

Nov. 7, 1925

THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER





Opening Monday, November 9th

Mayfair House

Six hundred ten Park Avenue

New York

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 MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XIII. The Work of Printing Presses

EIGHT 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.

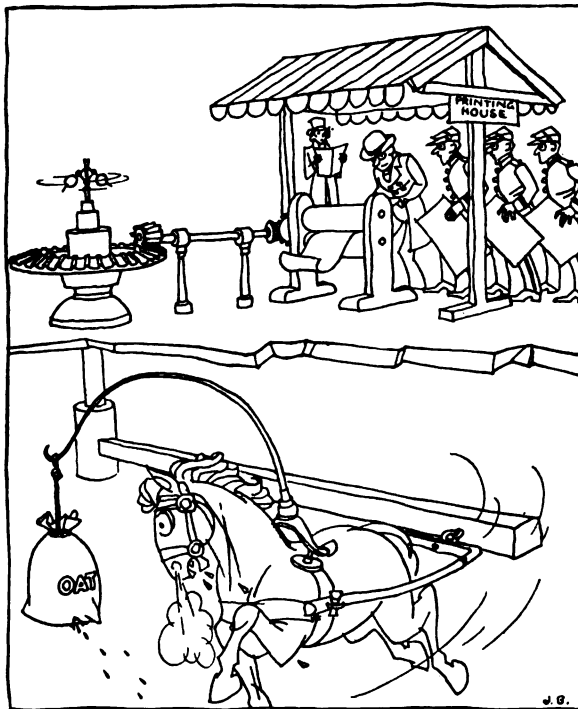
Perhaps a detailed explanation of the long and difficult operation of these presses may help the reader to form some conception of this important step in the Making of a Magazine. Let us say, a sheet of paper about a foot long by two feet wide is injected into the *tweezle*, or maw. Two giant *clobbers*, 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 by parcels post in 1912.

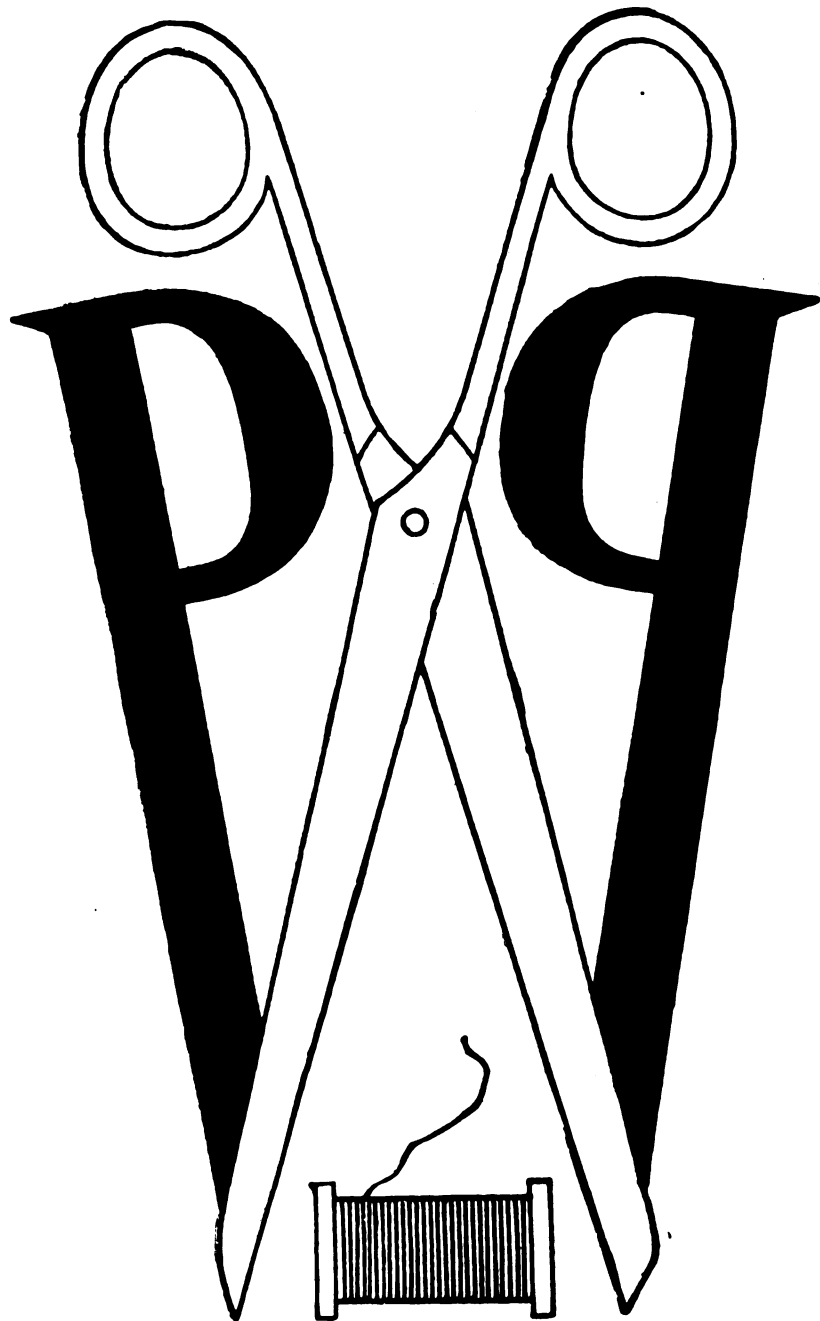
The first electrical press, according to legend, consisted of only 24,927 pieces, over half of which were cotter pins, and was named Bertha. The following year 2,167 more parts were added from another printing press which had been dismantled, and as a result the New Bertha, not only printed the magazine, 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,



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 upstairs 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.



PAUL POIRET

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



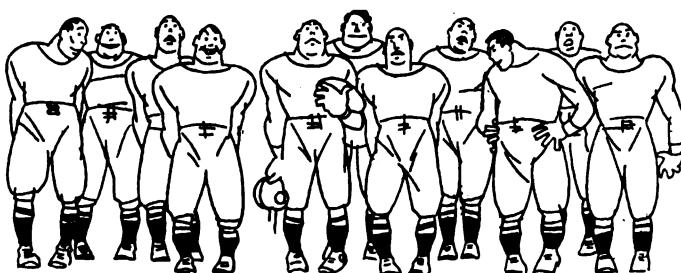


Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Hugh Wiley

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

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.



INTELLECTUAL CENTRES

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."

THE 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

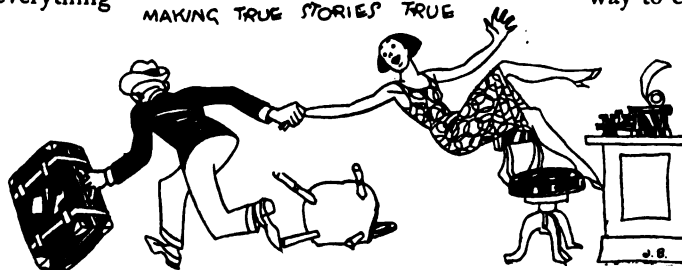
OUR semi-annual reading of the true story group of magazines, a chore which is the duty of anyone with any pretense to an understanding of the Great American Mind, awakens the suspicion that the formula of these money makers is wearing thin. The staff writers, we hear, are complaining that it's about 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

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

MAKING TRUE STORIES TRUE



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 litterateurs, bon vivants, and playboys of the Social Revolution, such

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 sanatorium.

"Sold," says Mr. Regan regretfully.

And so another landmark of the Roaring Forties is picked clean. "What price history?" asks an on-looker 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 not-too-distant future, as he did by science with "Arrowsmith", in the not-so-remote 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

IN 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'."

ter. This will be the first of Mr. Carpenter's works to be seen at Thirty-ninth 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

THERE 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

WE went, the other day, to a warehouse far west on Fifty-seventh Street and listened to the new Victor phonograph, which, according to its originators is to revolutionize the

talking machine industry. 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

THERE 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 forbade 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

GOOD news for the apostles of the 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 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.

IT 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, taxi-like interior, because it will be leather of softly brilliant hues, and of the

most 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

ALONG with the cold weather which is now getting under way, 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.

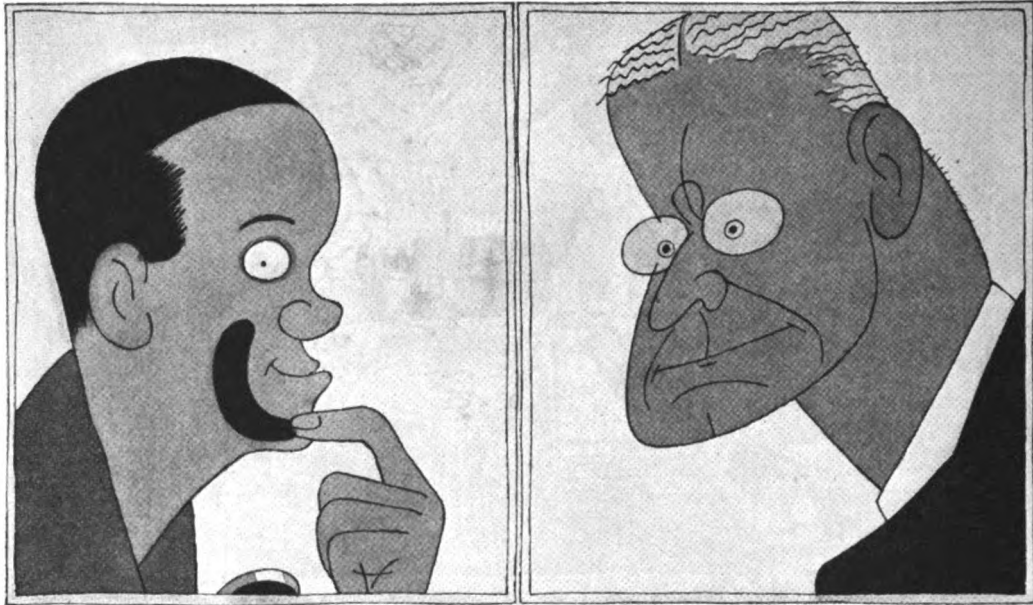
Persons who mourn the passing of that colorful and unique institution are begged to remember that there were certain obstacles in the way of its continued happy achievement. One of them being the climate of New York; for, as those experienced in street fairs have pointed out, by the time the weather 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 pre-holiday 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

MRS. 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

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 for a living. However, my country,

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

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?"



PROFILES

Notes On a Soldier

TEA 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 cavalry," her informant said.

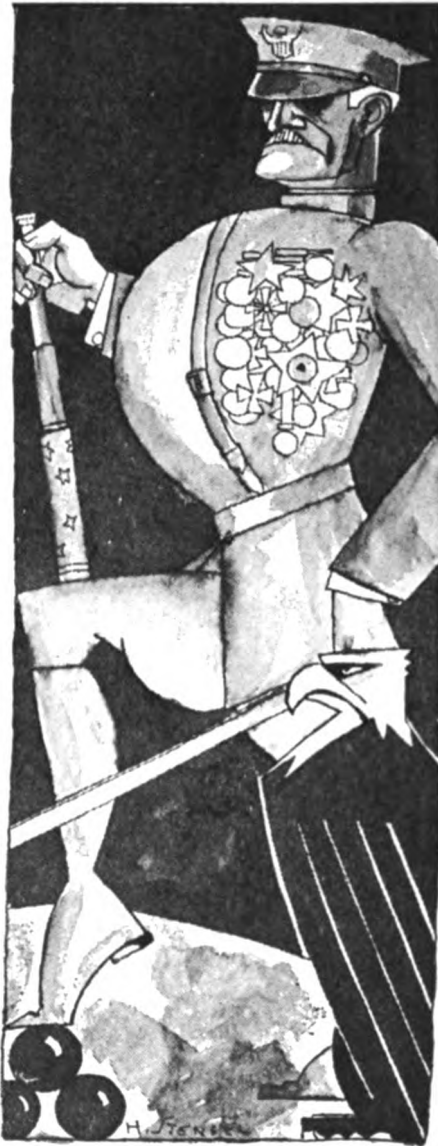
"Stupid of me. Any woman of discernment should be able to tell a cavalryman." The speaker's glance picked up the General of the Armies, who was at that moment assuring a Costa Rican lady that her views on the opera season at San José left practically nothing more to be said.

The English woman was asked the secret sign by which discerning women infallibly distinguish cavalymen from the other representatives of the profession of arms.

"Their manner at tea, of course. Cavalymen 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 eligible 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 perfect.

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 1 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.

HEWOOD 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 ex-captain.

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-a-gun, 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 acquiescence, 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 sixty-four 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.

HE 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

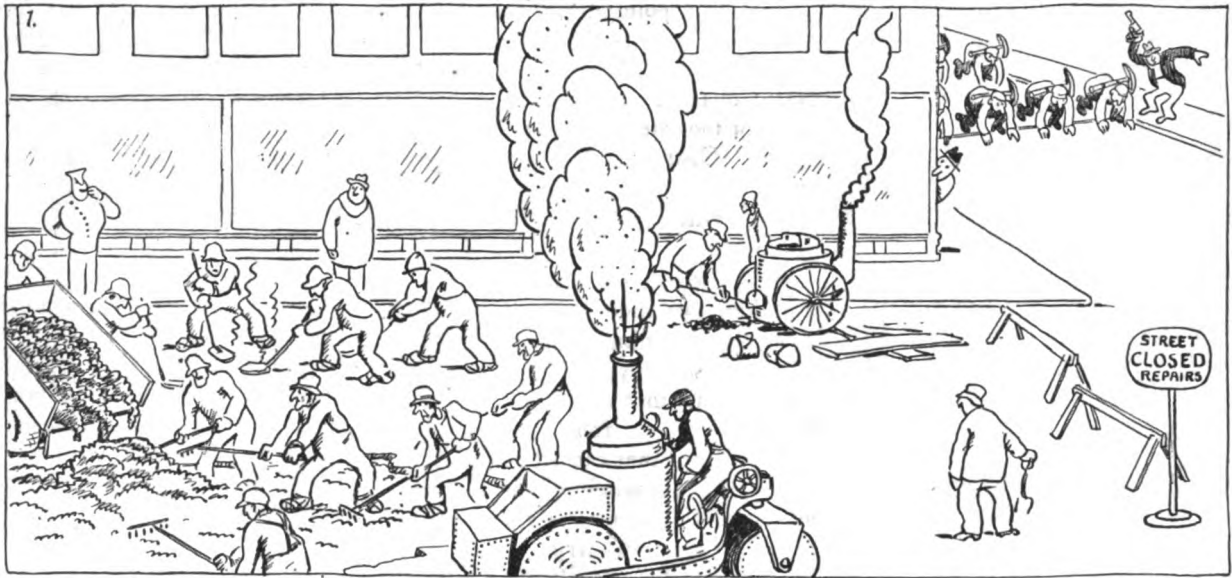
DEFINITIONS

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



SOCIAL ERRORS
THE WOMAN WHO CUT HER HUSBAND'S BOOTLEGER

THE SOVEREIGN VOICE

MYSELF, 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?"

I was curious, wondering how this



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 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.

WHEN 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 Tweed—there 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

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.

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.



"Garters? The men's department on the third floor, Madame."

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 STEENBERGH

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

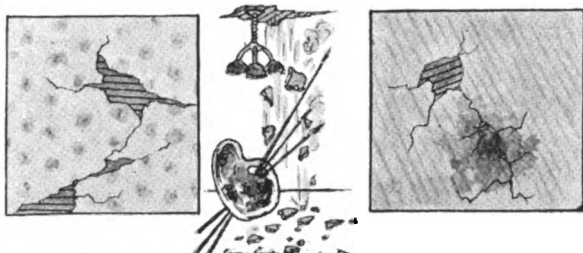
CRACKED CEILINGS

A Further Study of Creative Art in New York

DOES 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 spontaneous 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.



"Dawn: A Fragment" and "Running Water",
Two Well known New York Cracked Ceilings

Leonard Furbish in upper Park Avenue contains a rather intricate design, 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

IT has been decided at the Mitchell 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.

Now they are proposing to add twenty-

five new seats to the Stock Exchange. The 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.

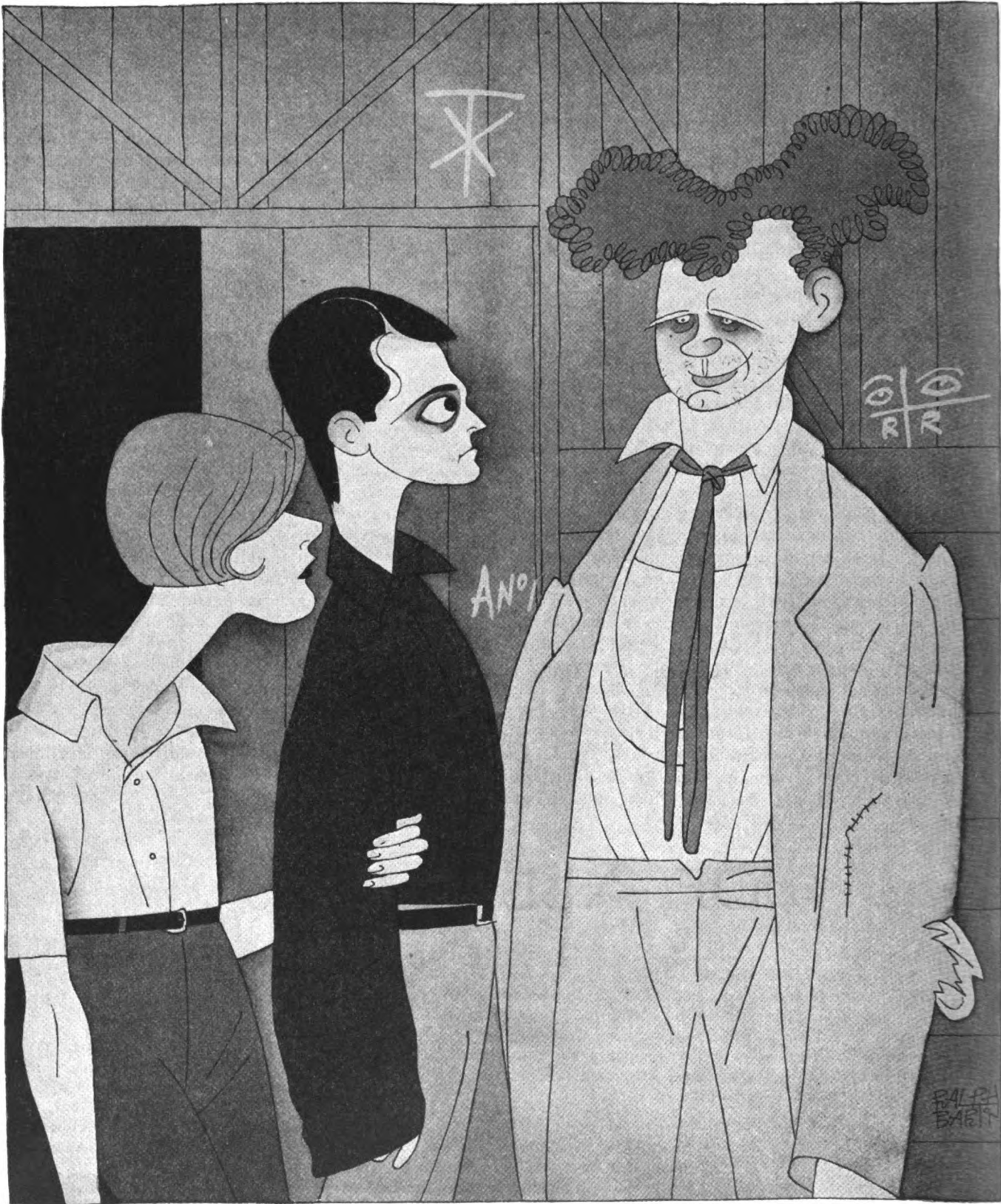
When all hope seemed lost, the National Security League saved Hartford lunchers from the perils of a speech by Arthur Henderson, M.P. The rescue of the crew of the *Ignazio Florio* by the *President Harding* was pretty good, too.

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

MISS 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 Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

—R. B.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

THERE 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 sophisticated associate whom the Prince has thus sent in pursuit. Given to high stratagems, 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 Clisophic 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.

IT is a bit embarrassing for a theatrical reporter, not conspicuously 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 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*."

THE 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.

Music

GRADUALLY, as M. Milt Gross 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 Sebastian or Georg Friedrich.

"Le Roi David", somewhat ornately 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.

To oratorio addicts, "Le Roi 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

IT 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 showing. In these Broadway days, that



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.

THE 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 immensely Vlaminck's "River" and think it is one of the best he has ever done. And we liked the examples of

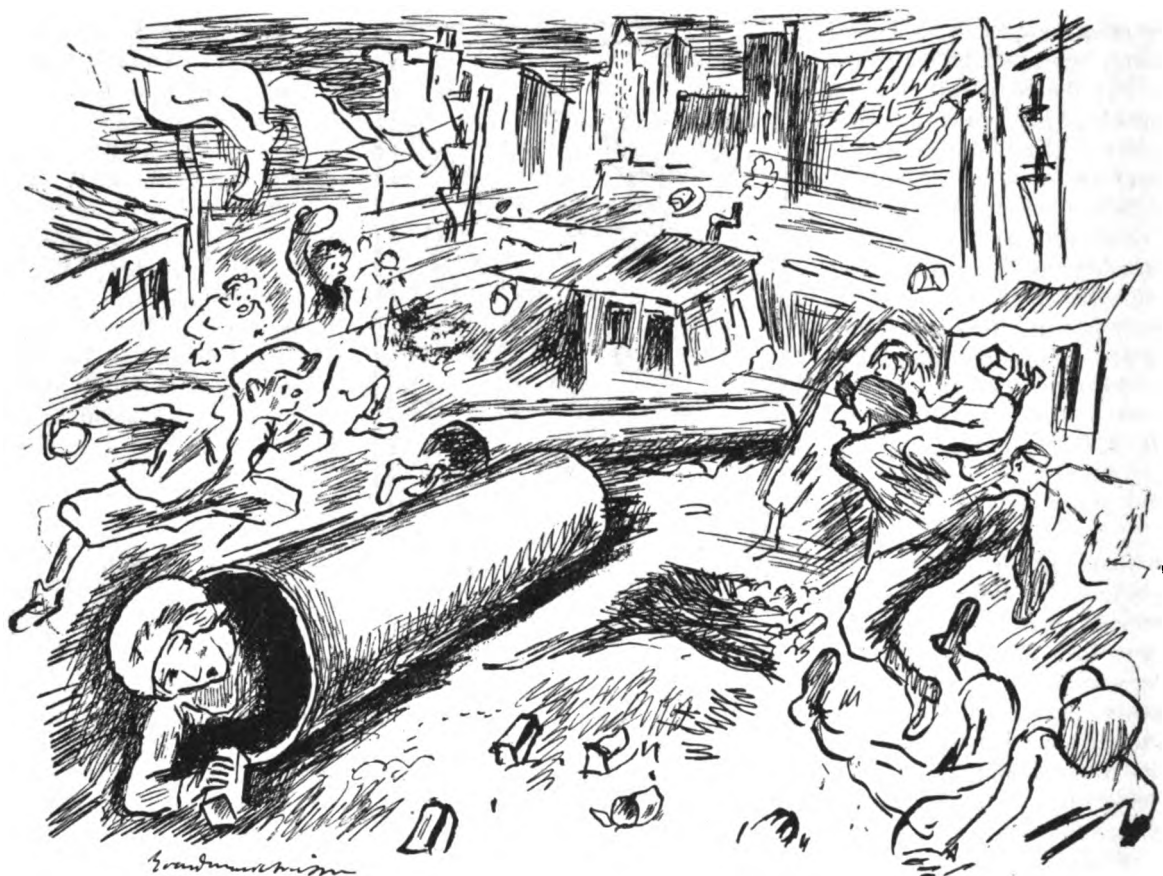
Utrillo at the Gallery, or at any other gallery. Then there is James Chapin, a young American being fostered by the New Gallery and promised a full exhibit soon. His "Plowman" is a bit stylistic, yet it is a relief. We imagine he will go well with interior decorating. Kisling is also represented with 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.—M. P.

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 Bordeaux, 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

ONCE 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 Knock-out" 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 Babbitry before writing it. The re-

sult 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 dishonest—forever 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 publicized 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 gentlemen 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*.

SEVEN Keys to Baldpate" is with 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.



ZANE GREY READS TO BILL HART FROM THE CLASSICS

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

A 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

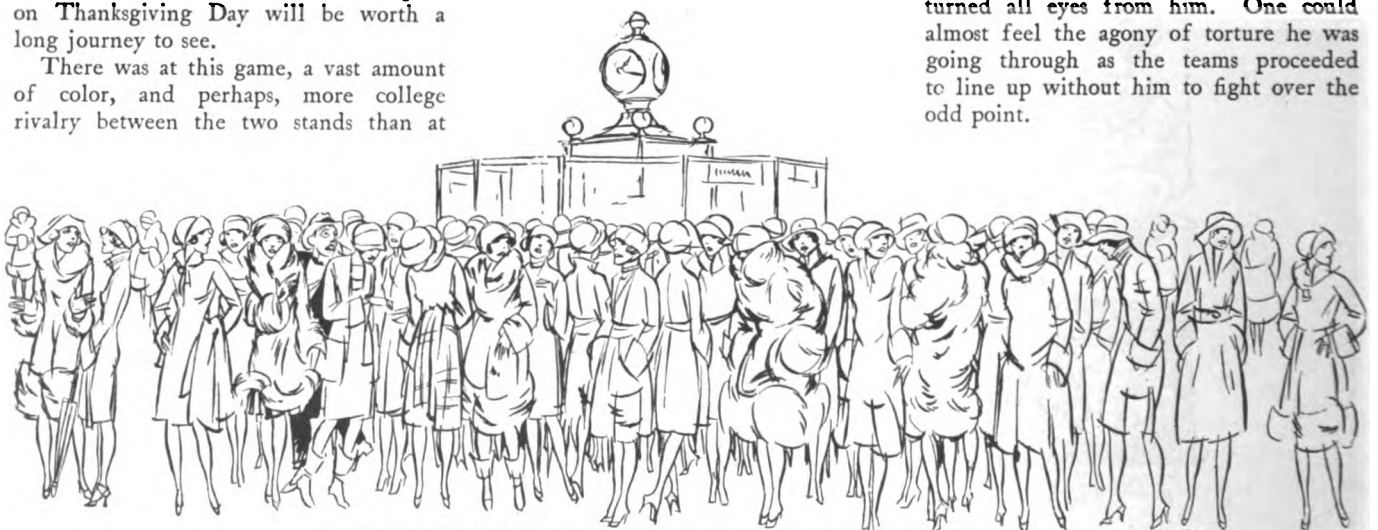
any contest in New York this season. Both undergraduate bodies furnished a great deal of noise, and each supplied an elegant and tuneful band for the celebration during the game and afterward—this last confined unfortunately to the visitors from Ithaca. The happy Cornell undergraduates had every reason to rejoice. Theirs was a splendid team. But it was the Cornell cheer leader who particularly took my eye. Since late September 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.

IT 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.



THAT MEETING AT THE INFORMATION BOOTH — FIND THE MARK

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.

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 commentators. And indirectly for the 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 bijoux: 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 aujourd'hui vers vous, au delà 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*

Aine Montaillé

THE OLDEST HOUSE ON
THE PLACE VENDÔME

DRESSES
COATS
MILLINERY
LINGERIE
KNITTED
GOODS

Every season her
most elegant mod-
els are presented
to the American
clientèle by her
agent in New York

MADAME CUSSON
500 Fifth Avenue 500

1 PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS

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

Régine

ANCIEN RABEAU

CORSETS
BRASSIÈRES
CEINTURES ÉLASTIQUES
LINGERIE FINE

11 RUE DE MIROMESNIL
PARIS
(Faubourg St Honoré)

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCTOBER 19TH—

THE 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, confused, 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."

THEY 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 think that clothes are vanities without 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 for millions of dollars, and billions on billions of francs, and the news that black

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.

THEY 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 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 undoubtedly an amazing one on the score of accuracy and fluent style.—GENET



17, rue Vignon
PARIS -

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

MYRBOR



The 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!

George
Bernard Co.
673 FIFTH AVENUE at 53
New York




Wetzel
Established 1876
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

IN the presentation of correct fashions for men, a comprehensive service to a distinguished clientele, through three generations, has established the authoritative position of Wetzel.



WHEN 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 I, 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.

AT present, one of the smartest of small bookshops is the “Magic Carpet Book Room”, at Seven East Fifty-fourth 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,



*Earth has not anything to show more fair,
Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.*
—WORDSWORTH

The sale by PUBLIC AUCTION
of the
**Fifty-Two Restricted
Residence Plots
of One Acre or More**

comprising the former Robert B. Dula Estate situated on the heights above TARRYTOWN, affords uncommon advantages to those desiring to establish small estates in one of Westchester's most charming sections. High, beautifully wooded and of exquisite scenic beauty, this property comprises a small residence park protected on all sides by great estates.

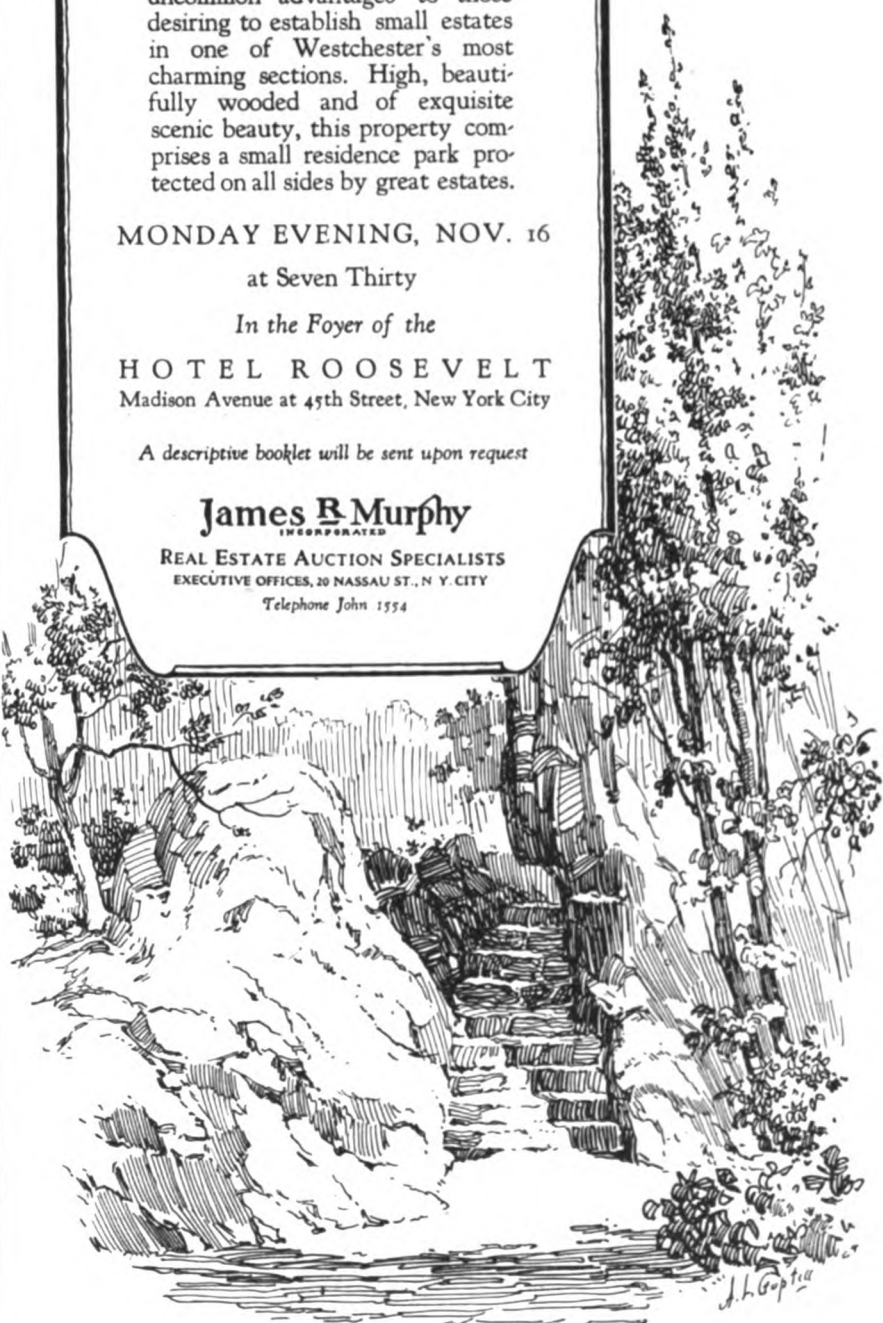
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 16
at Seven Thirty

In the Foyer of the
HOTEL ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York City

A descriptive booklet will be sent upon request

James B. Murphy
INCORPORATED
REAL ESTATE AUCTION SPECIALISTS
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 20 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY
Telephone John 1554

Sketch Made on
the Property



The HORSE GUARDS ~ A blend, a meld, a fusion! Very British, yet characteristically American ~ Sturdy, stocky and substantial ~ Fit for the Fall & Winter wardrobe of the most meticulous ~ Imported Moor Calf on a special last that will not crease heavily or "bite". A Postcard brings the Shoes or a Catalog ~

John Ward
Men's Shoes

General Offices 191 Hudson Street
New York City

New York Shops
1401-03 Broadway
Just below Times Square
and in Broadway Branch
Brooklyn and Newark

Philadelphia Shop
1331-33 Chestnut Street
Just below the
Hotel Adelphi



The
Horse Guards
\$9

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

F. RAY COMSTOCK and MORRIS GEST

HAVE THE GREAT HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko
(The Synthetic Theatre)

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

GALA PREMIERE

AT A THEATRE TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14

In a Repertory including:

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

COMMITTEE OF PATRONS

OTTO H. KAHN, *Honorary Chairman*

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR
PROF. GEORGE PIERCE
BAKER
MRS. AUGUST BELMONT
DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY
BUTLER
PAUL D. CRAVATH
WALTER DAMROSCH
THE HON. JOHN W. DAVIS
MRS. NEWBOLD EDGAR
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA
MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON
THOMAS HASTINGS
PRESIDENT JOHN GRIER
HIBBEN
ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES
FREDERIC A. JULLIARD
OTTO H. KAHN
THOMAS W. LAMONT
CLARENCE H. MACKAY

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-
THROP
MRS. H. P. WHITNEY

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

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.

IF 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.

PUBLICITY AFTER DEATH

EVERY time I hear someone talk about "striving", "ambition", "keeping 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—STRIVING—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

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



BABANI
Fragrances

- NANDITA \$20
- EXTRAIT D'AMBRE GRIS \$18
- GIARDINI \$9.50 \$12
- AMBRE DE DELHI \$2.75 \$7 \$9 \$12
- LIGÉIA \$2.75 \$7 \$9.50 \$10
- MING \$2.75 \$6.50 \$9 \$15
- AFGHANI \$2.75 \$7 \$9 \$9.50
- CHYPRE \$2.75 \$7 \$9 \$12.50
- SOUSOUKI \$2.75 \$6.50 \$9 \$12
- JASMIN DE CORÉE \$2.75 \$6.50 \$8.50 \$9.50
- YASMAK \$2.75 \$7 \$9.50 \$12



Photographed in Paris by BARON DE MEYER

BABANI
Perfumes of Paris Prescribed by Elizabeth Arden

SMART WOMEN everywhere have adopted the fashion S—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.

BABANI PERFUMES are on sale at the Salons of ELIZABETH ARDEN and at Smart Shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

675 Fifth Avenue New York

EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR BABANI IN AMERICA

THE TOBACCO CLASSIC
"Old King Cole"



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
3 1/2 oz.	-	.75
8 oz.	-	1.50
16 oz.	-	3.00

The Water Tower

TO 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.

* * *

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
sore*

*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 eke the Ger-
man 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 before 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 advertisement

VANDERBILT 6434



TABLES FOR TWO

AS 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 Hungarian orchestra. After this, 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 trade of New Yorkers, who sup-



Terri 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 package at 25c per box. Send for one today. Write department G.



Terri, Inc.
4 West 40th St.
New York



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.

ENOUGH of this solemn effort at constructive criticism! Theatregoers down Greenwich Village way might find it a great pleasure to drop in at Alice McCollister's, at Forty-three 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.

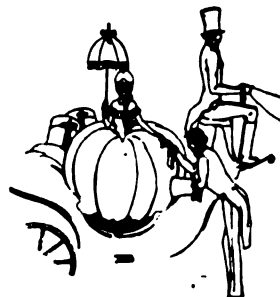
A SECOND visit to *Ciro's* found their elaborate revue, "*Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue*", vastly improved. The tempo is better and the scenes have been cut—because one hour is sufficient, for even the best revue after midnight. I still wish, with a low sweeping bow of apology to Frances Williams, who is one 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.

IT 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

LEWIS

9 EAST 49TH STREET

~ a new specialty shop with two distinct tendencies ~ One, the Ultra Smart in Modes; Two, a Sincere Adherence to Price Moderation.



PRESENTING
AN INTRODUCTORY SHOWING
of
WRAPS, GOWNS, FROCKS
and ACCESSORIES
that proclaim
individual "tone" and individual "taste"

PHILADELPHIA
1519 Walnut Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1005 Connecticut Avenue

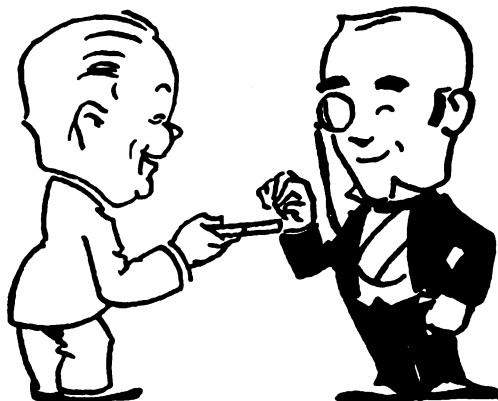
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER, 25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

26 Issues—\$2.50 Name.....

52 Issues—\$5.00 Address.....

.....



Waterman's Fountain Pen

*Recipe for securing the autographs of
"Literary Lions."*

HAND THEM A WATERMAN'S

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.



*Bobbing, Permanent Waving,
Tinting, Marcelling, Facial
Treatments, Manicuring*



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 sight-seers 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

"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.
- PORGY**, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). 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 Willa 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 "Treachorous 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.
- DARK LAUGHTER**, by Sherwood Anderson (*Boni & Liveright*). Anderson once more sees life as sex, and through Viennese smoked glass—but 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 (*Scribner's*). James, who wrote "Cowboys, North and South", lets a specimen speak for himself, and draws pictures of him on bronzes "a-breakin' in two".
- THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO 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*). Sixty-six Covarrubias caricatures. Preface by Carl Van Vechten.

THREE DOLLARS A TICKET

Hush little grandstand, don't you cry!
You'll be a stadium Bye and Bye.

—ROSWELL J. POWERS



Hanan Shoes

The
Wisp

The Remark "They Are Hanan Shoes."
Fixes A Woman's Smart Standing
In The Estimation Of The World

Hanan & Son
Ten Shops Throughout Greater New York



A View of Color and Charm

Beekman Mansion

512 STREET AND THE EAST RIVER

You will find the 90 feet of southern outlook over the East River of the 11 room apartments a delightful change from dull streets.

The 7 room apartments have similar advantages. And there are 5 and 7 room maisonettes. All the studios have been sold.

100% Cooperative Thomas Holding Corp., Organizers

BROWN, WHELOCK: HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., Inc.

20 East 48th Street Vanderbilt 0031



KATINKA

109 West 49th Street

Gypsy Music—Russian Singers
Dancing—Dinner
After Theatre Supper
Tel. Circle 7080

Announcing—

Filiberto & Anita of The Florida, Paris

Their First Appearance in
America at

CLUB BORGO

144 West 55th Street



the COUNTY FAIR

34 EAST 94

An Artistically Amusing
Dinner and Supper Club

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE
STUYVESANT 9290

A night in Spain!

AT THE

Club Alabam'

44th Street
Theatre Bldg.

Just West of
Broadway



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 theatrical 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. GAJETTY, 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 64th.

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. KLAU, 45th, W. of B'way.

ACCUSED—E. H. Sothern as the Brioux lawyer in a difficult ethical situation. Good and sombre. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.

THE VORTEX—Noel Coward writes harshly of some decadent fellow—English. HENRY 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, 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. COSMOPOLITAN, B'way at 59th.

GARRICK GAJETIES—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. 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 French with Irene Bordoni. LYCEUM, 45th, E. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 9.

THE LAST NIGHT OF DON JUAN—Ros-tand'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 with Miss Lillie, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Munding, 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, 51st 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.

ABOUT TOWN

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, Tues. 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, AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Nov. 13. Our most celebrated trio.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Nov. 6; Sat. eve., Nov. 7; Thurs. eve., Nov. 12; Fri. aft., Nov. 13. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. aft., Nov. 8.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. eve., Nov. 6. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Nov. 8.

STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. eve., Nov. 10.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodansky 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 Lex. 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.

GO WEST—A young fellow named Buster Keaton follows a newspaper man's advice 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 Douglas MacLean. Reviewed in this issue. At the RIVOLI, Fri., Sat., Nov. 6, 7.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—COLUMBIA VS. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY. Sat., Nov. 7, 2:30 p. m., Baker 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 . . . saxophonists . . . 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



Club Mirador

200 West 51st St., at Seventh Ave.
New York's Most Select Supper Club

—where notables of society, the stage and the screen nightly foregather, and where culture and refinement, gayety and camaraderie are never found wanting.

A special feature—the internationally famous and inimitable

MARJORIE MOSS
and
GEORGES FONTANA

whose dancing created such a profound sensation here and abroad last season, in an entirely new program

Reservations:
Telephone Circle 5106-4983

TEL. COLUMBUS 7022 JAMES L. DAVIS
Manager



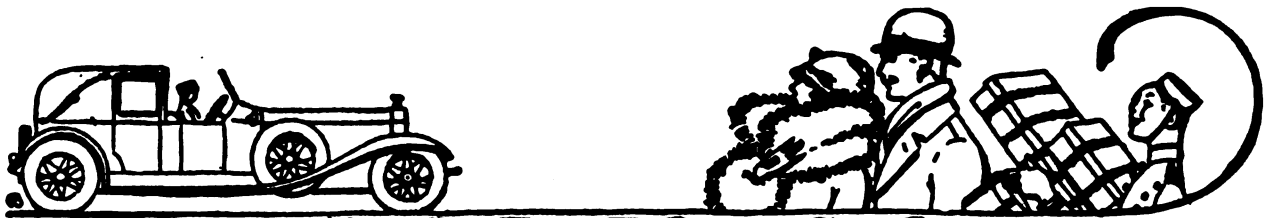
Peek-A-Boo-Jimmie's ORCHESTRAS AND ENTERTAINERS

"PAR EXCELLENCE"
347 W. 59th STREET, N. Y. C.
For References; the Leading Hotels

THE MILL CLUB INCORPORATED

DINING · DANCING
ENTERTAINMENT

47 WEST 3rd ST., NEW YORK
Telephone Spring 5190



WHERE TO SHOP

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.

<p>Antiques</p> <p>HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.</p>	<p>Dancing</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>Interior Decorators and Decorations</p> <p>TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES charmingly decorated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders. Edith Hebron 41 West 49th St., N. Y. Circle 1409</p>
<p>Arts and Crafts</p> <p>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.</p> <p>Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p>Flesh Reduction</p> <p>Lackawanna 1986 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young</p>	<p>Ladies' Tailors</p> <p>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</p>
<p>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 104 W. 37th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177</p>	<p>Footwear</p> <p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p>J. Tussoli, 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</p>
<p>Auction Bridge</p> <p>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</p>	<p>Gifts</p> <p>XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION—Xmas Cards Handmade, Imported and Domestic Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen. Studio Art Shop, 149 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village</p>	<p>Maps</p> <p>THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited. 41 East 60th Street Regent 2655</p>
<p>FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illustrated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.</p>	<p>Golf School</p> <p>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. 125 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712</p>	<p>OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St., PLAZA 0019</p>
<p>Beauty Culture</p> <p>ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p>A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1935 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustrations. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.</p>	<p>Public Stenographer</p> <p>Plays, Novels, Short Stories, Scenarios Typed. Press Notices, Multigraphing, Mimeographing. Expert Work. Let us give you an estimate. Hart Stenographic Bureau, 104 W 42d St., Wis. 144.</p>
<p>Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Fac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p>Gowns, Made to Order</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>Restaurants</p> <p>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 286</p>
<p>Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electrolysis Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768</p>	<p>Hats</p> <p>Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. ELSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rh. 8358</p>	<p>Shirt Hospital</p> <p>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 7139</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725</p>	<p>Stationery</p> <p>Stationery New Process Engraving Name address 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deck 6 1/4 x 8 1/4 folded or 10 1/4 x 7 1/4 single. A choice gift \$3.00. J. Nef & Co., 209 W 38th St. N. Y.</p>
<p>ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. Robinson 1440 Broadway, at 40th St.</p>	<p>ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions 16 East 8th Street Spring 5017</p>	<p>Tea Room</p> <p>A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea Dorothy McLaury. 10 East 50th St.</p>
<p>Books</p> <p>HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468</p>	<p>Health Service</p> <p>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</p>	

GUILD THEATRE
52nd St., W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MOLNAR'S
Glass Slipper

NEW FALL EDITION
Garrick Gaeties

Sparkling Musical Revue
Garrick Theatre
65 W. 35th St. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees, 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 THE MAN
with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne
Pedro de Cordoba

HAMLET NEVER DIED

His Appearance As Modern
Man Sponsored By
Horace Liveright

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hamlet in the garments of its period seems due for dusty death and its immortality as a convincing human epic will be proved when it is played in modern dress for the first time in New York at the Booth Theatre on the evening of November ninth. Horace Liveright, the producer, announces seats on sale Thursday, November five and the demand is exceptional.

A similar production has taken England by storm and it is expected that Hamlet in modern dress with Basil Sydney as the Melancholy Dane will be one of the sensations of the current season in New York.

THE Actors' Theatre announces a limited return engagement of Shaw's comedy masterpiece "CANDIDA" beginning Nov. 9th at the Comedy Theatre, 41st near 6th Ave., Penn. 3558. Matinees Wed. & Sat. Seats Now.

THE cast consists of Peggy Wood, Harry C. Browne, Morgan Farley, Richie Ling, Helen Tilden and Frank Henderson. Staged by Dudley Digges.

"A RIOT OF LAUGHS"
GEORGE M. COHAN
in his clean sweeping hit
"AMERICAN BORN"

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 sharp-faced youth informed me. Feeling ran high until it ran low again when a cross-eyed 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.

—J. H.

BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

Reissues of Vital Masterpieces of Literature, including

A Book of Characters
From Theophrastus down
Bandello's Tragical Tales
Simplicissimus the Vagabond
Laclos' Dangerous Acquaintances
Martial's Epigrams
Celestina, Mable's translation
Esquemeling's Buccaneers
Gesta Romanorum
Suetonius' Twelve Caesars
Aksakov's Chronicles of a Russian Family

Each, \$5.00

Slightly smaller in size, Each, \$3.00:

Manuel's Count Lucanor
The Poets of the Greek Anthology
Three Plays by Lunacharski
The Epic of the Beast
Idylls of Theocritus
Hellodorus' Ethiopian Romance
Mme. de la Fayette's The Princess of Cleves
More's Utopia
Three Tibetan Mysteries
French Comedies of the XVIIIth Century
Buddhist Birth Stories
Alciphron's Letters
Travels of Baron Munchausen
Cyrano de Bergerac's Voyages
The Girdle of Aphrodite
Ovid's Lover's Handbook
Petronius' Satyricon
Voltaire's Zadig, etc.
Master Tyll Owlglas
Montesquieu's Persian Letters
Prevoist's Manon Lescaut
Three Plays of Plautus
The Mirror of Venus
Dr. John Faustus
II Novellino

Send for a Descriptive Circular
Order through any bookseller
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
[681 5th Ave., N. Y.]



PETER THE CZAR

By **KLABUND**

A stark narrative of the life of Peter the Great.

Translated by Herman George Scheffauer.

\$2.00 at all booksellers.

PUTNAM'S, 2 West 45th Street, New York



MISS WOLJESKA
BROKER FOR MODERN CRAFTSWORK

WRITE ME if you are interested in beautiful hand-wrought objects, done by living craftsmen—rather than in work from past periods.
Hand-blocked fabrics, figured hangings, wood carvings, boxes of embossed leather, wrought iron sconces, pottery, handmade jewelry. Objects from \$5 to \$500 at the workshops and studios of leading craftsmen.
Address: 231 West 96th Street, New York



Value!

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.

AINSLEIGH
INCORPORATED

920 B'WAY, NEW YORK
AT 21ST ST. 11th Floor
SUITS TUXEDOS ACCESSORIES

A French Innovation
—
Transparent Tapestry
Portiere



J. R. HERTER & CO.'S

French Hand Woven Tapestries
Period Furniture
Tapestry Handbags
and
Objets d'Art

Formerly shown at
441 MADISON AVENUE
are now on view at

117 EAST 57TH STREET

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 VAIL

BLISS

The King of Korea
Is gay and harmonious;
He has one idea
And that is erroneous.

—ARTHUR GUTERMAN

A HOTEL OF HOMES

68
West
58

Between
57th and 59th

PARK CHAMBERS, in West 58th, stands between the shops of 57th and the Park on 59th—round the corner from Paris and over the way from the bridge path—one of the most ideal locations in the whole city and one of the city's most ideal hotels.

Talk it over with our
MR. LEONARD

**PARK
CHAMBERS**

EDWARD H. CRANDALL, President

IN THE HOME OF HOTELS

White Rock



The Leading
Mineral Water
**White Rock PALE DRY
Ginger Ale**

Offices 100 Broadway, New York City

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.



'Tis a Pleasure
To Give!



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.

Price \$5.00

CHRISTMAS EVE....and the hour when Yuletide 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 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 with *every* alluring mood of her ensemble.

If your favorite dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send for illustrated folder showing Terri models ranging from \$3.75 to \$7.50. Write Dept. 100.

TERRI INCORPORATED
4 WEST 40TH STREET NEW YORK



Terri
VANITY



Toujours Moi

*le parfum créé pour augmenter le charme de ces
femmes qui sont vraiment exquisés*

LES PARFUMS DE

POUDRES
EAUX DE TOILETTE

Corday
PARIS

BATONS ROUGES (*Lipsticks*)
SACHETS TALCS

L I O N E L · 3 2 0 F I F T H A V E N U E · N E W Y O R K