

August 22, 1925

THE

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NEW YORKER

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Gay paperjacks riding the specially cut logs from which the paper for THE NEW YORKER is made. In the center, directing the work, may be seen our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER'S Field Superintendents of paperjacks.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

II. Life Among the Paperjacks

LIFE in THE NEW YORKER'S paper camps is but one more example of the spirit of co-operation that has made the magazine what it is to-day. It is estimated that 2,001,093 paperjacks are employed by THE NEW YORKER in the Maine camp alone. To give you some conception of these figures, an area equal to half the State of Kansas is needed to raise sufficient grain to feed these men, and an area equal to the other half of Kansas is needed to clothe them. To meet this problem it was necessary for THE NEW YORKER to purchase Kansas, at a considerable expense.

It is not easy for anyone who has not personally seen these paper camps at work to form any conception of the vast system, from the planting of the seed to the final slicing of the paper. THE NEW YORKER must first raise the baby seedlings in its private nurseries before they can be set out "on their own" and if you have ever been around young trees much, you know what *that* means.

When the trees have grown to the great, strapping young saplings at last (and it seems only yesterday they were only so many sprouts no higher than your knee) they are taken on their first real outing to the woods, and in this healthy environment the happy treelets are allowed to stand around in the open air and simply grow until they have attained man's estate.

After the logs have been gathered and cut into lengths, it is necessary to roll them down to the river. Next the happy paperjacks straddle the slippery logs and ride them through the rapids, singing merrily the while. This phase of the work is sometimes most exciting and amusing, since the wild logs are not always broken and sometimes buck and attempt to unseat their riders into the icy water. A faint touch of the spurs which the paperjacks fasten to their boots, however, will send the most obstinate logs

through the rapids at a gallop. (Incidentally these rapids are the personal property of THE NEW YORKER, and are kept running night and day by means of seven large turbine engines of 579 horsepower each, making a total of 4,053 horses, or the equivalent of the Confederate cavalry during the battle of Antietam.)

Plenty of big trees, good sharp axes and crosscut saws, happy, happy paperjacks: these are the conditions under which THE NEW YORKER paper camps are run. Hundreds (100s) of these camps, owned and operated by THE NEW YORKER, extend through Maine and Canada, and are open from June to September, with good home cooking, bathing and canoeing, sing-songs at night around the council fires, reasonable rates, address THE NEW YORKER, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, attention Mr. Tilley.

Here in these happy surroundings the merry paperjacks often indulge in friendly contests of skill, testing their prowess in chopping with the axe. Fred, a powerful Canuck, who if laid end to end would reach six feet four in his stocking feet, was recently declared the champion paperjack, when he established a record time of one minute and twenty-seven seconds. We have never been able to discover what he *did* in this record time, but nevertheless "Fred" was immediately rewarded with a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER (equal to \$5 in your money).

Postscript: It has just been brought to our attention that the very best paper isn't made from trees at all, but is really made from rags. Inasmuch as THE NEW YORKER uses only the very best paper, it looks as though we don't get it from trees after all. But rather than throw 2,001,093 paperjacks out of work, we shall say nothing about it; and next week we shall consider how THE NEW YORKER paper is made from rags, just as if nothing had happened.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE hardy Oriental Ginkgo tree does better in New York than its weaker Western brethren, we are told, and perhaps the Ginkgo will become our civic tree. There should be no protest against this invasion. Better the Ginkgo than no trees at all, and we shall watch its efforts with sympathy. As to the final outcome, we are inclined to smile dubiously, and to wager a small amount that if the Ginkgo tree survives New York, it will be due to sentimental assistance on the part of people, rather than to the hardihood of the tree itself.



sensitive than other people, suffer more from minor deficiencies in the routine of living. To enjoy art thoroughly, shocks of the flesh should be minimized. Perhaps some day we shall even come into the blissful state of not returning exhausted from art ex-

ICE in a nearby glass tinkles. An electric fan rustles the paper in one's hand. But one turns the pages over, and one reads advertisements of Fall models from Paris: of fur coats for milady: of Winter topcoats for milord. The times are out of joint! Many will die of heat before milady dons her furs: there will doubtless be the hottest September something or other in forty years before the sombre chill of Autumn descends.

One begins to fear that not only is there no feeling for the past in America, but that even the present is being ignored through haste to get ahead. At this rate, we shall all shortly be dead before we are born: and even now it becomes meaningless to say of this or that person, "He is ahead of the times . . .!"

ACOVERED Stadium is to be built on the grounds of New York University, and concerts are to be given there next Fall. It is always a delight to see comfort meted out to patrons of the arts, who, being more



hibitions because there has been no place to sit down.

A WELCOMING host in the old Gracie Mansion, now the Museum of the City of New York, is a



large wooden Indian of the genus Tobacconist, placed in the hallway as a priceless relic of the bygone days. Also resurrected, and gaudily painted, is the Indian we pass when we occasionally drop in upon our office in Forty-fifth Street. It is pleasant to note the preservation of the colorful symbol in the Museum on East Eighty-eighth Street; but even pleasanter is the observation that here and there some shop has the individuality to cling to a happy custom of the past.

WE ARE always sorry to see the name of William M. Bennett creeping into the news. It is a quadrennial reminder of the flight of time. It is a poignant thought that there are New Yorkers who may never live to see more than seven or eight more of Bennett's races for mayor.

OF LATE that astute patriarch, Mr. Brentano, the biblioplist, under pressure of the Summer season, has so bedecked his windows with blotters, art objects, and movie versions, that it scarcely seems now a bookstore at all. And the other well known shops are not far behind him. Even at the gateway to the ancient House of Harpers whence, in the old days, came forth to us our Dickens, our Du Maurier, our Whitman, our Henry James, and a hundred others, there flaunts an advertisement of Dr. Frank Crane. So must the mighty bend themselves before the storm.

Civics, II.

THE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, staggered back from Borough Hall, Brooklyn, worn by travel, but elated. The Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, it must be

admitted, is staunch in his loyalties, and, consequently, loud in his praises of the Hon. James J. Walker.

It's all fixed for Jimmy over the Bridge, exulted the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Nothing but Walker to the primaries now.

It's this way, he murmured: There's at least seven district leaders in Brooklyn ready to kick over the traces and they worry McCooey no little. And then, the whisper goes to him that Governor Al is ready to back someone else for leader in Brooklyn if he doesn't listen to reason and let Mayor Hylan slide into obscurity. So, what can McCooey do but make a deal?

And the deal is this, continued the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Right before the primary election, McCooey will come out for Walker. And, in return for this service, Governor Al will let him stay where he is.

So it's all fixed for Jimmy Walker across the Bridge, concluded the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East.

The Week

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA divorces wife and man is fined for parking car in street for duration of honeymoon. Rev. Dr. Frank J. Norris to demonstrate how Joshua stopped sun and skulls of Neanderthal men are discovered in Galilee. Bookshop owner held for selling indecent literature and daily paper concludes Mary Sap Browning's memoirs. Pola Negri pays \$57,000 customs dues on seized jewels and England plans five-pound divorces for poor. General

Lord cuts budget \$300,000,000 and John D. Rockefeller presents shiny dimes to tank truck drivers. President Coolidge sees World Court adherence sure and Australian rowdies attack visiting American sailors. Further air mail services are projected and addressee receives postal card mailed six years ago. Nine-year-old boy is arrested for selling liquor and Assemblyman F. Trubee Davison heads Gary commission to investigate crime.

The Lone Prospector

THERE were long stretches when the great sombre house sat limp and still. Somewhere, away in the darkness, an ill-defined area, cinema celebrity-studded, a few score in dinner coats, sitting by dazzling, waved blondes, by sleek raven hair. About and beyond, without limit, the great vestless, knee-showing bulk, thousands. And lost in the sea, a small grayish man watching his own heart-breaking antics, magnified, thrown forth upon a huge sheet with all the pent up agony of supreme comedy. Then the last close-up, the dull breaking of applause and the little man standing upon the stage.

"... an emotional time . . . can only say . . . I thank you . . ."

Review upon review will tell of the symbolism in pathos of the creator's own life, of the bitterness of his early days. There, in the last few hundred feet of flickering light, is the Lone Prospector rich; there he is triumphant in love and the house rocked to the queer little portrayal of happiness. Then the house lights and Chaplin

himself, the incarnation of The Lone Prospector, standing before the great throng.

Yet, in the sudden thunder of relieved hand clapping there seemed to me more pathos than in all the minutes of drama. The picture was a dream, a tugging, lifting dream; and it was as if the dreamer had awakened with the pie in his hand and never a chance to eat it.

Somehow that was not a deifying crowd. The huge pretense of the publicity-instigated, midnight "Gala Opening" stood in glaring relief against the small figure on the stage. Coming curious, almost morbid in the damp heat, the mob had been swayed out of itself in the land of unreality; but now it was itself again. The avid lust of scandal-monging was in its eyes as it ran forward to see. Life builds up to no climax as of plot . . . while one lives . . .

For a few seconds he stood helpless, the Lone Prospector. Then, with a rush, two came to his aid, leaped from the orchestra pit and hurried him back into the wings. The hand-clapping ceased, and there was only shuffling of feet and turbulent blending of many toneless voices.

THEY rushed him back through the tangle of drops, and urged him up flights of iron stairs to a high projection room. Below the crowd was filtered out, and the elite allowed to slip through and pant up after him—dripping, cursing the heat, aloud and to themselves.

The elite . . . of the cinema world . . . their faces moulded, under make-



"Now—!"

up, in too-oft portrayed emotions, commercialized. They said "hello," in a thousand variants of the English accent, to each other, and puffed dutifully on. "Chawmed to have met you," "say, this is the Kangaroo's pajamas," "beastly bore."

The elite . . . of the cinema world . . . and Carl Eduardo, Conductor to the Strand Orchestra, beaming for congratulation . . . and a few others, hot. Chaplin, piloted from one group to another, press agent haunted, looking tired, very tired, weighed down with overwhelming weariness, of mind, or body, or spirit.

Below a tiny group, police-bossed, clustering by the stage entrance. Curious too? They had no caviar and chicken a la king, but they were cooler.

The Lone Prospector . . . from group to group . . . smiling. What price genius?

Prophecy

THE next conquest of New York, it is our prediction, will be by the Rent a Car and Drive it Yourself System, the advance guard of which penetrated our barriers only June first and has, it has been announced, already trebled its business. This latest evolution of the automobile industry undertakes to rent all makes of cars, gasoline, oil, and insurance included, at from twelve cents a mile for Fords, to twenty-two cents for six cylinder sedans, and, demanding only ten to fifteen dollars deposit, lets you drive their car out into the nearest traffic jam. After six p. m., when it is expected you will park (if possible) in front of some restaurant of the elite, an hourly charge of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents is added and there are special rates for keeping a car more than one day.

THE first herald of the new order is the Yellow "Drive-It-Yourself" System, blood relation of the Yellow taxis, so recently absorbed by General Motors. By large placard at Sixty-fourth Street and Broadway, they proclaim "Cars Not Painted Yellow." Entering, skeptically, to assure myself, I stayed long enough to take out an application; and in time I may make personal report . . . but one may never be sure how one's references will react.

The gentleman at the window was courteous, however. He explained that the system controlled over 2,000



cars in 300 cities, and that while they still have a monopoly in New York it was far from so in other cities. The idea, in short, has swept the country in a cloud of faint blue smoke, and in New York expects to make its victory complete.

Pop Corn

THERE is a rumor that will not down, to the effect that the world will beat a path to the door of the man who makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor, even though he dwell in the depths of the wilderness. Well then, reason totters at the vision of the riches which would come to a man having the sagacity to set up a few hot, buttered pop-corn stands in New York. That pop corn should be on sale only at the Grand Central Station, seems little short of a scandal for a city so rich in other opportunities.

CONFIDENCE VARIANT, No. 3,827: Genial and Pompous Gentleman enters architect's office, asking audience with the chief. Granted, almost instantly.

For two hours, approximately, thereafter, the G. and P. G. has the architect poring over a set of plans, recommending changes in and additions to the Long Island estate just purchased—so he says—by the Genial and Pompous Gentleman.

Then on leaving, the Genial, etc., mentions very casually that he is about to claim six cases of champagne brought in by a purser with whom he made an arrangement. And very reasonable, too. Sixty dollars a case.

And, oh—afterthought—if Mr. Architect would care to have three cases—!

Surely Mr. Architect would.

Well, then, just send your man along to meet mine, and have him bring his one hundred and eighty dollars (there seems to be no suspicion

about any bootleg transaction proposed) and the three cases are yours. And very generous of you, sir, says the architect, always glad to humor a client, and besides such a commission as that just obtained is worthy of celebration.

So, the architect's man meets the man of the G. and P. G., and in a taxi they depart for a building in the shipping district. One moment, says the latter, on arrival. I will go in and pay and we'll go aboard the ship to get the stuff. And could you let me have the hundred and eighty? My boss only gave me two hundred. Said you'd have the rest. All right, then. Just sit here and wait a minute.

So the architect loses not only the one hundred and eighty dollars, but also what time his trustful employee spends waiting for the champagne to be brought to his taxi.

Jazz

JASCHA HEIFETZ, I had long known, dabbles in jazz as an amusement; but it was only lately, in the course of chats with the music critics, that I learned Paderewski and Godowsky, among other artists, have the same hobby.

So jazz, successor to the outcast ragtime, each day is becoming more acceptable. It is the young brother of the musical family, irresponsible and at times highly irritating, but, nevertheless, acknowledged.

And the writers of jazz are no longer those products of East Side dives who remained, with notable exceptions, faithful to the ideals and tastes peculiar to their early surroundings.

Mr. Buddy de Sylva, lyrist to Mr. Al Jolson and one hundred million others, is a collector of first editions in his non-working hours, which represents a great advance over the hobbies current in the ragtime age. Mr. Irving Caesar, another eminent in jazz, is an authority on symphonic music. Mr. Zez Confrey, originator of "Kitten on the Keys," is now writing rather serious works for piano.

As for Mr. George Gershwin, high priest of jazz, he is laboring on a concerto for Dr. Damrosch, while other symphony conductors are besieging him for copies of his "Symphony in Blue." This, by the way, is one of the few phonograph records surviving profitably against the radio invasion.

It is to Mr. Gershwin's adventure,

what time he appeared on the stage of Aeolian Hall to play accompaniments for Mme. Eva Gauthier, that the change in the temper of the popular song writers may be traced. The incident lent dignity to jazz.

Yet, Mr. Gershwin had his doubts. Before he consented to play for Mme. Gauthier, he inquired from several experts, "Shall I do it?—Or do you think it will hurt me?"

Exit Graustark

Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eyes—

YES, and Madison Square isn't what it used to be, the Vanderbilt and Astor houses are coming down, and now the Fifth Avenue dining room of the St. Regis is to be done away with in order that its space may be occupied by shops.

This last is bad news for many of us who found in that room a *Je-ne-sais-pas-quoi* which set it apart from everything else of its kind in New York. It had a certain Graustarkian splendor which managed, somehow, to be more impressive than rococo, and the *beau monde* feeling which came from glimpsing the passing show on the Avenue made it almost worth while to pay a dollar and something for two or three spears of asparagus. But the room's real charm lay, probably, in the fact that it never looked local. Even though such recognizable figures as Maria Jeritza, Mr. A. H. Woods, Mr. Cyril Maude or Miss Elsie Ferguson might occasionally be singled out, the majority of the patrons looked as if they were here temporarily on mysterious and important affairs, with dispatch boxes in the hotel safe and rich cargoes of vegetable and mineral treasures on the seas. There was an international aspect to the scene. We never entered it without feeling as if we had stepped right into the pages of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel.

Dog Days

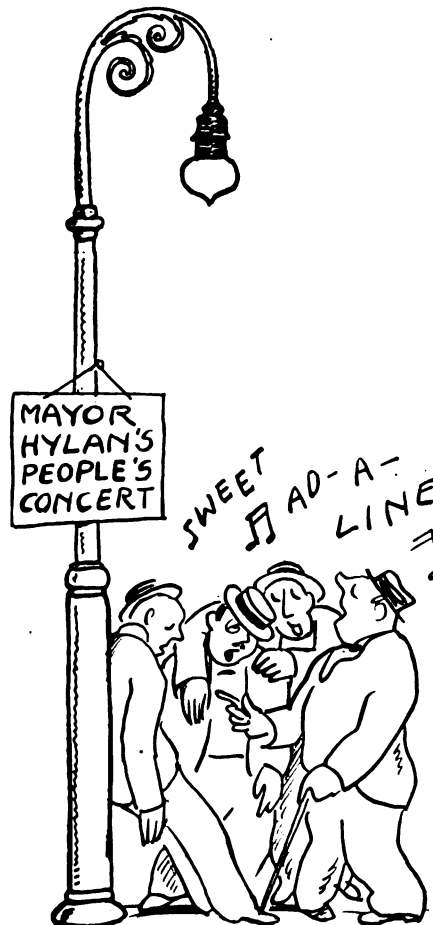
AUGUST . . . dog days. The omnipresent drone of electric fans holds little promise of cooler and less languorous days to come. In the lull before dinner time, embryo heroes of the diamond gather in Washington Square or the side streets, to play a hybrid game of pitching a soft rubber ball for "runs," whilst the cop, turn-

ing his back, pictures the sweet content of confronting a tall glass of beer.

Sales are slow along West Fifty-seventh Street. Florists on the Avenue draw blinds to prevent the hot rays of a late sun from withering fragile wares. Drawn blinds on upper Park. Block upon block in the East Sixties and Seventies, barricaded doors, boarded windows, tiny, gray crests of private police, warning of tangled wires awaiting the intruder who would venture within. Block upon block, still-hot, echoing dully to the slow tread of the passing patrolman, seeking the cool of the caretaker's cellar. Owners lie limp in club windows, happily locked from their dust-cloth covered tombs, resting between week-ends.

Why wander midst haunted emptiness? Below the square is the place to dine.

Between the high wooden walls, hiding higher stone walls, Tony presides over tables for eighty, and only a subdued fraction of that number present. Tony takes our order for red wine which we know will be very, very *ordinaire*, and so needs ice. Years ago we learned that in Europe. So did Tony.



"A little ice, Tony?", we ask.

"Just as you wish, but for myself—" and a shrug of the shoulders, "for myself the bouquet is lost when one puts ice in good wine."

Tony is playing with reminiscences of the pride he once took in recommending a certain *Pontet Canet* or *Chateau Margaux*, and out of respect for Tony, for Past Days and for Wines That We Have No More, we use no ice.

Tepid dog days. The omnipresent drone of weary traffic. Thank God the family is out of town.

A Step Forward

WE accept European backwardness, and even the best of us are inclined to glory in our forwardness; especially when we realize that only now is England building her first hotel with a bath for every room. And here our own Waldorf could never have come right out and competed with most any of our most recent hotels (had it been so minded) by advertising in good, round, lusty, American numbers, "1,000 Rooms—1,000 Baths." No, for it is disclosed that only now the Waldorf, along with remodelling its ground floor to accommodate shops, is adding 125 bathrooms. Then there will be a bath for almost every room. Half a million dollars, this is costing, or \$4,000 a bath. This may seem preposterously expensive, but the installation of baths means changing doorways to preserve symmetry, revising closet space, moving the cut glass chandeliers to the new centre of the rooms, and all such.

These alterations mean, of course, that the Waldorf will continue to be the Waldorf. Wanamakers will not move up town to take possession, because of the death of Mr. Wanamaker and the plans for new bridges and subways. And Peacock Alley will be twelve feet wider, and will be ornamented by new golden peacocks as reminders of its glories of a generation and a half.

Verboten

IF THE newspapers are lucky, there will soon be a trial of a three-year-old boy in Long Branch on the charge of obscenity.

The aforesaid youth is spending the heated months close to the cooling sands with his mother, what time his father bends over his books far into



JOHN HELD JR

the night in an effort to keep body and soul together. In the process, the father has been known to emit some impolite phrases, which the boy has adopted and made his own.

Recently, as the little visiter was finishing his dressing in a bathhouse, he loudly demanded of his mama, "Where the hell is my comb?" The remark reached the alert ears of the Old Lady from Dubuque in an adjoining bathhouse, and she promptly protested to the manager.

The manager arrived on the scene breathless. He took the little boy by the hand and led him to a post on which was a large placard.

"There!" he said.

The sign read:

"NO CURSING OR SMOKING ALLOWED."

So far, on the advice of his male parent, the tot has refused to apologize, but has offered to shoot dice with the manager for his bathhouse, or the beach, or any side stakes at all. If he has not apologized by Saturday, the manager said, out he goes. The sign was there and large enough for all to read.

Rabelaisian

A GENTLEMAN of some moment in the theatre and in literary circles has an odd adjunct to his library. It is a collection of modern Rabelaisian wit; the verse and anecdote which formerly flourished in the

saloon. He confessed to a group of friends that its possession now worried him. What, for instance, would his prim heirs think if they came across it? A friend had a suggestion. Bequeath the collection to the New York Public Library, to be sealed for one hundred years, and then to be available to students and historians. They might find it highly illuminating.

"But in one hundred years," protested Mr. David H. Wallace, "what is risqué to-day will be valuable as a source of material only to writers of nursery rhymes."

In Our Midst

THE way to exclusiveness is clearly indicated by Commissioner Enright's yellow directional arrows on the lamp posts at Thirty-sixth and Thirty-eighth Streets in Lexington Avenue. Pointing east, they read: DIRECT ROUTE TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE.

In our best jewelers' windows: tiny padlocks to go on cut glass decanters. Enough is enough of this padlocking business.

Snippiest comment of week, by Lady of Fashion: "Summer is detestable. It is the one season when it is impossible to get good flowers."

Current exodus: to Saratoga . . . despite Gold Cup Regatta and Newport Horse Show the end of this week.

Travel Item: Gentleman late returned from tour of world invites

friends to party, providing highballs mixed with water bottled from Jacob's Well.

Custom of American women upon being followed in foreign lands, set by Miss Doris Fleishman, Lucy Stoner: wait for pursuing gentleman and politely hand him a shilling (or a quarter here).

Cunning and crude practical joke: Hand guest glass telephone mouthpiece and let him pour out gin in it. Rough on the carpet.

Ominous possibility of national wit motif: "Don't boil that lobster; it might be Lon Chaney" . . . and even worse variants.

Party en route to the Pennsylvania Station and Forest Hills tennis, eats light luncheon of sandwiches, and overtips at destination. "Fair enough," nods the driver, "mere cover charge."

New critic of *Times*: Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson, late Sunday Book Review chief, succeeding, temporarily, Mr. Stark Young.

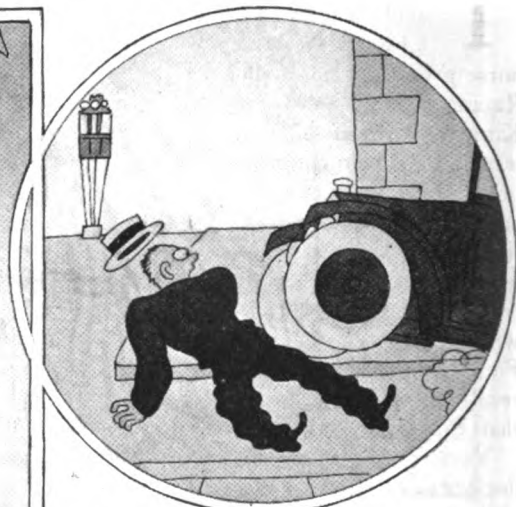
Editorial staffs of *Time* and THE NEW YORKER chance to descend in same Yale Club elevator after lunch. Remarks one unknown stranger in lift to another: "You know what I've been looking for for years is a really interesting magazine." Two offices disrupted for the afternoon.

The Liquor Market: Scotch still up ten to fifteen dollars, despite raising of blockade. Gin and alcohol back to normal.—*The New Yorkers*

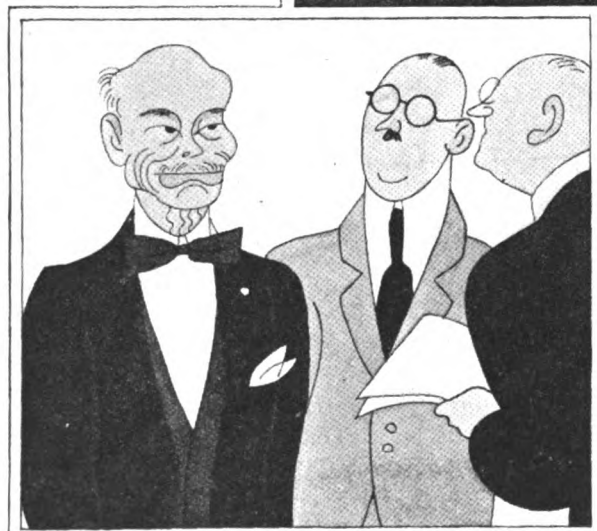
The Graphic Section



A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION VERSUS HYLANISM. Frank D. Waterman, manufacturer of fountain pens, selected to head the citizens' Republican ticket for Mayor last week. Although Mr. Waterman accepted the high honor verbally he had not, up to a late hour last night, affixed his signature to the official papers.

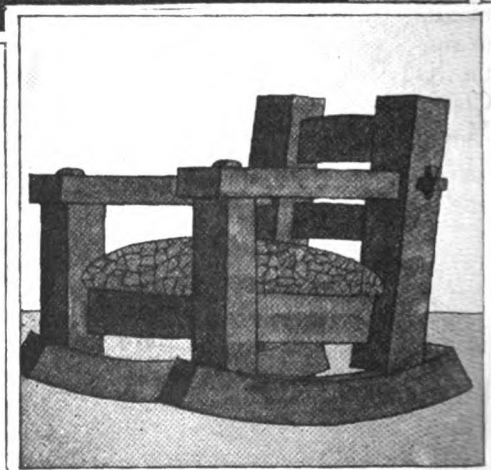


TRINITROTOLUENE TO REPLACE GASOLINE. Chemists find new substance will enable autos to leap more suddenly from side streets at traffic signals, thus eliminating to great extent annoying pedestrianism.



BIG BUSINESS METHODS APPLIED TO CRIME SUPPRESSION. Judge Gary forms tentative organization of committee on selection of committee to report on advisability of forming commissions to hold conferences on men proposed for permanent executive headships of committees for the investigation of unlawful contrafraction of Gordon Gin labels.

FAMOUS TREE SURGEON AT WORK. Dr. Davey is spending a busy Summer in a desperate effort to save the tree in Central Park. Dr. Davey remained heroically at his post for forty-eight hours last week, holding up the tree with his own hand until a truck load of dirt arrived from the dirt mines in western Pennsylvania in the nick of time. At latest reports the tree was able to stand alone nicely.



AMERICA FIRST MOVEMENT WINS OUT. Beautiful quarter-sawed mission rocker, an example of the true, 100 per cent American furniture to be employed in the redecoration of the White House. French period furniture and other foreign do-dads have been definitely ruled out as unfitting.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

THIS is the month when Society rubs elbows with horse grooms at Saratoga. Racing, the "Sport of Kings," is the great leveller. Their common love for the thoroughbred obliterates any caste lines that might ordinarily cause the jockey to refrain from associating with members of the Four Hundred, and the result is, as above stated, that they rub elbows.

Yesterday, in the paddock between races, I saw at least twenty-seven socially prominent men and women rubbing elbows with trainers, jockeys, and grooms. The procedure is quite simple. The two elbows are

placed together and rubbed together with a rotary motion. The custom emanates from the American Indians, who having tired of trying to light their fires with the inferior quality of matches sent them in the olden days from Sweden, invented the practice of rubbing two elbows together until the friction produced a flame, with which they then lighted their fires.

I had often wondered why racing was called the Sport of Kings. I know now. You never saw so many Kings in your life as are here this month. Almost the first man I met in the clubhouse was Henry V. King, the turf writer. Then there is Miss Clarissa King, of West 135th Street, Manhattan, and a Mrs. Maud King,



Society Folk and the Jockeys Rub Elbows

whose name I didn't quite catch. And by a strange coincidence, James H. King, of 126 Nelson Avenue, Saratoga, used to be chief of police here. So, taking all in all, they call racing the Sport of Kings. I think it's a rather nice touch.

Society follows a fixed schedule at Saratoga. In the morning one can do two things. One can rise at 5 o'clock, and, donning one's clothes (this is considered *nécessaire* by those in the social swim) walk or drive out spacious, tree-lined Union Avenue to the beautiful race course to watch the horses at their early morning calisthenics. This benefits both Society and the horses. The sight of the horses amuses the society people, and the sight of the society people amuses the horses a great deal and puts them

in a good humor for the big ordeal later in the day.

Of, if one prefers not to go to the track, one can sleep until noon, and *on dit* that this season a great many of Society's most prominent members prefer this latter course. I, for instance, did not get up this morning until 12.06.

The afternoon is, of course, devoted to the races. Not to go to the races is to stamp oneself as a piece of second class mail. The races have a lingo all their own. If I, for instance, step into Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's box, I say, "Hello Birdie, how did you do yesterday?", and she says, "Oh

I win a couple of grand." Or if I step into Joseph E. Widener's box and say to him, "Hello, Joseph E. Widener, how did you do yesterday?", he says, "Oh, I lose a couple of grand." Of course, if I do not step into Mrs. Vanderbilt's or Mr. Widener's box, I do not make those remarks, but the point I want to bring out is that in speaking of one's winnings or losings at the Queen of Spas, one always uses the present tense for the past. Curious.

Between races everyone who really matters goes to the paddock, assumes a grave and knowing air and inspects all the horses. As long as one wears the knowing look, it doesn't matter if one really knows nothing of horse-



Chess is a Popular Evening Pastime at Saratoga, Replacing the Immoral Games of Chance Sometimes Found in Other Cities



At the Rail. Lemonade Through a Straw is the Most Popular Drink

flesh. If, after giving a steed the once over, one makes some crack like, "Pretty good filly there," one is accepted as a dead sportsman. If however, the filly happens to be a gelding or a colt, a good many people laugh pretty loudly at one, and there is nothing to do but buy a drink.

There are various ways of beating the races here. Some play the horses on "form." The student of form sits up all night poring over charts of past performances and records of horses. He studies the horse's pedigree. He looks up the jockey's antecedents. Is the jockey Protestant or Catholic? What was his mother's maiden name? What books does he read, if he can read? The late Pittsburgh Phil, noted plunger of a generation ago, could tell you instantly whether a horse would win a race, if he knew what books the jockey read.

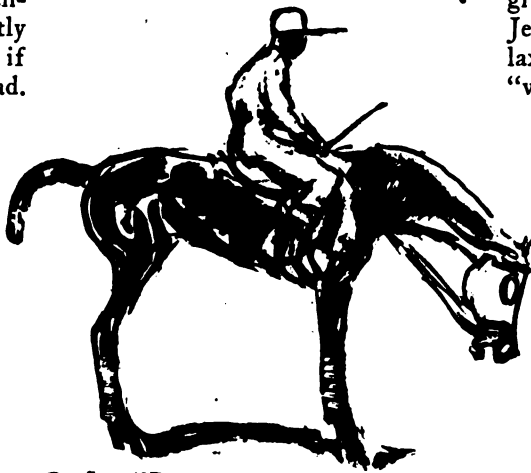
What kind of plates will the horse wear? Will he wear blinders? Is he subject to coryza? Is he addicted to alcohol? The student of form wants to know—must know—all these things. On the statistics thus gathered, he bases his bet.

Some people, impatient at the long hours of study necessary to the form system, prefer to close their eyes, stick a pin in the program, and put a bet on the horse the pin lands in. Women invariably bet on the horse the cutest looking jockey is riding.

All three of these methods have brought excellent results, it being estimated that one out of every 329 bets thus made are won. I, however, prefer a method that seems to me to have

more of a basis in logic and science. I go to the paddock, and, separating the horse's eyelids with the thumb and forefinger, look long and earnestly into his pupils. If they are clear, and he can return my gaze steadily, I know he is a good horse, and I go back to the clubhouse and cheer for him with all my might and main.

After the races, Society goes back to its cottages along Saratoga's many shaded boulevards for the "Cocktail Hour," during which "cocktails" composed of non-alcoholic beverages are passed around. Then follows a simple dinner, composed of a soup, a savory, fish, steak or chicken, a salad, a sweet and a coffee. Thence to the various gaming houses where charades, anagrams, Twenty Questions, Going to Jerusalem, and other harmless and relaxing pastimes are enjoyed until the "wee sma' hours."—*Frank Sullivan*



Reed Sullivan



OF ALL THINGS



AS WE analyze the somewhat conflicting statements from Swampscott, Coolidge will keep a firm hand off the coal strike situation and pursue a vigorous course of thumb-twirling.

* * *

The coal miners' chief demand is for the check-off. This sounds like more of that pernicious Russian influence. The National Security League ought to throw a pleasing fit about this matter.

* * *

Another little job for the viewers with alarm, is the menacing growth of the Muradical movement.

* * *

Browning says that Mary Louise's bills for fripperies came to twenty thousand dollars. This is believed to be the record high price for one hard boiled egg.

* * *

We are happy to get on board these two new movements—a nationwide drive for firmer crime laws, and a petition to

pardon ex-Governor McCray of Indiana, on the ground that prison might be bad for his health.

* * *

George H. Fairchild, just back from the Philippines, tells the President that the agitation for independence is troublesome and annoying. If we remember our history correctly, there was another George who felt that way—also one who didn't.

* * *

"I never read," says Senator Walker, with refreshing frankness. If he is elected mayor, there ought to be an opening for a good, experienced attention-caller.

* * *

Between Walker and Waterman, it begins to look as if New York were about to be granted the great boon of rapid transit—at least the rapid transit of John F. Hylan.

* * *

The game is now on, and that demon athlete and snake-dancer, Big Bill Edwards, throws out the first bawl. "I

stand for the party and for those finer phases of thought which I have tried to promote in my years of public service."

* * *

The wages of Cinderella is debt.

* * *

They have achieved perfect division of labor up Westchester way. The railroad boosts, and the commuters knock. The New Haven gets the money, and the passenger gets the slip.

* * *

"God is not interested in failures," says Rev. Dr. Rapp of Jersey City. "He is interested in men and women who know how to take advantage of life and make the best of it, and who, in the ordinary term of our daily talk, are called success."

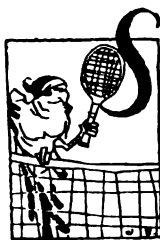
God is evidently a subscriber to the *American Magazine*.

* * *

Anyway, Rockaway still has the boon of the surf.—*Howard Brubaker*

PROFILES

A Master of Her Art



SUZANNE LENGLEN calls her, "Bouny."

"*Bien joué, Bouny,*" you'll hear her say when they are together on the tennis court. Which is a good deal of the time, by the way, for Bunny Ryan is Suzanne's doubles partner. They have won six times as many tennis tournaments as Babe Ruth has hit home runs!

Before the war Elizabeth Ryan made a name for herself as a tennis player on the Pacific Coast. Not that she was what the rotogravure editors would caption a "native daughter." Such, as the saying goes, is not the case. For she was raised in the Calvin Coolidge country. Her mother is old Vermont stock; but they moved to California early enough for Bunny to be inoculated with the tennis virus. Her sister married an Englishman; she went to England for the Summer; and then as the war broke out, stayed over to drive an ambulance. When the fighting was over she remained, seemingly preferring the somewhat uncertain strain of a British Summer to the steady but monotonous climate of her adopted State. Our loss was their gain. But now she comes back to us more English than American. Oh, very much more!

Grey felt hat turned down in back and front. Broad-edged walking shoes. Grey, two-buttoned, mannish suit. Grey stockings. A grey jumper. (English for sweater.) And a grey tang to her speech. In fact, I very much doubt that she was able to understand her uncouth countrymen when first she landed from the Homeric, that grey evening last July. Funny, isn't it, how travel does broaden one?

"Oh, how topping." "Yes, quite," "Thank you so much." "Oh, no end!" And so forth. That's her language now. She probably wouldn't have the foggiest if you replied:

"So's your old man."

Twelve—or is it thirteen—long years in the more or less British Isles have also converted her to that greyish



Bunny Ryan

determined sportsmanship which wins for English women such a high place in the world of tennis. British women never, never will be slaves upon a tennis court. They just simply won't, you know. With them, tennis is not a sport, *c'est une affaire*. So with Bunny Ryan. From tournament to tournament she flits like the somewhat less agile chamois of the Alps. Towns on the East Coast; towns on the South Coast; towns on the Riviera; towns in Scotland know well her powerful masculine stride, both on the court and off. A list of the tournaments she wins every twelve months reads like the index to Bradshaw. Each year she has more victories to her credit than any woman playing tennis, not excluding the great and only Suzanne Lenglen. In 1924

alone she was successful at Bognor, Nottingham, Worthing, Edgebaston, Torbay, Cannes, Queens Club, Hendon, Shanklin, Chiswick, Gleneagles, Beaulieu, Menton, Torquay, Budleigh-Salterton (wherever that is), Monte Carlo, Beckenham, Le Touquet, Felixstowe, Newport, Surbiton, and Sandown. I dare say that the number of cigarette cases, vanity boxes, and travelling sets she has won, would if placed back to back, reach from her little flat at Redcliffe Square, London, S. W., to Mrs. Molla Mallory's magnificent apartment at 375 Park Avenue, New York.

With her, as with our national men's tennis champion, tennis is more than just a sport. It is life itself. Wimbledon in June and July, the South Coast in August, the East Coast in September, London and the environs in October, the Riviera from November to April, Devon in the Spring, London in the season, and so it goes. When she is not actually in a tournament, she is on the courts, hours on end, practicing relentlessly, remorselessly, furiously. Yes, tennis to her is life itself.

And if tennis is life itself to her, one must admit that she has, like our national champion, made an unbounded success out of life. I realize that the disciples of Cassandra have small chances of triumph in the realms of sport. But I will be willing, nevertheless, to wager a dozen Spalding tennis balls against a trip to California on the Sunset Limited, that Miss Elizabeth Ryan will win our Woman's National Tournament, which is being played upon the green turf at Forest Hills as this is being read. In fact, I'll be even rasher than that. I will predict that unless she herself knows she can win, she won't attempt to play.

Lest you assume by this that she is guilty of bad sportsmanship, let me hasten to allay these suspicions. Her sportsmanship, her demeanor on the court is impeccable. To be sure, she does not needlessly or foolishly give away points upon the court. To get points from her, an opponent must

win them in the heat of battle. She has no illusion about sport as practiced by the moderns. Sport to-day is like life. Hard, cruel, inexorable. To the victor, as in life, are the rewards. To the vanquished, as in life, are a row of cyphers and an anaemic bank roll. There is, in other words, no bunk about Elizabeth Ryan's attitude toward sport. There is none of the mental vagaries which from time to time influence that author-actor-player, our national champion.

But she is, in the accepted sense of the word, a good sport. I remember years—oh years ago—at Nice, watching her play a mixed doubles against His Royal Highness, the Count of All The Salms. (Or most of them, anyway.) In a close rally the ball struck on the wood of her racquet and bounded at an angle over the net just beyond the reach of the agile nobleman. His teeth bared suddenly.

"Heet it on the gut, plees!"

She would have been justified in walking off the court. She would have been justified in throwing her bat in his face. She would, in fact, have been justified in anything up to and

including manslaughter. (Or shall we say homicide?) But she did nothing. Actually, she did nothing. She kept her temper, returned to the baseline, and the game went on. A marvelous exhibition of self-control, the trait that has pulled her through more than one match which seemed hopelessly and irretrievably lost.

In appearance Miss Ryan is certainly not entirely masculine. She does not, as do some of her sex, wear knickers upon the court. Medium height, she is stocky without being heavy, and her square shoulders and powerful forearm give you, when first you see her, an impression of great physical power. Nor is that a wrong impression. It is in her blue grey eyes, when you get close to her, that one observes also a reserve of mental power. On the court, in battle, those eyes grow more and more determined, more and more pertinacious, the closer the match, the harder the struggle. Off the court, those same eyes are perpetually in a twinkle. When she talks, they soften her face, when she smiles, which is most of the time, they illumine her smile. She is, as her ac-

quaintances in London would say, a very cheery sort of person!

A specialist, to be sure. But a very fine one. Of course she can—and does—drive her Rover Four from London to the Riviera. She can—and does, when it is too rainy for tennis—play bridge, a good game of it. She dances, and on occasion has been known to spend an afternoon over the tables at Monte Carlo. But tennis after all is the thing supreme in her life. As an artist pursues an ideal, as a scientist pursues a cure for a malignant disease, as some women pursue other women's husbands, she has pursued a game. And she has raised that game to an art.

To-day she is a master of her art. Not perhaps, the greatest master. But certainly one of the greatest. When once more she forsakes us for her adopted land—that she consent to remain in a climate where tennis is unplayable from November to May seems inconceivable—she will very likely take one or more of the crowns of American tennis. I shall be very much surprised if she does not take back more than one.—*John R. Tunis*

Why I Like New York



BECAUSE it is the only city in the U. S. that takes itself with a grain of salt.

Because the library lions are the funniest animals in the world.

Because the *Times* still speaks of "high powered motor cars."

Because the noise of Elk, Owl, Lion, and Moose is drowned in the general roar.

Because you can see ships from windows.

Because the doorman at the Vanderbilt is so beautiful.

Because it is the home of archie.

Because there is a Childs across from the Plaza.

Because it is conveniently near all the important suburbs.

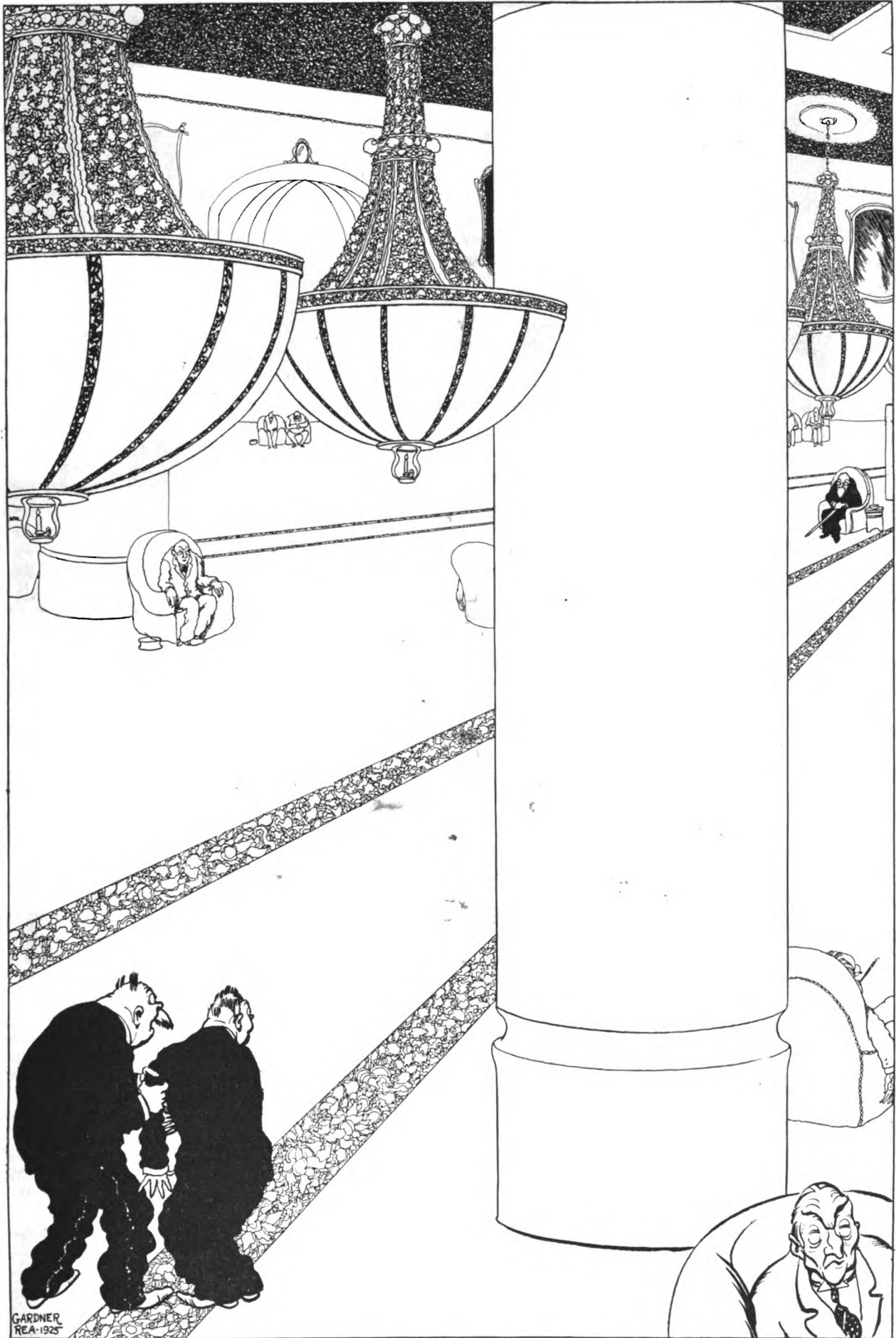
Because some day I'm going to roller skate down the ramp in the Grand Central.—*E. B. White*

* * *

Because you don't know your next door neighbors, and learn with surprise that an old friend has lived opposite you for fifteen years without your knowing it, and yet when you want company you can take up the telephone and select from all your acquaintance—the very reason, I know, why those not New Yorkers dislike New York so heartily.

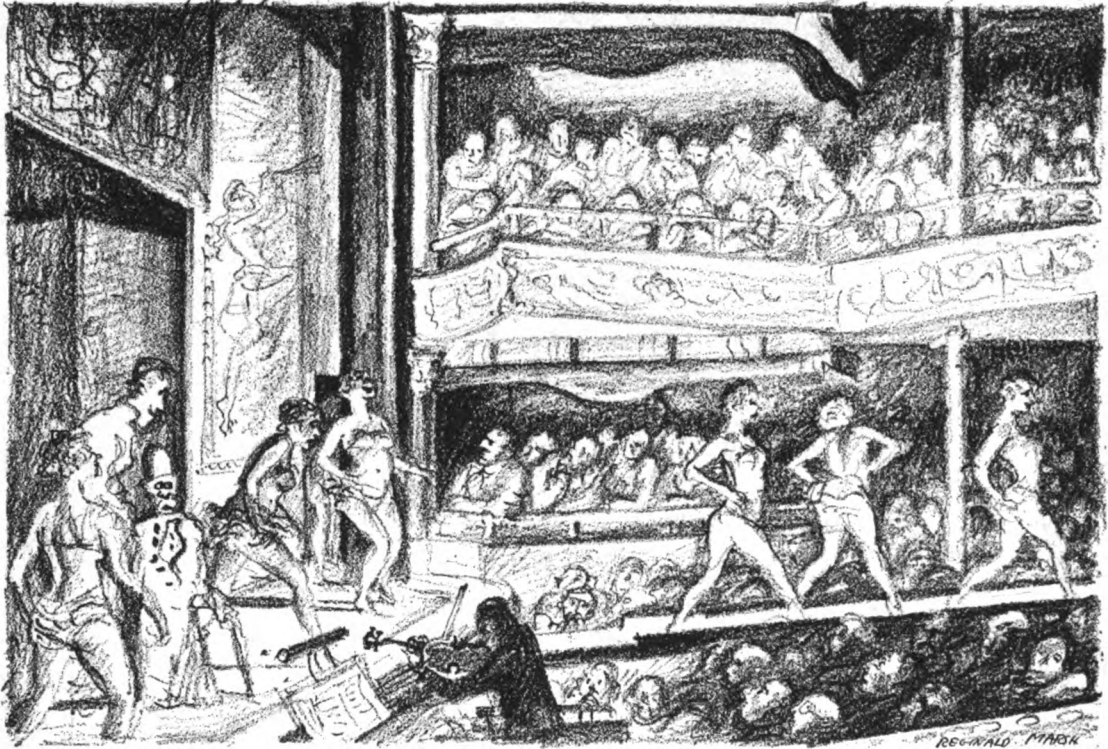
Because when a tire went flat on the bridge, on a Sunday afternoon in the midst of the heaviest traffic, instantly a

figure arose—created out of nothing apparently but my despair, black as to face and fuzzy hair and shirt and smart, wide belt and breeches and puttees, dark as to motor cycle and side car—only a small triangular bright red flag stood out high above his handlebars and on it were the magic words: "Road Mechanic." Ah, his was a profession to challenge in the field of gratitude the profession of the surgeon! As he replaced the tire with lightning speed, he boasted in a pleasant vein of his business successes—he made an average of nine dollars a day. If he could have seen into my heart he would have felt like Clive or Warren Hastings, or who ever it was—astonished at his own moderation.—*A. D. M.*



GARDNER
REA-1925

CLUB ATTENDANT (Aghast): "M' Gawd, Bill, that one MOVED!"



Drawing made on the spot of the Olympic Burlesque on Fourteenth Street, showing the world's toughest two comedians, McAllister and Shannon, and the famous Whizz-Bang Babies.

THEY CALL IT BURLESQUE

THE burlesque show has generally degenerated in decency.

Down at the old Olympic Theatre on East Fourteenth Street, the honest, animalistic, gorgeously orgiastic burlesque show of ten and twenty years ago is on its last legs. There, and there alone, rough and tumble remain. There, in her last sanctuary, Aphrodite Pandemos wiggles up and down the runways, a creature of reminiscent rhythms, gelatinous lusts, raucous, merry, unashamed, dowager-goddess of profane love.

There are two of these runways. They come out over the parquet like ivory spokes of a dark fan. They are lighted from below. The girls thump out on them to whine the chorus of each song; they go waist-deep in the glow, and are all legs, dehumanized and unidentified legs, among the heads and shoulders, and pinkish cigarette smoke of the pit.

Their *glutei maximi* heave in and out of sparse satin frills, and they pour a shrill, utterly unintelligible sing-song through the spigots of their nostrils. As they stomp back into the yellow glare of the stage, each of them gyres her body through a pet, practiced wriggle—her mark, her art, her justification in a world of nearly naked truths.

It is a hot, grimy night. The smallish auditorium is a bog of damp faces, flowered with cigar ends. The smoke lies like an oily canopy, except where some drunken electric fans above the boxes suck and snort to unravel the edges of it. The balcony is thick with grins and suspenders. Down here in the parquet there is only one woman sitting among us: a gentle-faced, white-haired old thing, patient, expressionless, benign.

"Hello, mamma!" bawls a fat, lewd-limbed chorus girl in the flip of a sweaty exit from the runway. "Oh, you red hot mamma!"

The dear old thing blinks never an eyelash. She might be listening to a sermon on the seven saintly virtues.

The girls are bawling a song about "somebody sneakin' in when you go sneakin' out." Even if you fail to fathom a quarter of the gibberish, the tone of it, the leers and bodily upheavals which accompany it, can leave no doubt. After a verse or two, you do not care precisely what they are singing, anyhow. The meaning is too plain for details, too lurid for embellishment. Out of it, a strong, jocose exhalation, steams this one simple sensing of life as a great, fat, pinkish, lugubrious antic. Mankind on the rampage of the inescapable flesh.

Man, that timorous and hairless cousin of the ape, acknowledging by word and waggle all the grim merriment of his business of begetting.

The mood is not without its climax. The chorus creatures have jostled out into the wings. Only their leader remains on the stage, a stripped remnant of youth and jaunty grace, a tuppenny *Thais*, who suddenly leaves off all shrilling and abandons herself to the more direct methods of motion. Her glassy eyeballs roll in and out of furrows of mascara, her tough arms spread back, all her primary characteristics convolve in a fierce, regular rhythm.

A sailor in the balcony begins to bellow. In the stalls below him, a pair of twitching little clerks reply to him with giggle and chitter.

Two comedians, next: a little bit of a man, a huge, burly one. Both wear Latin Quarter pants, comic vests, and derby hats. Both have a couple of gold teeth, and jabber in a Weber and Fields dialect which is minus Fields and Weber. Their jokes are bad, mangled old memorials. But the point of every one of them crashes home on the jaw of the little man. Five times in two minutes the big man knocks him down. A near-sighted, weakly, plaintive martyr, he keeps on

getting up again, and the big man keeps on knocking him down. Down in the orchestra a bass drum celebrates each thwack. The audience roars with glee. Another primal instinct of mankind has been satisfied.

Follow a couple of mealy, cadaverous Apaches. They waltz. The graveness of their turn and turn about, their clinching and straining, is horrible beyond ludicrousity. Their stunt is Montparnasse in terms of Hell's Kitchen. They twist each other's wrists, they clutch each other's throats, in a shabby, shuffling Laocoön of atrophied desires. For the Olympic this is a moment of high art. A moment encompassed with an itchy silence. It is broken by the soft, unmistakable sound of somebody spitting.

The girls again. They stand in line across the stage, waiting their turns for single stunts. A big, fat one tries the Charleston. Her ankles are like oaks; it is as if she were trying to yank tree stumps out of earth. Another girl fakes a toe dance—and never once gets upon her toe. Another one, a complacent tabby with huge, strange

shoulders and no neck, stands stock still and emulates the volcanic com-motions of Hawaii.

A ratty little youngster springs cart-wheels. She goes in a whirl of cotton stocking-tops, and her legs are like brandished icetongs. Perhaps on purpose she falls into a sprawl on the edge of one of the stage boxes. Six hands reach out to grab her.

"Aw, leave her stay here!"

With that blessed prerogative of the impromptu which has always favored the burlesque business, stage and audi-ence join in a laugh. A comedian sticks his head out of the wings, shakes a knowing finger at the box, and adopts a shocked, sissified voice:

"Oh, you naughty devils!"

There is a skit, thereafter, about the dangers of picking up goils in the park. The big man is very successful at it. He has a way with them, and a diamond ring, and he comes to the point without any hesitant ado. The little man tries the same tactics. He tries them on a female mastodon. She mops the park with him, rolls him up into a bench cushion, and sits down—

hard. For some unfathomable rea-son, it is the little men in the audience who laugh most noisily.

The girls again. Out on the run-ways now, shrieking some other, equally impenetrable song. Legs, legs, your line of vision is railed in by nothing but legs. Legs and the up-turned faces of the audience. The bald old man at that end of your row which is next the runway is shaking with a sudden ague, his boiled chin wet with drooling. A pair of legs has knelt down beside him, grubby hands patting his dome and twisting his little wisp of hair into a playful curl. The house screams with the fun of it.

Legs, lines of naked, scrubbed and veinous legs. The facts of life go back and forth, two by two. Mut-tony, hot, good-humored, prosy flesh, quivering almost audibly, but without either allurements or complaint. All that is whimsical about it is your re-membrance of a million years ago, when you danced like this yourself, sweaty and exalted, in the moonlight of some vast and tropic forest.

—Gilbert W. Gabriel

Metropolitan Monotypes

*It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.*

THERE is, for instance, The Bachelor Girl—
The self-supporting, independent woman
Who can go out and pay fifteen or twenty dollars
For an ounce of *Tabac Blond*
And have it *nobody's* business.
People are always introducing her to eligible males
In the hope that she will make a matrimonial go of it.
Women speculate secretly as to her exact age,
And try to trick the revelation of its neighborhood
By innocently asking her if she remembers "Florodora."
Men speculate secretly as to whether or not she has had lovers.
But The Bachelor Girl goes blithely on,
Wearing as costly raiment as her purse can buy,
Dining at all the fashionable restaurants
With charming Toms, Dicks, and Harrys,
Making an ideal fourth for bridge,
And laughing a little softly to herself
At the sympathy handed out to her by women
Who must leave any given party flat at 6 p. m.

And who could never possibly start for Atlantic City
On the spur of the moment.
She lives alone in a small, smart flat,
Which has a real kitchen and, with luck, a fireplace,
And sometimes in the night watches
When she thinks she hears a burglar or smells smoke
It's not so good. However
Usually some callow youth or other whose feelings she cannot
hurt
Is in love with The Bachelor Girl,
And as the years roll on it becomes increasingly difficult
To keep up her end of what *he* considers
A sophisticated conversation.
When her friends casually refer to her ignorance of the married
state
She doesn't make any protest,
Even though she could write a book
On what she knows about some of their husbands.

*It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.*

—Baird Leonard





BIRDIES OR BETTER

Mr. A. H. Woods Has Openers for the 1925-26 Season

BEGINNING next week copies of Spaulding's Golf Guide and Rules of Golf, as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews and adopted by the United States Golf Association, will be on sale in the lobby of Maxine Elliott's Theatre. You can not understand "Spring Fever," the new Vincent Lawrence comedy, without the Golf Guide. Names of the players, their handicaps and a score card will be presented, gratis, with the program.

In the vista *supra*, the blonde and lovely Miss Marion Coakley is receiving instructions in how to smite the ball for a drive into the second balcony by the excellent Mr. James Rennie, who plays a handsome roughneck. This is in the first act. In the third act, Mr. Rennie receives instructions from Miss Coakley in that art and pastime in which the ladies always excel, and which needs no Guide to be perfectly clear to the veriest novice.—R. B.



The Theatre

WELL, sir, the new plays weren't so good last week. So good as what? you ask. And the answer to that one is: what have you? But Katherine Alexander arrived during the week, and in a way that balanced things.

"It All Depends," come to the Vanderbilt—that clause is not to be read as an imperative—is one of those plays in which a group of gentle people work out a decorous solution to a domestic difficulty. The play is exceedingly well mannered and quietly unimportant. The leading lady is Katherine Alexander.

It is probably part of the divine scheme that each season there should appear a few plays in which the characters, while not bursting at the seams with money, are still comfortable, genial, and pure. Such we have with us in "It All Depends"—fairly portrayed, pleasantly directed, and amiably acted.

Their adventure is politely amorous. In the prologue we have two young ladies, unmarried but not unwilling. One of these annexes an unsavory husband of the neighborhood; the other, the father of the household. When the parallel is pointed out, the daughter gives up her unsavory acquisition and the father squirms chivalrously free.

He is Norman Trevor, performing with his usual restraint and kindly quietude. His daughter is Miss Alexander. Hers is the best part and by far the best performance. In fact, to her account may be conscientiously credited the first wild whoop of approbation for the season.

A LUCKY BREAK" is just something for the kiddies—that's the only way to look at it. It tells a cunning little story about a millionaire who goes back to his home town and pretends—what do you think?—to be

broke. You see, he isn't really broke at all; he just wants to see whether his friends will still stick to him. And that's where the audiences at the Cort Theatre have a tough break, because, instead of walking out at the end of the first act and never coming back, all the comedy rural characters stick tightly to the millionaire for the rest of the evening.

Early in the second act everybody begins being kind to the millionaire and sympathizing with him, and you might as well back the wagon up to the stage door right then, because the play is over. After that the only suspense lies in wondering how they're going to cue in George MacFarlane's next song. And even if you should happen to guess it, you still have your work cut out for you, because they go ahead and follow up the second song with a dance, participated in by two previously quiescent members of the cast. The problem then is to figure how they got the dance in. For that matter, how did they get the play in?

"A Lucky Break" was written by Zelda Sears, whose hand is a trained one in the theatre. Possibly this critique is a wee bit rough on it—it did provide a giggle here and there—but it is rather definitely an entertainment for those who have never been to the theatre before.

YOU hear a good deal, from time to time, about the uncertainties of the theatre; so this is as good a time as any to call attention to the fact that it also has its certainties. Take,



for example, the comedy called "Something to Brag About." This play was first tried out by a Rochester stock company in June, and those who saw it reported that it was not so good. Thereupon it was given regular production in the try-out towns close to Broadway, and again the word reached town that it wouldn't have a chance in New York. And then, on Thursday night of last week, the play opened in New York, and what do you think happened? Why, it turned out to be not very good.

It is a rather thin tale about a mild-mannered husband who gives his wife no opportunity at all to boast about him, until suddenly he becomes involved in a series of circumstances that cause him to appear in the mistaken light of a hero. This is not an unpromising notion, but somehow the Messrs. Selwyn and Le Baron have failed to make their play entertaining. And, when you come right down to it, that's important.

Enid Markey was a favorite with the first-night audience, and there is no doubt that she drew the maximum from her rôle. And then there was also the capable Sylvia Field, whose resemblance to Helen Hayes, and the similarity of whose mannerisms, are what somebody has called uncanny.

Music

AFTER debating the matter earnestly with some of our most serious minded ushers, this department comes to the conclusion that our music (not necessarily musical) audiences are a trifle supercilious; or, if that makes you any happier, snobbish. And that, we think, is why the American composer holds solo indignation meetings and writes letters to the editor of the *Evening Telegram*.

On a dank Saturday night at the Stadium recently, Rudolph Ganz offered as an encore a well orchestrated version of Hugo Frey's "Hava-



"SALLY OF THE SAWDUST"

The glorification of the Old Army Game by Messrs. David Wark Griffith and W. C. Fields, with subordinate glorifying by Miss Carol Dempster

nola," which those of you who toddled in your time will recall as a fox trot of unusual charm. The audience obviously enjoyed the novelty, but the applause hardly equalled the acknowledgments generally bestowed on such routine stuff as the first movement of the "Caucasian Sketches." "Havana" created no excitement because the listeners "knew it when"—and because it was just good American music in dance form.

The fact seems to be that our audiences will have no traffic with American music that deals with contemporary subject matter indigenously. Throw Schelling's "Victory Ball" at us, if you care to, and you still have only one strike on us. The American composer apparently is welcome only when he brings out something with foreign color in it. The native musician's proper themes, on the other hand, are greeted with almost fawning hospitality when an alien handles them. *Vide* Stravinsky's "Ragtime" and Honegger's "Pacific 231."

There is only one American *motif* which our audiences will accept from their countrymen, and that is the noble Redskin. Almost every American opera that has won stage presentation has included in its liabilities an impossible Indian princess. *Vide* "Shanewis," "Natoma" and the rest of them. Next season, there is to be a tour dedicated to a new American opera named "Algala," which calls for a heap big supply of Injun grease

paint. And the active orchestral repertory is full of tribal rhapsodies, overtures, dances, sketches, suites, and intermezzi.

Contemporary American life is considered respectable enough for American novelists, dramatists, painters and sculptors, but the American musician who tries to reflect it is held to be, at best, a good bit of a lowbrow. Consequently, we have had a series of American operas with such deadly libretti as those of "The Pipe of Desire" and "Mona." But an opera of contemporary Paris, "Louise," draws devout attention, and some music lovers ask innocently why we have no such wonderful composer as Charpentier.

The snobbishness of our music customers will be tested severely in the new season. George Gershwin is to play a "New York Concerto" with Mr. Damrosch. There are rumors that Mr. Mengelberg may present "Broadway," a composition for orchestra, organ and jazz band by Samuel Gardner. If these works and others of similar content are requested to use the service elevator, the "all-American" program will continue to look like this:

Overture to "Medea,"

F. D. Parkins (Boston)

Tone Poem, "Galileo,"

Henry Schmoor (Cleveland)

Suite from "Potiphar's Wife,"

Annette Walker (Sioux City)

Intermission

Symphony No. 6 in F minor

("Korean")... Julius O'Brien (Albany)

Calabrian Rhapsody,

Tyrus Cobb Goldsmith (Newark)

—R. A. S.

Art

THERE is not much to attract the modern in the Summer show at the Milch galleries. The little flight they took now and then during the Winter they seem to have repented, and the current finale is a show of all that is safe and sane and fireproof. One or two dissenting notes, we should mention.

Leon Kroll, being an Academician, gets in places where he otherwise would not be tolerated did he not don the false whiskers of N. A. The Milch gallery has one, done three or four years ago, and to our way of thinking, belonging to a better phase than his highly polished opus of three women shown in the Winter salon. The picture is called "Old Well," and is your rural scene of houses awry and twisted trees, peopled with city folk at their vicarious farming—washing hair and reading magazines. We like the way Kroll does it; and of the living Americans working at it, he seems to have cut his groove with more definition than most of his con-



temporaries. This landscape, as all of them we have seen, is full of sunshine and wind without that static sweetness that so often goes with the pastoral view.

John Noble has one or two of his seascapes which seem to have been wrung from his soul. There is considerable pathos about most of Noble's stuff, and you must remember here is a Kansan, prairie fed, wrestling with the restless sea and not quite understanding its moods. His "Cradle of the Deep" shows his turmoil, and his efforts leave you a bit unsatisfied. With his show last year Noble released himself in a way, and from now on should strike out with a bolder brush, giving more freshness and less of the worked-over appearance that marks so many of his old canvases.

Then there is about much of that stuff the Ladies Literary League discusses during the Winter at its monthly meetings in Dubuque, from material supplied them in the dealers' art notes. Some day they hope to give a sociable and raise enough money to buy one for the Public Library or the High School, and thus bring Art to Dubuque. One of the earlier and less scintillating Metcalf's is shown, called "Kennebunk Port Landing." It is not so pleasing as his Berkshire series, nor so well conceived.

"Manchurian Forest," by Leon Gaspard, is arresting at the first glance, but does not mean so much. "An Adirondack Fantasy," by Jonas Lie, is all birches and snow. We wonder if there was a time when artists did not label their canvases. Perhaps, before the day of popular songs. Anyway, there they are and with them Maurice Fronkes, Randall Davey, Horatio Walker, Charles Davis, and Max Bohm, with a piece or two each.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

AMID the thumping tympana of the press agentry and heraldry, Charlie Chaplin has broken over a year's silence with a hobo excursion into the Far North. An earnest, if ogling, first night group crowded into the Strand last Saturday to witness an early Sabbath morning presentation of "The Gold Rush." They ogled well into Sunday as celebrity on celebrity cluttered through the great doors and abandonedly paraded the aisles. So mighty was the crush of the famed that some of them were forced to enter the theatre two or three times to in-



sure recognition. The silver-haired "Charlot" himself appeared somewhere in between appearances and pleasantly fought his way up front to check up on the laughter, tears, and applause which the first-night group so generously is known to bestow (being a supersensitive and kindly professional group). Finally, Mr. Will Rogers having entered (unrecognized) near Miss Constance Bennett, (unrecognized), and one spectator having announced loudly that he was many sails to the wind, the group was exhorted to find its seats and away went the performance.

THE "Gold Rush" is termed, for the sake of the paradox, it is presumed, "a dramatic comedy." Wherein lies some unhappiness. For alas! Chaplin has taken this mystic formula seriously and not produced his best! Call it our pose or stone us into silence, yet there seemed little enough to write to anybody about after the first third of the film. It is a bit arty, perhaps. It gets away to a terrific start. Along a peak, miles in the air, and miles from nowhere, on a dangerous narrow path, wanders the Lonely Prospector. A storm drives him to an ominous solitary hut. But shelter is hard to win, for the pathetic soul has to struggle mightily against the murderous Black Larsen and from being eaten by Black Jim McClay, the man of the chicken-hallucinations. Herein Chaplin is old funnylegs himself, sadly burlesquing "The Ancient Mariner" hunger theme, with hilarious effect. He strikes a high spot when he serves up one of his shoes, stewed, devouring his portion as if it were a game bird swimming in luscious garnishments.

The scene shifts to a typical Klondike town. One might be given to expect wonders of Gold Rush burlesque with the old Chaplin at the receiving end of the Klondike equivalent of custard. But one is doomed to disappointment, for Chaplin has seen fit to turn on his onion juices in a Pierrot's endeavor to draw your tears. The mystic formula labors and wheezes somewhat. Instead of continuous merriment, there is doldrum



broken by an occasional burst of laughter. Instead of the rush of tears called for, one reaches for his glycerine bottle. Mr. Chaplin is appealing straight to the lachrymal emotions. He strikes the low spot of the film when he stands outside in the snow and peers broken-heartedly (as they did in the old songs) into the New Year revelry in the dance hall saloon.

Follows a return to the mountain of gold and the tragedy hut. Ensues some fair slapstick, and to sum it all up, a last laugh ending. Now to spike our own guns. We do not wish to deride Chaplin. He is as deft as ever and far and away a brilliant screen master. He has made a serviceable picture in "The Gold Rush" but it seems that he is not as funny as he once was. Perhaps he has sounded his own and the picture's weakness when in a small curtain speech he said, "You know I'm very emotional." . . . We recall, years ago, a small boy who is now, whimsically, a stranger to us, shaking with continuous hysteria at the sad clownings of a young slapstick comedian who appealed, so it struck the unthinking lad, only to the emotion of plain, honest laughter. Perhaps the days of "The Champion" and "Work" and "Easy Street" are passing for "Charlot." Perhaps they have elected him to an Academy and he is intellectualizing his powers. Perhaps he is getting too metaphysical about pathos. We cannot help but recall with a tinge of sadness, the old days when custard was young.

REX REACH'S new Nickelodeon masterpiece is (you guessed it sir, the little man in the third row) "Winds of Chance" (at the Piccadilly August 21 and 22). It might have provided Charlie Chaplin plenty of material for Klondike burlesque if he hadn't gone north on a Pierrot tour. The chief props of the picture are string ties, wooden saloons, ½ doz. cold-blooded murders and the tenderfoot who conquers everything plus the aurora borealis. It is infinitely better than the work of Mr. Zane Grey and is not without a hit and run, sock the jaw quality.

THE spiritual features of Mr. Tom Mix are lending themselves delightfully to a lovely and sensitive drama of *moyen age* and modern machinations in the Fairbanks style. It is termed "The Lucky Horseshoe" (Rialto August 21 and 22.)

THE Home Maker," from that novel of Dorothy Canfield, parades a wearisome succession of painstaking details in the name of small town fireside realism. If this be realism then Mr. Tom Mix is Russian symbolism.—T. S.

Books

TO call "Firecrackers" a carnival of irony, participated in by characters from Carl Van Vechten's other novels, is to make a bad failure of a hopeless attempt to pin it with a phrase. It is, of course, far more, and it isn't carnival at all, except in its general surface effect of fantasy and gaiety. The characters referred to, brought on in years to 1924, include the wise enchantress, Campaspe Lorillard, Paul Moody bored to lethargy with his marital meal ticket, Vera, Gareth Johns whose writings have prospered and grown a mane on him, and others. The Countess, now old but unchastened, comes in to die, and nothing in her life became her creator better than her death scene.



Two remarkable recruits to this company are a Modern Young Person aged ten and a gorgeously preposterous demigod, Gunnar O'Grady; he is a sort of ascetic male Lina Szczepanowska, if you know Lina, who has deliberately long-circuited love and denied his gifts in that direction by living on a philosophic system. His gospel of salvation by activity inspires the fascinated Paul to—become a downtown broker! His own practice of it goes well until Campaspe runs across him, with one consequence that searches life as deeply as fiction often does, while another is as funny as ironic humor gets.

This may not mean a great deal to you unless you have read some Van Vechten. If you haven't, "Firecrackers" (*Knopf*) would be ideal to

begin on, and the best thing we can do for you is to urge you to begin.

J. D. BERESFORD'S "The Monkey Puzzle" is a partly good novel that might have been wholly good if Beresford had known what not to do. But a partly good novel is not like a partly good egg, and for its simple and penetrating picture of a village in arms against the scandalous, for its representation of a genius of the Ernest Dowson type intensified, and for two of the best small children sketched to our knowledge in recent fiction, you will find "The Monkey Puzzle" (*Bobbs Merrill*) worth a reading.

That the genius, a painter, works one miracle too many and dies a bathetic death, that the mother of the children—joint object, with him, of the village's righteous salacity—is sometimes too instructive in psychology, and that other things are amiss, and unnecessarily so, will be clear to you.

—*Touchstone*

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



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, August 21, to Friday, August 28, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth.

You should see it now, before you have to study it for College Entrance Requirements.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden

A speedy and humorous revue, with the eighteen most beautiful Gertrude Hoffmann girls in captivity.

IS ZAT SO?

A highly entertaining and boisterous comedy, in the American language.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

The best score in town, handsomely sung against an elaborate and beautiful background. Desiree Ellinger now in Mary Ellis's rôle.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Here we have a peculiarly intelligent Pulitzer Prize Play, with Pauline Lord doing the finest acting revealed in many months.

GARRICK GAITIES—Garrick

The boys and girls of the Theatre Guild, in a festive revuelet.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

An entertaining burlesque of the stencilled mystery farce.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

By four hysterical roars the funniest "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has ever offered, thanks chiefly to W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

A resplendent production by Mr. Ziegfeld, full of beautiful young women and some comic falls by Leon Errol.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A merry musical show, made enjoyable by the charm and grace of Fred and Adele Astaire, the score of George Gershwin, and—for some—the nifties of Walter Catlett.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan

An O'Neill play, neither too well nor too poorly written, that should be seen at least by his admirers.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

A well produced musical play, with fine voices and a maudlin book out of "Old Heidelberg."

SPRING FEVER—Maxine Elliott's

The first of the new season's comedies, dealing entertainingly with golf and its problems.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

A typical edition of Mr. White's annual offerings, with many pretty girls, if you care for that kind of thing.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH

Charlie Chaplin heads for gold in the hills. A serviceable comedy, but not as good as his old two reels. At the Strand.

KISS ME AGAIN

Mr. Lubitch tells how to retrieve your restless little woman from the bushy-haired composer. The champagne's bubbles of a picture. At the Cameo: Fri., Sat., Aug. 21, 22.

THE UNHOLY THREE

Grotesque actions with evil intent by Mr. Lon Chaney, a dwarf, and a circus Samson. Good gruesome melodramatic comedy. Loew's State: Week of Aug. 24.

No Manhattan showing of "Sally of the Sawdust" scheduled this week.

ART

AMERICANS—Medium—Milch Galleries

A sample of what this gallery keeps, and keeps.

MODERNS LEFT WING—Weyhe

Delightful show of lithographs, etchings, drawings and paintings, mostly new, some old.

FRENCH PAINTERS—Durand-Ruel

Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

MUSIC

CONCERTS—Lewisohn Stadium

City College, nightly. Willem Van Hoogstraten and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Prize winning soloists on Mon., Tues., Wed.

GOLDMAN'S BAND—Hall of Fame

New York University Campus, nightly except Tues. and Thurs.

CITY CONCERTS—Central Park

"On the Mall," with bands Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs.; orchestras Fri.

SPORTS

MOTOR BOATING—Manhasset Bay (Off Port Washington), L. I.

Thurs., Fri., Aug. 27, 28, annual Gold Cup Regatta, the big event of the year for motor boat devotees.

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.

Mon., Aug. 24. Final round of the Woman's National Turf Championships.

BASEBALL

Polo Grounds: New York vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., Sat., Sun., Aug. 21, 22, 23. New York vs. Cincinnati, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Aug. 25, 26, 27. New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Aug. 28.

Hizzoner

(So that there may be no mistake about it, the scene of the following article is laid in the thriving city of Tottenville, Siam. Hizzoner is none other than the Honorable Aloysius Rosenberg who was elected Mayor of Tottenville last year for the sixth time on the Centrist ticket.)

YOU say you represent THE NEW YORKER," said Hizzoner to our star reporter. "I suppose your paper is one of those scurrilous, lying sheets, owned by the financial interests, and backed by the traction gang."

"No," said our star reporter a bit wistfully, "it is not."

"In that event," said Hizzoner, "you may sit in my private office and watch me in action as I fight to protect the common people against the predatory rich."

A tall, thin young man entered the room.

"My nephew Mr. Gumble," said Hizzoner to the reporter, "and, incidentally, my private secretary. What's on your mind, Gumble?"

"Mr. Toplitz the banker just telephoned," said Gumble, "to remind you that his little boy Nathan will be six years old to-morrow."

"Ah yes, we mustn't forget little Nathan's birthday," said Hizzoner. "Let me see. We might make him Honorary Police Inspector. A boy that age would enjoy carrying a pistol and blackjack."

"No," said Gumble, "his father said that Nathan's ambition was to be a fireman."

"The very thing!" Hizzoner exclaimed. "Send word to the Commissioner to appoint little Nathan Toplitz Honorary Chief of the Fire Department."

As the secretary left the room, Hizzoner turned and beamed genially.

"I love to make the kiddies happy," he said. "I can't forget that I was once a kiddie, myself, and what it would have meant to me to have been able to drive a red automobile with a gong on it through the fire lines."

Mr. Gumble entered the room again.

"I have just received the report of Your Honor's Municipal Art Commission," he said, "and the work of beautifying the city is progressing rapidly. They have finished carving your name on the statues of Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Garibaldi, George Washington, and Beethoven, in the park. Leaving only the statues of Homer, Napoleon, and Queen Elizabeth to be finished."

"Fine!" exclaimed Hizzoner. "And how about the street naming division?"

"They have finished their work," said Gumble. "Every street in the city now has a bronze tablet with your name on it."

"These tablets," Hizzoner explained to the reporter, "are made by the Gumble Bronze Casting Works . . ."

"My younger brother," explained the secretary.

"They receive the contracts from the Gumble Contracting Company . . ."

"My father and grandfather," said the secretary. "I might say that the contracts are given out as the result of competitive bidding . . ."

"By the Commissioner of Public Improvements, Mr. Jacob Gumble," said Hizzoner.

"My great grandfather," elucidated the secretary as he turned to leave the room.

"Some men in public life may like to gad about," said Hizzoner, "but I'm essentially a family man."

He rose and showed our reporter courteously to the door.

"I'm sorry I can't talk to you any longer," he said, "but I have to go to christen a municipal ferryboat.—*Civitas*



The Avenue at St. Patrick's

I.

Reluctant dusk descends.
The arc lamps paint their circled lakes
Of mauve and violet.

The treasures that the Trade Wind slakes
On travels from the earth's faint ends,
In momentary shadows fret,

Until a window's sudden glow
Is echoed down the Street of Show.

2.

The portly motors march
Along in grave processional,
That impish taxis vex.

Dim maidens from confessional,
Stand chaste beneath the Gothic arch
And graven arms of *Pontifex*.

Unknowing that within their kens
Pass unrepentant Magdalens.

—James Kevin McGuinness



"A vote for Hylan means a five cent fare"—the speaker is the New York *American*. "A vote for any other candidate means a ten cent fare!" The true Hearst reader believes in that five-cent-fairy, good old St. Nickelas.

If the Rum Fleet has been dispersed,
as the Coast Guard says it has, our guess
is that it left with the best of good spirits.

Mayfair House

610 Park Avenue

WILL LIVE UP TO
ITS NAME

BORROWING its name from the most exclusive residential quarter in London, MAYFAIR HOUSE will justify the loan by living up to the reputation of the lender!—it will be as exclusive as MAYFAIR itself, reserved for, and restricted to, a refined and socially responsible clientele.

Edward H. Crandall

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ONE TO SIX ROOM SUITES
FURNISHED OR OTHERWISE
OCTOBER OCCUPANCY

P. S. One passenger lift in operation for inspection purposes.

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THE NEW YORKER



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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

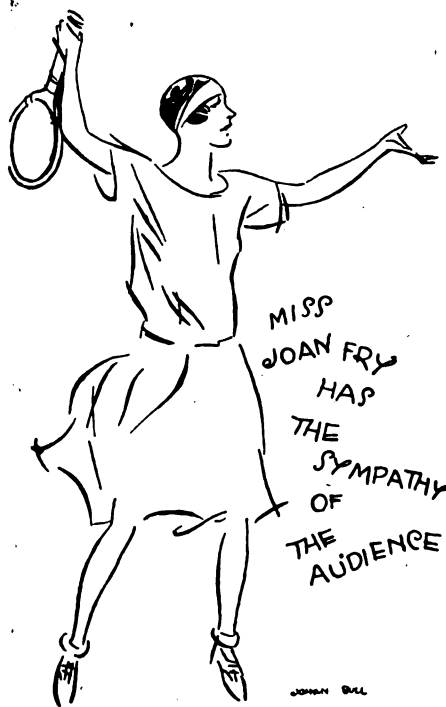
THE shades of night were falling excessively fast and the sun was well down behind the rim of that fireless cooker sometimes called the Forest Hills Stadium, when with the score tied with three points each, the largest crowd that ever saw women's tennis in this country awaited the deciding doubles event in the English-American team match last Saturday. Mrs. Molla Mallory had dispatched Miss Joan Fry in two sets, and walked off the court with her opponent at exactly five minutes past six.

At six-twenty-two Miss Evelyn Colyer and Miss Kathleen McKane, the English team, came on the court with Miss Mary Brown—not the least important half of the American team. Six-thirty came and the other half was still missing. Rude observers in the gallery began giving verbal signals of distress. Harassed umpires and committee men telephoned frantically from the press stand to the clubhouse. Six-thirty-five and still no Miss Wills. And precisely at six-thirty-eight I saw her saunter down the steps of the clubhouse and leisurely stroll toward the courts, her racquets carried by an attending swain.

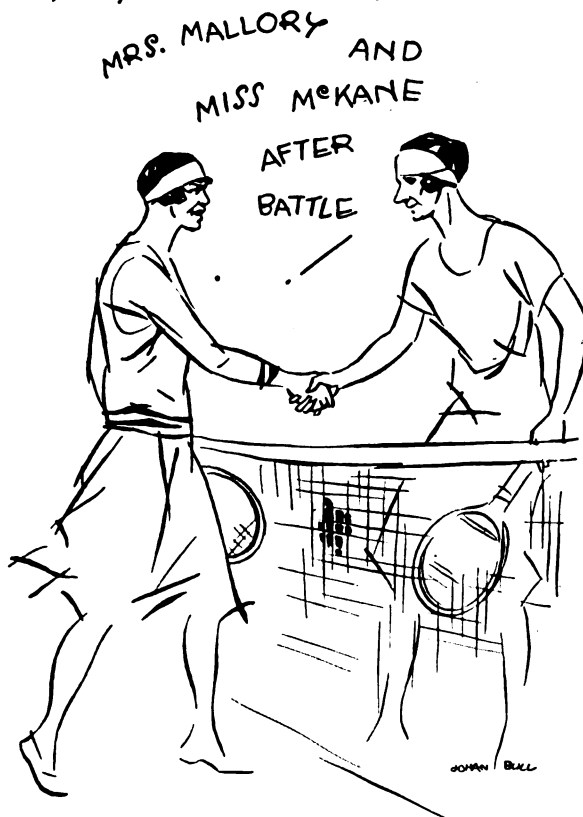
Whereupon we were to see one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed at an American sporting gathering. As Miss Wills stepped down on to the court she was greeted by a storm of hoots, boos, hisses, and catcalls of various sorts and descriptions. For the first time in my memory the tennis champion of America was being booed on the court. Miss Wills took this reception with her usual insouciance; thus rebuking the rude and uncouth spectators in the stands. Certainly their attack was a trifle harsh.

But have you ever sat four hours in the glare of a merciless Long Island sun watching tennis matches? Tense and stirring tennis that left you limp, tired and exhausted after the first hour? And then found with your last meal six hours behind and your next meal two hours in front that the score was tied and the final result depended on the last match? If you have done this, and been kept waiting nearly forty minutes while a young lady changed her sweater, you can understand the mood of that gallery.

Mind you I do not say it extenuates their outbursts. But it certainly explains them a great deal.



THEN came the swiftest, the quickest, the most dazzling match of the two days. Ably supported by Miss McKane, Miss Evelyn Colyer, English star who with Miss Joan Austin pressed the great Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Ryan at Wimbledon several years ago, swept aside the American team. They won nine straight games before losing one. Miss Colyer was a revelation. Quicksilver on

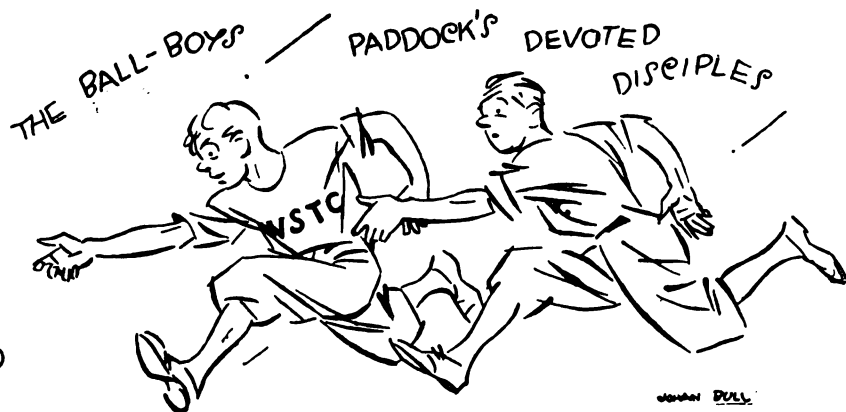


the court, daring, impetuous in attack and riposte, severe at the net, fluent off the ground, she dominated the entire court. Her interceptions of her opponent's return of service, her angled volleys, especially to the backhand side of the court, and her conclusive smashes won many points for her side. If the seven thousand persons who stayed for the finish of this match were obliged to postpone their evening meal until nine o'clock, I am sure they felt it worth while after the game displayed by Miss Colyer.

That the English team defeated the Americans was in no small measure due to the generalship and tactics of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the invaders' captain. She marshaled her forces, arranged the material at her command in such a way as to obtain the maximum results and for the first time in these matches for the Wightman Cup bring victory to the visiting team. There was a lesson for American tennis to be learned in this defeat. And it is this: Superior stroke production does not necessarily mean victory. For this victory was not won by superior stroke production, but by superior headwork. The English team played with their heads. With the exception of Miss Colyer's, their strokes were inferior to their rivals', their execution was often clumsy, sometimes ineffective.

An instance of headwork winning for the English women was Mrs. Chambers's match against Miss Goss early Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Chambers was winning tournaments at Wimbledon in 1903 when Boston and Pittsburgh were fighting out the World Series on the old American League Ball Grounds on Hunting Avenue in Boston, and Tom Shevlin of Yale was christening Harvard's new Stadium on Soldiers' Field. Since 1919 she has stopped playing singles, and it was a surprise to see her step on the court against the girl who in the last few weeks has defeated the second ranking player in this country. Miss Goss has a fine all round game, her volleying is consistently good, her service is one of the strongest among the women players. Moreover, she was receiving a handicap of fifteen years from her opponent; an important handicap under such a sun as blazed down on the turf at Forest Hills.

Mrs. Chambers's game is limited, she has no attack as we know it in this country, some of her strokes are awkwardly produced, and to my certain knowledge she learned an overhand serve only in



the last two years. Yet she won, although the match went to three sets, and everything in that last set was in Miss Goss's favor.

A beautiful match to watch, this one, for those who admire fine tennis tactics. Mrs. Chambers knew she could not cope with her younger and more active opponent at the net or off the ground. Only steady playing and courtcraft of a very high degree could make up the handicap of age. So she remained on the baseline. To Miss Goss's fine, deep drives she returned first a long shot to the corner, then a short, trapped shot close to the net, mixing up a slow ball with a hard hit cross court forehand. After winning four straight games Miss Goss faltered in her attack. She struck a wild patch and Mrs. Chambers, quick to seize the least advantage, pressed home her attack. She lobbed, drove, chopped, first to one side of the court then to the other.

Miss Goss found her lead gone. Did she change her game? Did she attempt to break up her opponent's game? She did not. She kept on, making some very fine shots with a great many bad ones. But there was no variation, no subtlety, no discrimination to her game. It was all in the same tone. And always one could perceive the master mind of Mrs. Chambers directing, striving, working toward a goal. I said just now that Mrs. Chambers has no attack as we know it in this country. But she has an attack, nevertheless: powerful, insidious, deadly. She was trying to break down the superior stroke production of a younger, faster player than herself. And she succeeded. By so doing winning a most richly deserved victory. And incidentally, the possession of the Wightman Cup for still another twelve months.

THE McKane-Wills match which followed was still another case in point. Here were two really superb players; Miss Wills with the finest and easiest style and the most lovely shots of any woman playing, except possibly Suzanne Lenglen. With some shots, indeed, such as her serve, superior to those of the great French player. Last Saturday shots rippled from her racquet like

bullets from a machine gun. With almost the same speed. In the first set she held her opponent helpless. Then that opponent began to seek a way out of the impasse which was headed toward defeat. Unable to hold her own with the American champion off the ground, Miss McKane came into forecourt. Preparing the way, invariably with a deep shot to the backhand corner, she came in as swift as an arrow to intercept the return and volley it safely to the unprotected forehand side of her opponent's court.

To be sure, she was passed at times. But she is tennis-wise enough to realize that the volleyer may be, no, must be passed occasionally. But can yet win if a sufficient number of volleying coups are successful. So she persisted, winning the second set and missing the third by the narrowest of margins. She started her volleying attack just a trifle too late. Toward the end she was tiring. But her next attempt may turn out differently if she presses from the start. Like Tilden, Miss Wills is essentially a baseliner. Has Miss McKane discovered that the way to beat her is to take the net and hold it? If so that may explain why volleyers like Miss Browne do well against Miss Wills, and baseliners like Mrs. Mallory do badly.

Mrs. Mallory, it seemed to me, was the bright shining star on the American side. To be sure, she was defeated by Miss McKane, but only after a frightful struggle, and the next afternoon she blew Miss Frye off the court. And how she enjoyed herself all through the two days. I dare say like the rest of us, she enjoys winning more than losing. But more than any woman player in this country she conveys to the spectator a sense of keen enjoyment, of great delight in the game for the game itself. It is this lack of grimness, this spontaneous smile that makes her so popular with the galleries. Did you notice that when the crowd was waiting for Miss Wills to appear for the doubles, there were numerous shouts of "Go get Molla." Nor were they perfunctory shouts, either!

THERE were many interesting sidelights during the two days, for most of the world of tennis was around the

Theatre Guild Productions

Garrick Gaeties

Sparkling Musical Revue

Garrick Theatre

65 West 35th Street.

Evenings, 8.40.

Matinees, Thurs. & Sat.,
2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play

They Knew What
They Wantedwith Pauline and Leo
Lord Carrillo

Klaw Theatre

West 45th St.

Evenings, 8:40

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
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458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

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ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

of 1925—Glorifying the American Girl
WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDSEugene
O'Neill's
Greatest PlayDESIRE
UNDER the ELMS

With WALTER HUSTON

Now at
GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE,
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Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON—A conscientious
calendar of events worth while.WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD—
Where to pass the time after 4
A. M.PROFILES—Interesting personali-
ties. These features appear in**THE NEW YORKER**

APARTMENTS

APARTMENT TO LEASE SEPT. 1.

Large 2 room apartment facing north with north-south ventilation, 2nd floor, full width of 35 ft. house, each room with hall entrance. Two wood burning fireplaces. Three closets, with shelves, etc. Large bath, 2 lavatories. Hard wood floors. Electricity furnished. Light cooking possible (gas).

Best transportation facilities in city. \$1600.
2 West 16th St. Phone Chelsea 0251 for ap-
pointment.CLUBROOMS WANTED—BY A
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place, on first or second floor in building
with restaurant accommodations. Between
38th and 57th Street.Communicate with Louella Parsons,
Hotel Algonquin.



WHERE TO SHOP

THE LADY ABOUT TOWN

The "man about town" has long been a heralded character in fiction and an easily recognizable person in real life. His clothes are perfection; he knows what is being done, where to purchase the charming niceties of life, and how to make the most delightful use of them.

The man about town to-day finds his parallel in the lady about town. She is an inveterate seeker of a flicker of tasteful color that tells her she has discovered a new source of attractive possessions. These may range from old brass candlesticks unearthed in a curio shop pungent with romance, to a more utilitarian but exceedingly dainty pair of shoes.

The shopping guide of *THE NEW YORKER* is carefully designed to be a chart for the exploring lady about town. When she starts out to follow a recommendation appearing in the columns below, it will always be with a sense of adventure, but adventure that is certain to end happily.

Antiques

HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.

Arts and Crafts

ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.

Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop
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West Side Club House or in the stands on Friday or Saturday afternoon. There was, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, sitting in the press stand taking pictures of the matches, and talking in between to Mr. Julian Myrick one of the high officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. There was my friend Wallis Myers, the celebrated tennis critic of the London *Telegraph* who landed on these shores last week, taking tea on the porch of the West Side Club with Miss Harvey, Miss McKane, and Mr. Lambert Chambers. (Yes, there is a Mr. Lambert Chambers.) There was Frank Devitt of the International Match Committee, marshaling the photographers, seating the linesmen, directing the head ground-keeper and otherwise efficiently running off the program. Wallis Merrihew, leaving his seat in the front row of the Stad-

ium to take a chair—his favorite center service line, of course,—was also visible on Saturday afternoon. The previous day Eddie Conlin, the world's greatest umpire climbed into the chair to the astonishment of those of us to whom he had declared his intention of retiring.

Miss Ryan announced herself to a friend last week as not being in the best of form for the championships. It seems that being a stranger in a far country, she invaded the Woolworth Tower. And was made dizzy thereby. Alas, alas! Nevertheless and notwithstanding, my money is on Miss Ryan to win the woman's singles championship of the United States. For the doubles? Well, I can't think of anyone likely to beat Miss McKane and Miss Colyer, but you can never tell. Miss Goss and Miss Ryan play well together. . .

—J. R. T.

“Tell Me a Book to Read”

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). More of the human comedy of Manhattan as Van Vechten plays with it. Characters from his other novels turn up in the cast.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Quixote dismounts near Great Neck from a blind-tiger Rosinante, to sacrifice himself for a despicable Dulcinea.

THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doran*). They don't concoct mystery stories with a higher kick than this has.

THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Several human beings, some Italian, others English, in a delightful novel with little plot and less specific gravity.

THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (*Bobbs Merrill*). Gringo and Mexican, love and shooting. A very light romance, so good of its kind that you wish it were much longer.

SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (*Knopf*). A more substantial romance, to which Conrad would presumably have given his blessing.

PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). You are no sicker than we were of broad acres worked by realists. Even so, this North Dakota section is cheerfully recommended.

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltner*). Scott Moncrieff's translation makes

another installment of Proust's sequence novel available to those who can't cope with his specially difficult French.

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A remarkably successful endeavor to put a real live boy through romantic Revolutionary experiences.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Phyllis and Mr. Moon, who has his hours of regret that it wasn't Phyllis he married.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). His stories of lengths ranging downward from 30,000 words. There are fifty-six of them.

GENERAL

THE HOLIDAY ROUND and **ORANGES AND LEMONS**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two books. Their contents are selected sketches, burlesques and verse that appeared in *Punch*.

JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Further literary by-products of a biological laboratory in British Guiana.

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (*Boni & Liveright*). Rosa Lewis's own story. Those who know the Cavendish hotel in London will know who Rosa is. She reveals herself as what you might call quite a character.

Saratoga Racing Chat

HEY fella, what d'you know?" "Canya keep sompin unner your hat?"

"Sure—What d'you know?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you nuthin' till after the thoid, but I'll tip you off where it come from."

"Awright, shoot."

"Well, I was jus' talkin' with a fren of mine who'd been talkin' with Vannerbilt's trainer and he said a fren of his has gotta make some quick jack or lose his stable room. He's gotta goat in the fift 'at was shooed in las night."

"Will he pay a price?"

"Sure. If he ain't as good as 10-1, I don't know nuthin'."

"Lissens sweet. Where'll I findja?"

"Right on this spot after the thoid. But lissen, don't for Gossake say nothin'. You know they want to get a price."

"Hey, you know me, I'm dumb. I don't know nuthin' till I meetcha after the thoid right here."

"Awright, meetcha right here after the thoid."

"If ya hear anything lemme know."

"Sure."—C. Knapp



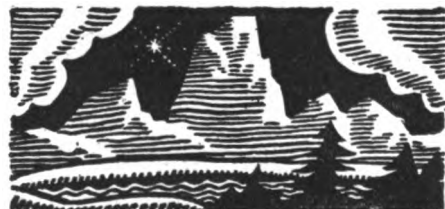
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WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



IT IS just about time for somebody to explode the popular theory that men, as a whole, know and insist on good food. It isn't so. As far as I can make out, they seem to go out of their way to investigate strange dumps and dives, and a little matter of too much grease in their victuals seems to mean less than nothing to them. This startling conclusion is the result of an artless wish on my part to explore some unusual eating places, which was enthusiastically taken up.

On three separate occasions during the last week, I was dragged downtown into the regions where the pushcarts are more numerous than the taxicabs and the urchins more numerous than office workers, by men eager to show me obscure and famous places in the restaurant line.

I have always heard a great deal about Manny's on Forsythe Street, a little above the Manhattan Bridge, and thither I was first taken on my explorations. I had heard that it was here that district attorneys and clerks of the municipal courts gathered to discuss weighty legal matters, and that famous Broadway show girls drifted in and out to give the place spice.

Well! It is a tiny place, with a sickly green tiled wall, a floor that looks as if it ought to have sawdust on it, glaring lights that make you look ten years older, and about a dozen tables beyond the oyster bar at the entrance. And it was full of strange people, who might have been judges, for all I knew, but looked more like actors down in their luck. I arrived there after dinner, and so did not have a chance to sample the steaks and chops for which the place is noted. Quite nice men journey miles to go there, however, so the aforementioned steaks must be quite remarkable. I, whose preference is for filet of sole meunière, simply could not see its charm.

THEN there is the Russian Bear, on Twelfth Street and Second Avenue. This restaurant really has atmosphere, if only because of the bright Russian blouses of the waiters in the semi-darkness. The orchestra, brandishing the customary stringed Russian instruments, is really very fine, and mingles Volga Boat songs, classical selections, and American jazz in

a most haphazard and effective manner.

Every type of person is to be seen there; Russians, artists, curious uptowners, salesgirls, and an old, grey-haired man who is greeted with respect and affection by the management and by the habitués. The specialties of the place are Shaslik, described by the tolerant waiter as veal with onions, Russian style, and a soup called Borscht, which contains absolutely everything. If you can eye a Russian dinner (65c) with a calm and unsuspecting eye, you will love it. I seem to be the only person of my acquaintance who does not like, and trust, and digest the food. But the Russian Bear is worth going to, if only for the music and for the genuineness of its Bohemian atmosphere.

THE third of these expeditions I was taken on was to Moscovitz and Lupowitz (there really *are* two such names) on East Houston Street. I thought that it would probably be a joint where the floor swallowed up pure young women and they were never heard from again, but such was not the case. It is so frankly terrible that it is most amusing. White-topped tables, casual waiters, a violent tin-pan orchestra, people who look like amiable gangsters, and an informal spirit that causes people to leap to their feet and give vent to merry and slightly ribald songs when the spirit moves them. I did not try the Yiddish dishes, but the *apfelstrudel* won my heart so completely that I made a meal of it alone, greatly to the distress of the waiter.

THIS last tour was a preliminary to a visit to the National Winter Garden on East Houston Street where dwells a repertory burlesque company of the old school. (Change of bill, though not of cast, every week.) It is a huge place, several flights up, filled with men smoking large, black cigars who pay absolutely no attention to young women like myself, who occasionally float in in very loud and very short dresses. Policemen lurk at the back. I thought at first they were there merely to spend a theatrical evening until the soubrette of the show started singing a ditty entitled "Come along with me-e-e" and a burly boy in the front row, taking the invitation literally, began to climb

over the orchestra towards the stage. A cop was down the aisle glaring at him by the time the soubrette had extended a helpful hand for the gentleman's climb, and both of the culprits fell backwards, she on the stage, he in his original chair. The cop glared again, and retired to the back. So you can see that order and decorum are maintained.

The show is great for about an hour, especially if you like the vision of portly blondes in pink union suits, with panels of black lace hung sweetly down the front and back. Men-about-town have known about this burlesque place for years, but I am just a country girl trying to get along, and it was my first visit.

IHAD planned to devote an entire week to slumming expeditions, but the fourth evening I weakened, and insisted upon getting dressed up and going to the Colony to eat everything swell from caviar to *café au diable*. As far as I can make out, Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson have an alternate nights arrangement there, because one or the other of them has been present on every occasion that I have been there during the last two weeks. The Colony is even more popular than before the padlock, if that is possible.

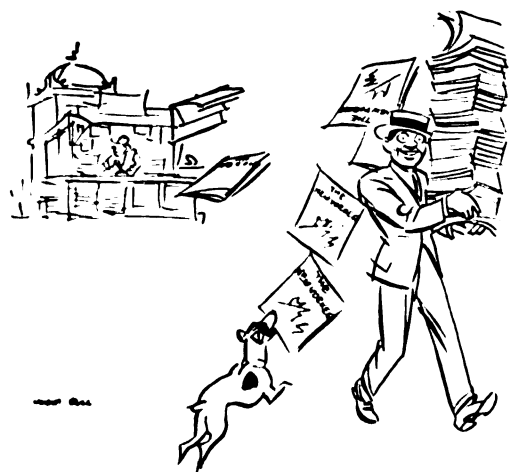
Afterwards, a visit to "Texas" Guinan's Club, which had just received the order to close, found the hostess in a marvelous humor, despite her conflict with the law. "Monday," came her announcement, "I am moving from my country place by request. Tired of the country anyway. Think I will open the town house again." Jimmie Walker, mayoralty candidate, was prominent among the guests until a late hour, and was hailed with great enthusiasm.

LIPSTICK" presents her compliments, to the impostor posing in the Dramatic Department of this magazine, and begs to state that, as regards the "Vanities" her idea of a thoroughly dull show is a "tolerable" one. And she begs the Dramatic Department, whom she once dearly loved, to ignore her in the lobbies at first nights, and she will do the same.

—Lipstick



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