed, coveted by great powers and international revolutionists; hence the complications. There are a delectable rural idyll, beside the princess episode, and a concluding experience with a dear old man who seems to Prokop his aged father and possibly is God. A somewhat bewildering but decidedly enjoyable book .--- TOUCHSTONE

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 28, the list of new books worth while on Dage 32.

PROFILE

Mahetable Stoddard of Sutton Place Had a ridiculous, imbecile face. Millions of dollars her banks kept booking.

AFTER THESE MANY YEARS

SPIED him when it was too late, and I hastily lowered my eyes to the sidewalk. It was no good; I knew he had seen me, and, what was worse, I knew he had seen me see him. There was nothing to it, we should have to see the thing through. I mean, there I was and there he was, both of us advancing toward each other on the Avenue at four miles an hour; and according to somebody's law, two approaching objects must meet. We met.

"Why!" I exclaimed in apparent surprise. "I'll be a son-of-a-gun!"

"What do you know!" he burst.

"Well, well, well, well," I continued, pumping his hand; while he declared that he never, and pumped mine. "Well!"

There is this about meeting someone you have not seen for years, someone in fact whom you are just a little doubtful of ever having seen before, whose name, rank, and station you cannot recall: you feel decidedly shame-faced for having let this friend slip so far away into neglect, and so you pump all the harder, and bluster all the louder to show how glad you are to see them again.

"Well," I panted, "it sure is fine meeting you, old boy. How's everything?"

"Pretty fine," he parried. "How's everything with yourself?"

"Fine. Fine," I temporized, thumbing the pages of memory's album in vain. Sometime we had met, we had passed as ships in the night; I could not recall him now for the life of me. "What are you doing these days?"

"Same old thing," he smiled, evidently studying me quite as keenly as I was watching him. "And you?"

"Same old grind," I parried laughingly; and frantically ran through the list of possibilities. Perhaps I had met him last Summer at Cape Cod. Perhaps he sold insurance. Classmate at college. Family butcher. Cousin Harriet's husband. "How is the wife?" I threw out as a feeler.

"Oh, Helen's fine, thanks," he smiled, dashing my hopes in a word. "And yours?"

"I'm not married," shortly.

"Oh, no, of course," he apologized in confusion, "I was thinking . . . well, how's the world treating you?"





"-well, well, well-well!"



Suppose I had to introduce him!

"Fine," I said with forced cheeriness, as he. took my arm and we strolled up the Avenue. Fraternity brother. Met him at the Olcott's dinner. "Ever see the Olcotts?" I tried. "Who?" politely.

"The Olcotts," I added hastily. "This new play that just opened. The Olcotts. Character study, rather good." I mopped my brow, and tried a new tack. "Where are you living now?"

"Oh, same old place we've always lived," he answered vaguely. "How about you, though, have you moved, or are you----"

"Nope, we're still where we were," I replied tersely, refusing to concede him an inch. "Still where we were. We like it there. Still where we were . . ." Automobile salesman. Member of the club. Business acquaintance. Some friend of Jim's. "Do you know Jim?" I offered desperately.

He shook his head. "Do you know Pete?" he countered.

I shook my head, and we walked on.

"Hope I'm not taking you out of your way," I suggested, with the faint hope that he might excuse himself and turn off at the next corner.

"Not a bit," he said heartily, "I'm going this way myself."

We trudged ahead wearily. Iceman. Met him at poker. Marian brought him around one evening. Taxi-driver . . . I buried my head in my coat-collar to avoid meeting anyone I knew; it would be all up if I should have to introduce him.

"Nice run of weather?" he introduced in a strained voice.

"Terrible," I agreed numbly. I saw my street loom up ahead with a sigh of relief; but he turned the corner with me, clinging to me to the last bitter step. I halted before the apartment with the giddy feeling of one who has walked the brink of a precipice and sees the end in sight.

"Well, old man," I began sentimentally, "it sure was great seeing you."

"Mighty fine meeting up with you again," he agreed heartily. "We must get together more often."

"Look me up sometime for lunch," I added. This, I have learned, is a customary New York form of greeting, like "Cheerio!"

"I certainly shall," he smiled. "I certainly shall. Well, good-bye, old man," shaking my hand.

"Good-bye, old man," I replied.

And then we turned together, and walked together through the door.

"You—you live here?" he said aghast.

"Do-you?" I gaped, halting.

"Eighth floor," weakly. "B."

"C," I replied faintly, as we walked toward the elevator.

I knew I had seen him before.

-Corey Ford

- Last Tuesday I took the Lexington Avenue subway to the Bronx Zoo,
- Where I met nearly all the animals mentioned in "Who's Who",
- Including the celebrated naturalist, Mr. William Beebe,
- In whose eyes a Rhinoceros Hornbill is more beautiful than Hebe.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK



ITTING in the center of Harvard indifference on the forty-five yard line of the Crimson side of the Stadium on that sunny afternoon of late No-

observer was stirred by the fact that the Harvard team out on the gridiron was one of the really great Cambridge elevens. Great because, as an entity, they had a soul.

For I suppose a team can have a soul as well as an individual. And this team certainly had one. Beaten, battered, torn and disrupted by Holy Cross, by Dartmouth, and by Princeton, they refused to envisage the possibility of a defeat by Yale. And, if there is anything worth while in intercollegiate football, if all its very obvious faults can be overlooked, it is because of a thing like this, that a team can suddenly find itself and come to life in the face of odds overwhelming. Brickley's team, Mahan's team, Owen's team; great teams they were. But this team of Dolph Cheek's had a soul.

What a captain Cheek was on that last afternoon of his football career! Twice he saved us from defeat at the hands of a vastly better Yale team. He was in every play, he made most of the few Harvard gains, he was the driving power, the spirit, the backbone of the defense. Which was all we had, really, because it was a team of guards, this November twentyfirst Harvard team. But what guards! How they outplayed Yale's vaunted line. What a giant Kilgour was on offense and defense! Coady playing left tackle on the defense and right tackle on the offense was the best linesman on the field. He was stopping those marvelous Yale backs whom had ripped up Pennsylvania, torn through the Army, and scored twelve points off Princeton; he was stopping them behind the line of scrimmage. He punted magnificently, he held the Crimson line together. Turner was on the ball every play. And those ends-Sayles and Bradford. They proved that coaches may come and coaches may go but that there is no better end coach in the country than Leo Leary.

For every back that Yale sent in was better than the man he relieved. We stopped Noble, and Cottle was better than Noble. We stopped Cottle, and Cutler proved better than Cottle. We stopped Cutler, and Stone was better than Cutler. We stopped Stone, and Caldwell was better than Stone. Kline and Allen and Fishwick and all the rest, they found themselves against a team that had risen from the dust. A team that couldn't win but wasn't going to be defeated.

Let the newspapermen tell you what a rotten game it seemed to their highly trained critical eyes. Yes, it was bad football. Yes, Harvard had no offense. Yes, we could hardly have beaten the Columbia freshman. But there was something bigger than just a football game taking place out there before us that afternoon. There was a struggle in which a team was proving that it had a soul.

Beside me in the Merchant's Limited on the way back to Manhattan after the game was an old Harvard fullback. We were looking over the program together:

"Look, what a team Yale will have next year; Kline back, Wadsworth back, Bun-



nell back, Fishwick back, Stone back-"Yes," he said, "but don't forget one thing. Jack Owsley will still be down at Annapolis."-HARVARD 1911

T was a pity," said the gentleman who sat beside me, "that the game wasn't in the Yale Bowl. The Harvard boys would get so much fun tearing down the goal posts." This, when the Harvard rooters were carrying Mr. Adolphus Cheek from the field on their shoulders, and an embryonic snake dance was eddying around that end of Soldier's Field. The Yale cheering section about me was still wet with tears and soothing potions.

I don't like Harvard teams and I never will. I'd rather see Yale beat Harvard than any all star team composed of eleven Red Granges, but, strangely, what made me maddest Saturday was the fact that the Crimson was celebrating, as a tie victory, a game that, if they had spent on offense the desperate fury they put into their defense, they might have won on score. To my partisan mind the poorest of sights is a team taught nothing but defense, whose worm's eye view of conquering is a 0-0 record.

Scouting, pointing and traditional des-peration will always level the odds on a Yale-Harvard game. But completely discounted they should still, to me, have been about five to one. "Why," ran discussion on the train coming back, "wasn't that made obvious by the score?" Point one: the item above. Point two: a very sad lack in the Yale team of some leader on the field who could inspire a brilliant squad of individuals, crying mad by the end of the game, and wield them into a devastating unit. Point Three: a lack of tactical instruction which made the blue team look very much like the Light Brigade, sacrificed into the mouth of the enemy's guns, principally light howitzers, Coady and Cheek.

Every credit to the individuals of the Yale team which went down to a 0-0 defeat. Every credit for not trying more field goals! More glory in failure than in condescending to success by three points! Yale was as baffled by the terriffic resistance it met within the twenty-yard line as the same Light Brigade by the cross fire of artillery. They fought like dying heroes, apparently unled, under plans of attack which were dubious but which they had been taught.

And if all you care about in a football game is the fight, fight unto sheer insanity, then (I'll give Harvard her one point here) the Red defense and the Blue offense were as magnificent spectacles as you will see for at least three hundred and sixty-five days to come.-YALE 1921



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XVI. The Care of Our Contributors

B ETWEEN the front and rear advertising sections of THE NEW YORKER the careful reader may occasionally discover inserted whole pages of text and illustration, a policy in which THE NEW YORKER differs radically from many of our publications. The writers and artists whose work illuminates these pages live amid ideal surroundings, since the staff realizes that only by keeping its contributors contented and happy may their best work be secured.

Twenty-five acres of rolling ter-races on the roof of THE NEW YORKER's mammoth building are devoted exclusively to our contributors, and are built on the general plan of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, only bigger. Attractive bungalows are scattered throughout this model suburb, where brilliantly colored macaws and parrots scream from the tropical treetops, nightingales operate all day long under Kleig lights, and sunrises are held at ten o'clock every morning for the convenience of the poetically inclined. Twenty turbine engines turn a gigantic waterfall, constructed on the general plan of Niagara, and twelve gross of goldfish are emptied daily into the lake at the foot. In addition, a handsome Country Club has been erected, where the members may purchase

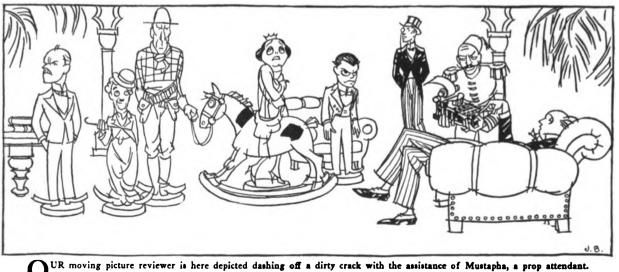
their gin conveniently. This Garden Spot is called "Florida" after a Florida, said to be a similar real estate developement, though conducted on a smaller scale.

The social life of this community closely supervised by our Mr. is Eustace Tilley, Superintendent of Recreation for THE NEW YORKER. Staff luncheons are served here three times a day, and wit and brilliant conversation sparkle across the festive board. Every effort is made to keep their minds free from financial worries and mundane matters. The staff presents the contributors annually with a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, worth the exact total of all their contributions laid side by side for fifty-two weeks, or five dollars.

It is but natural that Inspiration should visit frequently in such an environment; and as a precaution against such an emergency, each contributor's room contains a single operating desk and a large blunt instrument like a typewriter. In the event of an attack, he is placed immediately under an anaesthetic, and delivers his contribution into the capable hands of the head surgeon. During his convalescence he learns whether he has just had an illustration, a poem, or a rejection slip; and sometimes to his surprise and delight he finds that he is the proud father of a whole series, like "The Making of a Magazine".

Special Departments receive personal attention from Mr. Tilley. For example, the dramatic critic is fed daily on raw eggs and olive oil, in order to secure the lustre and smooth finish of his dramatic reviews. Flutes lull the music critic to his slumbers, he awakens to the sound of distant chimes, and typewrites his musical criticisms on a piano. In order to spare the book editor from wading through the modern fiction, he receives only the covers of the book he is to review, the inside of each copy being filled instead with delicious bon-bons. The motion picture reviewer writes his criticisms in a large sunny playroom, equipped with rocking horses and alphabet blocks, in order to adjust his mind to the mental level necessary for his work.

Although these elaborate arrangements have been made to maintain a regular staff, it must not be assumed that outside contributors are not welcome to THE NEW YORKER. On the contrary, their contributions are eagerly solicited, the most acceptable contribution being a five dollar bill, clipped or pinned to that coupon which is always to be found somewhere on a page nearby.



Ok moving picture reviewer is here depicted dashing on a dirty crack with the assistance of Mustapha, a prop attendant. Before him are several symbolic dolls, an ingenious galaxy designed by our Mr. Eustace Tilley (who may be seen in the background) for the purpose of reducing the mental level of a contributor to a low enough plane for such a task. After his menial labor, the movie reviewer will be served paté de fois gras and watermellons and allowed to play with our goldfish.

for







At MOSSE-

the conscientious hostess finds what she has long desired, damask created especially for the refectory table, which, we believe, will supercede the dolly set. "RAVENNA," inspired by old Italian hunting prints, in an antique double-tone ecru design. Cloths from \$32 to \$88; napkins \$38 the dozen.

> (Originated by Mosse; obtainable there only)



7 HILE I, in a somewhat languid way, have been spending a giddy week receiving more attention from internes in white coats than I ever seemed to summon from members of the Racquet Club in Tuxedo, the world, apparently, has not been standing still. The Three Hundred Club has been continuing to have "Easy Come Easy Go" nights; "Poor Nut" nights; "Butter and Egg Man" nights; Calvin Coolidge has visited New York; the Crillon has returned to its warm Mexican decoration after a Summer surrounded by cool reproductions of the Alps; the Shenandoah is still a disaster; the Club Caravan

ductions of the Alps; the Shenandoah is still a disaster; the Club Caravan gets more popular and daring and gorgeous with every announcement and this what gave me the temperature! Moss and Fontana presented their El Tango Tragico at the Mirador, and the verdict of a fragile and expert colleague is as follows:

HOSE dear hours which New York devotes to night life aren't nearly as spangled with brilliant openings as the soberer periods between eight-thirty and eleven. So the poor neglected night clubs make up for it, these days, by opening two or three times in a season. Therefore the Mirador insisted on making an opening of Moss and Fontana's first American performance of their apache dance, El Tango Tragico, last Tuesday night. My impressions were, first, a desperate longing for at least one nonenity to set off the celebrities, then an equally desperate craving for a breath of fresh air and room enough to open my vanity case for a bit of powder, and, finally, a genuine surprise that the old, old apache dance, with the rude gentleman strangling his wayward

lady and then dancing with her dead body, *could* be well enough done to hold such an audience spellbound. Elbow bruised and smoke strangled, one still felt the chill breath of tragedy in the perfect execution of Miss Moss and Mr. Fontana. A very judicious use of lighting and a sketchy stage setting of an underground den helped, I think, but Moss and Fantana are about as good a pair as are to be seen.

URIOSITY and consciencedriven, I also crawled down into the new Cave of the Fallen Angels. The old haunt on West Seventy-second Street was always forbidden territory. But I insisted I was a big girl now and was a little shocked to find that forbidden fruit could taste so much like any other. I found, below West Forty-sixth Street, a series of rambling cellars, variously decorated. One was an apache rat hole, another Moroccan (side by side, the Captain explained, since France and Morocco are at war), still more: Futuristic, Bohemian, Russian and papier mâché rack. Also a tiny dance floor across part of which a curtain is drawn to make a stage. But do not let all this deceive you; the place is Russian, and the air, outside of being tobacco-saturated, a little like the old Kav Kaz, only less ingenuous. Russians, I say it again, are charming entertainers; especially, in the Cave, M. Alexander Danaroff, Master of Ceremony and understudy of M. Balieff. But the show is such as no people but the Russians could get together. Dances apache (twice in a week!) toy, Cossack, wooden soldiers ... rehashes of every Chauve Souris program, thrown together helterskelter, saved only from ridiculousness by the troupe's air of being just one happy family. And some reason in

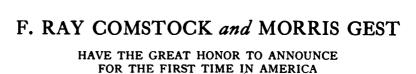
this I found in the explanation of my informed escort. Actors and management, waiters and bus boys are all so much of a family that they have all taken stock in the enterprise . . . and they certainly work to pay themselves dividends.

I don't think the Cave will ever become "smart".

But the dark cavern-like corners are inviting and they have hit upon a happy solution of a musical problem, one Russian orchestra to play Russian music, another, strictly American, to play dance jazz. Moreover, The Cave of the Fallen Angels is the only Russian place in town which does not claim to be manned entirely by oncecrowned heads.

O recall a gay evening or two L before the collapse—you will never guess the former name of the Club Flamingo, in Fifty-second between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Right upstairs from the Lido. Do you give up? What does it turn out to be, but the good old Trocadero, walled off at one end and made smaller, all decked up with blue and soft orange striped awnings, lighted by huge triangular lanterns decorated with girls' heads on flamingo bodies-O horrible-and made very, very, discreet. The crowd there included a couple of rather smart parties, a good percentage of pleasantly well-dressed people, a few tables not in evening dress, and about two couples of a distinct Broadway bent. There seemed to be a slight bewilderment on the part of everybody except the Broadway couples as to whether or not they had strayed into the wrong place. Basil Durant, whose personal popularity may save the place from utter cheapness, is dancing there with Kay Durban, a girl for whom the adjective "cute" was made to order, and whose obvious good health does not offend you on the dance floor, somehow.

FLORENCE MILLS is back at the Plantation, if that means anything to you. Also, the place is as badly ventilated as ever, and the crowd is just as Broadway. Between intervals of wiping smoke out of my eyes and inhaling aromatic spirits of ammonia, I endeavored to enjoy the show without very much success. The real negro devotees are going to Small's, in Harlem.-LIPSTICK



The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

(The Synthetic Theatre)

of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko 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." The five productions in the reported will be generated for a second to be a second to be a second to be and the production of the reported will be generated for a second to be a sec

The five productions in the repertory will be presented for one week each, in an order yet to be determined by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and his Staff. The productions for the remaining two weeks of the engagement will be announced later.

COMMITTEE OF PATRONS OTTO H. KAHN, Honorary Chairman

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PRICES

For the Gala Premiere, Monday evening, December 14, only: \$2, \$3, \$5, \$7

and \$10, plus ten per cent. war tax. For all other evening performances, including all other opening nights: \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$5, plus ten per cent. war tax. For matinee performances, Friday and Saturday: \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and

\$3.50, plus ten per cent. war tax. Orders for tickets and boxes for any performance, accompanied by checks or money orders and self-addressed stamped envelopes, may be sent now to Morris Gest, Princess Theatre, New York, and they will be filled in the order of receipt.

The public seat sale will open at the box office at Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theatre, Monday, November 30, at 10 a.m.

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

Dutton's Kare Books

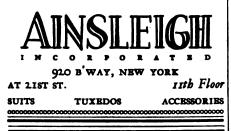
A Large Stock of Old English Bindings

681 **F**ifth Abenue Opposite St. Thomas's Church





It means that we put a little more into our clothes than we have to so that you can get a little more out of them than you would expect to—and then some.



"Oh, Bob, why do they call Ken a man about town?"

"My dear Phyllis, his only qualification is the ability to scare up seats for a show, in a jiffy. They think he knows all the Broadway producers. But I'm wise to his game. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know...."



And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Commodore, Ansonia, Belmont, Imperial, and Murray Hill.



T isn't the Locarno treaty-it is the final decision as to whether artificial jewelry can ever be considered permanently smart, on which depends the future peace of the world. There are still numbers of old timers who suffer intensely, and collapse with faint moans at the sight of a green glass finger ring or a pink pearl earring. I, for one, have never cared for imitation emeralds or sapphires. The shrieks of the loyal few mean nothing, however, as far as pearls are concerned. Artificial pearls have been accepted, and enthusiastically worn by the smart world for several Seasons, and their popularity shows no signs of abating. They are established; they are correct. Most evening dresses need them, and those scattered few who do not own real diamond bracelets still wrap strings of them around their wrists as decoration with impunity.

As far as Christmas presents are concerned, I consider that they are the only type of artificial jewelry that is not only acceptable but desirable. In the necklace line, I should avoid, as a general rule, all tricky interpolations of the green glass emeralds mentioned previously; all chokers, which have been overdone, and never were very becoming to most women; and all fancy pendants. The very long (forty inch or more) strings, with a real sterling silver or platinum clasp are the best. This can be worn either around the neck or the wrist and is useful with almost any costume. Tecla pearls, of course, are the best known and, incidentally, the most expensive of this type. Frederic's at 547 Fifth Avenue has really beautiful pearls well set and well strung, and beautiful in coloring. All of the settings and clasps here, are of sterling silver, gold or platinum, and the pieces are most attractive. A well meaning young man in a holiday spirit probably has less chance of going astray there than anywhere else.

Saks-Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and Bonwit Teller also have a good selection of artificial pearls, but in department stores the novelty element is more emphasized. As I have said, pearls are about the only imitations that, to my mind, should be given at Christmas time. Semiprecious stones also make charming presents.

The Little Shop at 561 Fifth Avenue specializes in exquisite bits of jewelrynotably a necklace of crystal discs follow-

ing the general line of the Hawaiian Lei. Earrings, and a bracelet make up as a set if you care to go that far. Hodges at 22 East Fiftieth Street has a large selection of novelty jewelry, and makes a specialty of mounting old stones in new and original settings.

At the high class oriental shops (and beware of any that are not firmly established, unless you know the real things from the fake in oriental art) such as Yamanaka 680 Fifth Avenue or Gaza at 527 Madison Avenue, delightful bits of jade, old ivory, amber, crystal cornelian, lapis lazuli and rose quartz are to be found in bewildering array.

Orientilia, a shop at 32 West Fiftyeighth Street, besides its old Eastern Objets d'Art, is a paradise for people looking for oriental books and manuscripts of every description and, as far as I know, has the most complete collection of them in New York.

Orientilia is also issuing two most interesting portfolios containing original leaves taken from rare old books, as an inspiration to artists and collectors interested in printing, engraving, and calligraphy. There are original pages from the first King James Bible, examples from a manuscript breviary of the Fifteenth Century and countless others. The first portfolio contains examples of early English manuscript; the second Continental work previous to the Seventeenth Century. Further editions of these portfolios, which are necessarily limited, will follow. The leaves can be removed from their folders for framing, for study, or for exhibition purposes, and the history of each is fully described. For artists, creative advertising men, and scholars, they would make a delightful gift.

DENNISON'S, as all you boys and girls probably know, is still the place to get tissue paper, stickers, tags and Christmas ribbons for doing up Christmas packages. They also have very attractive little coin cards and boxes to hold five, ten or twenty dollar gold pieces, and Christmas bill holders with which bachelor uncles are wont to make the Yuletide of relatives or servitors merry.

AND now (no longer speaking of Christmas gifts!) that you've seen the magnificent display in the Automobile Salon of the Hotel Commodore and know

that the sensational feature is the brilliant color effects found in the finishing of most of the cars exhibited—now that you have become acquainted with their many interesting mechanical developments your determination to buy the conventional black town car has probably been forgotten.

Right now you may be torn between a Caprice Rose fully collapsible cabriolet, or a Pigeon Egg Blue phaeton.

There doesn't seem to be any question about the motor merchants making it almost impossible for you to decide just which your new town vehicle will be, when you consider the Rolls-Royce (Locke body) convertible touring car of Sea-Fog Green with Dundee Gray fenders, and non-shatterable glass windshields and windows-or the Salamanca (standard model) cabriolet with a specially upholstered interior of needle-point-the gorgeous low-slung Minerva with the fully collapsible three-way body that can be at intervals a cabriolet-a phaeton or a seven passenger enclosed drive-the Deitrich body Marmon coupé-the Mercedes all-steel car, very, very, expensive, built by Budd; and the Mercedes collapsible coupé built by LeBaron-any of the gem shaded Cadillacs-the perfect little Brewster, that looks so intriguingly foreign—the Lincoln cabriolet built by Brunn—the splendid new Cunningham the Locomobile "Ninety", the justly famous Pierce-Arrow-the Packards and especially those built by Derham-the distinctive Isotta-Fraschini straight eightthe Renault "twentieth century expression of the French civilization", and the numberless others

Nor does there seem to be any doubt in the minds of the exhibitors that Fifth Avenue will one day be lined with resplendent motor conveyances and that our men will take to purple dress suits and green satin waistcoats.

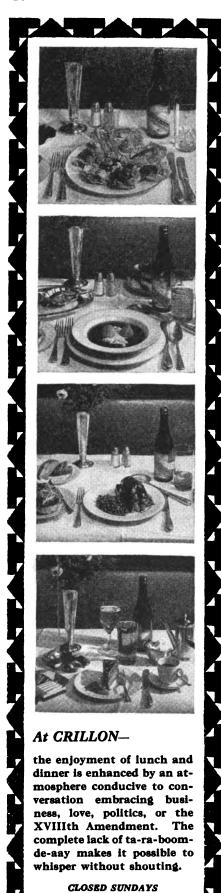
If you have finally succumbed to the idea of a colored town car, remember that there are fifty new shades to choose from, and there'll be no excuse for scarring the handsome highway with such bilious combinations as deep lavendar and maize, or any of the shades resembling shell pink.—L. L.

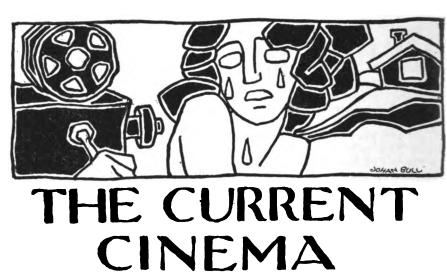
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According to the best authorities, bituminous, properly organized is an excellent household fuel. This fact is accepted everywhere in the hinterland but not here. The refusal of our citizens to acquire the soft coal habit is unreasonable, narrow-minded and insular, and it comes under the head of "Why I Like New York".

An opportunist is a girl who can meet the wolf at the door at night and appear the next day with a new fur coat.







SCRATCH your ironist and you find—a sentimentalist . . . Perhaps, then, Laurence Stallings's "The Big Parade", mightily functioned into the Astor, fell just this side of being utterly satisfying. Perhaps one looked overmuch for the sardonic Laurence Stallings, half-creator of the bitterish "What Price Glory". Perhaps one found instead a milder Stallings, verging on doing the war in rose pink tint; a Stallings writing with a sense of gags and a burst of treacle sentimentality, especially at the end. Possibly one had been seeking too closely for the propagandist, and the hard-boiled realist who did the lustful Captain Flagg and the sour-bellied Sergeant Quirt, and one kept finding the romanticist and pleasant joker.

It has been said that the original tale as Mr. Stallings penned it for les Messrs. Loew-Goldwyn-Mayer carried a sense of the bitter and gravely unpleasant. It was to have showed the coarsening effect of holocaust on a typical tender young American. You never can tell just what happened to the tale when it fell into the hands of the gifted scenarists. As it stands now it describes the sentimental Odyssey of a small town lad who enlists, leaving home, mother, and sweetheart. In a romantic France, he falls in love with a rustic mamselle, is torn from her and sent up to the line, loses a leg. Returns home only to find his sweetheart has been unfaithful. Back to France he hies him to rejoin his "Woman of France", his Little French Girl.

Still, withal the movie formularization of plot, it is an exhiliarating work as the motion picture goes. There is more hurricane movement, more seething, bursting, explosive excitement, more vigorous poetry and

grim humor than has been displayed hereabouts in several blue moons of assorted screen junk. The streaks of pure poetic contrast are especially gratifying. The forlorn and rattled figure of the rustic mamselle searching her doughboy lover from the very heart of insane military confusion of "moving up"; the huddled, bleeding Gargantuan Corporal lying under the starshells, being riddled with a thousand bullets while his "three musketeer" companions call vainly for him from a death rimmed shellhole; the robustly normal craving love dalliance between the mamselle and her loverall strike to the core of poignancy.

Yet one cannot help hoping for a great war story, and one cannot help but be sure that Mr. Stallings plus Herr von Stroheim, given free rein, would do the task most magnificently. Let us pray.

TELLA DALLAS", having been J washed into the Apollo on the crest of a million dollar wave of ballyhooing, we went fully expecting to see what we would see and found that it came out exactly as we expected. We were drenched in salty niagaras of tears, tears, tears. It is the Greatest Picture Ever Made. It is a Magnificent, Searching, Intense, Brilliant, Wonderful, Human, Mighty Peep into the Heart of Motherhood. It is Greater than Life itself. It is a heartrending tract for the Maternal, and in its sobbing dramatic force twangs the lyre of the heart till the chest is made sore with bosom pains. If the sacrificial forces that underlie it could be put into currency it would net a million-nay, a billion -- dollars. Come to think of it, this is just what will happen at the box offices.-T. S.

26

LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE



"'Buy lots where the orange and lime Are perpetual bloomers, In Florida's glorious clime!'

Shout the real estate boomers. And yet though the winner may gloat

And the plunger may scoff, it's A wary dog's counsel to note

What they do with their profits; That's where to invest your rupees!" Said the small Pekinese.

"The ulster is worn in the home, For the weather grows cruel

And houses are colder than Nome In the shortage of fuel.

The cellar is barren of coal, Mr. Coolidge is wordless,

The blizzard comes down from the Pole And the bushes are birdless Except for the chick-a-dee-dees,"

Said the small Pekinese.

"The truest of lovers must part, Or, in poetry, 'sever'.

Like Tosti, I really must start On my 'Goodbye, forever!'

Farewell to the foibles and flaws Of our city and nation!

Farewell to my lyre! because Of a threatening starvation In suitable jingles in 'eese',"

Says the small Pekinese. -ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HOW TO PASS TIME

IN THE SUBWAY, SITTING—read the advertisements—have you ever used any of the stuff—had you believed what they said, before using it-how many do you believe now-could you save time by following the Subway Sun's time saving schemes—have you ever done so—is it worth while—take out a newspaper—find ten people who are reading it with youfind ten who are not reading it with you -make a move to drop it—find ten peo-ple who make a start for it—find ten who do not make a start for it—rise how many people have rushed for your scat-look at the girls-how many are trying to hold down the skirts the breezes blow up-how many really want to hold them down-how many do hold them down-count all the women waiting to take your seat-how many would look at you if you did not have a seat-how many would offer you a seat if you were standing-can you be positive-look at the passengers-can you think of ten points for or against the immigration law-if they were adopted would you be in this country now-close your eyes-try to leep.- JOSE SCHORR



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A Sensational Success!

Nearly six hundred prominent people of society, the screen and the stage viewed a spectacle at CLUB MIRADOR last Tuesday evening that so completely awed, amazed and thrilled them, that at its conclusion they gave vent to their enthusiasm in a wild and prolonged outburst of applause. It was the Premiere of

MARJORIE MOSS and GEORGES FONTANA

in their tensely dramatic, highly emotional and exquisitely artistic presentation of their famous

'El Tango Tragico" Supported by a cast of 18 and augmented orchestra

This is beyond doubt the most extraordinary and impressive performance of its kind ever witnessed in New York, on or off the stage. It will continue nightly for a limited period only.



200 West 51st St., at Seventh Ave. Phone Circle 5106-4983

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MURRAY SMITH ORCHESTRA

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Management "Charlie" Journal





THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, November 27, to Friday, December 4, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- MAN'S MAN—Your Metropolitan dingy treated unsentimentally in a trenchant and telling drama of their dingy lives. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, §2, W. of 8.
 YOUNG WOODLEY—The pathetic love stirring of an English adolescent done into
- YOUNG WOODLEY—The pathetic love stirring of an English adolescent done into poignant living terms by Glenn Hunter.
 BELMONT, 48, W. of B'way.
 ACCUSED—M. Brieux rationalizes theatrically
- ACCUSED—M. Brieux rationalizes theatrically about the law and its ethics. E. H. Sothern quickens it from lethargy. BRLASCO, 43, E. of B'way.
- THE VORTEX—Noel Coward, prodigy, looks with epigrammatic horror on some of his intemperate contemporary Britishers. Intense and bitingly tawdry. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.
- HAMLET-Shakespeare sans mufti. With Ethel Barrymore and the classical Walter Hampden. HAMPDEN's, B'way at 64.
- Hampden. HAMPDEN's, B'way at 64. THE GREEN HAT—Mr. Arlen, noted Oriental, purveys sentimentality that is truly sentimental. With Katharine Cornell as the Iris March of recent general conversation. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
- sation. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
 HAMLET—The restrained, modern clothes edition of Shakespeare's pleasant tragedy.
 Spared, fortunately from sudden and unmerited death. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
 IS ZAT SO?—The hardboiled and the elite
- IS ZAT SO?—The hardboiled and the elite meet in theatric situations. Vivid New Yorkese greet the broad Italian "a", and hilarity is the outcome. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46, W. of B"way. THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—In which Mr.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—In which Mr. Arlen dons his caps and bells, creates some Wildean puppets and puts brilliant small talk into their mouths. GAIETY, B'way at 46.
- ARMS AND THE MAN—The anointed Mr. G. Bernard Shaw talks shavianly about shavian views towards shavian war. With the Lunts, man and wife. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way.
- STREET, 49, W. of B'way. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Along the Open Road with Maxwell Anderson's poetically sardonic hoboes. Americana comedy predominates. THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way.
- THE GORILLA-Goosefiesh and laughter engendered from the best burlesque of the mystery farce yet. NATIONAL, 41, W. of B'way.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—Down from the land of the Fundamentalists comes Gregory Kelly to make a fortune from the American Theatre (general laughter). LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way. AMERICAN BORN—The somewhat well
- AMERICAN BORN—The somewhat well known Mr. George M. Cohan in as trivial trivia as the stage knows this year. But then there is Mr. Cohan. Hudson, 44, E. of B'way.
- THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King, a real lot, lightsome music, touches of humor, much beauty—what more can you ask of an operetta? CASINO, B'way and 39.
- LOUIE, THE 14TH-YOU are hereby warned that this will be the last week of Leon Errol and the much-mooted Ziegfeld glorified femininity. Make a note of that, lasgrade. COMPAGE TRAN. Columbus Circle.
- laggards. Cosmopolitan, Columbus Circle. PRINCESS FLAVIA—A huge operetta made from "The Prisoner of Zenda", with my-

riads of singers, stirring music, and that leading Piccadilly-ist, Mr. Harry Welchman. CENTURY, 62 and Central Park W.

- GARRICK GAIETIES—Those Theatre Guild lads and lassies still committing folly on folly with their Guild elders as general butts. GARRICK, 35, E. of 6 Ave. ARTISTS AND MODELS—Les Messieurs Shu-
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—Les Messieurs Shubert inhabit the cavernous Winter Gardea with a truly humorous and acrobatically unapparelled revue. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.
- NO, NO NANETTE-Let's see. Haven't we often said that the music of this was hoary to the grace notes, but that it always sounded fresh and melodious? GLOBE, B'way at 46.
- fresh and melodious? GLOBE, B'way at 46. THE STUDENT PRINCE—They actually sing the music of this enormous and satisfying operetta. Which is enthralling and considerable when you think of it. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. at 57.
- SUNNY—A continuous succession of charming, humorous, harmonious, and graceful musical comedy celebrities. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way. MERRY MERRY—The friendly touch is given
- MERRY MERRY—The friendly touch is given to this musicomedy by the sophisticated chorus becoming democratic and romping about as principals. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.
- THE CITY CHAP-Richard (Skeet) Gallagher as the healthy young hero of the musical rendering of "The Fortune Hunter". Rz-PUBLIC, 42, W. of B'way. ROSE-MARIE-And, last year's but not least
- ROSE-MARIE—And, last year's but not least this year, a happy, happy operetta. Im-PERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- MORALS—A comedy from the German of Ludwig Thoma. An Actors' Theatre Production. COMEDY, 41, E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 30.
- BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Owen Davis's play, with Madge Kennedy. Mon., Nov. 30 (Theatre not announced at date of going to press.)
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park Ave.— Evelyn Grieg and Hancis De Medem dancing in the pleasant calm of the Park Avenue Supper Club. BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—Bohemian gaiety in the
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3-Bohemian gaiety in the aristocrat of village places. Entertainment around midnight.
- CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Park W.-Gay French revue decoratively ensconced in the Century Theatre's cellar.
- CLUB CIRO, 141 W. 56—A Broadway place worth while for the terpsichorean interpretation of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue".
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—One of the mest popular over-crowded haunts with Maurice and Bennett dancing.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51—If possible. even more jammed with the elite bent on seeing Moss and Fontana's dramatic new Apache dance, El Tango Tragico. Re-reviewed in this issue.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-Stall holding its faithful clientele who enjoy dancing and need no entertainment.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9-Newest of the valage attractions with decorations and entertainment in keeping with its title.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

- KATINKA, 109 W. 49-Russian informality with entertainment of the Chauve-Souris type now and then.
- NUMBER 10 E 60-Emil Coleman's orchestra in the place which was last year's smartest and is still pleasant; no entertainment.
- RUSSIAN SWAN, 161 W. 57-Successor to the Russian Eagle and almost as good. Russian music and dancing. THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS, 301
- W. 46-Reviewed in this issue.

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BIG PARADE-Reviewed in this issue. At the Aston.
- BRIGHT LIGHTS-The return of the shy and awkward Charles Ray in a small time story of quiet humor. At LOEW'S AMERICAN.
- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd, as Mer-ton of the Campus. Its last week at the COLONY.

MUSIC

- RECITALS-ROLAND HAYES, CARNEGIE HALL. Fri. eve., Nov. 27. A master singer.
 - KATHERINE BACON, ABOLIAN HALL, Sat. aft., Nov. 28. A prize winning pianist, who nevertheless is first-rate.
 - LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, TOWN HALL, Sat. eve., Nov. 28. Koussevitzky conducting novelties.
 - SERGEI RACHMANINOFF, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. aft., Nov. 29. Yes, sir, that's the com-poser of The Prelude!
 - A. ENTERS, FORTY-RIGHTH STREET THEATRE, Sun. eve., Nov. 29. An original choreomime, with Micha Itow.
 - MAIER and PATTISON, ABOLIAN HALL, Mon. eve., Nov. 30. The Arden and Ohman of legitimate music.
 - MISCHA ELMAN QUARTET, ABOLIAN HALL, Tues. eve., Dec. 1. Still another good chamber music ensemble.
 - LEONORA CORTEZ, AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 2. A newcomer who may start something in the piano business.
- MAX ROSEN, CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 2. One of our most agreeable fiddlers.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEDIA HALL, Fri. aft., Nov. 27; Sat. eve., Nov. 28; Thurs. eve., Dec. 3; Fri. aft., Dec. 4.
 - NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. morn., Nov. 28 (Children's Concert); Thurs. aft., Dec. 3; Fri. eve., Dec. 4. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Nov. 20.
 - PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, Stokowski conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, TUES. eve., Dec. 1. BOSTON SYMPHONY, Koussevitzky conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. aft., Nov. 28.
 - I WAS THINKING

Of a Young Man-

- You are not bad to look at,
- Your clothes are quite well made. I might have thought you clever
- And been half afraid
- Of not being quite equal To your superior wit,
- If you had only waited
- And held vour tongue a bit!

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY-Performances nightly, except Tues., with matinee Sat., and concert Sun. night. Programs not announced at time of going to press. See daily papers.

ART

- YOUNG AMERICANS-ART CENTER, 65 E. 56. Interesting show of things done under the comforting help of Mr. Tiffany.
- GEORGE BIDDLE-NEW GALLERIES, 600 Mad. Ave. Best work of this prolific artist, silver points from Cuba being especially noteworthy.
- COACHING PRINTS-FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co., 16 E. 57. If you like old prints you will be crazy about this.
- DUTCH MASTERS-KNOEDLER & Co., 14 E. A concentrated trip to a good museum 57. with the waste product left out.
- FERNARD LEGER-ANDERSON GALLERIES. 489 Park Ave. Sort of modern stuff that makes the old timers gnash their teeth; as restful as a five and ten on Saturday. **SPORTS**
- FOOTBALL-Sat., Nov. 28, at 2:00 p. m. ARMY VS. NAVY, at Polo Grounds. The football season ending in a burst of brass buttons
- BICYCLING-Bicycle Racing, NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 and 8 Ave. Tex Rickard's new playhouse unofficially opens midnight, Sat., Nov. 28 with aprint races which precede Six Day Races starting midnight, Sun., Nov. 29 and lasting until 12 P.M. Sat., Dec. 5. First chance to view the New Garden which Rickard has been doing a little sprinting himself to finish.

OTHER EVENTS

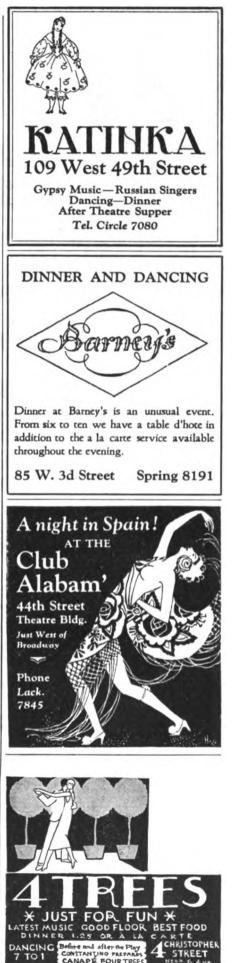
- BATTLESHIPS IN HUDSON-Wyoming and UTAH lead the fleet here over the Christmas Holidays.
- RUTH DRAPER, TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, 42, W. of B'way, 8:30 p.m. More of Miss Draper's popular monologuing. K. VANDERBILT'S MANSION, 52 and 5 Ave., Sat., Nov. 28 and Sun., Nov. 29.
- W. Last days of this famous landmark as a museum. Dance held in once sacred halls Sat. evening and demolition begins Tues., Dec. 1.
- LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL BALL, HOTEL Aston, Tues., Dec. 1, featuring the decora-tions and spirit of a Parisian street fair in the grand ball room of the Astor.

JUNIOR ASSEMBLY DANCE, RITZ-CARLTON, Fri., Dec. 4. First of this Season's traditional affair.

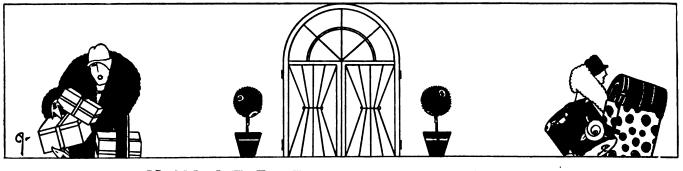
SOAP SCULPTURE, ART CENTER, 65 E. 56. If you enjoy taking your art with you even unto your tub, here is shown the latest in cleansing agent carving. Wed., Dec. 2 and thereafter daily.

- Of a Young Woman-
 - Sophistication? O, my dear! It is not pretending.
 - It goes deep-does not begin-And has no ending.
 - It is weariness. You care Far too much for seeming.
 - Under the disguise you wear, You are still dreaming!

-LOUIS DRISCOLL



FOUR TREES



₩HER HOP

At this time of year no adequate statement of the value of a guide to shops such as are listed below can be made. THE NEW YORKER merely calls its readers' attention to this dictionary of solutions for Christmas present perplexity.

Books

HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468

Antiques

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.

Arts and Crafts

ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot-teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.

Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.

SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177

Auction Bridge

ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City

FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus-trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.

Bags and Novelties

IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn hags, repaired by us, look like new. 502 Madison Ave., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987

Beauty Culture

ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street, (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795

Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza

TRICHO SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE Permanent removal of Superfluous Hair was awarded Grand Prix at Paris. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electro-lysis Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHRLON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768 Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St. Telephone Circle 1144.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. Robinson 1449 Broadway, at 48th St.

ARTHUR MURRAY'S STUDIO America's finest teachers of ballroom dancing. You can learn in six strictly private lessons. Half price this month. 7 East 43rd Street.

Dancing

Flesh Reduction

Lackawanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES

Opposite Macy's REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young

Footwear

CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878

Furs

Beautiful Fur Coats from \$69. Slightly used samples sacrificed. Fur Jacquettes \$35. Fur Scarfs \$12. Sydell Benson, 29 West 48th St., N. Y.

Gifta

XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION—Xmas Cards Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village.

Golf School

EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712

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DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. New Models.

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Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. **ELSIE MAILLARD** 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358

MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725

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Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice. Dr. Sauchelli 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218

Interior Decorators and Decorations

TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco-rated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St. N. Y. Circle 1493

Ladies' Tailors

D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York City. will please the woman of taste who wants best mater-ials, cut and fit. Furs-new and remodeled. Mail orders. Caledonia 7111

J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled

Maps

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 Regent 2055

OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 00 Plaza 0010

Shirt Hospital

Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost Shirts made to your own measure OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. soth St. Circle 7339

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Stationery New Process Engraving Name addres 75 sheeta, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand dect e 634 x 834 folded or 1054 x 734 single. A choice e 33.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W. 38th St. N. Y

Tea Room

A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.

THE LIQUOR MARKET

OLLOWING are prices of alcoholic H beverages as quoted in the printed circular of one of the larger wholesalers. They fairly represent the market that will govern the trade for the immediate future. As the quotations of one company, the list is not necessarily complete. Brands available change weekly, especially in the Scotches.

A rise in the prices of Champagne and Scotch is expected before the Holidays, when demand will tax the supply seriously. Retail bootleggers list all prices from \$5 to \$20 higher. The customary low rates prevail for watered stock and refills.

Scotches

Peter Dawson, dimple	\$52.00
Holt & Son Pinsch	
Old Parr Pinsch	55.00
Dewar's White Label and others	50.00

American Rves

Cedar Rock (Quarts)	75.00
Lewis Hunter	80.00
Gibson Pints	100.00
William Penn	85.00
Hiram Walker's Canadian Club Imp.	
Qts	90.00

Rums

			Oro) Cuba	
Bacardi	(Carta	del	Blanca)	75.00

Gins, Domestic

Gordon & Company	15.00
El Bart Wilson Dist. Company	15.00
Park & Tilford Dry (pre-Volstead)	18.00

Gins, Imported

Booth's High and Dry	22.00
Nicholson (Eng.)	22.00
Holloway Canadian Non-refillable	
Gilbey's Gold Label (Eng.)	38.00
Sir Robert Burnett, 24 Pints (Eng.)	38.00
De Kupyers Geneva Gin	65.00

Cocktails

Hueblein's		25.00
Hueblein's	Manhattan	45.00

Genuine American Distilling Company

Everclear Alcohol, 190 pf., Gallon 11.50 Clayton's Old Fashioned Apple Jack, 115 pf., Gallon..... 27.00

Ales

Fronten	ac and I	Dows C:	anadian Ales	
24	Quarts			
Brandies				

Jas. Hennessy & Company X X X		
J. and F. Martell X X X	45.00	
Wines		

Duff Gordon Sherry	28.00
Qld Oporto Port	25.00
Medoc Claret	20.00
Sauterne	22.00

-sweet 1916, A. De-Haut Sauterne-

- Sauternes-Dry Audinet and Buhan,
- Bordeaux 40.00 Graves O Dry, Audinet and Buhan,
- Simon, Wiesbaden 48.00
- Oppenheimer Rhinewines, Gebruder Simon, Wiesbaden 48.00
- Budesheimer Rhinewines, Ludwig Osterman, Frankfurt 48.00
- Forster Riesling Rhinewines, B. Rosenstein, Wiesbaden 48.00
- Rauenthaler Ausles Rhinewines, Bertram & Co., Geigenheim 48.00
- Braunberger Rhinewines, Bertram & Co., Geigenheim ... 48.00
- Assmannhauser Rhinewines Red, B. Rosenstein, Wiesbaden 48.00
- Erdener Trappehen-Moselle Wines,
- stein, Wiesbaden 48.00
- Montilla Sherry, R. C. Ivison & Co., 46.00 Spain
- Carmen Sherry, Marques Del Merito, Spain 46.00 . **. . .**
- Old Tawny Port, G. Oliva & Co., 46.00
- Malaga, Sholtz & Hermanos, Malaga 40.00 St. Julien, Audinet and Buhan, Bor-
- Medoc, Audinet and Buhan, Bordeaux 40.00 Pontet Canet, Audinet and Buhan,
- Bordeaux Angel Santiago Rioja, Bodigas En .. 44.00 Haro, Rioja, Spain 44.00
- Chauteau Lafite, Audinet and Buhan, Bordeaux 55.00
- Reaune-Bourgonne, Audinet and Budapest 50-00

Champagnes (Quarts)

Louis Roederer, 1915	95.00
Pol Roger, 1915	95.00
Cliquot, 1915	95.00
Mumms Cordon Rouge, 1915	95.00
Piper Heidsick	90.00
Red Seal Monople	80.00
(Pints \$5.00 extra)	
Sparkling Burgundy	55.00

Various combinations are obtainable as follows:*

- 3 Bottles Cliquot Champagne
 - Sauterne Eschanuer
 - St. Julien Eschaneur Sherry, Duff Gordon & Co... 55.00
- 3 Bottles Cedar Brook Rye
- Peter Dawson Scotch
- " Huebleins Cocktails "

3

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2

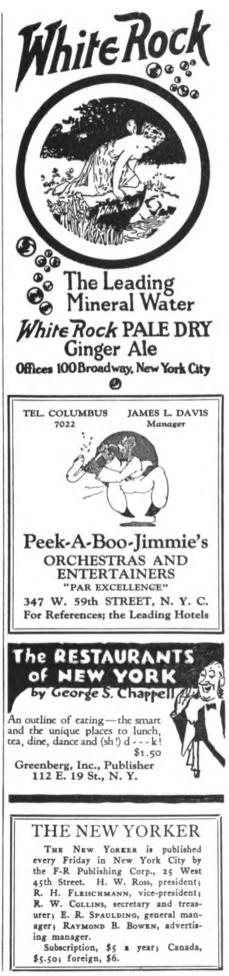
2

Pol Roger & Cie. Champagne 75.00

2 Bottles Pol Roger & Cie. Cham-

- pagne Dewar's Scotch White Lable
- " Duff Gordon & Co. Sherry
- Old Oporto Port " ...
- Hueblein's Cocktails "
- Hiram Walker Canadian 2 Club Rye 65.00

*Delivered in neat holiday baskets with ribbon bow, and holly if desired. Not to be Opened Until Christmas card gratis.





"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ" These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

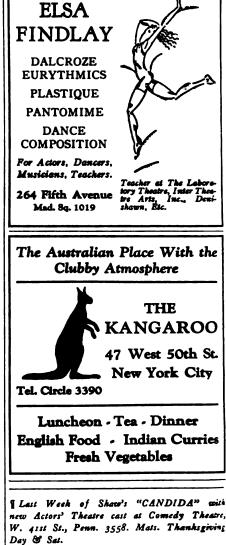
- THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). A novel shrewd, skillful and charming, in a frame of fantasy; it purports to be the answer to some children's uncertainty whether grown-ups have a good
- THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Helen returned with Menelaus, their daughter Hermione, Orestes, et al., in modern terms. All conversation; very amusing conversation, too.
- KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillan). A somewhat delirious scientific romance with a vein of satirical parable, by the author of the play, "R. U. R."
- MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). An astonishing amount of New York over a period of twenty years, packed into four hundred pages of sardonic and pessimistic realism.
- FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (Harcourt, Brace). Faber has been a prisoner of war five years, his wife has found relief in social service, and the novel is the drama of the consequences to their formerly idyllic marriage.
- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knop/). Particularly faithful and telling in its representation of small-town schoolgirls.
- LEWIS AND IRENE, and CLOSED ALL NIGHT, by Paul Morand (Beni & Liveright). It won't do for a properly sophisticated NEW YORKER reader not to have read Morand. "Lewis and Irene" is his novel, "Closed All Night" his better set of stories.
- FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). Dramatic thought-monologue of a neurotic girl forced to bargain with an old voyeur. Novelette length; brilliant.
- PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). Negroes and a hurricane, by a powerful new novelist who is an addition to the all too short list of American colorists in the domain of fiction.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). Eighteenth century fantasy, with an ironic undertone. In the best sense, the prettiest thing on this list.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan). Not his best novel, but too good for any one who ever has enjoyed him to miss.
- No MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A. S C. Bons). Sequel to "Some Do Not . . .", and in its different line, as remarkable a display of art. British Expeditionary Force stuff; a base in France.

GENERAL

- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page). Completes this fine epistolary biography with Page's letters to Wilson.
- HE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (Viking Press). "Deep River" and "All God's Chillun" and others to the number of sixty-one.
- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS (Knopf). For those who know a good caricature when they see one. The sixtysix in this book are Covarrubias's.
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (Putnam). A two-volume biography in the modern spirit, more interesting than most fiction.

\$23,700 Still Is Needed by Elks.-Memphis ews-Scimitar

That beer case we have been reading about in the headlines, then, is some way



¶ The Actors' Theatre. announces Ludwig Thoma's bold comedy classic, "MORALS," Ludwig adapted by Charles Recht, acting version sug-gestions by Sidney Howard. Premiere November 30th at Comedy Theatre. Seats Thurs. Mail erders now.



Two large rooms, bath, kitchenette, 35 Morton Street. Windows overlooking Cherry Lane Gardens. Unfurnished-\$75.00.

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So Simple It's Hard to Believe

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion -clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly

every day before meals: on crackers —in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

RIGHT

"ABOUT A YEAR AGO my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. I tried everything in the way of medicine but I received no relief from any of them. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes of Yeast a day for two months. At the end of the second month the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl." MISS ANNE M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.



"I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleanser—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite, an orderly stomach and improved eyesight—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City.

DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE . NEW YORK



"THIS SPRING, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I began taking Yeast. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. I gained in two months ten pounds, after being that amount below normal. Continuing the treatment, I gained not in weight but in vigor, feeling daily more rejuvenated. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth, so I shall continue with my Yeast."

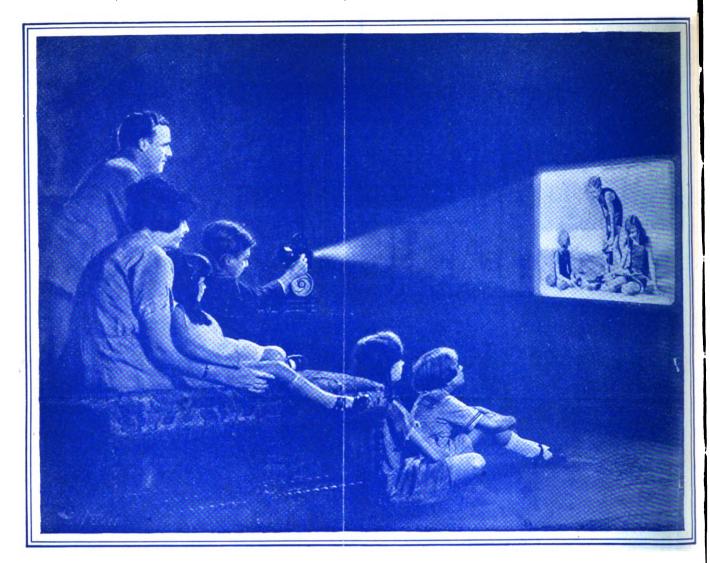
MRS. CARRIE M. CREMA, Philadelphia, Pa.





THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals. All groc rs have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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We're Bathing on Christmas – We're Coasting in August and having pecks of fun in between

"HERE are some movies of the children we took on the Cape last August. Aren't they wonderful—you know I'm quite a Camera-woman even if I do say it myself. It's heaps of fun to take movies—and so simple—why that little Pathex is just as easy to work as a snap-shot camera.

"Now let me put a flea in your ear—if you want to make your family happy this Christmas—and have loads of fun yourself the whole year 'round, get a Pathex outfit."



* * *

The complete Pathex outfit, Camera and Projector, costs but \$97.50. Pathex Daylight loading films, a whole reel, enough for six or seven scenes, are only \$1.75 a piece.

All film is developed absolutely free. Films from the Pathex Library-Comedies, Travels, Educational, are \$1.00 and \$1.75.

If you can't get a Pathex demonstration in your own neighborhood—write for illustrated catalogue today



PATHEX, Inc., 35 West 45th Street, N. Y. A subsidiary of PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc. THE PROJECTOR \$500 (Slightly bigber in Far Vest)





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The Specially Shop of Originations FIFTH AVENUE AT 38¹¹¹STREET, NEW YORK

le jardin na soeur

A Perfume that Defines the Taste of the Fastidious New Yorker

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"Le Jardin de Ma Soeur" Face Powder, 1.50

Bolin

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5. Vol. 1, No. 41, December 5, 1925. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1025, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1025, by the Fire Puby Corp.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCERELY and respectfully we extend to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt Pell our congratulations on having bought the Clipper Ship *Benjamin F. Packard* and turned it into a public museum. It was a most civilized and altogether decent act. We only wish George F. Baker, who is even richer, had done as much for the Brevoort House when he bought it, instead of consigning the delectable old mansion to the wreckers.

As ever one hundred percent American, Bishop Manning gave thanks on Thanksgiving Day for the decline of intolerance, and the Anti-Saloon League gave thanks for the decline of drinking, while elsewhere the Methodists gave thanks for being virtuous enough to want to abolish New York and the jewelers of Fifth Avenue gave thanks for an increase of 250% in the cocktail shaker business.

WE observe that the newest apartment houses are advertising Fireplaces that Work. This means real chimneys. Avoiding the obvious joke about another flue epidemic, we may say it is a grate improvement. Fires are becoming. It is said that even the wives of congressmen look attractive by firelight.

THE annual Report of the Directors of the Illinois College Fund laments the passing of W. J. Bryan '81 as the "institutions's most distinguished son since its foundation." We



understand that the reason the Directors say this is not to give Illinois a black eye, but to prove that Red Grange (their other great man) is a good football player because he knows he is not descended from a monkey.

ALL doubt as to what makes music in the California ear subsided last week. After hearing Paderewski, we met a Californian at dinner. "Oh yes, Paderewski! I saw in the paper he was here," she said. "I suppose you know he has a ranch out in our State," etc., etc. We didn't mind—the lady on our other side was prettier anyway.



WE are not entirely convinced that debutantes as a class object seriously to stags drinking. We used to believe that the poor girls were sacrificing their self respect to satisfy a mother's craving for a popular daughter. We wondered why the debs didn't exercise the boycott, which would have cured the drink evil in short order. But age has altered our opinion and put to rest our wonder. We now believe that the female always objects to the way the male treats her, and loves it.

HOWEVER fashionable it may be for women to ride astride, our heart nevertheless went out to the few who last week in the Armory still clung to the pommel of their side saddle. It looks so much better. We don't care who disagrees with us.

The Week

THIRTY thousand attend hang-ing in Greece on Thanksgiving Day and Gerald Chapman declines to accept commutation of sentence. Congressman Rainey charges plot to modify Dry Law and Archbishop Curley prays God to save us from reformers. George Bernard Shaw advocates trial marriages and Dr. Eugene Fisk asserts that nagging wives prolong life. U. S. rejects Roumanian debt funding offer and Judge gives ex-convict ten dollars to help him go straight. Dispute rages over compulsory military training course at C.C.N.Y. and British Army abandons use of spats as measure of economy. Lady Astor pities bachelors, eulogizes old maids, and movement is begun in

Texas to impeach Governor "Ma" Ferguson. "Red" Grange gets \$12,000 for first professional football game and Governor of Ohio earns forty cents setting type. Commissioner Enright prepares his apologia and General Butler, expecting to return to the Marines, censures Philadelphia for not being a good little city.

Triumph

OUR weekly advice from Haysiland informs us that Hollywood is again in the throes of one of the itches for authorship which occasionally sweep that intellectual center. There is a recurring aspiration among the more gifted and splendid males there to achieve the He-Man pinnacle in fiction and share honors with such lions as Mr. Zane Grey and Mr. James Oliver Curwood.

The latest victim of this intellectual stirring has been one of the screen's perfect profiles, who has been laboring on a novel.

"How many words are there in a novel, anyway?" he inquired from a scenario writer, who might be presumed to be a literary authority.

"About a hundred and twenty thousand," said the scenarist.

"Fine," exclaimed The Perfect Profile. "That means I've finished mine."

The New Order

EVERYBODY tacitly agrees that it was an off year at the Horse Show; but for an off year, it was a very good year.

Everything was slightly altered. Even the management was changed. Mr. Moore is dead. And Mr. Bowman, famous for his hotels, has stepped in, which should mean, if nothing else, good food from now on. These things count. There was everywhere last week the touch of a younger hand and a modern day blotting out the old. The old Garden atmosphere was gone. But by way of compensation, the brass band was better than ever before; the decorations were more complete; the whole machinery moved with a precision not altogether in the tradition of the old regime. An eye, they say, was ever and anon leveled at the gate receipts. On the verandah of a replica of Mount Vernon was a tea room carefully arranged to attract the current debutante and her boy friend,

whom the Horse Show used never to bother about. One guesses that the annual deficit, which Mr. Moore used to meet so placidly with his hand in his pocket, will be no more.

Mr. Reginald Rives is credited with having got the exhibitors together, and he did a good job. He is Secretary and Treasurer of the new organization, and he and William du Pont, Vice President, and Mr. Bowman make up the triumvirate now in charge. Entries were varied and colorful, with plenty of European officers to give a cosmopolitan air, and young ladies in breeches, from California to give the title, National Horse Show, some meaning. Almost the most active exhibitor of all was Jean Browne Scott, who they say has a rein in her hand six days out of seven in all seasons. James Cox Brady, under the pseudonym of Hamilton Farms was not far behind her in energy. J. M. Willets nobly upheld the hackney end of things; and others were J. P. Crozer, George Crouch, and Mortimer B. Fuller. Some of the exhibitors this year were old in the Horse Show, but not most of them. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is dead, and so is Reggie Vanderbilt. The clientele, on the whole, is younger.

At the moment, the triumvirate won't say definitely what they plan for next year. The reason why the show was held in the Armory this year was that Rickard's Garden was not completed in time to take care of it. Had this not happened, there probably wouldn't have been any off year; and everyone supposes that next year Rickard will have it, and will make it once again the foremost event in the horse world.

Another indefinite point is the future date. It used to be coincident with the Opera opening, but was changed on account of the strain the double function put upon enthusiasts who would rather die than miss either. Since then it has been first earlier and then later. Staggering it with the Opera is probably a good idea. The general feeling, undoubtedly, is that the Horse Show is worth building up again, and there would be no sense in running it in competition with the most colorful event of the entire Fall Season.

Original Hamlet

THE forthcoming production of Hamlet with no clothes at all, which is to succeed the version of the classic in modern dress, has been the subject of no little conversation about town. We are able, after investigation, to report that the idea originated from a witticism shared by no less than Mr. John Emerson and Miss Anita Loos; but since their early inception of the idea, there has been a deluge of suggestions for casting the production, changes, replacements,



new arrangements. It may still, however, be of interest to publish, of the many which have passed through our hands, one of the most complete prospectuses. It ran as follows:

Negotiations are under way to secure Mr. Bernarr Macfadden for the part of Hamlet, and it is hoped that Miss Gilda Grey will be the Ophelia. The Queen Mother will probably be played by Miss Texas Guinan, and the King by Mr. Ernest Boyd. Messrs. H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan will be the Gravediggers, and Polonius will be played by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Voice of Ghost, Miss Ganna Walska; Yorick (Alas!), Mr. Sam Shipman; Horatio, Mr. Charles Hanson Towne; Laertes, Mr. Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker).

The part of Rosencrantz, will be filled by Mr. Frank Munsey and other rôles as follows: Guildenstern, Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis; A Priest, Mr. David Belasco; A Gentleman, Mr. Michael Arlen; Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudrais; English Ambassadors, Messrs. Noel Coward, Freddy Lonsdale, Cyril Maude, Ashley Dukes.

In charge of Ladies Lounge, Mr. Rudolph Valentino; vice versa, Miss Peggy Hopkins. Costumes by Elizabeth Arden. Bedroom settings by A. H. Woods. Fig leaves by John Sumner.

held February 29th next.

Colosseum

HE plumber was overheard to say that he had had six hours sleep in seven days, and that money wasn't worth it. This was the new Madison Square Garden—the Six Day Race. Plumbers, glaziers, electricians, plasterers madly looking for their foremen; the lobby paved at five o'clock the afternoon of the opening; the last board nailed to the track forty minutes before the doors were opened; and Coionei I. S. Hammond, Mr. Rickard's vice-consul standing around in knickerbockers and explaining, "Yes, we have a special runway for elephants in Forty-ninth Street, and we've made the door extra wide in case they invent a bigger animal."

The new Madison Square Garden (the gods forgive us) is a veritable Foresight Saga, a masterpiece. Ice can be made in eight hours and melted in two. You can leave a boxing match at midnight and come back in the



morning before the office opens and see a hockey match. In the afternoon a circus or an opera. There are steam pipes and compressed air pipes and twelve miles of ice-freezing pipes, telephone wires and every other kind of wire, including the wire the Dare Devil slides down in Barnum & Bailey's. Under every seat is a ventilator. In the roof are great fans forcing ozone in at a rate that will change the air of the whole place in eleven minutes-dry ozone, warm in Winter and cool in Summer.

There are two floors to the new A private undress rehearsal will be Garden, an arena and an exhibition room beneath it.

> The Arena is finished in the simplest fashion. Its beauty is the beauty of engineering: white beams and white concrete. Every inch is filled with seats. One gets the impression that the spectators actually arch overhead from the fact that the two galleries protrude so far. The old Garden looked cluttered with supporting pil-lars; the new does not. The old Garden looked inconvenient; the new Garden looks eminently practical. The old Garden seated 13,000; the new Garden seats 17,000. As to seats: they are all good ones, and at least six and a half times as comfortable as the torture chairs of the old Garden.

> The exhibition room downstairs is where the sideshows will be. It is a room with many pillars, looking very cryptic. It is but rough plastered, as yet, lighted only by a few bulbs hanging on naked wires, and is silent except for the tramp of workmen. From the floor you can look up through the stairwell and see the engineers walking on the trusses overhead, a mile away.

It is hard for anyone but the overworked plumber to say anything against the Garden. There is no Florentine Façade of course, but at the present moment there is a blank wall against which they say a hotel will go, and which is now seen from Eighth Avenue over the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, of proportions that Picasso would call stunning.

Sport

THE sportiest proposal of amorn-son was made, early on a mornfrost was stirring, to a veteran cocher, half dozing on the box of his cab. A youth approached, in meticulous eveing dress but with his shirt bosom showing the crinkles of a long evening. "Cab, sir?" the jehu solicited.

"No; don' wanna ride," said the youth, after solemn consideration. "Tell you what, though. Wrestle your horse for twenty dollars. Give you th' twenty if I don't throw him in five minutes.'

The cabby pondered this strange proposal, and, presently, assented.

"Take his shoes off," the youth commanded. But this point the cocher would not yield. His horse must remain shod, if there was to be a contest.

"Bout's off then," the swaying one pronounced. "Only professionals wrestle with shoes on. I'm 'n amateur. Bout's off."

Mrs. Insull's Fling

N Sunday night next George Ty-ler's "School for Scandal" will stop off for one invitation performance on its way from Boston to Newark and points west. This is his way of acridly calling attention to the fact that he cannot get a theatre in our town without breaking all his own rules (and himself, perhaps) by paying the rent in advance. This custom of guaranteeing a theatre against loss is a comparatively recent exaction, exceedingly painful to an old showman like Tyler and nothing short of infuriating to him in the light of the fact that, by dint of it, a production of this very play has been pre-empting the Little Theatre for weeks and weeks by sheer weight of money and without the question of comparative merit even being permitted to enter in. For it is a secret de Polichinelle

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that it is not the public which is keeping Gladys Insull at her nightly romp as Lady Teazle on the Little Theatre's stage. Mrs. Insull (she as was Gladys Wallis in the W. H. Crane troupe a quarter of a century ago) is the wife of the mighty Samuel Insull of Chicago, in which city scarcely a wheel turns or a lamp glows except at his pleasure. Now she has returned to the stage after years of retirement made endurable by occasional performances in her own beautiful private theatre at the Insull estate on the outskirts of Chicago.

The great wave of applause which shook Chicago last Spring when Mrs. Insull played Lady Teazle for charity, swept that gratified veteran right on to Broadway where, after an opening night made notable by more floral tributes than have been flung across the local footlights in a generation, her handsome production has been running at a staggering loss since early October. The wiseacres say the whole adventure will cost Mr. Insull more than \$100,000 even if his lady should weary of the sport ere Michaelmas. But such pin money had been well spent on the glorious fun Mrs. Insull would have had if only the critics had been less glacial and even facetious in their reviews and if only the New York public had not stayed away in droves.

Huckste**rs**

OCAL journalism excelled even Lits tabloid self in reporting the clinical aspects of the Rhinelander trial, but even the pink-sheeted early editions could not muster sufficient courage to print the famous letter which, at some future date, may be incorporated in the American parallel of Krafft-Ebing's works. We were interested to note, though, that transcripts of the letter did find their way into circulation, the streets in one part of town at least being populated, one might almost say thickly populated, with hucksters who husked to the male passerby: "Th' Rhinelander letter, dollar a copy. Th' real thing, mister -not a woid left out."

The last time we encountered these foggy-toned gentry was a year or so ago during a police parade. On that Spring day, when the Finest were thumping ponderous rhythm on the asphalted Avenue, little knots of men were conspicuous on the side streets. The core of each group was a slinking



figure cautiously offering postal cards for sale—postal cards reminiscent of those which startled the A.E.F. in Paris.

Extremely wary were these salesmen, and when a lady approached there was a warning from the side of the mouth: "Gen'mun in private conversation, lady. Gen'mun talking private."

The thought occurred that this business of selling risque postal cards is probably the most desirable occupation in the world, because one must work but one day a year—when the police parade. Or, perhaps, these merchants work also in other cities. "I've got to go to Cleveland on business next week. Big police parade out there," we can imagine one of them saying.

Last Agony

WERE it not for the year 1883, crowds of the curious would not now be tramping through the W. K. Vanderbilt residence. It was in that year that Hunt, the architect, whose statue showing him with blouse and chisel was put atop the house by appreciative and roguish workmen, designed it in the style of the chateau at Chenonceaux, thereby dealing a heavy blow to the hitherto supreme brownstone. Everybody who has ever been

THE NEW YORKER

by Fifty-second Street thanks him, including the Vanderbilts, excepting the second Mrs. W. K., who prefers Sutton Place.

Like everybody else, we went through the house last week with hushed voice, gaping at the room where the famous Vanderbilt Ball was given, and also gaping at the movie screen put up in the banquet hall, the radio equipment, the professional entertainers and the slot machine against the wall. It was a two women to one man affair, so the bathrooms, the closets, the pantry and the private stairway out of Mrs. Vanderbilt's room drew most of the crowd. The dumb waiter was the pièce de resistance. It was pulled by probably ten thousand hands with practical wedding rings on them. All in all most entertaining.

We wonder if the shades of the old names that once were formally called there went through with the rest-D. O. Mills, Pierre Lorillard, the first Morgan, Ward McAllister, who lived to see his phase die. Not, by any means, incidentally, are these names which arrived with the Vanderbilt name, which did, or nearly did, arrive with the house-or at least with the Metropolitan Opera House, which came the same year. That was the time when the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street was animate. It had Mrs. Astor's patronage, and Mrs. Astor, though she took a box in the new Metropolitan, refused to sit in it. Mrs. Vanderbilt took a box and did sit in it. The situation was critical in 1883 and almost as important as the building of Brooklyn Bridge that year. And then the Academy died and Mrs. Astor had to come to the mountain, which put the biggest feather ever in the Vanderbilt cap.

I T was not only Mr. Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee who contributed to fastening upon poker its enviable reputation. The game has built about itself more safeguards than almost any other form of gambling; and one of the oldest of these came back to mind forcibly when I entered Abercrombie & Fitch's place, bent upon the purchase of some new equipment.

"I should advise against plain chips," said the gentlemanly clerk. "So many people complain that they find the banker's accounts never balance when plain chips are used." There was a significant cough. "Chips with distinctive designs are

better from every point of view," the gentlemanly clerk confided.

Emissary

THE Scouting Fleet is in the Navy Yard, and its officers are flooding the town with reminiscences of their visit to Australia, most enthusiastic of national hosts. So widely were our navy men fêted, it appears, that it became necessary to appoint committees of one to represent each ship at the various functions for which invitations went out.

It fell to the lot of a junior officer to make the rounds of various clubs which had extended privileges to American officers during the Fleet's stay. In each one, of course, he was greeted by the secretary, and then by the president—"and won't you have another 'spot', ol' deah?"

Thus it went; club after club, "spot" after "spot" and, as the day wore into evening, the junior officer found himself wabbling uncertainly into yet another club. His stride was unsteady, his eyes a bit glazed, but the honor of the American Navy was in his keeping. He went on.

When he managed to make a fairly straight entrance into the last club on his list, he was overwhelmed with introductions. The names seemed familiar. The places mentioned certainly were. "Of New York." "Of Chicago." "Of Dallas."

"Where am I?" inquired the befuddled junior officer.

"You're in the American Club," he was told.

"Oh, my lord," groaned the gallant sailor. "Now I've got to do some real drinking."

Artist

I T was announced as a "one-man show" of Bessie Lasky's paintings; and it was really through no fault of Mrs. Jesse Lasky that her exhibition in the Anderson Galleries was identified as the work of the wife of the prominent movie producer. The artist herself tried sincerely to avoid undue publicity—but who could expect complete escape when sales of canvases were being made to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, for instance, and Mrs. Bowes, and Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld?

The show itself was interesting, but so are many other shows through the year, and it was only natural that the

artist should prove the chief item in her own exhibition. Mrs. Lasky is slim and young. She wore, on the day we saw her, a simple frock of black satin. They say she was in attendance every day during the show, and that every day she was simply attired.

Mrs. Lasky likes her own paintings; indeed, she seemed pained when a sale was made—for a sale meant a parting. And she is not without a philosophical twist of mind. Surveying the crowd in the galleries, she murmured, "All the invitations seem to have gone astray except those mailed to Hollywood."

Boon

THIS magazine has been approached by a gentleman who has formulated a plan which, at this date, promises to be of more service to humanity than anything perfected since the discovery of fermentation.

In brief, it is his purpose to issue from a central bureau, a universal certificate which will identify the bearer as a person of unquestioned honor; and so entitled to admission to any bootlegging establishment in town. If possible, it will be arranged to have the certificates printed on U. S. banknote paper in order to guard against counterfeiting.

This scheme, when it has achieved its ultimate development, will put an end to the greatest nuisance of our time. It will not be necessary to go to the trouble of procuring an introduction before one can be served in a new place. The identification card will be a city-wide passport. And, of course, the old cards of admission which have cluttered our billfolds for so long will be consigned to flames.

This magazine hopes to report, from time to time, the progress of the movement.—THE NEW YORKERS



"There!" says I, "consider our bank posters and then accuse us of evil." "Ah," sobs he (the vice-crusader), "I was rash, forgive me, there is sweetness and light in this sad city, after all."





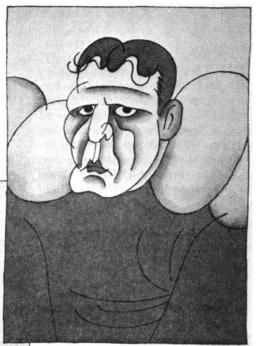
JOSEPH PENNELL—Who has, for many years, held a unique place in art and letters and who is about to hold the most important exhibition of his work ever given. Beginning on December 5th, the Anderson Galleries will show his lithographs, etchings, water colors and illustrations and his new book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator", in the process of making.



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF THE MOGULS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE—Who have pronounced Prohibition a complete success and credited it with the nation's present prosperity. No mention was made of its having emptied the jails.

Heroes of the Week





"RED" GRANGE—Who is the most eminent footballer of this epoch, and who has lately been criticized a good deal by various stock-brokers and penny-a-liners forprostituting his art for a mere \$100,000 or so. Grange will make his sordid professional debut in New York next Sunday.



MORRIS GEST—Who has done about as much, if not a little more, for the American Theatre than anyone else, who has done it by seeking out and fetching over for purposes of study the best the rest of the world has to offer, and who is about to do it again by placing before us (beginning on December 14th) The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko.



THE REV. FRANCIS P. DUFFY—Who is one of the reasons that Christianity and the Catholic Church have lasted as long as they have and who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as an army chaplain and his tenth as chaplain of the 69th Regiment last week.

LAWNDALE'S FAST SET

... backslappings ... and exaggerated curtsies . . . most of those present have not seen one another since five at the Golf Club.

R. HUDDLESTON: Mr. Fuddleston. You boys ought to get together."

"How do you do, Mr. Duddleston?"

"Pleasure, Mr. Culbertson."

"Live in Lawndale?"

"Greggs Manor."

"Nice place, too. Likit there? Know Joe Goop?"

"Met him."

"New York every day?"

"Eight-fourteen."

"Eight-fourteen Greggs Manor, eight twenty-one Lawndale," said Mr. Fuddleston, recapitulating. "Herman Ruff and Charley Fetz take that train. Standing bridge game with a couple of fellows who get on at Cedarhurst.

"You g'win every day, Mr. — "Fuddleston."

"Fuddleston. Pooronnames butneverforgetaface. G'win every day Mr. Ruddleston?"

"Seven fifty-seven. Seven fiftyseven Lawndale, seven forty-nine Greggs Manor. Fine train. No stop after Verdantville."

"Boys, your flagons. A dividend," the perfect host announces.

"That's the time," subscribes Fuddleston, "A bird can't fly with one wing."

Mr. Huddleston lowers his glass. "Ever hear that story of the two Scotchmen and the drink of whisky? Well, Sandy was over at Angus's house and Angus brought out a bottle and Sandy took a drink. 'What do you think of that liquor?' asked Angus. 'Well, that whusky,' replied Sandy,

'that whusky, is just right.' 'What do you mean, just right?' asked Angus. 'Well,' said Sandy, 'if it was any better you wouldn't give it to me, and if it was any worse I couldn't drink it.""

"Here, Hank" (the perfect host reappearing), "I want you to meet some more of the crowd."

"Mrs. Banner: May I present Mr. Huddleston? Mrs. Royce, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Swann, Miss Jourdan: Mr. Huddleston. Hank Huddleston: reading from left to right, Chet Orth, Bert Banner, Herman Ruff, Dr. Charley Fetz, Sam Swann. Folks, he has a swell line of parlor stories.'

Bows and handshakes. Sam Swann

playfully barges the newcomer off his balance, spilling his juice and gin. Sam is the suburb drunkard. The office has its prerogatives.

"Accidents will happen," says Mr. Swann, with allusion to Huddleston's despoiled drink. "I propose restitution."

"In kind?"

"Words," added Mr. Swann. "Namely, Old Parr."

He leads Huddleston to the sun porch. Gertrude Banner interposes herself between them. Swann whips out a flask of startling proportions and fills the three cocktail glasses with Scotch.

"This little group. Intimate. Informal. What I like about life here is its camaraderie," Mrs. Banner's wistful voice is saying by the door. "Sam you'd love a book I'm reading. 'The Young Archimedes.' Mr. Huddleston, you are in Greggs Manor, aren't you? Do you go to New York every day? Do you like Thomas Hardy. Lovely party, isn't it?"

"The eight-fourteen from Greggs Manor," replies Mr. Huddleston. "It's the eight twenty-one from here."

"The five-five at night's a slick train," observes Chet Orth, who can pick up the scent of Scotch at 800 yards against a high wind.

"Don't care if I do," said Huddles-"Bird can't fly with one wing. ton. Hear the one about the two Scotchmen, Sandy and Angus and the drink of whisky?"

More guests arrive as if precipitated by a gust of wind. Hearty greetings



"Bird can't fly with one wing."



and backslappings, man to man fashion, and exaggerated curtsies for the ladies, accompanied by laughter. It is nine-thirty p. m. and most of those present have not seen one another since five at the Golf Club.

"Get Charley to tell you about that little bet we made on the fifth green . . ."

". . . you old bandit, where you been keeping yourself?"

"... redoubled and I took her out in spades."

"Steady up that backhand a bit, and sweet papa!" Big-hearted Herman Ruff is planted before the mantel with his arms conspicuously around Mrs. Helen Carroll and Eve Royce. Which is all right. "What about that dress, Eve? You'll catch your death of cold."

Eve smiles and dexterously escapes Herman's authorized embrace and sways into the questionable arms of Oscar Linlocken, the big down-town publicity man and Lawndale Bohemian and literateur. They dance. "'. . . that whusky,' said Sandy, 'that whusky is just right . . .'"

"Left him so flat you could play him on that Victrola . . ."

"... world statistics show that the available supply of tin ..."

"As Bill Shakespeare so well said paragraph quote . . ."

"This country life does get hold of you, somehow. I'm a son of a gun if it doesn't," says Mr. Chet Orth, two hours later.

"I'll tell the world!"

"Bird can't fly . . ."

-Marquis James



METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE are, for instance, Visiting Relatives.

They are usually holding half of the State of Illinois At a fabulous price an acre,

Or the President of the Northwestern Bankers' Association

Doesn't dare make a move without consulting Cousin Charlie, And yet they get the same kick out of leaving fifteen cents for the waiter

That larger plutocrats derive from headlines telling the world Of a new university endowment.

Cousin Hattie, who doesn't miss a trick in Vogue and Vanity Fair,

- Wants to be taken to a night club where she can see Gloria Swanson,
- And when she gets there is so soon overcome by smoke, noise and synthetic gin

That she must be literally carted home,

And the long-suffering host's fifty or sixty dollars

Might just as well have been dropped in the Hudson.

She also wouldn't mind getting a good look

At Peggy Joyce, Herman Tappé and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt,

- And when the question of Sunday morning service arises, willynilly,
- Her choice is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
- Cousin Charlie wants to go to dinner at Billy the Oyster Man's-
- It takes an inlander to appreciate good sea food, yes sir!-
- And out to the Yankee Stadium to see Babe Ruth play,
- Under the delusion that the only poles are the North and South.

Sometimes Little Lucy comes along with her parents.

- She, although eating a longshoreman's breakfast
- Such as has not been seen in the house since Grandpa died
- And a luncheon which would have been too much for Tantalus's first attempt,

Nevertheless gives out regularly at the hours of eleven and four

And must be dragged somewhere for a chocolate malted milk Or turned loose on the ice-box.

Little Lucy sulks on all the shopping expeditions

- Because she is made to choose her clothes in the misses' departments,
- And hints pleasantly of the dire things that may befall her If she is not allowed to stay behind in New York

And study to be a professional dancer.

The V. R.'s are always ready for a game of bridge;

They don't play for money-just for the fun of it.

When Cousin Charlie takes out in a weak minor suit

Or Cousin Hattie doubles an original four-bid unsuccessfully as a signal,

They announce boldly that they play that way at home

- And suppose that different communities have different conventions,
- To which the answer is affirmative, with the silent crediting of an assist to the Deity.
- Visiting Relatives are grim in the determination not to be impressed;
- If they were taken to the top of a high hill and shown, etc.,
- They would always remember that the First National Bank of Clayville
- Ranks ninth architecturally in the United States.
- It is a long lane that has no turning,

And the day finally comes when the Twentieth Century

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Does not pull out in vain.

- You receive calmly their declarations about a marvelous time,
- Knowing that for Cousin Hattie the high spot was her facial at Elizabeth Arden's,
- And for Cousin Charlie meeting Chauncey Depew on the Avenue.

God gives us to our relatives-

Sometimes he *delivers* us to them.

- IT TAKES ALL KINDS
- TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

-BAIRD LEONARD

8



Apostle of Perfection

is by way of being also a cartoonist, and one of his most celebrated efforts is a labyrinthine bit of chiaro- he would tell you. "This way you Willem Mengelberg, baton wielder. are not even forty per cent."

In this composition the energetic musician is to be seen piloting a chariot whose freight comprises "Don Juan", "Les Preludes", "Ein Heldenleben", and other favorites. Above the symphonic vehicle floats a banner with this surprising device: "100 Per Cent". Which is the favored slogan of the Philharmonic's leader, and which helps explain not only his popularity, but also certain cracks tossed at his emphatic red hair by our Hanslicks.

Mengelberg's first commandment is that everything be 100 per cent, and behind his insistence lies his terrifying vitality. When he was a commuting conductor, directing orchestras almost simultaneously in Amsterdam and Frankfurt, he used to hop the rattler or its Dutch equivalent from Amsterdam, sit up all night, smoking heavy cigars (later, an Amsterdam perfecto was named for him), studying scores which long since he could have written out from memory, and then plunge into a rehearsal with an energy that startled and per-

way when he emerged from a competitive examination as musical boss of Lucerne at the age of twenty-one, and spent one-third of his time composing music, another third rehearsing it and the final third performing it. It is said that he sleeps, but nobody knows when. If you were bold enough to ring him up at 4 a. m., you probably would be told that Mr. Mengelberg was busy with a new score. And if you were a Philharmonic musician and you came to rehearsal later that morning, a little the worse for a night's He will not perform a new work

HERE is a viola player in the wear and tear, Mengelberg probably Philharmonic Orchestra who would chide you paternally for your lethargy.

"You should get enough sleep!"



Willem Mengelberg

plexed the *gemütliche* fiddlers and For with Mengelberg, people fall blowers of Frankfurt. It was that into two categories: those who are 100 For with Mengelberg, people fall per cent and those who are not even forty per cent. If he likes you, he will give you an autographed picture inscribed to "my 100 per cent friend," and he will see to it that your name is spelled 100 per cent correctly. If your name is Stephen, he will spend no little time investigating whether you write it with a "v" or a "ph".

Mengelberg's pursuit of perfection is, as has been hinted, more than partly responsible for the disapproving notices which he draws occasionally.

unless he can rehearse it until the last demisemiquaver for the third oboe is polished; consequently, he limits his repertoire to those compositions which have a reasonable chance, in his opinion, of getting 100 per cent performances. Nothing that a composer

sets down is neglected; hence the animadversions on his over stress of details. He declines to rely on his undoubted virtuosity as a conductor. He never has been known to say to his orchestra, "Just follow me and we'll get through all right," as many another director does when rehearsal time runs short. The symphony must be played over and over until the only question in Mengelberg's mind is whether it will be 100 per cent or not. He has conducted Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" for two decades and his orchestras in New York and Amsterdam have played it under him until many of his men know it almost by heart. But when a performance of that opus is scheduled, Mengelberg approaches the work as though it never had been done anywhere. Every composition that he conducts is a new experience for him, although he may have led it oftener than Tschaikowsky's perennial "Pathetic".

His passion for that 100 per cent extends even to the keeping of promises, a trait which

is not axiomatic in musicians. A few years ago he told Samuel Gardner that he would produce his violin concerto. About a week before the announced performance, it became evident to Mengelberg that there was not time to rehearse the concerto in the proper Mengelberg manner. When a substitution was made, the usual charitable gossip could be heard in the lobbies of Carnegie Hall. Mengelberg sent for Gardner.

"I promised you I would play your concerto," he said. "Of course, we'll do it next year."

And they did. Not only that, but



Mengelberg asked the Philharmonic management to issue tidings that he considered it an honor to present the work of so fine an artist as Samuel Gardner.

Mengelberg's dressing room in Carnegie Hall usually is open to visitors, but there are times when the door is barred and entry is prohibited even to the mightiest in music. At such times, Mengelberg is not resting or devoting himself to sartorial or tonsorial niceties. He is examining once more some important musical manuscript, munching the while an apple. When Mengelberg is occupied with an apple and a score, he is somebody to avoid, for when he wants to concentrate more than the customary 100 per cent he does it with apple obbligato.

Apples are the food of his active hours, but when relaxation time comes, he looks for pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. He goes to many luncheons and dinners and he gives almost as many as he attends, but the real Mengelberg never comes forth more strikingly than when there are pigs' knuckles on the table. It is then that he will confess a fondness for radio, good jazz orchestras, Bank of Holland cigars, and a certain restaurant in Pittsburgh. He likes radio from both ends, sending and receiving. When the Philharmonic broadcasts, he enjoys particularly the few minutes which follow the announcer's remark that the invisible audience is about to hear a greeting from the conductor. Mengelberg, incidentally, is the inventor of that classic, "My dear friends of the air," and its hospitable reception has brought him almost as much glee as the praises of his version of the Bach St. Matthew Passion music. Last year he succeeded in dumbfounding a highly distinguished after-dinner audience by beginning a formal address with his radio salutation. The letters that he receives from his dear friends of the air thrill him as they might a young bed-time story teller who had just made her radio debut.

"When they say they enjoyed the music, that is fine," he explains; "but when they say they liked my speech ah, that is one hundred per cent!"

Mengelberg loses patience quickly when he listens to a mediocre concert, except when it comes in on the loud speaker. The fact that it comes in at all still is a marvel to him, and he has been known to demand quiet in his apartment while he twirled the dials in a scientific effort to bring in dis-

tance. His beatific grin when he gets it is not short of cherubic.

This naïveté, which does not imply any lack of sophistication, is a symptom of the youthfulness of Mengelberg, although he is in the fashionable fifties. Life continually springs surprises on him, and if he does not know 100 per cent about anything, the missing fraction is an adventure. There is, for instance, the English language. When Mengelberg first came here for a short visit about twenty years ago, he addressed his band in scant, but precise English. His English then was of only two years' standing, and he had absorbed it from a text book of his own compilation. This tome still exists in manuscript. It runs something like this:

"I go into the hotel. I say: 'A room with bath, please.' 'No, that room is too expensive.' 'Yes, that will do very nicely.' 'Will you please call me at seven?'"

Almost everything that makes up the days and nights of a travelling musician is noted in this paper bound volume. The proper forms for obtaining railroad tickets, for speaking to the orchestra, for receiving visitors (including "won't you sit down?"), for ordering dinner, for bargaining with cab drivers, and for acknowledging a green room intruder's compliments are written out, with never an abbreviation, in a clear, almost academic holograph.

Mengelberg probably is not aware that the book is extant, for he no longer needs first aids to conversation. When the English word that expresses his thought does not come to mind he cheerfully invents it. He baffled his orchestra by asking them to play a soft passage "Ysayissimo".

"Like Ysaye," he elucidated. "Only issimo, please, gentlemen."

Despite the tradition that grew up in the days when he was battling with the demoralized orchestra that later merged with the Philharmonic, Mengelberg is not so hard boiled in rehearsal as many conductors whose



amiability and good fellowship is frequently paragraphed. The fist shakings which prompted Pitts Sanborn to describe him as "an infuriated Cupid" usually are nothing more menacing than exuberance. A wrong note evokes no uproar, but a false entrance is likely result in an ironic explosion. "Mr. —, I am not such a good conductor. I do not know how to follow you. So I am afraid you will have to follow me." It is the musician who does not keep at least one eye on the conductor who becomes the victim of sotto voce comments about people who are not even forty per cent.

But let one who is not even forty per cent be unfortunate in his personal affairs, and Mengelberg will take many steps to help him. His sympathy for an impoverished musician sometimes leads him into difficulties with critics. Once in a while —not often—he performs a novelty which hardly seems to be worth the rehearsals that went into it.

"I know it isn't a great work," he will apologize rather guiltily, "but it isn't bad and —— is a nice fellow and so very poor."

The Mengelberg lapses from 100 per cent standards frequently can be traced back to his generosity.

His personal representative, the ubiquitous and omniscient Bottenheim, reads to him all newspaper accounts of his concerts, and, departing from the mores of musicos, Mengelberg never pretends that he has not seen them. Unfavorable paragraphs on his conducting are met with a helpless shrug; he dismisses them as dissenting opinions ("the man may be right") on interpretation. It is only when a work for which he has a particular affection or a composer whose output he is sponsoring draws fire that he retaliates, usually with the observation that the music is not understood. When Igor Stravinsky became the subject of unkind cuts for his later works and his conducting, Mengelberg, in the presence of several newspaper men, put his arm around him consolingly.

"They do not understand Stravinsky yet," he said. "And he is a good conductor, too gentlemen, even if he does not make many pretty motions."

Yet his free-handedness does not prompt him to the distribution of apple sauce. Nor has he any marked appetite for that inescapable dish. Mengelberg prefers apples.

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-TYMPANI

THE CURRENT PRESS



OT since the mountaineers of Tennessee sought to strike the anthropoids from their line of ancestry have the newspapers given us such a gaudy story as that now current, detailing the efforts of a laboriously civilized youth to forfend the possibility of Negroid progeny. In the years to come, the Dayton affair may be revived more frequently by theologians and crossroad deacons and co-educational classes in journalism. But the herd at large for a long time will hark back to the Rhinelander story as the classic instance of what may be done with a real, juicy scandal.

The papers clearly have outdone themselves in their accounts of the proceedings at White Plains. They have displayed a resourcefulness, a positive virtuosity, far surpassing that of the old Harry Thaw days-to cite another classic example. Sitting lazily in Manhattan, we have, at a cost of two cents, daily seen the very red blushes spreading over the courtroom throngs. We've heard the dolorous splash of tears, and the groanings of divers tortured spirits undergoing, we are told, an "ordeal". And we have been made privy to the most intriguing correspondance d'amour since the publication of "Letters of Henry VIII to Four Wives". Never have the emotions of the ladies and gentlemen who write for the papers been so upset. And never have they been able to set down their disturbance upon paper with such insistence.

The tabloids, naturally, have wallowed in it. A curious friend, who reads these publications persistently, informs me that in one or two instances even the daily true story has been forced out of the papers to make room for more ecstatic despatches from White Plains. Indeed, this valuable acquaintance brought me a picture printed in Mr. Macfadden's Graphic, showing what purported to be the defendant-bride, stripped to her underwear in the presence of a grotesque photographic gallery of other celebrities in the case. It was hardly credible, this fantastic reconstruction of what must have been a tawdry scene, printed with the hope of wringing one more vicarious titillation from the hallroom boys and girls. Yet, as ingenuity goes among the tabloids, the thing was probably a coup. And I therefore present to the *Graphic* a large and healthy tubbed palm.

Of course, the letters were the very essence of the story—pitiful, intimate letters, fairly made for the guffaws of the multitude. And even while the standard papers held a firm hand on the orchestrations of the reporters chronicling the momentary developments in the case, they opened up the full diapason for the epistles. They showed, in short, what actually can be done with a good handful of letters.

Such personal messages, of course, have always been the very bulwark of a scandal story. The first thing printed in any divorce action, or homicide, or, as the papers have it "heart balm suit", will be the letters that passed between the principals when their hearts were credulous. But never before have we had such quantity, such fervor, nor, indeed, such a tincture of humor—providing that you get your fun out of erroneous spelling and faulty syntax.

The *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* paid their devoir to good old conservatism by printing the stories on inside pages. But after all, we knew they were there. And they printed just as many letters as anybody. One or two voices were raised, indignantly accusing the press of bad taste in printing the story at all. Which was, of course, preposterous, since such a protest assumes the newspapers have a sense of taste to execute.

For the rest, since it is presumably the duty of this department to make some estimate of the performance of the papers in their presentation of news, let it be put down that all of them, from the Daily Mirror at the bottom to the Herald Tribune at the top, were simply perfect. (Perfection meaning the achievement of an aim, which obviously in this case was to be as gross and vulgar as possible in the mumbling of a gross and vulgar affair.)

It remains to be said, however, that the New York *World* considered the matter sagely on its editorial page. Mr. Walter Lippman's editorial, laying the whole unpleasant business at the doors of acquisitive and famehungry lawyers, was dispiritingly true. Mr. Lippman is generally true, though infrequently dispiriting. He conducts the only editorial page in New York City which has the vibration of life in it. Even the *Herald Tribune*, as superior as it is in the news columns, becomes platitudinous and yeasty beneath its masthead. And there is an obvious reason for this:

The Herald Tribune sets out to support a static set of principles and an administration-though defend is the word, rather than support. Like all institutions of bulldog proclivities, it often catches hold of the wrong thing, and often, in such circumstances, appears ridiculous. Any organ which postulates the amusing "right or wrong, my principles", theory, is bound to have its ridiculous moments. Mr. Lippman's pages, on the other hand, occupy themselves, as they did under the whip of Joseph Pulitzer and Frank Cobb, with the pursuit of dynamic truth. It is idle to suggest that such a hunt is not likely, on occasions, to bay down the wrong lane. But even then there is the hunt itself. which can never be quite dull. Most important of all is that the World's editorial page has courage. Sometimes the very exercise of this fine quality seems rather forced and wasteful. Sometimes it is spent on trivial matters. But it is there, and there are no sacred beliefs, apparently, against which it may not be used. And even the earnest chase of that phantom monster, the Ku Klux Klan, provided us with amusement on rainy days.



In view of Mr. Lippmann, various gentlemen opposite him, and Frank Sullivan, we shall, after all, renew our subscription to the *World*.

In view, also, of Mr. Arthur Chamberlin, who has been writing the pieces from Washington about the Navy hearings. I propose, indeed, Mr. Chamberlin's name as the second best reporter in New York City. There is, at the moment, nobody ready to be called best. It was a stirring and dramatic story that Mr. Chamberlin wrote after he had seen Mrs. Lansdowne testify before the Admirals investigating the wreck of the Shenandoah. Too often, the spectacle of a woman on the witness stand carries a reporter beyond himself. He gets mushy, and feels that his day is lost unless he lets it be known just what the tears meant to him. But, thank God, Mrs. Lansdowne didn't cry. And even if she had, I would have been ready, almost, to trust Mr. Chamberlin. For three columns he kept up the beat he set in the first paragraph. So excellent was his performance, indeed, that I tremble lest he be drafted into the sports department, where all good reporters seem, at the last, to go.

There was another good newspaper story, but unfortunately I cannot tell you its writer because it appeared unsigned in the Times. I refer to the despatch from Texas, telling of the political tornado that has caught Ma Ferguson amidships. That was not a thrilling or dramatic story. You may even have thought it dull. Yet its writer, finding himself in possession of an overwhelming mass of detail and incident, integrated them all to make a flowing, revealing narrative. That was an accomplishment, in view of the multiplicity of maudlin, inco-



herent news stories that greet us every morning.

For the hilarity of future generations on the day that this is exhumed from the cornerstone, I must set down the fact that on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1925, the first account of a professional football game ever to appear on the front page of a New York newspaper, was printed on the front page of the *Times*. As might be surmised, the central figure in the story was Red Grange. Mr. Grange has set many precedents. But it is my estimate that his victory over the *Times* will have the most lasting effects of all.

My tabloid-reading friend plucks at my sleeve. Say something, he insists, about the *Graphic's* expose of the dishonesty surrounding the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest. I must disappoint him, however. This miraculous feat of militant journalism leaves me speechless. It is, in the *Graphic's* own deftly chosen phrase, utterly astounding. My momentary reaction therefrom is to blurt a promise: to wit, that in the next two harangues of this sort, I shall not once mention any tabloid newspaper whatever.—MORRIS MARKEY

OF ALL THINGS

THE Italian government, people and press, showed great pleasure over the funding of the American debt. One rumor has it that he actually smiled.

Ma Ferguson is in a jam, and it is now clear that something drastic must be done about the problem of gubernatorial husbands. We suggest a happy solution of cyanide of potassium.

The President's offer of commutation of sentence to enable Chapman to be hanged by Connecticut was declined with a simple dignity. "My first duty is to my country," said this ardent nationalist. It is refreshing to find one man who resists the pernicious doctrine of state's rights.

A bottle of the new chemical element, hasnium, has arrived here, and scientists are wondering what it is good for. Why not ask Secretary Wilbur? He seems to know a lot about everything except Navies.

Our nature is practically free from scepticism, and when Tammany says it will keep its paws off the police and school departments, we accept the statement with perfect faith and not over a carload of salt.

Mrs. Knapp, Secretary of State, warns us that the city's census figures are going to prove disappointing. Those of us who love to have the entire population of the Atlantic seaboard standing on our feet will be all broken up.

Now W. E. D. Stokes is being sued for a million dollars libel. If that old public nuisance is thrown for a heavy loss, this department is going to take a good cry, if it has to use tear bombs. Our lively contemporary, "By-products", of the Sunday Times lately said: ". . . intimate personal letters are now being read aloud in a New Rochelle courtroom." It is true that literature owes this debt of gratitude to New Rochelle, but the trial occurred in White Plains, a place named in honor of the esteemed Caucasian race.

When Colonel Coolidge recovered from his illness, his first act was to visit the woodpile. This interest in fuel problems is apparently one of those acquired characteristics that are not transmitted to descendents.

It is never too late to make up for the lack of early educational opportunities. One can always attend the soft coal school.

Dear old Bituminous offers a degree of fifty Fahrenheit.—Howard BRUBAKER





CAESAR AND LAVINIA

The Second Production of the Guild's Shaw Repertory Season

MISS CLARE EAMES as Lavinia, and Mr. Edward G. Robinson as Cæsar in Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" which is being

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The Theatre

Repertory program, the Theatre Guild has staged "The Man of Destiny" and "Androcles and the Lion" at the Klaw Theatre. The result is an interesting, if unexciting, evening of theatrical entertainment.

"The Man of Destiny" is not, it never was, anything but a slight playlet of moderate interest. Its point is practically disposed by the circumstance that it was written at all—with the thin veneer of Shaw varnish rubbed off, it becomes nothing more than yet another dramatic attempt based upon the thesis that historical personages were not only not always conscious that they were historical but were on occasion even vulgarly human. Tom Powers is the mechanical, stuffed-shirt Napoleon and Clare Eames is violently miscast as the Lady.

After the rather depressing curtainraiser, however, there comes a worthy and intelligent production of "Androcles". Henry Travers, one of the most consistently competent actors now in the American theatre and at the same time one of its least appreciated has the leading rôle. He brings to it the literal stodginess, the sense of important, unlightened seriousness, that are his familiar qualities. And it is not only because Mr. Travers has now been cast by the Guild for both rôles that this reporter suspects that even Mr. Shaw must be aware of the great kinship between Androcles and Brittanus.

Miss Eames is an extraordinarily excellent *Lavinia*, and fills with a sense of emotion a rôle that very easily is without it where the actress is deficient. And she displays throughout that rare quality in American actresses —Katharine Cornell, for one, has it to a gorgeous excess—of reminding her audience of her presence on stage even when she is in no way involved in the action and the lines of the moment.

Miguel Covarrubias has designed novel, and for the most part effective, scenery and costumes, and Philip Moeller has supplied competent direction that is nevertheless not without its awkward pauses.

PAID", then, is a melodrama.

Exactly what we mean by melodrama would be hard to say and harder yet to write, what with the nasty way type has of insisting that you could not possibly have been misquoted. In the case of "Paid", however, it very clearly means a most implausible and jerky play with loud actors busily ruining something that might have made an entertaining offering, in the hands of a more exacting dramatist. If this is not, even by inference, a definition of a melodrama, that's all right too. At least it sums up "Paid".

For a time—the time referred to is a few hours in advance of the opening of "Paid"—it seemed as if Sam Forrest, its author, had decided to go Drinkwater. By which one means that the press agent of his show had sent to the newpsapers little notes saying that Mr. Forrest, in his drama, was trying to show the early trials and tribulations of Edison, with overtones of Samuel B. Morse. And so those reviewers who like to make a display of erudition the morning after wasted



an annoying afternoon in the Public Library, checking up on watts and amperes and pawing over those old newspaper clippings that get the dust in your eyes.

And so it turned out that the play was about an inventor who had perfected a great improvement in electric light, but who lacked the money to develop his ideas. Whereupon, at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue one day he was a witness to the theft of a satchel containing \$4,950; and when the thief, to achieve a getaway, threw the satchel away, he seized it and took it home and used the money for his own purposes, and fifteen years later, which would be the fourth and last act, he was worth \$200,000,000. . . . If there is a trial, Mr. Edison's defense might well be that he has never been at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue.

There is more, much more, to the plot than has been here suggested. But one has no right to spoil in advance the pleasure of any reader who is still determined to go to see "Paid" after the hints that have here been given him. This department proposes to be nobody's keeper.

A HYPOTHETICAL question: A asks B how he can find a show like "Paid" annoying, on account of its manifest absurdities and lack of anything approaching human conduct, and can then proceed to write a notice of approval for "Mayflowers", the new musical play at the Forrest. The answer is, man cannot live on bread alone and probably A is right, and there should be some things in this world that are not be argued about and Ivy Sawyer.

Miss Sawyer, these past fe w years. has been wandering around the stage of the "Music Box" heavil. y disguised in gold wigs, or else servi, ang as a roast at some human dinner. Buhat the giant

brain of Hassard Short has thought up, or otherwise concealing herself behind the simple costumes of the theatre's revues. At last, in the new piece, she has come out into the open—and an adorable, sweet, tuneful and personable musical comedy leading woman she is. She is so exceptionally attractive, in fact, that one is almost tempted to take the deadly risk of calling her wistful.

This "Mayflowers" is a musical version of Arthur Richman's play of yesteryear, "Not So Long Ago", and has managed to preserve most of the values of its mood. It is quaint and charming, in its language as well as in its costuming, and its comedy is inoffensive, even where it is not too novel. But one is afraid that Robert Woollset, its leading comedian, will never be completely funny, even if Walter Catlett turns over all his material to him. Joseph Santley is the leading man and is put to no particular strain in executing the assignments that are his.

The attractions of the show are the charm of the period in which it is laid, and Ivy Sawyer. Take away the charm of the period in which it is laid, and you've still got much more than most musical shows.

AS, without argument, the best Sir Benjamin Backbite the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, of 1912 ever knew, we are particularly qualified to review any production of "The School for Scandal". (Similar qualifications apply to "The Importance of Being Earnest", "Verzalsen", and "English Spoken".)

The "School for Scandal", now at the Little Theatre, is decidedly spotty. Mrs. Insull, the Lady Teazle, is dainty, earnest and high-minded, but scarcely the type. Hubert Druce, Beatrice Terry, and Wilfrid Seagram are exceptionally pleasing as Sir Peter Teazle, Lady Sneerwell, and Charles Surface. The screen is very beautiful and there is a graceful minuet to close the first act.

The Sir Benjamin Backbite of Claud Allister is good, of course, but sometimes we wish we had remained an actor. Whose gain, one wonders, was the stage's loss?—H. J. M.

Music

I T'S no secret that music critics have been trying to be funny since the first member of the tribe wrote something about canning a Bach cantata (the exact reference will be furnished after a study of the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra), but now musicians, ever primed to please the gentry of the press, are having their little jokes. At the Metropolitan, for instance, a double bill of amusing operas is proving that "Tosca" is not the only drawing card in the deck. Mr. Damrosch has revived Saint-Saens's "Carnival of Animals", and again the merry roar of the poultry and the mad cackling of the pianists have won the handiclaps of Mecca's musical pilgrims. The impious Mr. Chasins, who will not be mentioned in next week's New YORKER, has been compelled to bow acknowledgments for his waggish piano works by such fine artists as Guy Maier, Frank Sheridan, and Ernest Hutcheson. And the New York String Quartet has performed the "Five Pieces" of the Czech cutup, Erwin Schulhoff, at whose hands all music receives a mocking translation, including the Czech.

Almost all of our contemporary music mongers are indulging themselves in comedy of sorts. Ravel and Casella are the composers of "In the Manner Of——", a set of caricatures of other men's works. Stravinsky satirizes reviewers in his songs, and kids ragtime instrumentally, while Hindemith, Milhaud, and the other ultras perpetrate all manner of jests

in tone. Nor is it so long ago that Richard Strauss lampooned a publisher in a vicious little song cycle which has not yet been heard hereabouts. Some recitalist might offer it in lieu of the tedious Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century airs which make an oil can out of a *liederabend*.

Laudable as is the trend toward louder and funnier music, the contemporary achievements are lamentably esoteric. When Ravel rewrites a snatch of "Faust" in the manner of Chabrier, the result is diverting for those who have intimate knowledge of Gounod's garden scene and "Brisëis", but for the rest of us it is merely like Cousin Jim's account of Aunt Clara's bout with the ice-man: it's funny if you know the people. The same observation goes for most of the lyric laughs of the time. They are entertaining only when the composer puts them on at the annual revel of the Moscow Philharmonic Society.

Occasionally, of course, the attempt comes off, as in Chasins's "Master Class", which makes sport of easily recognizable pianists and in some of the Schulhoff pieces, notably the caterwauling parody of the conventional serenade. Too often, however, we get unfunny irony, which is as irritating in music as it is in novels of life among the Dakota peasants. Musicians, we fear, are a little ashamed of having their tongues in their checks; whereupon, they try to



"Did you enjoy the Symphony, Robert?" "Very much indeed, thank you. They play quite well, don't they."



flaunt their serious mindedness by painting the cheeks.

THAT large and enthusiastic audience of which you read so frequently should not deceive you. For the great run of concerts, the audiences are small and self-satisfied, with especial reference to the gang that attends piano recitals. Paderewski, Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Bachaus, Bauer, Hutcheson and a few others have drawn honest houses, but the push that eases into most key and pedal shows has been analyzed for us, with the following findings:

If you go to any concert hall housing a piano session at about 8.15, you will find the lobby full of folk who play better than the evening's artist (if you don't believe it, ask them) and who therefore accept it as their perquisite to argue for "courtesies". Even at the Gabrilowitsch anniversary concert, which was by way of a tribute to a fine musician who has done honor to his art, one young pianist declaimed to any willing ear, that it was outrageous of the management to refuse him gratis admission.

"I am an artist!" he shrieked to the Carnegie Hall lobbyists, and so was his old man.

There is much to be said of the pianism on show in our auditoriums, but there is even more to be said of the audiences that listen to it. Most of the successful pianists of the day have been at it for twenty years or more. The youngsters, who may be equally gifted, will get nowhere until they compel their managers to refuse admission to the "artists" whose artistry exists only in the sphere of whining for free tickets, and whose appreciation of a performer's efforts consists entirely of telling the world by leer, snicker, and mispronounced English how much better they would have done it .--- R. A. S.

Art

WHAT a week with one thing and another in the art field, and the carelessness of Mr. Terwilliger in knocking the comma-shaker off the shelf on to our copy. We are the sort that have enough temperament to



mourn in silence, but not enough to face the proof reader and get nasty about our copy. So if you noticed a queer sentence a week or two back, concerning one Bourdelle, take our word for it that the sentence meant something when it left our hands. But they are very proud of their comma-shaker, and every now and then have to sprinkle a few commas on the copy just to show the time-clock is not a liar.

They have called it several things in times past; this year it is "The Artists' Gallery", situated in the back of a book store at 51 East Sixtieth. It is open now with a showing of Jan Matulka, water colors, oils, and lithographs. The Artists' Gallery is about big enough for one cigarette. The morning we were there, two or three were in operation. Then when you back off to get a view of something, you run against the other We like Matulka, but we wall. really haven't much of a memory of this show. And we think the little gallery a good idea; another place to show pictures, and perhaps sell some to help deserving artists. We want to go again when the smoke clears away.

Going around early we find art in her shift and sometimes before she has had her morning coffee. Thus we came upon Titian before the palms and ferns were set. Only the spotlight had been adjusted and the elegant plush curtains. The formula for the sophisticate is easy to follow. But we plead to seriousness and deny any spitball in the eye of reverence—we merely do not cringe before Titian. If you see his famous "Temptation of Christ" at the Reinhardt Galleries, you will do well to keep in mind that this picture was purchased for the Minneapolis Institute of Arts at two hundred thousand (divided by two) dollars, that it was painted about five centuries ago, that the Galleries announced it by engraved cards, and furnished the ferns and spotlight, not to mention the plush and darkened room. Titian can not be blamed for painting hokum; that's all they allowed art artists in those churchy days. If you keep your gallery visiting wide and catholic, Titian will have a claim on your time. Otherwise not.

FOR pleasantness there is the Weyhe Gallery with a new show of the Peintre Graveurs Independents of Paris. We saw the show in our lap, and did not orient it as well as if it had been on the walls. Chagall we found the merriest with his etchings of Russian and Jewish life. Laurencin, one of our favorites, adds to her charm with some etchings. Then there are Galanais, Lespinasse, Frelaut, Boussingault, Coubine, Laboureur, Marchand, Moreau and Vlaminck.

HE American Institute of Graphic Arts condescends to give the moderns a chance to show their wares at their "Fifty Prints of the Year" show, now on at the Art Center, 56 East Fifty-sixth. With a rather stuffy foreword and explanation, they tabulate their reasons for the show. Surely, if they have reasons, there is no need for printing a defense of them to the extent of ten pages. "Here is our idea of some good prints," they might well say, and leave the rest to you. However, you will enjoy the show. Most carefully the representative group and the "modern" group have been divided and hung with equal justice. The first category ranges from Troy Kinney to such artists as Benson and Ruzicka. In the wild wing there are Peggy Bacon, Rockwell Kent, Pamela Bianco, Lankes, Marin, Matulka and most of those you like. "The Park" of Harry Wickey has been honored as a print of the year, although we are under the impression it has been hanging in the Metropolitan for some time. Winold Reiss has a clever woodcut, but we can never enjoy his art, having seen too much of it on candy boxes and restaurant menus. Cast your ballot for the representative or the "modern", and if you don't vote with us for the latter group we will transfer

your subscription from this journal to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

HE Whitney Studio Club is making it worth your while to get down as far as Eighth Street to see its new home and monthly wares. The last show we did not review, as it would be on its way before the presses did their work. There is still time to view the current show if you put on your hat now and get on the south bound bus. Beulah Stevenson has something still seething within her. We expect in time it will come out in some placid form that will satisfy her. She seems reaching around, some of her canvases are realized and some not. Peter Cammarata who shares the upstairs with M. A. Tricca is best in his two still lifes. Tricca has taken a turn about in his development and is off on another tangent, if we are to believe the dates on the canvas, his carefully considered still life of four years ago is in marked contrast to his "Woods" of this year. All three painters impress us as being of more interest three years from now than at present.

COVARRUBIAS, the sardonic young Mexican, has a show on at Dudensing's. It is made up, for the most part, of the things you have seen in his book, with additional studies of colored folk. The notables of our time are there, running from Coolidge to G. J. Nathan and Rose Rolando. Covarrubias is in a field by himself, excepting our American Frueh.—M.P.

Books

W. E. WOODWARD'S "Bread and Circuses" is more of what its title intimates, in the presence and vicinity of Michael Webb of "Bunk". Nothing in it stands out like "Bunk's" bunking, and bunked, Big Business man, Ellerman, and few of its circuses are as joyously ground-andlofty as a number of "Bunk's" were. Of bread, meaning pounding and penetrating common sense, it has as much, but it hasn't as much satirical originality; the sharp points have been jabbed in, and the good things doneno better, perhaps-before. For instance, Michael hears that a useless Adonis who took his advice and married money is now "hard as nails, a regular captain of industry", smuggling in Mexican strike breakers, and what not. "A liberal in his political views, I presume," says Michael, and the answer is yes. And there are other points and things that are old, old

friends. Even the best bit of comedy, in which a professedly unmoral girl scandalizes her bootlegger swain by wanting to omit marriage, and Michael slyly cures her, is something of a revival. By this margin, the new book is not as good as "Bunk", which we are assuming you read.

W^E had a grand time with Elmer Davis's "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (McBride). As a novel about New York, we enjoyed it more than "Manhattan Transfer", although quite aware that the latter was a truly big and remarkable book, and that Davis's is just a dryly humorous, and almost affectedly unpretentious, magazinable yarn, with the burdens that the worm can be turned, and New York loves a bluff. It may have been shop that caused us to be specially tickled when the long suffering editorial writer for a liberal weekly, required by its angel to "sound the note of authority but shun violence of expression," sat down with a gun in front of him, and the angel in front of the gun, to write a piece about Europe as he wanted to .-- TOUCHSTONE

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 39.



Not precisely "What Price Glory" done over in celluloid tape, but an equally graphic interpretation, Mr. Laurence Stallings's "The Big Parade", is now playing to the multitudes intelligent enough to spend an evening gripping the high priced arms of seats at the Astor.



A NIGHT IN BRYANT PARK

HE crooked old gentleman on the other side of the green went away with his poodle. When the sunlight had gone from the white back of the Library, the little boy with the camera went away, too. A bootblack continued, for a short while, to make the railings and bencharms ring with thwacks of his brush; then he, like the rest, disappeared, and the park was almost deserted, a brown stubble of discarded newspapers, sprawling and dirty through the dusk.

Darkness came like a long drawn hiss between the great teeth of office buildings at the edges of the park. Trees and benches were the first to be carried away in it. Strangely, what few humans remained sat sharp and clear, like bent wires suspended in a vacuum, with rays of the arc lamps overhead touching their hands and fractions of faces to blue fire.

Beyond the Sixth Avenue railings, the shops and restaurants were beginning to light up, their plate windows suddenly transparent, in the manner of old pantomimes. The front of the Automat, in the middle of the block, was an upright square of blonde honey, innumerable tiny creatures crossing and burrowing it in mass or single silhouette. The blotted "El" rails lived again in mid-air, shuddering under parasitic growths of red and green lanterns and scuttling caterpillars with hundreds of pale lemon eyes along their sides. Taxicabs, coming down Fortieth towards Fifth, spangled the quiet of the street, stared with cold blaze while they waited to pass over.

To the board fence of the subway pit which is digging on the north side of the park was pinned a tessellated border of roof lines, colorless in a colorless haze. For almost an hour the earth and all the buildings, streets and tunnels with which it is burdened, breathed heavily of night and exhaled wretched, opaque fumes. Occasionally, as these rose, windows turned patches of them pearly and tumultuous; and, when they reached the brassy cylinder of light at the peak of the Radiator Company tower, they swirled around it with the evil of a genie who refuses to go back into his bottle.

Two bums, done with panhandling in the theatre crowds, came into the park, sat, said nothing, did nothing, were nothing. Immeasurably overhead two stars gnawed through the sky. Others, with twitching inquisitive auras came after them, a scampering, irrelevant universe, until a great, cat-faced moon shouldered up from behind the Library and shooed them back into their holes in eternity.

At about ten o'clock the crooked old gentleman appeared again with his poodle. They walked slowly in and out among the benches of sprawled sleepers, with a murmur of tiny bells on the dog's harness as they passed through the shadows.

When the Broadway shows let out, a new climax of crowds and vehicles obsessed the streets which, like a great, noisy pitchfork, held this sod of grey peace clamped between its prongs. Trains and trolley cars slammed furiously along their levels beyond the railings. Taxis quacked by in red and yellow droves. A big bus, hawking for passengers under the "El", banged up its doors and side-steps, and started for Chinatown, fat paper lanterns rocking from its roof. A searchlight several blocks uptown wheeled stiff diagonals of white across the cement and glass of skyscrapers distantly opposite. All the air was corrupt with globules of traffic, lights as thick and changing as fireworks falling and rebounding in dense futility against the denser night.

Then, gradually, gaps came into the noise of wheels and brakes, and into the gaps the intricate, indefinite rhythm of voices and footsteps. Just as gradually these, too, grew slim, tender, speculative, so that the sound of a woman laughing along Fortieth Street became immensely important, and the slap of a taxi door in front of the swart Beaux Arts begat a sort of echo dreadful with finality.

A pair of lovers, as silent as any, found a bench to themselves, and clenched; aching sullen beasts under the deep imprint of some shrubbery. A policeman came by, past the sleepers and them, without even turning his head. But they sat scared and apart until he was outside. Then, dumb as ever, they got out by another gate.

Westward, the sky had given up its silly fever. In Forty-second Street the electric signs had all been turned off. Heroes of the billboards still smoked their giant cigarettes, contemplated their new radios—but invisibly now, behind the iron curtain of an emptied night. The elevator shaft in some nearby building was a vertebra of little glimmers, apathetic, separate, unmeaning. The park grew cold, and a wind drove through the hush of it, whipping the bushes and old newspapers into rusty moonlight. Over a low department store roof the clouds were old, strewn newspapers, too.

But, higher up, the moon itself raced upon a white, filmy road, with white outriders of little clouds ahead of it, and a very plump one in dark coat and silver edgings sitting in pomp upon the driver's box. Straight for the Bush Tower he drove, and all the retinue of fancy tumbled.

In the growing cold the bench sleepers curled in upon themselves, fumbling at their wrists and coat collars without waking. Leaves from some dwarfed shrub on the terrace came rasping over the copings, found corners to huddle in, and were as still.

Only a little while and, through the slow blenching of the air, the earliest morning trucks began to pass. Then carts and cleaning women, numb old watchmen returning home from their night shifts, and all the summoning clatter of a city dawn. An hour later, when the gold in the peak of the Radiator Building had found a new sun to sing, the crooked old gentleman reappeared walking with his poodle.

-GILBERT W. GABRIEL

Who first fastened upon Grange the nickname "Red", and what has S. Stanwood Menken done to expose this insidious propaganda? Unless, or until, corrupted by Moscow gold, we shall refer to the young man, if at all, as Harold.

AN "AT HOME" AT 101

WHILE visiting, as a social grace, is rapidly passing, even in society as far North as Washington Heights, it still retains its old popularity in one of the older sections of the metropolis. Indeed, no New Year's visit of the Eighties was ever attended with such punctilio, such deference to old practices and customs, such observance of the unwritten, but nevertheless, inflexible rules of etiquette as surrounds a visit to a friend in the Tombs.

Unlike the ordinary cell, such a visit is not a thing to be undertaken lightly, an impulse to be felt one minute and acted upon the next. There are many customs to be observed which do not prevail elsewhere, most of which indeed have acquired such force that cases have been known where members of the oldest families have been rendered *persona non* grata for violating them.

In the first place, the visit must be announced in advance, not only to your friend but also, in order that you may be made welcome, to the servants in his temporary home, including, of course, the door man. Inasmuch, however, as there are gate crashers here, as at all social functions, it is considered necessary to have a card of admission. The card is presented at the door, the visitor's name is entered on the guest book, and he is then conducted to his friend's drawing room.

But visiting at the Tombs, while it has its responsibilities, also carries with it many privileges of a nature which do not exist in any other social stratum. Indeed, the knowledge that one will not be told that his friend is out, in itself, outweighs all the little inconveniences. Then again, expensive presents are very much frowned upon. Some little trinket or remembrance, such as a package of "Luckies", a few cigars or, if one's friend does not smoke, a box of raisin crackers, or a few chocolate eclairs are all that good usage demands. Knives, files, and other manicuring instruments are sometimes given, but they are considered the height of bad form, and are always presented surreptitiously, as if the visitor himself felt that he was guilty of a social error.

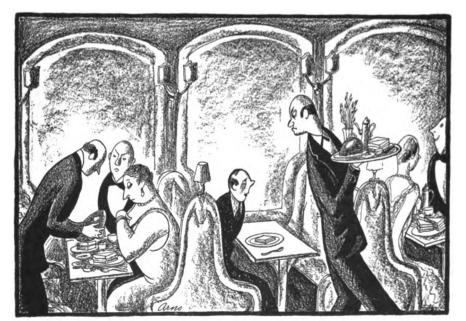
The giving of presents, even though of the most trifling character, is attended by much ceremony. They are first handed to the personal attendant who is provided for every visitor. He examines them carefully in order to preserve the guest from that embarrassment sure to follow violation of a social canon. It is considered the height of ill manners and boorishness for a visitor to pass the gifts directly.

It is as though one would himself hang up his hat and coat instead of passing them to the butler.

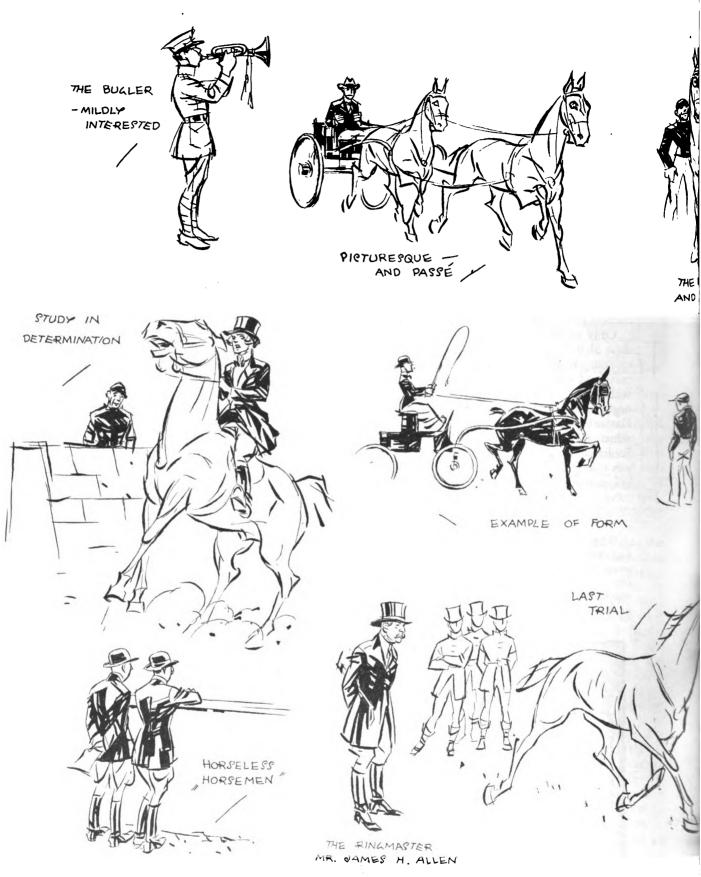
Perhaps no part of the visit, however, is so hedged about with long-existing ceremony, unwritten rules, and those delicate considerations which form the very cornerstone of polite society, as the conversation between host and guest. The art of saying much while saying little, the careless, but nevertheless significant gesture, the apparently innocuous innuendo (unintelligible to anyone else, but so pregnant with meaning among gentlemen of the same social status) here reach their full flower. If one has business relations with his host, it is proper to discuss them only, if it can be done, in the cultured parlance peculiar to their own caste. For instance: "I saw the big fellow to-day and he said the vinegar got in O. K." would be perfectly proper. On the other hand: "Mike says he can get fifty apiece for the furs at Blinky's" would be decidedly bad form, as it would disclose your host's markets, and the price he gets for his goods.

Fashion and custom govern the departure just as they do the arrival. There should be no vulgar display of emotion. A simple "S'long, Red," or "See you in church" is all that is required. And the sophisticated device of never cheapening one's self by outstaying one's welcome is generally practiced by every caller. Under no circumstances should the visit last more than thirty minutes.

In fact, so important is this tenet of polite behavior regarded, that an infraction often results in an absence of future invitations. — JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN



"Ketchup please."



IMPRESSIONS OF THE

DRKER



SPORTS OF THE WEEK

S EVERAL years spent in the Army, coupled with a close perusal of the recent proceedings in the Mitchell trial—if that's what you call it—at Washington, made me an ardent rooter for the Navy up at the Polo Grounds on the last football afternoon of 1925. But all the rooting in the world (and the Navy certainly had its share of support from those lusty lunged midshipmen and its sisters and its cousins and its aunts and its Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur) couldn't have

led it to victory over this year's eleven from West Point. The Army was too good for it.

Seven points too good!

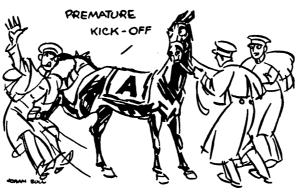
As a superb and colorful spectacle, with the two bodies of service men engaged in a fusilade of cheers from the time they paraded on the field shortly after one o'clock until the cadets marched away with one of the goal posts in the twilight, it was as interesting and entertaining as anything since early October. As a football

contest, however, it left much to be desired. Bobbles and wobbles on both sides, some weird forward passing into the blue by the Navy, indifferent generalship by each quarterback, and a good deal of loose handling of the ball combined to make the game anything but a faultless exhibition of football. Although, as far as I am concerned, you can take your perfect football machines and chuck them off B Deck of the *Leviathars* in mid-ocean; for it's bobbles and

fumbles and intercepted passes that make the game the thrilling sight that it is. Even if the midshipmen who arose at 3 a. m. to reach the Polo Grounds on time did take a whole lot of punishment in twenty-four hours.

Now there was more than a little interest attached to this year's Navy eleven, for it was coached by a man to whom a good many Yale men—rightly or wrongly I don't know which—attribute most of the success of Yale's 1923 and 1924 championship elevens. And when he left for the Navy, there was speculation as to what would happen at New

Haven and also what would happen at Annapolis. What happened you know; but here is an amusing incident that took place just before the recent Yale-Princeton game in the Bowl which you may not know about. A football expert from one of the Boston papers who has been "talking Owsley" for several years, was accosted by a member of the Yale coaching staff.



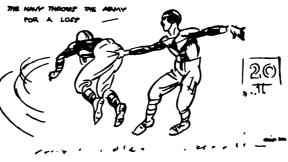
"Say, just who do you think is coaching this year's Yale team?"

"Why Tad Jones, of course."

"All right, why not give him a little credit for it?"

"Sure," said the football man, "if Yale wins to-day I'll shoot in a special paragraph."

But Yale didn't win and the paragraph never got written. So a great many people were more than curious to see what Owsley would do with the Navy.



His first season, to be sure; but his first season at Yale was fairly successful. And Percy Haughton beat Yale the first year he took over Cambridge. Against the Army, however, the Navy was not alarming. Their forward passing threat was anything but well developed; often the Navy quarter would pass to the exclusion of every other play. And when he found a small hole through the line, he persisted in rushing. In other words, he failed to mix his plays to any extent, and the Army generally knew just when the pass was coming and where it was going. The kick was little used, and it seemed



several times as if the tactical situation fairly shrieked for a kick into the corners. Nor was the Army handling punts so well that kicking was anything to be avoided.

In the first half, each team gained ground fairly consistently —toward its own goal. In the second half, however, the superior Army backfield began to tell the story, and the short sharp passes of Harding to the sides and over the line were effective. Navy, meanwhile, was using the Prince-

ton huddle. This huddle business may serve to keep the players warm; but undeniably it does slow up the game. In a few years we shall read about a football match somewhat as follows:

"Yale kicked off to Princeton at 2:04 p. m. Princeton went into a huddle and emerged at 2:48 to punt. The half was over immediately after this play-----"

Possibly you think this is an exaggeration. Well, in the quarter alone, the Army, running off plays from a simple

formation with the quarterback calling signals, carried the ball twice as often as Navy using the huddle.

At any rate, it was evident that the Army had the better drilled team and deserved to win, as it did, by a seven point margin. Small comfort for the Navy or those New Haven gentlemen who have been hoping for great things this year from Annapolis. The sun sank on the 1925 season with the cadets dancing in columns of

squads up and down the battlefield, the goal posts before them. It has been a great season, this one, from the first kickoff on that sunny afternoon of the twenty-sixth of September until the last play on that icy twilight in November with the Polo Grounds in a shadow was it just a coincidence that the shadow fell over the Navy cheering section as the Army scored its touchdown in the second half? And no one will deny that we have enjoyed ourselves, those of us who have been lucky enough to follow the fortunes of the colleges upon the gridirons of the nation. There are, to be sure, a few gentlemen of the Shevlin-

few gentlemen of the Shevlin-Rafferty school rising to attack the forward pass. But I have yet to hear anyone from Hanover, New Hampshire, speak against it with any great bitterness.

AND now comes the silly season. This is the time of year when football coaches make up their All-America teams, not

omitting a place or two in the sun for their own particular protegees; and the critics who have attended ten or eleven games in the East and as far west as Ann Arbor also get into the All-America game and placate the slopes of the Pacific by assigning players they have never even seen in action to positions on the team. Of All-America elevens you have probably had your fill and to spare. Suffice it to say, that after watching Illinois, Nebraska, Georgia Tech, Penn State, Army, Notre Dame, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Navy, Chicago and Pennsylvania; what looked like the best team on the day was Princeton in the Bowl on the fourteenth of November. And the player who, if not the best, was as good as any of them on the day, was Weir of Nebraska. Mentioned on no less than eight different All-America teams last Fall, he had no need of a reputation to prove his merit.

–John R. Tunis

IN PRAISE OF PREDECESSORS

- Whoever the lady was, my dear,
- Who taught you what you know
- (She mayn't have been an ingénue
- And I hardly think that she loved you true)
- Whoever the lady was, my dear,
- God bless her wherever she go!
- She may have been blonde or brunette, my dear,
- The one that you used to dine,
- (I don't believe she was like your mother, The praise that you gave was far, far
- other—) She may have been light or she may have been dark,
- From out of the Bronx or from out of Park—
 - But she taught you a dazzling line.
- Oh, lovemaking never did come, my dear, By nature or even grace,
- And all of the beautiful things you swore About how you never had loved before
- You've learned to pull in a way I adore
- By practice to somebody's face.
- She made you the way that you are, my dear,

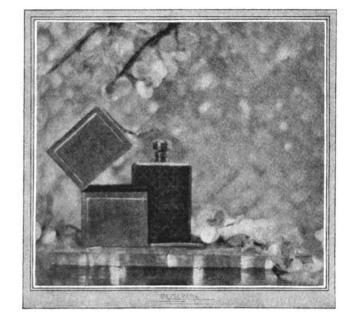
Manner and voice and touch— I suppose I should register jealousy, But I do like superior love made me, And wherever that lady to-day may be,

I thank her very much!

-Margaret Widdemer

WOMAN, respectable, requires two days cleaning; highly recommended. Anderson, 400 East 73rd.—New York Herald Tribune

No doubt many women on the upper East Side will find themselves in the same predicament if the soft coal movement continues.



The Distinctive Perfume of Joday A PERSONAL BLEND OF BABANI PERFUMES-

HE SMARTEST WOMEN of Paris, London and New York have taken to their hearts the fashion — originated by Elizabeth Arden — of blending Babani Perfumes to make a personal perfume formula, a perfume which no one can identify or imitate. Blend Ligéia with Afgbani, or Chypre with Sousouki, varying the proportions or adding drops of Ming, Yasmak and Nandita, to make the fragrance different and entirely your own.

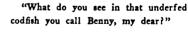
BABANI PERFUMES are on sale at the Salons of ELIZABETH ARDEN and at Smart Shops everywhere

AMBRE DE DELHI NANDITA JASMIN DE CORÉE LIGÉIA EXTRAIT D'AMBRE GRIS SOUSOUKI MING GIARDINI YASMAK AFGHANI CHYPRE



Perfumer of Parus Presented by ELIZABETH ARDEN ELIZABETH ARDEN 673 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK (xclusive agent for Babani in America

• 1925, ELIZABETH ARDEN



"Well, Benny's a bore at bridge I'll admit. But he's a 90-horse-power dazzler when we go to the theatre. Not a bit of fuss about tickets with dear old Benny. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . . ."

> And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Commodore, Ansonia, Belmont, Imperial and Murray Hill.

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HONESTY compels us to admit that the telephone number at the bottom of this advertisement is not, as many readers have presumed, that of a bootlegger.

+ + +

Not quite. Call Vanderbilt 6434 and, with a little luck, you will be in communication with the Aquazone Corporation, manufacturers of the only mineral water in the world supercharged with Oxygen. Thank you.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

Her hobby is the mandolin, She's never tasted Scotch or gin, I never drink and won't begin They can't, she says, compel one, And please don't keep me out too late, I must be home by half past eight, Just one more mineral water—straight. I've finished—now you tell one.

+ + +

Speaking of horses reminds us to point with pride to the fact that ours was the only mineral water on sale at the National Horse Show.

4

Sir Charles Higham, the erstwhile Brooklyn boy, besides returning to tell us how to make tea, sheds further light on our darkness. He says, "There is nothing a real man does that he likes to do that makes him less of a man." Apparently, he has never heard of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

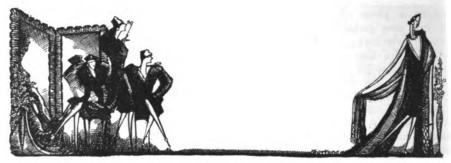


Night club mortality, as we have said before, is something fierce. But among all the comings and goings it is reassuring to see the Montmartre pursuing the even tenor of its way. It gladdens our heart every time we see an order from Charlie Journal.

Florida again. At the risk of being tedious we remind New Yorkers who are going south, that Aquazone is obtainable on the good ship "H. F. Alexander" and at the best hotels, restaurants, drug and grocery stores.

+ + +

The same can be said of New York. And here, should all other sources fail you, there is always Advertisement. VANDERBILT 6434



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ESPITE the fact that every shop in town is advertising its Christmas wares in every available place, the dearth of "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" signs around our town makes the Yuletide season seem perilously remote. Christmas isn't Christmas unless you are informed hourly that all presents should be nicely wrapped and tagged before the fifteenth. This explains the languor and the echoing aisles of our gift shops and department stores during the week before Christmas.

IN Forty-Third Street and Madison Avenue, C. Klauberg's shop is doing a rushing pre-holiday business, due probably to the fascination of cutlery for men and women of every age and condition of servitude. You will find there, knives of every description, notably some very tiny and ornamental penknives for a man's watch chain, scissors, manicure sets, leather wallets, the omnipresent cocktail shaker and glasses to match, cigarette cases, and so on. Klauberg is also carrying the Cine Kodak Model B Motion Picture Camera, weighing five pounds, and very useful to parents, who want to record for all posterity the doings of the kiddies and to travelers anxious to can the scenery through which they pass. Incidentally, at Kodascope, at 33 West Forty-second Street, films, starring well known professionals can be bought or rented in a size to fit the Kodak projection machine for the showing of more amateur efforts.

FOR children's toys and clothes, New York offers a bewildering array of shops, so tempting, even if you do not happen to be a parent, that it is very difficult to escape without substantial purchases. Best's Lilliputian Bazaar, for clothes, and the toy departments of Macy's and Wanamaker's are well-known. But I think that it is in the small specialty shops

that you can have the most fun. We have a shop called A La Jeunesse Elegante, creating exclusive models for the youth of our nation-a very, very Continental place, where it would be simple to pay one hundred dollars for a child's dress. Fairyland, at 10 West Fiftieth, has adorable French imported clothes for tiny children; Chez Les Enfants, at 856 Lexington Avenue, specializes in infants' layettes and clothes for little girls up to ten years of age. At the Children's Shop of Richmond, Virginia, you will find charming clothes for boys under six years of age, and for girls under sixteen, brother and sister suits, and some exceptionally pretty smocked dimity dresses for year-old babies. Although most of these concentrate upon wearing apparel, Chez Les Enfants has some genuine antique furniture for children, and makes up Mother Goose rugs for their nurseries.

About the most original shop for miniature toys is the Happy Heart Shop, at 23 East Sixty-fifth Street. This shop caters to children who have absolutely everything, and the proprietors proudly boast that they have nothing that can be found either on Broadway, department stores, or the Grand Central Station. A specialty is the Happy Heart bag-a heart shaped taffeta affair embroidered in gay worsteds, with a slit cut in the middle, grab bag fashion, through which the most wonderful toy novelties appear on Christmas day. The contents of these bags may be selected by the purchaser as she prowls around the shop, and can contain everything from a Teddy Bear wedding, with Teddy Bears an inch high in bridal array, sewed in solemn procession on cardboard, to tiny rubbers and handkerchiefs for dolls. This shop also makes up doll's wardrobes, including tiny gloves, lingerie, rubbers and all the accessories of the smart world. The

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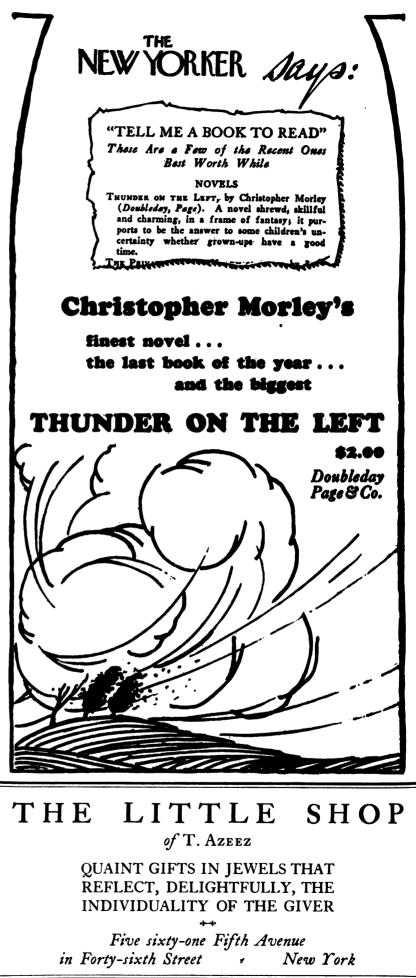
24

Fifty-seventh Street, imports delightful woolly animals of all kinds from England. The leaping kangaroos and tigers at the Kiddie Corner have already been referred to in this column. There is also the Mayfair shop, in Fifth Avenue, opposite the Plaza, which has dolls, freak animals, tiny furniture for doll's houses, and games of every description. Schwartz, at 303 Fifth Avenue, has been well-known for years, notably for its furry animals, its doll houses, its dolls, and this year, for the children's golf clubs, in three sizes-one for the ages of three to six, one for those between seven and ten, and one for those between ten and sixteen.

THE field of children's entertainment is very well handled by Miss Madeleine Snyder, who will take the entire responsibility for the success of youthful parties off the hands of harassed parents. She can arrange Punch and Judy shows, introduce messenger boys who turn out to be expert jugglers, or a clown with his trained dog Toto, or—most popular of all! pirate parties which cumulate in a youthful grown-up treasure hunt.

BRAUS Galleries, in Fifth Avenue at Thirty-fourth Street (or at their shop at 422 Madison Avenue) has some very nice etchings as low as \$5.50 which they frame to order. They are also experts in repairing and reframing old portraits. Also, they have very good-looking cigarette boxes, book ends, and door stops—very difficult to find if you happen to care about avoiding the banal. I also saw a very attractive incidental piece of furniture—a tiny table for cigarettes to place beside one of those very low French chairs.

THOUGH the very wide scarfs have gone out with the smartest women, the very tiny ones, about four inches wide and not more than two feet long, are very, very good for sports wear. And, after all, something has to be done about the havoc that fur coats work with the cleanliness of your neck! Bonwit Teller's has some very decorative ones, with applied futuristic designs of contrasting silk, and at the Flambeau, 7 East Thirty-ninth, there is an alluring assortment of the hand-painted variety. —L. L.





Cocktail napkins are among the many gifts which, while not on the Christmas list of the old lady from Dubuque, make very acceptable Christmas presents to New Yorkers. Sheer linen, lace-edged with particularly appropriate lace motif; the dozen, ready for immediate use, \$18.00.

(Originated by Mosse; obtainable there only)





OW that society, via Miss Ellin Mackay, has set the seal of its approval on cabarets, all that I have to do is to fold my hands quietly and wait for the inevitable day when I am coldly informed that my services will no longer be required. After all, what more is there to say?

At least I have had the satisfaction, however, of having danced through practically an entire evening at the Biltmore, experiencing all the time the thrill of rediscovery. The supper room is spacious, leisurely, airy—the floor is excellent and the dancers on it, of just the right consistency to avoid crushing or collision. There is none of this nonsense of rotating spot lights of changing color, and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra has more brass instruments gleaming in racks for its immediate disposal than any other band in New York.

Despite the fact that evening dress is not compulsory at any time (though at supper there is more chance of a ringside table if you wear it) and the cover charge is negligible, there were no cheap people within my range of vision—an admirable feat. Neither, to be exact, were any crême de la crême de la Coudrais to be seen anywhere about, nor any recognizable branches of the Vanderbilt family. But the crowd is nice, with a strong collegiate tone, especially at tea time, that will undoubtedly get stronger with the Christmas holidays.

The only jarring notes in my evening were, first, the pathetic orchestration efforts of the desperate canaries singing high above the dancers. Canaries are not suited to night life, and they were rather woeful about it. And the second sorrow was sympathy with the loud wails of an escort, as he surveyed the Kahn heir, that he had gone to college and made a success of life instead of becoming a saxophone player and retaining his personality. Kahn, Junior, radiates personality, and his orchestra, which is in evidence for tea and supper, with that of Hazay Natzay relieving him at dinner time, is very good indeed.

TABLES FOR T₩O

A NOTHER place for one of those confidential and congenial dinners is the Russian Inn, at 33 West Thirtyseventh Street, which has been a landmark for quite a long time. There are the usual shaded lights, the usual Russian table d'hôte dinner, the usual waiters and waitresses in smocks, and very excellent music to the balalaikas (which, if I may high-hat a little, means Russian stringed instruments) of the earnest orchestra. The decorations are handicraft work, some bright murals, and lovingly endorsed photographs of celebrities ranging from Charlie Chaplin to Jo Davidson. It is a simple, jolly locale for lunch or dinner. After the theatre, dancing is in order, but I have never been present at that time.

F you ever read the newspapers or get any mail, you probably have known that Vincent Lopez has taken over the old Automobile Club at 247 West Fiftyfourth Street, which has met with several disasters as a night club-first as the "Fay Follies", then suffering numerous ups and downs as the Rue de la Paix; afterwards, for a brief period, as the possession of Phil Baker, and now under the capable direction of Lopez, who personally conducts a twenty-piece orchestra there after the theatre. The place suffers from no lack of patronage, but the crowd is very far from being a smart or an interesting one. This, despite a really superb entertainment. Possibly the elaborate and somewhat florid pictures of sprawling nudes by Willy Pogany has something to do with it, or the fact that it is irritating not to find sufficient room to dance in comfort when such music is at your disposal. Casa Lopez, however, is worth going to, if only for the concert numbers by the band and the real joy of watching Jeneska and Accent, French acrobatic dancers, on the floor. (I hope they are still there, even though the regular dancers, Tamara and Fowler, have returned.) Casa Lopez is open for dinner, and is one of the few places that are available for people who hate to spend their Sunday evenings toasting marshmallows in front of the domestic hearth. In fact, the Lopez Sunday nights are the gala nights of the week.

HOPE HAMPTON dances at the Mayfair in sweet blue taffeta with long corkscrew curls extending almost to the waistline. Report also has it that she varies this hirsute program with a coiffure resembling delicate and maidenly spirals of Danish pastry.—LIPSTICK

RADIO FOOTBALL

T HE football season is over. The moleskins are laid away, the pigskins are put to soak until next Fall, and no one bothers you for tickets to the game on Saturday. If, by any chance, you have been spending your week ends since early October in Bowls and Stadia, you may miss your weekly treat. But if you are one of the unfortunate millions who are obliged to take their football synthetically, perhaps you are not quite so sorry. A few more Saturday afternoons such as we have been going through last month would mean heart failure and delirium tremens combined, to thousands. Just let me tell you how it sounds, if by any chance you are not sitting on the forty yard line when

Harvard and Yale are meeting in the Stadium. "Hello Folks. This is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS Schenectady about to broadcast the Harvard-Yale football game in the Stadium, Herman J. Fishcake, talking. Just let me describe this great scene to you, folks. Must be eighty, no a hundred thousand people here, including Gloria Swanson and her husband, and the Governor of Massachusetts. The Stadium is packed, now I'm gonna turn the mike and let you hear the Yale cheering-

"Scrrrxxrrrxxxrrrrrrr

"Yeah, well now the Yale stands are singing their famous Tiger Song. The captains are going out on the field to toss. Just a minute I'll tell you who won. Harvard's won---no Yale--no, ha, ha, I was right the first time, Harvard won. Well now the teams are lining up, now the Yale team is getting ready to kick—there he goes, now there he goes

"Now for the benefit of those of you who have just tuned in, I'd like to say this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Sche-nectady, about to broadcast the Harvard-Yale game from the Stadium at Cambridge.

"Well, there he goes, a beautiful kick. Harvard's got it, there he goes, he's off, he's through there-past those two men-looks like he's got through, they won't get him, they can't get him, he's too quick for 'em, they got him by one leg, no, he's free again, there he goes, there he goes

-Ah-they got him at last-----"Whew. That was exciting. Now folks I'll The ball was tell you just what happened. kicked by Cheek er-I should say Joss of Yale, and was caught by Miller, of Harvard. And-----"HE WAS DOWNED IN HIS TRACKS.

"Tell you what, folks, he ran out to one side, looked there as though he was gonna get away, but he was downed in his tracks, yessir, downed in his tracks by Kline the Yale end. I mean tackle. I should say halfback.

"Now they're lining up. There it goe RIGHT through tackle. Crash, right through-There it goes, lessee, that was a gain of, a gain of three yards. Ball carried by Crosby, tackled by Richards. A "All ready—here it comes, around the end.

They won't get him-no he's past them--they got him-(long pause). Cheek ran out of bounds on the fifty-one, no the thirty-three, on the fifteen yard line. A gain of two yards. Third down, six to go.

"Now folks, this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Schenectady, broadcasting the Harvard-Yale football game at Cambridge, Herman J. Fishcake, talking. The score is Harvard 3, Yale nothing end of the first period.

"This looks like a punt. Yes, he's kicking, No, no, NO, it's a forward. Harvard's trying a pass. A beauty. Right into his hands. There he goes. He's stumbled. No, he's up again. Right down the side lines, they can't stop himno they can't, yes they can, they got him, no

"Well, folks, this is certainly some exciting game. You'll have to excuse me, but I've been yelling with the crowd—now lemme tell you what happened-

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THE NEW YORKER

"It was Harvard's ball on her own twentyeight yard line. Don't put this down on your chart until I have a chance to check up on it. Cheek made a forward pass right into the hands of Bunnell of Yale. And Bunnell ran over for a touchdown. Score, Yale 14, Harvard 10.

for a touchdown. Score, Yale 14, Harvard 10. "What's that. Offside? Yes, they're calling the play back. There was offside—I mean holding in the Yale line. Well, well, this certainly is an exciting game—most exciting game I've seen this season—

"What's this? Some fake play. Two backs off to one side—there they go—right through the line—IT'S A FUMBLE. Yale's got it. No, Harvard's ball. No Yale's... No, the other man—they've got him, no they haven't— Well now I'll describe what happened. Check carried the ball and was tackled so fiercely, he fumbled and then a Yale man, no a Harvard man, no they tell me I was right after all. You see it was this way, Check on an attempted end run was tackled and lost the ball but recovered for a gain of eighteen yards. Harvard's ball on her own twenty yard line—

"For the benefit of everyone who has just tuned in; this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Schenettady, broadcasting the Harvard-Yale football game, Herman J. Fishcake talking. Yale has the ball on her own thirty-six yard line, third down eight to go, four minutes left of the third period.

"Now they're off. A beautiful hole. He's through the line. He's tackled—no, he shook himself loose. He's free again. There he goes —there he goes—there he goes—A CLEAR FIELD.

(A silence of three minutes follows, during which eight listeners collapse of heart failure.)

"Well folks, here's what happened on that play. Allen of Yale broke through the Harvard line, shook off a tackler and had a clear field for a touchdown. But he tripped over the umpire's right leg and fell down and was caught. No one seems to know just what they'll do about it. Six points up on the scoreboard for Yale--no, now they've taken it down--not allowed. Yale's ball again, third down sixteen to go.

"There's the umpire's whistle. The game's over. Nothing to nothing! Neither team scored. Well, folks, that certainly was one of the most exciting games I ever saw, a great fight between two magnificent teams from start to finish.--JOHN R. TUNIS

Says President Brandenburg of Kansas State Teacher's College: "Nothing has occurred in higher education that has so shocked our senses of social decency as has the action of Bryn Mawr." Some people are so anxious to feel shocks that they carry a seismograph.

Anyone who says that the English Nobility is not an essential element of the British Empire is not familiar with life in England today.— Worlds Work

As the gentleman from Brooklyn might say, "Essential oils."

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THE NEW YORK GIRL

She loves to psychoanalyze, She knows her Freud and Nietzsche; And yet she loves the same old lies That tickled Barb'ra Frietchic.

MOTION PICTURE S

I F Life be tending towards complete imitation of Art, we for one don't want to be alive should a Cecil B. De Millenium come around. Mr. Sherwood's excellent dissection of that monolithic magnate in last week's NEW YORKER, and this week's corroboration of it in "The Road to Yesterday", at the Rivoli, are conclusive enough reasons for our decision.

Mr. De Mille is evidently a dramatic minister, philosopher and intellectual. He is the sort that says, "Well, we'll give 'em their money's worth in this. Wow. We'll do a modern story and shove in a big sequence of Reincarnation, Metempsychosis, Platonic Substantial Hypothesis, Binomial Theorem or the Procession of the Equinoxes — something Profound, something Big—lots of Byooty, Pep, Drama, Moral, Love, Sacrifice."

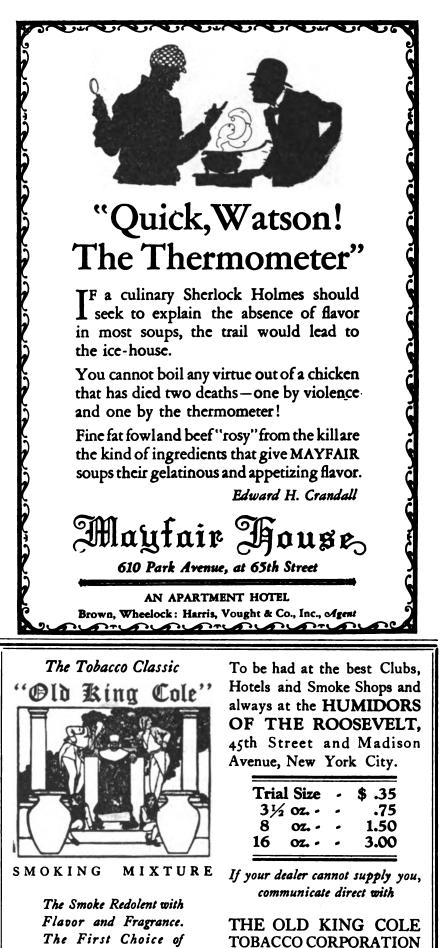
And so he does—but result is always false or bogus at bottom. As Mr. Sherwood so succinctly says, "It's hokum." In "The Road to Yesterday", Mr. De Mille does up Reincarnation (capital "R") quite brownly. He also makes a daring statement at the end to the effect that, "There is a God." But as to Mr. De Mille's idea of Creator we have our doubts. We have our doubts.

THE word somehow got about that "Clothes Make the Man", at the Strand, daringly indulged in satire, a matter strictly verboten by Hays and the Screen Interests on the grounds that the Public Does Not Understand Satire. It Goes Over Their Heads. Well, we got all excited and jolly at the News and attended.

We were alas! doomed to meet disappointment. There was, to be sure, Leon Errol. Although a gifted comedian within Mr. Ziegfeld's gilded prosceniums and surrounded by Mr. Z.'s hand-tooled beauty, Mr. Errol proved either that he is not a terrifically good pantomimist, or in this cinema sappiness he wasn't given the ghost of a chance to display his hidden wares of funmaking. Aside from three laughs, there was little enough for even the kiddies.

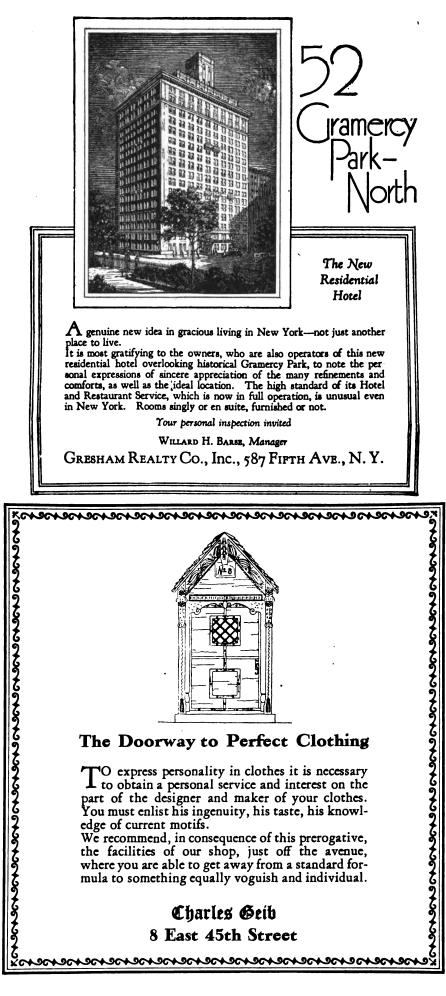
Miss Dorothy Gish was there too, as the Xantippsy Dame Errol. Anything Epicurean

Smokers



29

5 COLUMBUS CIRCLE, N. Y. City



Miss Gish does is enough to make a Reform School for Boys laugh off their swollen heads, but the thin, farcical part she had in this instance hardly scratched her powers as leading comedienne of the screen.

Still the Strand customers seemed to enjoy it, and the box office at that theatre will have little to complain about.

GOODY! La Belle Murray, of the Night Club Hostess School of Acting is back with us again in a Parisian Apache Crook romance, entitled, for want of any logic in naming, "The Masked Bride". It is at the Capitol, Lord knows. Everything in the world unkind has been said about Miss Murray's style of acting if you can call it just that. But after this picture, are we going to turn on Critical Opinion and say something in favor of the Broadway Whirlwindy Duse? We certainly are not.

And, of course, another Tom Mix picture. "The Best Bad Man", at the Rialto, too. We sat through it with beclouded, unhappy brain, thinking what a sad day it was when the Greeks invented the drama—"tragedy", it was called, from *tragos*, meaning goat—and not a glimmer of meaning fell on us concerning plot, humor or character. If someone who saw it will mail us a penny postcard, explaining what it was all about we shall be only too glad to offer a criticism, confused as we are,—T. S.

SUBWAY PEOPLE

Sitters, waiters,—riders to eternity, Shuffling in the shadow world, all day

long; Standers, thinkers,—joggers to eternity, Swaying to the rhythm of the sad loud

song.

Faces, people,-travelers to Nowhere,

- Reading what the ads say: Buy My Soap! Dreamers, waiters,—never getting Nowhere,
- Riding to the places of the Long Lost Hope.

Chewers, dreamers,-riders to eternity,

Buried in the slumber of the deep black hole;

Sleepers, workers,—laughing at eternity, Shoulder blade to shoulder blade, and Soul to Soul.

—E. B. W.

Alice's mission in life, we gather, was to provide a cloud for Leonard's silver lining.







seem made of corners and there is superb food and quick, thoughtful service . . . and a din-less atmosphere that invites conversation.

CLOSED SUNDAYS



THE RETORT COURTEOUS |

RUISED, forced to listen to a poison-Bous line of patter, unable to associate with their friends at private dances, the girls have rebelled and fled to the cabarets leaving the numberless, colorless young men who are the chief cause of all their woes "alone and palely loitering" in the stag line. The girls are on strike. It sounds incredible, but it is true. Great and unexpected as is this calamity, they have at least had the grace to leave us an explanation. In Miss Mackay's excellent article we are told that the reason for their defection is merely the essentially unattractive character of the young men with whom they have to dance, and the cutting in system. But, although we and, for that matter, most everyone we have heard discuss it in the racquet and the tennis courts and in the locker rooms heartily agree with Miss Mackay in much of what she says, it does seem that she is putting the blame in the wrong place. As sometime members of the "extremely unalluring specimens" we arise to disclaim the responsibility for driving the post-debutantes to the cabarets.

In the first place Miss Mackay does not go far enough in analysing the causes of the strange state of affairs now prevalent at debutante parties. Granting the cutting in system is an evil, why does it persist? How it originated we do not pretend to know, but that it must have some supporters is obvious, else it would die a welcome death. Certainly tradition does not support it even in a society so flexible as that of New York. That the stags do not like it seems obvious. In making it impossible to dance more than six feet with a belle and no less than six miles with a "wall flower" it seems to us that the cutting in system has accomplished the very reverse of its purpose. Not only has it made it more difficult to dance with the girl of one's choice, but by crowding the ball room to suffocation with men and smoke it has almost made it impossible to dance at all. No, the stags do not like the cutting in system. Neither do the hostesses, if for no other reason than that it doubles the size of the dance. We are left no alternative. It must be the girls who favor it.

The other reason Miss Mackay gives for the flight of the debutantes to the cabarets is that the stag line is composed of "hundreds of specimens, each poisonous in his own individual way." This we grant readily. On the other hand it must be remembered that to stand in a crowd scarcely less rowdy than that in the subway during rush hours, in a stifling atmosphere pulsating with cacophony, is not a pleasure calculated to draw forth the flower of American manhood. Also, most, if not all, of these same unattractive specimens were invited, and they are invited, in the last analysis, by the girls.

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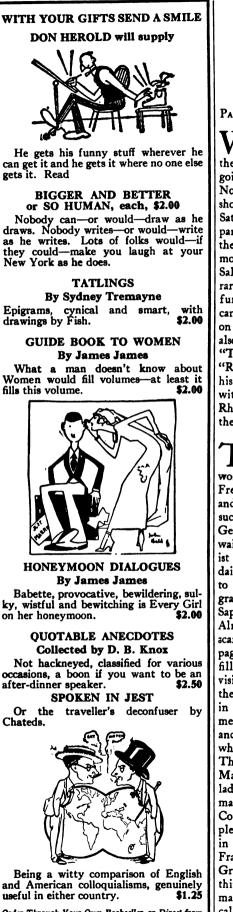
That this is true is readily demonstrable. The girls, particularly the post-debutantes, who, to a certain extent, set an example, will not go to a dance unless accompanied by three or four, preferably even more, flattering admirers. These admirers are expected to prevent the lady of their choice from dancing more than ten steps with any one man and to carry food prodigious distances at supper. Now for each post-debutante to have three or four flattering admirers is impossible, for the simple reason that there are not enough to go round. But the girls must have their adulation and, failing the best, are always ready to accept the second or even third best. The result is that the gates are opened-not entirely, of course, for they check names at the door to stop would be gate crashers, a delightful cus-tom—and the youths of the upper West Side and Brooklyn, not wearing dress suits, gird up their Hart Schaffner & Marx Tuxedos and descend on the Ritz. In the last analysis the girls are responsible for the quality of the men at their dances by reason of the fact that they are in the numerical minority and hence can dictate. Very well. But it does not seem quite fair to criticize the pale-faced youths and dancers of the Charleston most of whom, after all, are there by request.

All of which seems very ungallant. Nevertheless, in spite of our great admiration for the opposite sex, we feel called upon to ask just what entitles these postdebutantes to the devotion of the so-called attractive man that are apparently so rare at private dances. Some of them, it is true, are very pretty. Some of them can dance very well. A few can even carry on an intelligent conversation. But what characterizes almost all of them is a restless craving for amusement and an insatiable capacity for the stimulation of jazz. No wonder the attractive men are not anxious to attend balls where they feel their welcome is only coextensive with their supply of parlor tricks.

Of course the post-debutantes are not entirely to blame for this state of affairs. We might easily go back a generation before blaming any one. Inasmuch as modern education for both sexes seems to combine a maximum of institutional training tending to preserve the type of its supporters with a minimum of personal influence, it hardly seems fair to blame the product for not being nearer perfection.

After all we are sorry to see the girls go, and we seriously hope that their defection to the cabarets will not result in an even greater disillusionment. That would be terrible. If they cannot find romance in the cabarets they might even have to come back again. But, being as they are, we cannot doubt that, if they should, they will always find a welcome from their much abused but usually faithful stags. --WILLIAM T. ADEE





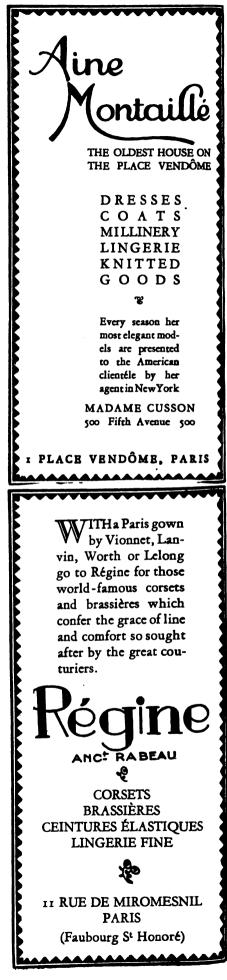
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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOVEMBER 23.-

THAT with the Exhibition finally closed and the racing season over, there remains little excuse now for not going indoors and improving the mind. November, in Paris, sees the art and music shows starting seriously. Concerts of Erik Satie's work have already commenced as partial recompense for his recent death, the opening affair being Marcelle Meyer's modern evening, with the piano at the Salle des Agriculteurs in which Satie's rare musical setting to Plato's Dialogues furnished the great pleasure. Those who can not read the Greeks should hear them on a baby grand. Intellectual jazz was also represented in Darius Milhaud's "Three Rag Caprices" and Stravinski's "Rag-Time". Jean Weiner is also giving his version, playing at his concert along with J. S. Bach, Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm". Wagner is also being given at the Opera. So the city is not quiet.

HE interest in the Daudet case, now being re-investigated, is the last word in excitement. It is music to the French ear. Not since Dreyfus was exiled, and Landru beheaded, has Paris been in such a criminal and political turmoil. Generals, chauffeurs, prime ministers, waiters, poets, and the Royalist and Socialist Parties are a few of those involved daily at the Court of Assizes in an effort to settle whether little Phillipe Daudet, grandson of the great Alphonse who wrote Sappho, killed himself or was killed. Already the Court, in full dress, i. e., scarlet robes, white perukes, silver buckles, pages with canes, etc., to an extent that filled eleven coaches, has gone in state to visit the scene of the crime, a bookshop on the Rue Beaumarchais which specialized in non-Comstockian literature. A regi-ment of the Republican Guard, mounted and in dress uniform, cleared the way, while Paris stood on the curb and cheered. The bookshop is doing a booming business, Madame Daudet, mother of the dead lad, receives packages of bad eggs in the mail daily; wit and scandal delight the Court from morning to night, and complete strangers to the case are being jerked in to confide in the Attorney General of France. Cocteau, the author of "Le Grand Ecart", is to be called because he thinks the case is suicide. An old gentleman from the hinterland who was not called, came anyhow and talked for two hours because he thought it wasn't. To Americans, the situation is fantastic. To the Parisians, it is meat and drink. It is



a political, literary, and social free-forall.

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For References; the Leading Hotels

FOR those who like to go to cabarets, several thousand are still open every night, particularly Chez Fysher, where Dora Stroeva, of Irving Berlin's Music Box, can be heard singing to an accompaniment of champagne at two hundred and fifty france a bottle. Mistinguett, who, now that she is nearing fifty, is turning over a new leaf, has taken over the new Moulin Rouge and will have her own revue with Earl Leslie and the Dolly Sisters as step-children. The Sistine Chapel Choir has also been here in vaudeville, which must have been a pleasant change for the choir boys, and the leader of the Palestine Choreographic Studios (Jerusalem papers please copy) gave a series of racial dances at the Champs-Elysées. So religion, one way and another, has been well represented.

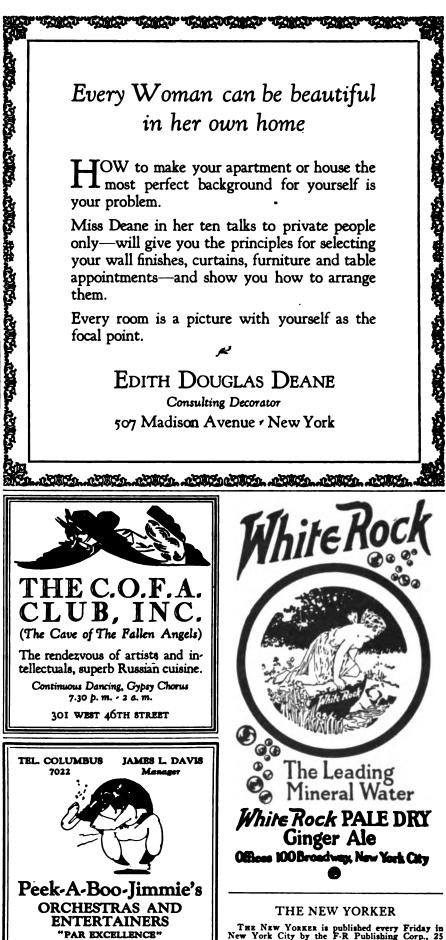
NOW for a wonder! In Paris the **K** women are wearing low heels. French women, in general, have been infected by the American idea of shoes. French women, in particular, have not. The frightfully chic, wear spike heels, black satin pumps without buckles for day, and with diamond ones if possible at night. This is Ritz. Crillon and Continental are going in for round toes and flattened heels. The balmy weather has so far ruined the fur trade that started briskly. Thousands of animals must still be alive that expected to be dead and lined with brown silk by now. Hats show the greatest change. The cloche has suc-cumbed to modeling in the crown. It still fits the skull, but with a suavity and pictorial beauty that hasn't been seen since the caps of the Florentine Renaissance. With such lovely headwear, there seems no longer to be any excuse for those who complain against the short skirts. After all, they might look at the hats.

Just arrived is Mr. Rudolph Valentino, and just departed is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, which leaves things about even. The East crossings have been appalling. The Berengaria has made its annual report of the worst trip in twenty-five years. And Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is in town. This should settle everything till next Spring. -Genet

WALL STREET

The broker stands beside his ticker, In his hands a glass of liquor.

He lives on pies and breast of pheasant, He seldom buys a Christmas present.



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- A MAN'S MAN-The Gotham Babbittry display the shabby stuff under their skins. Drably vigorous drama. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way.
- HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS-Without the romantic and stuffy trappings of the classicists, this is a marvel of quiet intensity. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.
- IN A GARDEN-Laurette Taylor enmeshed in the subtle psychological experimenting of a playwriting husband. High comedy drama. Риумоитн, 45, W. of B'way. ANDROCLES AND THE LION—More of the
- Theatre Guild's shavian season. KLAW.
- 45, W. of B'way. Reviewed in this issue. AMERICAN BORN-And if George M. Cohan weren't in it, we'd have said "No" years
- ago. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way. THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-George S. Kaufman joyously and satirically deals with a Merton from Kansas who comes East for a theatric fortune. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-The code of the West as expounded by some of America's best hoburns. Maxwell Anderson's dramatization of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life". THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way. ARMS AND THE MAN-Herr Shaw on this
- matter of devastating war. With the Lunts. GARRICE, 35, E. of B'way
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-They're not really flesh and blood people but just clever things that Mr. Arlen has to say through
- actors' voice boxes. GAIETY, B'way and 46. THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Crook stuff, as the genial Mr. Frederick Lonsdale writes it. With Ina Claire, comely actress. Ful-TON, 46 W. of B'way.
- TWELVE MILES OUT--A healthy melodrama of the bootlegging industry. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way.
- SUNNY-Gorgeously top heavy with music show genius. Topped by Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. New Amsterdam, 42 W. of B'way.
- ROSE-MARIE-Lady Dowager of the operettas. Still graceful and refreshing. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.
- PRINCESS FLAVIA—A crowded gargantuan operetta made from "The Prisoner of Zenda". CENTURY, 63 and Central Park West.
- NO, NO NANETTE-Rivalling the songbirds in deathless melody. With Louise Groody. GLOBE, 46 and B'way.

- MERRY MERRY-A trim little craft of a musical comedy with all hands indulging in the entertaining antics. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.
- CITY CHAP-You have been dancing to, and humming "Walking Out With Josie". THE CITY CHAP-Well it's from this humorous opus. Rz-PUBLIC, 42, W. of B'way.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE-Operetta done with generous staging, choruses and beauty. JoLson's, 7 Ave. and 57.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—Something gorgeous in the way of revues, from the Shuberts, Way Way and States a J. J. and Lee. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.
- THE VAGABOND KING-A flowing, romantic gesture of a well plotted operetta. Dennis King is excellent. CASINO, B'way and
- CHARLOT'S REVUE-An imported, esoteric British product. Not as glittering as last year's but still peer-like. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- EASY VIRTUE-Another Noel Coward play with Jane Cowl. Empire, B'way and 40, Mon., Dec. 7.
- THE COCOANUTS-The new musical show for the four Marx Brothers, by George S. Kaufman and Irving Berlin. LYRIC, 42 W. of B'way, Tues., Dec. 8. THE FOUNTAIN-The long postponed Eu-
- gene O'Neill play. GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE, Sheridan Square, Wed., Dec. 9.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51-Excellent dance music that does not interfere with conversation. Hancis De Medem and
- Evelyn Grieg dance at midnight. BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—Happy-go-lucky spirit in evening dress. Midnight revue.
- BILTMORE, Madison and 43-Reviewed in this issue
- CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Park W .--- French artistes cavorting in the very decorative
- cellar of the Century theatre. CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Why read the so-ciety columns? See them here en masse. Maurice and Bennett dancing.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51-Moss and Fontana still attracting the smartest crowd in town with their tragic Apache dance.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-Charlie
- Journal holding a very charming clientele against all newcomers. No entertainment. COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—The newest and the gayest of the Village dancing places of the Pirate's Den type. Very good food. No entertainment.
- FLORIDA, 144 W. 55-Frances Williams will aid Filberto and Anita in enlivening the charms of good music, good food and good clientele.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49-Sufficient dancing m the clientele to amuse the Russians and safficient Russian vaudeville and gypsy singing to entertain the clientele.
- RUSSIAN SWAN, 161 W. 57-A slightly pallid successor to the Russian Eagle. Russian music and some dancing.
- THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS, 301 W. 46-Temperamental decoration and entertainment of the Russian type. One orchestra for the classics and an American jazz band for dancing.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BIG PARADE-Sentiment and bullets equally divided in a romantic version of the late war. Speed is the picture's key-note. At the Astor.
- BRIGHT LIGHTS-Charles Ray comes back with a pleasant rube-broadway comedy. At LOEW'S RIO, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7, 8, a.
- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd as a quixotic freshman who slapsticks his way to collegiate fame. At KEITH's Eighty-first St., PROCTOR'S Fifty-eighth St., and REGENT, week of Dec. 7th.
- GO WEST-And Buster Keaton does, making his peace out there in friendship of a bovine. At the PLAZA, Fri., Dec. 11. THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Lon
- Chaney's gruesomest makeup in the most ghoulish Parisian tale yet. At the COLONY.
- A REGULAR FELLOW-Raymond Griffith as the heckled, burlesquy Prince of Wales, in satirical and humane comedy. (No New York showing.) MUSIC

- RECITALS-CARL FLESCH. TOWN HALL, Sat. Aft., Dec. 5. One of the most famous of fiddlers.
 - SHURA CHERKASSKY. TOWN HALL, Sat. Eve., Dec. 5. A child wonder pianist worth hearing.
 - YERKES ORCHESTRA. ABOLIAN HALL, SUD. Aft., Dec. 6. A new enlistment in the iazz invasion.
 - RIDER-KELSEY. ABOLIAN HALL, Mon. Aft., Dec. 7. A famous singer of a little while ago returns.
 - COBINA WRIGHT. AEOLIAN HALL, TUES. EVE., Dec. 8. A fine program maker who can sing fine programs understandingly.
 - RENEE THORNTON. ABOLIAN HALL, Wed. Eve., Dec. 9. With Richard Hageman at the piano; here is an unusual vocal and piano ensemble.
 - RUTH BRETON. AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Aft., Dec. 10. A fine young violinist in a program without "arrangements".
 - BELOUSSOFF and GABRILOWITSCH. ABOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10. 'Cello and piano music of a high order.
- CHARLOTTE LUND. PRINCESS THEATRE, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6. Opera excerpts. WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-PHILHARMONIC,
- Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Aft., Dec. 4, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10.
- NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Dec. 4, Sat. Aft., Dec. 5 (Young People's Concert), MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6.
- STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi conducting. CAR-

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

worth while."

Dear Editor:

Referring to your picture of myself in a recent issue of THE NEW YORKER, I am writing to hand you herewith a recent photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

According to your notations under the recent picture, it will soon be time for me to have my picture printed again in the paper. I suggest that you republish your recently printed picture side by side with a reproduction of the portrait enclosed and that you run under each the following legends: Under your picture, the words, "This is Dr. Straton snapped while reading THE NEW YORKER", and under the other, NEGIE HALL, Sat. Eve., Dec. 5, Wed. Eve., Dec. o.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-Nightly, except Tues. and Sun., with Sat. matinee. Concerts on Sun, evenings.

ART

- PAINTER-GRAVERS OF PARIS-WEYHE GALLERIES, 794 Lexington Ave. Fine show
- of Laurencin, Moreau, Chagall and others. FIFTY BEST-ART CENTER, 65 East 56th St. American Institute of Graphic Arts picks their choice of the best prints of the year. Well worth your time.
- COVARRUBIAS-Dudensing Galleries, W. 44 St. Clever cartoons and studies by the bitter young Mexican.
- JAN MATULKA-ARTISTS' GALLERY, 51 East 60 St. Pleasant show of lithographs, oils and water colors of one of the good moderns.
- THREE AMERICANS-WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 14 W. 8. Buelah Stevenson, Peter Cammarata and M. A. Tricca in a representative showing. Ends Dec. 5.
- MODERNS-DANIELS GALLERIES, 600 Madison Ave. New and good stuff by Boyd, Dick-inson, Spencer. Review later.

SPORTS

- PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL, Sun., Dec. 6, NEW YORK GIANTS VS. CHICAGO BEARS at the Polo Grounds. Commercialized football becomes a major interest with Mr. "Red" Grange's first appearance in New York.
- BICYCLING, NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 & 8 Ave., Fri., Dec. 4 and Sat., Dec. 5. Finish of the six day bike race, which unofficially opened Tex Rickard's new play-house last week. Racing continuous until II p. m. Sat.

OTHER EVENTS

- CAT SHOW-PARK AVE. HOTEL, Park Ave. & 33. Tues., Dec. 8 and Wed., Dec. 9, 10:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. Twelfth Annual judgment in the interests of better felines. IARY SHOW-HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA.
- CANARY Wed., Dec. 9 through Sat., Dec. 12. An-other annual affair of the United Canary
- Breeders of America. BATTLESHIPS IN THE HUDSON-Fleet here for Christmas holidays still on view.
- SOAP SCULPTURE, ART CENTER, 65 E. 56. This clean show still open to the public daily.
- K. VANDERBILT'S MANSION, 52 & 5 W. Ave., open daily through Sat., Dec. 12, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Demolition postponed with benefit of the New York State Commission for the Blind, whose sale will prolong the life of this famous landmark as a museum.

Sincerely,

Unfortunately, THE NEW YORKER

does not print photographs. However,

to assuage our readers' curiosity as to the

Reverend Doctor's "really worth while"

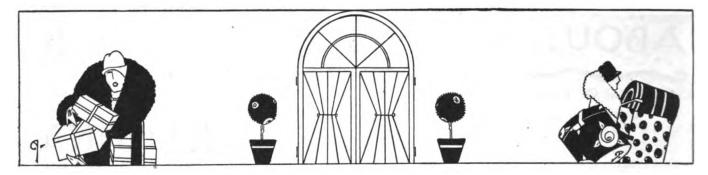


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endeavors at the moment of being photographed, we note that the pose represents him gazing at the camera.



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WHERE TO SHOP

Buried beneath the effervescent spirit of holly, mistletoe and red jacketed minions of the charity organizations, bumping along the avenue between Mrs. Van Dyme of the upper Sixties and Mrs. Peter Brown of East Orange may be found that unfortunate and unguided shopper who has neglected to take a Christmas compass bearing from these columns.

Antiques	Books	Hats
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.	HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468	ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions 16 East 8th Street Spring 5917
Arts and Crafts		Health Service
ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot- teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop	Children's Things MISS L. BROGAN, 27 East 54th St., New York. Tel. Plaza 7280. Exceptionally attractive infants' &	Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice. Dr. Saucheili 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218
7 East 39th St., N. Y. C. SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN	children's clothes, negligees & boudoir accessories. Palm Beach. New Orleans.	Interior Decorators and Decorations
Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177	Flesh Reduction	TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly deco- rated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders.
MINIATURES	Lackawanna 1936-1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES	Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St. N. Y. Circle 1492
Your favorite photograph, painted in water color- on ivory. Inquiries given prompt attention. Edward Hauser, 15 East 26th Street, N. Y. City	(Opposite Macy's) REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young	Ladies' Tailors
Auction Bridge	Footwear	D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Avenue, opposite Lord & Taylor's, specializes in the best, in Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses and Riding Habits. Furs, new and remodeled. Mail Orders. Caledonia 7111.
ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City	CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878	J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 40th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled
FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus- trated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.	Furs	Lingerie and Negligees
Bags and Novelties	Beautiful Fur Coats from \$69. Slightly used samples sacrificed. Fur Jacquettes \$35. Fur Scarfs \$12.	A NEW WOMEN'S SHOP DISPLAYING A CHARMING assortment of fine hand-made Lingerie and Negligees. Models on display and special orders taken. Annette Hamilton, 35 West 8th Street.
IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn hags, repaired by us, look like new. 562 Madison Avc., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987	Sydell Benson, 29 West 48th St., N. Y.	Maps
Jos malion Heel, ben 35 e 36 con - ren - mar 499	Gifts	THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment
Beauty Culture	XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION-Xmas Cards	of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited.
ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street, (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK	Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village.	41 East 6oth Street Regent 2655 OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR
Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795		ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 0019
Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza	Golf School EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-	Stationery
TRICHO SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE Permanent removal of Superfluous Hair was awarded Grand Prix at Paris. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., N. Y.	KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712	Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deckle 61/ x 83/s folded or 101/ x 73/s single. A choice st \$3.00. J. Neff & Co., 200 W. 38th St. N.)
HAIR CUTTING AND PERMANENT WAVING by Parisian expert. Individual lines studied. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th St. Murray Hill 2768	Gowns, Made to Order	Tea Room
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.	DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. New Models.	A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.35, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY Androcles *"de Lion Klaw Theatre 45th St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. **GUILD THEATRE** 52nd St., W. of B'way Bvenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. &Sat. **MOLNAR'S** Glass Slipper Garrick Theatre 65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:30. Matines Thursday & Saturday. Bernard Shaw's Comedy ARMS 👬 MÁN with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne. CASINO 39th & B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Dennis King in Russell Janney's Musical Sensation. ^TH₂ Vagabond King Founded on McCarthy's "If I were King." Music by RUDOLF FRIML Imperial The., 45th St., W. of B'y. Eve. 8:25. Mats. Wed & Sat., 2:30. 2ND YEAR ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN PRESENTS THE BIGGEST MUSICAL HIT EVER PRODUCED IN AMERICA **ROSE-MARIE** Century Park West. Evenings 8:25. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 2:30. THE "PERFECT" OPERETTA PRINCESS FLAVIA Musical Version of The Prisoner of Zenda HENRY W. SAVAGE and A. H. WOODS offer **"STOLEN FRUIT"** A Drama by Daño Niccodemi with Ann Harding, Rollo Peters, Harry Beresford, Felix Krembs Eltinge Thea. 236 W. 42d. St. Eves. 8.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. THEA., W. 45 St. Eves. 8.30. MOTOSCO Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.30. THE DRAMATIC SENSATION CRAIG'S WIFE By GEORGE KELLY. With CHRYSTAL HERNE. LYCEUM Thea., W. 45 St., Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30. IRENE BORDONI in "NAUGHTY CINDERELLA" AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW SONG FARCE **Arthur Hopkins** Presents Laurette Taylor in Philip Barry's New Comedy "IN A GARDEN" Mats. Thurs. and Sat. Plymouth, W. 45 St.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ" These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (Mc-Bride). A Manhattan Night's Entertainment, involving a supper club, a liberal journal's painful "angel", some loft-robbing yeggs, etc. MANHATTAN TRANSFER. by John Dos Passoa

- MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). Wonderful as a cross, and even hateful, section of Manhattan life since 1900. No More PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A. S
- C. Boni). Tietjens of "Some Do Not . . ." in France in uniform. The writing of a novel isn't done much better than Ford does it.
- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). Miss Marjorie Schoessel of Buena Vista, Ia., her parents, her playmates and schoolmates, her "lovely training" for a career, and her marriage.
- POROV, by Du Bose Heyward (Doras). A sequence of strong, vivid sketches of some negroes, and a hurricane.
- THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). Describable as searching domestic comedy enveloped in a fantasy. Its finesse may remind you, vaguely, of Katherine Mansfield's.
- FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simen & Schuster). Mental monologue of a naturally disastrous girl overwhelmed by a dilemma. Good for an hour's diversion after dinner.
- FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (Hercourt, Brace). Or, When Sacred Becomes Profane Love—in a marriage interrupted by the war. A powerful novel notably bare of furnishing and ornament.
- CLOSED ALL NIGHT and LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). Respectively, the better set of short stories, and a short novel, by this fascinating young Frenchman.
- KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillian). A rather Wellsian, scientific romance combined with rather Wellsian fantasy and parable; the fantasy has a freedom of Capek's own. He wrote "R. U. R".
- THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (Doran). Delicate and beautiful eighteenthcentury fantasy, with irony. Cabell likes it very much, and so should all good Cabellians.

GENERAL

- THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (Scribner's). Text and pictures by and about a real present-day cowboy.
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Two volumes. Life and times of a mysterious and amazing little man in whose sanity a door may have swung open.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page). Contains Page's letters from the American embassy in London to Woodrow Wilson.
- THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS (Knopf). Caricatures by Covarrubias; and THE Book of AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (Viking Press). Respectively for discerning eyes and ears.

.

SEASONAL ITEM

Glen Ridge, East Orange, New Rochelle Now are busy raising hell In the big department stores Where the matrons flock in scores. Well, I hope they break their backs Or at Macy's, or at Saks.

Where Jashionable New York Learns the Latest Steps –

The smartest steps originate in the studio of the Vanderbilt's instructor. Arthur Murray was selected to teach the U. S. Naval Academy dancing masters and the National Institute. Mr. Murray has just returned from Paris with the New French Tango. To inaugurate his new studio the tuition fees have been greatly reduced.

ARTHUR MURRAY 7 East 43rd Street, N. Y. C. Vanderbilt 1773



FOR CHRISTMAS

You are invited to a special showing of VIOLETTE'S MOUCHOIR CASES and SACHETS

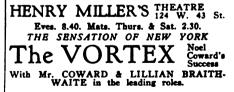
and Noé JOHNSON'S Unusual Christmas Cards on Hand-made Papers. At Moderate Prices. 4 EAST 36th STREET

¶ The Actors' Theatre Presents "MORALS," a comedy by Ludwig Thoma, translated and adapted by Charles Recht, acting version by Sidney Howard, staged by Dudley Digges. At Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St., Penn. 3558. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.

BROADWAY'S FUNNIEST COMEDY

THE BUTTER N EGG with GREGORY KELLY.

LONGACRE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. BEST BALCONY SEATS AT BOX OFFICE



DEAREST ENEMY

The Exquisite Musical Success with HELEN FORD and CHARLES PURCELL KNICKERBOCKER TH., B'y & 39th St. (Dir. A. L. Erlanger.) Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



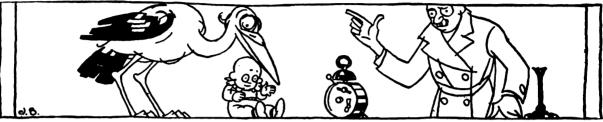
REPUBLIC 42d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A Tour Through the Vast Organization of The New Yorker

XVII. THE NEW YORKER'S Chart Room



Proving that a new subscriber to THE NEW YORKER is born every minute. Herein may be seen one of the newest, with eyes wide open and arms eagerly outstretched to receive his first copy of the magazine.

T is estimated roughly that a new subscriber is added to THE NEW YORKER every minute. For example, although there were only 8,-657,000 subscribers when this first paragraph began, yet before it is finished there will be at least 8,657,001. This only goes to show how important this first paragraph is, since it has already raised the actual number of subscribers to this magazine to 8,-657,002. One moment. 8,657,003.*

With a subscription list that increases at such a terrific rate, it is apparent that the task of keeping any adequate record of the increasing subscribers must be a staggering one. Add to this the enormous circulation of THE NEW YORKER in foreign countries (the distribution among visiting New Yorkers in Paris last Summer being well over four million) and you may form some conception of the work of Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER's representative in charge of Circulation and Statistics.

In a gigantic Chart Room, covering an entire floor of THE NEW YORKER Building at 25 West Fortyfifth Street, or eight city blocks, an accurate record is kept minute by minute of the increase in circulation.

(* In fact, by the time you have read this foot-note it will be 8,657,004.—Ed.)

The rise and fall of subscriptions, closings in the foreign market, surplus copies, and weather conditions along the Middle Atlantic sea-board are all indicated on what is perhaps the most elaborate graph chart in existence. (It is over 700,000 square feet in area and is played with small colored chips, like Parcheesi.)

An explanation of the operation of this gigantic graph chart may show how detailed is the organization of Mr. Tilley's Department. As soon as a subscription to THE NEW YORKER arrives, a red plug is thrust in the lower right hand corner, under "Ice Water", and the second button from the left is advanced two inches and the waist taken in. At the same time a line is drawn from A diagonally to F. This, of course, necessitates shifting the entire chart three inches higher, and building a new ceiling. Forty-three experts now set out to plot the hyperbola, which they presently discover to have risen considerably, followed by light showers and clearing. The short thick line (M-N) advances forward from this point to L, where it disappears behind a cloud, and a dotted line indicates the course of the ball to the 30-yard line, where it is recovered by Princeton's backfield. Meantime, the hyperbola, disguised as Mr. Punch, advances rapidly to the highest point (Pike's

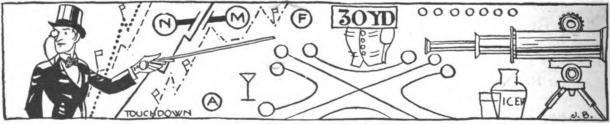
Peak) where it halts and looks about. Or just about. The market closes at par.

This chart is now sent downstairs to be framed and hung in the Editor's office, along with the subscription coupon, in order to keep the circulation records accurate. Mr. Tilley puts the five dollar bill in his pocket.

In addition, in order to bring the problem home to the public, a huge exhibit is maintained night and day on lower Broadway, where the Aquatania is propped up on end, beside the Woolworth Tower and an enormous ear of corn representing the annual output of the state of Kansas, in order to show clearly how the weekly circulation of THE NEW YORKER would compare in size if the copies had been piled one atop another, confusing traffic even further.

THE NEW YORKER is constantly seeking to regulate its subscription list, and is rapidly enlisting its readers in this work. In order to simplify matters Mr. Tilley has offered a standard circulation coupon on a neighboring page which may be filled out and returned with \$5.00, making the reader a Subscriber.

As a special offer, readers filling out and returning *ten* of these coupons may order THE NEW YORKER sent to nine of their friends as Christmas presents.



Mr. Eustace Tilley, General Manager of Circulation Morale, explains how to make a field goal with a five spot when your partner holds ace, queen, and deuce in the trump suit, and the ticker misspells Locarno.

The Romance

of Old Spain!

Revealed in the Exotic Fragrance of this New Face Powder

CASTLES and castinets, the lilt of gypsy song and the smile of senoritas will greet you when the lid of this intriguing box is lifted. Diffused by the softest of powder—to caress the cheek of the woman who appreciates a *difference* in toiletries!

Terri Face Powder fulfills the most exacting requirements of quality and texture. Its application brings a velvet smoothness —it clings longer—and retains its fascinating fragrance. This perfect powder in the most unusual of boxes awaits your approval at your favorite shop—or you may send \$1.50 to Dept. 102 direct. Shades: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Spanish Rachel.

TERRI, Inc., 4 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Jerr

To acquaint you with Terri Face Powder we will forward a trial size box upon receipt of 25c. Fill in this coupon and mail to Terri, Inc. Dept. 102, 4 West 40th St., N.Y.C.

Name_

Address_

When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby —have a Camel!



Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made, Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself —have a Camel!

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made and *kept*—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigaretty aftertaste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

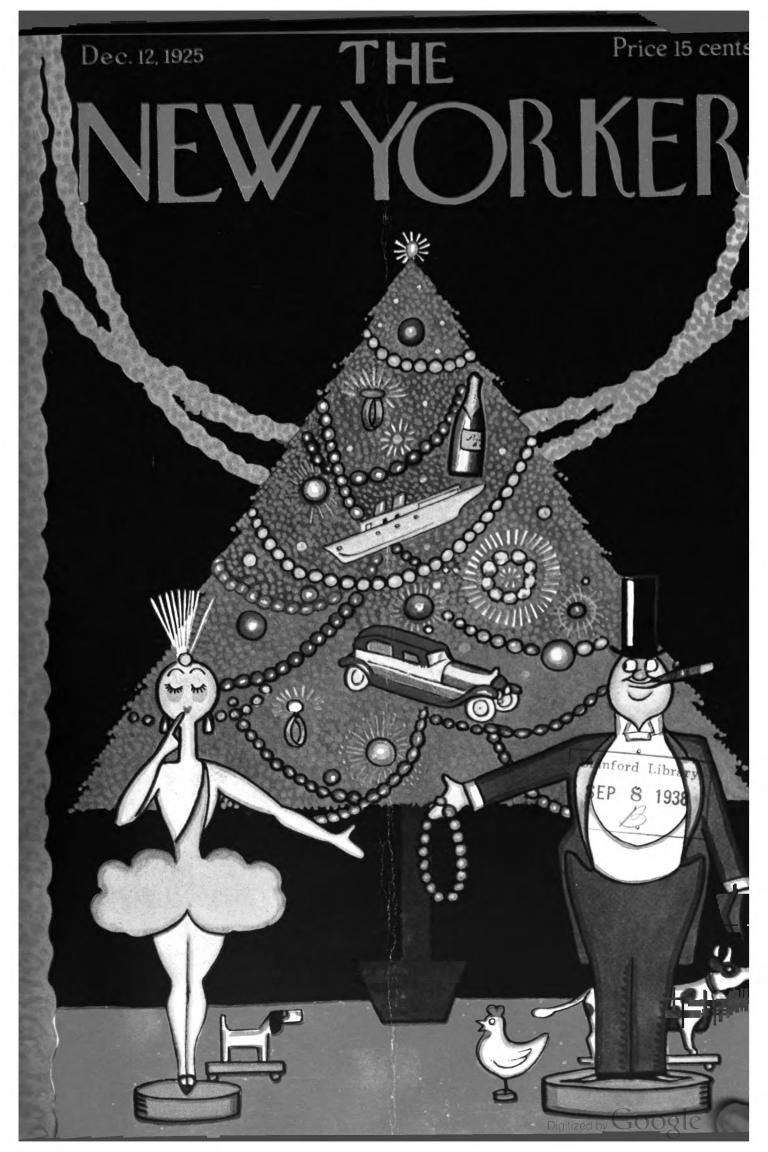
So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer — lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

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Have a Camel!

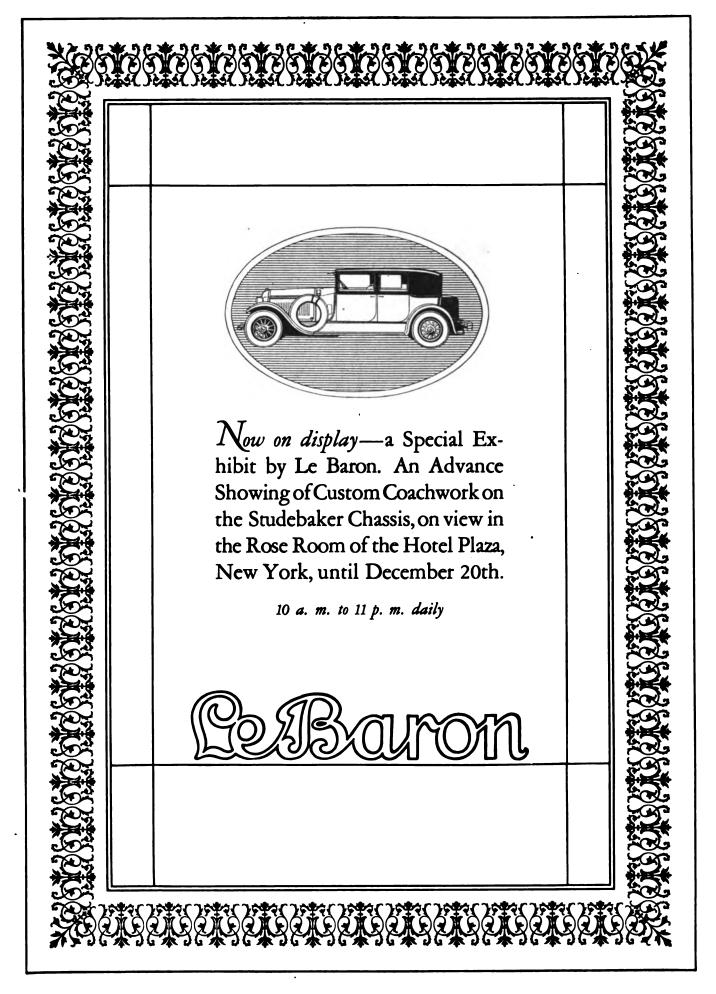


Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made et any price. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



Toujours Moi le parfum créé pour augmenter le charme de ces
femmes qui sont vraiment exquises
POUDRES EAUX DE TOILETTE LIONEL·320 FIFTH AVENUE·NEWYORK

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A Gift that Inspires Gratitude for Father or Mother for Son or Daughter

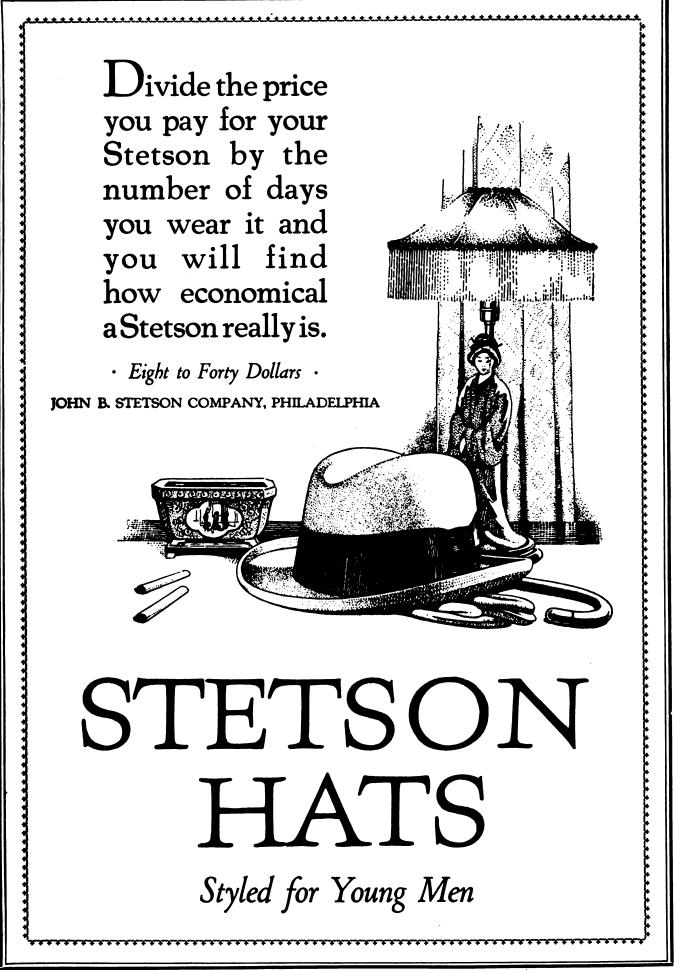
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for Teacher or Pastor for Dearest Friend

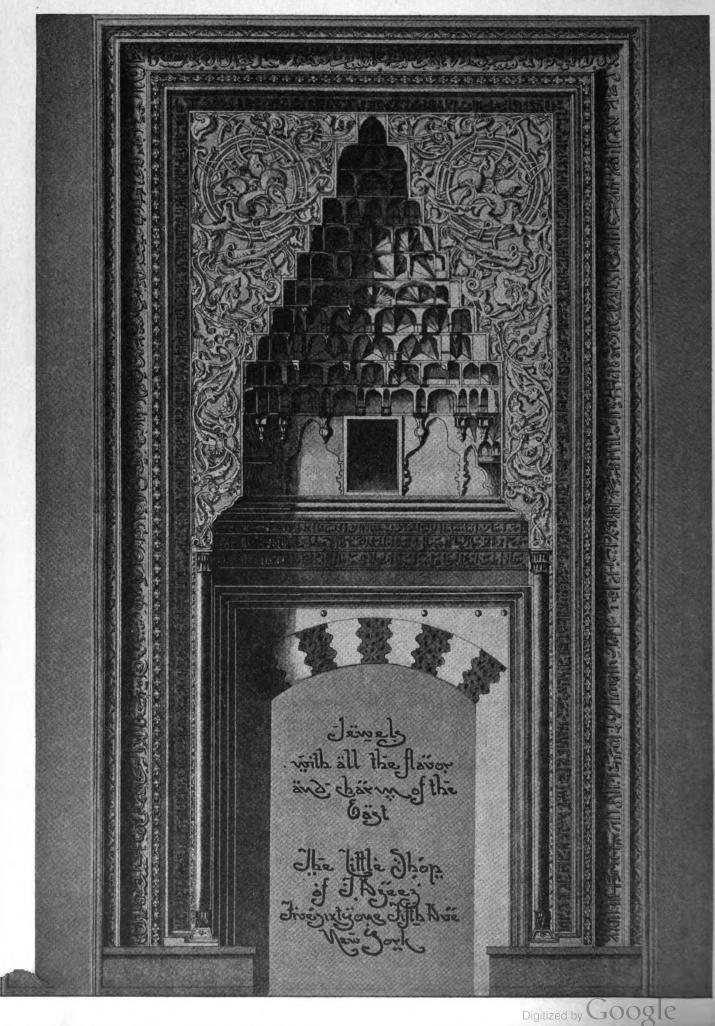
This Christmas Portable may be had in our handsome Christmas package without extra charge. For sale by over 5,000 dealers and Remington branches everywhere. Easy payment terms, if desired. Write for our illustrated booklet, "FOR YOU – FOR EVERYBODY."

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3





34 RUE DE FAUBOURG POISSONIERE, PARIS

[546 BROADWAY, NEW YORK]





THE picturesque Old Tally-Ho Restaurant, formerly in the Astor Stables, Twenty East Thirty-fourth Street, will re-open its doors at Eighteen West Fiftysisth Street on December Fifteenth.

The new Tally-Ho will have the same management as the old. It will offer the same delectable cuisine which has made it a rendezvous for those who appreciate and demand the best things to eat.

Here one will find not only all the unique charm of former surroundings but also an added artistry of design, creating an harmonious ensemble, as necessary to discriminating people as a wellappointed table.

Luncheon, Afternoon Tea and Dinner a la Carte

> Special Table d'Hote Dinner \$1.50



The Tally-Ho 18 West 56th Street New York



(From Friday, December 11, to Friday, December 18, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

- HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS—The floating edition of Shakespeare's Freudian drama, once again spared from sudden and unmerited death. NATIONAL, 41, W. of B'way.
- THE VORTEX—Rigorous dissection of Britain's most indecorous and rancid. By and with Noel Coward. HENRY MILLER's, 43, E. of B'way.
- A MAN'S MAN—The unclassy lives of the metropolitan Main Streeters, unclassily, but bitingly told. With Dwight Frye. Forry-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way.
- CRAIG'S WIFE—A successful attempt by George Kelly to define utterly selfish femininity. Trenchant and adult drama. Morosco, 45, W. of B'way.
- YOUNG WOODLEY—A first play by John Van Druten delineating the devastation of calflove. Quickened to a white-hot glow by Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 38, E. of B'way. HAMLE—Shakeaneare à la classic. There is
- none of this nonsense about Shakespeare in mufti. HAMPDEN's, B'way and 64.
- THE GREEN HAT-Heavy clouds of Mr. Arlen's perfumed literature for your sensual delectation. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
- ACCUSED—Down a legal alley with Mons. Brieux. Mr. E. H. Sothern is there for relief. BELASCO, 43, E. of B'way.
- relief. BELASCO, 43, E. of B'way. IN A GARDEN-A playwriting symptomaniac ruins a pleasant enough marriage, with Laurette Taylor. A civilized drama. PLY-MOUTH, 45, W. of B'way. STOLEN FRUIT-Imported spaghetti drama
- STOLEN FRUIT—Imported spaghetti drama embellished with the wondrous acting of Ann Harding. ELTINGE, 42, W. of B'way. EASY COME EASY GO—Owen Davis's nine
- EASY COME EASY GO-Owen Davis's nine hundred and ninety-ninth farce. GRO. M. Сонам, B'way near 42. BEWARE OF WIDOWS-Owen Davis's thou-
- BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Owen Davis's thousandth farce. But there will always be only one (1) Madge Kennedy. MAXINE ELLIOT's, 39, E. of B'way.
- THE JAZZ SINGER-Effective hokum with George Jessel, hybrid crossing of mammy singer with cantor. CORT, 48, E. of B'way.
- ANDROCLES AND THE LION—The one by Bernard Shaw, metabiological pentateuchist. KLAW, 45, W. of B'way. ARMS AND THE MAN—Mr. Shaw on the
- ARMS AND THE MAN-Mr. Shaw on the Great Delusion. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way. TWELVE MILES OUT-Rollicking melodrama
- amidst our most prospering bootleggers. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Mr. Arlen transmutes much nonsense and small talk into a glittering farce. With Cyril Maude and Edna Best. GAIRTY, B'way and 46.
- and Edna Best. GAIETY, B'way and 46. NAUGHTY CINDERELLA—Introducing, besides the famed spaghetti, the next best Franco-American product: Mlle. Irene Bordoni. LYCEUM, 45, W. of B'way. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Legal and romantic
- OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Legal and romantic bums tomfool slangily along the Great Open Road. Maxwell Anderson's wise dramatization of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life". THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way. IS ZAT SO!—The temptor
- IS ZAT SO?—The toughened and the decadent provide pyrotechnical New Yorkese comedy. With the able Mr. James Gleason. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46, W. of B'way. THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire
- THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire in as trivially interesting comedics as Mr. Lonsdale has to offer. This time he manipu-

lates epigrammatic crooks. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

- THE BUTTLER AND EGG MAN-Gregory Kelly as a Merton of the Theatre. George S. Kaufman's kiddingest of comedies. Long-ACRE, 49, W. of B'way. AMERICAN BORN-Mr. George M. Cohan
- AMERICAN BORN-Mr. George M. Cohan rescuing American superiority comedy from Banal Street. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way. MORALS-Reviewed in this issue. COMEDY, 41,
- MORALS—Reviewed in this issue. COMEDY, 41, E. of B'way.
- A LADY'S VIRTUE-Reviewed in this issue. B1jou, 45, W. of B'way. CHARLOT'S REVUE-England hasn't as much
- CHARLOT'S REVUE—England hasn't as much reason to be proud of this year's Charlot's as of last. But there are Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Jack Buchanan. SELwyN, 42, W. of B'way.
- WYN, 42, W. of B'way. MERRY MERRY — Tuned merrily, danced merrily, sung merrily, and acted merrily by chorus and principals. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.
- SUNNY—A happiness show, very, very tasty with talent. New Amsterdam, 42, W. of B'way.
- THE STUDENT PRINCE—Cohorts of singers, armies of principals, plus maudlin, soultearing music; equals hippodromic satisfying operetta. Jotson's, 7 Ave. and 59. THE VAGABOND KING—A splendid gesture
- THE VAGABOND KING—A splendid gesture of a musical show. Casino, B'way and 39.
- THE CITY CHAP—You couldn't get it pleasanter if Aristophanes had written the words, Socrates the music, and Jupiter the humor. REPUBLIC, 42, W. of B'way. PRINCESS FLAVIA—"Prisoner of Zenda" put
- PRINCESS FLAVIA—"Prisoner of Zenda" put to music. CENTURY, 62 and Central Pk. W. NO, NO NANETTE—Well, well, well. Now
- NO, NO NANETTE—Well, well, well. Now Borneo is to have a permanent Nanette Company. GLOBE, B'way and 46.
- MAYFLOWERS—Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley are here to talk, dance, sing and amuse the citizens. FORREST, 49, W. of B'way.
- DEAREST ENEMY—An operetta of dullish book, but lovely old Colonial setting and sageraceous music. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS—The best revue the Shuberts have ever produced. WINTER GAR-DEN, B'way and 50.
- DEN, B'way and 50. THE COCOANUTS—Les Marx Brüder in a new musical show. Lyric, 42, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO-Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street. Dec. 14.
- Dec. 14. MERCHANTS OF GLORY—A play from the French with Augustin Duncan, Helen Westley, Jose Ruben, George Nash and others. GUILD THEATRE. Dec. 14.
- THE WISE-CRACKERS—A comedy by Gilbert Seldes. 66 THEATRE, 66 5th Ave. Dec. 15. THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET—A play by
- Karel Capek, with Emily Stevens. CHARLES HOPKINS THEATER, 155 W. 49. Dec. 16.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BIG PARADE—Laurence Stallings "helped" by the gifted scenarists writes a sentimental one about the recent holocaust. At the Aston.
- BROKEN BLOSSOMS—A one day's revival by the worthy International Film Guild of D. W. Griffith's poetic tragedy of young

6



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

love. At the GEORGE M. COHAN, Sun., Dec. 13, only. A DOG'S LIFE-A revival of one of Chap-

- lin's funniest. At the PLAZA, Sun., Mon., Dec. 13, 14. HIS PEOPLE—A fairly plausible treatment of
- slum drama with Rudolph Schildkraut as the humane Hebraic pushcart vendor. At the RIALTO, Fri., Sat., Dec. 11, 12. THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Adolphe
- Menjou, up to some regal tricks in the land of the Fundamentalists. At the PLAZA, Sat., Dec. 12.

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51-Hancie De Medem and Evelyn Grieg dance at midnight in charming surroundings. Excellent dance music by the Larry Siry orchestra. BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—Bohemia meeting Park Avenue and Broadway halfway. Midnight
- BILTMORE, Mad. and 43-Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra in a spacious room that affords comfort for breathing and dancing alike. Evening dress not required. CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Park W.-Yvonne
- Georges heading a troupe of French artistes in the colourful cellar of the Century Theatre.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave.-The S. R. O. sign is still out in the most crowded of the smart after-theatre dancing clubs. Maurice
- and Bennett dancing. CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51-Moss and Fon-tana's new tragic Apache dance attracting, as usual, the smartest crowd in town.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-Charlie Journal holding a quietly smart clientele despite competition. No entertainment.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—The latest and most eccentric of Village places following the Pirate's Den type. Good food. No entertainment.
- THE FLORIDA, 144 W. 55-Frances Williams entertains at midnight.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49—Russian gaiety and informality at its highest point. Spasmodic entertainment.
- RUSSIAN SWAN, 161 W. 57-Following the pattern of the old Russian Eagle. Classical music and some dancing.
- THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS, 301 W. 46-Exotic cellar decoration and Russian entertainment.

MUSIC

- ABOLIAN HALL, RECITALS-ELSHUCO TRIO. Fri. eve., Dec. 11. A Schubert Trio and Schubert songs by Thom Denijs.
 - PADEREWSKI. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. aft., Dec. 12. Try to get in this time. RICHARD HALE. ABOLIAN HALL, Sat. aft.,
 - Dec. 12. A singer of intelligence. GITTA GRADOVA. ABOLIAN HALL, Sun. aft.,
 - Dec. 13. A pianist with personality as well as ten skilled fingers.
 - ELENA GERHARDT. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. eve., Dec. 13. Last chance for two years to hear the most typical liedersinger.
 - JAMES WOLFE. ABOLIAN HALL, MOD. eve., A basso who isn't singing "Im Dec. 14. Tiefen Keller".
 - SIGRID ONEGIN. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 16. One of the great voices. SITTIG TRIO. ABOLIAN HALL, Wed. eve., Dec.
 - 16. An expert instrumental ensemble. TOLLEFSEN TRIO. TOWN HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 18. The week's third trio.

- JOSEPH SZIGETI. ABOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 18. A new fiddler who comes with a fine reputation.
- WILL ROGERS. PLAZA "ARTISTIC MORNING", PLAZA HOTEL, Thurs. Morning, Dec. 17. First "concert appearance" of the lyric stage's newest bet, with the De Reszke Singers assisting.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS-PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Dec. 11; Thurs. eve., Dec. 17; Fri. aft., Dec. 18. METROPOLITAN OPERA House, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.
 - NEW YORE SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. morn., Dec. 12 (Children's Concert); Thurs. aft., Dec. 17; Fri. eve., Dec. 18. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.
- STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi conducting. CAR-NEGIE HALL, Sat. eve., Dec. 12.
- PHILADELPHIA, Stokowski conducting. CAR-NEGIE HALL, Tues. eve., Dec. 15. CLEVELAND, Sokoloff conducting. CARNEGIE
- HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 13. FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting. TOWN HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 13. METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY-Per-
- formances nightly, except Tues., with matinee Sat., and concert Sun. night. Programs not announced at time of going to press. See daily papers.

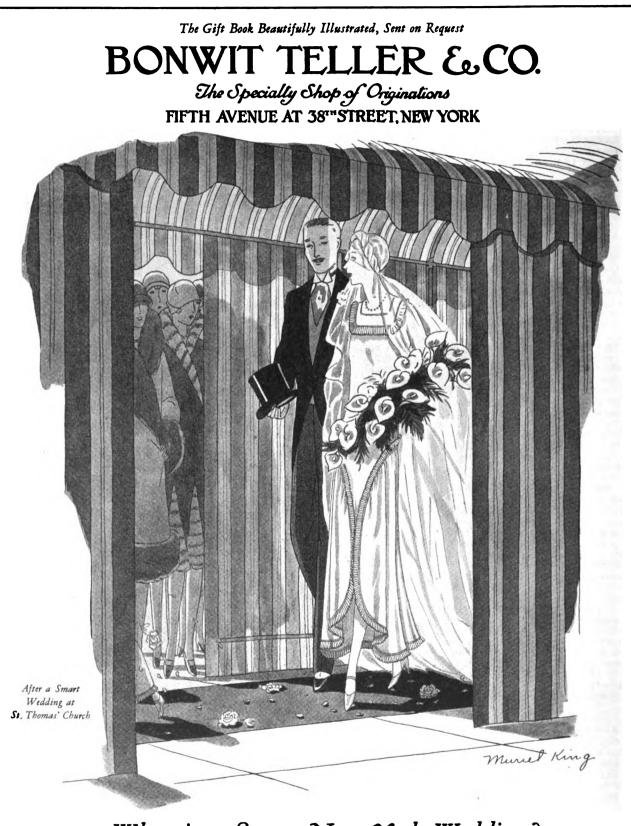
ART

- 100 YEARS AMERICAN ART-GRAND CEN-TRAL GALLERIES, atop the Station. Over five hundred paintings of the best of the National Academy during the century.
- WOMEN PAINTERS-NATIONAL HEADQUART-ERS, 17 E. 62. Showing of small canvases and marbles by the women.
- NEW WING-BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern American Parkway and Washington Ave. and European masters and architectural drawings by Ferdinand Boberg.
- JOSEPH PENNELL-ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park Ave. at 59—Process of making Pen-nell's latest book, from original drawings to binding.
- MAXFIELD PARRISH-Scott & Fowles, 667 5th Ave. Large showing of original works.
- FIVE WATER COLORISTS--MONTROSS, 26 E. Chase, Cutler, Hopkinson, Pepper and ٢6. Perkins show what they can do.
- ALLIED ARTISTS-FINE ARTS BUILDING, 215 W. 57. Large and mediocre showing of this group, some small worthy sketches in center room.
- JAMES CHAPIN-NEW GALLERY, INC., 600 Mad. Ave. Latest work by this painter of distinction and well worth going to see. **SPORTS**
- HOCKEY-MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 & 8 Ave. Tues., Dec. 15, 8:30 p. m. The Canadian world's champions skate against Mr. Rickard's New York team in the official opening of the Garden; which will make as colorful an international sporting and social affair as one would care to see.

OTHER EVENTS

BAZAAR — GRAND CENTRAL CHRISTMAS PALACE. Sat., Dec. 12, and Mon., Dec. 14, through Sat., Dec. 19, daily, 2 p. m. to mid-night. The old Street Fair organization moved indoors, offering a gay and colorful setting in which to do your Christmas shopping. For the benefit of Lonox Hill Neighborhood Association and Association for the Aid of Crippled Children.





What is a Smart New York Wedding?

-When the bride in her white loveliness is a delight to herself, her family, friends and admiring spectators — when the attendents make the wedding "picture" one of unforgettable charm — when every-guest is conscious of her own smart attire — when every wedding gift is of unquestionable taste — which is another way of saying – when *all* of these things come from Bonwit Teller & Co.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HEN Murphy of Tammany Hall died, everybody congratulated his shade on the fact that his estate was comparatively small. It seemed to refute the idea that politicians ever grafted. It is now discovered that a mistake was made, and the estate is four times as big as was supposed. Mediums report that the Murphy shade is slightly paler.

S OME weeks ago we said as definitely as we knew how, that the Elevated ought to be done away with. Now they have a wreck. Our sympathy for the victims is mixed with regret that while it was killing people the entire structure didn't quietly fall down.

N EXT to the Forty-second Street shuttle, the calendar is obviously the most inconvenient thing existing. Yet we do not endorse the movement of business men to introduce thirteen months each of twenty-eight days. It may be that we feel the business men have enough things their way already. But we think it's because we love the





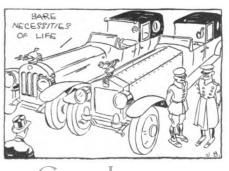
creaky old thing. Thirty days hath December, April, May, and so on. Let be, vandals!

THE lovely masterpiece of Stanford White which stands on Madison Avenue at Fifty-first Street has long been our ideal of where to live. We had said that we only awaited the arrival of our ship before moving in. Tuesday, however, we saw one Rolls Royce and one Hispano-Suiza standing in the courtyard, chauffeurs idly chatting, which arouses the suspicion that we may need two ships.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad, while doubtless in some ways admirable, offers those who wish to meet arriving friends, little or no help. The bulletin board is in the icy cold, the clerks are ill-mannered, and the exit gates are arranged so as to be practically invisible. But meeting trains is easy compared to buying tickets. Why officials of a big railroad won't supply enough ticket agents, is something this feeble mind cannot grasp. We can't believe that they dislike their customers. WE visited friends from placid California and found them in bed in the Waldorf. They had been in the city three days. "New York," they said, "is a mad house. It has done us in." We commiserated and rushed uptown feeling comfortably insane. We had exactly fifty minutes to get to Ninety-third Street change our clothes, and get to Washington Square for dinner.

The Week

S EVEN nations, at Locarno, sign pledge to keep peace and United States sends three more destroyers to China. Former minister arrested in Perth Amboy on charge of drunkenness and women of Swiss village sell wine to reform their menfolk. London Don Juan, seducer of 5,000 women, is sent to jail for ten years and Mrs. Tinney says she may remarry Frank. Rome hears Pope may visit Assisi, ending traditional imprisonment in Vatican, and Chinese laundryman in Belleville, N. J., starts writing laundry tickets in English. Fourteen inches of rain fall in twelve hours in Miami and James J.



Davis urges check on over-production. Athenian police place ban on short skirts and theatrical managers see hope for Sunday shows. Prohibition forces decide to do something about import of candies containing rum and New York Central warns of hard Winter. Count Salm arrives in the hope of seeing his in-laws and Captain Fawcett, explorer, says ukulele playing charms savage tribes.

Judgment

THOSE incidents become amusing after success, which were sore points in more meagre times. Accordingly, Mr. Edward Justus Mayer, author of "The Firebrand", takes delight now in recounting the story of his first meeting with Mrs. Elinor Glyn, whose one-time startling "Three Weeks" is by way of being Victorian in comparison with modern novels.

It was when Mr. Mayer was only too glad to interview certain celebrities for a moving picture magazine and fifty dollars. La Glyn was indicated by the editor as one whose say would be interesting to his readers.

The Lady Elinor received Mr. Mayer's first question with a sigh, gazed at the orange draperies of the hotel room's windows, and whispered: "Orange, orange; that is the color of Love!"

Mr. Mayer tried another question, but Lady Elinor was as in a trance. "Orange, orange," she breathed; "that is the color of Love."

He made further overtures toward conversation, but each time he was stunned by the irrelevancy, "Orange; that is the color of Love!"

Finally, Mr. Mayer picked his hat off the table. "Mrs. Glyn," he concluded the interview, "I think you are a damn fool!"

Chanson de Gest

WHEN the great Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, partner of the farflung Stanislavsky in the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre, arrived in our town the other day to supervise the impending season of their Musical Studio at Jolson's, he learned that Morris Gest had set his heart on starting that season with the least operatic piece in the repertoire—the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes. This may have surprised the Muscovite entrepreneur, who could not be expected to know that the dramatic sections of the Sunday newspapers have so much more space for lovely advance publicity than the less pampered and less nourishing music departments.

The "Lysistrata" is, of course, a far bawdier entertainment than American college students have been permitted to discover; and just when the unshackled Gest was meditating happily on the circumstance that here for once in a way, America would have access to an unexpurgated text, it dawned on him that after all the performance would be in Russian. And among the things with which the prowling Mr. Sumner is unfamiliar, the Russian language is one.

It may be that so austere a liberal as Morris Gest shrank from the unworthy rôle of bootlegger of improprieties to the American sinner. Then, whereas what John Sumner does not know won't do him any harm, neither will it do Morris Gest any good. At all events, the translation on sale in the lobby will be a less cautious one than the trots hitherto available for the sheltered undergraduate.

The courtesies compel us all to assume that any censorship of this text would give Brother Gest a pain in his aesthetic nature. But, after all, he has other aspects. And one part of him must recall with mingled emotions the great rush to the box office of the Century when his production of "Aphrodite" there was so helpfully denounced by the vociferously shocked Alan Dale, whose disapprobation was made even more conspicuous by being published right smack on the front page of Mr. Hearst's *American*. At the time Mr. Gest denied with tears in his unsurprised eyes that this attack had been directed by Mr. Hearst as a personal favor to him.

Explanation

WHO says a psychoanalyst can't be subtle? We got the story from the man who lunched with Dr. Brill last week. It has to do with the explosion of an ardent feminist who met the eminent Doctor as he was leaving his office.

"What do you think of Ma Ferguson?" asked the feminist.

"I like her," said Dr. Brill, looking through his glasses. "She sounds like a fine woman."

"But surely she has mismanaged things as Governor."

"That's what I meant," said Brill, getting into his taxi. "I'm a biologist."

For several minutes, the feminist stood fingering her stiff collar, and then exploded.

This and That

WITH no apologies and without humor, the Casual Observer says he has been to the "Greatest Collection of American Art" at the Grand Central Station, and to a collection of sculpture in soap by students at the Art Center in Fifty-sixth Street.



"Waitress, is that a Russian dish?" "Yes, eet iss." "Well—I'll take it."

Both appear to be equally interesting. The soap exhibition, he dilates, has no Childe Hassam, Chase, or Inness, but has nothing in it so wholly bad as some of the art-longings in oils of American illustrators.

No names mentioned; but we are assured they are present on the sixth floor of the Grand Central.

It appears that the soap exhibit should be visited for its smell, if for no other reason. Color and sound have been sucking together at the breast of Art for some time, but not form and odor. From now on they will. A lovely smell of that which cleans pervades the corridors of the Art Center; invites, charms, and arouses the Casual Observer. In the meanwhile the cunning little figurines and animals are standing around, in cases, very proud of themselves. He says they look for all the world like ivory-most of them are Ivory, with an occasional touch of Lifebuoy. The sculpture is no laughing matter. Not half so ridiculous as the paintings in Forty-second Street, where the sublime and the unutterably tiresome are scrambled together. Anything that's American, says the Casual Observer, is not a good formula.

But he still thinks that having exhibitions in a railroad station is a very good idea. Also he thinks that now that half the world cleans itself with Cleansing Cream, Armour is probably going in for Art himself.

Background

WITH one recital in the open season for songbirds so very like another, it was only natural that one read in the papers with surprise that "someone with a happy instinct for the decorative had placed an enormous screen of shimmering peacock blue behind the piano . . ." which played for Miss Florence Kimball at Acolian Hall last week.

The someone with the "happy instinct for the decorative", investigation proves, was Chamberlin Dodds, who sent Miss Kimball the screen with a note to the following effect: "Here, my dear, is my concert present to you. Just stick it up somewhere around the piano. This is a much easier way out for a man in my profession than dashing over to a florist's and selecting the customary poison ivy."

Thus did it come about that for probably the first time in history some-



thing pleasant could be said in the newspapers about the stage of Aeolian Hall.

Due Credit

ALTHOUGH we fully appreciate the feelings of all Harvard men over the moral victory won by the Harvard team in holding Yale to a o-o tie, we cannot allow what was originally a 100% Yale story to be pilfered by these sons of Harvard and passed as original. And the tale has been many times told about town ever since the fatal game.

The authentic story originated early in the century. It appears that in one year, strangely enough, Harvard supposedly had a very good team, and Yale a very bad one. But the Elis, accustomed even then to giving odds, were willing to make a scare bet. Accordingly, a subscription was raised at New Haven, and an emissary sent to Harvard with instructions to make a hair-raising bet. Now the man to whom this fund was entrusted had one failing. Once, and only once, a year he got (sic) tight. Conclusions are obvious. He had been sober a long time. But none dreamed that in the boldness of his cups he would go so far as to bet all his friends' money that Harvard would not so much as score.

Consternation in New Haven. But when all the watches, fur coats and furniture had been duly pawned, it was found that the sum realized would just about hedge the original bet. Accordingly it was sent to Harvard (by other hands) and wagered that Yale would not score.

The game even as this year was a 0-0 tie, and, thus, the Elis became millionaires.

Real Estate

THE purchase of the Belmont parterre box, Number Four, at the Metropolitan, by Mr. Paul Helms has called forth the observation that only some ten such boxes have been sold outright in the last thirty years.

Not the whole world knows that buying a parterre is very different from buying \$200,000 worth of orchestra seats, but it is. As it happens, the price of a parterre box is not based entirely upon its musical or social value, whether real or fictitious, but to some extent upon its financial value. The parterre boxes, way back in 1883, were given-thirty-five of them-to the original stockholders in the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company which leases the Thirtyeighth Street corner to the Metropolitan Opera Company. Recently this leasing company was offered seven millions for its property; seven millions divided by thirty-five boxes makes \$200,000, which is somewhere near the price Mr. Helms is said to have paid.

Not that the investment is good for widows and orphans—the distinction that accrues to box holders is supposed to do for large dividends until such time as the Opera makes more money than it can spend. But the money invested is not necessarily lost or taken out in music; the property value is inherent.

So Mr. Helms steps in as one of the fixtures in our Opera House, with privileges and responsibilities nicely balanced. Many opera glasses will be leveled at the former Belmont box this season.

Crusade

OUR almost weekly advice from the source of all flickering drama, concerns, for the present issue only, the stern endeavors of one producer for the uplift of Hollywood. Ladling



out one of his numerous edicts on this subject, the gentleman thwacked his desk as he thundered to Mr. Jack Holt, silent hero:

"We must all understand this, Mr. Holt. My Corporation will never produce anything but good (thwack), clean (thwack), licentious (thwack, thwack) pictures."

Blues

GEORGE GERSHWIN has come forward again with another piece of ambitious jazz, a concerto with the beat of the Charleston stirring it. This time he abandons Paul Whiteman who introduced the "Rhapsody in Blue", and places himself under the wing of Walter Damrosch, the one whose wing covered Deems Taylor's "Jurgen" not so long since—and who is on record as looking for "new blood" in music.

Gershwin is new blood, beyond question, whether illuminated with genius, or merely of a novel color, is not yet, and may never be, decided; he is young and ambitious and serious anyway. And he knows that the eyes of millions of jazz-lovers are fixed on him hopefully.

It is most encouraging that he has managed to complete his education. In the early days he studied in the hope of making his mark among pianists, but he was forced to fall back on Tin-Pan Alley for a living. He took some harmony and counterpoint and orchestration under Rubin Goldmark, and some composition for the piano under Ernest Hutcheson. He was not too thorough, however. His earlier pieces such as the old hit, "I Was So Young and You Were So Beautiful", and even the "Rhapsody in Blue", he did not feel competent to orchestrate, and had to turn over to professionals to put in shape. Ferdie Grofé, who does nearly all such work for Mr. Whiteman, did the "Rhapsody".

In the concerto, however, Mr. Gershwin goes the whole road by himself, which should give him a new confidence and a new freedom.

Verdict

LAST Sunday's baptism to professional football gave me answers to two questions which I have heard debated all Fall. As supposed, the game decidedly is not played with collegiate desperation, but as a spectacular contest of skill, it is a good game,



worth watching. Personally, I enjoyed being calm enough to look on unemotionally. I didn't care who won, I could appreciate clever plays on both sides.

Mr. "Red" Grange I thought recognizable as a great player; and the crowd did, too, for an electric wave swept the crowd every time he carried the ball. But there was nothing as thrilling in Grange's performance as in the galloping interference of both tcams. It mowed down defensive players. Who ran behind it was usually of little moment.

The managers did their best to stimulate collegiate reactions. They draped the stands, even the goal posts, with rival colors; they had a band (there should have been two) and their vendors sold dyed feathers which a few thousand wore in their hats. The crowd was all with them; it wanted desperately to have some of the fun it had watched in the partisan stands of college towns. It fairly ached for cheer leaders and cheers.

But perhaps the most realistic bit was on the field, in the closing moments of the game. The Giants, now hopelessly beaten in their Big Game, were making a last desperate stand when from the benches came a succession of blue and crimson substitutes. Bob Folwell, the Giant's coach, was putting on the last touch. He was sending in the bench-warmers to get their letters. Check enclosed, one might even say.

The Bearded One

THE Whitman exhibition in the Public Library opened on the fifteenth of November, and will continue through the present month. So far, some twelve hundred persons have visited it per day, so that better than fifty thousand will see it before the first of the year. Walt Whitman was a personal poet, which means that people love him.

In the cases are portraits of the poet, photographs, letters and autographs, translations of his works, books from his library, biographies and critiques, contributions to periodicals, famous editions, and manuscripts of poems. It is the usual spectacle of genius at work-erasing, crossing out, interlining, hesitating, changing. The photograph of his room, all in disorder, with his big hat lying on a pile of books, is more than worth seeing. And the pictures of his father and mother, looking, incidentally, much like everybody else's. Particularly that of his mother (except that she has cross eyes), which is in the next case to manuscript in which he announces that he will send his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Mrs. Whitman looks as though she would be very suspicious of a son who would talk such nonsense as that. She probably was; which should encourage twelve hundred people a day, anyway.

Not least interesting is the plaster sketch of the memorial to the poet by Jo Davidson, proposed for Battery Park. The first lines of "The Open Road" are to be inscribed underneath the figure, as a sort of exhortation to loafers thereabouts, perhaps. It shows Whitman striding along with the wind in his beard. And it should do the dingy old park a lot of good to have him there.

S TORIES from Summer resorts still roll in from time to time. It seems Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, was in Petersborough, New Hampshire, at the MacDowell Colony, just as that educated society was trying out a motherly new headwaitress in the dining room.

Mr. Robinson, understand, is a most retiring person. But the headwaitress did not know it. She was full of health; her face was smiling; she could have taken the world to her bosom.

"That woman," said Mr. Robinson, quietly, after he had suffered more of her solicitation than he could bear, "is so damned motherly that she makes me feel illegitimate."



Successor

I N the late afternoon, not even the kindly shadows of the Sixth Avenue Elevated structure can hide the new shabbiness of the building's exterior. The scars of the remodeller's assault are upon its face; and dusty planks groan as the laborer trundles his wheelbarrow into the dimness. Transition is upon the place in all its untidy agony, and dirt.

There George Luks used to bring the aura of glamorous characters, which surrounded him in a more stalwart and lustier heyday. They will nod and smile and wag a time-fattened finger at you, and tell you of the argument with the Irish waiter and subsequent ejection to the reiterated "I, sir, am George Luks." Or, wait a minute, perhaps we were not thrown out after all. The wine bins were deep and dusty then, and memory is an unreliable thing at best.

There were a dozen other colorful groups welded into one clique of those who considered the amenities of dining a part of the graceful art of living. The pageant has passed, and only the Elevated remains to echo a hollow knell over the shrine. On its outside wall is a new sign: "Another high class Princeton Cafeteria will be installed in a modern building on this site." Scramble two with a side of toast has taken the place of truffles and terrapin.

Under the latter-day legend, one may observe in dusty gilt, "Mouquin."

Measure

I T is inevitable that Mr. Edouard Steichen, who does that artistic photography which embellishes so many pages of Metropolitan publications, should have calls for private practice. One such came lately from a young lady whose father, during the war, had taken government contracts until it hurt.

"I should be charmed," murmured Mr. Steichen, professionally courteous, in reply to the telephonic inquiry.

"And how much do you charge, Mr. Steichen?" the cooing voice inquired.

"One thousand dollars."

A gasp—a distinct gasp—and then: "One thousand dollars! Why, how large a picture do you take?"

New York Bridge

BRIDGE players are asked by the Cavandish Club to note that there are some five hundred and fifty clubs in London where the sexes may meet and play bridge, whereas in New York there is but one—to wit the Cavandish. The Knickerbocker Whist Club, which offers mixed bridge every Thursday is not counted; the Knickerbocker is a masculine affair, and much too bad mannered in the card room to suit ladies. At least that's what the more sensitive aver.

The Cavandish Club opened last month with the Godspeed of Major and Mrs. Granville Fortescue, Mr. Frank Crowninshield, and Mr. Whitehead and other experts formerly at the Knickerbocker. There is to be bridge at two and a half cents, with a table for one-centers and perhaps five as well; and there is to be as much social side as the traffic will bear, including a club luncheon on Tuesdays. The problem is difficult; for it is generally admitted that society demands a certain amount of good manners, and that good bridge is usually a pretty rude affair. However, the Cavandishers promise they will be pleasant to one another.

The authorities, backed up by the Mayfair House at Sixty-fifth and Park, are confident of success. They say that a place where husbands and wives can play bridge without playing with each other is sure to be a big success.—THE NEW YORKERS



The STREET SWEEPER'S CHRISTMAS ALOVELY ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR

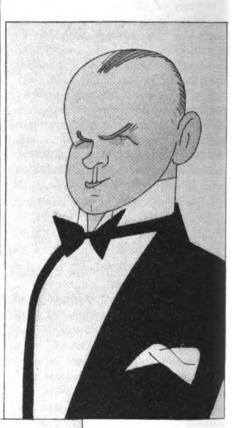
Heroes of





ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN—Who, as Beaunash in the theatre programs, has done so much to lift the name of Bryan from the estate into which it has fallen. His weekly article on "What the Man Will Wear" is directly responsible for the natty appearance of George Jean Nathan, and for the suicide of seven actors in the past five years who have discovered, too late, that their waistcoats were not correct.





THEODORE TITZE -

Who has been for many

years the most perfect of maîtres-d'hôtel in New

York, who has made the

restaurant of The Madison

one of the smartest places in town in which to lunch

or dine and who, last week, assumed the man-

agement of the entire

hotel.

CARL VAN VECHTEN —Whose next book, for which the vast army of Van Vechtenistas has been waiting for some months with ill-concealed impatience, will, when it is published at an indefinite future date, be called, it is here announced for the first time for the benefit of those who would like to have a head start in either direction, "Nigger Heaven".





PHILIP GOODMAN—Who quit Broadway winner a year or two ago after two successes and a flop, and who is fingering a batch of new plays, with the temptation to produce them strong upon him. They always, as Rube Goldberg says, come back for more. FERENC MOLNAR—Whose witticisms are collected every morning in a Buda-Pest newspaper under the heading "What Molnar Said Last Night" and who is still writing all the plays produced in New York that are not imported from England.

THE DECLINING FUNCTION

A POST-DEBUTANTE REJOICES

PARTY should be a group of congenial people who enjoy one anothers' society, and have gathered to dine or dance or listen to music together. A party of sufficient dignity can become a function, and the function, unfortunately, can become so self-important that it is a bore. In New York, the function attained such pompous proportions that it is, fortunately for all concerned. rapidly becoming a party again in selfdefense. Certain balls became selfconscious about their exclusiveness, invitations to those balls were a passport to social distinction, and even people who did not need to prove to themselves, or to anyone else that they were distinguished, felt happier in the knowledge that they were marked with the correct rubber stamp. The debutante's family saw to it that she attended all the proper functions, including the Tuxedo Ball and the opening night of the Opera, and the debutante went willingly, a little wearied by excessive formality, but comforted by the thought that she was passing a sort of social test, and determined to pass with honor.

To the era of the function belonged the belle of the Season. She was queen of the carnival and she married, of course, the most eligible young man. Now, there are several girls who are more beautiful and charming than their sister debutantes, but there is no longer one girl who focuses so much attention on herself that the season is spoken of forever after as her Winter. The belle has disappeared, and, to some extent, the eligible young man has vanished with her. Young men are still eligible; still watched by greedy parental eyes; undoubtedly they are as determinedly elusive as

ever. But the game has lost its savor; there is no longer the same breathless interest in which young lady will be fortunate enough to secure for herself the particular matrimonial prize that is at large. Perhaps the Lucy Stone League has affected the modern girl. Of course if she thinks about the Lucy Stone League at all, it is with vague amusement at the fierce determination of so many women to retain the virginal prefix, "Miss", in spite of a husband and five children. But there is something there. Modern girls are conscious of the importance of their own identity, and they marry whom they choose, satisfied to satisfy themselves. They are not so keenly aware, as were their parents, of the vast difference between a brilliant match and a mésalliance.

This same independence of spirit is almost wholly responsible for the passing of the function. Civilized people are learning to take their pleasures less solemnly. They realize that an important party can be a festive occasion, and need not be a penance. But, above all, they are learning social independence. They have found out that their own individual charm is of more importance than the badge of social respectability that must be won through the torment of boredom.

People who are tone deaf no longer feel they must endure the meaningless agony of listening to music because on a certain Monday in November they ought to be at the opening of the Opera. People who think of the horse merely as a subject of conversation Unfortunately, most of the lions are not very good ones. It is hard to coax a really great artist to play Tommy Tucker at a party....

that makes the hunting enthusiast, otherwise charming, an intolerable dinner companion, do not rush madly to Long Island for the week-end because they feel they should attend the Piping Rock Horse Show. Nor does the debutante, whose idea of a really good time is seeing a football match with her best young man, forego attending the Yale-Army game because she feels that, unless she appears at the Tuxedo Ball, her Season will not have begun under the proper auspices. A sense of duty is undoubtedly an excellent quality, although it makes people do and say such unnecessarily disagreeable things to their neighbors. But to make of the pleasure of social intercourse an onerous duty, to be selfrighteous about one's amusement, is to be not admirable, but absurd.

However, the rising generation's independence of spirit (some may prefer to name it cock-sureness) could not alone have dealt a death blow to the function. But the function itself has lost the elegance of other days. The gatherings of society, when our Elders were young, had distinction. Hostesses were exclusive as no hostess would dare be today. The balls were sometimes the poorer because a too rigid adherence to snobbish standards excluded many delightful people whose wit and charm would have added to the party. But at least the oldfashioned hostess whose point of view was expressed by the question: "Who was her mother before she was married?" gathered together a group of agreeable, congenial people. And the hostess who could not trust the exclusiveness of her own good taste was safe in choosing her guests according to the accepted standard of social position.

Recently a new and just as deadly snobbishness has appeared; and manifests itself in an attempt to be cosmopolitan. A morbid fear of being considered snobbish has frightened many hostesses into a democracy more complete than that of our better hotel keepers, and strangely varied are their guests. Her democracy has left the hostess with a conglomeration of people on her hands who have not enough in common to amuse themselves, who must be entertained. And most of the guests will be made quite happy by being at a party where they can see and perhaps meet a celebrity of whom they all have heard. In her anxiety to interest her guests, and possibly to gratify her own taste for playing Madame Récamier, the hostess is vigorously lion-hunting. If not the function, she says, at least let's have lions. Unfortunately, most of the lions are not very good ones. It is hard to coax a really great artist to play Tommy Tucker at a party, and it is easy to persuade a minor exponent of a decidedly minor art to come and be glorified. The trouble with stuffed lions is that they can't roar, they can only give a little toy squeak. But the hostesses play at Gilbert Seldes sport, discovering talent with much pleasure and enthusiasm. It makes them feel agreeably cosmopolitan.

Yet, although the invitation lists are as long and as all-entrancing as the telephone directory, the legend of exclusiveness still persists. Honestminded people are forced to admit that it is only a legend, and that an invitation to a function is no longer a recognition of any kind of distinction. Functions of a kind, there will, of course, always be, for there will always be the type of mind that is uncomfortable without formality. But the importance of the function is gone. People are bored, at least for

a while, with being sheep; they are weary of filling their hours of ease with tiresome duties; they have learned to go where they want to go, not where they want to be seen.

-Ellin Mackay

THE MAKING OF THE ANCHOVY

Excerpts From Our Own Encyclopedia for Busy New Yorkers

THE ANCHOVY (genus sardinius inoilus) is a native of Cedar Rapids, Michigan, and has made that town what it is today, if anything. In the Spring, the female anchovies, charming in their soft-eyed maternity, come to the rapids to spawn. Scientists attribute this phenomenon to the remarkable furniture polish content of the waters, which reminds the homesick anchovy of its native cans and paternal olive oil. The female anchovy, a very impressionable creature, is so affected by this that she gives birth to great numbers of young which are gathered in quantities by the citizens of Cedar Rapids, and convening Elks.

These young are immediately placed in large vats of pure oil and given a mother's loving care for several weeks. They are fed three times a day, supplied with warm clothes and feather beds, and are given calisthenics to phonograph music every morning at seven. They are taught deep knee bending, hearty breathing, and spinal exercises, by which they are gradually trained into the familiar spiral anchovy shape.

Unaware that malice is lurking under-

neath the hospitality of these Cedar Rapids denizens, the poor anchovies are thrown completely off their guard. Each morning, they go through their exercises conscientiously. Suddenly, one bright day, the young anchovies are in their spiral shapes at the command of "Bending at the waist-BEND !!" The hypocritical Cedar Rapidians then hasten to let all of the oil out of the tanks and the poor anchovies are immediately rusted into their helical shapes for all times. Unable to move their joints without oil, they are heartlessly gathered, and cruelly separated from their families, and placed in glass bottles indiscriminately as to color, race, religion, or sex.

A most remarkable thing about these anchovies is that they are so numerous year after year. Professor Duffle of Harvard conducted a very interesting experiment in 1924. He attempted to place all the anchovies known end to end to see how far they would reach. After exhaustive tests he found that this could not be accomplished successfully as the normal anchovy has no end.

-ROBERT JAY MISCH

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

Dear Editors:

On Friday of last week, at the newsstand on this side of the Jersey Central,— I'm a train-hopper, myself—a man purchased without shame *The Saturday Eve*ning Post, a bar of Hershey's chocolate, a package of raisins and THE NEW YORKER. All of these commodities I admire. Yours,

L. B.



THE HUNTING SEASON

THE NEW YORKER



Rickard Rounds Up the Rubes

ORTH and south of the equator, east and west of a given meridian, a Rube is a Rube the world over, to put it more or less in the vernacular of Mr. William C. Fields. This includes New York City, which fact is demonstrated by Mr. George L. Rickard, the esteemed Tex, proprietor of the new Madison Square Garden, and purveyor of amusement to the Five Million, and the visiting firemen and firewomen.

Mr. Rickard earned his sobriquet of Tex by apprenticing himself to a herd of steers that once roamed the plains where now roam the Ku Klux Klan and Ma and Pa Ferguson and all the little Fergusons. He decided that there was no future in associating with the he-cows and headed north and west to Alaska.

It was in this land of the hard money that the far-visioned Mr. Rickard saw the opportunity for the easy money. At first he toiled over the Chilkoot Pass, carrying pack after the fashion of the burros of Texas. But he did not remain a burro for any considerable period.

On the beach at Nome, opportunity knocked, not at the door of Mr. Rickard, for doors he had not. It smote him rather upon the forehead. Some kegs of liquor had been entrusted into his care by an owner who had left to evade the Alaska Winter. Nome was pining for entertainment. With two partners, Ole Elliot and Kid Highly, gamblers and adventurers, Tex Rickard started to provide the entertainment.

They opened the Great Northern, a saloon and gambling house at Nome, and they prospered. It was more lucrative than scratching in the tundra, and certainly easier going. Mr. Rickard learned something about entertaining the Rube from the Sourdough branch of the great species.

With the tables crowded, with the customers three deep at the bar pouring their dust into his scales, Mr. Rickard said to himself, "This was going on all the time and I did not know it until now."



Mr. Rickard sold his rum at a high profit. The rake-off from the gambling was heavy, yet all of the customers of Mr. Rickard seemed to feel that he was conferring a favor upon them to keep The Northern running. He became the camp good fellow. Sourdoughs coming in from far places would toss their pokes on the bar and shout, "Hey Tex, mind this for me. I'm going to whoop it up." He became the trusted banker of the camp, for the "Dangerous Dan McGrew, the lady that's known as Lou" and all the rest of them. In the Alaska camps, as in the California gold days, the gambler was a solid citizen with a high social standing.

The roar of the camp at Nome died There came the whisper of down. a new camp in the Nevada Desert. They called it Goldfield. Rickard and his partners arrived there with the first rush, and The Northern, saloon and gambling house, became the social center of Goldfield, Nevada, a name which was shortly to be heard around the world through the agency of Tex Rickard.

Now Goldfield as a mining camp was no Nome. There was one mine there and plenty of sage brush and rock that might be sold to credulous

Goldfield organized a customers. Chamber of Commerce to devise ways and means to advertise at a minimum expense.

In Goldfield at the time, a fugitive from embarrassing complications, elsewhere, was a certain ex-newspaperman, tipster and bucket shop man, a genius who would have been many times a millionaire had he not pre-ferred the crooked way. The putting of Goldfield on the map was his idea.

At that time there was talk of matching Battling Nelson and Joe Gans for the lightweight championship, but these pampered gladiators were so rapacious that their combined demands amounted to something like \$25,000, an outrageous sum in those pre-Dempsey days of the great cauliflower industry. The Goldfield intellectual proposed that the Chamber of Commerce offer \$40,000 for this bout. "If you get it," he said, "you will have the Goldfield date line in every newspaper of the world for at least three months. That will be forty million dollars worth of advertising for an ante of forty thousand. It will bring suckers here who will buy mining stock. You may get all of the money back. Even if you don't get the bout, it will be a good free advertisement just to make the offer."

It sounded good. The business men of Goldfield subscribed the forty thousand then and there at the bar of The Northern. It was put up in dust and in twenty-dollar gold pieces, and turned over to the care of Tex Rickard

"But we must have a promoter," said the author of the idea. "For business reasons I am not eligible."

"Oh, let Tex be the promoter," suggested three or four, in the same voice. So a wire came to San Francisco announcing that Mr. Tex Rickard of Goldfield Nevada had offered forty thousand dollars for the Gans-Nelson fight. There was considerable skepticism.

Bill Nolan, the manager of Battling Nelson, was inquisitive enough to go to Goldfield to investigate. They



showed him the forty thousand dollars in a neat pyramid of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and Nolan sprained his wrist in his haste to sign on the dotted line.

Two days later Rube Goldberg and I arrived at Goldfield to investigate for a San Francisco newspaper, and we saw the pyramid of gold on the bar of The Northern. Mr. Rickard affected surprise that newspapermen should be sent to Goldfield over such a trivial matter. Mr. Rickard always seems naïve. He is not. That drawling speech and that appearence of naïvete is part of his makeup.

Mr. Goldberg and I dined with Mr. Rickard in the cottage on the ridge above the Mohawk Mine. He had a lawn twenty feet square for his little daughter's playground. This was in the Nevada desert, and it cost him twenty dollars a day to have water hauled up to keep the grass green. He had chicken imported at great expense, lettuce from the Carson Sink, and champagne for dinner cooled in thirty dollar's worth of ice. There was plenty to write home about in that camp.

The staging of that fight was recorded officially in the Police Gazette almost twenty years ago. Plenty of customers for mining stock arrived and they bought mining stock. But strangest of all the fight itself paid some profit. This was the part that interested Tex Rickard. He never had seen a prizefight before,

and he was incredulous about people paying money to see them. When the books were balanced and the profit was shown in black and white, Mr. Rickard said simply, "How long has this been going on?"

Rickard sold his interest in The Northern shortly afterward. It was not long before he offered James J. Jeffries one hundred thousand dollars to come out of his retirement and "bring back the championship to the white race" by defeating the Senegambian Jack Johnson. New York fight promoters declared that Rickard should be placed in a padded cell. Jeffries did not bring back the championship to the white race, but Tex Rickard did bring back several hundred thousands in profits to New York where the Rubes were thicker.

I do not know how much Rickard learned from the cows in Texas, if anything, but his experience with the sourdoughs and the desert rats taught him that they will pay for their amusement, no matter how high the price. The influx of the urban Rubes to Goldfield convinced him that the Rubes of the cities are just as soft, if not softer than the Rubes of the great open spaces.

Mr. Rickard leased the old Madison Square Garden which was more commodious than The Northern at Nome or Goldfield and built the arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres for the overflow of Rubes. He sold them Georges Carpentier, Jack Dempsey and the

Wild Bull of the Pampas. He is selling them back their own Six Day Bicycle Race on a rising market. In New York's new social center, he will sell them professional hockey. If they are not careful, he will sell them their own Brooklyn Bridge.

There was much opposition to Tex from the "home town boys" who would promote. They complained that it was not right to let in a foreigner to get all of the gravy, but here is Tex Rickard entrenched in the place once held by the late P. T. Barnum. Why, he even promoted a National Democratic Convention in the old Madison Square Garden.

His fetich now is respectability and elegance. Long ago he started to shudder at the very notion of holding a conference in a saloon to sign his prizefighter. He will promote anything that will gather a sufficient number of Rubes for profit or for prestige. One of these days this cowboy-sourdough-desert-rat-saloon-keeper-gambler may decide to promote a Christian Endeavor Convention at his new Madison Square Garden. And he will get away with it.

Behind his guileless exterior, there is deep guile that is half benevolent and half Satanic. But it can not be said of him that he does not give his suckers an even break. He must have given them at least a sixty-forty break, or he could not have survived Nome and Goldfield.

-W. O. McGeehan

THINGS

BEING a French premier must be something like trying to keep house in a revolving door.

If George Washington University scientists prove their theory, that sleep is a form of intoxication, it will be a great boost for the circulation of the Congressional Record.

Senator Borah now intimates that he will support the Court if it is divorced

from the League. In that case there

Washington jaywalkers are now liable to a term in jail. The jaytalkers are already serving terms in Congress.

needn't be any alimony.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT The La Follette group fought for the right of the majority to control government; in the Senate they upheld the right of the minority to obstruct legislation through the filibuster. When General Dawes was saving the Constitution in the fall of 1924, his great heart bled for the minority; now he rediscovers the beauty of majority rule. The same inconsistency with reverse English. Periods of profound reflection. . . . Political life is a struggle between the us's and the them's.

"My post of duty is here," says Secretary Wilbur. Nevertheless a lot of us still feel that the ideal post for Wilbur would be a post mortem.

This department does not agree with other nature students who predict a hard cold Winter. The Autumn novels and plays are decidedly light, stockings are thin and the political birds did not go South until the middle of November.

Governor Ferguson's friends are rapidly fading away, but she is still first in the hearts of the newspaper headline writers. Ma is the only genuine two-letter character in public life since the immortal T.R.

The responsibility for the continuation of the coal strike has been neatly shifted to the bosses. Pinchot's plan did not put the men in the mines but it put the operators in the hole.

The impression persists in the cultured classes that Grange did something dishonorable when he became a professional. It may be slightly nobler to play football for hollers than for dollars, but a pro game is not necessarily a con game.

-HOWARD BRUBAKER



REVIE₩ING THE NE₩S

An Unsolved Mystery

OMEWHERE along the thronging streets, or yet perhaps in some sequestered backwater of the human torrent, there is a man with a stirring adventure behind him who is given to turning sharply whenever he hears the lift of an unfamiliar voice, or bending his face and hurrying away at the sight of an unfamiliar figure approaching him. Until a week or two ago, this man was running before a chase: covering his trail-running-lying up in this safe place or that, while thirty or forty other men prowled in the dark corners of the city waiting for his first false step. The hunt has died now. The voices of the pack are crying off in another direction in fitful search for another They have forgotten him. quarry. Yet he is still cautious, for some more persistent hound, with voice held tight except for a whimper as he noses along the trail, is doubtless close behind him.

Three weeks ago, we were reading in our papers about this mysterious person. We were reading that he had stolen \$685,000 worth of pearls from Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahuethat he had proposed a most audacious bargain whereby the pearls should be sold back to their owner for one-tenth their value-and that he had been cunning enough to bring off the deal, take to his heels again, and vanish. Also, that the police were tardily angry at his bold adventure, and had blown down the hunt upon him. Nowadays, news and crime and the police being what they are, we do not read about him any more. And yet he was a bold rogue-perhaps worth an idle speculation or two:

It was on the night of September 30 that he struck out for the peak of his adventure. Days before, he had learned that Mr. and Mrs. James Donahue, returning from Europe to

find their uptown house under repair, had engaged a suite at the Plaza. Since their arrival, he had been watching, awaiting impatiently the one little break that would be his cue.

He was lounging in the lobby on the afternoon of the thirtieth; dressed in the mode, apparently expecting a But when Mrs. Donahue friend. came downstairs for tea, he saw her instantly. And when he saw that she was wearing the pearls, limpid and glowing and incalculably rich, he knew that his break had come. Unostentatiously, he kept her in sight. And finally she re-entered the elevator to return to her rooms. He watched Twenty minutes-then the clock. thirty: and he too entered the elevator.

It was breathlessly still in the corridor of the sixth floor. A maid or two brushed along, towels over her arm. And occasionally light laughter came through a closed door. But the tea dance was in swing downstairs, and most of the guests were there. He idled along the corridor, picking up the door numbers and searching for the one he knew so well. At last he was before it.

He sauntered past it twice, as if hunting for an elusive number, before he became aware of the miraculous bit of luck that had befallen him. The key to the Donahue door was in its lock.

He waited a moment, lighting a cigarette. A faint and drowsy voice came from inside, then the muffled closing of a door. He waited one minute longer, then softly turned the key. There was a small entrance hall, empty. He stepped across its soft carpet. There was a reception room, empty too, but with the bantering voice of a maid coming faintly into it through a closed door. Another door stood open, and through it he saw someone asleep on the bed. Cautiously, he went into that room.

There on the dresser they lay, thrown lightly among the trays, glistening rose color in the pale light. But there were, astonishingly enough, four strings of pearls instead of two.

He knew, being the sort of gentleman that he was, that two of the strings were real and two of them crafty imitations. And, wary of a deception which would make him despise himself, he carried all four softly to the window. There, even in the late light, the difference was apparent. He dropped the two real ropes into his pocket, glanced at the figure of their owner asleep on the bed, and mechanically picked up a pocketbook, a brooch or two whose genuineness even then he suspected, and went out as he had entered.

Ten minutes later he was merely one man in the midst of a million hurrying through the streets.

I hesitate to grow romantic over the next step which he took, which, as you know, was to arrange the meeting between himself and the agent of the insurance company that was liable for the loss of the jewels. I do not know just how such things are managed. He was wary, of course, when the papers next morning had nothing to say about his adventure. He was suspicious of secret investigations. But when the afternoon journals of October I howled their news of the latest sensation, he felt better. For some reason, doubtless, the Donahues had seen fit to conceal their loss for twenty-four hours.

By whatever machinery is used in such a case—and there is plenty of precedent in similar robberies of precious jewels—he met the insurance man, Mr. Noel C. Scaffa, at the Prince George Hotel. Already, he had read in the papers that Mr. Scaffa had promised the District Attorney to produce the stolen property within five days. He met him, then, took \$65,000 in bills, stowed it in his pocket, surrendered his loot, and walked out again into the street. In his retreat, which he sought then without delay for the long wait, he read the papers: read how Scaffa walked into the District Attorney's office, dumped his brown paper parcel of rich stuff on a table, and swore he did not know the identity of the man who had given them to him: read how the three Donahue servants were questioned: how Scaffa was indicted for compounding a felony: how forty detectives were sent out to find him: and how jurists and citizens and editors deplored a state of society which permitted such a bargain as that between himself and Mr. Scaffa.

20

He read (picture his restrained amusement!) of Pockmarked Jack Dillon, shuffling into the District Attorney's office to tell a weird tale of a meeting with English Jimmy Berkley, somewhere in Central Park. English Jimmy, said Pockmarked Jack, had given him the low down on a job he was to pull off, a rich job—pointing toward the sixth floor of the Plaza. But Jack (so he said) having reformed, scowled at the proposition and hurried beyond temptation. And Jack gradually dropped out of the affair.

He read of Sam Layton. And he prodded about in his memory to see if he, himself, once had been called Sam Layton. And then, because he surely knows as much as I of thieves' ways, he remembered who Sam Layton really is—and grimaced at the plan of formal justice which discreetly preserves Sam Layton's real identity.

Then the papers found a murder or two to play with, a new opinion on the miracle of bobbed hair to exploit, a holdup, which in detail was just like the last, but must be described in its finest points. And the Donahue jewel robbery slipped out of print.

The police found that their daily flow of new crime had not subsided out of respect for their duty toward our jewel thief. Ten detectives were called off the hunt. Then ten more. Then all but one. And the District Attorney, at first indignant, then relentlessly determined, and finally (when the furor in the press had subsided) somewhat resigned to the difficulty of his job, says, "We are doing our best." After all, explain police and District Attorney, this is only one crime in a thousand, and the victims have gotten their stuff back.

All but one, then, hurry on to meet

the new tide. But this one has a certain advantage: The noise is over. In the pocket of our villain there is \$65,000 in yellow bills. And they are beginning to itch. Also, even the shrewdest and quietest of men are burdened with an imp which goads them to boast of deeds of prowess and subtle cunning.

So ten years will pass, bringing one of two mildly interesting situations: In an uptown precinct station, a hoary Sergeant, back into his uniform now, will yarn on a dull day, telling how, when he was young, he turned up that "Yes, sir" Donahue pearl robber. (ptui), "he's doin' his turn up the river right now." Or-a tired and restless fellow, lean and nervous and slightly out at heel, will grow expansive under the drink he has neatly cadged from a younger man. "Say," he'll murmur confidentially, "you don't know me, do you? Well," (a quick look about him) "I'm the bird that pulled that Plaza job. Remember the Donahue pearls and the slick turnover with the insurance guys?"

Meantime, the world will have forgotten. And, doubtless, enough dimes will have poured into red-front stores, in exchange for tin pots, and sleazy ribbons, and Christmas-tree balls, to pay for another rope of pearls, more shimmeringly lovely than the last, which in their due turn, perhaps, will provide the urge for another startling but lightly forgotten crime.

—Morris Markey

During the rainy spell of last week, Dudley Field Malone, evolutionist, and the best dressed lawyer who ever took his coat off in a Tennessee court room, appeared in the uptown district. Artists and other sensitive pedestrians in the vicinity of Forty-fourth Street have rested easier ever since. It has been proved no idle rumor, that Mr. Malone would rather buy a new wardrobe, than wear rubbers, or carry an umbrella.



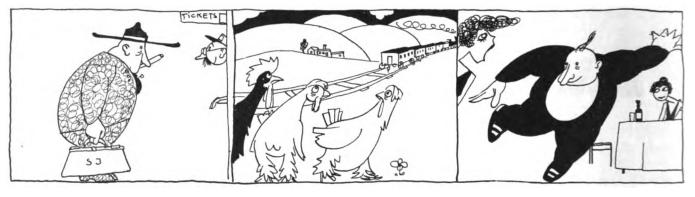
News





OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Dairy-Man Dies, Loss of Fortune Blamed."-Daily Newspaper.



V EVER should a Christian venture forth to wander and to prowl, purchasing some wild adventure by the efforts of his fowl.

Though the faithful chickens labor, they don't mean to foster vice. And the City's dance macabre will exact its fearful price.

Silas, after many Summers' tending to the cows and hens, Silas Jason joined the mummers in the Devil's pleasure dens.



There the trombone's muted cooing throws the stranger off his guard. Scarlet ladies heed his wooing for a prearranged reward.

PASSING TIME AT CHRIST-MASTIDE

AT THE FIREPLACE waiting for Santa Claus-consider the stockings-does it occur to you that good things come in small packages-does it check up with your past experience-do you believe itexamine the chimney-conceive Santa Claus's entrance-how does he do itwhat makes you think so-can it be that you suspect there is no Santa Claus-why -try to recite the poem beginning with "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse"-do you know the next line-do you know any of the other lines-is your house like the one of the poem-listen intently-can you hear any mice-are there any mice in your home-can you be sure-jot down what presents you would like to receive-do you always get what you want-when people think only of the present.

Yea, unholy hussies hover, like so many birds of prey, o'er the victim they discover with a coveting "hey-hey."

don't you-when do you-lie downclose your eyes and try to stay awake---

UNDER THE MISTLETOE kissing a girl -what brand of rouge does she usewhat flavor is it—do you like it—what other brands or flavors do you like better -could it be possible that she does not use any rouge-consider her eyes-are they open or closed-does she seem to be in heaven-how about yourself-pinch her arm-does she notice it-would she notice it if you were kissing her properly -have you ever heard the lines "and this love's sweetest language is"-what do you think of them now-can you look at your watch without releasing your holdwould the girl mind it-would you mind it if you were a girl-try it-don't you think it is about time to let her go-

-Jose Schorr

This is the time of the year when most

Now he's dead, poor Silas Jason, no Kiwanis came to weep at his bier, no Elk, no Mason; As ye sow so shall ye reap.

-HANS STENCEL

EPISODE

She may be one of those who are glorified nightly. He helped her out of the cab, and you, too, would have stared.

Skirt naughtily, provokingly short over a ravishing pair of legs-exquisitely sheathed and expensively shod. Graceful as a young birch in a whisper of wind.

Too much make-up? Perhaps. Drinks? Probably. And smokes? Of course.

Raw weather. He sneezed.

"God bless you, dear."

Magdalen incarnate, more sure of Heaven than 1-and there are some who dismiss her with . . . "hardboiled". -PHILIP BERMAN

The fleet is in the river, and A thing I cannot understand Is where the sailors get the Janes Who ride with them on subway trains. Perhaps I'd learn if I'd explore The nearest Army-Navy store.



The Theatre

MINOR triumph of adaptation is to be witnessed at the Comedy Theatre these days. The Comedy Theatre, to wit, is harboring the production the Actors' Theatre has made of Ludwig Thoma's heavy-handed "Moral", in a concentrated, pulmotorized version, called "Morals", by Charles Recht and Sidney Howard.

"Moral", this past decade, has been enjoying a reputation, by default, out of all proportion to its merits. For the most part, the situation can be traced to an incessant beating of the drum on its behalf by George Jean Nathan, who used it regularly as the example of the fine Continental play American managers were neglecting while they were producing the masterpieces of the Mons. Owen Davis, the grand opera of La Akins. El Nathan, for ten years now, has been a Wienerwurst if "Moral" is not infinitely superior to a great majority of the childish playthings the Americans call their theatre.

The M. Nathan, for one thing, because he has contributed more than any other writer to the improvement of the New York theatre in the last fifteen years, has his substantial audience, however, and a fair part of it was at the Comedy Theatre on the night of November thirtieth to see exactly what it was that its prophet had so long been so loudly proclaiming. And it saw a slow-moving, ponderous, and obvious farce comedy, made out of the brilliant idea that the President of a provincial Society for the Suppression of Vice should at the same time be one of the hamlet's most industrious, if surreptitious sinners. For the exposition of this bitter bit of irony, moreover, Herr Thoma had chosen as his fable the one about the fancy lady who kept the names of her clients in her own little red book, with all the interesting events on stage

had fallen into the hands of the gendarmes. To this triumph of dramaturgy, if we are to take the Nathan ballyhoo too seriously, has Nathan been striving for a decade to bring the American theatre.

It was a shabby, stencilled, and flatbeer play, then, that the Actors' Theatre saw fit to present as its second offering of the season,-such a play as used to be seen here thirty times a year, but as now happily makes many less annual visitations. There were, of course, amusing moments to the evening's offering, but there were many more to such a surely unimportant play as the recent "Weak Sisters"; and "Cradle Snatchers", at the Music Box, carries with it more dumb merriment to the minute than "Morals" to the hour. Is one, then, to expect that Mr. A. B. Walkley will ring the London Times welkin for the next ten years for "Weak Sisters", and that Herr Alfred Kerr will disturb Max Reinhardt's nightly sleep by shouting a decade long, through his open windows, that he really must produce "Cradle Snatchers", or else confess himself openly a producer of sugarwafers for the Yokels of the Hinterland?

So much for the "Morals" that the Actors' Theatre has produced. But, ah, mesdames et messieurs, the "Moral" that Herr Ludwig Thoma has written and that, but for the grace of adaptors Recht and Howard, it might have brought to life on these American shores! . .

Thoma's play, as Nathan saw it ten years ago in Munich, is full of sledgehammer satire on peculiarly local German conditions. There is much essential discussion of German politics and good Teutonic irony about the attempt of the working-men to achieve the sacred level of the middle-class. There is criticism dulled but, nevertheless criticism, of German bureaucracy, and this is so much a part of the

resulting from the fact that the book play that even the heroic work of Recht and Howard was not enough to prevent the wonder of intelligent firstnighters here as to exactly what was meant by the figure of the Assessor, who is just a duty-struck German police official. As it was, such audience enthusiasm as the production here has provoked has come almost exclusively from the acting, with the fancy lady well in the lead—and in the German original, the lady appears in only one act, the Second.

The piece at the Comedy is well cast. As the lady of the ancient profession, Marian Warring-Manley gives a sparkling performance, in no way impaired by the pleasing circumstance that she resembles the Elsie Ferguson of "Such a Little Queen" in appearance and voice. Edwin Nicander, the hypocritical vice crusader of Thoma's brilliant invention, plays as he has always played such a farce part as has ever been his . . . and the sudden information that he is now in a masterpiece must make him feel much as did the startled graybeard who learned that he had really been speaking prose all his life.

One feels for Mr. Nathan, and one understands how it could have hap-Others, too, have been in pened. Munich in Indian Summer, when the Kapellen played sweetly in the English Gardens, and the Backfische paraded coyly along the Maximillian Strasse, and there was a purple twilight over the Isar, and a Maas at the Hofbraeu Haus was a Maas, and all the world was young . . . and one saw "The Fool" at the Residenz Theatre and thought it was a masterpiece, nor paused to remember that after all it was only Munich.

*HE Stagers, at their Fifty-second Street Theatre, are presenting "The Devil to Pay", by Herman Heijermans. The chief reason for the present production seems to be that the play is a Dutch masterpiece. Where-



"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY" Cecil B. De Mille offers a fine dish of Hollywood tripe at the Rivoli.-B. R.

fore, it should sternly be called to the Stagers' attention that the law requiring American production of Dutch masterpieces in the name of art, where they are manifestly dull and verbose, was repealed long, long ago.

This particular Dutch masterpiece was probably a moderately interesting play at home, where the attention of the audience was allowed to remain fixed upon what the characters were doing and saying. Here, unfortunately, the Stagers' attempts to create a Dutch atmosphere and the picture of Dutch small-town life serve merely to accentuate the audience's feeling that it is in the presence of something highly artificial that wouldn't interest it much even if it were real. Any reality the play may possess, any roots that it may have in actual existence, are largely rendered frustrate by the elaborate, ponderous, and unrelenting artificiality of its staging and its language. On the other hand, there is too much prosaic solidity, too little actual charm and natural quaintness, to provide the observer with a substitute illusion of poetry and beauty.

There was a time, not so long ago, when one of the main ideas of Heijermans's play would have been considered startling. The idea of the reference is that the unmarried woman who is about to have a baby-the

theatre's favorite member of the enceinte régime-has other chances for salvation than in marriage to the father of her child. Such a marriage, even, might be the bigger of two evils, it seems.

In the main, Heijermans's play concerns the fortunes of a simple, frugal, and decent Dutch man and wife, who have fallen under the control of an elderly, tyrannical, embittered lodger, who contrives to keep from them most of the cherished material things of life. The play ends, however, on what must be a high note-she can not deprive them of their faith in love, she can not cripple their souls.

Margaret Wycherly, ever a capable actress, is capital as the venomous hag whose distorted sense of justice for herself upsets the lives of those about Whitford Kane and Ethel her. Strickland are effective as genre pictures, perhaps, but are otherwise not too convincing-in Mr. Kane's case clearly because of a wordy role.

T the Bijou, future historians will A be obliged to us for recording here, they are now playing "A Lady's Virtue", by Rachel Crothers. It provides a pleasant enough evening for those who can take their Broadway theatre, or leave it alone.

time at the theatre any evening, just by watching either of the Nash sisters. In this instance, they are both on view. Florence is a small-town wife, full of the New Thought, who thinks she is perfectly willing to have Mary, an opera singer right out of the Mirror's Daily True Story, steal her dull, plodding husband from her. (The husband, if you haven't already guessed, is Robert Warwick.) But after Florence spends the first scene of the Third Act in the apartment of a New York Monty, to whom she wrongly thought she could give herself, she wants her Warwick back and Mary gives him to her.

All this, of course, is very silly and cliché, and the real reason our eyes glowed so brightly during most of the love scenes, and all of the time Florence was on stage, was because of a light someone in the seat ahead was flashing constantly. In addition, Isabel Irving pleased us greatly, as she always does, even though what Miss Crothers has thought up for her is something about mother not approving of all these modern goings-on.—H. J. M.

Music

ON'T let anybody kid you out of it, children. George Gersh-This department can have a nice win's piano concerto is about the

most important new work that has been aired in this hamlet of ours in many somethings, and when we say "important", we're not using a nicenellie for "dull". By the time that this meets your careless eyes, there will have been much shouting, more whispering, and public dancing in Carnegie Hall, if not, as the intelligentsia are saying, in the streets. The burthen of it will be that George has done it.

It isn't necessary to attend a session of the League of Composers or some other body dedicated to the production of modern stuff, to discover how thoroughly good the Gershwin achievement is. But after hearing the vague annoyances of the Messrs. Tansman, Prokofieff, Honegger and Copland under the sympathetic auspices of Mr. Koussevitsky, the new concerto strikes our eardrums as monumental. And if it seems so, only in contrast to the outpourings of the boys who are being taken seriously by ladies who go to concerts without socks (yes; there was one of them at the League musicale), it still remains a splendid job, and so far as this unregenerate department is concerned, five minutes of Gershwin are worth several years of the esoteric belly-aches which pass for the music of the future.

Gershwin, who, by the way, is the only composer privileged to bring a pipe to the rehearsals of the Symphony Society, has not broken with the kind of music that made him famous, but he has succeeded in using its rhythms, and some of its instrumental decorations to build a piano concerto of which no composer need be ashamed. The Charleston foot print of two beats separated by an eighth-rest is the theme of his first movement, but the vulgarity of it has been transformed into brooding vitality. From

this simple motif, Gershwin has developed a movement which would remind one of a simpler, rather American Rachmaninoff, were it not that only Gershwin could have composed this section. A fragment of a song considered too difficult for the cast of "Lady, Be Good" forms the basis of an utterly charming second movement, in which a derby-hung trumpet sings plaintively a refined blues phrase. The concluding canto is, as the composer confesses, "a riot of rhythm," and consequently a trifle inconclusive. That, however, probably can be repaired by the time that the concerto again appears on Mr. Damrosch's programs.

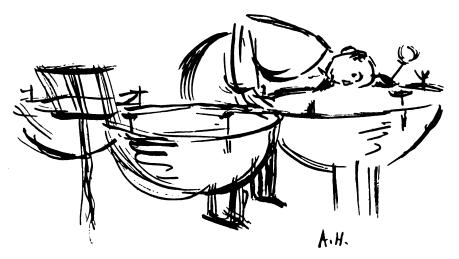
The effectiveness of the piano part, played with singularly beautiful tone by the composer, is not surprising, but the sureness of the scoring is amazing in view of the fact that this is the first effort of Gershwin in writing for orchestra. Some of it is rather opaque, and there are unnecessarily difficult passages for the bull fiddles, but most of it is strikingly to the point, and sharply effective. Gershwin, it appears, devoted some of his royalties on

"Why Do I Love You?" to engaging an orchestra, led by the gifted Bill Daly, for a preliminary hearing of his score, and did his overhauling by ear rather than by eye. There are no jazz instruments employed, the only unconventional touch being the use of the derby, and this is planned not for comedy, but to obtain a timbre which cannot be brought out by the usual mutes. The derby, at the dress rehearsal at least, was that of Mr. Damrosch, who explained that he was glad to be so intimately connected with the premiere of the concerto. The concerto in F is an advance on the "Rhapsody in Blue", although it obviously springs from the same musical impulses, and there are a few parallels in the two works. However, the concerto has in it something that might be called nobility, and that is what we shall call it.

IF you will pardon us for waxing enthusiastic this week, we shall scatter a few gobs of apple sauce about Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, whose two-piano recital was one of the most diverting, and most soundly musical events of the past month. (In response to several queries heard in Aeolian Hall that evening, we inform you that the one who doesn't wear glasses is Pattison.) The startling ensemble of these young gentlemen is already taken for granted, but to each must be awarded some token for his skill in arranging music for the two instruments. Mr. Maier's transcripof Brahms's "Liebeslieder" tion waltzes is a valuable addition to the repertory, and Mr. Pattison's gorgeous doctoring of the "Arkansas Traveler" is another. Put Maier and Pattison on your must-list and don't mislay the list.—R. A. S.

Art

7E can find no quarrel with the Centennial Exhibition of the National Academy of Design now on view at the Grand Central Art Galleries. It is what it sets out to be: a commemorative show of the work of the members of the Academy during the century. It is a brave showing of wares, their less inspired their moments, as well as their high spots, and it is a good deal of everything. That it may not be an accurate history of art in this country, is not to the point. That it fails to recognize at all the developments that have crept in during the last decade of



French influence, is also not relevant. It is their show, and you can take it or leave it. Whatever camp you belong to, a few hours spent at the Grand Central will be of interest.

The Centennial gives in a compact orientation what you will not get in visits to various museums. It shows the earliest form of art in the young country, the point where young blood was beginning to flow back from the Whistler-haunted studios of Paris, and one might even fix the date where the nude became permissible in American Art. We hope to see some of the men who make graphs and charts busy with their measuring sticks in this show. There is ample material in the eighteen galleries and the 533 canvases and pieces of sculpture. Certainly the bulk of esthetic appreciation in this country finds itself at home in such a show, and even its rampant offshoots will have some thrill of recognition in this phase of art.

We found a certain fun in exploiting our ignorance. We wandered around and came to a full stop now and then before something that touched our peculiar eyes. We had never known that there was an H. Bolton Jones, or that he could paint as well as he did in his "A Brook in the Berkshires". Nor had we ever heard of W. Granville-Smith and his beautiful "Old Mill". Perhaps you will feel as we did, that a small panic ensued when the Gallery found that the Centennial included "The Red Bridge" by Charles Rosen. There must have been some chatter and excitement; perhaps a committee meeting and voting to determine whether or no the Rosen work was "Modern". At all events it was decided to give it a place-a nice spot high up near the ceiling in the hinterland gallery.

As usual the admission is one dollar and the catalogue one dollar. We have never liked this feature of the Galleries. In this case the catalogue charge seems warranted. But it has been explained to us, that the main purpose of the Gallery is to make art pay. More power to them. That's more than we have been able to do.

SOMEONE else will have to explain to you the position Maxfield Parrish holds in American art. The foolsrush-in shoes we slip on so comfortably for such occasions have been misplaced, and we have nothing left to wear but frankness. Little enough protection for these cold days and open minds. Anyway Parrish is having his first exhibition at Scott & Fowles. And you may be a user of Edison Service or any of the many things Maxfield Parrish has glorified in American advertising these many years. It is a show to be seen certainly by all adver-. tising men, and perhaps by most of the students. As we walked around the galleries marveling at the technical skill by which he simulates light, we tried to banish from our memory, studio legends of how this man works. Photographs, we believe, had much to do with these legends-certain legitimate enough uses of the camera to catch the human figure when needed in a composition. If we had gone there with a clean slate, and had been told that this stuff was the brush work of a meticulous artist, our slate would have been filled with words of admiration and awe. A stuffed legend is a dirty club to use on any artist, so we ask you to forget it. Certainly nothing has been done as marvelously as these drawings since the Lord's Prayer was carved on the head of a pin. -M. P.

Books

I N the matter of "God Head", by Leonard Cline, this department's conscience pricks it. Here we are, stationed to watch night and day for



THE NEW YORKER

literary lights, and the moment they show up, one if by land and two if by William McFee, to go galloping over the countryside, shouting under windows of Mills hotels, and supper clubs, and roadhouses, that something to read is coming. In particular, when a new novelist who is really good shines forth, we are supposed to be first to review or, as you might say, revere him. Well, Cline is such a new novelist, but for weeks we kept shuffling his book, unread, to the bottom of the pile because we disliked its jacket, which suggested one more of those determinedly queer and "expressionistic" fantasies that have grown as common, and welcome, as hard colds.

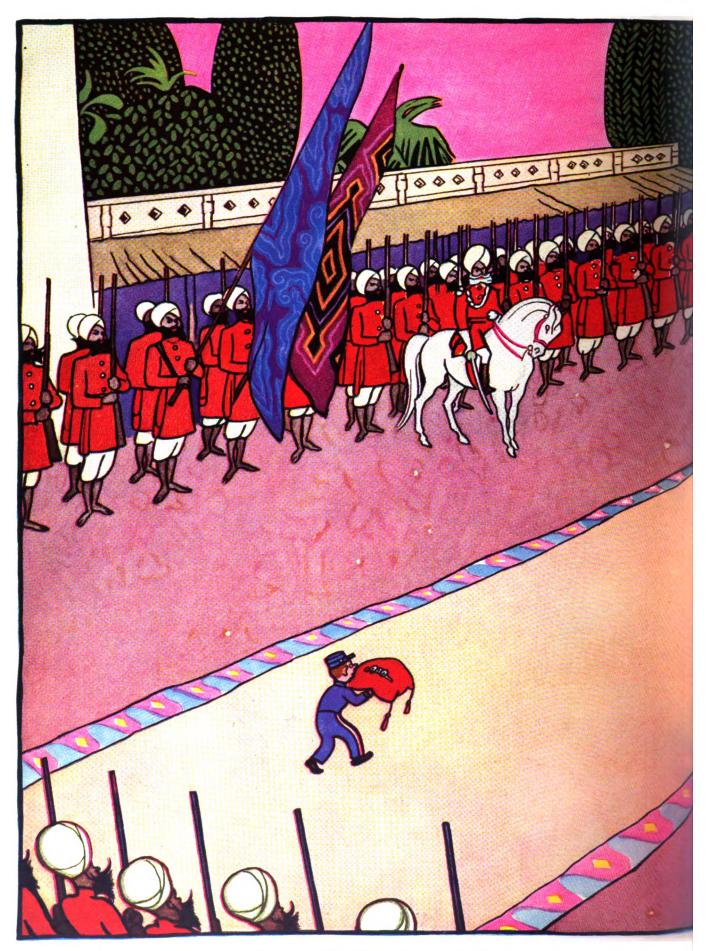
At last, we found ourself flat on our back, and stuck for something to read for our own pleasure. Having gone through a dozen books, some of them later to be sneezed at, we discovered it in "God Head", which, while modern and somewhat fantastic and decidedly symbolical, is not, in the sense referred to, queer at all. Disregarding the poetry of it, the narrator, successively disheartened as a surgeon, a sculptor, and a labor agitator, falls among some Finns on the wooded shore of Lake Superior, and under an intoxication of desire for his rescuer's wife, becomes a prankish superman. Like other supermen, he is a case for an alienist, also, what Mencken would chastely call a cad, and finally a murderer. But he is quite a cuss, and his account of his triumphant jamboree makes swinging reading; his crazy mirth is infectious; and so is his passion. As for the poetry, Cline gives his characters both symbolic significance, and something of the epic quality and stature. He weaves in Finnish legends here and there with much effect; and there are two pages, in which his superman imagines the future "as far as thought can reach," that seem to us to eclipse the whole of that act of "Back to Methusaleh".

The only review we have read of "God Head" (Viking Press) made us tired, guardedly complaining of its crudeness and the author's inexperience—as elderly reviewers often do when a book shocks their moral sensibilities. The fact is, Cline writes, and conducts his very original and vital novel, uncommonly well.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 6, the list of new books worth while on page 44.



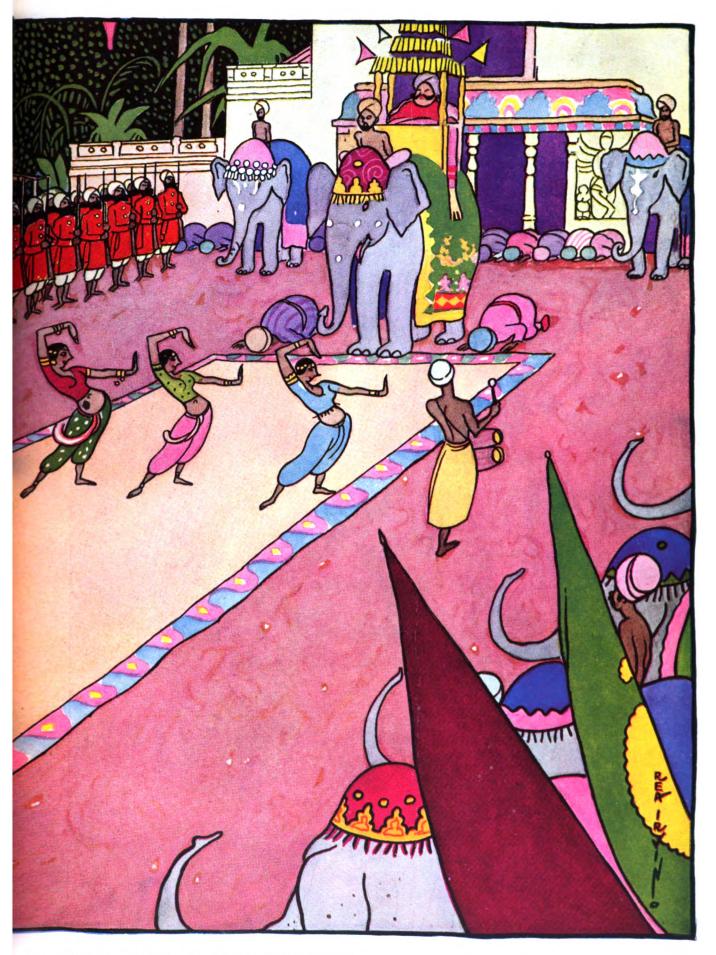
DISTURBING EFFECT OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD LADY IN DUBUQUE, AS REVEALED IN A CHRISTMAS CARD RECEIVED BY THE NEW YORKER FROM THAT WORTHY DAME.



THE MAHARAJAH OF PUTTYPUT RECFIVE



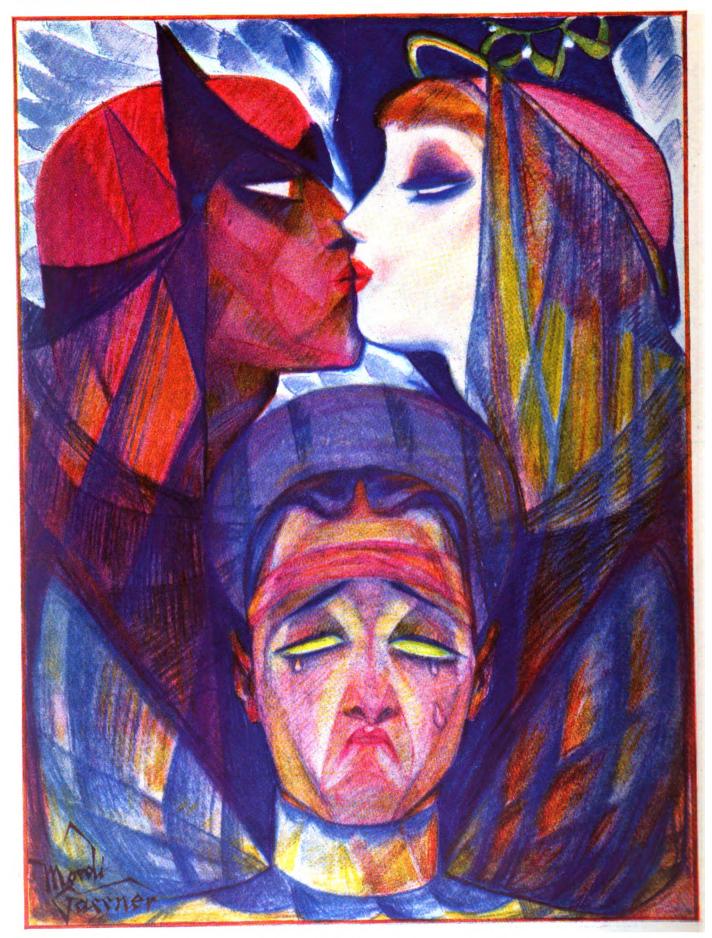
YORKER



HRISTMAS NECKTIE FROM THE QUEEN







TRIANGLE

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

HOSE familiar with the workings of Big Business must have realized that in a few years some system would be devised for making us produce during the period usually spent in recreation. It remained for the big true story magazine owners to point the way. But let us tell our story as a warning to others:

We have had, let us say, a hard day at the office. After dinner, we make ourself comfortable in our easy chair and pick up our favorite magazine. Directly under the title of the first story we read the following in 12point heavy italics:

"A young and innocent girl of seventeen comes to New York and obtains a job as private secretary to a millionaire, young and handsome, but divorced. He falls madly in love with her and asks her to marry him. Then begins a terri-ble mental conflict. If she refuses, it might sacrifice that love and happiness which all of us, even the humblest, crave. If, on the other hand, she accepts and spends his money, it will cut off the hard-earned alimony of the divorced wife. Suppose YOU were confronted with such a problem? What would YOU do?"

In attempting to solve such problems we would try to put ourself in the place of the various characters. First, we would imagine that we were an innocent girl. This was exceptionally difficult, but not nearly so hard as trying to imagine ourself a millionaire or a divorced wife receiving a fat alimony check each month. Looking at it from the girl's standpoint, it was lucky to be asked actually to marry a young and handsome millionaire, what with so many hundreds of innocent girls entirely content to be ruined, or even just noticed by one. But then, think of the other woman! The Best Friend Who According to statistics, if we did marry, we ourself would be receiving alimony in seven months and eight days. How would we like to have another girl step in and cut it off, possibly just at the time we were about to purchase a new fur coat! The millionaire, we thought, had the easiest problem of the three. What difference could it make to him which wife spent his money? That elimi-Concentrating on the nated him. other two, we finally solved the problem. At 1.30 in the morning, mentally jaded, but with that satisfaction which follows work well done, we dispatched the following letter to the editor:





Was Immersed "Business





"Referring to the first story in the September number wherein you ask what we would do to solve the problem, we wish to advise that we would make the divorced wife and the innocent girl one and the same person, and thus eliminate the problem entirely. She could dye her hair, tint her skin, limp slightly in the left leg, and then apply for the job as secretary because she found she couldn't live without him on the alimony."

Six months later we would pick up the March number and scan the various headings. Directly under one of them, "When Two and One Make Two", we read the following in 12point heavy italics:

"She had been divorced from her millionaire husband. The court declined to increase her alimony and she found she couldn't live without him. So she dyed her hair, tinted her skin, limped slightly in the left leg, and came back and secured a job as his secretary. He fell madly in love with her and wanted to marry her. not realizing who she was. Never before was a young and innocent girl confronted with such a problem. If she married him, she'd have to live with him again. If she didn't, she'd have to use last year's furs and only be able to go to the opera every other night. Suppose YOU were confronted with such a problem? What would YOU do?"

Triumphantly we took the magazine over to our best friend who had sat up for two nights vainly trying for a logical solution. After enjoying his chagrin and envy to the full, we started on the next story. The title was intriguing: "Her Husband Knew It All So She Told Him Everything". But on to the problem!

"She had had a lurid past. She had been a dance hall girl in Alaska, a 'badger come-on' on the Barbary Coast in the wild days of San Francisco, a shanghaiers' crimp on the Baltimore water front. Yet she was pure and innocent at heart. So when she met the man of her choice, she was faced with the age-old problem. Should she tell him all, or just what she knew he suspected? Other women only confessed what was already known, and got away with it. But there was always the dread possibility of his knowing more than she thought he did. Suppose YOU had been in her place. What would YOU have done?"

Amazing how practice makes perfect! We had scarcely spent five hours on the problem before the solution came to us like a flash. The night mail carried it to the editor:

"In re the second story in the March number, have the girl tell all. If the husband takes it quietly, it signifies that he knew it before and all will be well. If he takes it noisily, she should tell him she is just repeating the life story of her friend Mabel in order to see what reaction it would get from a husband, and that she'll tell Mabel she'd better not risk it."

Each month we eagerly paged the magazine. We cannot describe the mingled feelings of triumph and ecstasy when the August number came out, and we realized that we had scored again. And the lead story, too! We quote verbatim:

"A young girl who had had a lurid past, but who was pure at heart, decides to tell her husband everything. He goes into a rage, calls her a heartless flirt, and threatens divorce. She thereupon tells him that she was merely repeating the life story of her friend Mabel in order to see what reaction it would get from a husband. The husband forgives her for the sins of her friend, but tells Mabel's husband, a lifelong pal of his, what he has learned. Mabel, of course, is frantic. What should should YOU do if YOU were in her place?"

Greatly encouraged by these two triumphs, we started in solving problems in earnest. For several years we spent practically all our spare time unravelling intricate domestic knots for our favorite true story magazine. It is not possible to list them all here, but there are some of which we are especially proud:

There was the case of the beautiful and cultured girl so strangely fascinated by her chauffeur. Home, honor, friends-all were as nothing when she looked into his eyes. Willingly would she have given herself to him, but he would not have it so. With him it was marriage or nothing. Our solution was the only logical one. Love could not be denied; so we had her marry him, only to learn that he was a wealthy clubman who had worshipped her from afar, but had been unable to obtain an introduction, so decided to get the job as her chauffeur. They dwelt in perfect peace and harmony until the June number, when he fell in love with another chauffeur's stenographer.

Then there was the girl who didn't believe marriage meant settling down, but wanted the foolish pleasures of wild parties. Followed the trip to the roadhouse. Then the humiliation of those horrible yellow extras announcing in letters five inches high that Helen Upshaw, wife of the well known janitor, had been caught in the raiders' net. We spent many hours on this problem, but finally arranged for Helen's husband to be caught in the same raid, and for her to tell him that she had suspected him and followed him there. A reconciliation took place. When the big Christmas issue came out, a baby was born with the birth mark of a padlock on its brow, and we had to decide whether she should admit the baby was her husband's, or let him go on suspecting that it belonged to someone else.

We consider our best work, however, the solution of the Salvation Army lassie's problem. Never was anyone so torn 'twixt love and duty. She loved a drunkard because of his If she reformed fatal weakness. him, the weakness would be gone and she couldn't love him any more. If she didn't, she would be recreant to the great trust placed in her by her superior officers. Realizing the disastrous results of permitting an irresistible love to meet an immovable duty. we spent over forty hours on this problem. Our work, however, was well repaid, as we found the way out. We had him appointed a prohibition enforcement officer, which made it one of his chief duties to drink evidence. His duty to the Government was, of course, superior to hers to the Salvation Army, and this relieved her of any responsibility for his reformation. For this solution we received a personal letter from the magazine complimenting us on our good work. This we had framed and hung in our study.

About this time our health began to fail, due, the doctor said, to excessive mental concentration. One Saturday afternoon, after solving a particularly hard problem, spots appeared before our eyes. We could no longer ignore the warning; so we closed the magazine and went to the movies for relaxation and rest. Immediately the show began the tension left us and we experienced a wonderful relief. First, there was a picture of a beautiful girl with the caption:

THE WIFE WHO LOVED LIFE AND GAYETY

Followed by that of a handsome man with greying temples, explained as:

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS IMMERSED IN HIS BUSINESS

And a dashing young Lothario:

THE BEST FRIEND WHO TOOK ADVAN-TAGE OF THE HUSBAND'S ABSENCE

With a feeling of satisfaction we sank back in our chair, knowing that we would return home fresh and re-



juvenated and ready to tackle more problems. Suddenly there flashed upon the screen:

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE TRIED TO STEAL YOUR WIFE

A smothering sensation oppressed us. We arose and fled. How the following two or three hours were spent we do not know. When we again became conscious of our surroundings we were on a train en route to California. In front of us sat two men we recognized as true story magazine magnates. And it was their conversation which awakened us to the fact that for many years we had been Barnum's favorite fish. One of them was telling the other how he had received 2,172 usable ideas in answer to story problems. As a result, he had discharged the entire editorial staffs of his fourteen magazines and had placed a forty-dollar-a-week clerk in charge of them. It was not necessary to pay more, he contended, as the clerk's work was purely mechanical. He simply set the submitted ideas in ruled forms and filled in the spaces with words of one syllable.

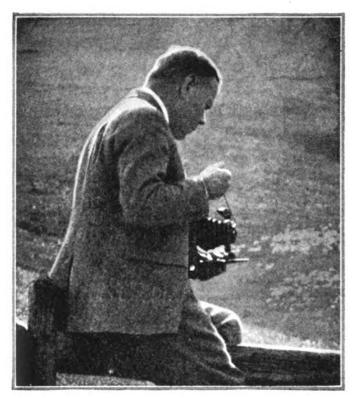
But even after we learned how shamefully we had been exploited, it was difficult for us to break ourself of the habit of solving these problems. So low had we sunk that we had actually begun to love our chains.

For months afterwards, weak and shaken, we hovered between independence and slavery. We locked all magazines in a closet and gave the key to a servant with instructions not to give it to us under any circumstances, only to go down on our knees to him a few hours later and beg that he permit us to solve just one more problem.

By diverting our mind to business (hitherto completely neglected), exercising regularly, eating nourishing food and inducing sleep with a mild sedative, we finally won out. And oh, the happiness of that day when we got out the entire pile of magazines, read the problems carefully and then, without the slightest desire to solve them, went on casually reading the stories; the first stories, by the way, that we had found time to read since we had started working on the problems.—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

A valet is a little guy

Who swipes your cuff-links on the sly, Annoys the cook, annoys the maid, And when his salary is paid Lights out for places of his choosing God knows what valets find amusing.



"An OBSTINATE INDIGESTION had opened the scene; nervous depression followed; a skin eruption appeared on top of all. General troubles require general remedies: good yeast has a bracing and purifying effect on the whole body; therefore I began taking, scrupulously before each meal, one of the dainty cubes put up by the Fleischmann Company. The symptome of disease disappeared, one by one, inversely as they had come: first the eruption, then the depression, lastly the digestive troubles. In a fortnight, I was enjoying life again; still to enjoy it better, even now I stick to my three cubes a day." CHRISTIAN MAURONER, New York Cirv.



"Scratches festered, pin pricks turned to boils-I was a rival for Job's flaurels.' I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynical about it, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally dis-appeared; I grew steadily stronger and life reassumed normal per-spective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records. MRS. R. G. BOOTH, Port Washington, N. Y

Now enjoy everything more

With constipation banished, skin and stomach disorders conquered, vitality regained, thousands have found a new zest in living through one simple fresh food

OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system.

They aid digestion—clear the skin-banish the poisons of constipation.

Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers-in fruit juices or milk-or just plain. For constipation espe-



"I SOLD MY GROCERY STORE and entered the insurance business with the hope that the change would cure my stomach cramps and constipation. But it did not help me. I grasped someone's suggestion to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After taking three cakes daily for about two months I began to feel better. That was three years ago. I have taken no medicine for three years—just yeast. My insurance business is prosperous, so I am not sorry that I sold my grocery store; but I am sorry that I suffered for thirty-five years before I discovered that the cure, Fleischmann's Yeast, was back there on the shelves.

PHILIP HOLM, Clinton, Iowa. ditized by

cially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.

Buy several cakes at a timethey will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-8. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast-on crackers-in fruit juices or milk-with a little salt or just plain. Eat 2 or 3 cakes every day regularly before meals.



HIS is the time of year when all women, worthy of the name, pause philosophically, take a deep breath, and prepare themselves fully for the shock of what their request for a nice handbag from Santa Claus is going to bring them. And this Season, of all Seasons, is the one time when they should be pleasantly surprised. For bags have never been as fascinating as they are now.

34

In Paris, both Chanel and Vionnet are featuring the enormous pouch bag of leather, with a monogram on a flap extending from the mounting. These are the smartest possible type for wear with tailored clothes. Best & Company was the first to import these, but at present numerous other department stores and specialty shops have them, and they are appearing, in every possible bright color, to supplement the daytime clothes of most of smart New York.

Another new note besides these pouch bags, which are causing our mothers to harken back plaintively to the days of the carryall, are the underarm envelope purses, still as smart as they were last Season, with the new note supplied by the futuristic designs on the outside of them. These come in plain or reptile leathers with designs in leather to harmonize or contrast, for the daytime; in black suedes or moires with designs printed, embroidered, pressed into the leather, or applied, for semi-formal wear; and in gold or silver kid for evening. The tapestry bags are still very good, but imitations are unforgiveable, and the little rhinestone evening bags are much seen. But the futuristic designs are, by all odds, the newest.

At Jewelers like Cartier, or Black, Starr & Frost, this novelty element is not very much stressed, and the em-

phasis is on bags of Persian tapestry, or Petit Point, and on moire purses with cut-steel ornaments, rather than on the fads of the moment. For the futurist affairs, department stores, especially Bonwit Teller's (for evening), Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Altman's, offer a comprehensive selection. Above all, in a fashion so eccentric, shun the copying-in-cheaper-materials shops of Broadway! R. Mingot, at 561 Fifth Avenue has also a large assortment of very new imported bags, and specializes in making them to order to match the costume. At Irene Penn, at 526 Madison Avenue, there are a number of very attractive things. She also makes up bags to suit old frames and mountings.

Cartier's is carrying, as usual, gold, silver, or platinum bill grips, like enlarged paper clips, for men who shun wallets, and have the habit of carrying bills around loose in their pockets. These have little tabs for the initials of the happy recipient, and have been noted in the pockets of extremely practical men. They might also be used for one's collection of bootlegging and dancing "club" cards.

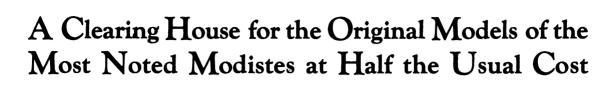
being the merry Yuletide, T whether you choose to acknowledge its existence or not, the mind of your friends right now is lightly turning to the question of handkerchiefs. And several little birds around our smart haberdasheries have been whispering faintly that the very best kind with which a gentleman may mop his tired brow in the evening is very fine linen handkerchiefs with a wide taped border, a narrow, rolled handsewn hem, and a cut out black and white initial. In fact, the cut out initials are best for every type of tailored handkerchief. You will also find, in be-

wildering quantities, white or neutral colored linen handkerchiefs with plaided borders in color, which are very good. Charvet, at 653 Fifth Avenue, has a particularly fine selection of these. For women, the frothy little handkerchiefs of linen and lace for evening are to be found at Grande Maison de Blanc, at Hollander's, and at Mosse. It is well to avoid giving silk handkerchiefs, unless they are so very delightful in color that they may serve as a decorative note on a sports costume. Even then, the little linen affairs with bright colored, plaided, or blocked designs in color are better, I think. For these, Franklin Simon, Bonwit Teller, Coulson's at 429 Fifth Avenue, Walpole's, 373 Fifth Avenue, and, of course, McCutcheon's offer a large assortment.

COME of the very bright hand-J painted things that Russian refugees are making over here to sell, and thereby'avert starvation, are on sale at the Samarkand, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street. There are negligees, triangular fringed scarfs, shawls, and handkerchiefs on display. The Flambeau, at 7 East Thirty-ninth Street, also has a great quantity of this type of thing. Princess Ouchtomsky, at 420 Madison Avenue, has already been referred to, notably for her very decorative hand-painted pajamas and for her scarfs.

DURING the week beginning December 12, the Studebaker Company will hold an automobile salon at the Hotel Plaza which should be exceedingly interesting to connoisseurs. -L. L.

(THE NEW YORKER'S list of Christmas Gift Suggestions will be found on page 36 of this issue.)





The Only Shop of Its Kind in New York!

OR over 25 years, many of the most distinguished women in society and in the various professions have been enjoying the rather remarkable experience of cutting their annual dress budgets in half without in the least cutting their wardrobes, by ensembling their Costumes at Maxon's . . . Some of the most gorgeous Gowns
Wraps that "Lipstick" sees and adores when she lipsticks at the Opera or at some smart night club, when the nights are at their boldest, have been eclected right here. Yet, Madame et Mademoiselle pay for them very little — just about half of prevailing prices. . . This Shop specializes in the presentation of Exhibition Models (Samples) exclusively.
Mathematical Sizes, Maxon's is the place for you—

THE GOWNS, Half-Priced \$24 to \$198 THE WRAPS, Half-Priced \$59 to \$274

"Two Unusual Costumes at the Usual Price of One" Interesting Booklet "Pour les Fashionables" Sent on Request

MAXON MODEL COWNS 11 C. 36 * St. ~ Haviland Blag







CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS

N compiling the imposing list of Christmas suggestions that follows, we have made no pretense of being complete. Even the vast organization of THE NEW YORKER does not contain the three hundred investigators, each with exactly the same amount and kind of taste, that a really comprehensive list would require. We have laid our main emphasis upon specialty shops recommended by discriminating friends or chanced upon in our rambles along Fifth Avenue and environs, because, while every New Yorker knows that any one of our first-class department stores can supply excellent articles in any line, the true character of all, save a very few, of the smaller shops is slightly ambiguous. This is our gentle and tactful way of saying that this list has not been compiled for the benefit of the Old Lady from Dubuque, but as supplementary information for the person who already knows a great deal about New York and is always willing to learn just a little bit more.-L. L.

FOR WOMEN

Lingerie

Newest and smartest shade in French handmade silk lingerie is the peachapricot shade.

Émma Maloof, 442 Madison Ave.— Robes, lingerie, and lovely hand made French garments.

Princess Catherine Gagarine, 123 East 57th St.—Tea gowns, slips, negligées etc.

Javotte, Inc., 530 Madison Ave.—Famous for sheer stockings and vanity accessories.

Calvaire, 389 Fifth Ave.—Beautiful boudoir accessories.

Mme. Bertha Robert, 11 East 56th St. —Exquisite French importations, and French sheer hose.

Kargère de Paris, 636 Fifth Ave.— Specializes in sets of step-ins and chemise.

Dolly Trimlyn, 44 West 57th St.-Stockings only. Imported French sheer and lisle, also English sports hose.

Jay-Thorpe, Inc., 24 West 57th St.— Elizabeth Arden, 681 Fifth Ave. The Colony Lingerie Shop, 664 Madison Ave.—Lace and pleated petticoats, also French lisle hose. Among the department stores, Bonwit



Teller, Franklin Simon, and Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Perfumes

If you know the kind she likes, give her that by all means. The following, however, is a suggested list of perfumes that are sure to please any woman of taste:

Morny's Chaminade—Bonwit Teller. Lanvin's J'en Raffolle — Franklin Simon.

Caron's Nuit de Noel-Arnold Constable.

Toujours Moi-Jay Thorpe.

L. Legrande's Eventail-Lord and Taylor.

Babani's Ming—Elizabeth Arden. Also, sets composed of three different Babani perfumes with atomizer, or with a measuring cup and extra bottle for women who like to mix their own perfumes.

Fioret's Jouir-Fioret.

Chanel's Gardenia—Tailored Woman. Roger & Gallet's Jade—Macy Coty's Emeraude—Stern Brothers.

Bath Fragrances

Caron's Bain de Champagne-Franklin Simon.

Omi Bath Ointment—Elsie De Wolfe. Marie Earle Jasmine Bath soap—Marie Earle.

Compressed bath tablets for travellers in Pine, Nirvana, or Rose—Elizabeth Arden.

Morny's Bath Salts-Macy.

Beauty Boxes

Elizabeth Arden, 681 Fifth Ave.— Leather cases, overnight size, fitted with every possible beauty requisite whether you need it or not.

Dorothy Gray, 753 Fifth Ave.—Weekend beauty boxes, and elaborate fitted cases.

Fioret, 677 Fifth Ave.—Beauty boxes containing lipstick, powder, etc. Jouir favored perfume.

Macy, Herald Square—Morny beauty boxes of all types.

Jewelry—Imitation and Semiprecious Stones

Little Shop, 561 Fifth Ave.—Real semiprecious stones in exquisite small pieces.

Hodges, 22 East 50th St.—Novelty gold and silver jewelry; semiprecious stones.

Louis XIV Antique Co., 9 East 55th St.—Unique earrings; also, antique Spanish 17th Century earrings.

Yamanaka, 680 Fifth Ave.—Jade, amber, crystal, cornelian, lapis lazuli, malachite, and rose quartz jewelry.

Guitel Montague, 510 Madison Ave.— Cornelian necklaces; reproductions of genuine pearls.



Where the most discriminating choose to live

The best residential life of New York is now located around Fifth Avenue above 59th Street. The most discerning prefer to live here while in town.

On the sunny corner of 62nd Street, the very center of this section, 810 Fifth Avenue is being erected. Every apartment will have southern exposure and a lovely view of Central Park.

Changes in the typical plan of 13 rooms and 5 baths on each floor can be made to suit your needs.

810 Fifth Avenue will be ready for occupancy next summer.

100% Cooperative

J. E. R. Carpenter, Architect



20 East

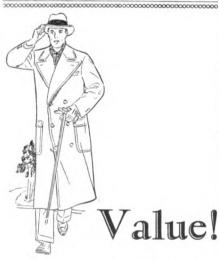
48th Street

Vanderbilt 0031









It means that we put a little more into our clothes than we have to so that you can get a little more out of them than you would expect to—and then some.



"How's the new secretary, Jim?"

"Great! She does twice as much work. Doesn't spend half a day phoning every corner of the earth for my theatre tickets. She knows a thing or two. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know...."



And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Belmont, Ansonia, Commodore, Murray Hill and Imperial. Gaza, 527 Madison Ave.—Chinese and antique jewelry.

Técla, 398 Fifth Ave.—Técla pearls. Frederic, 559 Fifth Ave.—Manufacturers of every type of pearl ornament. Evening studs for men.

Varga, 565 Fifth Ave.—Earrings made to order.

Lord and Taylor, Fifth and 38th St.— Antique silver and paste suggesting rhinestones, making duplicates of early Victorian chokers, earrings, etc. Saks-Fifth Avenue—Every kind of novelty jewelry, especially pearls.

Bonwit Teller—Odd gold and silver pieces.

Jewelry-Precious Stones

Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave.—Specializes in original designs. Dreicer, Fifth and 46th St.—Pearls.

Black, Starr, and Frost, Fifth and 48th St.

Marcus, 554 Fifth Ave. Tiffany, Fifth and 37th St.—Conservative designs.

All of these jewellers carry excellent watches, leather goods, studs (especially onyx and mother-of-pearl, set in platinum, plain or engraved), vanity cases, cigarette cases, writing accessories, semiprecious stones, etc.

Linens

Mosse, 730 Fifth Ave.—Exquisite table linens.

Grande Maison de Blanc, 538 Fifth Ave.

Walpole, 373 Fifth Ave.

Coulson, 429 Fifth Ave.—Specializes in laces.

Altman and Bonwit Teller are department stores where excellent linens of all kinds can be secured.

Handkerchiefs

See "On and Off the Avenue," page 34.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

Boxes

The Box Mart—25 East 54th St. The Chintz & Box Shop, 526 Madison Ave.

Wrappings, Coin Cards, and Gold Piece Boxes

Dennison, Cor. 26th St. and Fifth Ave.

Interesting Shops—Miscellaneous

Yamanaka, 680 Fifth Ave.—Japanese and Chinese objects of art. Beatrice Meyer, Ltd., 402 Madison

Ave.—Colored glassware. Orientalia, 32 West 58th St.—Oriental books; Japanese batiks; Eastern att objects.

Braus Galleries, 34th St. and Fifth Ave.

Delightful gifts of all kinds; etchings, bronzes, brass etc.

Milnor, 41 East 45th St.—Oriental brass tables in ebony stands; Japanese embroidered pajamas; Houri house coats, etc.

Brown-Robertson Galleries, 8 East 49th St.-Etchings, and color woodcuts.

Di Salvo Bros., 443 Madison Ave.-Antique furniture, tapestries.

Albert Grosfield, 689 Lexington Ave., and also of Paris. Chairs, small antique tables, etc.

Vardi of London, 448 Madison Ave.-Old English silver and china.

Todhunter Galleries, 414 Madison Ave .--- Wrought iron fireplace equipment.

Arnoldo Du Chene, 415 East 51st St. -Original designs in pottery for gardens.

Macy Corner Shop.

Wanamaker Au Quatrième. Ovington, "The gift shop of the Avenue".

Small antiques, end tables and other attractive pieces, laces, china, silver etc., may be found in quantities at the following shops:

J. Zado Norran, 15 East 54th St.-Also small Persian drop rugs. Arthur S. Vernay, 12 East 45th St.-Unusual decorations.

C. V. Howard, 141 East 57th St.-Pewter plates jugs bowls, etc. Enskos, 680 Lexington Ave. Silver. Rena Rosenthal Studio, 520 Madison

Ave .--- Lamps, shades, etc.

Smoker's Accessories

Dunhill, 43rd St. and Fifth Ave.-Gasoline cigarette lighters that work. The smartest of these are in colored leather. Also pipes, tobaccos, and some very attractive wooden animal matchbox holders. Women's pipes, slightly smaller replicas of men's type.

MM Smoke Shop, 6 East 45th St.-Smart English shop. James B. Russell, 23 West 57th St.-

Smokers' accessories for men and women.

Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Ave. The Ritz-Carlton Humidor, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, 46th St. & Madison Ave.

Saks-Fifth Avenue - Suède tobacco pouches, oilskin lined, with club or college seal. (Long oilskin tobacco pouches and moire pouches striped in club colors can be secured at any reliable men's haberdashery.)

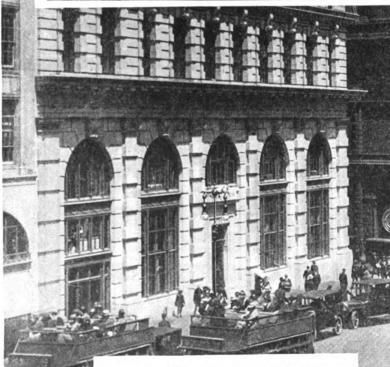
Well known brand of Cigars advisable for Christmas gifts.

La Corona, Manuel Garcia, Ramon Allones-The heavier smokes for after dinner etc. The prices range from \$48 to \$60 per 100.

Convenience in Banking

MANY thousands of men and women make this Office their banking connection because it makes all the services of a complete bank so conveniently accessible at the center of City transit facilities.

Our depositors find it of distinct advantage to have available under one roof, in a central location, facilities for meeting their every banking, trust, investment, foreign exchange and safe deposit need.



Fifth Avenue Office **Guaranty Trust Company** of New York Fifth Avenue & 44th Street



EDITED BY ALAIN LOCKE THE FIRST COMPLETE BOOK ON AND BY THE NEGRO (With 17 full page color plates and many black and white drawings and decorations, bound in boards, buckram back, \$5.00)

NO MORE PARADES By FORD MADOX FORD

The New York Times, Evening Post, Sun, and The New Yorker all agree with The Herald Tribune that this is "Far and Away the finest book of the year." \$2.50

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI Publishers 32 W Volta

Carltonia, Flora de Cuba—The smaller lighter smokes. The prices range from \$14.00 to \$19.00 per 100.

Handbags

See "On and Off the Avenue", page 34.

Luggage

Dobbs, 620 Fifth Ave.—Sole importers of the famous Hermès luggage. Arthur Gilmore, Inc., 22 East 55th St.—Louis Vuitton luggage imported. Martin & Martin, 45 West 57th St. Crouch & Fitzgerald, 586 Fifth Ave.

Mark Cross, 404 Fifth Ave.—All types of leather goods.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. and 45th St.—Sports luggage, golf bags, etc.

The luggage departments of Saks-Fifth Avenue and Altman are very good. For men, Brooks Brothers, Tripler, and Finchley.

Leather Goods

These can be bought almost anywhere, and buyers are thrown everywhere upon their own good taste. Avoid, in general, pink and blue leather things for women and any imitations of Italian tooled leather. Good selections in bill folders, desk sets, memorandum pads, bridge sets, and so on, can be found at any reputable jeweller, such as Cartier, Marcus, Black Starr and Frost, Dreicer, and Tiffany; at reliable book stores, such as Scribner, Dutton, etc.; at good department stores; in men's haberdasheries; in luggage shops mentioned previously; at Mark Cross, who makes a specialty of leathers; and at Ovington.

FOR MEN

Neckties, Sweaters, Scarfs, Dressing Gowns, Personal Apparel

For neckties, avoid loud patterns, violent stripes, and noisy colors.

Also, ladies, avoid the \$1.75 counters and, when in doubt, buy plain, soft colors. Spitalfield silk ties in tiny patterns are the newest type.

For scarfs, the best is the square of silk, the newest version being Scotch plaids. For evening, black, with white or grey.

For sweaters, avoid anything costing less than \$22.50, and sets of sweater and hose to match, unless in quiet colors. Turtle-necked sweaters in plain colors are very smart, but the safe type is the Vnecked sweater with or without sleeves.

Cruger's, 8 East 45th St.-Neckties.

Rogers Peet Co., 485 Fifth Ave.— Persian Goat chamois lined washable hand-sewn English gloves.

Budd, 572 Fifth Ave., or 149 Broadway—Ties.

Charvet, 653 Fifth Ave.—Silk lounging robes, scarfs, handkerchiefs, silk pajamas.

Kaskel & Kaskel, 657 Fifth Ave .--- Silk dressing coats, golf sweaters. A. Sulka, Fifth Ave. at 43rd St.-Violent striped or checked flannel dressing gowns. Tripler, Madison Ave. at 46th St.-Silk pyjamas in soft colors, heavy gloves with zipper lock; excellent men's clothes for every occasion. Brooks Bros., 346 Madison Ave.-Excellent for all accessories for men. A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Ave.-Sports wear. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. and 45th St.-Sports wear. Peck & Peck, 587 Fifth Ave.-Sweaters. DePinna, Fifth and 50th St.-Gloves. Nettleton Shoe Co., Madison Ave. and 45th St.—Leather mules. Walking Sticks Plain Malacca, hooked sticks best. Kaskel & Kaskel, 657 Fifth Ave. Tripler, Madison Ave. and 46th St. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave., and 45th St.

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Drinking Accessories

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Herbert Novelty Company, 47 W. 57th St.—Importers of delightful English woolly animals. Kiddie Corner, 28 E. 56th.—Furry animals that leap and move like the beasts they represent. The Dugout, 18 East 58th St.—Limping animals and funny dolls. United Arts & Crafts, 26 East 55th St.—Odd wooden animals.

Dolls and Dolls' Accessories

Happy Heart Shop, 23 E. 65th St.— Specialty is making up dolls' wardrobes complete to gloves and handkerchiefs. Alice Hill, 15 W. 51st.—Handmade furniture, cradles, etc. for dolls.

Mechanical Toys

Boucher, 415 Madison Ave.—Motor boat engines; airplanes; electric trains, derricks, etc.; parts, plans and implements for creation of model ships; mechanical games.

Children's Furniture

Chez Les Enfants, 856 Lexington Ave. —Genuine antiques, and modern equipment for the nursery.

Infants' Clothes

Choz Les Enfants, 856 Lexington Ave. L. Brogan, 27 E. 54th St. Fairyland, 10 W. 50th St.

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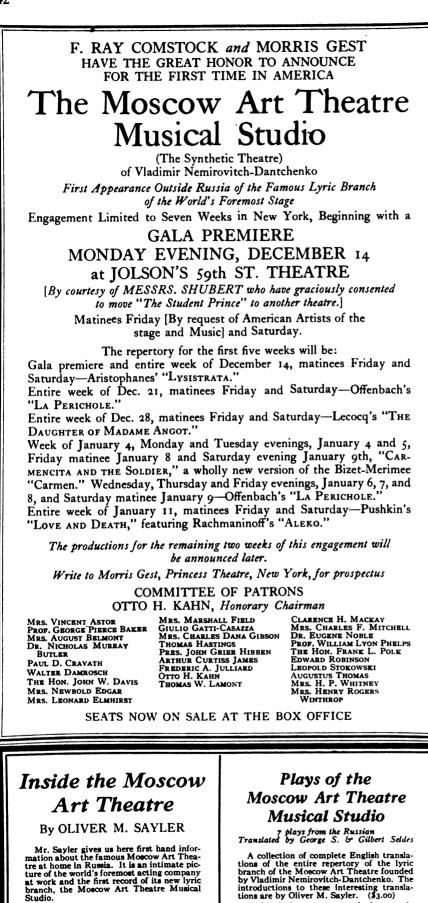
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NUE





Mr. Sayler gives us here first hand infor-mation about the famous Moscow Art Thea-tre at home in Russia. It is an intimate pic-ture of the world's foremost acting company at work and the first record of its new lyric branch, the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio Studio.

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Children's Shop of Richmond, Va., 20 E. 46th St.—Handmade clothes for boys under six and girls under sixteen; brother and sister suits.

Kiddie Corner, 28 E. 56th St.---Very Frenchy and grown-up clothes for children under six years of age.

A La Jeunesse Elégante, 72 E. 55th St.-Continental clothes for gilded youth.

L. Brogan, 27 E. 54th St.—Simple, handmade frocks; brother and sister snits.

Stocking Toys

Happy Heart Shop, 23 E. 65th St.-Every imaginable trifle for stockings, or for their Happy Heart surprise bags. Alice Hill, 15 W. 51st St. Mayfair Shop, 741 Fifth Ave.

Jewelry

Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave.—Bracelets, lockets, porringers, silver sets. Black, Starr & Frost, 48th St. and Fifth Ave.

Roller Skates, Ice Skates, Bicycles, Etc. Abercrombie & Fitch, 45th St. and Madison Ave.

All of these shops carry an assortment of games both instructive and destructive, toys, books, and so on. For a large selection, F. A. O. Schwartz, 303 Fifth Avenue, has, as usual, every conceivable type of toy. Also to be recommended are the toy departments of Macy's and Wanamaker's, and, for clothes, Best's Lilliputian Bazaar.

Within a week of each other, two taxicabs have fallen through the pavement on Broadway near Times Square into the subway excava-tions with fatal results to their drivers.-Local Newspaper.

We point to the credo of Mr. Benjamin Franklin, slightly modernized-"Nothing is certain but death in taxis."

Last night I went to the Garrick where I saw

A play called "Arms and the Man", by George Bernard Shaw

Whose works, in the manner referred to by sophisticated people as "Shavian", Are copyrighted in all languages including

the Scandinavian.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

She's fond of art; her atelier Attracts the dilettantes,

Who paint and sculp and prattle-yea, And sing self-praising chanteys.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because: In a pet shop on Sixth Avenue a small Marmoset rests on newspaper clippings which are full of election promises; and the Marmoset drools comfortably, sluggish and smug like the bigger monkeys.—ARTHUR VERNICK

Because: Hurrying through Washington Square one morning I met a leisurely old gentleman with a grizzled beard quietly engaged in picking up papers on the end of a pointed stick, and thrusting them into a sack; because, when the old gentleman looked at me and said, "Bon jour, mademoiselle," I had time only for a startled, "Bon jour, monsieur, ca va bien?" and for his tranquil reply, "Oui, mademoiselle," before dashing on to my appointment; and because he was never there before and has never been there since to answer all the things I'd like to ask him. —CONSTANCE M. HALLOCK

Because: On Saturday I saw Harold Vanderbilt, America's wealthiest and most patrician bachelor, stop before a chestnut vendor's stand at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue (appropriately enough) and ask in a cool and canny manner "How many of these do I get for ten cents?"

Because: I have a pack of playing cards given me when I eat at the Park Lane and can help myself to toothpicks when I eat at the Exchange Buffet.—JACY BEE

Because: On upper Fifth Avenue there is a certain filet-lace-curtained three-window, ten-room house, belonging to, and in the evenings elegantly occupied by, a certain colored woman who day times does general housework in my four-room flat on West Eighty-ninth Street.—M. G.

Because: Though I can no longer get coffee at a nickel, a glass of cream for eight cents a bottle; though I can't get a room and two meals for eight dollars a week or expect my landlady to give me strawberries in January, at least I don't need a silk petticoat stiff enough to rustle, seven yards of material to make a dress, and I don't have to spend my last dollar for duster, goggles, bonnet and enough veiling to escape even Scotland Yard, in order to go on an automobile tour.

-Henrietta A. Kohler

Because: Walking down the Avenue the other day I saw a gentleman ahead of me in a coonskin coat drop a brand new fifty-cent piece. He must have heard it fall, because he turned, regarded the shiny coin—then, smiling superciliously, spurned it. (Idiot! Of course, I picked it up and had a good meal at the Automat.)

-DELANO MCKELVEY

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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (Viking Press). Psychological eruption of a superman-or, if you choose, a story of insane elation. In either light, a strong and richly colored novel. No MORE PARADES, by Ford Madoz Ford (A. S
- C. Bowi). In the main, a brilliant, selective picture of an English base in France. Incidentally, a worthy sequel to "Some Do Not..."
- FRAUERIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). A tabloid psychological novel; a blazing little firework, consisting of the "reactions" of a girl hysteric to a cruel dilemma.
- THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). In the fantasy, children wonder whether grown-ups have a good time. In the body of the novel, some of them find out, dismayingly. Really a poignant book.
- FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (Mc-Bride). A humorous and moderately satirical Manhattan yarn, by a yarner with brainswhich he refrains from advertising.
- MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). An elaborate and impressively artistic presentation of the familiar view that Manhattan is a hell of a place full of futile people.
- FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (Harcourt, Brace). Comes under the broad head of novels about marriage, but sizes up to those of a hypothetical Tolstov with a healthy mind.
- cal Tolstoy with a healthy mind. LEWIS AND IRENE and CLOSED ALL NIGHT, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). A short novel, and four stories, by one of the redeeming members of the guild of writers of "sophisticated" fiction.
- THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). The Ithaca of her Odyssey is an Iowa village. An uncommonly interesting piece of mid-Western realism.
- PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (Doran). This new novelist is also a good poet, and his poet's vision, fire and power with language irradiate his picturing of negroes in a Charleston rookery.
- KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillan). A fantastic scientific romance, with allegorical features, about the inventor of an explosive whose possessor could master the world.
- THE PRIVATE LIPE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Helen, Menelaus, Hermione, Orestes et al. (or whatever the Greek is) in a thoroughly modern sequence of amusing conversations.

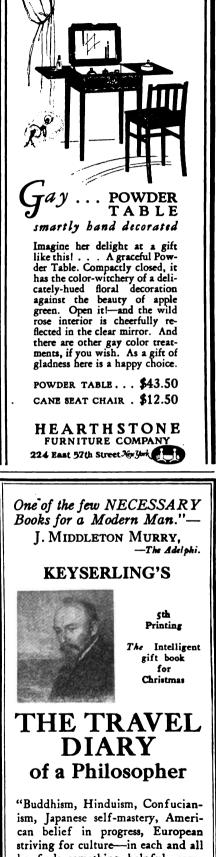
GENERAL

- THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS, by Corey Ford (Doran). Good, and often irresistible, foolery a la mode, including some good burlesques of reigning authors.
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Two volumes. A biography costing as much as five novels, and worth about soo of the run-of-the-mill variety.
- worth about 500 of the run-of-the-mill variety. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page). The shirtsleeves patriots accused Page of toadying to England. Should you meet such a patriot, brain him with this volumewhich gives Page's letters to Wilson.

"For truth is precious and divine "Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. —Butler"

-Quoted on editorial page of Evening Graphic

Indicating, apparently, that even the shrewdest editors have momentary lapses in which the subconscious speaks.



he finds something helpful, some stimulus for heightening his own personality."—*The Atlantic Monthly.* 2 Vols. \$10.00.

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THE PSYCHOANALIST ANALYSES SANTA CLAUS

VERY interesting case, indeed. The subject is an adult (male) of Dutch-Germanic extraction, well along in years, suffering from an advanced form of inferiority complex. This causes subject to go out only at night, and to enter houses by means of chimneys and other means of ingress by which he will not be readily seen. Case is complicated by juvenile complex, as subject prefers to associate with juveniles and to gain their favor by expedient of gifts. Subject is an introvert, as shown by his lack of ability to adjust himself to the needs of a physical world, which causes subject to use reindeer and old fashioned equipment, when modern progress demands that he use an airplane, or at least an automobile of superior type. Subject plainly had unfortunate family life in formative years; evidence indicates that he was not in accord with his father, as when, on his periodical visits to a family he is prone to neglect the father in the family. Subject is now too old to effect permanent cure. As subject means well, would suggest that he be left to continue as at present where his inhibitions and repressions find expression only in harmless midnight pranks. -Homer Croy

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THE FUTURE OF HOTELS

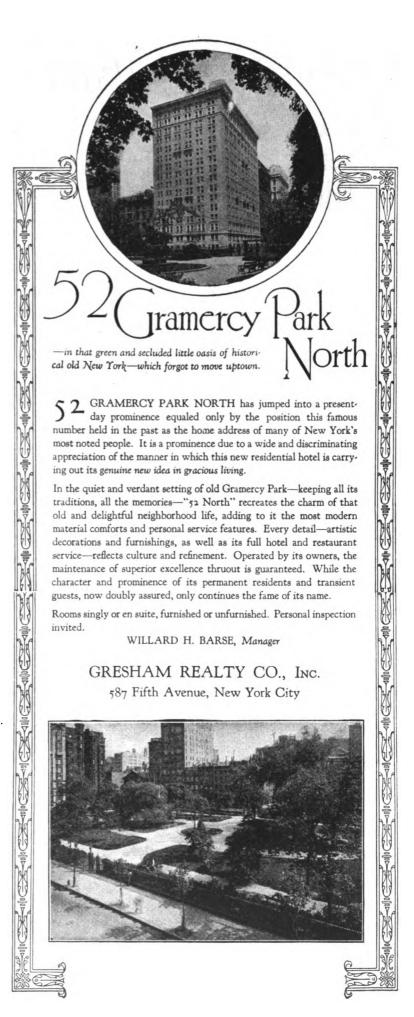
PERHAPS, in no other field of industry is American genius so exemplified as in the construction, equipment, and administration of hotels. Changes have been so rapid, that a hotel built ten years ago is old and out of date today. Veteran hotel men, however, say that progress has only begun, and predict that, within the next ten years, changes will come which even the most confirmed hotel habitué would not dream possible. Speaking before the National Hotel Men's Convention a few days ago, Mr. Tatler, of the famous Tatler chain, created a sensation by making the predictions which follow:

1927: Room Clerk acknowledges receiving guest's telegram making reservation. Page pronounces name so that man called understands it. Guest given room in which large hall light is not directly in front of transom.

1928: Waiter serving guest in room remembers to bring salt and pepper. Hotel advertisement in which "Cuisine unexcelled" is not used. Man paged more frequently than anyone else found to be person of prominence.

1929: Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by hall porter noisily cleaning outside door knob. Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by vacuum cleaner in front of room.

1930: Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by maid rattling key in lock. Umbrella rented at desk found to be





water proof. Arriving guest administers severe beating to bell boy for taking suitcase from him so forcibly that handle breaks.

1931: Headwaiter admits that several window seats are not reserved. Traveling salesman expresses himself as entirely satisfied with food and service. Hat check girl says, "Thank you."

1932: Guest is entirely through bath and out of tub before clerk rings phone to ask if his initial is T. or F. Diner with newspaper spread on table doesn't have it pushed aside by waiter to make room for knife and fork. Guest waits only fifteen minutes for dish marked "Ready".

1933: Diner who ordered coffee served with meal gets it. Phone girl asked to call 415 at 7.30 doesn't call 730 at 4.15. Guest sits in lobby for half hour without raising feet for porter to sweep under them.

1934: Girl at newsstand not too busy with theatre tickets to sell newspaper to guest. Prices in basement cafeteria, advertised as cheaper than main dining room, actually are. Door man calls cheapest taxi instead of most expensive one.

1935: Guest gets room and bath at minimum rate advertised. Arriving guest only waits four hours for room after being told there would be vacancy in thirty minutes. Bath mat plainly marked so that guest fails to dry himself with it before discovering that it is not Turkish towel.

1936: Headwaiter appears as guest enters dining room, and shows him to seat. Valet returns clothes at time specified so that guest does not miss important engagement. Mr. Tatler, addressing Hotel Men's Convention, admits he was too sanguine concerning some of the changes he predicted ten years ago.

-JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

EASTSIDE-WESTSIDE Downtown Street is dim and narrow, Downtown Street is mean and small. A child may fall there, or a sparrow, None will notice it at all. Trucks and wagons jolt and rumble, Children scuttle in retreat. Life is just a fearful jumble For the kids in Downtown Street. Downtown Street is lined with casements, Women sprawl across the sills; Crowded garrets, swarming basements, Crammed with quarrels, heaped with ills. Dull in grief, too drab for dreaming, Shorn of peace, too cross for play, Toils the race, more dense, more teeming-How do they beget that way? -HOWARD CUSHMAN

LE SOIR

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Emil Coleman is playing nightly at the Villa Venice

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WE have heard two things from the younger set, which is daily becoming more articulate: First, the average hostess cannot be critical enough of her guests to make the private function exclusive; Second, the younger set has chosen instead, the cabaret, where one may have one's own party in spite of the fact that other patrons may be of a different social strata.

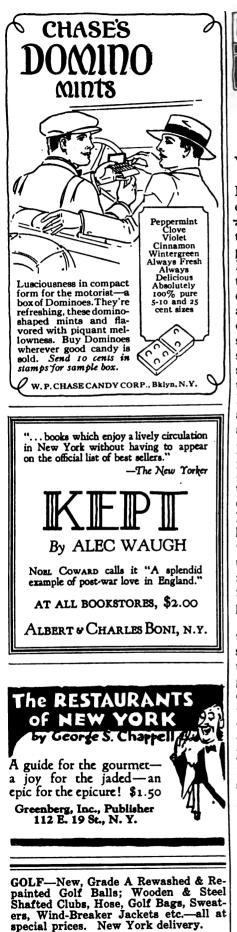
We realized the existence of this condition. We also realized that the combination of modern restaurant facilities and a tactful insistence upon persons and not purse would create the perfect evening entertainment. In opening the Villa Venice at Number 10 East Sixtieth Street for dinner and supper we wish to announce the establishment of this ideal.

The interesting decorations are the work of distinguished artists. The music is Emil Coleman's. The cuisine is in charge of a master. We are opening these intimate soirées with the flattering acclamation of the distinguished patrons of our Thé Dansant. There will be absolutely no couvert charge for dinner and supper. Mediocrity, we feel, is too often masked by excessive charges, and true distinction is synonymous with good taste in this respect.

Our Thé Dansant already occupies an enviable place in the afternoon social life in town. An invitation to the Villa Venice for dinner or supper will be as reassuring to elders critical of the cabaret as it will be delightful to the younger set. And that invitation is hereby given. The dinner jacket is requisite, of course. The Villa Venice was opened for dinner and supper on Wednesday, December the ninth.

"Nº 10" EAST 60th STREET The Villa Venice

For Reservation Phone "Jean"—Regent 6000



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WE caught a pre-showing of Herr Lubitsch's "Lady Windermere's Fan", an evening or so ago at a night club, appropriately enough. Which is about the first intelligent use one of the Charleston and mineral water emporiums has been put to, since La Belle Murray appeared in one in half a towel for a Spanish dress, and gave the customers a topic besides love to talk about. And although the handsomely caparisoned waiter at this pre-view showed a tendency to hurry away the sundry schnitzel and skittles an instant after serving them, and although one of the Six Flying Warner Brothers, Hollywood Bears that they are, kept rising to recite the Gettysburg address, or to speak on the couvert charge, and although at one point, Madame La Valentino strode in like Flaming Night and almost wrecked the place with her well-calculated and devasting sweep of train-we should like to report that Oscar Wilde will have no cause to turn over in his grave when the picture is released in Jan-Der Herr Lubitsch has done uarv. magnificently, if somewhat Germanically, by the Gifted Magpie of the perfumed sayings.

He has attempted and succeeded in transfilming a Wilde without use of a single tinseled Wildean epigram from the play, rather trusting to his own great sense of cinematic wit and the dramatic. The result is a Wilde of wondrous characterization and situation, well interspersed with pictorial wit, acted by the usual splendid handheld lubitschean actors. Perhaps the vigilant German may seem to have stressed the surface tragedy of the fine play to the apparent sacrifice of the brilliant and eternal fragrant epigrams, but this can hardly be considered a grievous fault and may be mended by a judicious insertion of a line from the play at this point, and that in the subtitles. For Wilde is there-in picture terms it is true-but still essentially the Wilde of the gorgeously unreal puppets, of the amorous bon vivant Lord Darlington, of the super-sentimental harlotmotherly Mrs. Erlynne, of the fourth

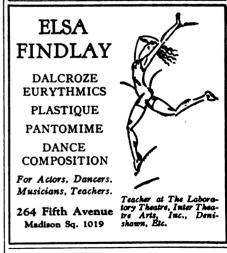


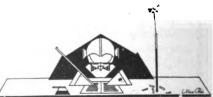
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dimensionally virtuous and slightly thick Lady Windermere (virtuous to the nth point of virtue as are all the Wilde heroines), of the gossipy, overlusting clubman type (constituting the Wildean villain), of the chilly, screechingly clever British drawing rooms, of the scandal, of the backbiting, of the painfully correct serving men, of the high odor of British clowning manners, of paradoxical this and of sentimental that, and of cheek tonguing thus and thus. And so we repeat, a line or two from the play, especially at the start, at the race track interlude and in the drawing room where Mrs. Erlynne comes to be undone but remains to undo, would help considerably.

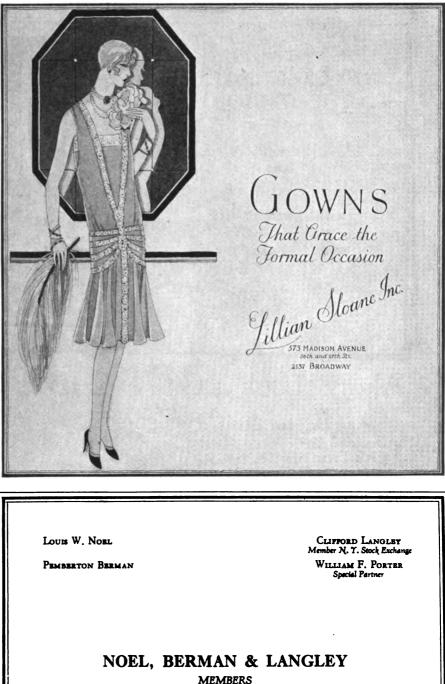
Incidentally, Mynheer Watts of the Tribune [a contemporary (Republican) sheet] expressed a tender disappointment in the picture, finding it too soupily mother-love-sacrificial-etc. The retort is, "What of it?" If Wilde was a fat sentimentalist and a weepy one at that-we shouldn't be surprised if he didn't weep drenchingly over the "sad" situations he put into his playswhy should that reflect on Lubitsch? Wilde, of course (as if you didn't know), immediately on inserting a tear-wringing scene into a play would cover it with layer on layer of swank speech, redolent to high heaven with perfumery, but in spirit at bottom stuck hard and fast in sticky mushiness of feeling. It would seem, M. Watts, that Lubitsch acquitted himself nobly under the strain imposed thusly on him by the late official ballad-maker of Reading Gaol.

The acting is excellent, with Irene Rich taking honors. She, unhappy wife of the screen who has been down a long corridor of endless unhappy wives pictures, has done wonders with the rôle of *Mrs. Erlynne*, the paradoxical déclassée; Ronald Colman is cast right for the first time: he is an ineffectual Wildean villain and at last not a hero for the Woolworthian mind; while Bert Lytell as *Lord Windermere* acts for the first time in his life—but doesn't know it; and the *First Lady Gossip*, whoever she was, was supremely good.—T. S.

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS Dear Editor:

What I want to know is, has Mr. Red Grange signed a contract to play the Nun in "The Miracle"? And if not, why the discrimination?

As always, E. D.



New York Stock Exchange

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T was with a feeling closely akin to horror that I realized, some few days ago, that, by not having gone to Harlem so far this Season, I was failing my dear public. And after all my denunciation of the decline of negro entertainment downtown, it seems only fair that I should dig out something to take its place.

The first thing that I noticed, is that most of the negro girls entertaining along Lenox Avenue would do well, either to take Charleston lessons from one of the five thousand flowers of American womanhood adorning our choruses, or to invent a new dance. The second thing that I noticed, is that the time-honored short white cotton bloomers have given way to very intriguing pink silk step-ins trimmed with lace, which were just a little nerve wracking to the gentlemen in our party. And the third, is that the only way to see negro entertainment at its best, is to go to places where the black portion of the audience outnumbers the white at least three to one.

The first stop, made as an aperitif to the main festivities of the evening, was at the good old Nest Club; two years ago the main attraction for smart society anxious to go slumming, and decorated with them in mind, and now a somewhat deserted shadow of its former self. There are still the curious amber lights that make everybody look the same color; still the nonchalant negro who plays a tuba, and keeps a long black stogie going at the same time; still the excellent dance music, which was inspiring a Broadway couple to the most amazing gyrations of the evening. At the door, a new sign-"Members should be pre-

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Howard Chandler Christy, Irving Berlin, Edgar Selwyn, Marilyn Miller, Irene Bordoni and a host of celebrities of Society, the Stage, and the Screen enthusiastically applauded the premier of

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in the studio of the Vanderbilt's instructor. Arthur Murray was selected to teach the U.S. Naval Academy dancing masters and the National Institute. Mr. Murray has just returned from

Paris with the New French Tango. To inaugurate his new studio the tuition fees have been greatly reduced. ARTHUR MURRAY 7 East 43rd Street N. Y. C. Vanderbilt 1773

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pared to be searched for liquor at any time".

From the Nest, the evening being yet young and increasingly lively, we went on to the Club Cabaret, Johnny Cobb's new club at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And this was, without doubt, the high spot of the evening. The usual cellar with green walls, round tables, bright red and green lights, and an enthusiastic orchestra. The entertainer there, a girl whose name turned out to be Retta, and whose casual remarks about a wellknown annulment suit were more caustic than delicate, turned out to be one of the most vigorous animals that I have ever seen turned loose in public. If only she doesn't drop dead in her tracks from the sheer exhaustion of maintaining a one-woman all-night show, she could easily be the success of the Season. Never could I have believed that coon shouting could be as noisy, or that the very expressive gestures that accompanied each song as abandoned, or that dancing could so completely engross the anatomy as hers did. The lady has no inhibitions, and is proud of it. She is simply swell, and like the tatooed lady, worth going miles to see.

The third place visited was the Hoofer's Club, formerly the Vaudeville Comedy Club, which has impressive signs pasted all over the walls, proclaiming that members only are welcome. I understand that late at night, which, in Harlem, means from five in the morning on, it is one of the most amusing places that you can find. Unfortunately, we arrived ridiculously early-about three-thirty, and not very much was going on except the loudest and jazziest dance orchestra of the evening, and a few rather lackadaisical entertainers.

In all the excitement of rushing around in taxis in search of a young negro who was to guide us, and apparently found something more highly colored to do, we missed Small's-the most popular of the uptown places, and, unlike the ones I have mentioned. packed to the doors with blacks from midnight until morning. So this means another trip.

At Small's and at the Nest Club, they are making a great furor about their Monday morning breakfast dances, which you may attend from five in the morning UNTIL-(The caps are supplied by the announcers, with a leer.) These cumulate in a terrific crescendo at about noon



There is a jolly good luncheon at noon. Russian Inn.

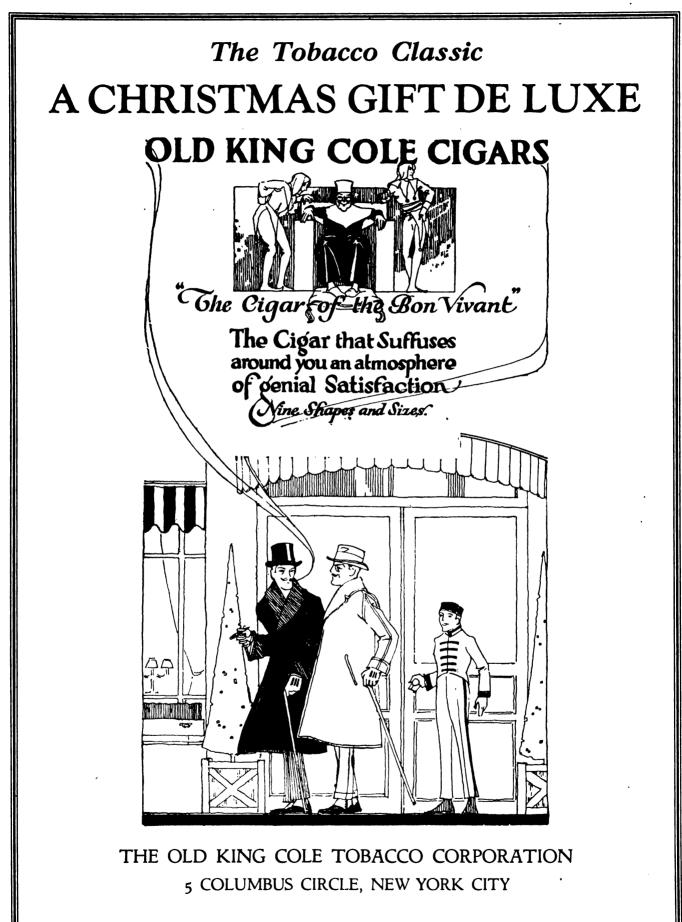
And after the theatre DANCE AND HEAR THE GYPSIES SING



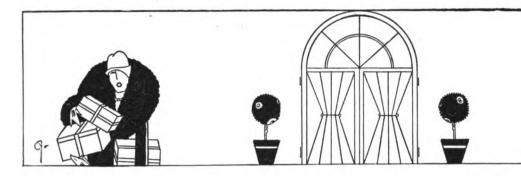
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'Twas the night before Christmas and under the tree Not a present was waiting, nor mousetrap nor ski Anxiety-fraught, the young matron cried-Till she suddenly thought of THE NEW YORKER's guide,

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time. At the Hoofer's Club and at | The Actors' the Nest, Friday night, "Professional Night" is the great attraction, especially at the Hoofer's which should be visited then.

HE night after this conscientious excursion, reaction took the form of dining at Sherry's, which I adore, and, with somewhat gingerly memories of the hot dogs consumed the night before, ordering the most exquisite dinner that I could think of. There is simply nothing new that I can say about Sherry's, except that both the room and the people are charming, the food excellent and well-served, and that the music is especially good this year.

ATER in the evening, such is the force of habit, I journeyed to that not-at-all leaning tower of respectability, the Waldorf, for a little dancing after the theatre. The supper dancing here is primarily designed for the cohorts and cohorts of debutantes who want to feel safe after midnight. and fulfills its purpose well. The audience was composed principally of older people at supper, and very few dancers-which seems a great waste, in view of the fact that the music here is unusually good for dancing as well as listening.

WORD comes that the Mayfair House is now open for dinner dancing; that the Tally-Ho has opened new quarters at 18 East Fifty-sixth Street for lunch and dinner; that Harry Richman has taken over Ciro's; and that Felix Young, formerly manager of Ciro's, has taken Frances Williams, this department's favorite entertainer, with him to Club Borgo and named it after her. Also, that Prince Romanowsky, just a buddy of the late Czar of Russia, thinks that it might be an elegant idea to open a Russian restaurant. The result is the Kazbec (the name being very near the Kavkaz, and the location very near to the Katinka). This will be honored with a review as soon as I get my strength. -LIPSTICK

THE WINDOW MODEL

Some can adore a brain of wood, And unresponsive lips are said

To indicate technique, and yet Not even in the strictest set Do men find wooden bosoms good For pillowing the tired head.



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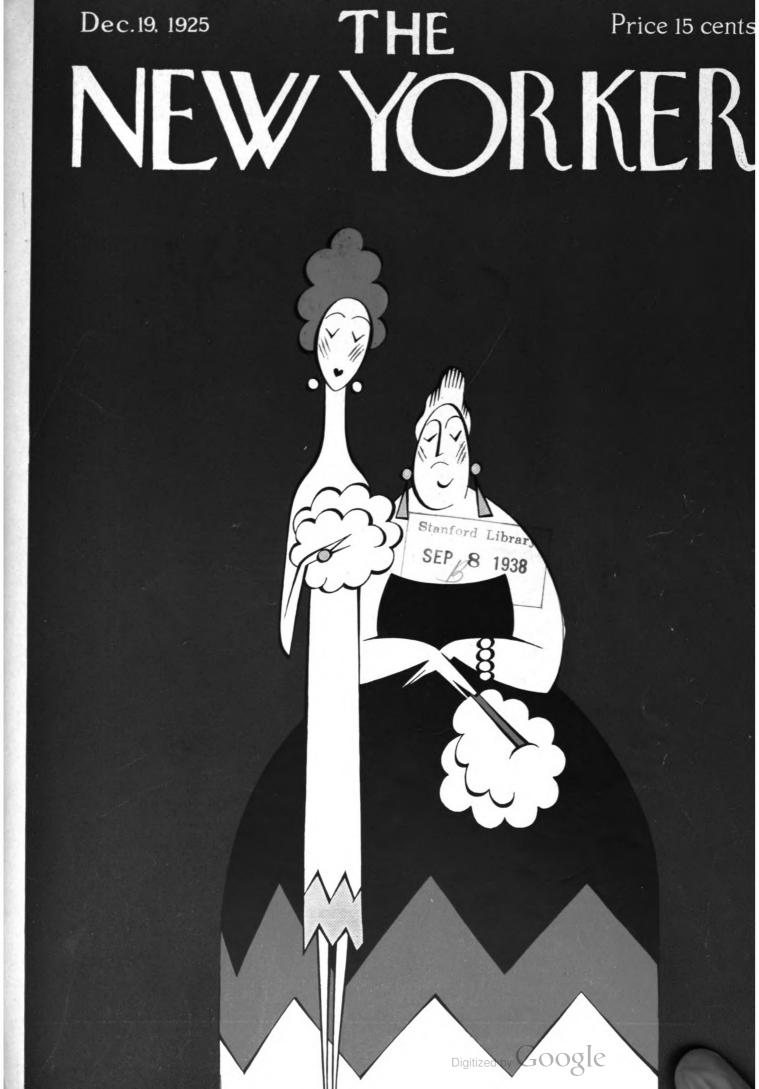
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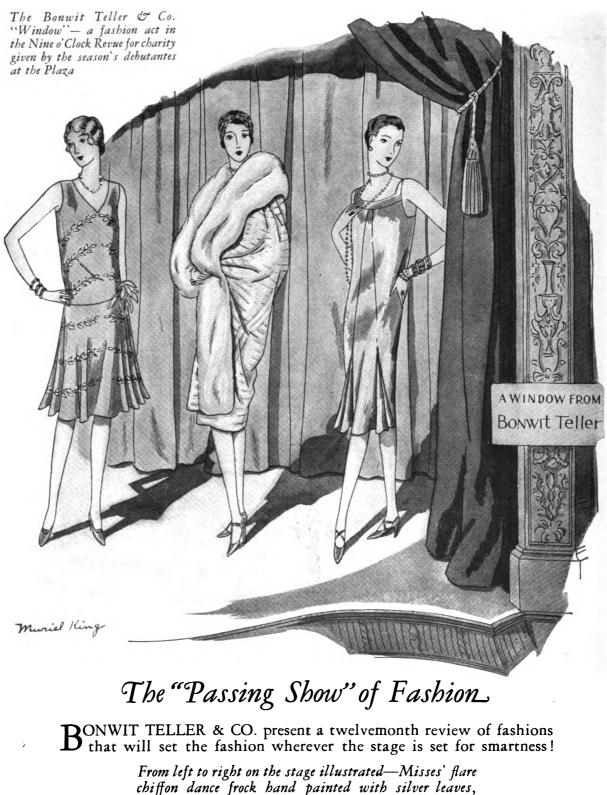
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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Hugh Wiley

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BRAS

THE Brokaw house on Fifth Avenue at Seventy-ninth Street and the Yerkes mansion at Sixty-eighth Street are to come down. THE NEW YORKER has expressed sorrow over the destruction of the Vanderbilt's house, the Astor's house, Sherry's, the Garden, and all the Heavenly Rest of it, and feels it must express sorrow again. Our misty-eyed Landmark Editor, however, says the emotional pace is killing him.

WE regard with compassion the authorities of the Public Library, upon whom increasing pressure is being brought by those who would permit smoking in the reading room. Smoking as a habit with both sexes is now a generation old. We always feel that authorities who have not yet recognized this fact are pathetically living in the past.

I T is with a sense of importance that we make a statement concerning Wanamaker's. No one lives who has not been in the store at some time or other and tried to get up and down stairs. We saw a hetman of the place this week who agreed that it was equally true that the elevator service could not be worse. He said it cannot be made better because of lack of space. They are exhausted down there and have declared the problem officially insoluble.

THE Goddess of Chance has often been ironic, but never has she played so keen a trick as when she

1.8.

placed two signs on a building on Broadway in the Sixties. The upper sign reads, The Federation of Jewish Charities; the lower one, The Vanishing American.

THE latest complaint against Count Salm comes from the Austrian authorities who think he so misbehaved himself last Summer when playing tennis in Ircland that he ought never to play on the Austrian Davis Cup Team again. This is an extra point in the 1925 race to see who can get the most in wrong. The Count won the 1923 title with his signed story "How I Wooed and Won the Heiress to the Rogers's Millions".

THE roll collar on the uniform of our doughty little army is now official. What it means is that generals can now dress as well as the swank lieutenants, attaches, etc., of foreign armies, who have worn the roll collar for years. It is safe to say that the lieutenants are not pleased.

The Week

SOVIET bars all love-making in films and Lady Astor is swamped with responses to her offer to pay fare of any British workers who wanted to live in Russia. General Andrews issues statement to press promising to quit if he can't enforce Prohibition and President Butler of Columbia urges more literate ministry. Realism on stage causes riot in Berlin theatre and Cosmo Hamilton foresees triumph of radio drama. Edison says inventions are too far ahead of public's



mental capacity and police discover Magic City burglars have new tool for cutting into sides of safes. Bankers at Florida convention predict long era of prosperity and widowed mother of eight is arrested for peddling dope. Wanamaker buys four Stradivarii and Henry Ford has champion fiddler of Maine brought to Dearborn for private seance. Will Irwin likens George M. Cohan to Shakespeare and dramatists unite to fight possible menace in William Fox's control of plays. Con-gressman Blanton, of Texas, would forbid diplomat's importing liquor for their household use here and President Coolidge urges need for immediate adherence to World Court.

Service

2

→HERE are all kinds of ways whereby the canny can save himself trouble in New York. Meeting steamers, for instance, is usually a tedious job. But on Staten Island there sits a genius with a telescope, called the Ship Arrival Service Inc., who will telephone you in your warm bed when your ship leaves Quarantine. Telephone number, St. George 4472; price, \$1.00 per boat; a bill will be sent you if you have a good address; otherwise cash in advance. Western Union will do the same for you.

When you get to the boat, if you haven't had time to get a pass at the Custom House and you want to get on the dock, wear old clothes, look Irish, be as feminine as you can. A dressy person last week saw a girl get by a guard who had refused him admission.

"I wish I knew that formula," he said.

"Man," said the guard, "that little girl works for her living, and she was that anxious to meet her friend she touched my heart."

"But I work for my living," protested the dressy person.

"You don't look it," said the guard and closed the conversation.

ANOTHER service worth know-ing is Canal 2020. When the clock has run down and you have dropped your watch, call Canal 2020, and a young lady will tell you the time. You don't have to ask. Credit Western Union. Then there are the Green Caps at the Grand Central, who will do anything for you that's legal; go back and get your ticket if you've forgotten it, or feed your cat while you are away for the week-end.

HE Christmas Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace, I am given to understand, is none other than a new version of the late Park Avenue Street Fair for the benefit of Crippled Children. While I am one who loves not inordinately the charitable campaign, I am one who loved the Street Fair for having made a spot of color in Park Avenue in Springtime; and I take kindly to its most efficient child, the Bazaar-with reservations.

Spring is obviously much nicer than Winter; I wondered why the change until I was told that the spirit of competition exists even among the charities, and that the exclusive rights to Park Avenue above the terminal were disputed by other organizations which enjoyed it not. Understandable, to be sure. The Street Fair Committee weighed the rights and wrongs of it, and went indoors, solaced for the loss of dancing in the streets by the prospect of making more money than they had ever made before.

HE reorganized forces under the banner of Mrs. Marshall Field have done a very pretty job in the Palace, and thought up more insidious and straightforward ways of getting money out of those who have too much of it than anybody since Barnum. There are more debutantes with programs and little trays and things than have ever before been gathered under one roof; barrels of them-Eskimos, mandarins, ladies of the harem, and just plain fancy dress in whatever they could find in mother's closet.

Let those who don't like being held up by debutantes not go to bazaars, that's all.

The decorations are the thing, and



they bear the stamp of Willy Pogany's imagination. As one is buying one's ticket, one is played upon by a revolving crystal chandelier; and one's nose is assailed by the odor of cooking -the kitchen ventilating misfired, I guess. One then passes through a first barrage of program girls into a whirl of red and blue gaiety; music in the distance, criers and boosters on all sides, lottery sellers plucking at one's lapels. Red lights upon the stairs leading to the sideshows and dining room. Everybody on the job-ladylike and efficient, it's hard to say whether more the one or the other. And most agreeably present is the atmosphere of having a good time, which is after all the sine qua non of bazaars; as concerns the sellers, the buyers, and most important of all, the crippled children.

AMERICANS being what they are, there is always a boatload of them getting in from foreign parts; and one out of ten has a story aboard. The latest is being told by a lately returned voyager from the Barbados. The standing army, says she, is composed of twelve men. Speaking casually to the General, she inquired if his splendid army had fought in the Great War. "We stood ready, Madam!" said the General pompously. Which she explains as O. Henry might have done, with the tale of a certain cablegram. It was dispatched to the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith in the early days of August, 1914.

"Success," it read. "Barbados is behind you."

Silent Menace

I T is interesting to note, in times when the word, theatre, is synonomous with publicity, that what may be a revolution in the theatrical world has been working itself up hardly noticed by the press. Historically, Mr. Fox, the moving picture gentleman, began it. He offered various contracts to producers wherein he agreed to back their Broadway productions, financially, in exchange for a share of the profits and the option to buy later cinema rights-or something to that effect. It was remarked along Broadway that such understandings would give Mr. Fox a finger in a good many pies. Such producers as John Golden, Sam Harris, A. H. Woods, Robert Milton and David Belasco were mentioned as interested. Followed, im

mediately, a meeting of the pens behind their thrones, a meeting actually attended by nearly every playwright of note in town. Then, hard upon its adjourning, the managers themselves conferred. And out of it all came only the hush of mystery, with whispers of a Manhattan version of the Society of French Authors, that Continental organization which has such control over the Parisian stage that a theatre in its bad grace is half way down the road to ruin before it makes a move.

It is all very confusing to the poor producers—the smiling Mr. Fox with his pockets bulging with contracts they would love to touch and the stern faced playwrights, taking themselves very seriously indeed, chanting, "No, no; mustn't touch; nasty pill!"

And even more confusing to the casual observer who can neither forget that he has seen the stage survive whole cohorts of press agented menaces nor understand the mystery of so many celebrities meeting and not making any statements about it.

Autos

I T is merely another trade trick, but it is becoming frequent enough to cause considerable dismay along automobile row:

That irrepressible gentleman, A, decides to purchase a club coupé. He has never before owned an automobile, yet hesitates at the prospect of paying the full list price for the little beauty he has set his eye upon. With or without a wink, he visits the second hand shops, and buys for one hundred dollars, say, the most decrepit motor he can find. Now equipped to talk business, he visits the sales rooms of his fancy, dickers casually awhile, and finally makes his purchase, having been granted a turn-in allowance of four hundred and seventy-five dollars for his old car.

Mr. Bagby's

NE tradition needs speaking of. Some seventeen hundred select subscribers looked last Monday morning at eleven upon Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, noted that his cheeks were as ruddy as ever, his manners as unassailable, his social list as extensive, his music as qualitied, and his subscribers as respectable as they are said to have been thirty-five years ago. Almost two generations: and Bagby's Musical Mornings continue in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, while people called Hoppin, Whitney, Iselin, Haskell, Twombly give it their ears.

If anything is a survival of the Age of Innocence it is this. It is a most respectable affair, and it abhors publicity, it says. Boxes are arranged in three tiers about the ballroom, and Metropolitan singers arrive grandly. Instrumentalists tune, and Countesses chat in the hallway. Mr. Bagby's personality dominates the gathering, mellowing the air, much as Texas Guinan mellowed the Del Fey, with the difference that Mr. Bagby wears piping on his waistcoat on week days and Miss Guinan thinks piping has to do with plumbers. He understands society thoroughly. For two years before the Waldorf opened he was preparing himself for his career by little musicals in his private studio; so that when 1893 arrived and the Waldorf opened its doors, he stepped confidently in. He has been there on certain Mondays ever since. The populations of Hagerstown, Maryland, and Davenport, Iowa, have heard of Bagby's Musical Mornings since infancy.

It is fairly certain that no hotel but the Waldorf could have incubated and nourished the Bagby institution. Other hotels about the city have felt compelled to alter their atmospheres to suit the Twentieth Century. Even the Metropolitan Museum has shaved some of its excrescences. But the Waldorf remains to this day the logical place for the President and his wife to stop when in town.



"No, we don't buy no drawings. We make our own drawings."



What Price Gloria?

THE recital forthwith ensuing concerns the cunning of Mr. Howard Dietz, not only press agent for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but author of "June Goes Downtown", which is a book of poetry.

Mr. Dietz was confronted, certain weeks ago, with the neat problem of creating a stir over the opening of his company's new house, the Embassy, and over its first picture, "The Merry Widow", which his company thought so much better than it really turned out to be. At approximately the same time, he was formally introduced to Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop. Within a breath or two, Mrs. Bishop had signed a contract to permit the use of her maiden name in announcements regarding the management of the theatre, to appear as often as necessary in overalls or smocks for the benefit of press photographers, and to draw a check for \$250 every Saturday night. This to endure for three weeks or a total cost to Mr. Dietz's company of \$750.

Three weeks passed on the wings of dawn, as the sub-titlers have it. But to the surprise of Mr. Dietz, the public press was still making considerable ado over Miss Gloria Gould's struggle for economic independence. The contract was signed for an additional three weeks—at the same pay.

Nowadays, while Miss Gould cables from Paris that she is recuperating from the exhaustion occasioned by her heavy duties at the Embassy, Mr. Dietz and his companions spend much of their time reckoning whether the publicity they received from the \$1,-500 invested in her name was worth millions or merely hundreds of thousands. And they have informed her, with the good old post-war spirit, that her job is waiting for her when she wants it, at the same pay.

The Bishop

THE Reverend William Wilkinson, called the Bishop of Wall Street, has passed into the company of his fathers; where, if the needle's eye interfered not with the camel, he should find his friend and benefactor, J. P. Morgan the elder. He was one who preached in the streets to whomsoever would listen to him. When asked not so long ago if he were a Modernist or a Fundamentalist, he answered, "I am both."

From the Bishop's mouth the state-

ment was not an absurdity. He was a nice old man, filled to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, an Episcopalian more because he had to be something than because he believed in one sect above all others. Those who knew him when Mr. Morgan first brought him to New York say that there was always a great sympathy between the financier and the preacher on the steps outside. No matter how busy he might be, Mr. Morgan always came to the window at the noon hour, and watched the crowd below.

With the Bishop gone, New York has one less kindly face to cheer it.

Cinema Notes

 $W^{
m E}$ learn that one of the Dutchesses of the screen finally capitulated recently to the urge for literary expression and agreed to sign her name as author of an autobiography for a current periodical-provided the publication would interview her and perform the drudgery of actual writing. This difficulty having been met, the publication assigned to the task one of its bright, and apparently impressionable, young ladies and she listened for four hours to the actress' account of a lavender past. At the end, the writing miss, breathless,



was forced to ask one all-deciding question.

"Ah," she sighed, "if you had it all to live over again—would it be the same?"

Long minutes passed while this question was pondered. Finally, having grown slightly pale, Beauty shook her head.

"No," she said. "One thing I would leave undone. I wouldn't bob my hair."

Method

CREATION of works of art requires merely talent, it would appear, as against the sale of these creations, which calls for nothing short of genius.

Thus, we have the candid admission from several dealers in works of art that they must time their sales to the exact second when the financial complacency of prospects permits contemplation of pleasing bits of canvas or pleasant trifles of bronze. For this synchronization it is necessary that the dealers know in what stocks each of their larger customers is interested; a rise in Chrysler means that Reginald Vandergeldt has cleaned up and might entertain an offer of an Old Master; a sharp advance in steel, on the other hand, would result in Harold Descalves getting first refusal.

One hopeful voice of dissent was heard during our casual inquiry into the ways of art dealers: a gallery sold a picture to a lady who walked into the room last Spring, pointed to a large canvas, inquired the price, hesitated a moment and then ordered it sent home. When it was delivered, it was to a modest four room apartment, where the painting took up most of the wall space in the one fair-sized room. Everything in the apartment indicated that the purchaser was buying a picture because she wanted it. May her tribe increase.

Incredulity

IN opera, the pudgy and elderly tenor may triumph in love over the willowly and youthful baritone, and the matronly prima donna may lure the hero away from the voluptuous miss who has ensnared him. In opera, these things can happen, for operatic audiences are tolerant about the verities. In musical comedy, they can't. The audience takes side with Nature and Youth.

And, so, having learned this after



one night's performance in Hartford, Connecticut, Miss Geraldine Farrar folded up "Romany Love Spell" as quietly as possible and said good-bye to a score by Franz Lehar and to musical comedy in general at one and the same time.

Her departure from the field, once consecrated to such as Miss Marilyn Miller, was not, as the newspapers had it, wholly because of pique over the acclaim accorded Miss Louise Brown and Mr. William Kent by the provincial critics. Neither was it, as her manager would have us believe, solely because of a sudden indisposition.

The abandonment came chiefly because Miss Farrar saw the writing on the first balcony. A musical comedy audience just would not believe that a generously proportioned prima donna could outstrip a sprightly ingenue for any male's affections. It didn't work out that way within the experience of Hartford's patrons of the lighter stage, and Miss Farrar came sadly to the conclusion that Broadway would be fully as skeptical. So she resigned her present labors and will return to the concert and the operatic stage where thank heavens—one's amatory tri-

umphs may be accomplished without needing plausibility to support the make-believe.

THE FIRST NIGHTER has two observations to report: One, that the dial telephone system has not yet been taken up by dramatists, and, two, that first-string critics rarely dress for openings, while their assistants invariably do.

"Manhattan Transfer"

A MONG the books, "Manhattan Transfer" has already originated more table talk about Dos Passos, its author, than anything since "Three Soldiers". It represents, they say, the first real fit of excitement Dos Passos has been able to goad himself into since he left the army. The subject is New York; or, rather, the Twentieth Century as it is demonstrated in and by New York. The author is in Paris, safe from harm and the necessity of giving away autographed copies, and awaiting the decision of a fickle world.

Comes also the news that various little theatres about town are consid-

ering a play by this author, which bears the title "The Garbage Man". It is not a new piece; it was given at Harvard years ago under the more mellifluous title, "The Moon is a Gong"; which, they say, offended not a single Bostonian. John Lawson, known for his "Processional", now sponsors it unofficially, assuring those interested that the play is important—impressionistic, expressionistic, and everything else but atavistic. A new form, possibly. It contains much incidental music, and should be interesting.

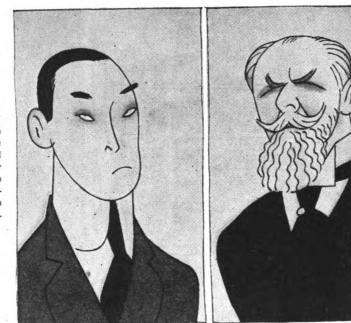
And, Ah yes, "Manhattan Transfer" was once even rougher than it now is, and was softened to avoid the bellowings of dear Mr. Sumner.

THE TRADE: Bootlegging comment on our recently published list of prices has been acrimonious and varied. Anonymous letters to the amount of more than a gallon complain that prices are either lower or higher than we announced. One man quotes French and Rhine Wines at \$28 a case, Medoc at \$26, California Burgundy at \$6 a gallon. They are all martinets, these bootleggers.

-THE NEW YORKERS

Heroes of the Week

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN PHILIP HILL — Who is leading the fight in the House to repeal the Volstead Act and legalize 2.75 per cent. beer, thus taking his place beside Frances E. Willard as one of the country's foremost temperance workers.



V L A D I M I R NEMIRO-VITCH-DANTCHENKO — Who was a co-founder, with Stanislavsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre and who is now in this country at the head of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio helping Morris Gest to confirm the rumor that New York is the theatrical centre of the universe.



HENRY FORD—Whose latest contribution to the art of getting the least possible good out of, and doing the least possible good with, a great fortune is the importation to Detroit of a real, old-time, New England fiddler.



OTTO H. KAHN—From whom all blessings flow. Forty-seven conductors of jazz bands, seventeen theatrical producen and the entire staff of the Metropolitan Opera House began talking of their artitic aims and ideals when he mysteriously bought a plot of land in Fifty-seventh Street the other day.

COUNT LUDWIG SALM VON HOOGSTRAETEN-Whose return to these shores revives the too long unanswered questions: How much is a genuine, civilized man of title worth to the American people? Should he be maintained at the father-in-law's expense? Or should he be supported by direct taxation?

"UP THE DARK STAIRS-"

MONG the major menaces to American journalism today (and there are so many that it hardly seems worth while even beginning this little article) is the O. Henry-Irvin Cobb tradition. According to this pretty belief, every reporter is potentially master of the shortstory, and because of it we find Human Interest raising its ugly head in seven out of every eight news columns and a Human Document being turned out every time Henry H. Mackle of 1356 Grand Boulevard finds a robin or Mrs. Rasher Feiman of 425 West Forty-ninth Street attacks the scissors grinder.

Copy readers in the old days used to insist that all the facts in the story be bunched together in the opening paragraph. This never made for a very moving chronicle, but at least you got the idea of what was going on. Under the new system, where every reporter has his eye on George Horace Lorimer, you first establish your atmosphere, then shake a pair of doves out of the handkerchief, round off your lead with a couple of bars from a Chopin étude, and finally, in the next to last paragraph, divulge the names and addresses and what it was that happened.

A story which, under the old canons of journalism, would have read as follows:

"Mary J. Markezan, of 1278 Ocean Parkway, was found early this morning by Officer Charles Norbey of the Third Precinct in a fainting condition from lack of gin, etc."

now appeals to our hearts and literary sensibilities as follows:

"Up the dark stairs in a shabby house on Ocean Parkway plodded a bent, weary figure. An aroma of cooking cabbage filled the hall. Somebody's mother was coming home. Somebody's mother was bringing in an arm-full of wood for the meagre fire at 1857 Ocean Parkway. Soon the tired form would be at the top of the shadowy stairs. But Fate, in the person of Officer Norbey, was present, etc."

A fine bit of imaginative writing, satisfying everybody except the reader who wants to know what happened at 1857 Ocean Parkway.

Most of the trouble began about ten years ago when the Columbia School



"Somebody's mother (sob) was coming home (sob)—"

of Journalism began unloading its graduates on what was then the N. Y. *Tribune* (retaining the best features of neither). Every one of the boys had the O. Henry light in his eyes, and before long the market report was the only thing in the paper that didn't lead off with "Up the dark stairs at—"

Fine writing in news stories was actually encouraged by the management and daily prizes were offered for the best concealed facts. The writer of this article (Robert Benchley) was a reporter at the time—"the worst reporter in New York City" the editors affectionately called him—and one day he won the prize with a couple of sticks on the funeral of Ada Rehan. This story consisted of two paragraphs of sentimental contemplation of oldtime English comedy with a bitterly satirical comparison with modern movie comedy, and a short paragraph at the end saying that Ada Rehan was buried yesterday. Unfortunately the exigencies of make-up necessitated the cutting of the last paragraph; so the readers of the *Tribune* the next morning never did find out what had inspired this really beautiful tribute to somebody.

From the Tribune the scourge of fine news writing has spread to all the other papers with the exception of the Times. Your Monday morning copy of the World reads like something you find on the table by the guest room bed-"Twenty Tales of Danger and Daring" or "My Favorite Ghost Story: An Anthology". The news of the day is dished up like the Comédie Humaine with leads running from: "Up the dark stairs at—" to "This is the story of a little boy who lost his kitty." A picture of the City Room of the World, by one who has never been there, would disclose a dozen or so nervous word artists, each sitting in a cubicle furnished to represent an attic, sipping at black coffee, with now and then a dab of cocaine, writing and tearing up, writing and tearing up, pacing back and forth in what the French call (in French) le travail du style. There must be a little hidden music, too, to make the boys write as they do. One feels that back copies of the World should be bound and saved for perusal on rainy days when the volumes of "Harpers Round Table" have begun to pall.

Soon it will creep into the foreign dispatches, hitherto held somewhat in check by cable rates. From a debt conference in London we may have something like this:

"Up the dark stairs at 17 Downing Street trudged a tired figure in a silk hat. Under his arm he carried a brief case. Outside, the unheeding swirl of London swept by, but in the heart of the tired man there was peace. Austen Chamberlain had brought to a conclusion the negotiations for the day."

Or:

affectionately called him—and one "The twilight falls quickly on the day he won the prize with a couple left bank of the Seine, and yesterday



it. fell even more quickly than usual. At a table on the sidewalk of a little café on Montparnasse, a pale man sat figuring on the back of an envelope. Not a man that you would look at a second time, perhaps, but, as Kipling says, that is another story. This man was Jules Delatour and he ran a little shop on the Boulevard Raspail. And Jules Delatour was sad last evening as the quick twilight fell over Montparnasse. For yesterday the franc dropped again, to twenty-six to the dollar."

When this has happened, we can have newstickers installed in our homes and let the newspapers give themselves over entirely to the *belles lettres.*—ROBERT BENCHLEY

"Andrews Will Dam Alcohol or Quit," says a headline. If all else fails, he might try faint praise.

THE TRANSIENT PUBLIC

THE entries of four months in the guest book of a would-be writer who sought seclusion for work in a Greenwich Village studio:

CLARENCE CALKINS: Washington correspondent, gay companion of city room days. Going through town; stopped in for breakfast; stayed three days.

MARIE MAURICE: Former "Vanities" girl; friend of a friend; back in town looking for a job. Borrowed apartment for four days during undersigned's absence from city. Left behind, one unpaid charwoman, one shattered vase, one inch of dust, and half a Shredded Wheat.

MARTHA MARBERRY: Back from Paris, broke, looking for that job on the World. Three nights on the spare divan.

BILL JENKINS: Harvard football follower, chance acquaintance at Summer resort. Arrived at dawn to "just bunk in" on eve of Princeton game.

JANET JACKSON and TED LOOMIS: Missed the late train for Westchester and returned for the night.

CLARISSE and FREDDIE: Their car broke down. Same result.

THELMA and ANDY: Here for dinner. Gin dispensed by host destroyed any yearnings for home. Thelma got the bedroom; Andy took the divan; host rated the floor.

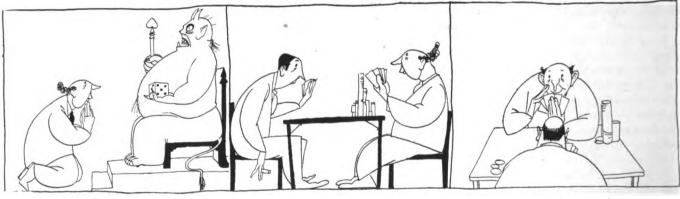
FRED SPILLMAN: His wife was away, so he gave a party at the little house on Staten Island. His guests stayed, so Fred trekked over to the Village, arriving at seven a. m. to spend the previous night.

JACK O'DONNELL: Importunate hack on a lonesome. Dropped in past midnight, dragging host from bed for a tour commencing with a call on Charlie Somerville, and winding up with three hour session at Barney's.

Record of four months' entries on production sheet of same literary worker: Zero.—Howard Cushman

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

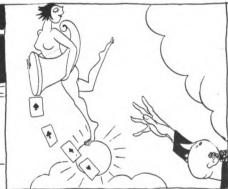
"Gambling, Menace to Nation, Says Divine."-Daily newspaper.



GAMBLERS serve an evil master. Playing with the wilful sheaf brought but doom and black disaster to "Red" Milton Silverleaf. For, a foe of patient labor, coveting dishonest spoil, he deprived his trusting neighbor of the wages for his toil. While the dull and weary clatter of the stygmatizing chips syncopates the mirthless chatter from the gamblers arid lips.



We descry a mother, sharing crusts of bread, her only food, hopeless broken and disparing, with her ever hungry brood.



On Fortuna's fickle favor none may hold a lasting lien and her kisses ever savor of betrayal, unforseen.



Now he's poor and godforsaken, lost his wife, his home, his soul, Silverleaf, his spirit shaken begs the passers's cheerless dole. —HANS STENGEL





parade of proper pupils playthrough a Bach for two pianos, he became once more the untamed, stein returned to Europe to tour. Eng-

nimbly and sweetly. And the audience, gentlemen in frocks, ladies in pearls and hats, sat in the sun of Bertha Fiering Tapper's music room and clapped wan hands. Some one said: "Leo is here, Ornstein is back from Europe. Won't he play?" A boy elf-short and clumsy with the fair clumsiness of an untamed cub, shuffled forward to the revolving stool whose shiny prim mechanics seemed ridiculous beneath him. He hung his long head. His hands, large, ivory-colored, lay on the keyboard like an incantation. His body hunched. Suddenly he straightened; his head rose proudly and his hands drew a strange music upward.

He played Debussy and the guests nodded in boredom. He played Schoenberg and they stirred with irritated courtesy as if they were waiting a bit too long

for the music to begin . . . "Won't you play some of your own works, Leo?"... The boy made no sign. He had taken no notice of his audience. But his body tensed. The head seemed clouded in a new resolve. The hands grew enormous-exquisite and enormous-as they clutched the piano, as they wrung from it the mad full wailing iron of his Notre Dame.

Men snickered, women writhed. Men drummed with foot and cane on the outraged carpet. A woman screamed; a woman got up, tipping a camp-stool. The proper gathering sat naked, under their clothes, bursting their politeness; and the boy played on, giving them no notice. His face plunged deep in to his frangent song; or lifted high above it. He played.

Rare as Music

HERE had been the usual At last, he ceased. The hands lin- his luminous talent made him heard



Leo Ornstein

hunched, and clumsy child, shuffling afraid from the room.

So, in the Fall of 1914, did the real Ornstein come upon New York. Antedeluvian Age: when Strauss was still a modern, when Schoenberg was a name, when Stravinsky was the echo of a horror just come about in Paris! Ornstein had come before; ten years before, when his family, implicated in the Russian revolution of 1905, fled house and fortune in the Ukraine. They found the customary grey rooms and black bread in our East Side ghetto and Leo's father became the cantor of some cellar synagogue. The boy, not yet ten, had already studied in St. Petersburg with Rimsky and Glazounov as his masters. He was not long in the Attorney Street squalor, before

gered on the keyboard, like plastic re- again: and Mrs. Tapper, luminous too L ing Brahms and Chopin. verberations of the music they had in her way, made him her pupil and— Two lads in velvet blouses went broken from it. The body collapsed: at the end—her own. In 1913, Orn-

land, Norway, Paris heard him-and heard the new strident song which suddenly had burst from the boy, theretofore docile enough to the idioms of Rimsky and Tchaikowsky. In London, while the crowd hooted, Mahler had come to his rescue. At the Sorbonne, the great Calvocoressi had invited him to play and to explain himself. But New York had listened to him only as the common prodigy performing Rubenstein. This sunny Saturday afternoon revealed him.

And of course, among the snickering, the outraged, the half-hysterical, there had been the inevitable one or two or three who waited for him in the hall and threw their arms about him: who went away with a glad tiding and a new song in their hearts.

He was a flame then, a bright flame, barely sheathed

in the frail scabbard of his body. A ghetto body, lean and grey and small. A head luminously sharp. The mouth of a Greek masque. Eyes darkling brown like pools in a brambled wood. The voice came pelting, boyish, limitlessly glad. The narrow brow shut in some splendor that seemed to hurt, that seemed to harry him. Yet it pealed forth, and as it came, it rent him. To see him was to know what genius meant. . . . And he is flame today: dark flame, now: flame more rigorously sheathed and slow, in a body studiously strengthened. The fire and spirit are formed. The voice is less pelting glad. He has become the man whom the boy proclaimed.

But the man's birth has been dolorous. Those first years, when



not yet twenty, his fortune seemed immediate and assured. New York rushed him with its usual inept wholeheartedness, the like of which in Europe would mean at least a decade of acceptance, whereas with us, it means at most a season's vogue. He gave a series of talk-recitals at the residence of Claire Raphael Reis: this won him the "inner group". Followed the concerts at the little "Band Box" in Fifty-seventh Street East, where the Washington Square Players had just begun the cursus honorum which was to land them in their guilded theatre. (The Band Box Theatre prospered, too: and has beguilded theatre. come a Bank with grand new marble front.) But Ornstein's course has been a different one. He played only the moderns. He gave, unostentatiously, Ravel, Skriábin, Bartok, Albéniz; he gave Ornstein. "I am not a virtuoso," he explained. "I am a maker of music. These are my comrades in a new adventure. You know our masters, as well as I do. Plenty of pianists give you them. Let me help my new friends, by helping you to know them."

In New York at first, when it was new, it "went". There were articles about Ornstein; he was painted and sculpted; there was a book about him. At length, there was a manager to "take him up"; and the long, dolorous journey into manhood had begun.

In the Provinces they did not care for Schoenberg; they adored Liszt. They could not stand Ornstein; they doted on Chopin. The boy had to live: not alone he—his family as well, for the old Cantor's voice had faded. So Leo Ornstein stepped into the Machine; and the Machine squeezed him. There was juice in him, despite his marvelous leanness. O yes. Else, the high-class manager would not have appreciated him, you may be sure. When he was dry like a wrung lemon, he could always be cast off. There's always a fresh crop of geniuses from Russia.

This Machine that took him consists of Pullman berths, Statler hotels, press agents, interviews, society ladies of "forty" with a thirst for "twenty", flappers sipping thrills and programs full of rhapsodies, gimcrack and gymnastics. It is the Machine of virtuosi. It is only dimly related to music. To the Song and the Word of God, it is not related at all. It is far closer in spirit to a stylish motor-works or to a modish tailor's. This is all very well, if you happen to be an Elman or a Moisseiwitsch: a nimble, clever acrobat swinging to other people's music. But if you're the Music, yourself: if you're the sort of creature in whom the subtlest tremors of the air turn into blasts of body-wracking song-well, you'd do better to make your song in a coal mine, in the whir of a sweatshop than try to keep it living in this cold, cynical, lecherous, sterile, sterilizing world of the American Concert.

The frail boy wavered. The usual quota of "friends"-among them a critic or two who, properly prompted, had hailed him—prepared to bury him with flowers. "A victim." There was reason for the shallow. He resented the masters (whose vogue kept him from his true work) and he played them, at times, with a heartrending bitterness of beauty; but in another mood, he massacred Chopin and Beethoven. His own music paled and took a wistful even imitative tone. "Bury him with flowers." How can an Ornstein compete with a Godowski or a Hofmann, and not fade as Ornstein?

So the boy died in the Machine, and the man was born. He had had the wisdom to marry a true musician (read: naught of the virtuoso)—Pauline Mallet-Prévost, like himself a former pupil of Mrs. Tapper who had died not too early to see Ornstein's struggle but too soon to see if he emerged. They got them a house

in the aromatic mountains of New Hampshire. And the rite began in which was sacrificed the circus-performer, the Pullman-jumper, the darling of thrilled ladies—in which was produced the scarce known Ornstein of today. Ornstein chopped wood for his fire and his wife left her music to cook. He shovelled snow. He did not coddle his fingers. He had always loved red meat, good beer, a rank pipe. Now, he had them. And he composed dark, heady, restrained and integrated works which he left in

the dust on the piano and which Pau-

line had to ferret out and copy. (Why

THE NEW YORKER

publish? Where's the hurry?) Half a mile up from the house and wholly hid in a wilderness of mountain, he has his work-shop. It's an unpainted shack, built by himself. On the piano, a tangle of music paper, a few good books (this music man knows books), a bunch of dirty pipes, a whale of a stove and a great pile of logs. He goes down to the city as briefly as he may: teaches with his wife in Philadelphia or plays some worthwhile score with a respectable orchestra. Then back once more to the unpainted shack. And from time to time, the "music-lovers", fresh from some latest exhibit at Aeolian Hall, grow reminiscent: "Ornstein? What has become of Ornstein?" They see the old boy in his velvet coat with his wild head hid in a mysterious rapture. (But the new man has muscle, and gets along with his neighbors who are New England farmers.) They hear the old music-angry, unleashed, a sort of bounding challenge. (But the new music seems to reach, for its ideal, to Silence.)

Retirement and Silence. Rare goal for a musician who could bring the house down playing his *Wild Man's Dance* till the blood of his knuckles stained the ivory keyboard. But then, what is so rare in this grand Music World of ours—as music?

-Search-Light



REVIEWING THE NEWS

Fifty Cents—and Up

HE exceedingly private affairs of those crafty gentlemen known formally as ticket speculators and to the intimate trade as gyps have once more, due to the ubiquity of Mr. District Attorney Banton, found their way to the front pages. One or two of them, I gather, in addition to surrendering a \$1,000 fief token, have been drummed away from their old stands. And the Supreme Court has arrived heavily at the conclusion that Mr. Banton is right.

All of which doubtless provides comfortable reading for the sundry variations of Our Mr. Gerstein, upon whom falls the periodic duty of escorting provincial buyers to the Follies. Our Mr. Gerstein, of course, has always dreamed of sitting in the fourth row of the Follies for \$4.40, under which circumstances he would feel that he was seeing the show practically for nothing.

Yet it is my guess, despite Mr. Banton's activities, that when Our Mr. Gerstein next sets out for his favorite theatre, he will pay the \$20.00 plus war tax that he has always paid-getting such satisfaction as he can out of letting his guest know precisely the cost of the evening's entertainment. For the theatre ticket law, in addition to its damning kinship as a prohibitory measure to the Volstead Act itself, is also one of those laws designed for the protection of the sucker. And it has no more chance of getting an even break than the sucker himself.

Of course it has broken up that crude and repellant method of tickethawking that was in effect some six or seven years ago. It is undeniably pleasant, nowadays, to approach a theatre without being besieged by a dozen bawling and offensive gyps, with bills of currency waving in one hand and

the achievement of the law in eradicating that gaucherie has no more relation to the control of ticket speculating than the disappearance of the saloon has to the drinking of Scotch highballs. It has simply changed the blatant to the discreet.

Like prohibition, the speculation law is filled with delusions for those righteous individuals who insist upon being deluded. And the most persuasive of these is the business-like agency which boasts of its honesty in selling at a mere fifty-cent premium. All of us know that these people are oppressed with no such modesty. Their choicest seats always go to sub-gyps, as it were—or to friendly customers who are too urbane to cavil at a ten dollar premium. Behind the curtain of their huge legitimate trade, they carry on a smaller but charmingly profitable enterprise with sidewalk speculators.

The profits from this business, I suppose, are very high. At any rate, they are high enough to have goaded the producers, at various times, to attempt its control. The Shuberts, for example, recently devised a scheme for taking their own extra profits on such plays as the public acknowledged as They proposed a central agency, hits. at which might be purchased a ticket for any of the Shubert productions, at an advance over the box office price. The plan failed when the agents already in business accumulated their threats and announced them privily in concert

Before this, various producers had tried a dozen schemes for getting their teeth into the pie-some of them cunning enough to succeed.

The brilliant instance of such craft concerns a producer who, at whatever ancient day the event occurred, could afford but a single show on Broadway. mains to be made:

choice tickets threaded through the Press and public, as they say, pro-fingers of the other, demanding a pur- claimed it a hit of the century. With chase or take the consequences. But borrowed cash, therefore, the producer strode to his box office, deftly removed every orchestra and balcony ticket from the racks, and, distributing them among a hired company of hawkers, watched them sell along the sidewalks at bewildering prices. But the real hero of our story is the treasurer of that same house. He too went borrowing. For \$20,000 he bought from himself all the fifty-cent gallery tickets for several weeks in advance, resigned his job, and set up shop along the curb. His profit, I am insistently told, was \$30,000. With which nest egg he began what is now one of the most celebrated, as such things go, of Broadway's producing firms.

> There is also, to persist in the anecdotal vein, the theatre owner-producer who, even to this day, maintains his nephew as treasurer in a house which he owns and where is produced one of the most successful of perennial revues. In this manner, he is able to draw to himself profits which in the usual case are split between the treasurer himself, the house manager, and perhaps the producer. For of course the speculator himself pays premiums for the privilege of buying choice seats at the box office, and this neat profit must go somewhere.

> From these items of information, it would seem apparent that nearly everybody profits from the clamor of the public to see a hit and see it early, except the playwright. They, poor chaps, seem ever doomed to be content with their twenty-five per cent of the net whether they create, in the language of the trade, a wow or a dud.

> **R**ETURNING, after these digressions, to our argument as to the worth or futility of the theatre-ticket law, there is one observation that re-



value depends upon the public demand, situation which induces merely another and as such is subject to economic sort of bootlegging. laws. And, in the case of even the most thumping hit, the product pro- in a moment of crusading fervor, ceeds normally through three stages. When it is new, and the subject of present law. In all humility, I now excited conversation, its value is high. propose that the press, having nothing And if it is your urge to participate at the moment over which to grow in that conversation, if your delight public spirited, engage itself with the is in seeing a thing while it is yet repeal of the present statute. And, if fresh and a matter for controversy, you must expect to pay extra for your haste. On the contrary, if your interest lies in art for amusement's sake, and you can control your impatience, the hit is certain after its first months to lose its excess value, and you may buy acceptable seats at the box office. Still further: there is Mr. LeBlang. All roads, however garish, lead in the end to Mr. LeBlang's basement. And the toast of the town tonight will hang on the cut rate racks next year.

That seems solution enough for the is merely a matter of patience-although it would certainly be a pleasanter world if the additional profits earned by a new hit could be more fairly divided among the men who made it so. This latter item, indeed, gob, what's up?" seems the subject for legal intervention, rather than the protection of the

A play is a product whose market spenders. This-and the repair of a

It was the metropolitan press which, pressed through the passage of the the renowned organ insists upon some sort of law about theatre tickets, let it design and secure the passage of a measure looking toward a more divine apportionment of profits. At all events, pray let us abolish all legislation which guards over Mr. Kipling's young man who was "meant to be sold".

A Trivial Tale

HANCE, and the memory of an old friend, led me to the Brookticket-speculation matter. After all it lyn Naval Hospital. I chatted with him in the receiving room where presently, very late at night, a tall and youthful seaman A. B., strolled in. His left arm was slung in his scarf.

Businesslike, my friend: "Hello,

"Busted arm."

"Bad?"

"Oh, couple of places below the elbow. Not much. Fell off the wall at Coney Island."

"How'd you get here?"

"Subway."

The operating room was called by telephone, and the sailor told that an emergency appendectomy being in progress, he would have to wait. He seemed content. And as the conversation went amiably along he struck in an oar now and then.

The telephone bell rang, and upstairs said it was ready for the man with the broken arm. He got up, with a curious sigh. We had noticed that his arm, slack in the knotted scarf, seemed to bulge quite remarkably, and my friend, curious at such swelling, asked, for a look. Without the shadow of a smile, the patient untied his scarf. Out of his sleeve then, the sleeve that held the broken arm, there crept a small and extremely drowsy kitten.

The gob observed him critically: "Look at the little devil," he urged. "I fell on him when I rolled off the wall. Kinder squshed him, I guess. Thought maybe I could fix him up around here with a ration of milk. Anyhow, he kept my arm warm. Cute little fool, ain't he?"

-Morris Markey

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

HERE is, for instance, The Christmas Shopper.

Last year she made up her mind firmly

- That never again should she let things go until the eleventh hour,
- Or be so unprepared against emergencies that she must dash out on Christmas Eve
- To get the corner drug store's best bottle of perfume
- For anybody slipping her an unexpected pair of stockings.
- But when she was motoring on Cape Cod in July or doing the Berkshires in October,
- She did not pick up the fascinating things she saw in those little shops
- Because she never could think at the moment just whom she wanted to give what.
- And so the day after Thanksgiving finds her recording on paper That any of those dull, illustrated books costing ten dollars
- will do for Cousin Harvey,

That Alice, the glutton, shall receive a Virginia ham,

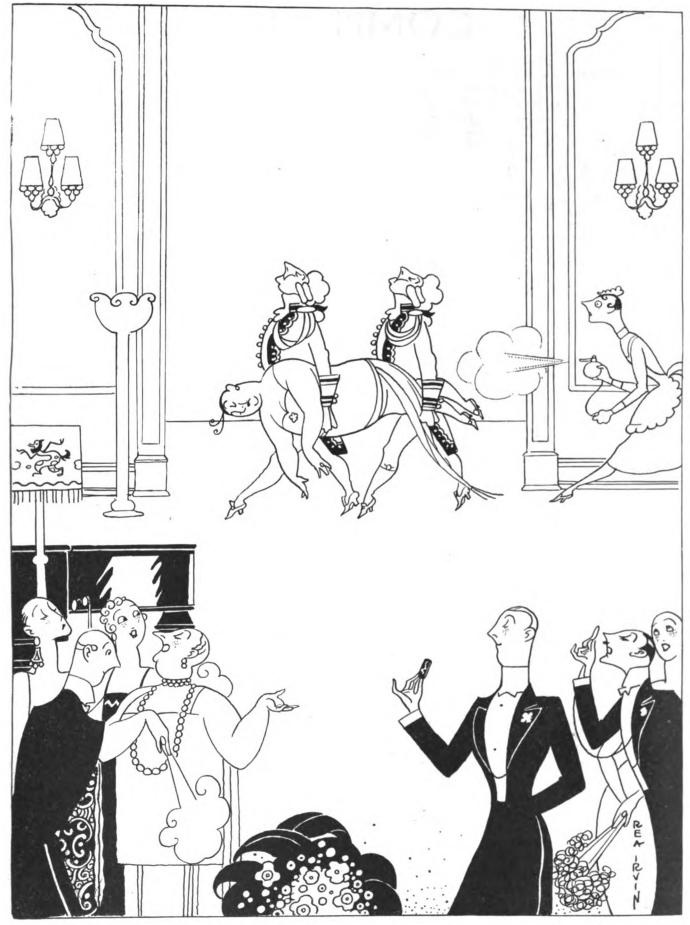
- And so forth and so on.
- Most of the things can be ordered over the telephone, of course, But be she ever so strategic, she has yet to see the Christmas
- Before which she doesn't have to invade a department store at least once.
- And so, having this year chosen to give her "casuals" monogrammed compactes-
- After all, human nature and egotism being what they are,

The average woman would rather have something costing three or four dollars bearing her own initials

Than something costing ten or fifteen which doesn't-

- And having chosen as her stock emergency presents
- Something good for man or beast, such as bath salts and dusting powder of the same scent,
- And having failed to look after seals, favors, etc.,
- The day finally dawns, along about December 10, when the Christmas Shopper goes to Bloomingdale's.
- She enters clutching immaculate list
- And fights her way bravely at first through droves of women making such remarks to their companions as,
- "I know I wanted to get some maid's uniforms, but my dear, the really vital things are garters and electric light bulbs,'
- And "Anna's givin' Bill a thermos set to put by the bed because she gets so thirsty in the night,"
- But finally she grows extremely warm about the shoulders,
- Her feet get that "Home is the hunter" feeling,
- Her list looks like a tattered ensign,
- And she stumbles out reflecting that we still subscribe to foreign missions,
- Whilst right here at home conditions like this, etc.

- And she is no Red Grange.
- She enters her house shouting for a chaise longue and a good, stiff Martini.
- Never again. Next year she is going to start the day after the Fourth of July, etc.
- IT TAKES ALL KINDS
- TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS. -BAIRD LEONARD



SOCIAL ERRORS The Hostess Who Overlooked a Green Dragon When She Threw Out Her Mah Jongg Set Last Stason.



COMPLAINT

HE process of changing Beekman Place from a quiet street into "a highly desirable residential district" is now about completed. Thanks to the activities of Joe Thomas, the taxi drivers no longer tell you that Beekman Place is somewhere over in Brooklyn. The unveiling of the Nathan Hale memorial was apparently reported in the tabloids; the taxi men recognize, with contempt in advance, the name of the new artistic colony and if they arrive at night are visibly impressed by the huge piles, known as Beekman Terrace and Beekman Mansion, with which Mr. Thomas has developed the Fifty-first Street side. With riding lights over the water butt on top of the Mansion and the hoot of towboats passing the Island below, the marine effect is gorgeousaccounting, no doubt, for the Venetian touch in the architecture. The Terrace, with its bastion sinking from street to water level passes even by day-passes because the architectural monstrosities around it make it comparatively decent. The first of these is the Venetian Mansion itself with a baronial hall and banners in the wind-among them, on occasions, an American flag with diagonal stripes or something. The colonnaded windows reveal the fact that in order to work within the zoning law (and within the more important law of getting as much rent as possible out of a given area) the architect has made each story of the building almost as high as those of the miserable tenement next door.

Baedeker on the other object of interest must suffice: "Turning to the right

we see a prime example of fausse 'dobe Fiftieth Street the conversion to architec-(or Palm Beach nouveau) style. Stucco in place of brownstone was introduced to Beekman Place in 1925, possibly in answer to the wail of Heywood Broun who cried aloud for pink houses. According to the severer critics the stucco plastered on the front of the Nathan Hale Memorial Apartment House gives precisely the desired effect, of being seen in a hangover. The spectator who, after seeing the lower stories, still fancies himself sober has only to look aloft (gratis, no fee to doorman) where the top story has been frescoed to represent on one side the shooting of Nathan Hale (who was hanged about a mile away) and on the other side with a Boy Scout's Dream of Heaven. These frescoes, or decalcomania, are, of course, on the outside of the building and may not stand the ravages of time. The road leading from the lavatory, through the kitchen, and into the wigwam, is a fine example of American art."

Not to be outdone, private enterprise has begun to rival the efficient Thomas workmanship. The house at the other end of the first block, known as the home of Louis Evans Shipman, was translated, Midsummer's Eve, into Bottom with asses ears. English, perhaps Colonial, brick and an iron balcony, are not out of place in New York, and the movies, which habitually shoot London street scenes on Beekman Place will be grateful for the bright pink and white of this house. But the process of extroversion, begun by the frescoes, has here planted a statute in a niche outside the building. Beyond tural niceness and the Babbitt style goes on step by step. The brownstone fronts remain, but the flights of stairs are removed and a basement becomes a first floor. This is called Progress.

This is the way of all streets in New York, and the Gillmores, and Fawcetts and McClintic-Cornells who came early, have only themselves to blame. They divulged their addresses; after the theatre and the movies, the decorator, the developer and the millionaire. The interiors snarling behind the façades are, of course, nobody's business. Rumor has it that in one of the more elaborate edifices you must accept a dictated decorative scheme, but the inside of any house and whether, when you buy an apartment, it reverts to the landlord after ninety-nine years are not public affairs. Architecture is. And the fury of New Yorkers to destroy their one genuine residential type, the sober, decent, deep-toned brownstone front, either by cluttering it with ornament or plastering it with stucco, is more than an error. It is an affront.

Sutton Place is an old story now. A vast apartment house throws its shadow over it. But if any New Yorker wants to know how lovely New York used to be, he has only to turn the corner of Sutton Place and look into the secluded, undeveloped, undecorated sanctity of Riverview Terrace. It happens to be brick, not brownstone; but it is native, decent, and beautiful. Neither art nor money has touched it; it is a backwater, undefiled. And how the developer's fingers must itch to correct it .--- GILBERT SELDES

OF ALL THINGS

HE rule from now on will be: "Do your Christmas shopping surly."

We agree that it is a sinful waste to cut down baby evergreens for Christmas use. How much better it would be to let the trees grow to magnificent maturity and become pulp for tabloid papers!

There is one thing to be said for professional football; it keeps one's mind off of the Winter meetings of the baseball magnates.

In the college story of the future we

may read: "The famous halfback then took thirty minutes brisk practice on the adding machine."

The faculty of City College is patriotically in favor of compulsory military

training for students. If the boys want to clear themselves of the charge of disloyalty they should now vote for compulsory military training for profs.

The French are coming over presently to try us again. They seem determined that the story shall have a happy lending.

President Coolidge told the Middle-Westerners that the Fordney-McCumber law is a fine thing because it hurts city people even more than it does farmers. The tariff, as somebody almost said once, is a yokel issue.

A scrap basket made from old book bindings can now be bought in a department store here for \$125. It makes a perfect receptacle for preachments on thrift, economy and common sense.

"The country is satisfied with itself," declares the Herald Tribune. A pretty good country? Hell, it's perfect!

A nephew of Sigmund Freud and an honor student at Brown was kidnapped by classmates, taken over into Massachusetts and tied to a tombstone. No open charges had been made against the boy but scandal mongers had spread the report that he was interested in books.

That song writer, Jimmy Walker, has had an answer to his famous question. People love him in December who never heard of him in May.

The Senate Republicans present the familiar spectacle of a family that doesn't know what on earth to do with its youngest member.-Howard BRUBAKER



MR. BULL DROPS IN ON THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR



MORE ENGLISH HOME LIFE Miss Jane Cowl in Mr. Noel Coward's Latest

.

A^T the end of the Second Act of "Easy Virtue", which is playing at the Empire Theatre, the lovely Miss Cowl is called upon to smack a cast of the Venus de Milo from a table to the floor, where it is shattered—but the tea things are left intact. It is thus that the sweet Goddess of Love fares in an Englishman's castle.

Digitized by Google

—R. B.

16



The Theatre

FEW years ago, it will be remembered, a new American Ibsen was elected. It was Eugene O'Neill, and forthwith this Ibsen proceeded to go in for unrelieved shoddy on the grand scale. His latest sample is "The Fountain", which Macgowan, Jones and O'Neill, in association with A. L. Jones and Morris Green, have produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

"The Fountain"—and this department sincerely hopes that it won't be accused of blasphemy—is for the most part sublimated Percy Mackaye, with only rare touches of the quality one has a right to expect of the American Ibsen or Shaw or Hauptmann, or whatever it was. By and large, attendance upon it is a guaranty of an evening of dullness and of wonder that an intelligent man could put down on paper such a quantity of flat and unimaginative and bloodless thoughts and situations.

O'Neill, in a program note, calls attention to the fact that his play is not morbid realism, which should have made his task so much the lighter. The story of Ponce de Leon, in the unfettered mind of a poet, is an interesting and provocative assignment; nor has O'Neill, in his arbitrary and jitney-Faust conception that Ponce de Leon's search for the eternal fountain should be symbollically merely the search for the gold of love, the heaven of youth, done irreparable damage to the play that might be written.

But then he proceeds to stumble awkwardly and constantly over the hurdle of the fable he has devised to convey his thought. For two acts he keeps his secret to himself, so that to his audience his *Ponce de Leon* is no more a seeker for the magic fountain, and no less a rather light-minded adventurer, than the *Morgan*, say, whom the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings presented in their October "Buccanneer". Only when he is past the middle of his play does O'Neill pause to remember what he after all is trying to write. And so there has been a vital wastage of nearly two acts of a three act play on what, at the worst, should have been a prologue and on what, at the best, which would not include O'Neill, who is one of the worst technicians in the theatre, should have been a few words in an early scene. ... Mr. O'Neill will with profit read Goethe's "Faust" and try to imagine it with the first two-thirds devoted to an account of Faust's pre-Mephistopheles years, years in which the motives for his later actions had not even made their subconscious appearance.

It is in his last act, then, that O'Neill has written the play that he claims he is writing throughout. Here the issue is clear and in the open, here *Ponce de Leon* is an old man, weary of life as it is and as it will be, anxious to possess again the golden strengths of his youth. And it is in this third act, if anywhere, that O'Neill gives evidences, however remote, of possessing the virtues that his admirers so relentlessly ascribe to him, to the bewilderment of the notoriously cynical and doubting rest of us.

What he gives us is an attractive stage picture or two, a splendidly dramatic scene of Ponce de Leon's death, a cloudy and sophomoric dream vision, and some rather shabby philosophy about the eternal fountain, as aforesaid, running only with the gold of love, the heaven of youth. And even here, too, he is so technically inadept that even the adroit direction of Robert Edmond Jones and a Jones scenic investiture economical and practical to the extreme, are unable to meet the O'Neill demands except with intermissions of such length as definitely to break the thin threads of O'Neill's illusion and poetry.

Walter Huston is Ponce de Leon

and is herewith awarded the first "adequate" to appear in these pages since the founding of THE NEW YORKER. There is, lamentably, only a hint of poetry and romance to the man, and yet in those qualities he is still well ahead of the role with which he has been provided. For the rest, there are excellent performances by Egon Brecher, Crane Wilbur and Curtis Cooksey in conventional parts, and Henry O'Neill is a Christopher Columbus who seems to have been better understood by the author than any of the other characters.

We do not want to seem to be always picking on people. Nevertheless, in an ill-bred way, we insist upon being told how long a man can remain America's greatest playwright after the production, in order, of "Welded", "All God's Chillun", "Desire Under the Elms", and "The Fountain".

THE Marx Brothers, whose first New York appearance in "I'll Say She Is" at the Casino most people remember because it was the night before the opening of "Round the Town", America's own Charlot Revue, are now appearing at the Lyric Theatre in "The Cocoanuts", of which the book is by George S. Kaufman and the music by Irving Berlin.

There is little we can add to what already must be a matter of common knowledge wherever in this town there is the throwing of hats in the air and dancing in the streets. The show is the most humorous musical comedy that has ever come to New York, and the tunes, as aforesaid, are Mr. Berlin's. We can contribute nothing new, thus, to what has already been approvingly said of the production.

Because we stuck around the rehearsals of the play, however, we can clear up a mystery that has been bothering a number of the newspaper critics. These honest fellows, it seems,





VOICE: "Seems like I seen this pitcher before, somewheres." —SALLY, IRENE AND MARY, at the Capitol.

expressed their doubts the morning after the opening whether most of the comedy in the show was by George S. Kaufman, officially the author, or by Groucho Marx, so naturally and easily were the nifties delivered by Groucho. Well, they can take our word for it that Groucho is the author. Furthermore, we are a bit annoyed at their denseness. Else how could they have failed to guess, so naturally and easily are the songs sung by Mabel Withee and Jack Barker and Janet Velie and Frances Williams, that Miss Withee, Mr. Barker, Miss Velie and Miss Williams composed the score?—H. J. M.

Music

THE great Gershwin controversy continues, and several experts have informed us with the malice or superior knowledge that we "guessed wrong" on the Concerto in F, pitching at us the unenthusiastic critiques of more erudite scriveners. Three hearings of the work, however, convince us that it's a good job, that it bears repetition and that it points, like the fabled ballet lady, to more and better opera from the imperturbable George.

Perhaps we cheated you when we failed to report viciously that application of the scalpel would improve the concerto, and that the orchestration

would bear disinfecting, with a few especially lusty squirts at the string choir. Even so, the orchestration is immeasurably better than that of the first Chopin concerto (or the second!), and if you want to make something out of it, hire an orchestra and we'll put on a comparative hearing. The strength of the piece lies in its honesty, in its lack of arty mannerisms and in its authentic musicianship. With which the defense, or whatever we're supposed to be, rests.

T was with strangely mixed feel-I ings that we noted the name of Basil Ruysdael in the cast of the Marx Brothers' divertissements at the Lyric Theatre. Time was when this basso romped tunefully through Wagnerian rôles at the Met, and now he pops up as a roaring detective in a production which is not so distinguished in music as it is in comedy, which, however, is off our beat. Mr. Ruysdael's only contribution to song involves him in one of those deadly parodies of opera airs with which Master Berlin contrives to disfigure his scores. His voice has that peculiar quiver from which more celebrated deep C divers are not immune, but it might be worth while to exploit the fine resonance of it.

"The Cocoanuts" served again to stress the utter unreliability of dramatic critics as a tribe when music

is concerned. The rapturously praised Marx brother who plays piano has an amusing way of stabbing at keys in the upper octaves, but he could learn much from the neglected Paderewski who accompanies Miss Frances Williams in the last scene. Harpo's performances on his seraphic instrument have lost the grotesquerie which formerly made them notable, and at the première his strings were charmingly out of tune. The singers have a supply of tremolos which would provide a fête for a specialist in musical halitosis (bad breath support). Don't bet on fights, as the Sun suggests, and don't trust the musical dicta of dramatic critics.

While we're in this alien field, let us beat out a few plaudits for Frank Tours, the conductor of the show, who steered his crew skillfully through some rather intricate rhythmical journeyings. It's a grand show, apart from the demurrers herein registered, and—but if we continue, H. J. M. may feel impelled to review the League of Composers of the International Composers' Guild.

I T was a graceful tribute that the reviewers of our dailies paid to William J. Henderson in honor of his seventieth birthday, and this weekly discourser is happy to add his word. There never has been a better music

critic than the fine gentleman who was the guest of honor at the dinner in the Town Hall Club, and if he can write as he does at seventy, what, one wonders, will he do at eighty? It is not merely conceded that Mr. Henderson is the beau ideal of musical criticism; it is set down proudly as a standard for the craft.-R. A. S.

Art

WE have from time to time fallen into the slough of wisdom and given advice about art and the press agent, urging upon all the necessity of beating of drums if any are to stop before your booth or price your wares. So it is like us not to care for a show that has been press agented-somehow we are like that. There was a bit too much ado about Joseph Pennell's show at the Anderson Galleries, too many invitations to private views and too many R. S. V. Ps. Then there were speeches by men who were ambassadors and editors and who doubtless slept in high hats. We do not like to be captious but what has art to do with R. S. V. P.? To anyone who was not born in a print shop, there is doubtless a deal of interest in the Pennell show: a sort of Public Library display of how a book is made from idea to back cover. Pictures are there in all stages of composition, text also with emendations and erasures, proofmarks and the rough hand of the god called trade. Public schools, we imagine, might enjoy this show immensely, piloted by the teachers and guides. But we personally doubt if there is any book worth quite the fuss made over this one, unless it were those lithographs Moses stumbled upon that day in the mountains. All of this is about the show; the volume, per se, is a handsome affair and we cherish it as it will doubtless be our only Christmas present. When we read it we will tell you what we think of it. Or, have it your own way.

Life being run on some sort of compensatory relativity we found that the third floor of the Anderson Galleries was directly under the fourth floor. If there be no equity in the scheme how else could we on that fair morning, with a pair of burning tonsils, have wandered into Room 303? Some of you may have gone through this before but if you have, be patient and stand aside while we throw our hat into the air. It can only happen once, we suppose, and we want to draw out limber them for you, if you wish, or the flavor as long as we can. With a bow to Gilbert Seldes, who owns the copyright, we have discovered Alfred Stieglitz. Of course we have known the legend, have read the documents and have even seen a man walking among the misunderstood Seven Americans. We never quite believed. But rushing in to spend a few minutes viewing John Marin, we stayed a couple of hours and reluctantly dragged ourselves from the room. And on our way to make a living we kept saying to ourselves, "He can't be true, he can't be true." Even now we are a bit timid about going back, for fear he will have vanished and we will learn it was one of those things that come with inflamed tonsils.

There he sits, the world's remaining philosopher, amid the jumbled Marins, content to be honest with himself and gaze upon the far off star. He has been father to the great, he has seen them come and go, and he knows no bitterness. Some of them are still with him, Dove, Hartley, Demuth, O'Keeffe, Marin. They pile about him in the little room. He will unlet you find your way around. Well, well, we rhapsodize; but we meant to, in a way. There is always one kick to an art season and we have had ours -Alfred Stieglitz and his room 303. Go, if you are jaded, go if you are naïve. We bet you will like it. Anyway there are some hundred paintings by one of the best this country has ever turned out. After an early Season of lady-like water colors, a view of Marin is welcome.

HE New Galleries have a full show of James Chapin who comes from the Oranges with a Summer spent among the pigs, rye fields and Summer squash, with a blue palette. Chapin is thought much of and of course is to be highly considered. Whether or no he is a genius we have no'way of telling. Seeing seventeen of his canvases at once we had the feeling that he was too clever, too adept with his effects. Yet that is not a fair judgment; just a habit we have of disliking a painter when he does a thing so well. The little canvas of the white horse finds him

ÉPISOD ONSORIAL E



MR.KING GILLETTE - MISLAYING HIS GOLD PLATED SHAVING SET GETS SHAVE AT GRAND CE STRAL A

in one of his best poetic moods. His white pigs with pink tails, with or without their mamma are a sort of sardonic swish at convention. Thev seem to have been painted to order to hang in front of the elevator where ladies daily go up and down for their beauty treatment. Chapin's two latest works, "Emmett Marvin" and "Miss Ella Marvin" have some sort of kinship to the later Bellows. Perhaps it is the hands, perhaps it is the angle of Ella's head, so like the studied pose of Mrs. Wase. Anyway "Emmett" sold immediately, clear indication that Chapin is liked in his latest mood. You will doubtless like the show. It is worth six you might run across in the rented galleries.

DANIELS reports difficulty in rounding up the kind of artists he likes and in drawing new work from his old friends. But he has squeezed out a new one here and there and his room is bright with a mixture of Boyd, Demuth, Dickinson and Spencer. His newest acquisition is Elsie Driggs who is showing some lovely flower things, cabbages and whatnot that artists favor nowadays. Then there is a large canvas of hers, a deer resting, beautifully done but probably with a limited appeal. —M. P.

Books

JOSEPH COLLINS'S first book about books and authors warranted its catchy title. It was "the Doctor" who "looked at" Joyce, Proust, Dostoievsky and Lawrence, and it was largely his psychiatry that made his observations worth while. But it is comparatively seldom "the Doctor" who "Looks at Biography" (Doran). A lot of those he "looks at" are not cases; so that often you are hearing from a reviewer, or critic, who, except for a medical touch here and there, might be a well-read layman.

He is a better reviewer of biographies than he has sometimes proved to be of non-pathological fiction, but on the whole his own remarks on their subjects, of whom he usually has extensive independent knowledge, are more interesting than his literary judgments. He is particularly interesting on Osler, Henry James, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Anatole France, Conrad via Madox Ford, and Roosevelt and Lodge. But by no means all his reviews in this volume merited collect-

ing. Some recent books he read were simply cases for the executioner, others for the undertaker, and although as a rule he does his part to kill or bury them, he rarely makes sharp work of it.

What you get from "the Doctor", as such, are things like these: He lands on somebody for saying Blake had a neurosis, and on somebody else for saying Poe's dipsomania was an obsession; he delicately makes two psychiatric imputations to Sherwood Anderson; Madox Ford has "systematized delusison of grandeur"; Thoreau and Lafcadio Hearn had paranoid trends; Keats and Stevenson had "mother complexes" — which is not new; Shelley and Stevenson, infantilism; Wilson's behavior toward the last was mainly due to arteriosclerosis; and John L. needed a truss when he fought Jim Corbett.

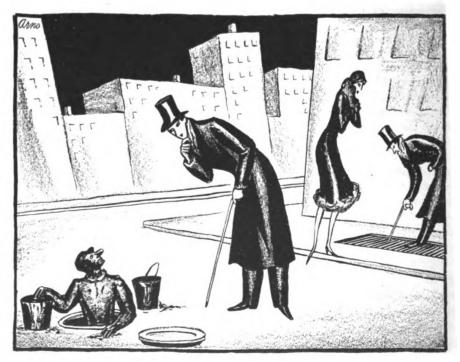
Only samples of his literary judgments can be given. It is refreshing to find one reviewer insistent on form, appreciating Mark Twain's autobiography, and to see a devoted Henry-Jamesian keep his shirt on before Van Wyck Brooks. But it was unfair to reproach the good Emil Fuchs for not writing more about art in his book, and less about kings and queens, and then fail to reproach Forbes-Robertson for not writing more about acting. M. R. Werner's "Brigham Young", certainly rather bulky than stylish, yet one of the year's

outstanding biographies by three Americans, is underrated and unjustly criticized. He says you may get something out of it on second reading. You will do well to give a second to his review of Amy Lowell's "Keats", for its opening is disproportionately irritating. "Lives and Times" appears to have scandalized him, and Minnegerode is blamed for not doing more with Aaron Burr in it; sure his "Burr" was announced before "the Doctor" went to press. It is odd that anyone should have looked at much trash and ignored Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane".

Since F. P. A. mellowed, nobody commenting on writing has been quicker to catch up small mistakes of fact or slips in diction than Joseph Collins in this and his other two books; he must pick Werner up on the grave offense of writing enceinte for pregnant. Solely in the cause of poetic justice, he is here informed that Alexander Woollcott is not a musical critic, Mr. Corbett did not fight Mr. Sullivan in Florida, Stevenson's nurse was "Cummy", not "Cunny", unloosen is correct but bad, and the statement that we have never had even an approach to a satirist needs reconsidering.—TOUCHSTONE

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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 39.



"Er-you didn't come across a perfectly-ah-ravishing lipstick down there, did you?"



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

i

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XVIII. The Weekly Conferences

N example of the efficiency and business-like organization of a great magazine like THE NEW YORKER may be found in the weekly conferences which are held daily in the office of the Editor, consuming a total of eight hours, or 960 cigars. Reports of all these meetings are carefully recorded by our Mr. Eustace Tilley, the Secre-

tary of THE NEW YORKER, and a copy is presented to each member, who places it carefully with a lot of other papers in a black leather brief case, which is left on the rack in the smoking car that evening.

This Conference Method was established by THE New Yorker in 1885, in order to meet the problem of avoiding people who came to see the Editor, and has since spread to most phases of Big Business. THE NEW YORKER System involves two styles of Conferences: In the first case, a group of three or eight men is seated around a long mahogany table and does not want to be disturbed. In this event, the Office Boy says they are "In Conference." In the second case, the Editor is seated around a long mahogany table and does not want to be disturbed. In this event the Office Boy says he is "In Conference."

Let us say that a typical Conference, similar to those held every afternoon, meets in the office of the Editor to discuss the question of establishing a standard price

for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER. The Editor, who has brought a large bundle of papers with him, opens the Conference by announcing that the subject is: "A Year's Subscription to THE NEW YORKER: How Much?" "The question," he says, running through a sheaf of carbons, "of a year's subscription is . .." he hesitates, reading over a statistical report and laying it aside. "I mean, to THE NEW YORKER, is . . ." and here he searches through a pile of books, and then in his pockets, and then under the desk.

"I know where you can get it for six dollars a bottle," confides the Business Manager, leaning across the table.

"Is the bottle empty?" asks the Art



Simon Legree-ed by our Mr. Eustace Tilley, these chastened office boys are mistakenly carrying out his hat among the ash trays which alone mark the spot where a subscription conference (not to be confused with a subscription dance) has been held.

> Editor skeptically (for good reason). "... a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER," continues the Editor, on his hands and knees.

"... heard a pretty good one about the Marquise," begins the Motion Picture Editor, lighting his cigar.

"Well, I can't seem to find that paper," interrupts the Editor, emerging from the wreck of the desk with an axe in his hand and dusting off his coat, "but I should like to appoint a Committee to meet and consider this question."

Thus, the following afternoon the Committee on a Year's Subscription to THE NEW YORKER, as it is called, gathers in the office of the Editor, and the Chairman calls the meeting to order. "By the way." he asks.

to order. "By the way," he asks, glancing about, "where is H. M.?"

> "H. M. can't make it today," offers T. S.; "his wife is laid up with bronchitis."

> "Bad time of year for bronchitis," smiles R. S., tracing concentric circles on his blotter.

> "Personally, I never get bronchitis," says J. T., "I always get red, and then I peel."

> "I never peel," replies R. S., "I just tan; but T. S. p e e ls something terrible . . ."

> "Well, if H. M. isn't coming," decides the Chairman, "I don't think we have a quorum or something, and so I should like to appoint a Sub-Committee to meet and consider this Subscription Question."

> Consequently the Sub-Committee duly meets the next day and appoints a Sub-Sub-Committee, which meets and appoints a Special Committee, which meets and turns the whole thing over to a Committee of One, which meets and appoints Mr. Tilley.

> And Mr. Tilley, glancing over the pages of THE

NEW YORKER the following morning, stumbles across the little coupon always seen somewhere about the magazine and discovers that the price of a year's subscription is just \$5.00, thus settling the problem once and for all and effectively demonstrating the value of this Conference Method, which has put Big Business where it is today. And, by the way, where is it?





CHRISTMAS GIFTS

F all the cocktail shakers that will be given and received this Christmas could be laid end to end, where would the end end? And how many rum runners could float on their combined contents?

+ + +

We are often asked what anyone can give anyone who already has a shaker and a flask. The obvious answer is another flask and shaker. For a good host must be ambidextrous these days and two hips balance better than one. +

+

Failing such commonplaces, why not a Drinker's First Aid Cabinet containing all the best antidotes and a handy booklet on what to do till the coroner comes? ÷

÷ .

And right here we will use up several lines of valuable space to recommend as a gift that excellent book "Full and By," a collection of verses by "persons of quality" in praise of drinking, gorgeously illustrated by Edward Wilson and superbly printed by Doubleday Page & Company.

÷ +

Other best selling fiction on the subject is as follows:-

"The Cocktail Book"

(L. C. Page and Company)

"Jerry Thomas' Bartender's Guide"

(Fitzgerald Pub. Company)

"Drinks"

(Hotel Monthly Press)

Personally we consider the last named the best of the three.



But do not let this orgy of giving cause you to neglect your own pantry. Look over your stock before your guests arrive. And remember, that though they may bring their own raw material, they will certainly not bring their own mineral water.

A better occasion than this Christmas for making your first acquaintance with bubbling AQUAZONE can scarcely be imagined. It will contribute not a little towards a smooth, palatable and festive holiday. Ask your grocer or druggist to send round a dozen bottles. And ask for AQUAZONE when you dine or dance in town.

A duertisement

VANDERBILT 6434

SPORTS OF THE ₩EEK

T is impossible to avoid mention of it through its bewildering paces. squash tennis, for it looks this year more than ever as if it were going to be the popular game of the New York business man who can't give as much time to athletics as he would like. You can play enough squash tennis between 5.30 and 6.30 of an afternoon to last at least three days; and people are beginning to realize that this is true.

In one respect, that is tournament play, the current season reached the half way mark when Hyde beat Coward in the finals of the Princeton Invitation less than a fortnight ago; in the Metropolitan League matches, Classes A, B, and C, it reached the half way mark on Wednesday. A rumor, which is well founded, is that the interest, the ever growing interest, in the game tends to center in class C, the class in which cavort the poorest of the good players. These fellows are rapidly becoming the majority in the field. So far, Columbia seems to have the best team, with Grammercy Park close behind and hustling with enormous enthusiasm; playing a brand of squash fully as good as that played by Class B two years ago.

BUT of course the Class A titans draw the gallery; and, of all matches, those in which the lean and lanky Mr. Hyde meets the cannonading Mr. Coward are the best ones. Fur invariably flies.

It flew at the Princeton Club two weeks ago. Mr. Hyde affects the oldest of oncewhite flannels, a ragged soft shirt and an air of being too lazy to move, even out of the coveted center of the court; Mr. Coward sports the very latest in Yale Club squash uniform, set off by a grim do or die expression, and he appears quite ready to run almost anywhere for a get-as it turned out, he had to.

There is always a pleasantly electric feeling in the gallery when these two masters meet. One could feel nerves grow tighter as Hyde fought his way through the Coward defense to the second game after losing the first 6-15. Crash, crash, crash went Coward's returns, every ounce of a springing body behind them. The ball was a thin white streak coming off the back wall. Then apparently from nowhere (but actually from the geometric center of the floor) came Hyde's octopus-like tenacle; it caught the white streak and wound it into an incredibly tangled skein, as the ball cut around the walls of the court in difficult angles. A desperate race on Mr. Coward's part, another crash, and again the tenacle twisted the gleaming cannon ball and put the game.-DINGBAT

Apparently Hyde was forever coming from behind. Apparently he could win any given point he made up his mind to get, hustling Coward out of position and shooting the ball out of reach on the next tap. In the locker room later Mr. Hyde remarked that it was an odd match, since both were playing for five games; Coward, still panting, shook his head. "I'd have taken three straight if I could."

And that was the way it looked. By the beginning of the fifth game Mr. Coward was beaten. Even when he led 12-10 in the last game, he was beaten. He had played with fire and fury, and fire and fury consume energy. Hyde, as far as one could see, had never taken an unnecessary step. There were some in the gallery who affirmed that he had not taken a good many steps he should have, to give the agile Coward more room in the court. But from the number of "lets" taken this observer does not think it was a deciding factor.

Champions are apt to stay near the center of the court-that's one of the reasons why they are champions.

From 12-10, Hyde ran out with hardly a change of hands. Coward, again, had been beaten when the match went to five games.

The last shot he sent crashing out on the back wall.

These two will meet again and the match may not get to five games. Even the most consummate master of placing is a little handicapped by a man who will not acknowledge an ace, but insists on returning it . . . and Mr. Coward, when he is fresh, is quite able to return almost anything Mr. Hyde has to offer.

T is worth mentioning that the squash ball this year is officially slower. I and all other dubs publicly declare our heartfelt thanks. It has been too fast for too long; and let me whisper that it is still too fast for the uneducated stomach. We hope our plaint comes to the ear of the National Association. Worth mentioning also is the fact that so long as Hyde plays number two on the Harvard team and not number one, the rules governing the positions of players on the teams are inadequate. In all competition there is always the question of fairness in selecting players of the same class and the problem of preventing jockeying of players unfairly.

It is a problem the Association ought to solve once and for all for the good of

OH, MR. GERSHWIN!

EAR Mr. Gershwin, this is the person who accosted you at Carnegie Hall, the other morning, and put his foot in it dreadfully by telling you how much he admired your delightful "Lady, Be Good". You had just finished rehearsing your recently completed concerto with Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Orchestra, and I rather fancy you were in hopes that your past might not intrude upon the hallowed precincts of Classic Music, to touch you upon the shoulder and serve a warrant upon you for your arrest as a deserter from the ranks of the Real Thing. Last year you wrote the music for one of the most adroit and fascinating musical shows ever put on in this city; and only a few weeks ago, a rather important musician told me he considered your "Fascinating Rhythm" number from "Lady, Be Good", the best thing of its kind ever turned out in this country. You cannot conceive with what amount of giddy expectancy I snuggled into a rear seat at Carnegie Hall the morning of your rehearsal, hoping and praying that you would dare to be yourself, with all the snap and twang that made your "Fascinating Rhythm" so utterly and uniquely persuasive.

And what have you done? Well, you afforded one of my journalistic contemporaries (who shall be nameless, as we say) unbounded pleasure; for this gentleman is never so happy as when he is disappointed by something. But I, being a suburban sort of soul, like to enjoy things; and having been long ago ejected from the ranks of the Best People, esthetically speaking, I was prepared to get back of you for all I am worth, if only you would have courage and (forgive my frankness) far-sightedness enough to side-step the absurd mistake usually made by the American composer.

You had not proceeded half a dozen bars before you were trying to write like Stravinsky. Three of us simultaneously whispered, "sacre." Then along came the hint of a melodic idea, which you straightways rendered utterly ineffectual by smothering it in a mass of very dubious sounding instrumentation. It began to look as though you were purposely avoiding a simple, direct statement. It was not until the beginning of your second movement that you struck the stride of which you are capable. Then you gave us one of the best (if not the best) bits of American music that the writer of this article has heard.

This may all sound a trifle patronizing. As a matter of fact, I am in deadly earnest. It was—and I believe it still is—"up to you", Mr. Gershwin, to put a certain phase of modern music on the international map. Yes, I know I am running a dreadful risk in saying this; but as I am a lost sheep of high brow criticism, I

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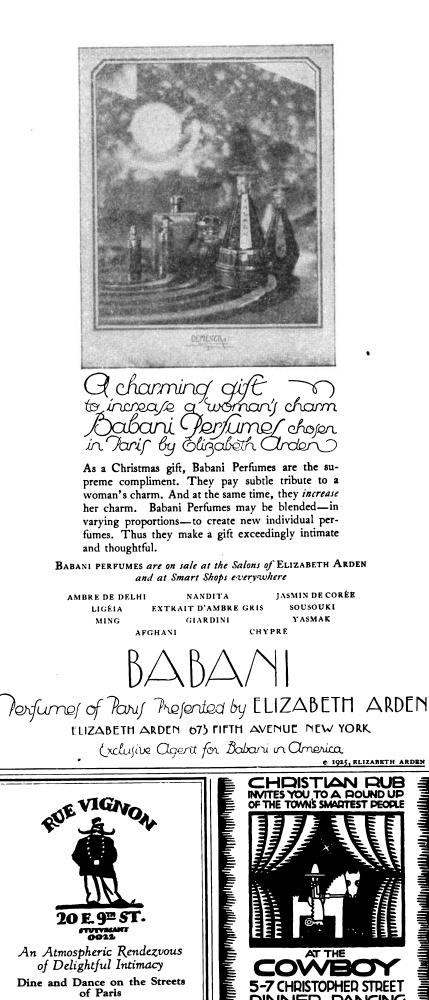
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have nothing to lose by contending that you may be, potentially, the American composer we have been hoping for through years of-well never mind who: they all sound alike. But please, please read the following; it comes from the bottom of my heart:

You are the most competent representative we have of a certain phase of modern music. It is not true, as has been said, that this is our only genuine American music. It is one phase of American music. It is music of the city. Contrary to the popular notion, it is the music of sophistication. It is automatically limited by its very nature from expressing more than two or three phases of living. It is the expression of external, aggressive physical action. It woos its mate through the simple and somewhat brusque expedient of clubbing her over the head. There are about twenty thousand or more phases of human emotion that it could no more express than one could express a traffic jam through the medium of Debussy's whole-tone scale. Coming down to the brass tacks of musical technicalities, you could no more write the "great" American opera or symphony exclusively in jazz (as Mr. Hiram Moderwell once suggested) than you could write the "great" American play exclusively in slang.

But what you can do (and what this writer hopes and prays will some day be done), is to utilize jazz in its proper proportion, as a valuable energizing component of a living American music. This country has turned out a wealth of melody in the last thirty years, sufficient to have made the fortunes of a hundred foreign composers. And what have we made of it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. And what is the answer? Because no one has arisen with sufficient intellectual stamina to catch up the Spirit of the times, as we hear it blared at us from every side street. and mould it into a form of sufficient technical competence to attain an emphatic identity. Think for a moment what an opportunity you are missing, you hypo-thetical American composer! The popular music that your cities have turned out. is one of the most poignant (yes, there is no better word) things in the world; just as all popular music is; for it is the expression of the good times of life; and the thought of the good times one has had is the most tenacious thing there is in life. Not even fallacy endures so long. But the moment you are given a chance at the concert hall, you all seem too self-conscious to be yourselves; you all try to ape the manners of someone else. And the absurd part of it is that you do this with the utterly contrary example of Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Grainger and Stravinsky staring you in the face.

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In sum, stop and consider that the greatest musicians the world has ever known have not failed to speak out upon occasions as simply as a child reciting the

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alphabet. For example, Mr. Gershwin, you have no doubt heard Stravinsky's "Patrouchka". What does he do but take the commonest kind of Russian tunes, and exploit them? What does Tschaikowsky do but make a Russian folk-song the basis for the last movement of three of his symphonies? What has Grainger made his reputation out of? A simple, direct musical speech. But you were so fearful that we should think you obvious that you became inarticulate.

Think for a moment what rattling good fun we should have had if you had let yourself go. Half a dozen times you started "You Don't Know the Half of It Dearie Blues", and then caught yourself, and put in a lot of dead passage work and muted trumpet, and so on. And what we were all waiting for was a snappy don't give a darnness finale based on a clearly defined melody plus the smart and tingle of your jazz orchestration. Henry Gilbert did this in his "Dance in Place Congo", but he did not have your harmonic and instrumental bite to back him up.

And all this time one phase, for better or worse, of contemporary America was watching you, anxiously, as its representative in the hall of modern music. All the joy rides we have ever envied, and the few we have indulged in, were waiting for consummate and more or less permanent expression. Our young generation, morally ratified by Judge Ben Lindsey, was straining for artistic incarnation. To be horribly lyrical, the prosaic, pathetic, somewhat feverish and foolish en-deavor of human beings to "get out" of themselves-an essential note of all popular music-was literally begging you to exploit it. Please, when you do this sort of thing again, look over the scores of half a dozen gilt edged composers, and take a hint from their utter simplicity of manner. Only the nouveau riche of art is fearful of the obvious.

On the other hand, I can assure you you gave pleasure to a number of persons; and your second movement was simply fascinating. The opening of it especially. Here, as elsewhere, you tendered to grope about aimlessly; but that was because you blindfolded yourself with the conventional. Please, some day, do something like this again; and, upon this second occasion, do not hesitate to express yourself simply and colloquially. If you are not careful-you and the rest of American composers-you will wake up some morning to find that someone else has had the wit to avail himself of the wealth of musical material that is lying around loose in this country; and that is perceived by such poets as Sandburg and Masters (who gave Grainger his idea for his piano piece "Spoon River"), but that is curiously, almost inexplicably, unappreciated by the American composer.

-CHARLES L. BUCHANAN





PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DECEMBER 5.

OR those who can either take authors or let them alone, this has been a good fortnight. George Moore has been here, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ludwig Lewisohn, Blasco Ibanez, G. B. Shaw has come as close to Paris as he ever gets, which is to say he has written another insulting letter to Henri Bernstein, the dramatist, which Le Temps prints in full, and Paul Valery, the poet, has been elected to sit in Anatole France's old chair in the famous Academy. The election by the academicians, the flower of writers in France, dressed in green uniforms and carrying swords which lead one to think the pen is not so mighty after all, is one of the few city pageants left over from the epoch of Cardinal Richelieu. It draws a crowd of busy bystanders, gets front page in the dailies and ordinarily results in a few duels, as the Academy is full not only of talent but of temper.

The social event of the fortnight was the picturesque Rallye-Vallière, the annual and celebrated St. Hubert's Hunt, held by the great nobles of France at Chantilly, just outside Paris. The feast of St. Hubert, patron saint of hunters, falls on November 3 but the meet was delayed because of the death of the old Duc de Chartres. Thousands of Parisians not noble enough to be invited to chase the stag, chased the meet in automobiles, watching what was visible of the old historic ceremonies attending the hunt-the blessing of the two hounds and scarlet huntsmen at the altar of the chateau church, the blessing and distribution of sacred bread to the members at the stable gates, the benediction of the baying pack and the kill at sunset, with the winding of the horns and the famous "swinging" of the stag's head. The old Rallye-Vallière costume is worn, scarlet coats for men and women, trimmed in gold braid and black hats, gold trimmed and stuck with black feathers. Several Americans were honored by invitations to the meet, among them Mr. Lyman Spitzer and son. L'honneur de pied was given to Princesse Imertinski, the guest of Mrs. H. M. Neal. The Marquis de Noailles was Master of Hounds.

UTSIDE of this, news is human) and varied. Two great servers of the French palate are gone. Emile Prunier is dead-famous Prunier, whose sea food restaurant was the Friday home of all good gourmets in Paris. His Portuguese oysters were one of the tasty traditions of France, and his American clientele so numerous that he planted for them local beds of Cape Cod clams and Blue Points could call them sacred conflicts, if that so that Yankees could feel at home at would help any.

his bar. His death comes on the heels of that of the famous Mother Soret of Lyons whose "chicken in half mourning" was one of the great dishes of the land. She died with a knife in her hand in her kitchen, where she had cooked for fifty years, and her death was solemnly listed in Comoedia as that of an artist. Meanwhile, Madame Curie's daughter, Mlle. Eve Curie, has given a piano recital.

Mistinguett has opened her revue at her new theatre, the Moulin Rouge, with settings closer to Ziegfeld than anything else in Montmartre. One act features chorus ladies in thousands of Spanish shawls. The Casino also announces a new tableau with costumes made exclusively of precious stones. Pavlowa is dancing at the Champs-Elysées Music Hall, doing a Victorian Christmas maiden and other exquisite pantomimes. But the Marigny Theatre is really the center of all American eyes. An operetta is being staged there, called "Monsieur Beaucaire". The advertisements feature twenty names -stars, sub-stars, librettists, assistantlibrettists, re-write men and re-arrangers of the book. Indeed the only name NOT to be found on the sheet is that of the American who wrote it-Booth Tarkington.

A^S for clothes, they are getting curiouser and curiouser. Callot has turned out a classic cape trimmed with monkey fur and beneath it, a moyenage pointed bodice wool dress embroidered in cloisonnécolored silk. Drecoll has a new coat of brown and black with pie-shaped wedges of embroidery in the side gores. The trimming fur is dyed cat. The Queen of Spain and Mrs. Vanderbilt, now Mrs. P. G. Perry, both set modes in Hudson seal coats trimmed neck, hem and throttle, with alternating furs. Another smart garment has been launched by the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld: beige wool diagonal, full shawl collar of beige caracul striped in darker brown caracul on collar and puff cuffs. If you haven't got a coat like this, you can't go out. Green is still gaining. Sage green crepella under a dark fur coat is perfectly safe all day. If the green frock has a low waist line, full swinging skirt with fullness kept to side and front, the whole confection being trimmed with bands of darker green flannel, then you have the costume recently seen on the Baronne James de Rothschild. Veronese green velvet has been launched by the Princesse Theodore of Russia. And so it goes .--- GENET

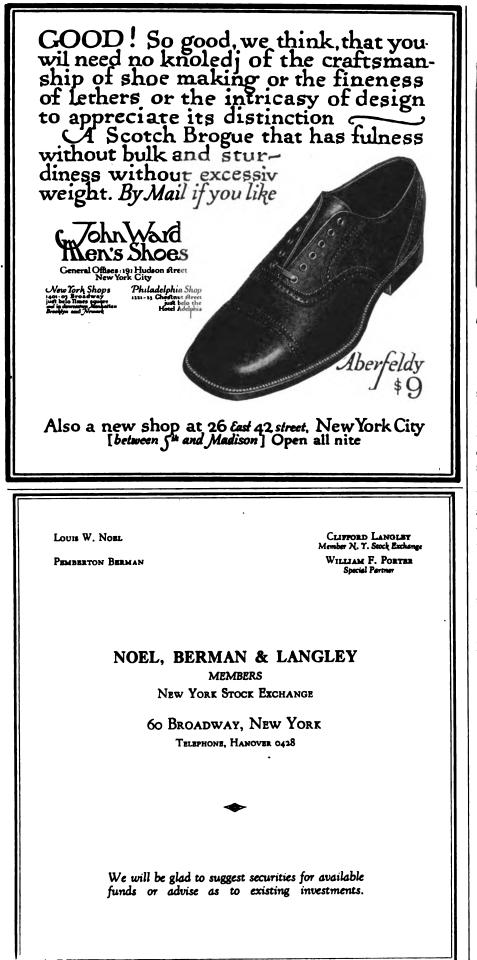
Our aldermen are now asked to pass an ordinance permitting Sunday football. We



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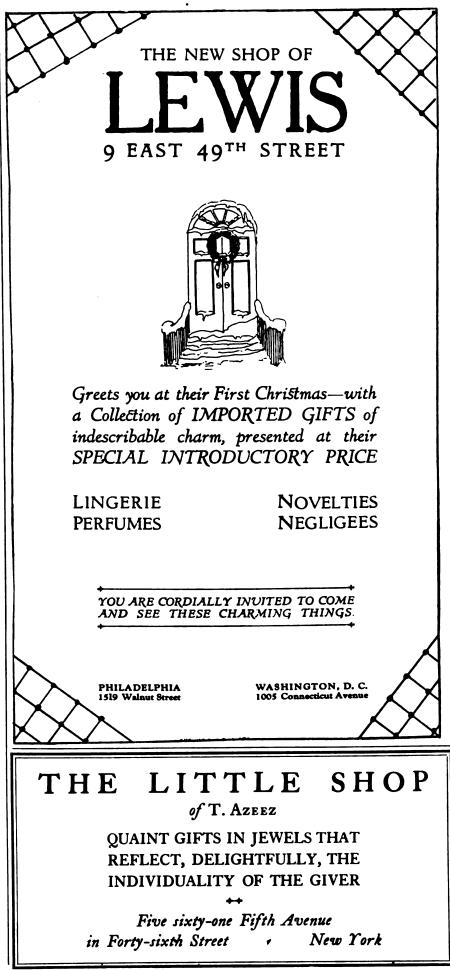
EN East Sixtieth Street has reopened its dinner and supper club, now called the Villa Venice, for the second time this season, with an Emil Coleman orchestra as the sole excitement; and New York thereby gains yet another place wherein the refined young debutante may be sheltered from the corrupting influence of fat and gaudy drummers and vapid stag lines alike. Refinement, in fact, fairly bristles (or does refinement bristle?) through the quiet, and very attractively decorated room. If you are looking for stimulation of the noisy kind, this is not the place to go. If you have a party or a partner that is sufficiently interesting in itself to keep you happy, it is delightful for supper and dancing. Might I suggest, in a nice way, that the orchestra might play a teeny, weeny, bit faster? Thank you.

The night I went to Villa Venice, I chanced to have been with a party that had never been to Harlem, which is just about as out-of-date as never having heard of THE NEW YORKER, and I promptly bethought me of my neglect of Small's on a previous visit. The new Small's is at 2294 Seventh Avenue-a spacious, noisy room with black and white drawings around the walls and quite the maddest and most intoxicating dance music I have found. (Note: the proportion of black parties to white ones is about thirty to one, and it is better for whites not to go in evening clothes). The only let-down in the all-night hilarity is the negro idea that, if a song sounds well sung once, it is exactly thirty-eight times as good sung thirty-eight times. and duty occasionally compels a dusky

female entertainer to sing "Yes, Sir, that's my baby" without variation at every single occupied table in the room. Which is just a little tiresome, and slightly disastrous to the high pitch of pep that Small's maintains most of the night. Wednesday nights, as I have said before, is the big night here, for the waiters, who make a habit of Charlestoning constantly, and with especial vim when they are balancing a tray loaded with White Rock above their heads, put on their own show at intervals—a show noted more for its noise and pace than for its technical perfection. Which means that very congenial parties in very high spirits have a much better time there than others. And, oh yes, the girls dancing here wear blue step-ins instead of pink ones, and the momentum of the place increases rather than sags towards breakfast time. Go as late as you like-and the later the better.

AISON ARTHUR has managed very successfully to transfer its restaurant-in-a-French-drawing-room atmosphere from its old quarters in Forty-Fifth Street to 26 East Fifty-fourth Street. In case you don't happen to know this luncheon place, it serves a table-d'hote, slightly more elaborate and varied than the dollar places that dot the West Forties and Fifties; that it is never crowded and always leisurely; that the food is delicious; and that delightful people are to be seen conversing there over their demi-tasses until far into the afternoon.

HE newest of the Park Avenue restaurants has recently opened in the Mayfair House, at 610 Park Avenue. It is arranged somewhat like a miniature Ritz, with a balcony running around the main part of the floor and an orchestra drowning out all clatter at lunch and yet not obtruding itself upon conversation. The food, of course, excellent. In the evening, the music becomes more syncopated, and dancing is in order. The place is intimate, decorative, and promises to become very smart. Incidentally, the Mayfair house is never confused with the Mayfair Club by connoisseurs, the latter being a theatrical dancing club which, on alternate Saturday nights, foregathers in The Crystal Room of the Ritz and forgets the hardships of stage and movie life in speculation as to what is going on between the emin-



ent theatrical manager and his newest and most attractive dancing partner.

WITH expert burst of temperament on both sides, Maurice and Barbara Bennett have severed their dancing partnership-Maurice hastening to Europe to fill dancing engagements with a newcomer, Eleanor Ambrose, and Miss Bennett continuing at the Club Lido with Billy Reardon to guide her none-too-faltering footsteps. The break was not entirely unexpected, for rumors of dissention have been constant ever since Maurice, with a rather patronizing shrug, accepted Miss Bennett, a brilliant brunette, in place of the blonde he had hoped to find to take the place of Leonora Hughes. Miss Bennett's discovery that Maurice had quite quietly been training a new partner, whose hair and whose footsteps were said to be growing lighter and lighter, was coincident with her discovery, made while Reardon was substituting for Maurice during a week's illness, that Maurice was not particularly essential to further professional success. Anyone who knows anything about the Bennett family or about the sensitive soul of Maurice can just sit down and have a lovely time imagining what took place at this point. -LIPSTICK

PUPPETS

HER heart was beating wildly lest she make a false move. She knew the vital question was on its way to his lips, and she wanted, above all things, to receive it in the proper manner. Should she allow her eyelids to flutter down over the brown depths he had so often praised? She thought she should.

Too, now that he held her hand, she must remember to let it lie limp in his fingers until the very question, and then -a quick, convulsive clasp, and an embarrassed blush. Or should she draw the hand away while she considered her answer? Perhaps that was best. Then, as she said Yes, very soft and low, she would turn toward him. her face uplifted at a very slight angle-not enough to be bold, and yet enough to be alluring-and readily yield to his arm when he would fumble it around her waist. When he kissed her, she would close her eyes, and move one foot quickly backward. If the kiss was too long, she would push gently against him to release herself.

When he left her house, minus the ring which he had left with her to secure his promise, he wondered whether he had done everything aright. Did he stutter just enough when he came to the important part of the question? He hoped he





didn't appear calmly matter-of-fact-that would never do. He rather suspected that he should have taken her hand again, after she drew it away. Girl's negatives were almost always mere lures for positive reactions. It was devilish, sitting there waiting for her answer: he couldn't remember whether he had seemed at all doubtful of the issue. Suppose he had sat there like a stupefied dummy! He didn't mean to be too rough about that kiss, either. He wanted it to be reverential and gentle; but, somehow, he was very firm in the pressure of his lips. She had pushed him away, as though she instinctively resisted that brutal crushing. Thoughtless ass! Or, again, should he have held her in spite of her resistance?

"Dear boy," she mused, before her mirror. "He was so overcome by his cmotions . . .'

"Dear girl," he told his image in the glass. "I must always remember that she is at the mercy of her feelings, carried away with them - elemental, instinctive . . . "-SIDNEY M. WILDHOLT

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

To Margaret Sanger-A picture entitled "The Death of the Stork".

To William Beebe-The subsurface . rights to the Bronx River.

To Houdini-The Laocöon Statue.

To Carl Van Vechten-A carload of quotation marks.

To Sinclair Lewis-The next opening on the staff of the Kiwanis Magazine.

To Gutzon Borglum-One mallet, one chisel, and ten minutes alone with Plymouth Rock.

To Cyrus H. K. Curtis-Ten more Saturdays a year.

To Ralph Pulitzer-A copy of the World of May 10th, 1883.

To Robert La Follette--A pair of his father's shoes and ten pounds of straw and old newspapers.

To Bernarr Macfadden — A plaster figure of Ursus Throwing the Bull.

To Captain Roald Amundsen-Ten pounds of artificial ice.

To Benito Mussolini-A cracked bust of Caesar, about one-tenth life-size.

To Coach Fisher of Harvard-Red Grange disguised as a sophomore in good academic standing.

For God, for Country and for Yale-Something in the Bowl beside Boolaboola.

To Nelson Doubleday and Caroline Duer-The wrong fork and spoon.

-G. L. H.

Last June we took a trip to Coney Island, Sailing out in the ocean more than a mile, and

There we saw a lot of jolly porpoises Turning somersaults with all their habeas corpuses.

Knighted for a Pudding IN past epochs chefs have been knighted for a pudding and exalted for a sauce. Nowadays most people will eat any. thing, which makes it so difficult to get anything to eat. Here and there, of course, there are exceptions, and MAYFAIR HOUSE is one of them. Whether one wants a modest meal or a ten course repast for a party of guests, depend upon the MAYFAIR chef to surpass himself! Edward H. Crandall Maytair House 610 Park Avenue, at 65th Street AN APARTMENT HOTEL Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Co., Inc., Agent Ar CA CAR CAR A CA The Tobacco Classic To be had at the best Clubs, Hotels and Smoke Shops and always at the HUMIDORS OF THE ROOSEVELT, 45th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

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But the "talk" about 52 North seems to be inspired by the fact that, with all its most modern material conveniences and perfect service, this "new idea in gracious living" recreates the atmosphere and charm of personality which distinguished the neighborhood life of old Gramercy Park so many years ago and made living there so delightful.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

POINSETTAS are, of course, the popular flowers during the gala Yuletide. And I was very happy to learn from a well informed florist that they are not only particularly beautiful, but likewise plentiful this year. They make an ideal decoration when, with stems clipped short, they are placed in a low bowl or basket in the center of the dinner table.

Crimson red roses are used by some people as a means of table decoration, but the poinsettas are, I believe, really much smarter and more effective.

It is hoped that the enthusiasm displayed in regard to poinsettas, and the knowledge that they can be bought reasonably at any flower shop will discourage the purchase of any made of crêpe paper or pressed cotton velvet.

Wreaths of heather and redberry, holly and redberry, or boxwood with heather or redberry are in good taste, and can be made in desirable sizes by any of the florists in town.

Because the matter of personal likes and dislikes enters so strongly into the question of flowers as gifts, no other suggestions are offered. Say what you have to say with any blossoms you are sure will delight her.

Several young bachelors of my acquaintance have confided in me that it is their intention to visit H. Hicks and Son, 675 Fifth Avenue, and have baskets made up for their favorite hostesses. These baskets will contain, in addition to a really choice selection of fresh fruits, some delicious crystalized stuffed fruits and others that have been preserved in brandy, some very palatable imported candies, an assortment of nuts, and a number of other delicacies.

Dean's at 628 Fifth Avenue has been, for years, a famous place to buy plum puddings and mince pies. They are made according to one of the oldest recipes in this country, and baked with great care. Dean's is also very favorably known for its perfect catering service, and its ability to supply the most original center pieces with prizes for grown-ups, Jack Horner Pies with gifts for children, and party favors that, I am sure, would be difficult to imitate or duplicate anywhere.

WITH considerable furor and beat-Marx held a salon recently, dedicated to women's coats for Palm Beach and Spring wear, which was a triumph of the tailormade. There were mannish coats of heavy materials, either single or double breasted, with lapel collars and kick pleats towards the hemline; coats demonstrating the princess line (which, if you don't happen to know it already, flares from the hips down) which are far superior to the straight coats for women who are wide at the hips, but which should be bought without the fur border at the bottom if you have any tendency towards the hootchie cootch movement in walking. There were furs dyed to match or to harmonize with the coloring of the coat. In general, the plain, straight, tailored coats were better than the fur trimmed affairs, which is just as it should be.

THE morning mail disgorges the following plea for aid and—such is the helpfulness of our clear-eyed younger generation—its own solution:

"Dear L. L.:

"You will do me more than a favor if you will publish a list of hairdressers who give really superb boyish bobs. I am weary unto death of the eternal question "Where *did* you have your hair cut like that?" My barber is, of course, Monsieur Halloh, at 36 East Forty-eighth Street (and he is yours, too, for I saw you leaving his booth the other day), and the secret is that I have wavy hair—which makes life just too simple for anything.

"Some women, with a leaning towards the Nordic, swear by the Robert Temper Institute, where your own personal preferences are brushed aside with a haughty shrug and you are sculped according to the manner in which your personality affects the maestro-and he is much more likely to do well by you if you can lisp out a little French or German than otherwise. Then there is the Ritz, of course, where John and Laurent are quite willing to do what they are told in case you happen to be strong-minded about what is or is not becoming. And Antone at the Gladstone. There is Henri at the Brevoort, pioneer bobber and aristocrat of

hairdressers. If you care for poetry, Robert in Fifth Avenue will present you with a copy of his published verse. If it is sympathy you are seeking, Jack at the Waldorf is your man. And I have heard whispers of a terrifying man called Peter, who refuses to cut your hair if he doesn't like your ankles.

"I also know a woman who, in addition to running a tearoom serving delicious Southern dinners (Mrs. Busby's in East Sixtieth) and conducting her own round table at dinner time, will take you into the corner and give you a very chic trim. She is probably more of an artist than the others, for this is her avocation, unspoiled by any rank commercialism.

"Of course, this letter is just another means of spending a Saturday afternoon, because my Paris friends tell me that long hair is to be the only thing this Winter. "Pat Reilly."

In answer to the long hair proposition, my only answer is "Is Zat So?" May I also sing the praises of Al, at Louis's opposite the Plaza, an intellectual soul with whom you can work out a haircut like a problem in trigonometry; and may I state that the ribald references to Robert Temper are undignified in view of the fact that the very smartest and most individual bobs I have seen recently, have turned out to be the results of his handiwork?

700LWORTH'S Five and Ten Cent Store, "a gift shop of the Avenue", has become a social success by virtue of its flat baby bottles, in gill, halfpint, and pint sizes which, with a cork substituted for the rubber nipple, have been seen reposing in the hip pockets of our better-known men-about-town.--L. L.

GATHER YE ROSE BUDS WHILE YE MAY

HE voracious realtor has followed the migrating New York Bird back to his native rookery.

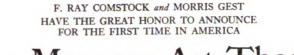
The same architect that did the illustrations for Arabian Nights has migrated to Forty-second Street and builded a gilded cadge and baited it with jaz music.

Come into my parlor said the spider etc. and buy a lott in beautiful Corall Gobbles. Paradise on earth (if it dont rain). One thousand per cent profit.

The other realtors are busy liming the trees and setting netts for the New York Birds that will make there Anual pilgrimage to the land of the fountain of youth and Gilbeys dry Gin.

"Hunt and stalk and capture thou stripling," quoth the sages from Los Angeles, "the sword of Damoclese poises near thy over inflated baloon of values. Gather ye rosebuds etc. for tomorrow thou shalt pluck cocoanuts for thy daily bread."

Moral . . always buy Florida real estate at high tide.-JOHN TUCKER BATTLE



The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

(The Synthetic Theatre) of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko First Appearance Outside Russia

Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York

The repertory for the first five weeks will be:

Gala premiere and entire week of December 14, matinees Friday and Saturday-"Lysis-TRATA.

Entire week of Dec. 21, matinees Friday and Saturday-"LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of Dec. 28, matinees Friday and Saturday-"THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT.

Week of January 4, Monday and Tuesday evenings, January 4 and 5, Friday matinee January 8 and Saturday evening January 9th, "CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, January 6, 7, and 8 and Saturday matinee January 9-"LA PERI-CHOLE.

Entire week of January 11, matinees Friday and Saturday—Pushkin's "Love AND DEATH," teaturing Rachmaninoff's "Аleкo."

The repertory for the last two weeks will be announced later.

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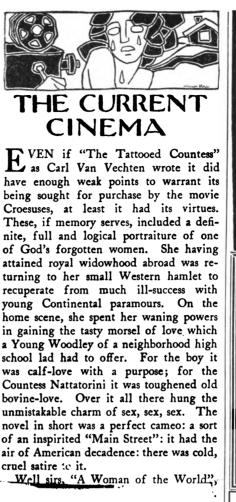


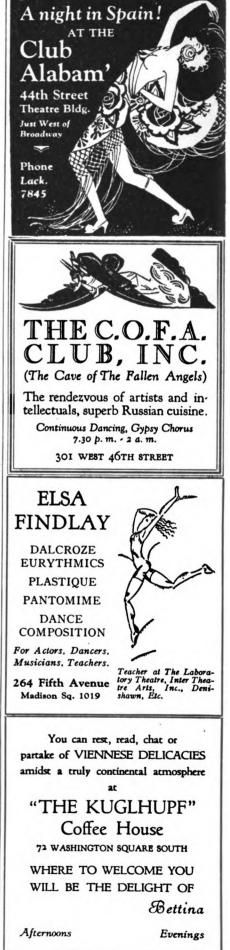
HOLIDAY Rendezvous

34

010

THROUGHOUT the Christmas and New Year weeks we shall afford a pleasing refuge either from boredom or the average strenuous night club; a refuge with the cheerful holiday atmosphere, exquisitely decorated by celebrated artists, where refreshments at tea, dinner and late supper are surpassprepared ingly and served, and where one may dance on a comfortably large floor to Emil Coleman's music. We wish to recom-mend the Villa Venice especially to the smart set of young people who





1.

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5

Irene and Mary" at least taught something about Miss Constance Bennett. She has the best manners on the screen; much floating grace and an inborn sense of re-Given a good director, some straint. likely stories and about thirty years of ex-perience and Miss Bennett will get somewhere—Mark our Words. In the mean-time, "Sally, Irene and Mary" may be said to be inflated blather—with Miss Bennett's loveliness enough to save it from utter trashiness. "We Moderns", once at the Strand, was just so much younger generation—jazz itchiness. It did present a novelty of no mean order. The usual movie orgie was held for a change high in the clouds, within the cabin of a speeding Zeppelin. The climax of the cocktail tossing and confetti throwing arrived when a sky scooting plane smashed into the joyship. No one was killed, of course, when both machines tumbled to the ground but at least the erring heroine was taught a good homely lesson. For the sake of plausibility someday someone is going to be killed in such a wreck but that will be sometime off yet.

Don't grow too anxious. Remember the movies are just a Young and Budding Industry.

'HE Splendid Crime", at the Rialto this week, with Miss Bebe Daniels, may be said, for the sake of variety, to be just bad. While "Joanna" of "The Mil-lion Dollar Girl", and at the Strand, came to the verge of burlesque on itself, tottered, righted itself and stumbled weakly across the finish, a stupid version of Miss Fer-ber's poor little "Classified" with a dash of "We Moderns" thrown in to boot. It was another case of Love vs. the Material with Old-Fashioned Virtue coming out somewhere on top of the Money. "Time, the Comedian", at the Capitol, overcame its fancy title with comparative ease long before the first reel had spun merrily on its way. An eerie and clever spirit of hokum philosophy did hang about the tale as it unfolded in the shape of a miniature clown representing "Time and His Pranks." But aside from Time's neutral philosophic kidding, there was little enough in thesis or plot to offer anybody anything to write to Nietzsche, John Dewey or Baby Peggy about.

Or even to the Philosophic Dramatic Department of THE NEW YORKER, as a matter of fact.

Which will be about all from us. After such violent dyspeptic outpourings we don't see how we are going to enjoy our Christmas. We are beginning to feel like Scrooge and the Bad Goblins. But perhaps there isn't any Santa Claus for the movie critic. Who knows? Will some kind soul write us and wish us a Merry Christmas? It will make our Lonely and Cynical Life so much Warmer and Brighter.-T. S.

Theodore Titzé confidently invites the patronage of the sophis-

ticate,-the epicurean,-the connoisseur,-the critic. Theodore knows the elements which combine to form a perfectly satisfying restaurant as exemplified in

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"I wonder why the Dutchess was so sniptious to me yesterday."

"Well, old bun, she told me how she sizes up a man. By the cut of his coat, the zip of his repartee, and the manner in which he goes after theatre tickets. You pass the first two tests, but-well, why don't you try Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . . ."



And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Belmont, Ansonia, Commodore, Murray Hill and Imperial (AD) (AD) (AD) (AD) Have you been to BOB MURPHY'S CELLAR at 50th and 7th Ave. IF NOT, YOU HAVE MISSED SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN NEW YORK NIGHT LIFE Texas Guinan Recommends It Jack Lait Praises It Mark Hellinger Says Its Hot And Others Say Other Things More to Follow. Takingly Yours BOB MURPHY

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THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, December 18 to Friday, December 25, inclusive.) THE COCOANUTS-Reviewed in this issue.

THE THEATRE

- ARMS AND THE MAN-Shaw on War. Comedy, with the Lunts. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.
- NAUGHTY CINDERELLA Irene Bordoni enchants with light French comedics and
- several songs. LYCEUM, 45, E. of B'way. THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-Sophisticated light chatter by Michael Arlen, with Cyril Maude and Edna Best. GAIETY, B'way and 46.
- BEWARE OF WIDOWS-Another Owen Davis farce, but with Madge Kennedy. MAXINE
- farce, but with Madge Kennedy. MAXINE ELLIOT'S, 39, E. of B'way. ANDROCLES AND THE LION Shaw's comedy of Christianity, revived by the Theatre Guild. KLAW, 45, W. of B'way. IS ZAT SO? James Gleason's pleasant comedy of New York's toughs and high toned.
- CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46, W. of B'way. EASY COME EASY GO—A highly amusing farce, by Owen Davis. Biltmore, 47, W. of B'way.
- TWELVE MILES OUT-Bootlegging melodrama well-stocked with excitement, blood
- and thunder. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way. THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY-Frederick Lonsdale's excellent play of crooks, charm-ing people and others, with Ina Claire.
- FULTON, 46, W. of B'way. THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—Comedy of an angel's life in the theatre. With Gregory Kelly; by George S. Kaufman. Long-ACRE, 49, W. of B'way.
- MORALS --- Somewhat heavy-footed German farce-withal humorous and satirical at moments. Comedy, 41, E. of B'way. THE JAZZ SINGER-George Jessel in good,
- theatrical, Jewish observations. CORT, 48, E. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT-Michael Arlen's dramatization of his novel . . . romantic, glamor-ous, dramatic . . . with Katharine Cornell.
- BROADHURST, 44, W. of Bway. A MAN'S MAN—Life under the "El" . . . with Dwight Frye. Forty-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way. THE VORTEX-Noel Coward's play . . . effec-
- tive drama of decadent English society.
- HENRY MILLER's, 43, E. of B'way. YOUNG WOODLEY—Pathetic play of adoles-
- cent love-stirrings . . . superbly acted by Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way. CRAIG'S WIFE—George Kelly's tragedy of a selfish wife and her eventual ruination.
- selfish wite and her country Morosco, 45, W. of B'way. STOLEN FRUIT-Old fashioned drama with R'way.
- IN A GARDEN-Uncanny psychological study of an unhappy marriage . . . with Laurette Taylor. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'Way.
- THE FOUNTAIN—Reviewed in this issue. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square. HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS—Hamlet
- played at last as a play. NATIONAL, 41 W. of B'way.
- SUNNY-Musicomedy well-stocked with expensive sets, humor and principals. Delightful tunes by Jerome Kern. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.
- ARTISTS AND MODELS Humorous and swift-moving. Shubert Parisian revue with Mons. Phil Baker and Les Jeunes Filles Hoffmann. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.

- Lyric, 42, W. of B'way. DEAREST ENEMY-Colonial musical comedy,
- tastefully mounted and danced. KNICKER-BOCKER, B'way and 38.
- CHARLOT'S REVUE-The second yearly offering of Andre Charlot with Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan: the English triple threat. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.
- MAYFLOWERS--Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in a tender little musical comedy. FORREST, 49, W. of B'way. MERRY MERRY-Hard working chorus ladies
- and principals in an intimate, trim dancing show. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way. THE STUDENT PRINCE—"Old Heidelberg"
- made into a large scale, sentimentally effec-
- tive operetta. AMBASSADOR, 48, W. of B'way. THE VAGABOND KING-Musical offering of sweet tune, colorful beauty and real plot.
- Casino, B'way and 39. NCESS FLAVIA Another PRINCESS grandiose
- operetta, this time made over from the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda." CENTURY, 62 and Cent. Pk. W. NO, NO NANETTE-Louise Groody and
- Charles Winninger in a musical show of
- Ingering music. GLOBE, B'way and 46. ROSE-MARIE—The leading lady of all the operettas. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- LA PERICHOLE-Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio's second offering. One week at Jolson's, 59 and 7 Ave. Beginning Mon., Dec. 21
- THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET-A comedy by Karel Capek, with Emily Stevens. CHARLES HOPKINS THEATRE, 49, E. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 21. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—With Walter
- Hampden and Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN's. B'way and 64. Mon., Dec. 21. TIP-TOES—A musical comedy with the new
- Gershwin score. Mon., Dec. 21. (Theatre not announced on date of going to press.)
- SALVAGE-Mr. Belasco's second offering of the season, with Genevieve Tobin and Mc-Kay Morris. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way. Wed., Dec. 23. GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES—7th edi-
- tion. CHANIN'S, 46, W. of B'way. Thurs., Dec. 24.
- (Theatre openings should be verified because of frequent changes by the managers.)

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BIG PARADE-A sentimental but stirring account of the last war. With Renee At the Astor. Adoree.
- THE FRESHMAN-Last call for Harold Lloyd and his college comics. At the PLAZA, Thurs., Dec. 24. A REGULAR FELLOW-Raymond Griffith in
- excellent burlesque-comedy concerning your unhappy Prince of Wales. At Lozw's Lax-INGTON, Tues., Wed., Dec. 22, 23.

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51-Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor reproducing European successes in aristocratic surroundings.
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3-Bohemia in evening Midnight entertainment. dress.
- BILTMORE, Mad. and 43-Roger Wolfe Kahn's orchestra completing the comfort of a spacious room and good ftoor. Evening dress not required.
- CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Cent. Pk. W .-- Colorful



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

decorations, gay audience, and Yvonne Georges heading an intimate Parisian entertainment.

- CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—The popularity and the smartness of this dancing place never ceases. Billy Reardon and Barbara Bennett dancing.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51—The smartest crowd in town, the newest reason being Moss and Fontana's tragic Apache dance.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-No entertainment, but Charlie Journal's smart following never seems to need it.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—Eccentric decorations in accordance with the title. Very Villagey. No entertainment.
- FLORIDA, 144 W. 55—Frances Williams cavorting in the fastnesses of the old Club Borgo.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49-Russian gaiety and happy-go-lucky entertainment.
- SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave.—Reviewed on page 28 of this issue.
- THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS, 301 W. 46-Exotic cellar decoration and Rus-
- sian entertainment. VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60—Reviewed on page 28 of this issue.

MUSIC

- RECITALS—Tollefion Trio. Town Hall, Fri. eve., Dec. 18. A recognized chamber music ensemble.
 - JOSEPH SZIGETI. AROLIAN HALL, Fri. evc., Dec. 18. The most important of the new fiddlers in his recital debut.
 - MME. CHARLES CAHIER. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. eve., Dec. 20. An admired contralto in an interesting lieder program.
- ADELE AUS DER OHE BENEFIT CONCERT. TOWN HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 23. Many artists participating in a fine cause.
- WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Dec. 18; Sat. eve., Dec. 19 (Hadley also conducting at this concert). METRO-POLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. aft. Dec. 20.
 - NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 18 (with Paderewski). MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Dec., 20.
 - STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi conducting. CAR-NEGIE HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 20; Tues. eve., Dec. 22.
- AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, Clifton conducting. Town Hall, Tues. eve., Dec. 22. FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting.
- TOWN HALL, SUN. aft., Dec. 20. CHORUSES — Schola Cantorum, Schindler conducting. Carnegie Hall, Wed. eve.,
- conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 23. MOUNT HALVOYZ CARGE CHOIR. TOWN HALL
- MOUNT HOLVOKE CAROL CHOIR. TOWN HALL, Sat. eve., Dec. 19.

ART

- JAMES CHAPIN-New Gallery, Inc., 600 Mad. Ave. Latest work by this painter of distinction and well worth going to see.
- 100 YEARS AMERICAN ART—GRAND CEN-TRAL GALLERIES, atop the Station. Over five hundred paintings of the best of the National Academy during the century.
- MARIN—ALFRED STIEGLITZ, ROOM 303 ANDER-SON GALLERIES, Park Ave. and 59. Comprehensive showing of one of the world's best water colorists. Also Stieglitz.

- JOSEPH PENNELL—ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park Ave. and 59. Somewhat commercial exploit of showing how Pennell's latest book is made.
- PEGGY BACON-MONTROSS GALLERY, 26 E. 56. Drawings and etchings by one who stands almost alone in this country.
- ELSIE DRIGGS-DANIELS GALLERY, 600 Mad. Ave. Some beautiful flower forms by a girl who goes her own way. Also Demuth, Dickinson, et al.
- F. BLUMBERG-NEUMANN PRINT Room, 35 W. 57. Sad and doleful reds and blacks of a tortured soul, fit mainly for those who look on Marin as a conservative.
- URGES-PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS, 660 Lex. Ave. A new grouping in a new home far away from Washington Square. Afternoons, and evenings (with dancing).

SPORTS

ICE HOCKEY—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 and 8 Ave. Sat., Dec. 19, 8:30 p. m. New York's professional players matched against Montreal.

OTHER EVENTS

- BENEFIT PERFORMANCE Of "Charlot's Revue" Tues., Dec. 22, Selwyn Theatre, followed by supper dance at the Embassy Club, 695 Fifth Ave. All in behalf of the Soldiers and Sailors Club.
- BATTLESHIPS IN THE HUDSON-The fleet still providing a raison d'etre for a bus trip up the Drive.
- SOAP SCULPTURE-ART CENTER, 65 E. 56. Daily opportunity to see cleanly art.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

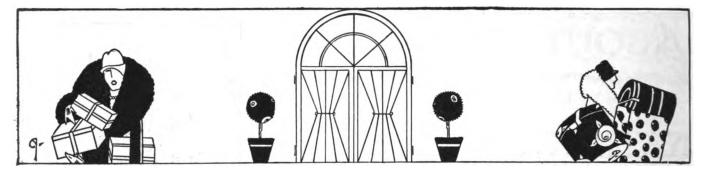
Because: yesterday in upper Park Avenue where an old apartment is being demolished, I saw the night watchman in a three-sided shelter made of old doors, lying at ease, like an early Roman or a modern French beauty, on a Madame Recamier couch he had salvaged from the ruins, beside him a warming brazier made of a piece of waste pipe, and

Because: today, the boudoir of my watchman has given place to a steam shovel, proving again the eternal evanescence of all decadent aids to comfort. —K. S. A.

Because, when I lost a slipper between the car tracks on Lexington Avenue, while the morning traffic jam was at its height, the motorman backed up the trolley car; the conductor asked the truckman in the rear to move his truck back which in turn meant the backing up of a few motors which were further back in the line, and a gallant standing near, threaded his way through the maze, rescued the slipper and put it on my foot, and—wonder of wonders—nobody even smiled.

-KATHARINE M. KELLY

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WHERE TO SHOP

If you have followed the quaint American custom of carefully reading the "Do your Christmas shopping early" signs since the middle of last August and of leaving that shopping for some time during the week before Christmas, you can avoid the last minute tumult of the department stores and secure both excellent wares and service at the small shops listed below.

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J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.

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NEW WOMEN'S SHOP DISPLAYING A arming assortment of fine hand-made Lingerie A NEW charming charming assortment of fine hand-made Linger and Negligees. Models on display and special orde taken. Annette Hamilton, 35 West 8th Street.

Maps

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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While.

NOVELS

- KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillan). Scientific romance and fantasy, with elements of parable, by the author of "R. U. R". His imagination runs wild in it, and to good purpose.
- THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Helen and others as talkative moderns. Their conversations embody much worldly wisdom and rich, quiet humor.
- FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (Harcourt, Brace). Effects of the war's separation on a blissful marriage, and on each party to it. The most powerful of recent novels of the "Doll's House" type.
- THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). The other of the two best new novels about marriages. Technically, comedy in fantasy; the effect is deeply tragic.
- GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (Viking Press). Eruption of a superman. The "god head" he climbs to, and alters in his own image, is symbolic. The conveyance of his mad desire is remarkable.
- FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (Mc-Bride). Turning of a journalist worm on visiting a supper club in the company of a slashing Westerner. An ironic Manhattan Night yarn, lively and good.
- No MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni). Panel Number Two of Ford's picture of upper-class England at war. Number One was "Some Do Not . . .". This is equally artistic.
- MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). Twenty years of fourth-dimensional subway rides through the lives of so many Manhattanites that some readers find it hard to keep track of them. A very real Manhattan, except that everybody in it is futile, and most are contemptible.
- FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). A brilliant novelette. Else's plight and fate are no less pitcous because she is inherently disastrous—would smash up anyway.
- LEWIS AND IRENE and CLOSED ALL NIGHT, by Paul Morand (Boni & Liveright). Morand's novel, which is new, and four of his short stories, new over here in translation.

GENERAL

- THE NEW NEGRO: AN INTERPRETATION, edited by Alain Locke (A. & C. Boni). A symposium, mainly of writers of Negro blood, on the Negro "renascence", with interesting examples of what Negroes are doing in poetry, fiction, etc.
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). A two-volume biography recommended to everyone except old school hero-worshippers of Jefferson and Hamilton.
- THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS, by Corey Ford (Doran). The current fashion in foolery, wise-cracking, and so on, at its best, with some good burlesques.
- best, with some good burlesques. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page). Or, The Admirable Conduct of a First-Class American in Trying Circumstances —as Wilson's war-time ambassador to the Court of St. James.

THE PEACOCK-BLUE FORD

Shall one deny himself a fling Because of humble fashioning? Nay, self-expression is the thing— Excelsior!



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Here's one we slipped in while Aunt Prue was donning her cap and gown. Spatklet converts plain, cold water into carbonated water in less than a minute—anytime, anywhere. With spatklet in the house one need never send out for the "makings." A novel and worthwhile gift for you know who. Sparklet bottle, \$6.00. 12 Bulbs, \$1.75.

Ø

Pity the poor smoking man whose life has been one continuous match hunt. Give him this Electric Cigar, Pipe and Cigarette Lighter. He just presses the button—it does the rest. Bronze finish, 6 inches high. \$5.00.

Ph.D.

Aunt Prue^{*}

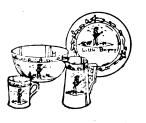
Those who smoke and those who don't may live together amicably now. This ingenious little Smoke Consumer rids a room of its unpleasant narcotic haze. Brass or bronze, 4½ inches high. \$5.00.



The folding Luggage Stand is a desirable convenience in any room but a positive necessity in the guest room. It holds a steamer trunk or travelling bag at convenient height. Finished in white, walnut, ivory or mahogany. \$7.50.



Hilda Cowham, famous English children's artist, took brush in hand and gave us "Little Bo Peep"—especially for this Bread and Milk Set. Plate, bowl, mug and pitcher in beautiful yet sturdy china. $$_{5,25}$.



UNT PRUE had a philo-

A sophical streak the other day.

She waxed eloquent on the Christmas spirit. Incidentally we suspect her of tampering with Shakespeare's lines.

"Thequality of the Xmas spirit is not strained," says Aunt Prue.

"It is twice bless'd. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

"When I buy a useful Xmas gift at Lewis & Conger's I know that it will be welcomed and used *long*, *long* after the trick gift has made its debut in the ash heap.

"When I receive a gift from Lewis & Conger's I am pleased not only at getting something for nothing

"But also because I am getting a gift that will go a long way to eliminate *working* and promote *living* in my home."

*This is not the old Lady from Dubuque.

P. S. Yes, we have some Cocktail Shakers for every taste and capacity.



"A Houseful of Housewares" 45th Street & Sixth Avenue



Would you please a radio fan? Give him this crystalline bronze Radio Index. A twirl of the knob gives the desired station with wave length, and dial reading. Small and nice enough to be kept handy on the radio case. \$3.00.



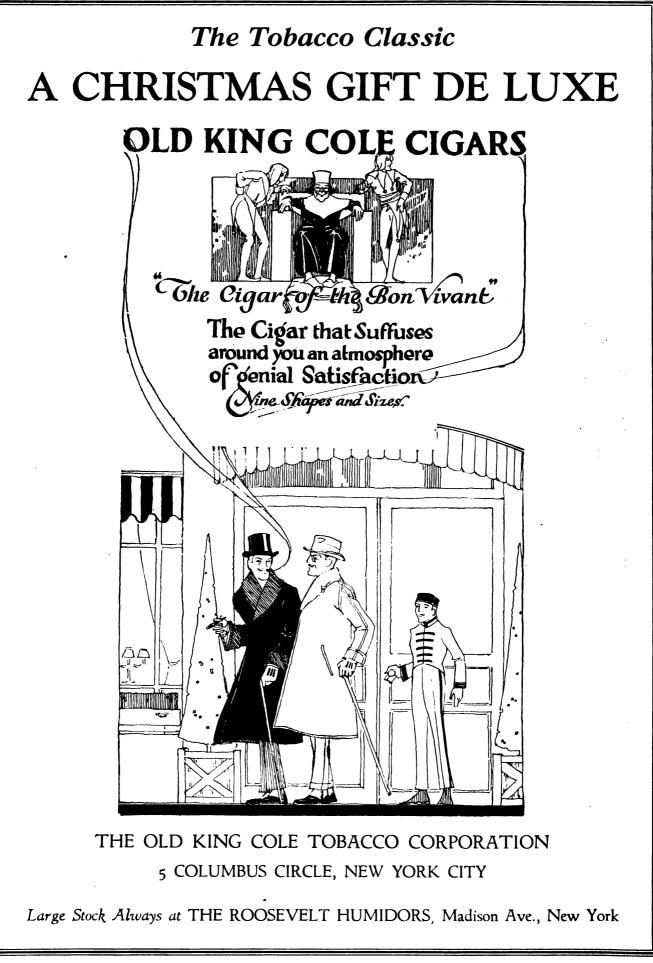
As long as men are men they'll use knives and lose keys. This gold-filled Key Pen Knife contains a blank key to be filed for its owner's door. Thin enough to be carried in evening clothes, it is always on hand when the regular key is lying home in his other clothes. \$7.50.



This Card Table is strongly built to resist the locomotor ataxia so many card tables are heir to. With ivory stripe around the ebony color sides. \$9.50. Black moire satin top table with lacquer frame. \$20.00.







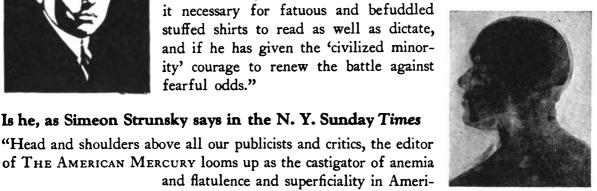
WHICH MENCKEN DO YOU SEE?



Do you agree with The Times of Hartford, Conn.?

"This arrogant, opinionated, ruthless, delightful literary snob has made a place for himself in American life similar to that occupied by calomel in materia medica. . . . This irreverent gentleman from Baltimore has justified his institutional existence . . . if he has made

it necessary for fatuous and befuddled stuffed shirts to read as well as dictate, and if he has given the 'civilized minority' courage to renew the battle against fearful odds."





"The Subconscious Mencken," by McKee Barclay. Courtesy of Simon & Schuster.

can life and letters"?

Is he, as Simeon Strunsky says in the N.Y. Sunday Times

Isaac Goldberg, in The Man Mencken, says

"Mencken has found his place in American letters as a merry antinomian; as an unmoral humorist; as an intellectual anarchist. His

position is unique; he has made of writing and living a vital concern, relevant to everyday life. The great paradox of his nature is that he is essentially lyrical, emotional, artistic."

Or is he "The swashbuckler of the Mercury"? New York Evening Post.

Or "The Peck's Bad Boy of American journalism"?

At any rate, he is the outstanding figure in literary America today. You will 4 ork find his interests, his abhorrences, his enthusiasms, see them change, de-Her velop or subside in the magazine which is almost as much H. L. for soc Mencken as H.L.M. himself. You will enjoy the New Year more Profession posses if you read THE AMERICAN MURCURY regularly.





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Sketched at a Hockey Event at Madison Square Garden

Furs for the Sports-Loving New Yorker

FOR the sportswoman and the sports-loving younger set, always "among those present" at indoor and outdoor skating and hockey events—fur coats that offer warmth in the guise of smartness!

In the picture: Fur coat of summer-ermine dyed kidskin with shawl collar of dyed squirrel, 235.00 Coat of hair seal with dyed squirrel collar and cuffs, 295.00

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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

S OME improvement has recently been made in the dime-snatching fare-recorders of the Fifth Avenue busses. The tone of the bell of the new models is more cheery than the old. We approve, but we will not be satisfied until our dime is made to play a little tune. Polite Music and Transportation could then be the company's slogan. We suggest, "One, two, three, four, sometimes I wish there were more".

I T is stirring news that the United Fruit Company is going to try to make the banana as glorious as California has made the raisin. If the advertising man succeeds in sublimating the one unquestionably comic fruit, we will admit he can do anything. We will even go to lunch with him and let him tell us how he did it.

A^T last we understand why the inventor of the dial and sued him for alimony. The brave man's name is A. B. Stowager. It appears, however,

that he invented it in 1891, which would make him at this time either dead or else long past the practical trapping age.

THE Board of Trustees of the City College has announced its decision to continue compulsory military training in spite of student feeling against it. They are logical. How could they have



compulsory training at all unless those to be trained objected to the compulsion? Besides, Deans and such have to consider what would become of poor civilization if young people weren't trained to carry guns.

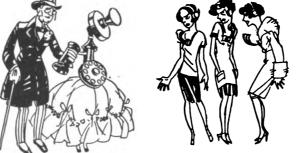
THE usual, nay, the inevitable has happened. One of the Quality Group Magazines has published a poem about April, presenting the following good old rhymes: Lost-frost, years-tears, dream-stream, deathbreath, bier-year. And following its good old custom, the Kansas City Star has reprinted it. Thank Heaven there are some gentlefolk left. Is it not suitable for someone to protest against the custom followed by charities of mailing you their wares and requiring you to send them back or pay for them? The latest offender is Thomas Lamont, who sends Christmas anti-tuberculosis seals in his personal envelope. Perhaps no more worthy cause exists than his. But we would like to see Mr. Lamont's method of raising money thoroughly discredited.

BY the way. We hope the serious minded who read Kellogg's speech of last week, read the *World's* editorial by, presumedly, Walter Lippman on the subject two days later. While not interested in the politics of it one way or the other, we found pleasure in reading an utterance to the public that was not afraid of offending those who disagreed with it.

The Week

EQUITY sounds the alarm over possibility of Sunday theatre under Mayor Walker and scientists decide that brains are not necessary to

> human life. Wall Street workers get fifty millions in Holiday bonuses and a new Hans Christian Andersen story is found. War head of British Secret Service disappears after police accuse him of misconduct with woman in Hyde Park and a geologist estimates that the race is 100,000 years old. Nicholas Murray Butler says that the



HELL HAS NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED

United States leads the world in athletics and Knute Rockne decides he won't coach the Columbia football team. Vincent Astor asserts that people in society are just like other normal persons and Eleanora Sears walks forty-four miles in eleven hours to win a bet. Secretary Kellogg denies that Countess Karolyi is barred because of her free speaking and court-martial finds Colonel Mitchell guilty as charged. Chicagoans travel 6,000 miles to be married in church about which Gray wrote his Elegy and James Cavanaugh, abroad 'since 1918, reports he couldn't find an



bus Avenue on Christmas morning, you can

mas morning, you can hear do justice to a Gregorian chant as no other choir on the continent can do. But St. Patrick's choir is mediocre, and few of the rest are worth much.

So if you are not bound by ties of denominational loyalty, you have a wide choice of choirs to make your Christmas morning glad with sweet sounds.

Model

THAT excellent portrait painter, Mr. Howard Renwick, spends the Mr. Hyde periods of his dual career creating gaudy stocking advertisements. When he first

American bartender in all Europe. churches and synagogues. The pro-

Experiments

COMEBODY is proposing that **D** making the best of a bad job is raised to the rank of a major art. Miss Mary Wiborg, of East Hampton, Long Island, who had the Hammond slatted piano sent down to her house from Gloucester with Mr. Donahue as demonstrating artist, recently illustrated how to work in the new medium. On the way down, the truck which was carrying the instrument went over a bump, and the slats broke. "It doesn't matter," said Miss Wiborg, "no one will know the difference." So the concert was given anyway, and was a success.

On the other hand Gilbert Seldes, for whose play "The Wisecrackers" no one could find a good word, says that the play was not at fault but the theatre, which was so small that no one but critics could be seated the first night. We noticed a pathetic group of figures huddled against the Public Library the day afterwards. They were the critics—all crushed.

Carolling

DURING the past week, the present week, and the week to come, the public is conscious that a vast amount of very expert and very beautiful music is being produced in its churches and synagogues. The programs, if that is the word, are always expanded at this season.

Another moral lesson, Oh ye willful.

Siki is dead!

If you care for music in the traditional Episcopalian style, with singing entirely by boys and men and much organ work, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Grace Church and St. Thomas's are all worth hearing. So also is old Trinity. Less pure than any of these is the music of St. Mary the Virgin, which is replete with kettle-drums and antiphonal choirs. And best of all, if the musical critics know what they are talking about, is the collection of voices of Clarence Dickinson, one-time conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Brick Church.

Among the synagogues—for there is a Maccabean holiday season which synchronizes with Christmas — the Temple Beth-El and the Free Synagogue of Rabbi Wise give very moving samples of the wail of Israel and the emotionalism of Asia Minor, not pretending for a moment that music, even in the church, can be anything but emotional. And with the same appeal, the Russian Cathedral, although the Greek Church celebration is not for two weeks, offers music from the throats of men with contra voices that can shake buildings.

Of all the churches, the Catholic scem the weakest on music. There is the Paulist Fathers, of course; which, if you can risk the crush along Columdecided to enter commercial art—via three masterpieces for a foot-ease company—he adopted the *nom de foulère* of Hayden Hayden, suggested, I am told, by the celebrated Brothers Haig of Scotland. This poetic combination, as well as his own baptismal designation, is listed in the telephone directory, thereby establishing art and commerce in separate niches, though both reside under the same roof in Sixty-seventh Street.

Lately, a young lady visiting his studio to view the Renwick portraits, chanced upon a canvas of a damsel whose matchless contours of limb testified to the excellence of certain hosiery. It was signed Hayden Hayden and the discovery brought an exclamation of delight. Did Mr. Renwick know that charming Hayden Hayden? Mr. Renwick did, indeed.

"Do you?" he asked.

"Oh yes. Very well. I used to pose for him."

Metamorphosis

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THERE is to be a New Masses. It is not to be anything like the old Masses, which the Government suspended in 1917 for obstructing the draft, excepting that it is to have as an editor Michael Gold who was with the old concern.

From what I hear, the new paper is to be very pleasing to the eye, printed throughout in three colors, with forty

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per cent of its pages reserved for cartoons, decorations, and the higher art. To make this possible, Egmont Arens, once with Vanity Fair—note how times change—is to stamp it with his genius and print it on his own press, the press that prints the Playboy Magazine. Certainly Mr. Arens has had great experience in getting out periodicals worth looking at, and will do well with this new thing if anybody can.

The contributors, as announced, are to be all kinds of people: Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Upton Sinclair, of course; then Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, and others known to readers of the *Ladies Home Journal*; Edmund Wilson, Jr.; and a hodge podge of playwrights from Eugene O'Neill to John Lawson. It is to be welded into a periodical that knows no fear, is unsentimental, swift, athletic, intense, without fetish, committed to the international labor movement, but without political bias.

ALL of this imposing program, however, is contingent upon whether or not the public will subscribe \$10,000. The \$10,000, of course, won't run it; but it is apparently to be a way of finding out how many people really want such a magazine. A form of insurance. The people who are putting up the real money are the beneficiaries of Charles Garland, who in 1922 inherited about a million dollars, refused on principle to accept it, changed his mind, refused it again, changed his mind again, and finally gave most of it to the American Fund for Public Service. Norman Thomas and Lewis Gannett of the Nation, Professor Lovett of the New Republic, and others are in control of the fund. They are going into it as they went into the ephemeral Leader-the old Call.

Perhaps the fact that they lost \$40,000 in that venture is why they are insisting this time on the public's putting in its mite.

Finis

THE war, it appears, is over. Locarno had something to do with the lowering of the curtain . . . and then there was the late incident at "The Big Parade", which the Duke of Amhalt, a German princeling, attended lately with an attractive postdebutante.

Mr. Stallings's moving picture is cunningly devised to play on the memory of wartime emotions and the music, most stirring of memories, crashes loud with the old appeals-"Madelon", "Tipperary", "Pack Up Your Troubles", "Hinky Dinky, Parley Vous", and the rest.

The young lady listened and as successive battle songs poured forth she wondered if she were not remiss in patriotism. Not yet a decade gone and she was forgetting the sacrifices, the glories . . . and there she sat beside a princeling of an enemy house.

And then the thunder of the orchestra roared the opening bars of "Over There". It seemed too much. The young lady stirred uneasily, halfresolved to rise and fly from the scene of her treason. But the Duke of Amhalt smiled benignly: "Ah," said he, "that delightful fox trot they are playing now in Germany."

WE heard further proof last week that members of the Lucy Stone League are nevertheless feminine. It seems that Laurette Taylor and Ruth Hale debated for two hours at one of their meetings before they discovered that they were both on the same side.

12 to 17

THIS season there is as much giggling in the rows where the theatre parties sit as ever; and the Parent's League has not lost its faith in the laughter of the innocents. The Christmas bulletin of that organization is in the hands of its 1300 members.

It isn't a new organization. We heard the other day at the Park Lane: "Heaven's! Haven't you ever heard of the Parent's League?" And we turned to see a young lady, probably from out of town, being reduced to a grease spot.

Mrs. Edwin G. Merrill is chairman of the theatre committee. She and others go to all the plays and decide whether it is suitable for the sheltered mind of from 12 to 17. They do not recommend. They simply state the case and allow the individual parent to decide—a recent concession, by the way, to the fact that even among the 1300 carefully selected parents perfect agreement is no longer possible. Yes, one must qualify socially to become a member, and one's children must go to private schools.

As to their policy: "Artists and Models" they would obviously damn. "The Green Hat" and "The Glass Slipper" would be frowned upon because in them people are openly in love with other people's wives and husbands. This explains why Mr. Arlen, through the peephole of his curtain, hasn't seen more of the youth of our upper class.

In our presence a producer once shrugged his shoulders to the question as to whether it were worth his while to try to please the League. "Theatre Parties decorate a house," he said. Which anyone who has gone about the last two weeks and used his eyes will admit.

Sanctified

MR. BEN LYON, one of the more prominent of the late screen crop of Valentinos, consented, as an item of publicity, to lend his cameo-theatre-like profile to the adornment of photographs of some gentlemen's Fall hats. From this fact comes our practically weekly story of the so-called silent drama.

The deed, presently, was done; and, subsequently, the editor of the fashion magazine which had arranged the photographing made inquiries from Mr. Lyon's personal representative. The hats furnished were model hats, and the manufacturer was anxious for their return. He could not manufacture his season's supply until this was done. It was not a question of hats-Mr. Lyon might have a hundred if he wished—but these particular hats. They were very important; vital, in



fact. All this the editor explained. And would Mr. Lyon be so good as to return them?"

"Unthinkable," said the personal representative. Then indignation faded from his voice and awe came into his tones. "Don't you realize that Mr. Lyon has actually worn these hats on his own head?" he demanded.

Crusade

OUR devotion to the cause of a smoking room in the Public Library has, at any rate, reduced Director Anderson to the expedient of relating anecdotes in defense of his persistent denial.

Last Summer, it will be remembered, there was quite a to do over the wearing or doffing of coats in the reading rooms—the slaves to comfort deploring Director Anderson's insistence upon full clothing. Very lately, however, the director has capitulated, with the announcement that coats will not be required during the next hot season. But just to show, as he said, the extremes to which certain individuals will carry their whims, he related the aforementioned and immediately ensuing tale:

Last Thursday a charming old gentleman approached the check room on the main floor and, gently doffing his shoes, asked that they be cared for against his return. Shoes, he explained, were the chief burden of modern civilization—he had always been able to enjoy a book most when sitting in socks—and he did not intend for city folks to destroy his ease. Needless to say, he was forced, after much argument, to conform to the commonplace, and wear his full harness during his encounter with Suetonius.

Mr. Anderson was assured, thereupon, that no such mile would be attempted by tobacco users if only they were given their gently requested inch; and he promised, I hurry to report, that the matter of a smoking room would be placed before the board of directors at their next gathering.

THE office boy in George W. Wickersham's office poked his head into the anteroom one day last week and inquired for Mr. Nutenberger. The former Secretary of War, Mr. Newton Baker, answered promptly. He says this has happened to him before in New York.

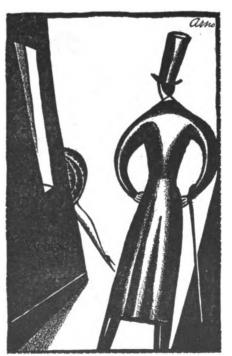
Waits

T is idle to sit back and shed tears Lover the disappearance of Christmas waits from the life of the townalthough this seems to be an annual seasonal indulgence in sentiment-because, to be honest, in the memory of present man we have had no such strolling bands. The nearest approach to them were the heavily-brassed German musicians who cluttered apartment house courts with their guttural symphonies. Even these were not identified with the Yuletide, although they would stand ankle-deep in snow, inflating and deflating purpled cheeks for hours in the hope of small rewards, which were often merely redhot pennies, heated over gas jets by mischievous youngsters and thrown from the windows.

Now they have almost disappeared; and soon, no doubt, they will be wholly extinct. The radio has done for them, it would seem. When the apartment housewife may, by turning a few knobs, tune in on Vincent Lopez and his ilk, there is no reason why she should stand by a window sill, tapping with her feet the measure indicated by the resonant "umph-phump-bah" of the lusty bass horn.

Sequel

I T is, perhaps, because Dr. Mary Stopes is an advocate of birth control that she is such an incurable optimist; or it may be that the order of



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the statement should be reversed. Whichever, her optimism is proved beyond hope; and this by her own action. While "The Vortex" was playing in London, she wrote to Mr. Noel Coward suggesting that they colloborate on a sequel to his play—one of her own works had been produced at dire financial cost to her husband, they say—in which the same characters would appear, but in which their regeneration would be effected.

Mr. Coward vouchsafed a reply to this kindly offer, looking towards something sweeter and finer.

I should like very much to colloborate with you in such a worthy cause so ran Mr. Coward's courteous note but, having written "The Vortex", I know how it comes out. For instance, the box of dope which Nicky's mother throws out the window is found, next morning, by the gardener's daughter, who takes some and likes it very much. She eventually ends up in one of those places (you know, those *bad* places) in Marseilles.

Hacking Gentlemen

AILY the highways of our city become more colorful under the influence of the newer art in taxi decoration, an art of bright paint and brass, and more red and green lights than the Twentieth Century Limited carries. And the obvious explanation for the deluge comes in the recent high court decision in favor of the Luxor Cab, one of the most resplendent exponents, which gives them the right to enjoin such hacking gentlemen (said to number two thousand) as make bold to copy their distinctive design. The trade-mark of a taxi, hence, is officially recognized as its entire decorative scheme.

The game of copying the color scheme of successful taxis is an old one-it has made the complexion of our traffic chameleon-like-now red, now yellow, now green. And with such imitation has come further complications. Early hacking organizations such as the I. T. O. A., were groups of cab owners joined together for mutual protection, setting up rigid requirements for their drivers-three years of experience on the streets of Manhattan, etc. But, today, most organizations originate, not among the taxi owners, but, instead, among the automobile manufacturers. The modern practice is to sell cars on the in-

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stallment plan, to whoever will buy and to include, with the buying price, trade-marks and distinguishing color schemes such as had already gained the confidence of the public. Companies even rent the use of insignia, including the legal insurance, at so much a month. And, in the heat of sales campaigns, the education of the purchaser, and prospective driver, ofttimes suffers.

ALL this my obliging informant, the Club Taxi Starter, explained to me in much detail. He has, he says, much sympathy with the Luxor cabs in their fight for protection. But very little for the modern practice installment plan sales.

"What chance," he asks, "have my drivers with ten years experience of getting a fare away from one of these new cabs? A kid, two days out of training school, with only the first installment on his splendiferous coach paid for, comes sailing up with fresh paint enough to dazzle a blind man, and off our customer goes, probably to a wrong address."

BUSINESS: Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, in a public advertisement, announces that he is all broken up over the death of Ladislas Reymont, one of his writers. He is going to publish the dead man's "The Promised Land" right away. The promptness with which the publisher has got out his circular may be due, as he says, to the fact that Reymont's death was not unexpected.

The Garden

PROFESSIONAL hockey as a sport of fans, when last observed, was trembling in the balance as much as anything can which Tex Rickard has set his heart on popularizing. A visit to a heavily fur-coated box the night of the first match, two weeks ago, gave me the impression that most of the people that night were sight-seeing. Conversation was mostly about horses and bazaars.

The second match, however, gave a chance for the hockey fans to bawl as loud as they wanted. They did; but for every bawling fan, there were a score of people turning their heads to see if it were really someone excited or only a man having a fit. The attendance was low the second night; and the empty upper galleries, where,



TWAS CHRISTMAS IN THE PEST HOUSE

by the way, most of the money is made, exerted their deadening effect on all but the vitally interested. The spectators were still sight-seeing last week.

By the end of the game, however, the excitement of the contest persuaded a good many out of their reserve. Tex Rickard knows that hockey, whether accepted by the prize fight going public or not, is a good sport to watch and an exciting one. The Garden takes well to ice; bands and fancy skaters in the intermissions soften hard hearts; with an equipment like the Garden, badminton could be made to drive crowds into a frenzy. As my taxi driver said, Rickard is no fool.

The ice, by the way, is coffee-colored, and as the evening progresses, grows to look more and more like a big cake of maple sugar the mice have scratched up.

Distingué

MR. VINCENT LOPEZ was the victim lately of that odd form of practical joking to which the larger figures of Broadway have turned for their relaxations.

By telephone, he was advised that his supper club, *Casa Lopez*, was to be honored by the presence of the French Ambassador.

Naturally, Mr. Lopez went to ex-

tensive preparations. And they seemed justified. One after another, gentlemen in the group made to withdraw their wallets, but the Ambassador waved them aside.

"I will settle this personally with M'sieu Lopez," he announced.

Thus the fun continued until six A. M., with the orchestra's overtime piling up. And it was not until six o'clock that the Ambassador cast aside the red sash and revealed himself as a vaudeville actor of note.

Mr. Lopez, it is said, hopes that something may be done soon about the French debt.

N EW liquor in old glasses: an enterprising bootlegger, we learn, is furnishing, complimentarily, to selected patrons, half-dozen lots of whiskey glasses which have gained a small vogue since the onset of the great drought. They are the glasses upon which are graduated scales for drinks: the two finger line has a marking, "ladies"; three fingers, "gentlemen's", and at four fingers there is an etching of a rather stout pig. In the latest edition, the bootlegger's telephone number is etched upon the glassware.

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-THE NEW YORKERS

Heroes of





LETTER-CARRIER NO. 7589—Who has toted, on the small of his back, during the past two weeks 1,978,473 pieces of direct-by-mail advertising, 6,987,324 Christmas cards, 5,947,234 fan letters to radio performers, 8,904,702 begging letters from various charity funds, 5,896 good luck chain-letters and 198,794,642 letters from insurance companies setting forth the tragedies and horrors of this life below.

the Week



HARRY HOUDINI — Who is easily the greatest magician that ever lived, who has been practicing his art at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, and who counts it a bad week's work when he does not force a hundred professional spookchasers into the comparatively honest oil stock game.



TOM RICE—Who played the leading lady's part in Sing Sing's musical show, "Top Mole", last week. Mr. Rice is an eminent bandit doing two and onehalf to eleven years. The make-up is part of Warden Lawes's scheme for fitting Mr. Rice to re-enter society at the end of his term. THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN—Who has bought and will raze the Yerkes house at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue to enlarge his garden. The 153 by 100 foot plot will make the most expensive garden in the world, save only, of course, Eden.

BARN

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CLARENCE S. DARROW --Who, pursuant to his love for wielding the cudgel for the oppressed and forsaken, buttered up 3,000 negroes in addresses in Harlem, not having heard that it is the white race that is discriminated against at present in New York.

THE USEFUL GIFT∼₩HY NOT?

Christmas Mythology, that charming phantasmagoria bright with blue and silver and vermilion fables, surely no page is richer or more romantic than that which the National Advertisers have painted with their happy fancies. For the past few weeks I have hung entranced over the Utopia depicted in the back pages of the popular magazines, and pensively wondered whether this idyllic state of society actually existed anywhere outside the charming two-color-process hopes of the poet-manufacturers.

In what house-of-dreams-come-true, for example, does Christmas dawn see the family gaily troop upstairs into the spare bedroom to greet with cries of joy a new Beauty-test Super-mattress, with its resilient inner-springs surrounded with pure felted cotton? What bride is made happy by a gift of Pugilist Spark Plugs, or a handsome set of Nonpareil Long Nose Pliers in a holly box? And how about poor old Is anyone really so thoughtful Dad? as to present him with the muchdesired Silver King Sash Cord, complete with twenty-year guarantee and step-by-step easy illustrated directions? Then that boy of yours! How many of you parents have the imagination to delight the lad with a real he-mansize Rattle and Trapper Electric Drill, with the pistol grip and trigger switch? He can work eight hours a day at his regular job and earn all his blackjack and frat-pin money besides by means of this useful toy.

One so hopes that this Elysium is actual! Life's disillusionments would

N the vast illuminated scroll of lie a trifle more lightly upon the outraged mind, were I certain that grandfather's pitiful longing for that most complete of architectural materials, Tortoise Cement, which embodies so fastidiously all that is necessary for construction, decoration, permanence and economy, might be assuaged by a generous supply of this commodity.

Why should not grandmother's stocking bulge richly with radio batteries, or with a Paradigm adding machine to help her count the stitches in her knitting? As for Aunt Elvira, can any cogent reason be advanced why her Yuletide should not be brightened by a soldering-iron electricallyattached? In her eyes I have seen the wistful yearning! And alas, Uncle Edmund! Knowing his predilections as I do, could I support the spectacle of his quivering lip and quickly averted head when the punctual return of Noel brought no self-locking radiator cap or virgin white Tarara onyx ball, for the instrument board, imported from old Mexico?

In a word, no,-I could not support it. Therefore'the pensive wonder to which I referred at the beginning of this article must engender a positive faith. As, despite Behaviorism and Intelligence Tests, the modern child clings screaming to the sweet old myth of Santa Claus, so must I believe in the National Advertisers'

compulsive Country of Cockayne. I insist upon my idyll.

There, in that province of the nextto-reading-matter phantasts, the whole happy household is aroused on Christmas morning by little Bertie frenziedly treading the pedals of big brother's Suburban Model Registering Piano, gift of fond parents now scampering down the turn of the stair. A moment later the Head of the Family rushes toward Mother, dragging behind him an However Homepride Electric Cleaner with the famous high-vacuum attachments. How her grateful laughter trills as she picks the matted threads and encrusted grit from the motordriven brush! How it rises and falls in half hysteria!

Observe too the pretty vanity of Sister, appearing in the exquisite daintiness of her new Horsechestnut Ribbon Garters, shirred velvet in merry colors, decked with ribbons and flower buds! Bertie now struts beside her, sporting his first silk arm bands with tailored satin bows. Then the heart leaps as our dashing sixteen-year-old Annabelle staggers in, clanking and clattering her set of Swede Steel Cross Chains with their red enamelled connecting hooks! "My son," quavers Father, "how can I ever thank you for the subdued blue-black lights and the burnished age-old glint on this gross of McFunny Hinges! The professional skill of your architect or builder must have proved helpful in their selection!"

Ah, what a merry time! Ease. comfort, safety, and peace of mind! What joy inheres in such expressions

Giving to Lessen Household Cares





of our love and esteem! Nor has the faithful service of beaming Dinah, peering from the door of the dining room, gone unrewarded. Observe how she joyfully pounds upon the new Art-Rug her long-desired Triple Bar Bumpers, gorgeous in their big red bows!

I have dreamed, perhaps. But might it not be verity? Must the sweet vision fade? I can cite the work of many noted ex-illustrators to support my positively clairvoyant imagination. Their fancies concerning the happy Yule of countless American families have fascinated my tear-bright eyes on many a full page and double page. It is true!

It must be true! The National Advertisers are here to help you. You you all the information you need. No,

can no longer complain that you must not that one,-that's a Tube Rejuvepuzzle your brains unassisted. If Fred, who works down at the factory, stands in need of a new bookkeeping machine for next year, they will help you to locate one with just the automatic column selection, and ten-key simplicity and speed, that you know his boss would desire. And that means 999,999.99 capacity! A new Automatic, Alphabetic, Geographic, Numeric and Subject Filing System may be one of the things Grandfather hardly dares to hope for, as he sidles past you, with that shy expression, in the hall. But is his old one getting wrinkled? If it is, just rustle through the Magazine with Five Million, and a particular page will be sure to offer

nator!

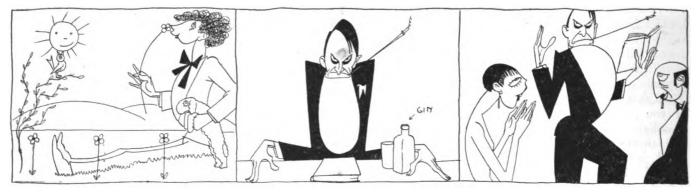
As you loiter among your rare first editions, your Lanvin models, your boxes of marrons glacés and yellow orchids, your Boule and your lacquer. your Cyprian and amber scents, your delicate toys of shagreen and tortoiseshell, above the splendor of your Sixteenth Century Persian rug, rich with emblematic ornamentation of cheetahs demolishing gazelles,—as you recline thus, upon your exquisite Eighteenth Century satinwood settee, and trifle with your Seventeenth Century painted vellum fan,--think it over. Languisher amid effete delights, why not the truly useful Christmas gift?

Why not indeed!

-ELINOR WYLIE

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

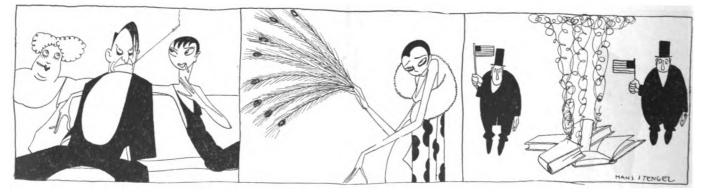
"Outraged Citizens Burn Lewd Books."-Daily Newspaper



RAISE to the bard whose fertile lyre sings of the golden Summer-time, of flag and mother, who with fire composes things in prose and rhyme.

But he whose foul and monstrous fiction makes mince meat of our Decalogue, is smitten with the malediction of the Church and Synagogue.

Thus Carl van Houten's sole endeavor was but to gain the hollow praise, that wicked sinners have forever tendered those who laud their ways.



Society's corrupted wenches hailed him, who glibly mocked the chaste; his lyric flowers' evil stenches were pleasing to their jaded taste.

He praised the peacockfeathered Strumpet, and laughed at noble womanhood, and blew the Satyr's brazen trumpet to earn a lavish livelihood.

But honest men will never suffer rogues who rave of restless sex. They burned the writings of the scoffer. Vox populi suprema lex.

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-HANS STENGEL

PROFILES

A Fifth Avenue Maverick

N New Zealand and certain of the South Sea Islands there is a term of opprobrium known as "going native". It applies specifically to renegade whites-usually British-who voluntarily forsake their people and the border fringe of civilization for the dark mysteries and people of the interior. Such people are held in just contempt by white colonists, and usually they come to untimely ends, with pink elephants and eight-headed giraffes figuring largely in their demise.

It is doubtful, however, that the most flagrantly renegade white could equal the case of a bred-in-the-bone Vanderbilt, and direct descendent of the Commodore himself, who voluntarily forsakes the ways of his fathers and sets himself up as publisher of a penny tabloid, and representative of the Great Common People. For such a Vanderbilt to eschew Fifth Avenue and New York for the primitive stretches of the West is in itself unthinkable, but when he carries his strange obsession so far as to attack vested wealth as if it were in some way analogous to treason-well there are things which not even stark insanity could excuse, and insanity does not run in the Vanderbilt blood.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of General Cornelius Vanderbilt III, great great grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, is as alien to his blood as a marmoset to a gorilla. You may call him what you will, genius, hero, visionary or even silly, and you will find people to agree with you, but if you have any regard for the eternal verities at all, you cannot by any stretch of the imagination class him as a Vanderbilt.

The Vanderbilts as a clan have long held a warm place in the public heart as one of the nearest approaches extant to an American aristocracy. Square jawed, acquisitive, dominating, their position was laid down for all posterity by Cornelius II, as he stood with his sturdy Dutch legs planted firmly on the hearth of his Fortysecond Street offices-"The Public-



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

bah-The Public be Damned." And the public, accepting this as the natural order of things, applauded.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry among the so-called 400 during the rollicking Nineties made a habit of parading his horses up and down the Avenue, but it his articulate philosophy may be amply

took a Vanderbilt to sweep with coach and four down the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians like chaff, lest the polished hoofs of his steeds should be spattered with mud.

The first rift in the Vanderbilt tradition and outcropping of nonconformity came when Cornelius III insisted on marrying Grace Wilson for no better reason than that he loved her, in the face of the fact that her social standing had been challenged by the ultra-plus-ultra. The first fruit of this union was Cornelius, Jr. The new heir was born quietly and, like all good Vanderbilts, first saw the light in one of the family palaces in Fifth Avenue.

The parallel almost stops there, although there is nothing in his early childhood particularly worthy of note, except that "Neely" was known to his elders as a "sweet boy", and sweet is an epithet rarely applied to Vanderbilt men.

It was as he approached maturity that it became more and more apparent that, from the strictly Vanderbilt point of view, something was very, very wrong. He shot up like a bean pole, became pale and cadaverous, while the typical Vanderbilt is short, close knit and sometimes fat. His face grew long, his forehead sloping; his jaw hung loosely. The Vanderbilt head is round as a bullet and their jaws are usually set on steel springs.

His bearing became as it is today, awkward, shy, almost ingratiating. He whose forbears had always been accustomed to go after life with an axe, came by every uncertain groping movement of his ungainly body to bespeak one who instinctively shrinks from the world and its crudities. His eyes, deep set and shielded by nervously blinking lids, burned with the light that is the heritage of dreamers, but which is entirely unknown in counting houses.

Today, as a publisher, his idealism, though perhaps still nebulous because of his youth and lack of experience, is intensely sincere. The sum total of

expressed in three terse sentences. "I must serve mankind."

"It is a disgrace to be rich."

"I must distinguish myself by my own efforts."

It was late in 1920 that Vanderbilt first announced that he had decided to leave the family roof and in the future live by his own efforts. It is strange that no premonition of what was to follow seems to have disturbed the Vanderbilt calm at that time. Apparently the family merely smiled tolerantly, and said that as long as he behaved himself his allowance would be continued as heretofore.

In a sudden flash of inspiration Vanderbilt decided that the quickest road to fame and honor lay in becoming a "great publicist and leader of the people", and accordingly began the next day to pester every city editor in New York for a job. That he chose to do this in the full name and regalia of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., rather than as simple Tom Jones, out of work, in no way detracts from the sincerity of his experiment. In his inexperience it just never occurred to him that city editors are not daily bombarded by Vanderbilts and Astors looking for \$15 a week jobs as cub reporters-or that his name might in itself have any commercial value to a newspaper. Not until he had spent three years in desultory reporting and syndicate writing did he suddenly take the limelight in his full stature as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

The pomp and magnificence which marked his entry into higher journalism and provided everlasting mirth for his associates have no place here. The important thing is that he, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of his own wish and volition, went to Los Angeles and became publisher of a penny tabloid, that now to more than 1,000,000 readers he speaks of himself daily as "Your Publisher" and spends his life writing earnest editorials under the caption, "The Public be Served".

Following the establishment of his first tabloid in Los Angeles, he started another in San Francisco and still another in Miami, Florida, all of which seem to be doing as well as could be expected. He sold stock in his enterprises, principally to dollar down and dollar a week investors, because, he explained it was necessary to his plan that his dearly beloved public should share with him the ownership of papers

which were being published solely in their interest. This was perhaps his master stroke, for by it he irrevocably committed the Vanderbilt name to his success, and it would be hard to see how his family could fail to come to his rescue in any time of stress which might arise, even though they might heartily wish the whole business at the everlasting bottom of the sea.

Besides these things, the fact that he chose to maintain an elaborate banquet hall next to his editorial room or that he adorned his staff with a Barber to the Publisher and a Maitre d'Hotel to the Publisher, is of small moment. It is not even important that he established a Valet to the Publisher, with a fully equipped cubby hole of his own next to the executive office, that he might lose no time from his desk while the editorial pants were being pressed.

One incident only needs detailed description, because it marks the high water mark of the Vanderbilt career, a supreme moment when after repudiating his heritage by every thought and deed, he finally openly spurned it by word of mouth.

No stage was ever more elaborately set than this scene of the ultimate Vanderbilt triumph in September, 1923, when the first issue of his beloved Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News* struggled from the press. Not without rea-



son had editors and politicians cooled their heels in the Vanderbilt anteroom while the Maitre d'Hotel to the Publisher and the Chef to the Publisher held long consultation with their chief.

About the flower bedecked table, together with local dignitaries and solemn city fathers, are grouped many of those who at the outset scoffed loudest at young Vanderbilt's aspirations, now humble and resplendent in unheard of titles dispensed by Vanderbilt favor.

The presses from below groan and stop and settle down to a ponderous rumble. Vanderbilt rises. His face is flushed with excitement. His eyes sparkle, his stooped shoulders for once are straight. Only his fumbling hands and broken staccato phrases betray his characteristic nervousness as he delivers himself of the sentences which are to shatter the traditions of a century of Vanderbilts and bring the sky reeling about the heads of all those who believe in the eternal consistency of things.

"One of my ancestors," he cries, bringing a trembling fist down on the table, "brought deserved obliquy to my name by saying, 'The public be damned.' He was considered with some justice an oppressor of the people. It shall be my work to wipe that phrase from public memory and to forever associate the Vanderbilt name with these words, 'The public be served.' I am of the people. This product of my brain is Your Paper. I am Your Publisher."

The dropping of the proverbial pin would have been a cannon shot in the awesome silence which followed. It was more than a young man gone wrong. It was a dynasty being broken, a tradition passing into limbo.

There is plenty of evidence for those who claim that Vanderbilt is not the greatest journalist in the world, but after all it takes spiritual courage to "go native". Furthermore, in spite of the fact that he is without experience, that his editorials are often weak and his news columns stale, his papers are rocking along their uncertain courses with something, which if not success, at least looks very much like survival; and this admits of but one conclusion-the latest Vanderbilt has not only "gone native" but has been at least partly accepted by the tribe of his adoption.

-William Boardman Knox

A REPORTER AT LARGE

Gog Was a Giant

HEN the afternoon papers, a day or two since, announced with the customary excitement that Mr. Battling Siki had been foully assassinated, notions of a gaudy obituary in his behalf to fill this present space came into my head. Most of our news these days is melodrama -but Mr. Siki's passing differed from the rest in being superb melodrama, embellished with the touch of irony. Here was a giant out of Africa, a debonair and merry blackguard with the soul of a peacock, who had flipped his fingers at civilization and turned most of civilization's devices into toys for his own expansive amusementand who, at the anti-climactic last, had not been permitted even an impudent gesture as civilization slapped him down.

Preparing for this piece of mine, I even went so far as to inspect Mr. Siki's mortal remains. At the morgue, where his black body lay upon a white marble slab, I stared at his physical magnificence, at the leonine muscles of his flanks, the lean sculptured legs, the incredibly perfect biceps. And then, with deep chagrin, I discovered that there was no need for my piece to be written after all. Mr. James M. Cain, on the editorial page of the World had already done it.

But since Mr. Cain said, in a brief flight of rich and gusty prose, most of the things which would have gotten, in some fashion, into this department anyway, I append forthwith the text of his composition. Mr. Cain:

"What a monstrous fellow was this Battling Siki who has just been bumped off in so lamentable a fashion! Here was the brute primeval: musing on him, one could conceive him as the ancestor of the whole human race. But how different an

ancestor from that hairy spectre which used to haunt the late Mr. Bryan! He was no hulking clod out of a scientist's note-book but a human figure out of the early epics of mankind. He had, it is true, the mentality of a backward toad: he could speak nine languages, and his total vocabulary in all, it is said, was 157 words, counting profane expletives.

"But he had the soul of a god. He was the victim of moody fits, not comprehensible to us who have not lived in the paleolithic age; he was subject to berserk rages, when life was not safe within a mile of him. He also had strange humors and whimsies: he marched the streets of Paris clad in frock coat, silk hat, monocle, yellow gloves and tan shoes, carrying a monkey on his shoulder and dragging a yowling lion cub at the end of a chain; he liked to ride all night in a taxi, and then, just for merry play, refuse to pay the driver, lashing out with his great fists if protest were entered. He had a vast and engaging conceit: he appeared one time in Pennsylvania Station with a wine-bearer bringing up the rear; and while he argued with the small, gray-haired clerk at the information desk he quaffed mighty quaffs from a twogallon jug, until he became so drunk that the small, gray-haired clerk seized him by the seat of the breeches and threw him out in the street, where he sat down on the curb and apostrophized the stars on the ingratitude of man. He was perpetually in difficulty over women, but survived somehow. And in all this grotesque career, search of the records indicates that the greatest punishment he ever drew was

a \$5 fine. "He faced the magistrates, grinned that grin out of the primordial forest, the grin grinned by the first man when he discovered he was a man, and the magistrates turned him loose as they would turn loose a lovable child.

"What is all this but the sulks and tempers of Achilles, the pranks of Siegfried and the boars, the strutting of Beowulf, the amours of Lemminkainen? We have had a walking image of our beginnings among us and did not know it. Let us pause and admire ourselves. If we had such an ancestor, we had something of which we can be proud."

There remains, obviously, little more to say upon the subject. However, I propose that a committee wait at once upon Mr. George Gershwin, lay the facts of the case before him and implore the creation of an opera to celebrate, in heroic measures and mighty chorales, the deeds of this dead gladiator. Mr. Gershwin's deft ability to tincture the harsh reverberations of a tom-tom beat so that they will strike more felicitously upon the modern ear can be turned here to excellent and appropriately symbolical account. Jazz, indeed, may find its epitome in such a creation.

Of Booze

ACCOUNTS of the improved weapons which will be employed by the government's ships along rum row —three-inch guns, depth bombs, starshells and such—might be depressing were it not for the impish destiny which arranges, fairly alongside such stories, the daily tales of the perfidy of the men who must pull the triggers.

Ever artful, the dry gentlemen are attempting to throw the glamour of warfare itself about their efforts to deny our coast to the cheerful messengers from abroad. Posing all along as the generals of a righteous cause, they now offer new scenery for the spectacle in the hope of thrilling us with the valor of the battle: the birth

drama of deep-throated percussions, lurid lights from a drooping flare, and cutlasses swinging on a poop-deck that runs with blood.

But, fortunately, the generals are not numerous enough themselves to man the bright new arms. They must leave the trigger-pulling to humbler if more lusty souls. And they overlook the one peremptory fact that these boys who ride the coast guard boats have no spirit for their work. By nature, the honest fighting man admires his grog. And what divine fervor can he put behind the sighting of a deck gun when he knows that a fair, true shot will send a hundred gallons of the amiable stuff pouring into the sea? What rough pleasure can he find in harrying and firing at swift ships that never shoot back but go earnestly about their business, preaching no cause, never bothering to harm him or his comrades?

A moment ago, the word "perfidy" crept into a description of the occasional lapses from duty charged against the coast guard men. That was an ill-used word. Most of them are adventurous fellows, who have put their names to the articles in the hungry hope of participating in hot encounters that would try their mettle.

They wanted, in their own fine phrase, a kick out of life.

And some few of them—the richest souls indeed-found after a term of fighting an unarmed enemy that all the kick lay on the other side. There was something in the idea of a swift, dark ship, loaded to her gunwales with cheery booze, slipping over the black waves with muffled engines or dodging the shells of a hot pursuit—there was something in this idea on which the dreams of these adventure lusting boys might feed.

On the side of honor and their oath there stood, no doubt, the law and all its solemn implications, steady grub and a steady little wad at the end of the month. But on the side of the rum runners there stood mystery, plot and counterplot, whispered plans on gloomy nights, a sharp dash for the hard sought goal, and a pot of fabulous gold in payment for their sport if they played well enough. On the side of honor and their oath there stood the duty of melancholy snooping at the gates of merriment. On the other side there was the delicious pleasure of thumbing noses at the good and true.

So we need not, I think, draw long faces at the news of moral breakdown

among the crews of the coast guard boats. We need not deplore the weakness of our youth. It is not necessary to be sad because a dozen lads or so were found conspiring against the law in behalf of the rum ships, or because tell-tale C. G. tarpaulins were discovered sheltering the cases aboard a captured vawl.

Instead, a robust cheer or two that some of the boys found they were in the wrong place, found themselves overcome with boredom at the stupid business of playing hangman in the case of a glorious rogue-and had the spirit to correct their mistake.

-MORRIS MARKEY

WEBSTER HALL

The colors are flaming; the music is mad; And some of the people, they say, are bad. One is an artist; and one is a bum-You cannot tell them apart, say some. One is a poet, and one writes prose. But one is a girl with a turned-up nose.

NOTICE: The two ladies seen at the Clinton Corners Nursery on Sunday afternoon, cutting down Christmas trees, will be forced to pay the damages. The parties are known. Mrs. Els-worth Dykeman.—Poughkeepsie Paper.

Mrs. Dykeman does not mince words. Evidently she is in the habit of calling a lady a lady.

OF ALL THINGS

HE disputed Mosul territory will **I** no doubt be better off under British than under Turkish rule. If there is one thing we admire more than anything else about our sainted mother country, it is her ability to save civilization at its oiliest spots.

We get the impression somehow from Secretary Kellogg's speech at the Council of Foreign Relations that they are chiefly poor relations.

The British government sold the movie rights to Locarno for \$750; the rights to Harold Grange brought \$300,000. Another difference was that the seven hundred and fifty was real money.

Secretary Mellon's report makes our fiscal system beautifully clear. The Government takes the taxpayer's dollar, uses eighty cents of it for war purposes and keeps the change.

anything, was in the afternoon papers be- faint prospect of 2.75 beer. fore radio was invented?

New York's neediest cases this year are real estate owners who are confronted with overproduction and falling rents. Already some apartments bring barely twice what they are worth, and pessimists fear that the time may come when people can afford to live here.

A New YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Unless our power of resistance is weakened by suffering, we shall not during 1926 listen to one of Cosmo Hamilton's radio novels.

They have been selling doctor's degrees for \$100 at a fake college in Washington. Among those shocked and grieved is the man who had to pay the cost of a new gymnasium for an honorary L.L.D.

It is a sad commentary upon our spirit-Perhaps some graduate of a memory ual state that there are those among us

course can answer this question: What, if who can grow wildly enthusiastic at the

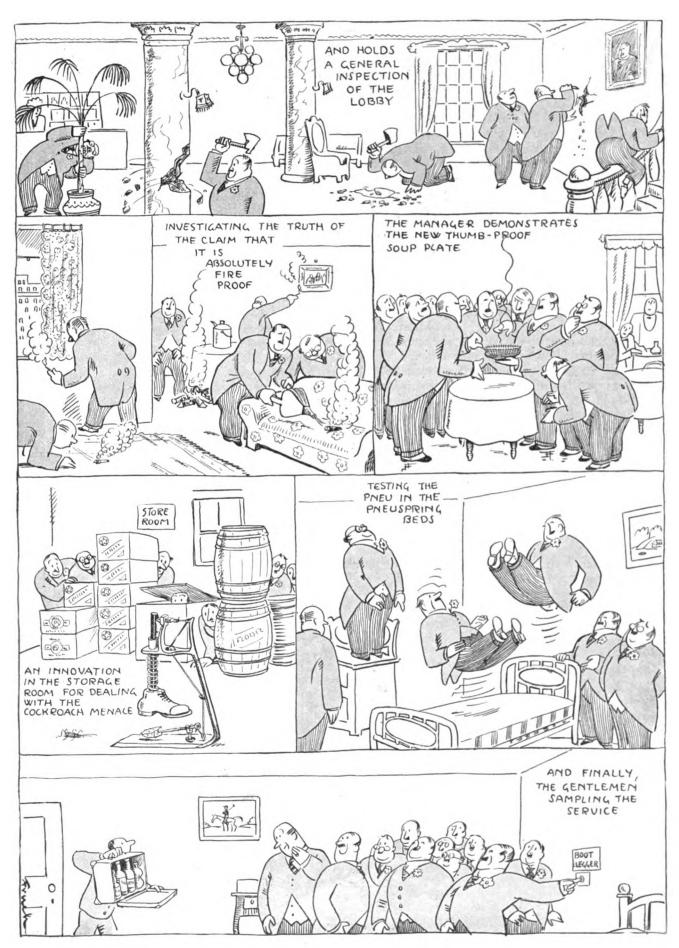
The Government's attention has been called to the goings on in the Palm Beach Clubhouse and something may possibly be done about it. Pious people in Florida hold that gambling there should be purely an outdoor sport.

As 1925 oozes away, we heartily congratulate Europe on its notable feat of living through the year without the aid or consent of Colonel Harvey.

A Russian physician announces the discovery that minerals have sex. Reformers will probably take note of this and see that the young minerals are properly clothed and segregated.

A haircut and shave now cost eightyfive cents in our town and the price may soon go to a dollar. As a slight token of their resentment citizens are erecting a statue to Walt Whitman. -HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE HOTEL ASSOCIATION MEETS TO INSPECT A NEW HOTEL



15

SEX IS OUT

mann (I used to have a dentist named Dr. Hartmann, but he was a dentist) there is no such thing as absolute sex. If 60% of your cells are masculine, you rate as a male. If 60% are feminine, you sit with the girls. All combinations are possible up to 99 and 1, but the 100 percenter in either sex is a myth. Dr. Hartmann says so.

This is going to be a big surprise to a lot of people. If the Government should ever take it into its head to make public lists of sex-percentages, as it now does income taxes, whole communities would be upset and perhaps "topsy-turvy" would not be too strong a word for what things would be.

We are concerned in this course, however, merely with the effect of this negation of sex on the drama. It looks from where we are sitting (G-112-113) like the death blow to the Living Theatre in this country. And in France-well, it will simply mean that they can't give even Punch and Judy shows. What would be the fun in sitting through a scene like the following?

(The scene isn't quite set yet; so the orchestra will play the overture over again.)

ROGER: Ever since that night I met you at the dance, my male percentage has been increasing. I used to register 65%. Yesterday in Liggetts I took a test and it was eighty-one.

MARY: You had your heavier overcoat on.

ROGER: Please, dear, this is no time

CCORDING to Dr. Max Hart- for joking. I never was more serious in all my life. And that means only one thing. Haven't you-aren't you -do you register just the same as you did?

> MARY (looking at her finger-nails): No. I have gone up seven points. But I thought it was because I had cut down on my starches.

> ROGER: Starches nothing! Can't you see, dear? Don't you understand what it all means?

> MARY (pulling away): Why am I letting you talk to me like this? We mustn't. Fred will be home at any minute.

> ROGER: Fred! Hah! I suppose you know what his last test was? I suppose he told you?

> MARY: Why-er-no. That is-of course he did. Fred tells me everything.

ROGER: Well, then. I suppose you know that when he was examined for life insurance last week they found that his masculine cells totalled up to forty-seven and that included his American Legion button, too.

MARY: Fred? Forty-seven? Why, it isn't possible. Why, only yesterday-

ROGER: Never mind that! Figures don't lie. The best that Fred can ever be to you from now on is a sister.

MARY: This is all so sudden. I must have time to think. Fred my sister! It seems incredible!

ROGER: Don't you see, Mary dear, what the percentages tell us? (Song Cue)

You and I Total Up to a Hundred

Oh, Love brings a message of roses, And Love a sweet litany tells,

Of the girls I have known, and the girls who have blown,

And their respective number of cells. Cho.

There was Alice who rated a cool sixtytwo,

She wore knickers and called me her "matey",

There was Betty so true, with her large eyes of blue,

On a clear day she registered eighty.

There was Norma, my queen, who gave seventeen,

As her quota of masculine units,

But my heart it now yearns, on the latest returns, (Spoken: Ninety-seven,

ninety-eight, ninety-nine!)

For M-A-R-Y, my sweet Winona.

You can see for yourself, there is going to be no fun in figuring out sex on the back of an envelope. We might as well give the whole thing up and go in for hockey.

-Robert Benchley

Lawyers' wives must needs repine, For they cannot dine till nine, Briefs are lengthy, husbands late, Lawyers' loved ones have to wait.

Money, lucre, whatever you choose-The thing that's an elegant sauce for the goose-

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As well as the elegant gander, built The elegant house of Vanderbilt.

CHILD'S PLAY

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR TURNS A GLASS OF BUTTERMILK INTO A PERSONAL TRIUMPH

LTHOUGH there were certain Baptist tendencies on my mother's side, I was never subjected to the rigors of immersion. It came as a surprise, then, while lunching at Childs yesterday, to feel a great wetness come over me and hear a low emotional voice say:

"In the name of John."

I glanced down to discover that I was buttermilk. Every bit of me buttermilk, with the exception of a dozen or so spots of blue serge which showed through as a background. A Dalmatian dog-the kind they used to have around fire stations in the old days-looks a good deal the way I looked. White, with dark spots.

"Lord, mister, this is awful," sobbed the waitress, from whose fingers the glass of buttermilk had wriggled.

"Yes," I said, thoughtfully, "It is awful. But it is also terribly, terribly funny." This cheered her immeasurably, and she handed me fifteen paper napkins.

I was spreading the first napkin diligently from the neck down, in the manner of a boiled shirt, when the lady on my right,-who had noticed that I was all buttermilk-began to suggest things in a low, sustained, uninflected tone.

"You're only making it worse," she murmured. "Hot water for buttermilk. You're only rubbing it in. Buttermilk contains grease. You're only making it worse. You're only rubbing it in. Don't use the same napkin twice. Hot water is the only thing."

She was one of those hundred per cent housewives who get indignant when you make a wrong play. It may have been her buttermilk, but it was my suit. Still, I felt that a person who was so obviously looking out for me deserved some sort of recognition, so I began nodding and bowing slightly.

As a matter of record, I was doing pretty well. I hadn't jumped; I hadn't sworn; I hadn't burst into tears; I hadn't made a wry face. I was just sitting there, all buttermilk, patting my stomach in a desultory fashion with paper napkin—which, I leave it chair, a smear. The exit is the thing, to my readers, is about all you can ex- I told myself. On the exit I can pect of a man. I was even fairly



content with the world. "Perhaps," I mused, "this is one of those 'smart backgrounds' THE NEW YORKER is always talking about."

The insistent and well rounded tones of the woman, as well as the anguish on the face of the waitress and the scurrying about of other interested authorities, had apprised the entire room of my interesting condition.

"This will make good conversation in dozens of offices this afternoon," I thought. And just to give them their money's worth, I began to do amusing things, such as dipping my napkin into a little jug of tea that stood on the table and belonged (I presume) to the lady who wanted me to use hot water.

This lady, I'll have to add, still continued to talk; and I tired of bowing and nodding.

"Madame," I finally said, "if you want to change places with me, all right. Otherwise let me handle this foamy vest the way I want."

This proved to be a wow, and swung everyone within earshot over to my side. About this time the waitress came trotting back, full of cool soft tears and hot rough towels. She was a nice little girl, so I let her blot me. In my ear she whispered a million apologies, hopelessly garbled, infinitely forlorn. And I whispered back that the suit was four years old, and that I hated dark clothes anyway. One has, in life, so few chances to lie heroically.

Ten minutes later I rose from my make or break myself.

I had a perfect audience. New York audiences are notoriously noisybut not mine. Everyone in the room had put aside knife, fork, and butter cakes, and was waiting quietly. There was scarcely the clank of a dish behind the counter.

With a magnificent gesture worthy of John Barrymore, I reached into my pocket and drew out a dime. This I slipped under my plate. Standing erect and grey I donned my overcoat. The headwaitress was at my elbow.

"May I take your name and address?" she asked.

"Not even my telephone number," I droned, arching my eyebrows which are naturally quite arched anyway.

I reached for my check. This was to be the final triumph. Through the long aisle I strolled, straight to the cashier's cage. I could almost hear the unvoiced question rising from a hundred throats: "Surely he isn't going to pay his check?"

The amount was seventy-five cents. I handed in a dollar. When the quarter change came back, I waved it splendidly aside.

"Let that take care of the buttermilk," I said.-E. B. W.

QUIET PLEASE

After Christmas I shall go No, not South, but up to Placid, Where the mountains deep in snow Neutralize the social acid.

Ho for simple knife and fork, Hoopla man and also damme; Though I cannot stand New York It would kill me in Miami.

A lawyer is a kindly man, He plays his jury if he can Or springs some classical allusion To throw the court into confusion; He perjures witnesses by science And eats his dinners off his clients.

What with Nathalia's poems, and David Putnam, aged twelve, writing a travel book, the younger generation is being revised downward every day. This must be distressing to the doddering old fossils who can remember back to the days of Mary Louise Spas.





LYSISTRATA

The Opening Bill of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

MLLE. OLGA BAKLANOVA as Lysistrata and one of the Old Men in the naughtiest, most hilarious, most timely and by far the most entertaining play in town. George Bernard Aristophanes, its author, was known as the Avery Hopwood of Athens 2300 years ago.—R. B.

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The Theatre

NCE again it becomes a wiser and more intelligent matter to entrust one's theatregoing person to the ignorant guidance of a taxi driver who knows the location of every address in New York except 466 Grand Street, and who finally finds the Neighborhood Playhouse at that address only after he has exhausted all the other mysterious doorways of the East Side, than to proceed ever so directly to the more brilliantly lit and familiar of the playhouses of the Rialto. This time it is a splendidly sensitive performance of Ansky's "The Dybbuk" that makes Grand Street an essential item on every intelligent citizen's list of the civilized ports of call.

"The Dybbuk" has enjoyed not immoderate fame on the Yiddish and Hebrew stages, but there has been no English version of it in general circulation, and so one takes the chance of imagining that there will be those in this column's readers to whom it now comes as a new play. For those readers, let it be said that "Between Two Worlds", unless the program is intentionally misleading, would be an excellent English version of the title, and that the play thus concerns the story of a pure, noble maiden into whose body there enters the soul of a young Talmud student, who loved her well and who died when he came to know that she had been betrothed by her parents to another. The maiden with the soul of this dead lover is a loathsome thing to the Jewish community about her and there is hold a holy conclave in which the tsadik and his assistants cast out that soul with mystic rites. But the soul of the lover persists; it calls to her faintly from its now disembodied eternity; and she leaves this life for his.

So much there is to the story, with just the minimum of action that is needed to carry it. The rest is atmosphere, genre painting, local color, the spell of visual beauty, what you will. And it is in this rest that there lies the real satisfaction, the real gorgeous entertainment to be found these evenings at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

The time of the play is any time up to the beginning of the last century and the scene is wherever there was a Jewish-Chassidic ghetto. There is a synagogue, with the professional mourners who chant their routine, monotonous psalms for the dead, and who are prepared, at a moment's notice, to shift to the equally gainful occupation of dancing that a betrothal may be properly celebrated. There are the throngs of Jewish beggars, orthodox vultures at the wedding feast, the women insistent upon their privilege of dancing with the bride, the men resolved that the bounty to the poor be in the established proportion to the wealth of the giver. There is the Chassidic court, in all its smug mysticism, hearing the case of one who is accused of the murder of a soul, giving of its utmost strength that the loathsome Dybbuk may be cast out from the body of an innocent maiden. There is all the beauty, all the sordidness, all the eternal truth, all the barbarism, all the generosity, all the Mosaic cruelty-there is all Jewish life.

In a play, thus, that depends for its success upon the emotions that it arouses in its audience not so much through the spoken word as through things seen and unseen, it is the director to whom the largest part of the applause or the jeers are due. It is David Vardi who, clearly with infinite patience and a tireless devotion to detail, has constructed this superb Mosaic that the audience takes away as a whole piece. Nowhere, so far as the director is concerned, is there a false note, a confusion of beat. Only in the last part of the Third Act, where the pageantry is so extended as to become theatrical, is there the marking of time, and even there the director's economy is as large as is permitted by the author's demands.

Exactly why the name of the person, say, who provided the floor lamps that decorate the Third Act of, say further, "The Survival of the Fittest" should be preserved to posterity, whereas the name of the caster of the best of plays is ever allowed to remain a family secret, is something that we do not know. Surely the person who selected the players for "The Dybbuk" deserves formal recognition. Out of the cast of uniform excellence, there are to be mentioned here—perhaps only because theirs are the most prominent roles-Mary Ellis, Marc Loebell and Albert Carroll. Their names should be remembered next Summer when the oases of the Sunday theatrical pages come to be filled with the mirages of the best performances of the season.

THE WISE CRACKERS", by Gilbert Seldes, opened at the 66 Fifth Avenue Theatre on Wednesday night, December sixteenth. The competition for the worst play of the season is herewith officially declared closed and Mr. Seldes is awarded the first prize, a bound volume of The Dial, for all time.

THE new Theatre Guild production is of "Merchants of Glory", by Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix. It is an earnest and generally effective play, with a cast that does justice to it, which every five or ten minutes, unfortunately, involves unconvincing performances.

There are, the authors are trying to show, profiteers and profiteers, and not the least are those who rise to higher things on the stepping stones of their beloved dead, mit Gott, fuer Koenig und fuer Vaterland. (It is, however and after all, 1925, and so the locale lady with the purple past who thinks is France.) A minor government official has lost his son in the war, and promptly he becomes a person of consequence to himself and to others. In time he achieves a cabinet post. And then the son returns. What to do? There is a solution, of course, but it shall not be told here. Among other things, it doesn't matter.

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The weakness of the play lies in the apparent inability of the authors to decide whether their issue shall be general or particular. If it is general, there are too many irritating moments in which the long arm of coincidence clearly is a contortionist's. If it is particular, the particular story is too inactive, too blurred.

Augustin Duncan is the father who profits, even more than France, by his son's heroic death, and the role carries him along to an excellent performance, tempered by the occasional imbecilities that it demands. George Nash is capital as a forthright and more familiar profiteer, who sells goods at exorbitant prices during wartime, a procedure happily confined to foreign countries. Jose Ruben is the son and does well the little assigned to him.

ANOTHER play by Noel Coward has reached Broadway. The best investment Mr. Coward ever made, he must realize clearly now, was the purchase of that trunk.

This time it's "Easy Virtue", at the Empire, with Jane Cowl as its star. The result is a pleasant evening, but it does seem a pity to see the months fly by like that with Miss Cowl appearing in plays like that. On the other hand, we were displeased when Miss Cowl appeared in "Anthony and Cleopatra" just the other season. Per-haps we just don't know our own mind.

In "Easy Virtue" Mr. Coward has written the one about the she is going to be able to settle down, by way of marriage, in an English county family. She is bored to tears, however, soon by their smug, bogus morality. The big scene, then, is towards the close of the Second Act, when the family discovers some spicy details of her past, and so she turns on them and shatters a plaster Venus de Milo for a curtain. In the Third Act she walks out. For all we know, Mr. Coward may have called for her to slam a door, but the particular setting at the Empire does not permit of it.

Miss Cowl, of course, has no troubles-except, perhaps, of artistic conscience-with such a role. (Non-habitual theatregoers may need to be advised that she is the lady with the purple past.) Her work is smooth, effortless and inevitable. There is, in addition, a splendid supporting cast.

MADGE KENNEDY is another actress whose talents are being shamefully wasted. (The peculiar thing about this wastage of talent-in the cases, for example, of Miss Cowl and Miss Kennedy-is that the only possible recompense to anyone, at the box office, to wit, is generally absent. "Easy Virtue" and "Beware of Widows", Miss Kennedy's play, seem destined to be anything but box office successes. Why do them, then? It is all very peculiar.)

Miss Kennedy, one of the most charming and fascinating actresses on the American stage, is appearing in one of the most mechanical and trivial of the offerings of that stage. On the

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whole, however, her presence more than makes up for the fact that the play must be seen at the same time.

In Miss Kennedy's company, too, is a young man who is well worth the theatregoer's attention. This is Alan Edwards, a deft and likable juvenile. Mr. Edwards, differing thereby from all but two or three of his fellow juveniles of the moment, so acts as to arouse in his audience neither the mother complex nor the murder urge. —H. J. M.

Music

OUR first Christmas gift was a set of tickets for the premiere of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio up by the Al Jolson playhouse, and here we are again, tinkering around with the drama. Almost all of the first string music reviewers of the dailies, having summoned evening dress either by walking up a flight or otherwise, were present, and our first compliment to Morris Gest is spoken. Who else could drag these sensitively poised gentlemen into an unheard of auditorium (anything north of Carnegie Hall is Yonkers in music) and blandish them into cooling their minds docilely while the curtain was held for half an hour? Stokowski, perhaps; but Stokowski was there too, parked in a corner box, with half the audience not knowing which was Stokowski and which was that clever young publisher, Richard Hammond.

The music for Mr. Gest's first offering, the Aristophanes-Smolin-Glière "Lysistrata", was merely incidental, and could have been omitted without ruining anybody's evening. There were occasional bubblings in brass and flutterings in the wind, and every so often there was a little sing-

ing. Mr. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's chorus obviously has been trained with great skill, but you'll have





to buy this paper some other week to learn anything about the individual artists.

"Lysistrata" is staged with extraordinary finesse and the low comedy comes off easily, although the Graeco-Russian nifties didn't do more than graze our untutored head. From the laughter of the Park Avenue Russians, we gathered that the lines were full of wows, but no translation was required for the business, especially the lusty patsches which the Muscovite ladies of Athens delivered to the obvious places of the old gents. The only pity is that not more of them were administered to the comedian who twitched and squealed as a superannuated military man.

Everybody seemed to be having a grand time, taking in the show, identifying the celebrities and knocking down millionaires in the intermissions. It looks like a good Winter at Fiftyninth Street on the Don, or whatever that Russian river is in the cross-word puzzles.

A GOOD present for your unmusical friends would be tickets for one of the two Whiteman concerts in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday or Fri-

day next, and a similar open sesame for the Christmas carol recital of John Coates at Town Hall on Wednesday evening. Whiteman, who is apparently in the same commission business as the Symphony Society, has a circus anthology by Deems Taylor and George Gershwin's "135th Street", which little opera was designed for a set of "Scandals" but discarded as too taxing or too highbrow or too something else. Brokers in Wall Street are accepting money at 11 to 5 that the critics who didn't like Gershwin's concerto will announce that George is in his proper field in the indigo opera. As for Mr. Coates, he probably will communicate to you more of the Christmas spirit (there must be some such thing, because the colored postcards are full of it) than any eight seasonal exercises.

OUR restraint in not mentioning Chasins last week has been rewarded with an anonymous letter, signed Harold Kellog, complaining that the writer lost five dollars by reading this department. He wagered "B" ("B" is not mentioned in the epistle, but they always gamble with him) that we'd break our promise not

to refer to Chasins and that we'd hold forth on his transcription of the "Blue Danube". Well, Harold, it's a good bit of writing, but if you have any bets on what we're to say this week, our decision is that "B" wins, regardless of the terms of the wager.—R. A. S.

Art

BY the time you will be reading this, you will probably have turned over the neckties and the waste basket and the candle sticks for the last time, handed the cigars to the janitor and gone out to get a smoke. Certainly it will be no time to approach you on art, for a glance at your neckties will convince you that we lie, and that there is no such thing as art. A good week then, to see Peggy Bacon at the Montross Galleries. For while the Christmas card makers and the tie vendors have been busy at their pollyannaing, Peggy has been busy with her pencil, debunking life. We know of no other artist in this country as good as Peggy Bacon; no one anywhere near her in the particular field she has chosen. We know little enough about the history of art to say that Peggy Bacon is the best since Hogarth.



smeared his walls, we are told, when artist neighbors came in and told him he should go in for art. If you can get a view of Mr. Howard's stuff before Mr. Sumner gets to it, we advise you to do so.

Once having seen the glory of Matisse in the Fearon Galleries we have haunted that place in hopes of another such experience. Sadly we learn that the stuff was sold to make room for something else by a collector who was going in for art (probably Maxfield Parrish). Fearon now has a show that is compatible with his policy. And again, like the sweet potato pie, is good if you like it. We have a certain reverent liking for it and you may too-distinguished portraits by Reynolds, Hoppner and Lawrence.—M. P.

Books

TOHN ERSKINE'S "The Private J Life of Helen of Troy" can be recommended pretty confidently to everyone in this audience, and warmly to those who like reading the talkiest plays of Bernard Shaw, although it is neither a play nor is it Shavian. Its principal conversationalists are Helen, back in Sparta, as a calm, wise, unrepentant managing wife and counselling mother, Menelaus as the essence of both injured husbands, Hermione their daughter as a prig, and Eteoneus to be something more, but his knowledge of bunk "interests" like Pal Tangerman's, and his ability to play horse with them, outshine his ability to put the men and women behind them into fiction.

NOREY FORD'S "Three Rous-Cing Cheers for the Rollo Boys" (Doran) is full of good and often delicious foolery, although it is better in small doses than all at one sitting. Its burlesque of Michael Arlen is as pat as anyone's, and it does the rather easy job of burlesquing Thomas Beer. We particularly liked a lion that lay down with a lamb and gave birth to a dove of peace. The pictures are Gluyas Williams'.

CAUDE G. BOWERS'S "Jefferson and Hamilton" (Houghton, Mifflin) is a romantic history, almost a historical romance, of national politics from Washington's to Jefferson's first inauguration. It is a well designed, dramatic narrative

Her present show is limited to seven drawings and eight dry points. Three of her drawings, "The Blessed Damozel", "The Path of Art" and "Eden", however are worth about seven times that number in any gallery you may care to name. Such things can not be described, at least not by us. That doesn't keep us from trying. "The Blessed Damozel" sits in a garden overrun with the glut and plethora of nature. Her face is the whole of New England, from Merrymount to Coolidge's birthplace. She is a thoroughbred, out of Puritan Complex by Suppressed Desire. She sits serene and prim in her garden while all about her nature does the rest. Two happy rabbits at her feet, a basket heaped with eggs, Krafft-Ebing flowers hang from every stalk. In her lap is a pussy cat whose very eyes hold the damozel's secret. There are larks in the sky and if they sing, it is to cry fecundity, fecundity, fecundity. And still she sits content, ignorantly content in the madness of mid-June.

Miss Bacon's "Eden" is no less acid. A beautiful jungle peopled by one of Florence Mill's Eves and the tempting snake. You can see that the snake has no seven day job; he has scarcely made his proposition and you can see by his eye that it has been accepted. This time it was not the apple, but the banana. Huge bunches of them hang all around. We can say no more. Get out your Freud and go and admire. "The Path of Art" is just mildly sardonic. An ample countryside unfolds before the art students, who in their various clothes express the universe. As to the dry points, we found "Auction" nearest the Peggy Bacon manner. "Frenzied Effort" and the "Country Dressmaker" are pretty bitter and yet pleasantly so.

In the rooms around Miss Bacon are some so-so water colors of Lucy Wallace. Also some lovely batiks by this same artist. The sketches were a few steps better than the late unlamented Boston school of M. Montross.

HE best Whitney Studio Club b show we have seen this season runs to Christmas. We were surprised and pleased to see that much of the stuff sold immediately. And it should, the prices being down to twenty-five and fifty dollars, the price of a night at a cabaret. Leon Hartl you may have heard about in the galloping prints that a hall room boy who did not have his

feet. He is a silk dyer, we hear, from France and is not a Sunday painter in the true argot of those who toil at ships and sealing wax in the week. Hartl has so organized his life that he can work a few days and then paint. He has made great progress, we think. Not progress according to our imposed standards, but to his own. The pink and white still life and the large flower pieces are beautiful stunts. And along with his delicate beauty Hartl has great strength as in "Chez Irene" and the "Portrait". From the little red sale stars we would say that Hartl can now paint for several weeks. We are always greatly cheered when we see that art is meant for sale and not reviewers splutterings. Sculpture by J. B. Flannagan is in one room of the club. This artist seems to have two things, a tortured soul and a full knowledge of biology. The stuff is mainly thin, twisted, ladies who do not know which way they are going. And babies. It is great if you like it. Dorothea R. Schwarcz has some mild stuff, reaching her best result, we thought, in her "Cyclamen". The naughty boy of the occasion is one Charles Houghton Howard. We mean no jape when we say that Howard is get to your door before our laggard chalk taken away from him. He had

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mounting to a climax, and surprisingly hard to lay down unfinished, considering its length and detail. Jefferson is the hero; all he is and does is admirable; his lieutenants are the forces of light; his less prepossessing followers, even to the journalist bravos, appear best-foot-foremost; democracy is Virtue. Naturally, Hamilton is at least the technical villain; Federalism, representing aristocracy and privilege, is wickedness; and the happy ending is Jefferson's triumph and the crash of the Federalist party. This colors Bowers's account of almost everyone of consequence except queer old John Adams, and he at the last was of course between the lines.

Yet Bowers takes great pains to do Hamilton justice. He belittles neither his calibre nor his services. As each principal comes on, a "portrait" interrupts the story, and Hamilton's is a handsome one, while less is made than might be, later, of things Hamiltonians would be glad to forget. It is interesting to compare Bowers's handling of these with Meade Minnegerode's smart strafing in "Aaron Burr".

A comparison of the two writers as artists is tempting, also. Bowers is the older-fashioned. His touch is orthodox, conventional. He does some agreeable picturing of old New York and Philadelphia, but at that young Minnegerode can give him cards and spades. And even Gamaliel Bradford can at "psychography". Where Bowers shines is at bringing out the drama in political annals, with the help—a little too much, perhaps—of contemporary newspaper files.

I F "Glorious Apollo" left you curious about the incest charge against Byron, you can find its basis, without the trouble of looking up "Astarte", in John Drinkwater's "The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron—A Conflict", or, What Have You? (Doran). It is a biographical study, and to clear the decks of the incest pother, Drinkwater gives his first fifty pages to a cool examination of the evidence. His conclusion is, Not Proven. He is reasonably civilized and shock-proof, but would hate to feel convinced that Byron was guilty. The sensible conclusion would seem to be, What of it, either way?

In the rest of his study, he is intent on showing what has been amply shown, that the legendary, theatrical Byron was not the real man-of

whom he offers little if any fresh book, "The Family Album". illumination. speaking of humorists, there is a

DISRAELI: ALIEN PATRI-OT", by E. T. Raymond, reads as though it were sagacious and would be interesting, provided that if someone should come at you with, "Peelite —bird, fish, or beast?" you could answer correctly within the count of ten.

A CHOICE new edition of "Penguin Island" (Dodd, Mead) has wicked, and vulgar, and thoroughly delightful illustrations and decorations by Frank C. Papé. Youngsters who are hugging themselves or each other over some of the younger satirists, really ought to know "Penguin Island", even if they have never heard of Dreyfus and cannot imagine whom St. Orberosia is meant for. And then this edition would make a lovely late Christmas gift for a great aunt.

I S it a sign of senescence in novelists to pronounce George M. Cohan a whale of a dramatist? Howells did it as a fine old gentleman, and Arnold Bennett, who is getting on, has just done it at Eugene O'Neill's expense; he said George M. was superior! Which preambles to the news that O'Neill's plays are out in a very nice four-volume set (Boni & Liveright).

GILBERT SELDES says Bugs Baer has genius; Tom Masson states "unreservedly" that Bugs is a great humorist; and it is a good thing we were not asked to say our say in a third introduction to Bugs' atrocious



book, "The Family Album". But speaking of humorists, there is a new P. G. Wodehouse yarn, "Sam in the Suburbs" (*Doran*). It may be woefully Babbitt to find Wodehouse irresistible; nevertheless, we do.

 \mathbf{P} . A. L." (*McBride*) is a broad satire and burlesque of American big business in up-to-date proprietary remedies, and the cognate kinds of education and magazine publishing. Evidently Felix Riesenberg meant it their old gatekeeper as a clever, obstinate, unsquelchable Polonius of the serving class. Of course the whole business is modern, and it is rich.

R ICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S memories of "The Romantic Nineties" (*Doubleday*, *Page*) make pleasant enough reading. What struck us most was the way his utterly decorous memories of Oscar Wilde had been expurgated by Uncle Cy Curtis's favorite weekly, in which they originally appeared.

TALES of the Long Bow" are Chesterton's, but you would scarcely know it. While duly topsyturvy, they are dreary.

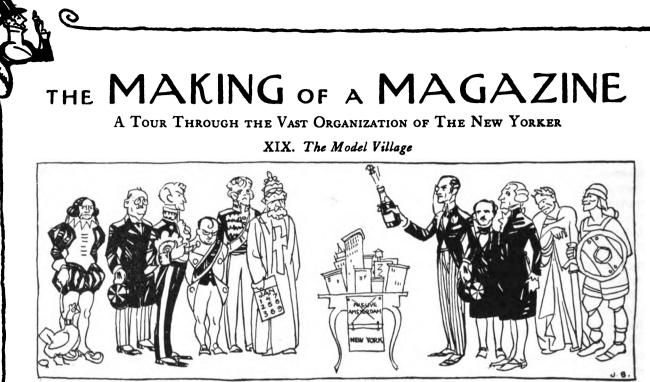
L^{ET} us now proceed to sneeze at: "Michael Scarlett", by James Gould Cozzens, who was born in 1903, knows all the bawdiest words of the Spacious Days, and dast put them into his duly Elizabethan and cryptic dialogue; this, so far as we could see, is the chief distinction of his romance, except that Marlowe is stabbed by a wench while duelling with John Donne.

"Rest Working", by Gerald Stanley Lee, who has concluded that your glands need a rest, and that if only you will learn to balance properly, they will get it; and then you can stop smoking, which will be good for you. Prof. Irving Fisher says Lee has a big idea, so maybe he has, but he has a way of writing from which it will take us a hundred years of balancing to recover.

"Shaw", by J. S. Collis, an intelligent, conscientious and fervent Shaviolater, and a pretty bad writer, whose devotion has resulted in a singularly uninteresting book; the best things in it are the comments Shaw wrote on the manuscript.—TOUCHSTONE

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 34, the list of new books worth while on page 36.





Mr. Eustace Tilley ingeniously evolved the name "New York" for his real estate development on Manhattan Island, after discarding "Coral Gables" and "Chicago", from a magazine called THE NEW YORKER. He is herewith shown christening the bow of the Flatiron Building in the presence of a left to right committee as follows: Columbus, Hylan, Motternich, Napoleon, Ney, Gregory VII, (E. Tilley), Poe, Washington, Cæsar (J.), L. Erikson.

ERHAPS it has occurred to the careful reader, or readers, that the employment of so many hundreds of thousands of workers in every phase of this great in-dustry of printing THE NEW YORKER must raise, in time, the question of housing these employees within convenient distance of THE NEW YORKER plant. Mr. Eustace Tilley, the magazine's special agent in charge of personnel and staff problems, foreseeing this difficulty with characteristic thoroughness, bought Manhattan Island in 1893; and there he planned and erected THE NEW YORKER's Model Village to house these workers and their families, probably the largest municipality of its kind.

In this titanic city every effort has been made to provide for the comfort and happiness of its inhabitants. Seven hundred and forty theaters have been located through the city at strategic points, to provide pleasure and entertainment for the inhabitants; and although few of the citizens can afford to buy tickets for any of these entertainments, yet the buildings add distinctly to the appearance of the city, and, anyway, the inhabitants may amuse themselves by looking at the pictures in the lobbies. In addition, a number of newspapers are published for the edification of the citizens, containing puzzles, columns, pictures and comic strips, which enable the readers to keep their minds free from

the coal strike and other annoying problems of the day. Parks have been established also for recreational purposes, and may occasionally be seen through high iron fences, provided they have not been torn up for public buildings.

Transportation in this Model Village was long a problem with Mr. Tilley, but was solved by the invention of the Subway, which rendered transportation impossible and thus effectively removed the problem altogether. The further question of parking cars in the congested downtown districts was likewise efficiently disposed of by setting aside every Sunday for this purpose, upon which day the citizens may drive downtown and park their cars wherever they please for twenty-four hours. Pedestrians, of course, are illegal in this Model City; and anyone seen walking across the street is liable to a fine of \$5.00 or a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, or both.

Many other advantages have been instituted by Mr. Tilley. Building is carried on night and day, and buildings are torn down as soon as they are finished to make room for new buildings, in order that the busy citizens may never lack for something to watch from office-windows or street-corners. Furthermore, the danger of crime and hold-ups is greatly minimized, owing to the zeal of the Police Commissioner in publishing graphic detective stories that frighten potential criminals into becoming decent, law-abiding citizens, making money by boot-legging instead.

THE NEW YORKER has not failed to make adequate provision in this Model Village for those who have become aged and infirm in the services of the magazine. All such employees, who are rendered useless for any real labor, are sent to a public institution known as City Hall, where they fill the posts of Mayor, Comptroller, Aldermen, etc., the responsibility of their position depending on the extent of their general incapacity. John Hylan, for years a worker on one of THE NEW YORKER's largest presses, the Interboro, has been maintained for eight years in this Home, and is being sent to Florida sometime this Winter on a one-way ticket.

The name of this Model Village was long in doubt; but after some thought Mr. Tilley decided to call it New York, a clever combination of the first seven letters of the name of this magazine (THE NEW YORKER). Although "New York" is today the second largest city in the world, with a population well over four million, it is significant that every one of its citizens is actively connected with this magazine, most of them being engaged in contributing \$5.00 annually —the best way of becoming a recognized citizen of "New York".

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

T has been pretty difficult for the ordinary man to keep his faith in the importance of amateur sports during the last few weeks what with Red Grange's arm and Tex Rickard's publicity staff hard at work. But Rickard has not been so absorbed in looking after the coming out party of his professionals that he has failed to overlook the amateurs. According to gossip, the impresario of the palace of play has made surprising inducements to the college players. Yale is to make its home at the Garden as it used to in the St. Nicholas Rink, and other amateur organizations will do the same. Tuesday the twenty-eighth is the date set for the first match, when Boston College will meet Montreal University, and Princeton will play the Canadian Royal Military College.

In the meanwhile there's lots going on elsewhere about the city. Columbia lost a basketball game to the Navy a short time ago that would have satisfied even a professional fight fan's craving for excitement. There were three and a half minutes to play and the score stood: Columbia 29, Naval Academy 16. The spectators were reaching for their hats and coats when the Navy shot a basket and then another in quick succession. Every basketball player knows the name of Craig, and those present that day were satisfied that the Navy star was a thing of the past. It's never safe to think that of stars.

Almost immediately came a whistle; and the referee was awarding a foul try to Mr. Craig; and the score stood Columbia 29, Navy 24. Less than a minute to play. Yet the gymnasium was in a roar; for Jones, the Navy's left guard, was

putting the ball through the hoop on a long heave from far down the floor. There were five insanely inspired Middies at work during that last minute, and five very bewildered and slightly indignant inhabitants of Columbia wondering why the score kept mounting, until with fifteen seconds to play it stood at 28 to 29. Yes, the Navy got one more basket in those fifteen seconds, just enough to give them victory-and it's a mystery to me why half New York wasn't there with it's throat hoarse with shrieking. Location of drama: University Hall, 119th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway, which would be a good address to remember if this account inspires you to study future schedules in the newspapers.

AND there's plenty of other things to see if you are not insistent that the spectacle be given by those who receive money for their pains. Soon there will be heard the crack of the pistol in the armories and at the Garden as the indoor track season gets under way. Nurmi has gone back to Helsingfors, but Adrien Paulen will be here from Holland, Charley Hoff from Norway, and Hubert Houben from Germany; and with the overshadowing interest in the Finn dissipated, the classic events of the season will come into their own again, including the Millrose "600", the Buermeyer "500", the Suburban "Quarter" and the Casey "600". Alan Helffrich, Jackson Scholz, Frank Hussey, Loren Murchison, Chester Bowman, Al Leconey, Willie Ritola, Willie Plant and De Hart Hubbard, who will make his first appearance in New York, will all be seen in action during the season.

The national Class C 18.2 balkline billiard championship is now in progress at fourteen academies in the city. The fencing season will find all the local topnotchers squaring off again at the Fencers Club, the Washington Square Fencers' Club, the New York A. C. and the J. Sanford Saltus Fencing Club. As usual, the national and intercollegiate championships will be held at the Hotel Astor and there is a social side to these events that is a bigger attraction to some than the lunges and ripostes, if only one will have the patience to await the conclusion of the fencing.

HE chess masters' tournament concluded at Moscow has aroused such a flurry of interest that the game has taken on a new lease of life in the colleges. Already the undergraduate fanatics of the mental gymnastics are petitioning to have chess raised to the status of a major sport and the time is not distant when the All-American chess team will make its appearance. The members of the Intercollegiate Chess League squared off last Saturday in New York with a new team bidding for the championship. Rutgers is now in the fold, in addition to Columbia, City College, New York University, Pennsylvania and Cornell. Our halls of learning produced a Red Grange; why not a Bogoljubow?

ILDEN played an exhibition match last Saturday. The unfortunate man, in spite of all he can do, gives the impression that he earns his living by playing tennis-that he needs the publicity of being champion so that he can act in plays.-A. D.



NEARSIGHTED SPORTSMAN: "Well I didn't do so badly, even if I did forget my glasses."

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THEY say that Gramercy Park forgot to move uptown years ago when the moving was good. But this is not so. Gramercy Park could not move. Locked within its high iron fences, with its traditions, its history, its personal atmosphere and its memories of famous people, this verdant little oasis of old New York was then, and is now, a fixture one of those few places in New York which must always be what it always has been, New York's "Unchallenged Aristo-crat of Residential Edens."

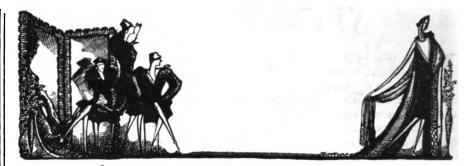
That is why Gramercy Park was chosen for the new residential hotel which has as its name one of the Park's most famous numbers—52 Gramercy Park North.

Every detail-artistic decorations and furnishings, as well as its full hotel and restaurant service-reflects the culture and refinement of its surroundings. Operated by its owners, the maintenance of superior excellence thruout is guaranteed. While the character and prominence of its permanent residents and transient guests, now doubly assured, only continues the fame of its name.

Rooms singly or en suite, furnished or unfurnished.

> WILLARD H. BARSE Manager

Gresham Realty Co., Inc. 587 Fifth Avenue New York City



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

HE shop windows along Fifth Avenue have given the final coup de grace to the good old affection for a white and snowy Christmas, and are extremely trying to hard worked editors who have to like New York. Florida, now that the Christmas rush is over and New Year's only a block or so away, is everywhere.

Bathing suits are especially attractive, now that the vogue for the ensemble has hit the beaches as well as The smartest thing the pavements. apparently, for men or women, is to have bathing trunks, either in a blazer stripe or in vivid solid color, matching the flannel beach robe. The tops her entire time in treatments or beof the suits are usually of jersey in a plain color. And, speaking of trunks, I cannot wait for the happy day when gotten one step in a laborious beauty I shall wistfully contemplate the process. Modern life has changed all glory of a lean, six-foot-four, onehundred-and-thirty-pound dancing boy less complicated. in golfing "shorts". At Marie Ear

The newest thing about the omnipresent two-piece dresses for Florida daytimes is that they are being made either of the rough, raw silks such as shantung, tussor, or rajah silk, of hand-drawn crepe de Chine, of jersey combined with crepe de Chine, or, unless you happen to shudder at the memory of Aunt Jessie in motoring costume, of pongee. Tiny scallops, piped in crepe de Chine, are very good outlining a neckline and the hemline of a blouse. This appears in a Lanvin dress at Best and Company, consisting of a jersey top, with a turtle-neck cut in front to make a turnover collar, and a pleated crepe skirt. Many blouses have very low, separate belts. Also, the bodice top for separate skirts is gradually giving way to skirts with an elastic at the waistline-invisible, but comforting.

T is a great relief to see the hocus pocus and useless rigmarole gradually disappearing from the best beauty forth all your own aids to beauty and

parlors. Time was when the query, "What shall I do about this wrinkle on the left side of my face?" would be met by the suave answer of the expert, "Use Frances Fleur's Essence de Violettes." "And what about this wrinkle on the right side of my face?" "Ah, Madame, that is a problem that only Frances Fleur's Wrinkle-Smoother Par Excellence can possibly solve." There were so many cleansing creams, astringents, eyebrow lotions, nourishing creams for under the eyes, fattening creams for the cheekbones, and so on, that anyone who took even one of the conflicting specialists seriously would either spend come gray haired and really wrinkled from sheer worry because she had forthat, and boxes for home treatments

At Marie Earle's, at 600 Madison Avenue, beauty culture is reduced to its simplest and most normal terms. She features her Essential Cream, which both cleans and nourishes, and a Cucumber Emulsion, which hastens the absorption of the cream, for every type of skin; and three tonics to tone the complexion-a Soothing Freshener Lotion for dry skins, an Almond Astringent for average ones, and a strong astringent for very oily conditions. With these, any skin can be kept in good condition without an arsenal of bottles and jars. Abnormal conditions, of course, require special treatment.

Furthermore, a visit to any one of the high class beauty salons, such as Primrose House, Elizabeth Arden, or Rubenstein, for a facial, no longer means, as it used to, that the operator will darkly predict the immediate advent of sagging muscles, enlarged pores, shiny noses, and premature wrinkles unless you promptly cast

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buy at least thirty-five of theirs. And, wonder of wonders, they even allow you to use your own make-up if you want to! Incidentally, did you know that, in Paris, make-up consists of powder, a little eyeshadow, and lip rouge, and that plucked eyebrows are as démodé as the spit curl?

CEEN at the Madison—Antoine's Shew haircut, with the hair carried severely off the left ear and swept across the head, ending in a swirl over the right ear. This is a little too. extreme to become generally popular, but is very effective for cool brunettes with regular features.

AISY GARSON now ensconsed in the palatial mansion of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, at 142 East Fiftyfifth Street, has, with the assistance of Marion Overton, decorated it elegantly throughout with antiques, and thereby has provided for herself the most sumptuous setting for the sale of trousseaux and lingerie in general that it is possible to find in the city. In addition to the very real pleasure of a visit to the house itself, there is endless temptation to every fastidious woman in the contemplation of the exquisite negligees, lingerie, pajamas, and house coats that are to be found there. The lingerie, which is made to order, is designed and executed in the studio upstairs, and is not the imported French type. The shades of color are exceptionally lovely. Aside from this astounding fact, it is simply no use to go into descriptions that would tax too severely my knowledge of the English language. Suffice to say that no person, however particular, could fail to find, among the many models she has on display, several exactly suited to her taste.

R. N. GIBSON CLARK has departed for Paris, carrying coals to Newcastle in the form of a branch salon to his millinery shop in 14 East Fifty-fifth Street. Reboux and Maria Guy stage their suicide pact on the banks of the Seine next week.-L. L.

IN THE MODERN MANNER

Pot I

Down wit Florida hef dey peaches On vitch lofes de svewlls ant beaches.

Pot II

I don't beleef dot "Florida needs you" Nize baby, it oop de hend dat feeds you!



From the seven remaining apartments a wide choice is possible. There are simplex apartments of 12 and 15 rooms and duplex of 11 and 12 rooms. You will find among these an apartment home just suited to your requirements.

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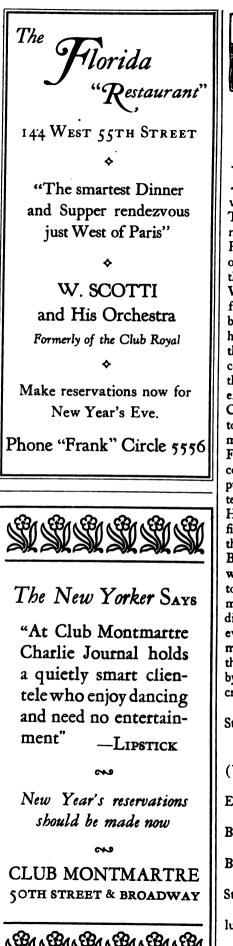
HARRIS VOUGHT & CO., Inc

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WHEELOCK:

Vanderbilt 0031

27



28



MY, my, how Time does fly! Here we are at Christmas and we haven't as yet made up a List of Ten. Neither an All-American Team; nor Ten Best Recipes for Swedish Punch made from Blotting Paper and other non-stimulants; nor Roster of the Twelve Best Dressed matrons of West Perth Amboy, N. J., has slipped from our glib Spencerian pen. This being dreadfully remiss of us, we shall hasten to do something about it while the year still holds out. Hence we are compiling that List of Ten, naming the works of literature we have greatly enjoyed in a lifetime. In the spirit of Christmas we shall then offer this list to the Movie Solons for any use they may see fit to make of it during the Fiscal Art Year of 1926. It is our contention that were these fine pieces put onto the screen with as much intelligence and downright genius that Herr von Stroheim put into the transfilming of Frank Norris's "Greed", the year of 1926 will be made Bigger, Better, Brighter and Happier. (There will be no charge to the movie factories for the use of the list. They must bear in mind, however, that the director, whose name we bracket wherever we can name an appropriate one, must have free rein for his genius. All the Movie Moguls may do is to stand by and hold the moneybags.) The crusted jewels:---

De Maupassant's "Bel Ami" (von Stroheim)

Ditto's "Yvette" (Herr Lubitsch) Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" (Victor Seastrom)

The play "Rain" (with Jeanne Eagels) (Malcolm St. Clair)

Conrad's "Secret Agent" (Tod Browning)

Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King" (James Cruze)

Chesterton's "Flying Inn" (von Stroheim)

Nathan & Mencken's "Heliogabalus" (For Private Showing) (Lubitsch)

H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" (?) Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" (Malcolm St. Clair)



Russian arabic room, one of the smartest places in town frequented by the elite who know. Cuisine royale prepared by Mr. S. Ignatoff, chef to the late Czar of Russia at his Livadia Palace.

DINING 6-10 P.M.; DANCING Supper dancing at 11 p.m. All-star cabaret programme. Famous dancers and singers.

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And if that isn't enough there might be done "The Ninth of November" by either King Vidor or Herr von Stroheim (again); Marcel Proust's "Swann's Way" in 100,000 reels; and "Hamlet in Modern Dress" directed by Svend Gade.

NOW that that's off our mind we shall make a strictly conventional gesture by listing the Ten Pictures which gave the least pain during the Fiscal Art Year of 1925:

> "The Last Laugh" "Greed" "Forbidden Paradise" "Kiss Me Again" "A Regular Fellow" "The Unholy Three" "Lady Windermere's Fan" "The Pony Express" "The Gold Rush" "The Big Parade"

Of these "The Last Laugh" proved the greatest picture ever made. "Greed" and "Forbidden Paradise" were best in their respective fields, while the last two are included because they are worthy, if not par excellent.

I F we were to draw up a list of the downright awful pictures, we should have a struggle between head-ing the list with "Drusilla With a Million", "Lord Jim", "Joanna, the Million Dollar Girl", or "Stella Dallas". Incidentally in the case of the last named, our rapier was turned into a toothpick when the publicity directors of the "Stella Dallas" producers quoted our review of that picture in such a way as to make our opinion sound favorable to say the least. If it will help those gifted gentlemen any to understand our position towards their work, we should like to refer them to the first sentence of this paragraph. And a Merry Christmas to them.—T. S.

•

TO A CONSTANT NYMPH

You always know just what she'll say— "I hats the taste but I like the effect!" As she lifts the cocktail off the tray You always know just what she'll say Though every time you hope and pray Some other tag-line she'll select, You always know just what she'll say— "I hate the taste but I like the effect!" —HELEN ROCKWELL



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

The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

(The Synthetic Theatre)

of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko

First Appearance Outside Russia

Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York

The repertory will be:

Entire week of Dec. 21, matinees Friday and Saturday—"LA PERI-CHOLE."

Entire week of Dec. 28, matinees Friday and Saturday—"The Daugh-TER OF MADAME ANGOT."

Week of January 4, Monday and Tuesday evenings January 4 and 5, Friday matinee January 8, and Saturday evening January 9, "CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings January 6, 7 and 8, and Saturday matinee January 9, "LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of January 11, matinees Friday and Saturday—Pushkin's "LOVE AND DEATH," featuring Rachmaninoff's "ALEKO."

The repertory for the last two weeks will be announced later.

SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR THE FIRST FIVE WEEKS AT THE BOX OFFICE

THE VILLA VENICE

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SMART rendezvous for tea, dinner and supper, where the high charges which so often mask mediocrity do not exist. Emil Coleman's music. Dinner and supper are formal. No couvert charge.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

At the Villa Venice

SUMPTUOUS supper will be served on this occasion at ten dollars a cover. Attractive favors. Amongthe entertainers will be a fiddler from rustic New England who was a formertutor of Henry Ford's protégé, Mellie Dunham. 81



THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS

THREE HUNDRED AND ONE WEST FORTY-SIXTH STREET

88

The rendezvous of artists and intellectuals; the soul of impromptu in New York's tiniest theatre

88

To our friends whose patronage we have enjoyed during the past year, and to our friends, both old and new we may serve during the year to come. A full measure of happiness and prosperity.

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Doors open promptly at ten New Year's Eve. Remember! Our accomodations are limited. Give us the pleasure of your company by sending in your reservations now.

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TABLES FOR T₩O

N this age of

balloon tires

and couvert

charges, it won't

be very long now

before quiet lit-

tle nooks in public dining places

will be as extinct

as the dodo or

people who avoid cocktail parties

and lie down for

a cozy nap before dinner.

means that the

world, with or

without his wife,

good as ever.

does not fail me.

night, the additional strain of her

opening in "The Cocoanuts" had de-

creased her customary pep in singing

somewhat, but her Charleston was as

good as ever, and that means a great

deal. There were 678 diamond brace-

lets in the audience, 247 white fur

wraps, two women with long hair, and

Count Salm. And the music is as

sador Grill is augmenting the charms

of the Siry orchestra and the entertain-

ment by Cynthia Perot and Elliott

Taylor by inaugurating with commen-

dable originality, a Thursday night

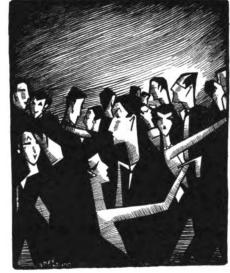
series of Charleston contests. I saw

one of those at Proctor's in Mount

Vernon some months ago, if memory

In addition to all this, the Ambas-

All of which



is flocking to the Florida, a society to the fact that the taxi had no steering haunt last year and, so far this season, gear) on the way up there than live one of those charming dinner and supto be berated as I have been. Read per places conducive to tête-á-têtes. what follows, and then ask me why Frances Williams is the reason for the I am considering a life of Social great rejuvenation. On the opening Service:

"Madame:

"Because I have had a more or less wholesome respect for your opinions, I followed your advice and visited the Club Cabaret of Johnny Cobb, at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And it was with something akin to shame that I left with my escort, shortly after Retta began singing her charmingly suggestive songs with accompanying contortions.

"In addition to expressing a belief that you have a kink in your otherwise brilliant mind, when you attribute to the dusky Retta great ability to entertain, may I express a belief that you must also be suffering from a severe attack of color-blindness when you state that 'all people look the same color under the curious amber lights?' My escort and I were decidedly crimson! "NANCY LLOYD HOLLISTER"

So it looks as if the sanctity of the Also, I have received an indignant Vanderbilt Hotel were to be the one landmark of quiet in this hectic city. letter from a musician in a Harlem In the Chinese Room here, Mr. and cabaret in which he states that no Mrs. Vernon Castle used to slip away white girl could possibly do the Charleston, "the REAL Charleston" as a colored one can, because the negro from the dancing craze they began, for tea, in days gone by, and is still originated the dance (didn't the going along screnely, far, far from American Indians do a dance very the influence of a jazz mad age. This and the Della Robbia dinner room are similar to it?) and therefore does it quiet, attractive, well-bred to the nth better than anyone else. Granted that degree. There are little corners to negro men are supreme at this dance add to the intimacy of the atmosphere, -I would be the last to deny it. But

and, even at dinner t i m e, the majority of the guests wear evening dress. For supper, it is compulsory—which I insist is a good idea.

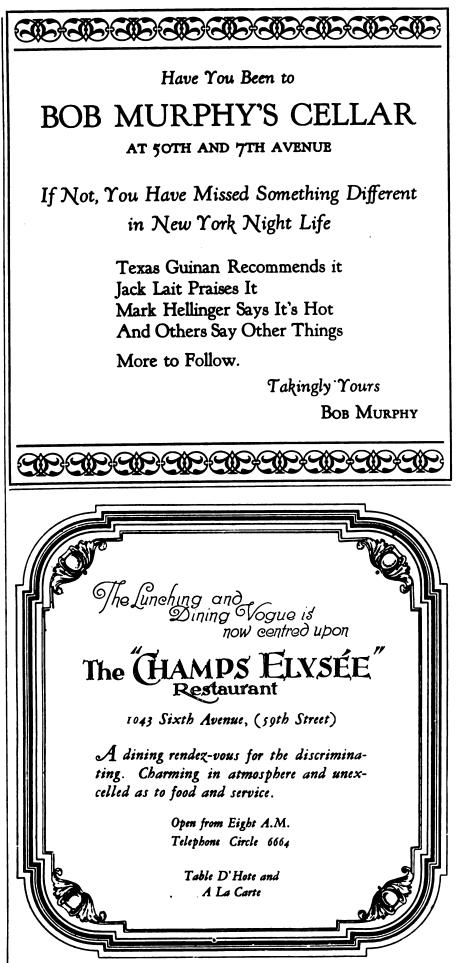
I F I ever go to Harlem again, I certainly am not going to write about it. Better, far better that I had been killed (as I very nearly was, due

as for the girls—I will just have to be shown, that's all. The ones I have seen get a certain curious swing that the white ones don't, but they are very self-conscious as regards the feet. And just for that I promise never to mention the name of Charleston again.

WHERE, oh where are the jovial souls who used to cavort nightly until breakfast time at the Del Fey Club? Harassed owners of clubs that stay open all night, and are open to the public, are asking themselves this as they survey the empty tables with a wistful sigh. I think the answer is that they are going to bed for a change. For nobody I know of ever went deliberately to Texas Guinan's —they simply found themselves there somehow, and remained doggedly until, all of a sudden, it was seven o'clock in the morning.

The best substitute for the Del Fey that I have found is the Owl, in Forty-fifth Street between Sixth and Broadway, which despite the fact that it is never crowded or rowdy, somehow fosters your disinclination to go home and be nice and fresh for your This is the office at nine o'clock. place, as I have mentioned before, where the negro waiter is quite likely to boom out, as he deposits your White Rock on the table, "The Good Book says that Cain killed A-a-abel," and have a quartette of waiters suddenly spring to life and harmonize the "Yes, good Lord!" with precision and enthusiasm. The singing of spirituals is simply too swell for anything, as is proved by the fact that, after only a few minutes of it, every forehead has a nice, gleaming, one dollar bill pasted across it, and others are rapidly fluttering to the floor to be scrambled for from the hands of enthusiastic hearers. (My escort was so enraptured that he absentmindedly tossed out a ten dollar bill instead of a one, and I had to pay the check, but no matter.) The girl entertainers do not fare as well. This casual singing and dancing entertainment occurs, every other dance, from midnight until five or six in the morning in this, the best "high-class slumming place" And-inducethat I have found. ment-if you go there you might see Alice Brady, Bessie Love, or even, to make your evening a complete success -Lipstick

Jimmy Walker must have moments when he regrets that office hunters do not shoot each other by mistake.



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night after night, members of New York's "inner circle"—celebrities of Society, the Stage and the Screen—return to the Mirador to applaud the incomparable artistry of

MARJORIE MOSS and **Georges Fontana**

in their tensely dramatic, highly emotional and fascinatingly gripping presentation of

El Tango Tragico Supported by a cast of 18

and augmented orchestra

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- YOUNG WOODLEY-Delicate study of a poetic English adolescent and his love Superbly portrayed by Glenn Hunpangs. ter. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way. THE GREEN HAT-Michael Arlen's fame-
- making novel done into sentimental drama. Katharine Cornell more than beautifies it. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
- IN A GARDEN-Laurette Taylor in an intensive study of the emancipated wife of a playwright. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.
- THE VORTEX-Noel Coward's play of high flying Britishers. HENRY MILLER's, 43, E. of B'way.
- HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS—Shakes-peare's play minus the trappings of the classical actors. NATIONAL, 41, W. of B'way.
- CRAIG'S WIFE—Intense struggle between a male and his selfish helpmeet. George George Kelly's most Ibsenesque play. Morosco, 45, W. of B'way.
- A MAN'S MAN-Dwight Frye in unpretty but cutting drama of desolate New York third rate society. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52, W. of B'way.
- DYBBUK-Reviewed in this issue. NEIGHBOR-HOOD PLAYHOUSE. Grand Street.
- TWELVE MILES OUT-Blood and thunder thriller with bootleggers furnishing the
- excitement. PLAYHOUSE, 48 E. of B'way. THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire in Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of crooks and nice people. Fulton, 46, W. of B'way
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN-Trenchant comedy guying the business of the Gotham theatre. By George S. Kaufman; with Gregory Kelly. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.
- BEWARE OF WIDOWS-Another farce more or less, by Owen Davis. With the pro-foundly charming Madge Kennedy. Max-INE ELLIOT'S, 39, E. of B'way. IS ZAT SO?-Prizefighters and Fifth Avenue
- moguls mix it up in this glorious comedy by James Gleason. CENTRAL, B'way at
- ANDROCLES AND THE LION-Shaw's de-lightful prodding of a latter-day religion, well done by the Theatre Guild. KLAW, 45, W. of B'way.
- THESE CHARMING PEOPLE-Cyril Maude and Edna Best in sophisticated Arlen chat-ter. GAIETY, B'way at 46. NAUGHTY CINDERELLA-A French farce
- embellished with Irene Bordoni, at her most charming. LYCEUM, 45, E. of B'way. EASY COME EASY GO-Rollicking farce by
- Owen Davis, with Otto Kruger. BILTMORE, 47, W. of B'way. ARMS AND THE MAN—Another "play
- pleasant" by Bernard Shaw. Displaying the Lunts, man and wife. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.
- THE JAZZ SINGER-Synagogue and mammy singing clash in clichéd comedy with George Jessel. ' Cort, 48, E. of B'way.
- SUNNY—Lavish musical comedy with pretty tunes, Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, et al. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way. CHARLOT'S REVUE—Beatrice Lillie, Jack Buchanan and Gertrude Lawrence in a

yearly British potpourri export. SELWYN, W. of B'way. 42,

- MAYFLOWERS-Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in pleasant enough operetta. Forrest, 49, W. of B'way. 5 STUDENT PRINCE—Fine operetta
- PRINCE-Fine operetta THE glamorously done with sparkling tunes. AMBASSADOR, 48, W. of B'way.
- PRINCESS FLAVIA-Large scaled operetta with good singers, gracious tunes and gifted principals. CENTURY, 62 and Central Park West.
- NO, NO NANETTE-Louise Groody and Charles Winninger in a joyous show of humor, immortal tunes and swift pace.
- GLOBE, B'way and 46. MERRY MERRY—Trim musical comedy, with Marie Saxon and a talented chorus. VAN-
- ARTISTS AND MODELS-Those Shubert Boys present The Flying Hoffmann Girls and the Ragging Mr. Phil Baker. WINTER CONTRY PROFESSION GARDEN, B'way and 50.
- ROSE-MARIE-Last year's leading musical show of paramount excellence, with Desiree Ellinger and a singing chorus. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way. VAGABOND KING—Plausible (with
- THE actual musical plot); sweet music; Dennis King and much beauty in setting and chorus, making gay, romantic operetta. Casino, B'way and 39. THE COCOANUTS-Los Marx Hombres, in
- George S. Kaufman's musical show. Berlin music. Lyric, 42, W. of B'way. DEAREST ENEMY-Staged by John Murray
- Anderson, and a glorious musical show of the Revolution. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- THE SHANGHAI GESTURE-A play by John Colton, co-author of "Rain", starring Mrs. Leslie Carter. ELTINGE, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28.
- THE MONKEY TALKS—A play from the French adapted by Gladys Unger. SAME H. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28. EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES—New edition,
- with Frank Tinney. EARL CARROLL, 50 and 7 Ave. Mon., Dec. 28.
- THE WAY-A revue from London, with BY Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge. GARETY, B'way and 46. Mon., Dec. 28.
- TIP-TOES-A musical comedy with a new Gershwin score. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28.
- THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET-A comedy by Karel Capek, with Emily Stevens star-ring. CHARLES HOPEINS, 49, E. of B'way. Tues., Dec. 29.
- A NIGHT IN PARIS-A new Shubert revue. CENTURY ROOF, 62 and Cent. Pk. W. Tues., Dec. 29.
- SONG OF THE FLAME—A new operetta by the producer of "Rose-Marie" with a score by Gershwin. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44, W. of B'way. Wed., Dec. 30.
- MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO-See Music.
- (Openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

MOTION PICTURES

- THE BIG PARADE-A reverberating picture of romantic war written by Laurence Stallings and directed by King Vidor. At the ASTOR
- DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE-A revival by the worthy Film Guild of Stevenson's story,





CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

with John Barrymore. At the CENTRAL, Sun., Dec. 27, only.

- THE FRESHMAN-Harold Lloyd at college antics, romantics and footballics. At the PLAZA, Fri., Dec. 25.
- A KISS FOR CINDERELLA-Barrie's famous play, with Betty Bronson. Opening Fri., Dec. 25, at the RIVOLI.
- LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN-A superb tale of fashionable British society, made from Wilde's play by Herr Lubitsch. Opening Sat., Dec. 26, at WARNER's.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Horrific doings in and about the underground pas-sages of Paris. Blood curdling melodrama, with Lon Chaney. At the COLONY.

AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51-Aristocratic surroundings and the dancing of Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor. Charleston contests on Thursday nights.
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3-The Club Mirador of the Village. Midnight entertainment.
- BILTMORE, Mad. and 43-Room to dance, good air to breathe and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra.
- CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Pk. W .and a French entertainment with Yvonne Georges, in the colorful cellar of the Century.
- CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave .- Barbara Bennett and Billy Reardon entertaining society en masse.
- CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51-The smartest people in town gathered to watch Moss and Fontana dance.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50-Charlie Journal still holding a very smart following. No entertainment.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9-The Village rampant.
- FLORIDA, 144 W. 55-Reviewed on page 34 of this issue.
- KATINKA, 109 W. 49-Russian gaiety at its best. Spasmodic entertainment.
- THE OWL, 125 W. 45-Reviewed on page 34 of this issue.
- SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave.—The best of the Har-lem places in which the blacks outnumber the whites.
- VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60-Refinement, charming surroundings, and an Emil Coleman orchestra.

MUSIC

- ART THEATRE MUSICAL MOSCOW STUDIO-Jolson's, 59 and 7 Ave. LA PERICHOLE, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25 and 26.
- THE DAUGTER OF MADAME ANGOT, Mon., Dec. 28, through Sat., Jan. 2. RECITALS-WILLIAM MURDOCK. ABOLIAN HALL, Mon. Aft., Dec. 28. A well recommended newcomer from England.
 - BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION. ABOLIAN HALL. Mon. Eve., Dec. 28. A lot of good ones, sprung on you without much notice.
- WINIFRED MACBRIDE. ABOLIAN HALL, TUCS. Aft., Dec. 29. An unusually good planist, playing new music as well as the ordinary. ROLAND HAYES. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Eve. Whatever was said before still Dec. 30.
- goes JOHN COATES. TOWN HALL, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30. A recital of Christmas carols and other
- merrie music by one of the greatest artists. ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES-PHILHAR-
- MONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE

- HALL, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, Fri. Aft., Jan. 1. NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting.
- CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., Dec. 26 (Young People's Concert). Mecca Temple, Sun.
- Aft., Dec. 27.
- PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA, Whiteman conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29, Fri. Eve., Jan. 1.
- ORATORIO SOCIETY, Stoessel conducting. CARNE-GIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26. ("Messiah".) INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS' GUILD, Reiner
- ABOLIAN HALL, SUD. Eve., conducting. Dec. 27.
- LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, Mengelberg conduct-ing. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29. PERCY GRAINGER AND ORCHESTRA. AROLIAN
- HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.
- METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY-Performances nightly, except Tues., with matinee Sat., and concert Sun. night. Programs not announced at time of going to press. See daily papers.

ART

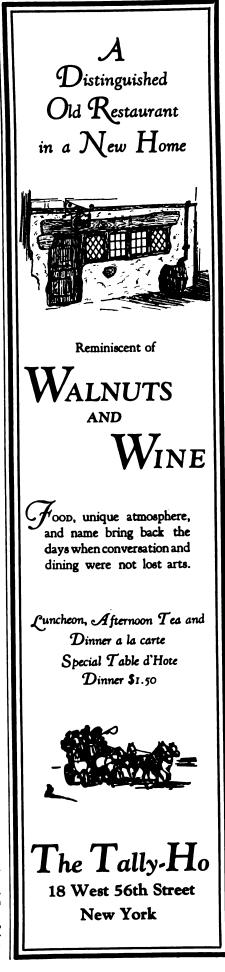
- 100 YEARS AMERICAN ART-GRAND CEN-TRAL GALLERIES, stop the Station. Over five hundred paintings of the best of the
- National Academy during the century. MARIN—ALFRED STIEGLITZ, ROOM 303 ANDERson GALLERIE, Park Ave. and 59. Com-prehensive showing of one of the world's best water colorists. Also Stieglitz.
- PEGGY BACON-MONTROSS GALLERIES, 26 E. 56 St. One of the pleasantest expe-riences of the season. Drawings and dry points with teeth.
- LEON HARTL-WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB-14 W. 8 St. A Sunday painter sells some pictures--also some others of this interesting club.
- KAETHE KOLLWITZ-Civic Club, 14 W. 12. Interesting promises made of one of Germany's best wood cut artists.

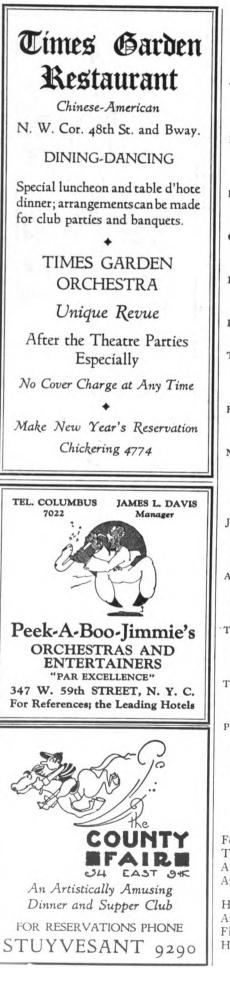
SPORTS

- ICE HOCKEY-MAD. So. GARDEN, 50 and 8 Ave. INTERCOLLEGIATE—Boston College vs. Montreal University, Mon., Dec. 28, 2:30 p.m. Princeton vs. Canadian Royal Military College, Mon., Dec. 28, 8:30 p.m. Boston College vs. Canadian Royal Military College, Tuesday., Dec. 29, 2:30 p.m. Princeton vs. Montreal University, Tuesday, Dec., 29, 8:30 p.m. MATEUR-New York A. C. vs. Boston A. A.
 - AMATEURand Knickerbockers vs. St. Nicks, Sun.,
- Dec. 27, 8:30 p.m. PROFESSIONAL—New York vs. Pittsburg, Sat., Dec. 26, 8:30 p.m. New York vs. To-ronto, Wed., Dec. 30, 8:30 p.m. BADMINTON—212TH ARTILLERY ARMORY, 62
- and Columbus Ave., Tues., Dec. 29, 3 p.m. The English International Team in exhibition matches to show Manhattan what it's all about.

OTHER EVENTS

- RUTH DRAPER-TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, 42, W. of B'way. Sun. eve., Dec. 27, and matinees Tues., Dec. 29., and Wed., Dec. 30. Additional opportunity to hear inimitable imitations.
- FIREMEN'S BALL-MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. The real thing in Firemen's Dec. 31. Frolics with New Year's Eve thrown in.
- INDEPENDENCE BALL-U. S. S. ILLINOIS, Foot of W. 96. A chance to see the com-ing of the Sesqui-Centennial Year (1926) on board ship. Charities benefited.





"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Helen, Menelaus and others in modern terms that are astute and amusing. Not Shavian, but sure to be welcome if you like Shaw.
- MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). All kinds of Manhattanites except those who are good for anything. Some readers can't keep them separate as they appear and reappear.
- pear and reappear. KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillan). Wells's kind of scientific romance caught up by a whirlwind imagination. "Krakatit" is a new explosive too powerful to be loosed.
- GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (Viking Press). A versatile failure becomes a superman, by way of a delirium of sex. Strong and original, with allegorical features.
- FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). A brilliant, dramatic, psychopathological novelette, in sentences with sub-
- jects, predicates, and spaces between the words. FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt*, Brace). A simple, powerful and "universal" novel about a marriage.
- THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). A subtle, poetic novel, with fantasy, mainly about a marriage, and not as unlike "Faber" in its burden as you might think.
- FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (McBride). The big Westerner takes the editorial worm out on a party and turns him. A good yarn, with satirical pith in it. No More PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A.
- No More PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni). Further tribulations of the noble Tietjens of "Some Do Not . . .", and more of Ford's beautiful art in writing fiction.

GENERAL

- JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON, by Claude G. Bowers (Houghton, Mifflin). Political history as dramatic romance, by a hero-worshipper of Jefferson. Good as a balancing ration with—
- AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). A fascinating biography that doesn't canonize Burr, but has precious little use for either Jefferson or Hamilton.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton Hendrick (*Doubleday*, *Page*). Contains most of the Ambassador's letters to President Wilson—who, Bainbridge Colby explains, was too busy to read them.
- THE NEW NEGRO, edited by Alain Locke (A. C. Boni). A symposium, with particularly interesting examples of what some young Negroes are doing in poetry and fiction. PLUCK AND LUCK, by Robert C. Benchley
- PLUCK AND LUCK, by Robert C. Benchley (Holt), and THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS, by Corey Ford (Doran). Fooleries worth while. The best parts of both are literary burlesques.

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MAD, ALL MAD!

Folks have to see their names in print— They cannot live without it. A few achieve it with a hint, And others have to shout it.

Hence he who cannot novelize And cop a roll baronial, Finds still a way to advertise— He writes a testimonial. —Strickland Gillilan





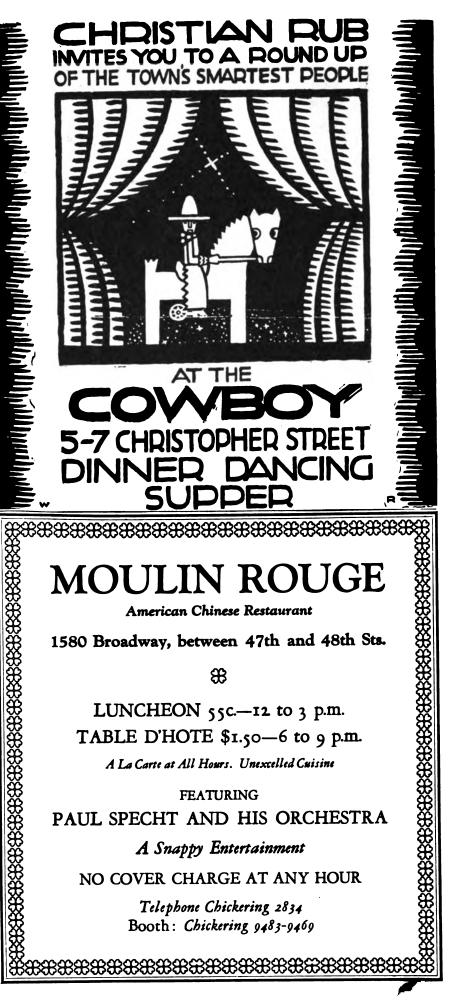
LONDON NOTES

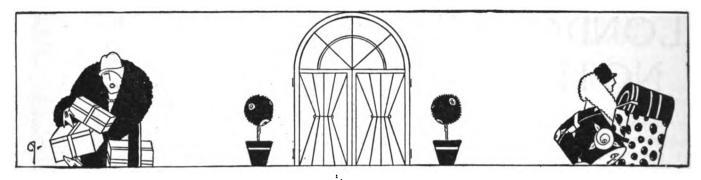
LONDON, DECEMBER 12.-

ONDON Society will be distinctly poorer by the loss of William Gillett, founder and doyen of the Bachelors Club. There are two stories concerning the inauguration of that celebrated institution. One is that Gillett, when young, was engaged to a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and, the romance being broken off, the escaping swain set up the Bachelors Club as a monument to his gratitude. The other, and more authentic, story is that it arose as a result of a great bachelors' ball, organized to enable bachelors to return some of the hospitality they had received from their married friends. With the same object in view, the Club was brought into being. Its qualifications for membership were strict, and if a member married, he was not only expelled, but was fined \$100 into the bargain. Gillett, a suave man, was always a little sensitive about the correct pronunciation of his name, and thereby hangs a tale. One morning, he saluted Lord Charles Beresford when that somewhat irascible admiral was walking in the Park. In returning the compliment, Beresford mispronounced the name; some say, deliberately. Gillett, with beautiful courtesy, informed his lordship that the "G" in Gillett was "soft, as in 'gentleman'." "Gr-r," roared the admiral, "I thought it was hard as in beggar."

HOSE who have been alarmed by the story that whisky exported from the United Kingdom is likely to be taxed in the next financial year, can be reassured. The export of whisky is becoming an important item of British trade, and this is no time to impose restrictions upon commerce. If the United States were the only importers of British whisky, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be more favorably disposed towards the suggestion, for the average Briton is firmly convinced that the American will pay anything for forbidden nectar. But the Continental countries, particularly the Scandinavian nations, are considerable purchasers of whisky. To increase the already high price in those countries and in France, would be to make the cost prohibitive. So Scotch whisky is likely to remain the fourth of Britain's great civilizing gifts to the world, the other three being Sunlight soap, the Boy Scouts, and the Salvation Army.

WE are apt to think of Belgium as one of the Continental countries which does not suffer from restriction in the con-





WHERE TO SHOP

Our excuse for calling attention to THE NEW YORKER'S Shopping Guide immediately after the deluge of shopping is the excellence of the places listed below and the fact that Christmas invariably reminds everybody of something they should purchase immediately.

Antiques

HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 700 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.

Arts and Crafts

ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, pot-teries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts

Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.

MINIATURES Your favorite photograph, painted in water color, on ivory. Inquiries given prompt attention. Edward Hauser, 15 East 26th Street, N. Y. City

Auction Bridge

ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City

FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illus-trated. \$2.00-Dodd, Mead & Co.

Bags and Novelties

IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn bags, repaired by us, look like new. 562 Madison Ave., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987

Beauty Culture

ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795

Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanes and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue Phone 4974 Plaza

TRICHO SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE Permanent removal of Superfluous Hair was awarded Grand Prix at Paris. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., N. Y.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. E. P. Robinson. 1440 Broadway at 40th St.

FRESHEN UP WITH FRESHIES. Freshies are Book-lets of Crepe Tissue treated with cleansing cream; to be carried with you. They provide the daintiest method of removing sol from business, travel and sports. IDEAL FOR GIFTS. Handbag size, soft en-velope, 50c. Attractive Metal Boxes for Boudoir, Suitcase, and Automobile \$1.00 The Freshie Company. 433 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Books

PHOENIX BOOK SHOP 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs Modern Filos upon request. Telephone Regent 4468

Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc. 66 Fifth Ave. One of the Most Interesting Bookshops in New York. Choice Stock of Rare, Old and New Books. Catalogs free. Open Evenings. Chelsea 5070

Children's Things

MISS L. BROGAN, 27 East 54th St., New York. Tel, Plaza 7280. Exceptionally attractive infants' & children's clothes, negligees & boudoir accessories. Palm Beach. New Orleans.

Cleaners and Dyers

ANNOUNCING the inauguration of a Cleaning & Dyeing establishment where each order is executed only after the keenest analysis of the conditions of the garment and of the desired results—and where the in-dividual attention of a master hand is an inseparable part of the service rendered. Leo Bennett, Inc., 720 Madison Ave., Rhinelander 7277

Flesh Reduction

Lackawanna 1936-1986' 128 West 34th St. ANA DE ROSALES (Opposite Macy's) REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young

Footwear

CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878

Furs

Beautiful Fur Coats from \$60. Slightly used samples sacrificed. Fur Jacquettes \$35. Fur Scarfs \$12. Sydell Benson, 29 West 48th St., N. Y.

Gifts

UNUSUAL GIFTS by individual craftsmen Handwrought jewelry of distinction—lamp shades from our own studios. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village

ALICE HILL, 15 WEST 51ST ST. Distinctive gifts. Quaint things of the past, smart things of the present; Handcraft, Toys, French Novelties.

Golf School

EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO., INC. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712

Gowns and Sports Wear

ATKINS 30 West 57th Street (7th floor) Exclusive and Inexpensive Gowns for Afternoon, Eve-ning and Sports Wear. Specializing in Youthful lines. Appropriate costumes for Southern Wear from \$35 up.

Gowns, Made to Order

DOUCETTE MODELS. 158 West 44th Street "Do say" Snappy Styles Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. New Models.

Hats

ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions. 16 East 8th Street Spring 5917

Health Service

Health and strength restored, fat reduced, quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice. Dr. Sauchelli 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218

SULPHUR VAPOR BATH and MASSAGE A Hot Sulphur Spring's Treatment right in New York City. Invigorating, Rejuvenating, Health-Promoting, The Sulphume Institute. 52 W. 56th St. Circle 0005.

Ladies' Tailors

D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Ave. (opp. Lord & Taylor) offers for December, a reduction of 25 per cent on coats, suits and dresses, to order. Furs new and re-modeled. Mail orders. Tel. Caledonia 7111.

J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.

Lingerie and Negligees

A NEW WOMEN'S SHOP DISPLAYING A charming assortment of fine hand-made Lingerie and Negligees. Models on display and special orders taken. Annette Hamilton, 35 West 8th Street.

Maps

, Regent 2655

OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 0019

Restaurant

MONTICELLO 18 East 47th St. Ritz-Carlton Bldg. Dinner \$1.25. Southern Hospitality. Open Sundays. "Better Than The Average Dinner"—N. Y. Herald-Tribunc.

Stationery

Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deckhe 63 x 83/s folded or 10/ x 71/s single. A choice gift \$3.00. J. Neff & Co., 209 W. 38th St., N. V.

Tea Room

A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea Dorothy McLaury, 10 East 50th St.

sumption and purchase of alcohol. Mr. William Le Queux, the well-known author, who was in Brussels last week, writes to tell me that he had a curious experience when he endeavored to purchase three bottles of whisky. A good deal of fuss was made over the request, and he had to sign various forms. Moreover, the price he paid worked out at a little over two dollars per bottle, which is very expensive in view of the fact that the Belgian duty is very light, and that the price of whisky in bond in England is about one dollar a bottle. When the whisky was handed to the purchaser, he was given also a formidable document-a license permitting him to carry the whisky through the streets of Brussels. Incidentally, he paid for revenue stamps to the value of 11.50 francs. It would seem that the "drys" have inserted the thin end of the wedge even in the gay city of Brussels.

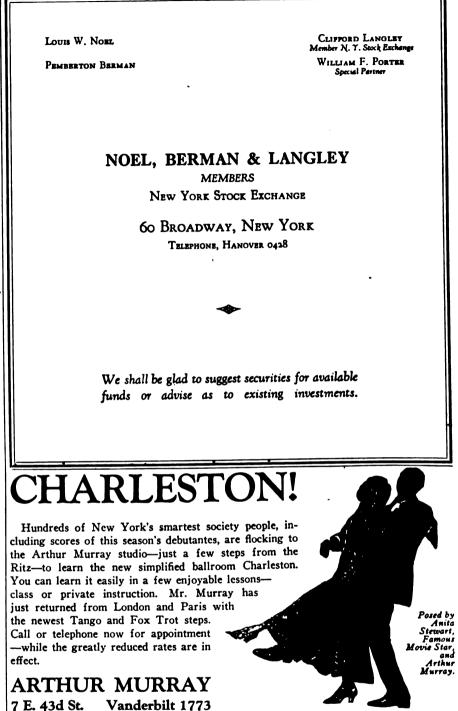
ONE of our recently-rich magnates made an unusual break at a banquet the other evening. In a moment of selfsatisfied expansiveness he urged his hearers, in replying to a toast, to take inspiration from what he called his "crest". What he meant, of course was his motto, and proceeding to quote it, he got no farther than the first of its Latin words. He had forgotten this dominating axiom of his life!

WITH the coming of the New Year, a new and effective check is to be put upon divorce. It is distinctly ingenious, for it takes the form of an amendment to the Criminal Procedure Act, forbidding the photographing of witnesses in, or within the vicinity of, any Court of Law. Nothing can be conceived more disappointing to a hardened divorce habitué than to step daintily from her automobile, clad in her best furs and most artistic complexion, to a sidewalk innocent of press photographers. Of course, she may telephone and have the photographers sent to her home, but everyone would know that the pictures had been taken by her own express wish, and she would be set down, by her own sex, as a "hussy"-which is something no demure woman can stand. Incidentally, the judges have caused the amendment to be extended to protect themselves, and no judge may be "snapped" in the precincts of his court. No longer shall we be able to form our own conclusions about the way in which the judge has lunched. —С. В. Т.

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SPINSTER

I spread the woolen comforter, And smooth the pillows' wrinkled seams. Then slowly, lest some thing deter My promised pleasure, I prepare My room, my windows, and my hair For due communion with my dreams. —LORD STITES





You can rest, read, chat or partake of VIENNESE DELICACIES amidst a truly continental atmosphere at "THE KUGLHUPF" Coffee House 73 WASHINGTON SQUARE SOUTH WHERE TO WELCOME YOU WILL BE THE DELIGHT OF

Bettina

Evenings

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FROM THE PRESS OF

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DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE NEW YORK

40

(BELOW)

"My STOMACH has been in bad shape ever since 1901 due to all the medicine I had taken for various tropical diseases while in the Philippine Islands. I had to be very careful of my diet and I suffered continually from severe headaches. About five weeks ago I commenced taking Fleischmann's Yeast daily. The results have been wonderful. I do not have to diet. The headaches have ceased and I am feeling fine.

ALBIN D. SCHAEFER, Paterson, N. J.



(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter, due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily. In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and

this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast. I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result -overcoming constipation-has been obtained.' MISS CELIA E. BRIAN, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.

Now Life's Different

They banished constipation, skin and stomach disorders—renewed youthful optimism-with the aid of one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense-Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion -clear the skin-banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers -in fruit juices or milk-or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time-they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-9, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire systembanishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!



"AFTER SIX MONTHS ON BROADWAY in 'Kid Boots,' I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health and ability to continue longer without a vacation. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. My doctor said 'Try Fleisch mann's Yeast.' I did. Three cakes daily. Soon I began to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is vart of my daily diet now-like milk." EDDIE CANTOR, New York City.

