

# THE NEW YORKER

MARCH  
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## BEHIND THE NEWS

### *It Seems to Them*

THE first major casualty in the *World's* crusade to make the Broadway theatre a finer and a better and a nobler institution has been that innocent bystander, Heywood Broun.

As a direct result of the *World's* unwillingness to tolerate plays it recently discovered to be surfeited with shame, Mr. Broun will leave the paper at the end of the current theatrical season.

There is a possibility that he may remain, but since this is based on the execution of a complete about-face, the wise money does not look for any such result.

An editorial on "Ladies of the Evening" started it. The editorial, headed "A Cheap Skate on Broadway," expressed the burning indignation of Walter Lippman, the late Frank Cobb's successor as editor of the *World*, that such things could be.

Perhaps "Ladies of the Evening" would have been a sensational box office success even if the *World's* editorial had not appeared. In the nature of affairs, there must be many theatregoers who do not read the *World's* editorials. But at any rate, capacity audiences have been the rule at the Lyceum Theatre since the denunciation was printed.

"A Good Bad Woman" opened and, with derisive and unstimulating comments from the critics, was well on its way to the storehouse. The Comedy Theatre, where it was shown, has a small seating capacity, and yet on the second night of the play's run tickets were to be found in large numbers in the cut-rate offices.

Enter, at this point, Arthur Krock, a member of the editorial council of the *World*. Mr. Krock previously had been assistant to Col. Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and later, as an important aide, helped Mr. Will Hays in his activities among the movies. His official position

now is "Assistant to the Publisher," Ralph Pulitzer.

Mr. Krock sent to William A. Brady's office for the manuscript of "A Good Bad Woman" and read it, one hopes, religiously. After the ordeal he wrote an editorial, "A Warning to Broadway," which was duly printed.

Pardonably mistaken in the matter, Percy Hammond of the *Herald Tribune* credited this evidence of the *World's* sudden high morality to the guiding hand of Herbert Bayard Swope, the Executive Editor. But Mr. Swope was another innocent bystander, the new policy having been decided by Messrs. Lippman and Krock while he was suffering at home from bronchitis.

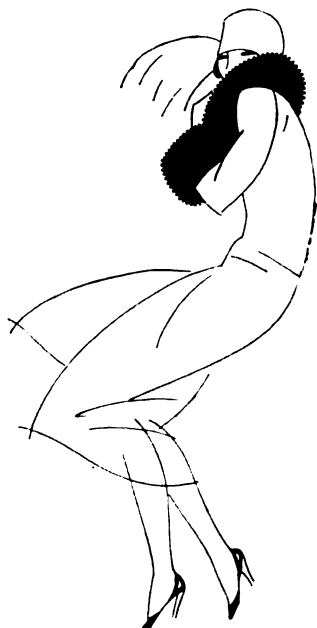
At this time the news department of the *World*

began to regard statements by William A. Brady on the dirty nature of his show as excellent news copy, to be rewarded with front page headlines and pictures. *Variety*, the recognized authority on theatrical box office matters, on February 25 published the following illuminating paragraph:

"Although he withdrew 'A Good Bad Woman' at the Comedy after playing it two weeks, W. A. Brady made money on the engagement. . . . The three days following the opening performance there were plenty of tickets in cut rates. Front page publicity created a big demand, however, and from then on the show played capacity, with the last week's takings \$11,500."

Mr. Broun, in his column, "It Seems to Me," had been observing that the *World's* editorial and news campaign was bound to lead to results, of which, conceivably, the

*World* itself might not approve. In order to have fine plays, it seemed to him in his column, it was necessary to have as complete freedom as possible. Better, it seemed to him further, a few dirty plays than a policy of suppression that would take away fine plays too. (District Attorney Banton, as might



have been expected, immediately arranged for the re-writing of scenes in "Ladies of the Evening" and clamored for the closing of "Desire Under the Elms.")

Shortly after the appearance of the columns in which he differed with the *World*, Mr. Broun was summoned to Mr. Swope's office and informed that he would have to stop airing his differences with his paper's editorial policy. It was the opinion of the editorial council, he was told, that it was not permissible for a *World* employee to dissent from the opinion of the *World*, after it had once been formulated by the paper's editorial council. (The editorial council includes Messrs. Pulitzer, Lippman, Krock, Swope, John O'Hara Cosgrave, John H. Heaton and Florence White, the business manager.)

Mr. Broun had entered upon his *World* job under the impression that articles written in a column headed "It Seems to Me" were to be inspired by whatever seemed to him. So, the following day, he repaired to the *World* offices to discuss the matter with Mr. Pulitzer. He learned that the publisher did not agree with this interpretation of his freedom of print. The opinions of Messrs. Lippman, Krock, Swope, Pulitzer and of other members of the editorial council must be accepted as orthodox. It was the chief's opinion that Mr. Broun had been permitted too much liberty.

You have so many things to write about, said Mr. Pulitzer, so why must you write about censorship?

And so, one thing leading to another and back again to the original point, Mr. Broun served notice that he desired to leave the *World* immediately. Mr. Pulitzer was unwilling to agree to this, which left Mr. Broun with the single alternative of quitting his work when his contract expires, or in about sixteen months.

Since then, through further conferences and the growing realization by Messrs. Broun and Pulitzer of the impossibility of the situation, a new arrangement has been made. It is understood at this writing that Mr. Broun is to be free to leave the paper at the end of the current season.

Park Row, and the uptown centers of the newspaper world, wait with avid interest Mr. Broun's departure, being anxious to learn whether the circulation gained by the clean plays campaign will offset whatever loss his going may involve.—*Siste Viator*

### Call "Beekman 2,000"

TO achieve the news pages of the *Times* and the rest of the papers, call "Beekman 2,000," which is the telephone number of the *American*. This is becoming a settled formula for ladies who love, perhaps not too well, but wisely. Mrs. Stillman dis-

covered the method. Mrs. Budlong continued its successful application during that exciting week when she was subjecting her husband's linen to public washing.

She telephoned "Beekman 2,000" on the evening of her return to her husband's twenty-two room apartment and the *American*, always gallant, responded with a copyrighted story on its first page the next morning, Saturday. The copyright line did the trick.

It roused professional jealousy. Just as soon as they could learn what it was all about, the city editors of the more dignified journals opened their pages to the self-imprisoned lady, keeping them open for a week, until Mrs. Budlong disappeared into the void whence she emerged, via another exclusive and copyrighted story in the *American*.

And the facts were all so dreadfully simple:

Mrs. Budlong has lost, in the Rhode Island courts, her suit for separate maintenance.

Her husband, following the advice of his expensive counsel, wrote a formal letter

requesting her to return to what the old vulgarians referred to as "his bed and board." The lady ignored the communication. A year passed. The lady became worried. She consulted Max Steuer, an effective if not wholly original procedure.

"Go right up to your husband's home," Mr. Steuer advised. "You've a perfect right to live there. Go there and stay a short time."

By "a short time" Mr. Steuer meant overnight. The eminent counsel dropped out of the case forthwith, and Mrs. Budlong played safe by interpreting the phrase as meaning a week at least. So, after telephoning "Beekman 2,000" and being turned over to "our Mr. Helm" by the city desk, she locked herself in and withstood a mild seven days' siege by some of William J. Flynn's operatives, who were employed by Mr. Milton J. Budlong to assure no more first page publicity's being created than was absolutely unavoidable.

Gentlemen with Wall Street connections and marital difficulties nowadays are keenly reminiscent of what was done to Mr. James Stillman by every newspaper in town after Mrs. Stillman had telephoned "Beekman 2,000" and had been referred, in that instance to "our Mr. Fowler."

It was a merry farce, that week of beleaguement. Reporters waked alarmingly the aristocratic quiet of East Seventy-fifth Street, led in their prowling by the ubiquitous Hearst men—Helm of the *American* and Markowitz of the *Journal*. The detectives relieved each other in shifts and took turns reading to Mrs. Budlong, through her locked door, such excerpts from the daily newspaper accounts as might show her in an unenviable light.

Mr. Budlong, frantic as he watched the story spread from the blatant *American* headlines to those of the



dignified *Times*, passed his days and nights in consultation with twelve—count 'em, twelve—lawyers. It did look like a great story: woman locked in her home; refused food; denied communication with the outside world; on the point of starvation; shut off from her friends—great stuff!

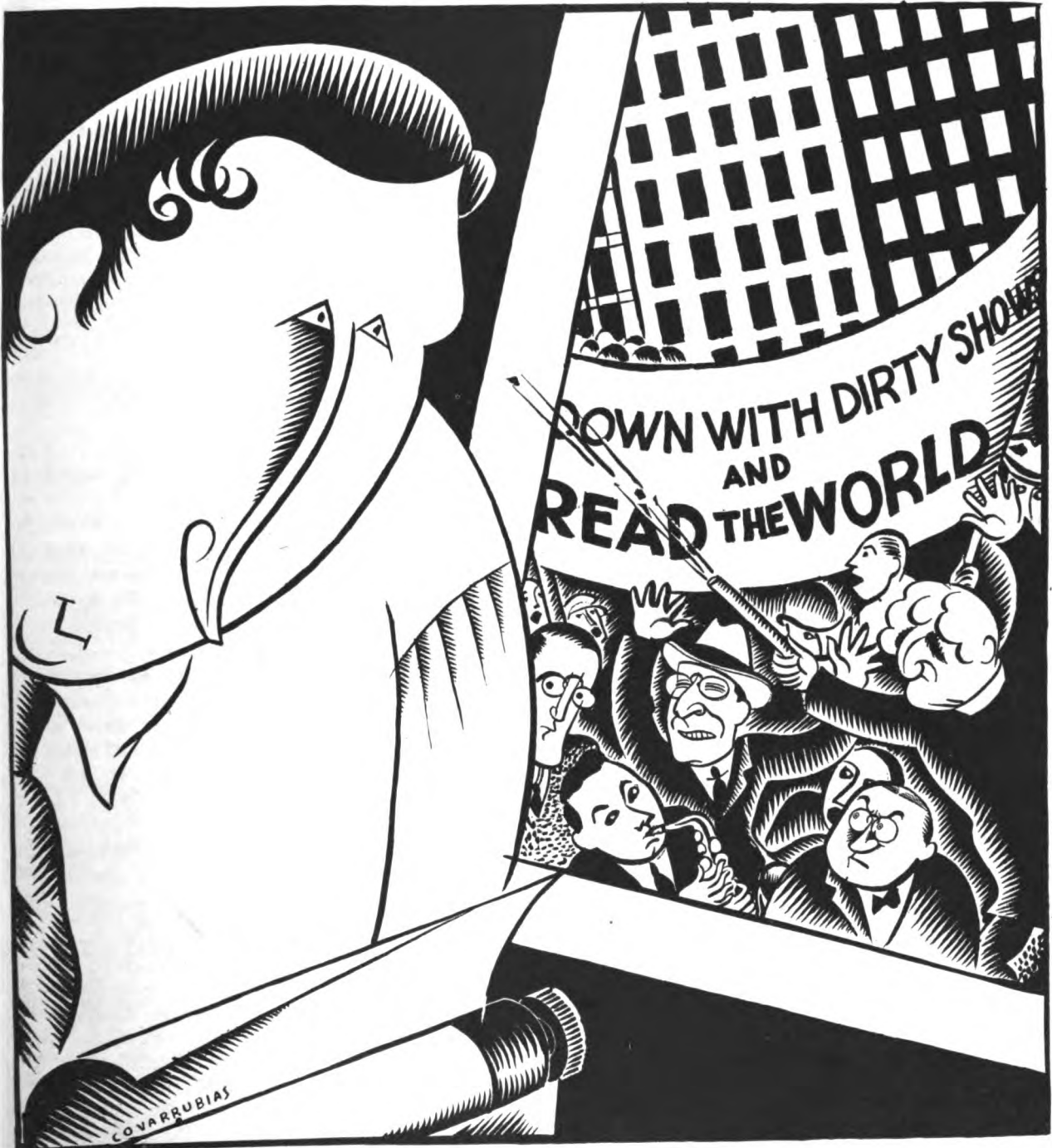
Only, it wasn't exactly so. She could have had all the food she wanted. She could see anyone—except reporters. She could telephone anyone she wished—except reporters. She could walk out of the apartment any time—the sooner the better for Mr. Budlong.

But Mrs. Budlong was interested only in seeing reporters and staying where she was, so she resorted to

the expedient of throwing notes, wrapped in Mr. Budlong's silk shirts, from her window to the battalion of reporters. The operatives diverted themselves by throwing notes out, also, which were dirty even before they landed in the gutter.

The week's duty done and her defense against a possible charge of desertion prepared, Mrs. Budlong issued forth, pausing only to repay the *American* by giving to "our Mr. Helm" a further exclusive story. The first pages of the *Times* and of the other dignified newspapers reverted to normal, so to remain until some other misunderstood lady appeals for succor to "Beekman 2,000."—*J. M.*

A Passing Parade Disturbs a Writing Gentleman



THE WRITING GENTLEMAN: *Mr. Broun.* THE PASSING PARADE: *Messrs. Pulitzer, Krock, Swope, Brady, Belasco and Others.*

# OF ALL THINGS

**I**F a play jury induced a dirty play to leave a theatre, that wouldn't be news; but if a dirty play induced a play jury to leave a theatre, that would be news.

\* \* \*

Burning witches at the stake was a grand sport in its day and much more sportsmanlike in some respects than the modern game of censorship. In the old days, when you accused a witch of causing boils, you not only had to produce the witch in court, but you had also to produce the boils. Nowadays, when you accuse a play of being "degrading," all you have to show the jury is the play. Even the editors of the *World* failed to tell us how much they had been degraded by "A Good Bad Woman." They seemed to think that all that would be taken for granted, and apparently it was.

\* \* \*

We suggest the study of a little pamphlet by Theodore Shroeder, entitled "Obscenity and Witchcraft." Shroeder maintains that, inasmuch as obscenity exists in the mind of the looker, and not in the thing looked at, it is futile to pass judgment on the thing. If we really want to punish obscenity, he suggests, it is a simple problem. If anybody finds anything obscene in a book, a picture or a play, just put him in jail.

\* \* \*

Commissioner Enright's special assignment men reported that thirteen current plays were "bad." If we were policemen and couldn't find more than thirteen plays that are not only bad but downright worthless we would turn in our badges.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the play jury will be known as the Shock Exchange.

\* \* \*

THE NEW YORKER refuses to jeer at the news from Kansas. We think we understand. It took years of hard effort on the part of the Kansas Y. M. C. A. to enact the law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes. Then came the war, in which the Y. M. C. A. convinced all true Kansans that it was their Christian duty to furnish cigarettes for the soldiers. Kansas was never known to shirk its duty. It has never lost its passion to prohibit things, however, but it has been difficult ever since to decide just what to prohibit. The Legislature has been known to stall along for weeks at a time without seriously interfering with the people's habits.

Music is front page stuff at last, for has not Signor Gigli tossed Frau Jeritza for a row of footlights? Baron von Popper offers diplomatic but significant hints concerning protection for his wife, and Signor Gigli's secretary disavows bellicose intentions. Meanwhile, hundreds of laymen are beginning to take interest in opera. Otherwise many of these converts to art might have been seen trying to buy tickets for "Tosca" at the offices of Tex Rickard.

\* \* \*

Tex Rickard, incidentally, is going to move the name "Madison Square Garden" to his new arena uptown. But we have a lively hope that he will not be able to move the smell—that cumulative and combined essence of elephant, fight fan, dog and delegate.

\* \* \*

Brigadier General William Mitchell may not be the Army's and Navy's best friend, but he is unquestionably their severest critic.

\* \* \*

"I should try to make my home the center of my daughter's pleasures. And I would get acquainted with the boys she knew and gently and painlessly eliminate the unfit."—Dorothy Dix, in the *Evening Post*.

Bore them to death, probably.

\* \* \*

New York has recently seen fierce conflict between Mothers Stone and Goose, renewed hostilities on the Jeritza-Gigli front and the siege of Budlong. What this town needs is an arms cut parley.

\* \* \*

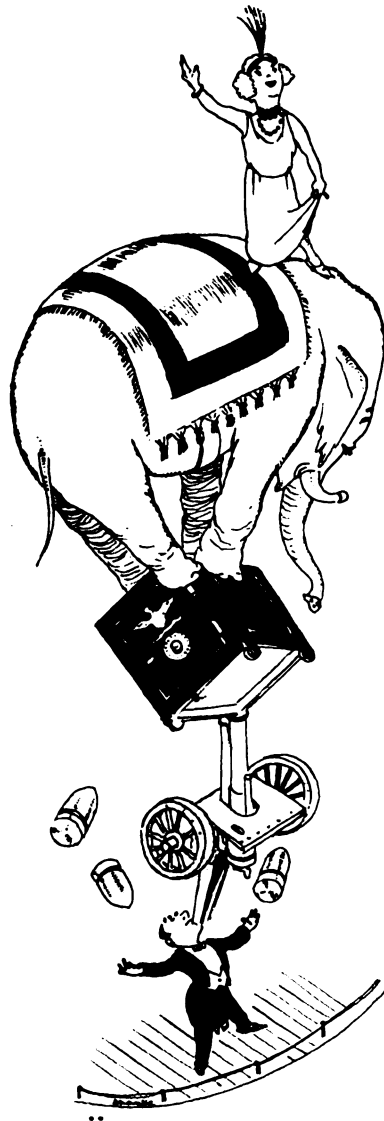
Among the many pleasant things we wish young Paulina Longworth is that by the time she reaches newspaper-reading age the affairs of W. E. D. Stokes will have been settled.

\* \* \*

We have our More Serious Moments. At present we are working on an invention—a measure larger than a bushel—so that some of our younger geniuses may be able to hide their lights.

\* \* \*

No one can imagine our relief upon reading the report of the Department of Agriculture that oysters have been "successfully tamed." Why, only the other night on the way home. . . .



Our Dr. Fosdick has been giving radio talks. The embattled Presbyterians fired the minister heard round the world.

\* \* \*

Cracksmen drilled a hole two feet square through a ten-inch brick wall in the Bronx only to learn that they had entered a hardware store. Undismayed, they dug a four-foot tunnel into a jewelry store and got \$25,000 worth of goods. A triumph of perseverance over mere intelligence, of brute force over science—the stuff of which *American Magazine* heroes are made.

\* \* \*

Apropos of the Higher Education and Professor Baker's recent take-off in the drama at Yale, the *Sun* tells us:

When Marilyn Miller plays "Peter Pan" in New Haven, Prof. Baker's Drama Class at Yale will give a special tea in her honor.

What price drama at Harvard now?

At the rate the newer fiction has been making illicit love (as Mister Hearst's bright young editors used to call it) the conventional thing, those old stories at the ends of which He and She start off on a wedding trip, seem almost too shocking to read.

\* \* \*

Mr. Brisbane, that misplaced and vastly salaried Christian martyr, drew for us the other day the touching picture of the Missouri sow which begat one hundred offspring. He then deduced this Moral Lesson: "That proud mother of one hundred little pigs in five years never smoked cigarettes or drank cocktails, and the father or fathers did not set before their sons the example of bootleg law breaking and contempt for the Constitution."

Younger Generation, take heed! Let every little flapper and every little sheik lay off the stuff, and in five years—

*The New Yorker*

## THE HOUR GLASS

### Beauty and the Shuberts



Julia Hoyt

Julia Hoyt possesses those qualities which make for a successful goddess: Beauty of face and form, an enigmatic smile and an infinite capacity for inhaling without coughing the incense burned before her.

No primrose by the river's brim is she, but a carefully cultured orchid, determinedly beautiful; a stately, graceful, esoteric bloom.

Seeing her abroad at first nights, one might be forgiven imagining that in another day she would have given Mary Stuart a run for the favors of contemporaneous gallants. But Elizabeth would have been too much for her, too.

It is no secret to readers of the abbreviated press that Mrs. Hoyt forsook Society for a Career. She has passed by langorous steps from the Advertising Testimonial Shrine into the Temple of Thespis, which at the moment she adorns as "The Virgin of Bethulia," the whole production under the personal direction of Mr. Shubert.

### A Middle-Aged Boy

At fourteen Willie Hoppe was the boy wonder of billiards. At thirty-eight, he still is. It all goes to show how we cling to the old, old traditions.

He inclines to rotundity now, but his life-long training as a boy wonder is reflected in his face, which, also, round, is sufficiently angelic to serve photographically, above a surplice, for an Easter card. His complexion is fair, his



Willie Hoppe

hair light, his smile pleasant enough. Middle height, clothing best described as natty and a diamond ring which stirs one to reflect that King George hasn't been wearing his crown much lately—there you have the surface aspects of the perennial billiard champion who has ventured lately to the Friars' Club, of all places, for new worlds to conquer; the three-cushion world, in this instance.

Mentally? Well, he takes billiards seriously; just a boy wonder at heart.

### The People's Attorney



Joab Banton

It is fitting that the District Attorney of New York County should be a native Texan; and it is more than fitting that this Texan should deem Eugene O'Neill a damned fool.

The disconcerting fact is that Joab H. Banton believes the District Attorney of New York County should act the gentleman. Remembering such former stars as Bill Jerome and Charlie Whitman, one perceives that the present incumbent has but a limited conception of the role.

It has always been a question why Murphy nominated him, the casual explanation of the Faithful being that Tammany needed for the balancing of its ticket a Biblical name without an Old Testament connotation.

At any rate, he presides over the Criminal Courts Building, courteous, kindly disposed toward all and grave as a backwoods teacher, with the shrewd horse sense of the class as to commonplace concerns, but with its native incapacity for comprehending the stirrings of any larger and freer life in the world outside.

# THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



IN the course of time, Manhattan became the center of American culture. The newspapers were now preserving the best traditions of the grocery business, the bootleggers had bought up the saloons and the Prohibition agents (preserving the most conspicuous features of each) while the

other best minds of the city endowed the moving picture industry with the best traditions of the cloak and suit trade.

Great economies were effected in the moving picture field through maximum production and the simple device of making the pictures all alike.

Up to this time, the world had had a great deal of trouble in the creation of drama, mainly because there were so many kinds of folks. The cloak and suit men solved this problem easily. Hereafter, they said, only three kinds of people would be allowed on the screen—the good, the bad and the funny.

The pictures now became a great moral influence. It was never difficult after this for anyone to tell the difference between right and wrong. All one had to do was to go to the movies and the whole problem was simplified.

If a man was a big, two-fisted, he-American, he could be depended upon. Such a man was never small or three-fisted, and he never turned out to be a she-American. This was because he came from the Wide Open Spaces, where men were invariably males.

I do not mean that the pictures were monotonous. One season, the hero would own a ranch in Arizona; in the next season's output, he would be foreman of a Montana mine. This assured variety. But along about sundown, in either case, he would get a hunch that he was needed in New York and he would get there, too, just in time to let the heroine know that she didn't have to marry the Mexican horse thief, even though her dead father's lawyers had already arranged the match.

The heroine was always good. Goodness, in fact, was the only quality a moving picture heroine was allowed to have. Uniformly, she was brainless. She

always believed everything the last man told her, and never got anything straight until the hero, single-handed, licked everybody in sight.

The pictures invariably had a melancholy ending. The audiences demanded this, and the producers catered to their taste. Struggle as they might against it, the Dawn would eventually overcome the Sierras; and the poor, two-fisted, he-American would find himself marrying the rescued dumbbell.

This was the spiritual food upon which the people of Manhattan fed and it was thus that they were able to retain their faith in Human Nature, despite the folks across the court and in the apartment just below.

These folks were called Neighbors, and they were a never-ending trial to the Manhattanites. Where they came from, no one knew. New Yorkers made every effort to get acquainted with them, short of speaking to them directly, but they never got any results. Patiently they listened at the dumbwaiter and when the folks across the court forgot to draw the shades, the Manhattanites studied them conscientiously.

But they were a stubborn, alien horde, and the overtures of the Manhattanites were in vain. The awful Neighbors always held their parties on the wrong nights, and their taste in jazz records was execrable. They slept when the New Yorkers celebrated, and they celebrated when the New Yorkers slept.

—Sawdust

## By Way of Introduction

MR. ALBEE'S new vaudeville theatre is a palace worthy of Aladdin's lamp.

We strolled from the street into a lobby columned like the Parthenon—

And on, passing His Highness, the Ticket Taker, to a foyer walled with silver and jade and spread with a rug from a Rajah's treasure house—

Still on, through a lounge hung with precious tapestries and paintings by the Masters—

And further on, sinking deep and silent into a silky carpet, past a purling fountain of flawless marble—

Thence to our seats—

Where we arrived to see the comedy man of a dance team run smack against a solid gold proscenium, making believe that he hadn't seen it, and getting the usual laugh.



*He Would Get There Just in Time*





## V. A.

**N**OW for the first time in many years it might be interesting to debate the question as to who is the best newspaperman in New York and young reporters could argue thus and thus in the casual confabs which sometimes arise at two in the morning across the stacks of wheats in eating places off Park Row and Times Square. A month ago and such a debate would have been spiritless for there was only one answer. But now Van Anda of the *Times* is not a newspaperman in New York. He is not in New York at all. He has gone West on a long, lazy vacation and left no certain word as to when he will come back.

Probably he is the most illustrious unknown man in America—Carr Vattel Van Anda who was born in Georgetown, Ohio, 60 years ago. In 1904, he emerged from the musty tinder-box where Mr. Dana had been content to edit the *Sun* and came across the way to become managing editor of the *Times*, which was still published downtown and which the ascendant Adolph Ochs, as publisher, was just beginning to put on its feet.

In the twenty-one years since then, the *Times*, for all its stubborn orthodoxy and for all the perils of its rich complacency, has gradually become and still indisputably remains the finest specimen of its craft in the world. And whereas that achievement is of course the resultant of several indispensable forces, no one of them was greater than the nervous force known within the four walls of the *Times* Annex as V.A.—and outside those four walls not known at all.

The fierce anonymity of Mr. Van Anda—it has had at times almost the note of a bridling virginity—has been preserved by a very network of disinclinations. Through the use of that instrument which he himself largely helped to forge, it has so long been given to him to say on whom a fleeting fame should be bestowed and from whom it should be withheld—a kind of professional *noblesse oblige*—he has made it a rule of his life that none of that fame should be apportioned to himself. Then, too, the sight of his “morgue” stuffed to choking with bulged envelopes of clippings about men who strutted mightily a year

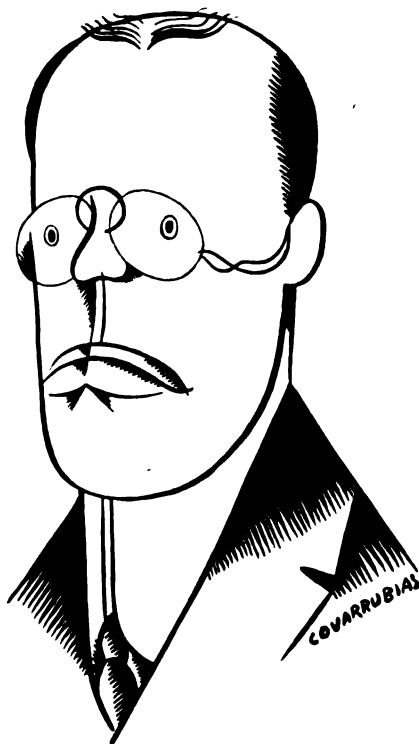
ago and are themselves to-day as anonymous as the Neanderthal man—that sight must keep a certain amused disdain of publicity animate in the back of his thoughts. And finally his anteroom, with its daily spectacle of men offering up their immortal souls and women offering up their beautiful white bodies in their white-hot yearning for the front page, must make any managing editor a little sick of the whole inglorious scuffle and drive him further within the shell of his own fastidious privacy.

Of course one excellent reason why the initials V.A. have no magic outside the walls of the *Times* Annex is because the owner of them has himself spent so little time outside those walls. For he is one of those executives who come early and stay late. No one in our day has had more of that passion which Shaw, in his paper on Cæsar, describes as “the power of killing a dozen secretaries under you as a life or death courier kills horses.” Sagacity has taught him how to delegate work. But it must have been a difficult lesson. For obviously he has burned with an inner impulse to do it all himself, to go out on every murder, to meet every ship, to write every story and every headline and to read all the proof.

Any *Times* reporter knows that, who, at edition time while the presses panted, has pounded furiously away only to have each paragraph torn from his type-

writer not by some indifferent copy boy but by V.A., who would himself carry it to the composing room, reading the sentences and perhaps chuckling over them as he trotted happily from desk to linotype.

But perhaps those *Times* men know it best who were loitering in the bleak, shining, unlittered city room of the Annex on that first Sunday afternoon a dozen years ago when the editorial staff moved over bag and baggage from the long outgrown tower of the *Times* Building proper. The room was an unshipshape litter of desks dumped any way by the unionized moving men who had departed on the stroke of their legal hour, leaving the mess to be straightened out next day. But in the meantime a newspaper was to be written, edited and printed. Among the reporters and the



Carr Vattel Van Anda

copyreaders who had not yet succeeded in sneaking out to dinner, there was no visible intention to roll up sleeves and pitch in. But they had no choice when they saw the frail but tireless V.A. undertaking, unaided and contentedly, the job of carrying the huge desks into position. It was an exhausted and perspiring staff that got out the *Times* that night.

Many a time have fires broken out and men slain their sweethearts and ships gone to the bottom at the unseemly hour of two or three in the morning in the vain delusion that, with the managing editors safe in bed, they might hope for a little fleeting privacy. But Van Anda has had a genius for not being in bed on such occasions. They have always found him in his office, wide awake—sometimes the only person in that office who *was* wide awake.

Thus when the burning of the State Capitol in Albany came at three in the morning to disturb the calm of a bridge game in the *Times* office, it was V.A. who goaded the yawning reporters into an adequate interest in the event, herding some into the "morgue" to exhume fascinating facts about the threatened building and standing back of Endicott Rich while Rich's lightning fingers tapped out an invented dispatch from Albany, based on two facts whispered over the telephone and a hundred guesses out of his own ancient experience with fires.

And V.A., standing behind him as Rich graphically described the filling of the rotunda with smoke and the mushrooming of the flames at the third story, may have ventured to ask guilelessly: "How did you know that?" But he would not waste time on discipline or his own precious dignity when Rich, without his incredibly swift fingers halting for an instant, threw over his shoulder some such reply as "Any God damned fool would know that!"

Then when the *Titanic* went down, it was Van Anda who picked the rumor out of the midnight air and emptied the reluctant city desk of its morning bridge game as the temple was emptied of the money-changers, so driving the sulky staff into action that the *Times's* third edition had an illustrated account of the disaster commensurate with its gravity and its eventfulness. Yet the morning *Sun* that day ran the story only as a comically implausible little rumor which might furnish the sophisticated with an amused smile for breakfast.

The late William C. Reick, who owned the *Sun* in those days, took a long, long walk in Central Park that morning to induce enough calm within his bosom to permit his discussing the episode with his staff without apoplexy. But Van Anda, who had prevented his own staff from doing the selfsame thing, was entitled to sleep the sleep of the just. Instead, he probably did

not close an eye but just stayed on at the office to organize the day staff for the covering of the story.

Even within the walls of that office, however, he has never been especially well known. Reporters have worked on the paper for years and left it under the impression that V.A. was a glacial autocrat.

"He never speaks to me on the street," is the most familiar complaint. "He never seems to notice anyone."

Yet one would expect their intuition to tell them the difference between haughtiness and abstraction. One would expect their own easy glimpses of his hobbies to tell them that when he is wasting time by walking to the office, his mind is probably busy with whatever entertainment his passion of the moment may have invented for such intervals.

The memory of how nobly V.A. bore up when one of the reporters kept going to sleep on his shoulder at the farewell breakfast to W. Orton Tewson long ago; and his decent good humor on the night when Harry Horgan was so eloquent on the subject of being sent around the world that he pulled a bookcase down on V.A.'s head and then himself fell on top of him; and the obvious fact that it takes V.A. months to make up his mind to fire even the most flagrant offender—

these things, one might think, would long since have dissipated the legend of his Arctic nature. Yet it has taken root all the more firmly even within the *Times* office because he is the kind of executive who leaves his men alone unless he does not like their work.

Thus correspondents have worked for years in distant cities without ever a word from him and one department head on his own floor, chafing because V.A. had never betrayed the slightest interest in that department, resorted to the ignoble device of keeping a fresh box of chocolates on his desk, feeling sure that before long V.A. would drift in asking plaintively: "Got any chocolates?" For he has a "nose" for chocolates as well as news.

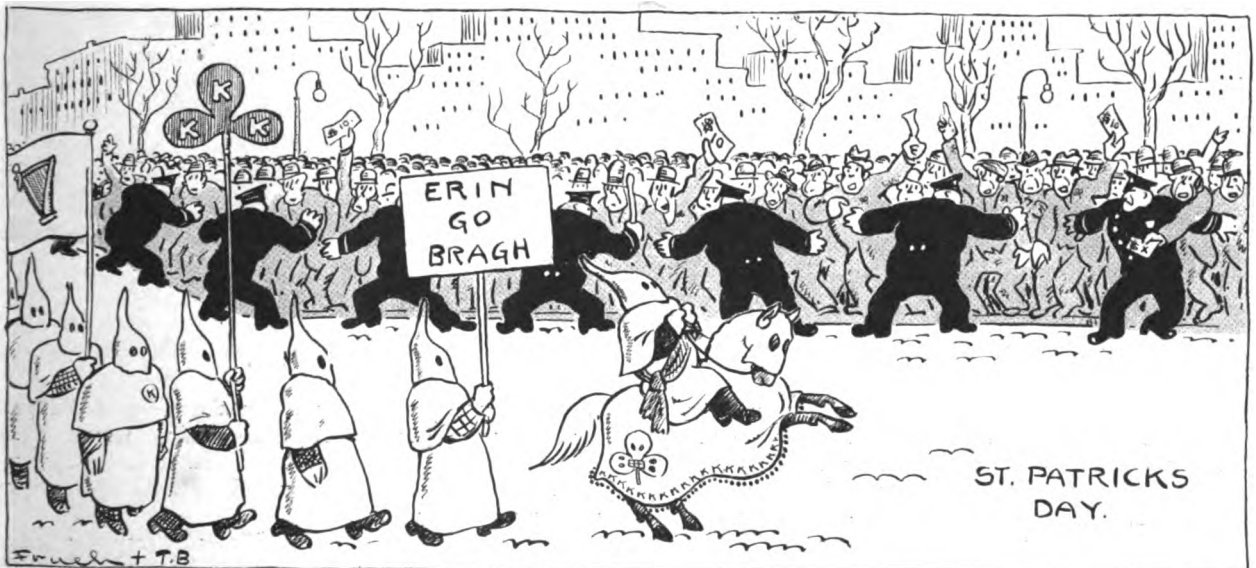
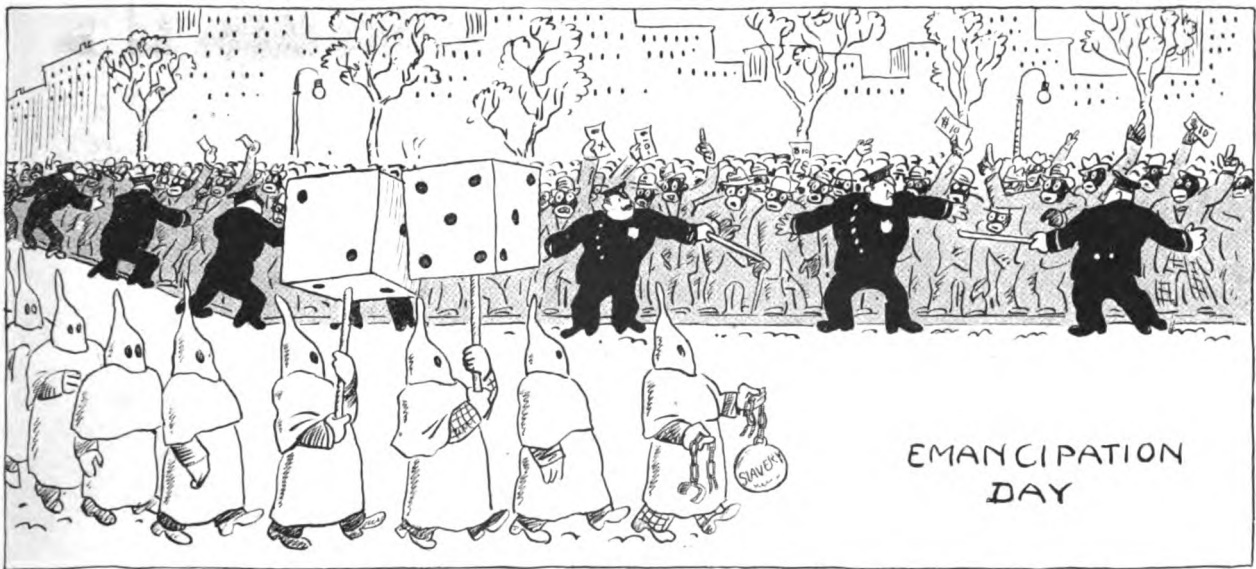
And now, of course, because the doctors have ordered this long vacation, there is a hardy rumor that it is a bored and weary man who is letting the reins slip from his hands, whereas, it may be doubted whether in all the *Times* Annex to-day there is quite so much lively curiosity and appetite

for life as there is in the one man who has gone West to take a look at California.

Why, that perennial cub postponed his trip for two weeks because he wanted to see the eclipse.

If he has gone now, it is because he does not feel any too well. And if he has seldom gone before it is because he thinks the world affords no form of diversion half so entertaining as getting out a newspaper. And he's just about right at that.





*Let the Ku Klux Do It*



## BLACK MAGIC IN WEST FORTY-FIFTH STREET

*Mr. James Rennie and Mr. Francis Corbie in "Cape Smoke" at the Martin Beck Theatre*

**M**ANY sheltered New Yorkers at the première of "Cape Smoke" rushed from the theatre with their hands over their ears when the ferocious looking individual limned above appeared on the stage. They were, it is assumed, under the impression that it was District Attorney Banton with a copy of the *New York World* in his hand, ready to hurl it at the first actor who said "Goddam!" Those who remained in their seats discovered that it was only a Kaffir witch doctor with a thunderbolt.

As there is not a Goddam in the play, it looked as if the Citizens' Jury would have nothing to interfere with

in "Cape Smoke," but it is understood that they will begin, soon, an investigation of the foul-sounding remarks made throughout the piece in Se-suto, the Basutoland dialect of the Bantu language. The Lambs Club is also reported to be formulating a protest.

It is our suggestion to the Citizens' Jury that, since heroes are apparently inevitable, they have an amendment to the Federal Constitution enacted compelling all playwrights and producers so to arrange and time their heroes' entrances and exits that Mr. Rennie will be able to play all of them.—R. B.



IT seems there were two Irishmen, Jake and Lee. They were walking down the street together one day, and one of them said to the other, "Sure and begorra," he said, "an' phwat do ye say if we'd be afther producin' a play be this furriner Bernstein entoirely?"

"Lawsy, Massa," retorted the other, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "dere ain't nobody heah but us chickens."

And that, darlings, is the way it all began, and the first thing you knew, there we all were in the Ambassador Theatre, as comfy as rats in a trap, witnessing the first performance of that little corker, "The Virgin of Bethulia."

The play is, now that you press us, Gladys Unger's adaptation of Henri Bernstein's "Judith," which is, in turn, the story of Judith and Holofernes—you know that one. It is the sort of drama on which the designers of costumes and settings can let themselves run wild; sometimes, as we sit watching dream pictures in the embers, we find ourself wondering if there could possibly be any other reason for the production of such opera. Certainly, the producers of "The Virgin of Bethulia" have made regular butter-and-egg men of themselves in their lavishness. Nobody can ever look them in the eye and accuse them of not doing the handsome thing. Why, the cloth-of-gold flows like water.

And now it must be time to get talking about the play itself. Now we are not just the boy to give the Biblical drama any too honest a count; there are those we know, who eat it up, but somehow, when we open the program, and observe that the characters in the play are named *Addah* and *Saaph* and *Irskim* and *Vagoo*, and such, we cease tossing fitfully in our seat, and gently, slowly, peacefully, set out for a three act trip to By-low Land. Those dramas which seem to have been placed there by the Gideons are as so many sheep jumping over a fence to us.

Miss Unger, as is the way when they get writing anything with the scene laid back in the good old days, has bedizened the dialogue with festoons and fringes of rhetoric, which trick is of no small aid in causing the hours to whizz by

like glaciers. "Leave me," she has *Holofernes* say, at one high point, "to the essence of silence and the perfection of solitude." We have been working on that one alone, all week, and if it means anything that "please get out of this tent" would not have expressed with equal dignity and rhythm, we are *Tinker Bell*.

The *Holofernes* of the play is Mr. McKay Morris, and if they must do things like "The Virgin of Bethulia," the deep voiced and towering Mr. Morris is the very person to do them. Provided, as we were saying a moment ago, they must do things like "The Virgin of Bethulia." The title role is undertaken by Miss Julia Hoyt, widely-known endorser of vanishing creams.

A deft touch was added by the orchestra, which, wistfully anxious to do something appropriate, rendered "India's Love Lyrics" between the acts.

But then, on the other hand, there is the modern drama. So you simply can't beat the game. A recent example is "White Collars," displayed at the Cort Theatre. This comedy of Edith Ellis's has had a tremendous run, out in California. Yes, and so did Hiram Johnson. It is presented by a group of actors and actresses who succeed admirably in keeping their faces straight.

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### The New Plays

**THE WILD DUCK.** *At the Forty-Eighth Street. Ibsen's play once again providing a nourishing night in the theatre.*

**NIGHT HAWK.** *At the Bijou. The 113th prostitute to be staged in New York since Coolidge was elected.*

**ARIADNE.** *At the Garrick. The whites of two Milne eggs beaten up with Laura Hope Crews.*

**WHITE COLLARS.** *At the Cort. A play that ran a year in Los Angeles, but which is much better than you'd think.*

**TWO BY TWO.** *At the Selwyn. A defenceless and forgettable drama.*

**THE VIRGIN OF BETHULIA.** *At the Ambassador. The scriptural drama of Holofernes losing his head over Judith, with Julia Hoyt put in to make it more difficult.*

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The Theatre Guild, after the curious, confused magnificence of "Processional," ran as hard as it could in the other direction, and produced "Ariadne," one of those Milne comedies. We throb with love of Mr. Milne as a humorous essayist; our great heart breaks with joy over his verse; we thought "The Truth About Blayds" was indeed swell. But when he gets playing around with his nice, whimsical ladies and his bouncing British ingenues, we would just rather be somewhere else, that's all. And surely that's little enough to ask of life. The one thing that bears us up through a Milne whimsy is that Laura Hope Crews is usually present in the cast. She is in "Ariadne," and what a help that is.—*Last Night*

### Opera Hats

I TAKE the liberty of offering a brief addition to last week's list of owners of opera hats in Greater New York. There is some argument, I understand, as to whether the list will be used as the basis for the establishment of a new aristocracy or as a sucker list for a new oil stock. At all events:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Occupation</i>
John Emerson	126 E. 54th St.	Labor Leader
Kenneth McKenna	The Playhouse	Actor
William Rhinelander		
Stewart	On Tour	Benedict
Walter Wanger	485 5th Ave.	Magnate
Jonathan Cape	London, Eng.	Visitor

—H. A. M.

### What A Young Man Should Know

THE taxicabs around Grand Central Station are mostly red-metered, which means thirty cents for a starter and correspondingly big charges later.

You can buy a round trip ticket on the Tube to Newark for a few cents more than the fare one way. The left-over stubs make good memoranda cards.

If you come from Newark by Tube and want to get to Thirty-third Street, you have to ask for an up-town slip when giving up your ticket to the conductor. Otherwise you will be soaked an extra four cents to get out at the Gimbel end.

If your penny fails to produce a piece of chocolate or gum in the subway, there is nothing to be done about it except to rattle the machine.

On the other hand, the loss of a nickel in a public telephone is not necessarily total. If you spend enough time getting the operator back, you can give her your name and address and the company will refund.

By adopting most of the foregoing suggestions, you can save enough in a few years to afford an entire evening at a Broadway dance club.—S. S.

### Ten Little Subway Guards

Ten little subway guards, riding down the line.

One was taken off to save a day's wages,  
And then there were nine.

Nine little subway guards, keeping traffic straight.

One was displaced by a loud-speaker that nobody  
could understand,  
And then there were eight.

Eight little subway guards, more or less alive.

Three were dropped all at once when the company  
installed a new safety door,  
And then there were five.

Five little subway guards, full of repartee.

Two got the gate when the directors discovered that  
mechanical devices protected the public much  
better,  
And then there were three.

Three little subway guards, on their daily run

Until the company announced that to insure maxi-  
mum safety and efficiency in operation train  
doors would be opened and shut by a push-  
button in the despatcher's office,  
And now there's not a one.

—A. H. F.

### The Optimist

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

*Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?*

## Metropolitan Monotypes

HERDED from Russia at the age of eight,  
Reared among free-thinkers in a Jersey town,  
The only God I knew  
The one my Catholic playmates prayed to every night,  
So when it came to praying,  
And I had great need of prayer,  
I lifted up my Jewish voice to Him  
Saying: "Good God, please make me an actor."  
I was clerking then in Evans's Drug Store;  
Every Wednesday I laid off  
To see a matinee,  
Being docked the while  
Three from my eighteen weekly dollars.  
But I saw Barrymores,  
Drew, Gillette, Maude Adams,  
Saw each move they made,  
Heard each inflection of their velvet tones,  
Then plodded to my dingy room,  
Kneeling, serene in simple sesame of prayer. . . .

His Son was Jewish,  
Perhaps that's why He answered me,  
Anyway I got a job as actor,

Toured the world and learned my trade.  
Now they seek me out, the managers,  
I weigh, consider, choose;  
The play must be what I consider good,  
Before I touch the script.  
I turn away twice as many as I direct.  
Especially am I known for comedies of the drawing  
room,  
Plays that require an old-world touch.  
My triumph came  
When I played chess with kings and queens,  
Heirs-apparent, princesses and Lords;  
The critics raved, discovered me,  
And smart New York rushed in to see the play,  
"Where royalty behaves as we who know them know  
"Real royalty behaves."  
Alone, I am the one who knows,  
(And maybe too, the Philadelphia druggist),  
How I, born beyond the pale in a Riga ghetto.  
Reared in America, praying to an alien God,  
Can wear so well this purple  
And turn to gold the tinsel in their minds.

—Murdock Pemberton



# THE TALK OF THE TOWN



FIFTH Avenue is consistent only in being the most feminine thoroughfare in the world. So it was no great surprise to me last Tuesday to discover that a good old-fashioned Fire Sale was going on in the Dobbs store in the upper Forties. A week or so ago the Avenue parade had stopped to watch the place burning, and it was now being ushered in groups of twenty-five into the bargains inside by a cordon of police. There were easily five hundred thrifty shoppers waiting for admission when I passed the place about noon.

Answer to week before last's puzzle (presuming that anybody besides W. C. W. Durand bothered to guess it): Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

"Hollywood has certainly changed considerably since I was a boy," said Donald Ogden Stewart, in a reminiscent mood after his return last Tuesday to New York from a lecture tour.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Stewart, "that it would be a surprise to a great many people to learn that I was the first white child born in Hollywood, and indeed it was a surprise to me at the time and even more of a surprise to my parents who had come overland in a covered wagon to see the Grand Canyon but had taken the wrong road at Cincinnati and, to their chagrin, landed in California instead of Arizona.

"The trip to the Coast in those days," went on Mr. Stewart, "was one of considerable difficulty. We left New York (125th Street) early in the Spring and with favorable winds and a message from Mayor Hylan to the mayor of San Francisco tied around my grandmother's leg, we were able to reach the Grand Central Station by May, where we got our mail and fresh meat.

"But from then on the trip was no longer child's play and indeed none of the children played anything except my grandmother who played the flute, but not very well.

"At Kansas City we had a shower and a change of horses and after that we pushed on into the heart of the Indian country. We were not bothered much by Indians, however, except my grandfather, and indeed by the time we reached Hollywood the old gentleman had spent all his money for Indian blankets and postcards so that he had to start life all over again at the

age of 128, which was not easy in those days, especially as his matches all got wet.

"My father soon made friends with the Indians who inhabited Hollywood and they later took him into the tribe and gave him the name of 'Ugh.' But when my grandmother died my grandfather sort of gave up hope and drifted into the real estate business. At the time of his death he was developing a section (which he called the 'Bronx') by bringing Gordon gin from Gordon, 125 miles away, by pipe line over the mountains to the orange groves. Had this succeeded, he would certainly have increased land values and besides would have been a lot of fun and kept the children out in the open and given them lots more color.

"Yes, Hollywood has certainly changed," concluded Mr. Stewart, "and perhaps it is for the best."



Among those who have long been fed up with indictments against the First Night Audience is your annoyed correspondent. George Jean Nathan and others from time to time have lots of fun commenting on the raffishness of the assemblage at the premiere of a play—so many bulging stockbrokers, so many extremely protected ladies, so many Broadwayish actors and actresses, playwrights, ticket speculators, etc. The implication of all these critics is that First Night Audiences are made up of gangs of murderers ready to kill the play or equally detestable clagues of personally interested huzzahers. A combination cheerfully determined to ruin whatever pleasure a well-bred pew holder might get out of the proceedings on the stage.

Well, where in the name of polite society, are the virtues of the audiences who attend the sixth, twenty-fourth or two hundredth and ninety-ninth performance of a play which had such a lamentable first night attendance? To get to the point (and attach it hopefully to the seat of the chair) Mr. Nathan et al are talking through their *gibous*. Several times in the last few weeks I have gone to plays at these later performances and on any one of those evenings there was more late arriving, coughing, snorting, whispering, and general hysteria than I have ever seen at a first night.

Irrespective of their worthiness as individuals an opening night audience comes to the theatre prepared to see a play. Charges against the amoebae in after-

the-opening audiences who don't know when to laugh and what's worse, when not to, will be made by me to a Higher Court, as beginning next Monday I intend to shoot to kill at the drop of a hat.

The fact that the police are finally devoting a little attention to New York taxicab drivers, with a view to getting rid of some of the worst of them, makes this as good a time as any to call attention to a little known fact. Taxi drivers, under the law, are required to carry a passenger to any destination that he may name—within the city limits, that is to say. There is a marked inclination on the part of drivers, particularly when bad weather puts cabs at a premium, to turn down passengers whose destinations are not just what the drivers think they ought to be. It is just as well, at these times, for the passenger to be acquainted with the law.

The return of Patricia Collinge to New York in "The Dark Angel" exhumes out of the past a story that probably isn't true, but is just as good for all that.

In the days of yore, when Miss Collinge was appearing with Douglas Fairbanks in such offerings as "The New Henrietta," "The Show Shop," and the vaudeville "The Regular Business Man," Fairbanks toted around with him a fully equipped electric chair, upon which it was his pleasure to induce sensitive strangers to sit.

One night in Boston, a thin lipped Brahmin brought his debutante daughter back stage to meet the engaging comedian. Fairbanks asked her to be seated in his electric chair, and then proceeded to turn on the juice. Several hundred, or thousand, or million volts were hurled against her by her host, but the young woman betrayed no sign of perturbation. The next day Fairbanks, somewhat worried, sought out her father and explained the situation.

"Oh," said the proud old Bostonian, "my daughter experienced the sensation, but merely ascribed it to the way a girl should feel upon being introduced to an attractive actor, and, believing that breeding counts for something, was above remarking about it."

Now that the sartorial season is nearly over, vernal rejoicings rise in my heart over the defeat of a dinner coat upstart which threatened for a few weeks to make uncomfortable a lot of men who dress decently. It was a double-breasted jacket that made its appearance in a dozen theatres and dinner parties during the last few months. Why anyone should want such a "novelty" I couldn't quite grasp. While I have not dedicated my life to keeping up the styles of the Wilson-Harding period I have yet to see an improvement on the conventional evening clothes of the last few years. God knows they don't realize the majesty of *vir sapiens* to any degree but how are you going to bring it out by making his clothing even more ridiculous than it is?

I wonder how many of you have ever attended—or even heard—of the Yorkville Theatre. It is situated on Eighty-sixth Street, just east of Lexington Avenue, and through the medium of a stock company, known as the Blaney Players, presents former Broadway successes—and failures.

The other night I attended the performance of "Cheaper to Marry"—an opus by one S. Shipman. I recall little of interest about the piece, but particularly recollect the Esquimaux Pies, peddled by the ushers during the intermission.

Which charmingly rural touch must have caught the attention of the Messrs. Selwyn, for only last night at the Times Square Theatre I noted the blue-jacketed usherettes selling ice-cold lemonade at twenty-five cents a throw.

The business of peddling the very late (or early morning) editions of the newspapers around town is rapidly becoming a nuisance of no little concern. In restaurants, in hotel lobbies, and even at the theatre, one is continually being pestered nowadays by these nocturnal vendors.

*Van Bibbert III*



MOSS AND FONTANA AT THE MIRADOR



## FORGOTTEN CELEBRITIES



*I AM writing a book of biographies—the lives of men and women whose names have become household words, but whose lives and achievements have faded from memory of man. The idea came to me in this way: My little grandson came to me the other night and said, "Grandpa, who was Riley?" "Riley?" I replied. "Do you mean James Whitcomb?" "I don't know," said little Horace. "My teacher to-day said to me, 'You're living the life of Riley,' and I wondered who he was and what was so wonderful about his life."*

*Horace and I pulled down from the shelves of my library numerous encyclopedias and dictionaries of biography and consulted them under the letter R, which, it occurred to me, was the proper letter to look under. There were many Rileys but not the Riley. It did not seem right to me that a man whose name was proverbial should be thus unhonored and unsung. I decided to devote my life to research to right this wrong. During my ten years of study and investigation, I ran across many names, equally eminent, equally neglected. My forthcoming book is the result.*

*The following excerpts are an abridged version of my first two chapters. The illustrations are taken from family albums, police records and old files of Harper's Weekly.*

## DUDLEY GRAHAM

*(The man who invented the Graham cracker)*

GO into any big restaurant at noontime and you will see scores of men eagerly consuming their mid-day meal of Graham crackers and milk. How many of those men ever pause to give a moment's thought to their noble benefactor, the man who made their splendid health-giving repast possible? The answer is, in round numbers, none. Such is the impermanency of fame.

Yet in his day, Dudley Graham was not an inconspicuous figure. He was born October 6th, 1843, in the town of Blatz, Connecticut. The date is significant, for exactly eighty-one years and eight days afterward, the Oklahoma State Legislature passed a law abolishing the income tax.

The Grahams were poor but respected residents of Blatz. Dudley's father, Leffingwell Graham, was the village door remover. That is, his job was to remove the doors from the houses of any of the neighbors who so desired. It was not a flourishing

business, as might well be imagined, for the residents of Blatz seldom, if ever, cared to have their doors removed. Mrs. Graham helped out the scanty family income by making grand pianos and other fancy work which she used to sell to the tourists who visited the hotel in the summer time.

Dudley's early education was pretty much the same as that of the other boys who attended the little red schoolhouse; a smattering of Coptic and Sanskrit, boiler making, differential calculus, and the rudiments of paper hanging and crocheting. Twenty years at the little red schoolhouse and Dudley's education ended suddenly with the death of his father and mother from drink. This was all the education he ever had.

Thrown upon his own resources Dudley Graham turned to the only occupation he really knew—exploring. He fitted out an expedition to discover the sources of the Amazon River.

*(Author's Note: The account of Graham's explorations, his correspondence with the Smith Brothers of Poughkeepsie, his discovery of radium, and his subsequent trial for the murder of King Leopold of Belgium are omitted here because of lack of space. They will be included, of course, in my book.)*

In 1885, Dudley Graham found himself penniless and broken in health in Philadelphia. A letter that he wrote to his sister Carrie (the Dowager Duchess of Portsmouth) at that time reveals his desperate frame of mind, and throws an interesting light upon the invention that has immortalized his name:

"Dear Philip:—If you could let me have five dollars until next Friday I would appreciate it. The overalls arrived in fine condition. Love to mamma and the boys. Your affectionate uncle, Dudley."

That was all. He waited three years for an answer but none came. Finally, in desperation, he called upon his old boyhood chum, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Those who wish to read about this now famous interview at first hand can find a vivid account of it in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*.

"Nat," he said, "I'm broke. I've tried everything and failed. There is just one thing left for me to do."

"And that——?" said Hawthorne.

"I'm going to invent the Graham cracker!"

"I thought he was mad," said Hawthorne afterward. "Many had thought about Graham crackers, but no one believed them possible in those days."

Dudley's housekeeper telephoned frantically to Hawthorne the following day:

"Mr. Graham has locked himself in the kitchen, and I can't get in," she said in great agitation.

Hawthorne jumped into a bathrobe and ran around the corner to the Graham mansion. With the assistance of Mrs. McMurtrie, the housekeeper, and a bat-



Dudley Graham

talion of militia, he succeeded in chopping down the kitchen door. There on the floor of the kitchen, near the stove, lay Dudley Graham,—dead. A fragrant odor reached their nostrils. Hawthorne opened the door of the oven and drew forth the first Graham cracker that the world had ever seen. The date was November 17th, 1888.

## EUGENE KELLY

(The Father of Kelly Pool)

ON January 12th, 1835, there was great excitement in the City of Barcelona, Spain. The buildings were draped in gay colored flags and bunting; bands played in the large public square, which was packed with eager, expectant people. At 11:30 A. M. (Standard Time) the Major Domo of the Royal Household stepped out on to the balcony and announced that a prince had been born, Victor Emanuel Franz Josef Eugene Don Luis Henry, Prince of the House of Bourbon and heir to the Spanish throne—afterward known to those who were familiar with his tragic history as Eugene Kelly.

How this scion of the oldest and most aristocratic house in Europe came to run a barber shop and pool parlor in the little village of Lotus, Illinois, constitutes one of the strangest chapters in modern history. As Gibbon has beautifully said, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

From the time he was eight years old Eugene was afflicted with that sad nervous trouble that was hereditary in his family; he insisted upon walking and standing upon his hands upon all occasions. This was a source of great embarrassment and distress to his family, and particularly to his mother who had been a Bruckheimer from Duluth and was quite a stickler for etiquette and good form.

Then came the Thirty Years War. Eugene was only twelve years old at the time, but he nevertheless decided to do his bit. "I might as well," he said. "I'll be forty-two years old when it's finished." He enlisted as a Brigadier General in the Fourth Missouri Cavalry.

It was during the famous Iowa Campaign—the Hundred Days—that Eugene met Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was a case of love at first sight. Harriet was driving a taxicab in Des Moines at the time, and whenever Eugene received shore leave he would ride around in Harriet's taxi. It was a strange courtship—Harriet seated at the wheel, winding in and out the crowded traffic; Eugene seated inside the cab, his head propped up against a pillow, sound asleep.

Thus the days sped by lightly and pleasantly, until suddenly the war ended. Both sides ran out of ammunition one afternoon, so they decided to quit and go home. "I'm glad it wasn't the Hundred Years War," said Eugene—a remark often wrongly attributed to General Grant.

The following day Eugene and Harriet were married. An account of the early days of their married life can be found in Eugene's semi-autobiographical novel "David Copperfield," which he wrote under the assumed name of Charles Dickens. They took a little house in Chelsea near London, and for a while their life was blissful and contented. Four handsome boys—afterwards known as The Four Marx Brothers—were born to them.

(Author's Note: I am indebted to Miss Florence Nightingale for an account of her parents' life during this period. She placed at my disposal family records and documents including the famous Whistler letters to her mother that afterward became the subject of the long and bitter litigation that resulted in the overthrow of the Palmerston cabinet. All this, of course, will be fully set forth in my book.)

The discovery of gold in California in 1848, caused Eugene to sell all his worldly possessions and join one of the numerous caravans in their perilous journey across the continent. A flat tire and a broken steering knuckle caused Eugene and his family to abandon their trip and settle down in Lotus, Illinois, a little village of barely six hundred thousand inhabitants.

Eugene never knew whether Harriet was dead or alive. When he last saw her she was being carried swiftly across the prairie, strapped to the saddle of the Indian chief. There was a radiantly contented look upon her face as she speeded toward the setting sun. But Eugene was always haunted by the fear that some day she might return. He changed his name to Kelly and grew a beard.

And so he settled down in the little village of Lotus, and modestly and inconspicuously plied his trade—he had been an expert barber years before in Barcelona. As the years passed by he added a pool and billiard parlor to his little barber shop, and it was there that he devoted himself to perfecting his life work,—the noble game with which his name is now identified. Thrice they offered him the governorship of Illinois but he always refused. "I have my work to do here in Lotus," he said.

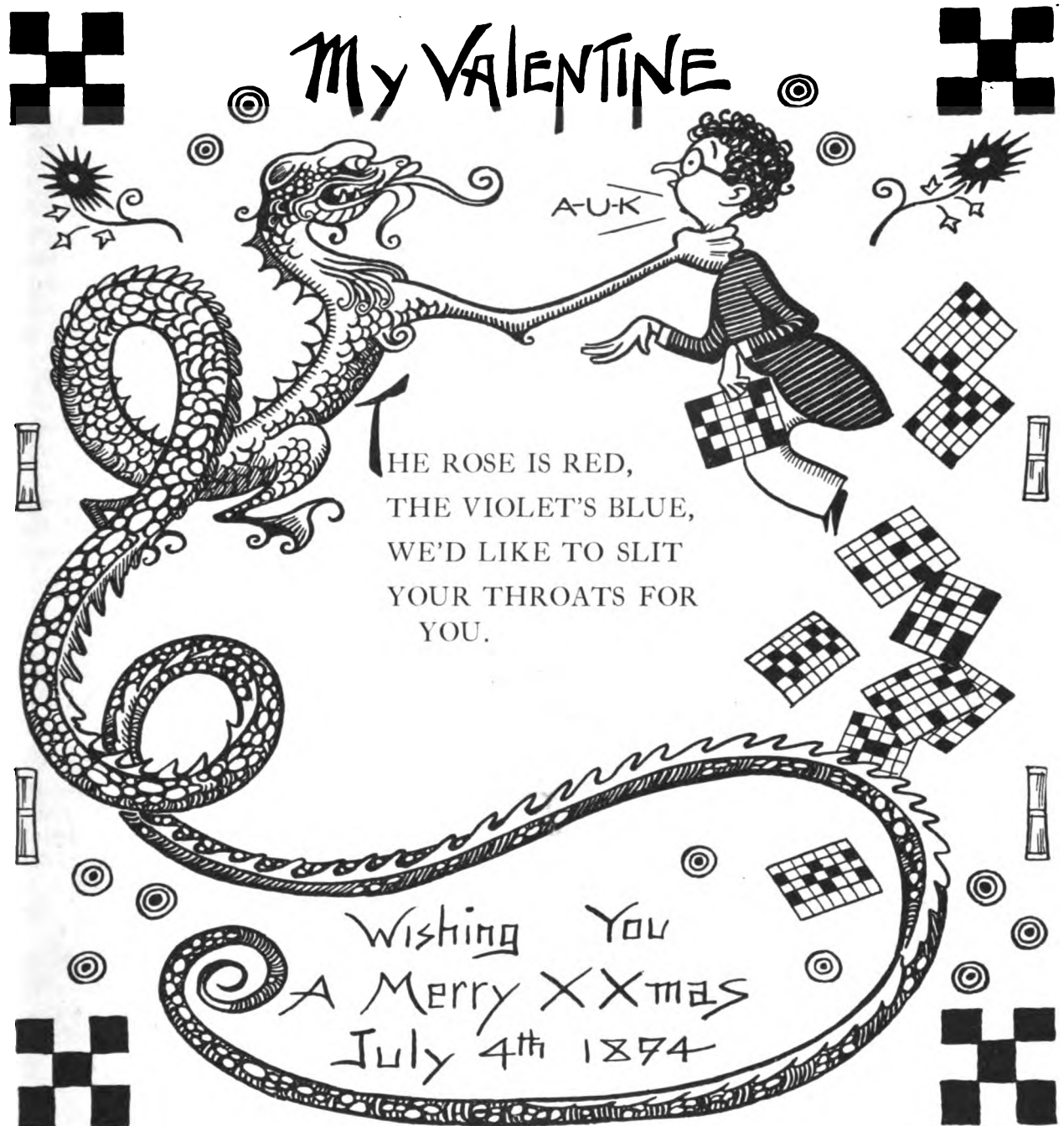
His choice was justified. The population of Lotus outstripped that of Kemswitch and Waynesville. There was talk of making it the County Seat.

In the course of time he came to be known as the Grand Old Man of Lotus. "Pere Kelly" the little French children used to call him as he passed them in the street. In spite of the constant urgings of his friends he firmly refused to change the name of his barber shop to "Kelly's Tonsorial Parlor." "I'm too old for these new fangled ways," he said "Barber Shop was good enough for Lincoln and Washington and it's good enough for me."

He was stricken with housemaid's knee as he was boarding the train to attend the First Kelly Pool Congress in America. He died an hour later in the home of his lifelong friend, General Von Hindenburg, in his eighty-fifth year.—Newman Levy



*A Document That Has Come Into Our Possession*



*The Valentine of the Mah Jongg Manufacturers to the Publishers of Cross Word Puzzle Books*

AN EDITORIAL

WE have arrived at a solution of the transit problem. It is a solution that will at the same time delight the public and the transit companies' stockholders. The only two people likely to be displeased are Cecil B. DeMille, because it has no love interest, and Mayor John F. Hylan, because he didn't have a hand in framing the idea, but that will be all right, too. You can't please everybody.

Well, sir, it's a twenty-cent fare.

For one thing, looking at it from the companies' angle, it will increase receipts four-fold. This will enable the companies to pay a six per cent. dividend

on the German reparations debt and in addition put a mirror into the men's wash-room at 116th Street.

For the second thing, it will instantly do away with the terrible congestion now in full swing on the subway and elevated lines. Twenty cents will be too much for people to pay and they will have to walk. (Even many of those who can afford to pay will be so irritated by the necessity of dropping four—or more—nickels in the slot that they will prefer to walk or skate.)

And with everyone walking, we will soon have a race of real robust men and women.

A TWENTY-CENT FARE—AND DAMNED BE HE WHO FIRST CRIES ENOUGH.—*The Eskimo*

## A Bob Ballad

## MODES

Places are fixed by what one wears.  
 Tailleurs can only mean Pierre's  
 For lunch. An afternoon dress very  
 Often will lead to tea from Sherry,  
 Although, if rather tight it fits,  
 Its wearer may prefer the Ritz.  
 Escorts of simple gowns will tote  
 Flasks to a side street table d'hote,  
 While something more elaborate  
 May well denote a Crillon date.  
 One's supper club attire depends  
 On whether one would avoid one's friends,  
 But nothing matters in the wilds  
 Of postscript ham and eggs at Childs'.

—James Kevin McGuinness



## Vox Populi

ON a stuffy afternoon shortly after the close of the Peloponnesian War, four hundred Athenian citizens, already bored with the monotony of peace, formed themselves into a jury to investigate the drama.

"I need not," said the aged *proedros*, addressing the assembly, "dwell upon the lewdness and filth and profanity which at present pervades our drama. You all hear the gossip of the Agora. I stand here before you to-day to ask for volunteers. I have a list of the most offensive plays now being produced at the theatres of Athens. Who among you will risk his good standing in the community by attending these revolting exhibitions and bringing back a detailed report?"

"I will," sadly replied 399 public spirited Athenian citizens.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said the *proedros*, a little peevishly, and he thrust the scroll containing the list of plays, together with the complimentary tickets, into a fold of his *chiton*. "Instead, we will summon the chief offenders before us for a hearing."

Within an hour, three well-known comic dramatists had been hailed to the Pnyx. To each was put a single question: "Why do you write what you write?"

The first dramatist replied, "I write what the public wants. Go and look at the line out in front of my box office if you don't believe it. What do I care for art?"

The second dramatist replied, "I am an artist. I write to please myself. To hell with the public."

The third dramatist replied, "I give the chuckle-headed, fat-witted public what I think it ought to have. Not what it wants, not what I want, not what you want it to have—but what I think it needs. Incidentally, you balmy owls give me a great idea for a farce. Go chase yourselves around the Acropolis!"

The name of the third dramatist was Aristophanes, but the names of the other two dramatists, of the *proedros* and of the jury of citizens were never spoken again from the days on which they died and no one knows who they were.



## Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

THE other day a woman was seen smoking a cigarette in a well known Greenwich Village restaurant. It is said that many women even powder their noses in the public street nowadays.



Many are wondering who the next Mayor will be to blame the subway crowding on.



The light system for traffic appears to be very confusing to taxicab drivers. Several seem to be puzzled about just when to stop when the lights change.



The attention of the city authorities should be called to the curbstone at 34th street and Onderdonk Avenue. It needs fixing.



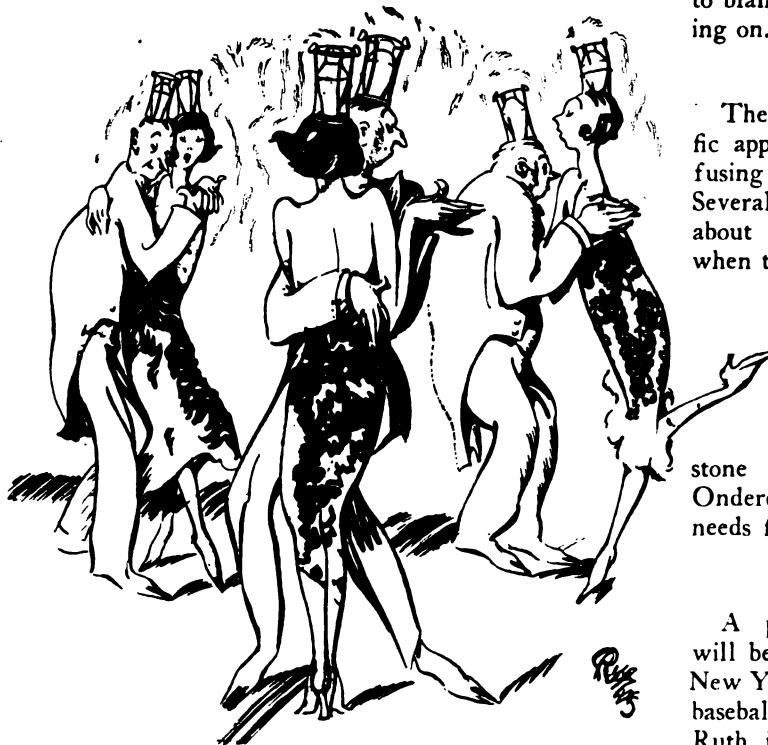
A player named Ruth will be given a trial by the New York American League baseball team next spring. Ruth is said to be a good hitter.



Prohibition scofflaws have given New York the reputation of being a hic town.



Anne Hathawig, the cabaret danseuse, retires at 5 a. m. and rises at 11 p. m. She says there is nothing like a good day's sleep as a tonic for the night's duties.



Why waste Terpsichore when there are always cocktails to be shaken?



## La Ville Lumière

*Georges François Babbette, a realtor of Lyons, meets his old friend Achille Rueprincipale, a doctor of Bordeaux, in the Etablissement Duval opposite the Madeleine in Paris.*

ACHILLE (*digging Georges in the ribs with his elbow*): I hear you have been over to New York, you old rascal!

GEORGES (*digging Achille in the ribs with his elbow*): I'll say I have.

ACHILLE (*digging Georges back one*): You son-of-a-gun, you! (*In a stage whisper.*) Was the wife along?

GEORGES (*digging Achille back one*): Yeh, she went along. But she stopped off to take a tour of the battlefields around Boston.

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): And she let you go to New York all alone?

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Yeh.

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): Well, you old son-of-a-gun!

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): I guess I saw the whole show, all right, all right.

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): Did you bring back any of those post-cards the fellow sells in front of the El Fey Club?

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Did I?

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): And I suppose you got properly liquored up while you had a chance to get some of the real, old stuff—absinthe and all.

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Did I?

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): And did you go down along that funny little row of bookshops in Fourth Avenue and pick up a few—rare editions?

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Oh, sure. Only I can't read their lingo. I'll bet if a fellow could he'd get his hair curled, all right. The pictures are hot stuff.

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): Did you get any magazines?

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Yeh, I brought back a suit-case full, but the guy at the customs in Havre made me give them up.

ACHILLE (*digging, etc.*): Of course there's no use me asking you if you took in all the revues where girls come out—you know.

GEORGES (*digging, etc.*): Yeh, I did *everything*. (*Becomes serious.*) Only, somehow, you don't get the same kick out of all that stuff that you would if it was all happening here at home. Those people over there have a different way of looking at those things. They're different from us. It's a different point of view. They're not *immoral*, they're just *unmoral*, if you see what I mean. Sex and smut and all are just a part of their lives and they don't think anything more about it than we do about onion soup. Why, I've seen women—nice looking women, too—nicely dressed—looked like ladies—all sitting around and laughing and giggling at some of those shows that we'd strangle our daughters if they went to see. No wonder some of us Frenchmen don't know how to take American girls. Can't tell the nice ones from the fast ones. . . . Well, that kind of stuff may be all right for New York and the decaying morals of the New World, but it certainly wouldn't get by in little old Paris, would it, Achille?

—Ralph Barton

## California Asserts Herself

Let not Vermont asseverate  
That *she's* the Presidential State;  
For California always shall  
Remain the only State of Cal.!



**J**AZZ has become respectable and we might as well begin looking about for a new form of musical shock. Of a cheerful Sunday afternoon, Samuel Dushkin ended his violin recital with this group:

LA FONTAINE D'ARETHUSE.....*Szymanowski*  
 FANTASQUE ET LEGER.....*Debussy*  
 SHORT STORY .....  
 MELODY AND SCHERZO }.....*George Gershwin*  
 (from "Rhapsody in Blue")

Gershwin, greeted less than a year ago as a not unwelcome intruder from the precincts known to cognoscenti as Tin Pan Alley, has settled easily into the background of Szymanowski and Debussy. He is accepted. His newer works are discussed as gravely as the lucubrations, let us say, of Schönberg. At the age of twenty-seven, George Gershwin, the genial George of the mobile cigar, is already a classic. Last year he was ragtime's Stravinsky. This year he is the Broadway Bach.

The fight, started almost a decade ago by Hiram K. Moderwell in "Seven Arts," and carried on by Gilbert Seldes, Deems Taylor, Samuel Chotzinoff, and their colleagues, is won. Ragtime entered the concert hall in the Gallic motley of Milhaud and Stravinsky, but finally we have it without French dressing. These are the salad days of jazz!

The Gershwin pieces, performed delightfully by the gifted Dushkin and his extraordinary accompanist, Gregory Ashman, not only won repetition, but obscured the well advertised bench made Rhapsody on Ancient Hebrew Themes by Blair Fairchild. "Short Story" is the public appearance of a theme which Gershwin has played in his inimitable manner for his friends a score of times. It is short, plaintive and unforgettable. The familiar "Rhapsody in Blue" made a fascinating torso of a violin concerto, and the suggestion of a muted trumpet and a squealing clarinet was a little bit of genius. Dushkin deserves a few bays not only for his playing of the music but for his skillful collaboration in adapting it to the violin.

A few hours after jazz had received its certificate of good breeding in Aeolian Hall, another tribute was paid to the noble art in the Times Square Theatre by the League of Composers. Before the audience that gathers only at the soirées of this assembly and of the International Composers' Guild there

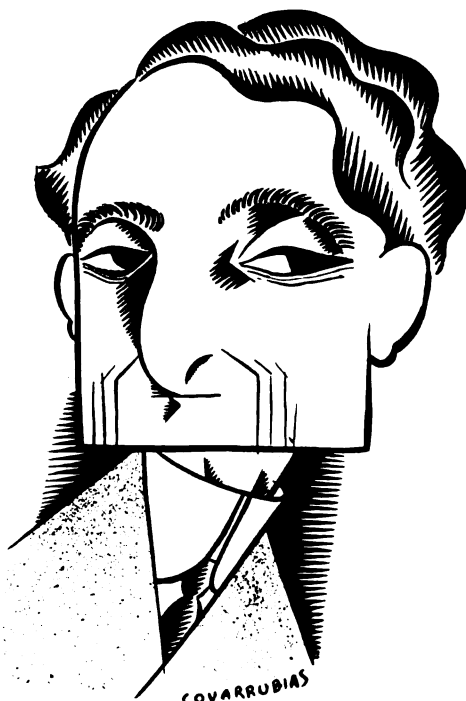
was performed "a musical interpretation by Louis Gruenberg of Vachel Lindsay's poem, 'The Daniel Jazz'." A heterogeneous ensemble of the kind known euphemistically as a chamber music orchestra was directed by the industrious Howard Barlow, and Colin O'More intoned the text. The result, however, sounded greatly like another one of those compositions performed by the Leagues, Guilds, Societies, Friends and other *Tonvereins* dedicated to the esoteric.

Lindsay's verses are a set-up for any composer, but Mr. Gruenberg failed to push over this set-up. The only audible jazz was the jazz in the lines and in the brilliant presentation of them by Mr. O'More. The rest, unfortunately, was not silence.

On the same program with the Daniel Jazz there was the first production of a single act opera called blithely "Gagliarda of a Merry Plague," by Lazare Saminsky, conducted with vehemence by the composer, sung with undeniable enthusiasm by Richard Hale, an interesting debutante named Patricia O'Connell and a small chorus, and danced in good high school festival fashion by Paul Oscaid and several assistants. The simple libretto, constructed by Mr. Saminsky, is a serviceable affair, dealing with the entrance of Death, disguised as a Jester, into the feast of a prince, his beloved and his courtiers.

The setting had less utility, for its strange intervals made vicious demands on the solo artists. Consequently, Mr. Saminsky's offering was not even a howling success, for Mr. Hale and Miss O'Connell demonstrated commendable restraint in negotiating its outlandish top notes. What this opera needs most is to be set to music.

The ever ready Mr. Münz has done it again. When Mme. Leginska vanished, Mr. Münz regaled her audience with an excellent recital. When an injury to Mr. Pochon's hand compelled the Flonzaley Quartet to cancel its engagement with the State Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Münz again favored the audience. The spectacular nature of Mr. Münz's appearances in New York may savor of the fantastic, but the young Polish pianist is a good artist and an able pinch hitter usually becomes a major league regular. And Mr. Münz is too good to decorate a dugout.—*Con Brio*



Italo Montemezzi



FRIDAY of this week drop in at the Waldorf and see the Independent Show. As we go to press there is no catalogue at hand and we do not know what to promise. It will be interesting, you can be sure, and contain something for everyone's emotions whether it be pity, scorn, envy or admiration. There will probably be a canvas there by your butcher or the boy who presses your clothes of nights. And there may be a canvas by a girl or boy who will be acclaimed when Zuloaga's name is forgot.

Pa and Ma were having a fine time at the Willard Metcalf show at the Milch Galleries. They had bought a Metcalf last year and were debating whether it would be another Metcalf this year or a new car. So the dealer was agreeing with everything they said. Awakening Spring she could "just smell," and that was her choice. But he liked Closing Autumn: It reminded him exactly of the place he used to hunt, outside Bangor. "You remember the spot, Minnie, I took you there once."

It was a ticklish moment. The clerk saw \$4,000 tottering on his doorstep and winking at an auto sales-room next door. We had to move on so we can't record the fate of that piece of art. But we got the idea of an essay from what we overheard. How much art, we wonder, is bought on account of recognition?

Metcalf is your Belasco of painters. There she is before you, Nature herself, nude or in any of her frocks from May back to April again. Masterly, clean cut, well managed with all the semblance of reality you can get on canvas this side of a tinted photograph. Fifteen a year, they say he paints—\$4,000 a picture. He deserves it all; few can do it better.

Fearing our comment would be too clear for art criticism, the printer transposed a phrase on us in last

week's issue anent Eugene Speicher. The printer had us saying: "Not so bold as Bellows and yet not so imaginative." What we had written was "as yet not as imaginative." A poor phrase to haggle over but it represented us better than the transposition; we felt that from now on Speicher would be more imaginative, and we tried to say so.

We never tire of looking at the things done by Henry Varnum Poor. The two times we found ourselves ten dollars ahead we bought pieces of his pottery. At the Montross Galleries, where his things are always on view, they are now holding a special exhibition of Poor's paintings and drawings as well as his pottery. You may not care for his paintings but you surely will like his pitchers, his bowls and his plates, molded, turned and decorated by himself with a richness of glaze not equaled by any of the commercial craft.

The Macy idea of art for the masses and pin money for the beginners seems to be thriving. The Gallery announces a water-color exhibit beginning this week, all the work of young painters and all low priced. Two things we thought wrong with the first exhibit: The same subjects were retained too long and the pictures sold were kept hanging until the last.

If we were running the gallery, as soon as a picture was sold it would be wrapped up and sent home to the purchaser along with the coffee pot and three and a half yards of gingham.

It is a great beginning and we hope it prospers. We have a Babbitt soul when it comes to art; we believe that every family supporting a Ford should buy at least one original painting. We would even enlist in a movement for a "Buy More Art Week." Is there any board of governors for the art dealers of the country? There should be.—Froid

## Lyrics from the Pekinese

VII.

"TO speak of the rolling of logs  
And of logs and their rollers,—  
What kindly, reciprocal dogs  
Are these column-controllers!  
Purveyors of persiflage, hot,  
To the Intelligenti,  
They talk of themselves quite a lot  
And each other a-plenty;  
Outsiders, however, may freeze,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

VIII.

"The boss of the critical job  
Is Omnipotent Mencken,  
Who bullies the taste of the mob  
With his weighty *gedenken*,  
While echo on echo requites  
His oracular firman.  
I don't understand what he writes  
As I know little German  
Or French or, for that, Portuguese,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

IX.

"I like Mayor Hylan's remarks  
On the themes he discusses,  
The concerts he gives in his parks,  
And the roar of his busses.  
I dote on the music that rips  
From his drum as he beats it;  
I loved Mayor Hylan's eclipse  
And I hope he repeats it.  
Our Mayor endeavors to please,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Eltzinger Theatre.

A revival of Shaw's comedy. A play as nearly perfect as they come, and a nearly perfect cast, as they go.

### SILENCE—National Theatre.

Max Marcin's good old-fashioned melodrama of the chivalrous crook, the noble con man, now playing in London as well as in New York, with, fortunately, H. B. Warner.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

A highly costumed farce, based on some of the dandy times had by Benvenuto Cellini and a couple of local girl friends. As fresh, amusing, and full of beds as if the scene were laid on Long Island. More so.

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

A Molnar comedy. A full evening's diversion, provided by Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne, and a piece about a masquerading husband—in the order named.

### IS ZAT SO?—Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

A comedy of the adventures of a prize-fighter and his manager. If you will just be big-hearted enough to disregard the plot, you will find this, if not the funniest show in town, at least deserving of a rating well up among the first two.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

A comedy of American life and those who live it. Nothing has touched it.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre.

A comedy of fertile goings-on among the grape-growers of California. Pauline Lord's performance alone is enough to make this a notable season.

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

The greatest, to date, of American war plays. A story of United States Marines in action—of various kinds—told without the assistance of Our Flag, the breaking heart of the world, and the little gray-haired mother back home.

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

### THE GRAB BAG—Globe Theatre.

A revue that includes a number in which the ladies of the chorus unite to form a gigantic rose. Ed Wynn, in an agglomeration of somewhat dusty songs and spectacles. But, right or wrong, Ed Wynn.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

A nice little musical comedy, with the enviably active Astaires and the most delightful score in the city.

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

The fourth of these annual rhapsodies in expense. With Fannie Brice, Bobby Clarke, and practically everybody else.

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

A revival of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's finest, done with understanding, imagination, and taste. Not a voice in the company, but you'd be surprised how much that doesn't matter.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but

with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

## MOVING PICTURES

### THE LAST LAUGH—Cameo Theatre.

The best film of months and a noteworthy adventure in motion picture making.

### GREED—Harlem Theatre, Fifth Avenue and 110th Street. March 3, 4.

Von Stroheim's commendable effort to put the grim realism of Frank Norris's "McTeague" upon the screen.

### THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Criterion Theatre.

A large measure of intelligence in this romance of the expiring feudal days of Louis XI.

### THE THUNDERING HERD—Rivoli Theatre.

Cows, covered wagons and Comanches. Usual stuff of the open spaces but done with considerable theatric effect.

## ART

### INDEPENDENTS.

Waldorf Hotel. An exhibition of all sorts of art by all sorts of people; some good, some bad—see if you know the difference. Opens Friday, Feb. 27.



### WILLARD L. METCALF.

Milch Galleries. Fifteen recent landscapes by the leader of that school. Nothing better in this country, if you like it.

### HENRY VARNUM POOR.

Montross Galleries. A few paintings along with an exhibition of his pottery.

### JOSEPH STELLA.

Dudensing Galleries. Portraits in silver point and studies in design. Don't miss it if you like color.

### "FIVE AND TEN" ART.

Macy Galleries. A group of water colors by young Americans. Prices to attract the cautious.

## MUSIC

### MARIA IVOGUN—Carnegie Hall.

Saturday afternoon, March 7. Accompanist: Max Jaffe. About as good a coloratura soprano as you're likely to hear, but you'll enjoy her anyhow.

### EDNA THOMAS—Booth Theatre.

Sunday evening, March 8. A charming singer of Dixie songs without a mammy or a choo-choo in them.

### ANNA CASE—Carnegie Hall.

Monday evening, March 9. Accompanist: Coenraad V. Bos. "Always in the public eye," say her managers, and also gratefully in the public ear.

### BEEHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Aeolian Hall.

Monday evening, March 9. The Lambs' Gambol of Music.

### JULIA CULP—Town Hall.

Tuesday evening, March 10. Accompanist: Coenraad V. Bos. Lieder singing as it ought to be.

### AT THE METROPOLITAN

Wednesday night, *Romeo et Juliette*. Thursday afternoon, *Die Walkuere*. Thursday night, *Pagliacci* and *Coq d'Or*. Friday night, *Rigoletto*. Saturday afternoon, *Lohengrin*. Saturday night, to be announced. Sunday night, *Lucia* in concert form. Monday night, *L'Africana*.

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Philharmonic: Wednesday evening, March 4, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting; Thursday evening, March 5 and Friday afternoon, March 6, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting and Landowska soloist; Saturday morning and afternoon, Aeolian Hall, Children's Concert, Schelling conducting; Sunday afternoon, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting and Erna Rubinstein, soloist.

New York Symphony: Thursday afternoon, March 5 and Friday evening, March 6, Carnegie Hall, Walter conducting; Sunday afternoon, March 8, Aeolian Hall, Walter conducting and Kochanski and Salmond, soloists.

Philadelphia Orchestra: Tuesday evening, March 10, Carnegie Hall, Stokowski conducting.

## OTHER EVENTS

### BARNARD COLLEGE STUDENT LOAN FUND—Hotel Astor.

Benefit Concert, Thursday evening, March 5, 8:30 P.M. Gigli, the tenor, and other artists to appear.

### NEW YORK NEWSPAPER WOMEN'S CLUB—Ritz-Carlton.

Annual ball, Friday evening, March 6. Governor Smith and Major General Charles P. Summerall among guests of honor. Program of entertainment.

### KIT KAT CLUB—Terrace Garden.

Annual costume ball, Friday evening, March 6. Pageant at midnight.



# \$10,000,000 a Week for Limericks

## THE NEW YORKER'S Greatest Contest—Let's Go, Bunch!

### THE NEW YORKER'S Big Limerick Contest

\$10,000,000 a Week for Cash Prizes



*A fellow whose name was O'Green  
Was the dumbest bird ever you seen,  
But one day on Broadway  
A girl heard him say*

Write your last line in the space above and be sure not to send it or this coupon to—

THE NEW YORKER  
25 West 45th Street,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MY NAME IS.....(Solomon Levi).....

STREET ADDRESS....(Asparagus Farms)....

CITY....(New Haven).....STATE...(Maudlin)

### THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of January 32. The Limerick read:

*A young man who wanted to see the sights  
Hung around the Follies stage door nights after nights,  
But the girls were all dodgers,  
He never even saw Will Rogers,*

Last lines which the prize winners wrote or otherwise sent in are:

#### FIRST PRIZE—\$65

*He Reminds Me of Briggs's "When a Feller Needs a Friend."*

Written by FRED BEAMISH, Yale Club, New York

**SECOND PRIZE—We Were Only Playing Leapfrog  
So he took his sister to the Public Library**

Written by J. F., Yale Club, New York

**THIRD PRIZE—Tell Cartier's To Send Me The Bill  
He Reminds Me of Briggs's "When a Feller Needs a Friend."**

Written by AMY LOWELL, Yale Club, New York

#### FOURTH PRIZE—\$9,000

*And occasionally John Jacob Astor.*

Written by COTTON MATHER, Yale Club, New York

**\$10,000,000 MORE FOR LIMERICKS NEXT WEEK**

— BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR DEFENSE

ON your toes, boys! The dam has burst! Old boy O'Green has said something! Hold your horses! Has he said something? Who can tell, and who not? It's all in the first four lines of the Limerick printed in the coupon at the left. Greenie, at the moment, seems to be standing around with an open mouth. Two to one he can't stay that way forever. No, Siree, Bob! So everybody get set, for the big ride to the Magic Caves!

### For the Five Best Last Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon—or Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" or "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" or milady's toilette—THE NEW YORKER would like to be able to pay the following handsome big cash

### PRIZES:

- First Prize - - - \$8,000,000
- Second Prize - - - 6,000,000
- Third Prize - - - 9,000,000
- Fourth Prize, Name your own figure
- Fifth Prize - A Blue Star Card

Use the coupon in submitting your last line or, to be sure of winning a prize, write it on the back of a dollar bill and send it in. You can mail as many solutions as the boss has stamps! Remember, a Limerick is a jingle in which the last line rhymes with something you once heard.

### ALL LAST LINES

FOR  
THIS WEEK'S  
CONTEST MUST  
REACH US NOT  
LATER THAN  
MIDNIGHT,  
DOOMSDAY,  
FEBRUARY 29

### THE RULES

This contest is limited exclusively to employees of THE NEW YORKER and their families. You don't have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. If you're not a subscriber and win a prize, we're a Chinaman. Now go on with the story. Don't give up your job until you hear from us. There is no steady employment in Limerick writing.



## "Just Like London"

Loving pomp and circumstance, every true Londoner points with pride to their stunning Guardsmen.

Do you know that bit of London right in New York—Cruger's? It's a fascinating spot to buy ties, hose, shirtings, etc.—exactly the same things men buy in those smart little shops of London. It will interest you to drop in or write

**CRUGER'S**  
INC.  
Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York  
Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Riz



## ★ In Our Midst ★

Bee Lillie, the popular actress and Lady Peel, arrived Monday on No. 7 from Chicago, where she spent the Christmas season and last few weeks. Welcome home, Bee, and accept credit for the swell piece you had in the *Times* Sunday before last. America is proud of you.

\* \* \*

Tallulah Bankhead, former southern girl, came back from a two-year visit to Albion last week. She will spend the Spring solstice with friends in Dixie.

\* \* \*

Dave Wallace, former Middle West golf champ, got off a good one at the Racquet Club last week. "It seems," said a man starting an anecdote, "there were a couple of Jews—" "And now look!" said Dave.

\* \* \*

Prince Antoine Bibesco, Rumanian Minister to our country, is planning a Spring visit to New York from Washington, D. C., where he is located in the diplomatic business.

\* \* \*

David M. Milton, Jr., Columbia Law School boy, is going to marry John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s daughter, Abby, in May. The romance is the outcome of Miss Abby's learning to drive an auto.

\* \* \*

Dick Barthelmess went fishing yesterday. He took his camera with him in case a chance for a snap presents itself in the Fort Lauderdale country.

\* \* \*

Joe Pulitzer is on the fishing list.

\* \* \*

Walt Damrosch was given a collation the other night in honor of the fact that he has been swinging a wicked baton over the local Symphony Society now for 40 years. Mr. and Mrs. Harry ("Hank") Harkness Flagler were his genial hosts.

\* \* \*

Louis Untermeyer, poet and jeweler, has returned to these parts from abroad and taken an apartment on West End Avenue. The U. S., says Lou, is good enough for him.

\* \* \*

Kate Sproehnle, the ex-Chicago authoress and athlete, was an equestrian in Central Park last Saturday, the pleasant weather bringing out quite a lot of the fair sex.

\* \* \*

Cosmo Hamilton, novelist and Chicago playwright, was seen picking out stewed tomatoes with a monocle from the bill of fare in the diner of the Twentieth Century Limited the other day. They say Cos can see pretty good out of it now.

Friends and others of George Jean Nathan are expecting to hear the wedding bells ring out any day now. George has been seen around the cafes a whole lot with one of our most prominent film actresses lately. Good luck, George.

\* \* \*

Percy ("Perc") Hammond of the *Herald Tribune* ("Tribune") is going to foreign parts with George C. Tyler in about six weeks. Drop us a postal, Perc, and George, too, or rather, Mr. Tyler.

\* \* \*

Curiosity seekers going to the Metropolitan Opera House these days just to see Gigli throw one of his fellow singers over the footlights are just wasting their time, say we. He has promised to throw no more.

\* \* \*

Beatrice Bakrow (Mrs. George S. Kaufman) stayed in the theatre to the end of the second act of "The Virgin of Bethulia" the other day, that being the longest she has watched a play for some time.

\* \* \*

Richard ("Dick") Bird is contemplating a hurried trip back to England during the Spring, it is said. Hurry back, "Dick."

\* \* \*

Where do all the pretty girls you see along the Avenue these fine Spring afternoons come from is a question that is bothering a lot of people.

\* \* \*

The town is practically deserted these days, with everybody at Palm Beach, and a lot of the swell mansions along upper Central Park West are boarded up.

\* \* \*

Edna Ferber and friend were recently viewed buggy-riding on 5th Avenue. Oh, Edna!

\* \* \*

Lucien Jones, son of Henry Arthur Jones, the writing fellow, has accepted a position writing items for the *American*. Scoop 'em, Loosh, is our way of expressing encouragement.

\* \* \*

David Lee Shillinglaw, who runs the American Legion Ad Men's Post in "Chi," was in "N. Y." of late and is starting "an organization for consideration of international problems to be made up exclusively of Americans who have at some time lived in Europe." Say it ain't true, Dave, say it ain't true!

\* \* \*

Anzia Yeziarska once told Yr. Corres. she didn't like her own novel, "Salome of the Tenements." Maybe that's why the movies took it, eh, Anzia?

*From the Advertising Writer's Diary*

**H**ERBERT GORMAN was here to talk over the suppression of his novel by the Boston Watch and Ward Society. Took the golden opportunity to have him autograph my copy. Pretty good for a fellow to plop right into the Dreiser, Flaubert and Cabell class with his first novel.

**GOLD BY GOLD**  
By Herbert S. Gorman. \$2.50.



**H**AVE to work up the 4th edition wrapper on ORPHAN ISLAND. Best sellers are tough on the advertising man. For relief I read over the scene between Mrs. Smith (the Queen Victoria of the South Seas) and the travelers. Started grinning; one of the salesmen, came in and razzed me about being the "hard worker" at B. & L. Of course, said I, with the sort of books B. & L. publish salesmen need only be order takers.

**ORPHAN ISLAND**  
By Rose Macaulay. \$2.00.



**B**ATCH of cuttings just come from the Clipping Bureau bring new big reviews on GOD'S STEPCHILDREN. Feels good to have a great novel given its due. Makes work easier for me too.

**GOD'S STEPCHILDREN**  
By Sarah G. Millin. \$2.00.

**J**UST before rushing off to catch a train for the week end trip, I followed the Chicago Daily News' advice about picking a Modern Library title and by golly it worked: "You can stand before a rack of these books, shut your eyes, and choose the right one every time." I did: I picked two good ones: THE CHILD OF PLEASURE by Gabriele d'Annunzio, with an introduction by Ernest Boyd (it's the latest title) and

**GREEN MANSIONS**  
By W. H. Hudson. With an introduction by John Galsworthy. Each, \$0.95.

**I**T'LL be a double opening for Alfred Kreymborg. On the day the comic opera, Mandragola, for which he did the English book opens, the first bound copies of his autobiography, TROUBADOUR, come in. It's a big book. The reviewers who have been reading the galley's have been telling who's in it and everybody's talking about it.

**TROUBADOUR**  
An Autobiography by Alfred Kreymborg. \$3.00.



**G**OT a new angle on advertising WEBER AND FIELDS. A historian wrote in saying that he had sent his children the book so that they could read about the struggles of these

two American boys instead of about Greek and Roman heroes. I was too busy getting amusement when I read the book to appreciate fully what a really heroic life they had.

**WEBER AND FIELDS**  
*Their Tribulations, Triumphs and Their Associates*, by Felix Isman. \$3.50.



**P**LAYBOOKS are going good. Second editions on THE FIREBRAND and THE GUARDSMAN are in the works. Now have to rush out the jacket for an edition of O'Neill's DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS.

**THE FIREBRAND**  
By Edwin Justus Mayer. \$2.00.

**THE GUARDSMAN**  
By Franz Molnar. \$2.00.

**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**  
By Eugene O'Neill. (Probable price) \$1.75.

**O**NE book a man who can't change his mind should avoid is THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM. It puts the silencer on the notion that we are a race of money-grabbers and nothing but. Here in clear cold fact is the record of a continuous national idealism that gives me thrills of pride. What a story it makes!

**THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM**  
By Gustavus Myers. \$3.00.

**BONI & LIVERIGHT**

**GOOD BOOKS**

**61 WEST 48<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y.**

## THEATRE NOTES



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B. Altman & Co.	New York
The Ritz-Carlton Hotel	New York
Kaufman & Baer	Pittsburgh
Gimbel Bros.	New York
Hall's	Chicago
James B. Russell	New York
Saks & Co.	New York
Daniel Low & Co.	Salem
S. S. Pierce Company	Boston
M. T. Bird & Company	Boston
L. S. Ayres & Co.	Indianapolis
M. M. Importing Co.	New York
Boggs & Buhl	Pittsburgh
Sim & Co., Inc.	Troy

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When your job seems tough and beyond mere man;

When you think you will finish never,  
Just grit your teeth and exclaim, "I can!"  
And the job will seem—tough as ever.



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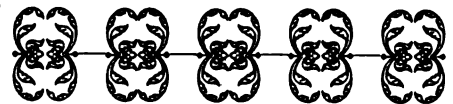
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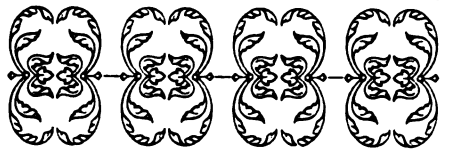
The manager hurried downtown and purchased a set of Mark Twain. He read zealously all the way back to Hollywood, alternating with the current humorous magazines.

But the manager hasn't laughed. Two weeks have passed and he has grown desperate. He has been asking his friends what he should do and so the story came out.—*Will Hays, Jr.*

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| Hall's                 | Chicago      |
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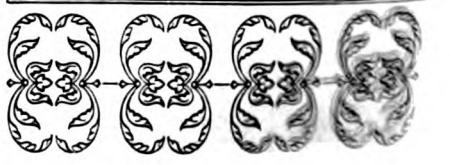
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**QUEEN OF HEARTS CANDIES**  
Professionally Home-Made of finest ingredients.  
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**Old Corsets Rejuvenated—Made Like New.** We remodel, copy and make to order **Elastic Corsets, Girdles, Brassieres.** Room 418, 500 5th Ave. Longacre 8173.

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**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** permanently removed without injury to the skin. Results **GUARANTEED** absolutely permanent. Further information cheerfully furnished.

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**WILLET A. LAZIER**  
9 East 33rd St.  
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High Grade Furniture—Medium Prices

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**LESTER LIVINGSTON, Ltd., 7 E. 46th Street**  
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Smartest Gowns, Wraps and Suits  
Most Modern Models. All Moderate Prices.

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Originator of the Ensemble Wardrobe. Beautiful and practical clothes which solve the dress problem for women who seek individuality in dress, rather than commercialized fashions.  
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**JOHN ROSENSTEIN**  
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**MARY DALE CLARKE**  
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### Restaurants

**THE RUSSIAN INN** 33 W. 37th St.  
Unusual in its surroundings and the food it serves.  
After the Theatre—Gypsy Chorus and Orchestra.

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**SHOECRAFT SHOP** "fits the narrow heel" in sizes 1-10 AAAA to E, French and English models in street and evening footwear. Send for Catalog N. Y. Fit Guaranteed. 714 5th Ave., New York.

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## Stories of the Great

**CALVIN COOLIDGE** one June morning was seated at the breakfast table in the White House eating his breakfast. The servant came through the swinging doors (from the kitchen), and gasped:

"Why, Mr. Coolidge!" he exclaimed. "You have a shredded wheat biscuit on your head!"

Our President reached up and brought down the morsel. "Great Goodness," he smiled, "so I have! I thought it was grape-fruit!"

The servant laughed heartily and voted our President a "regular fellow."

One day out Hollywood way, Will Hays was walking through the mazes of fine California weather, when he came upon a group standing around a motion picture camera. He watched them for a moment, and then, drawing nearer, asked, "Are you filming a scene for a movie?"

The man who seemed to be in charge stepped up and lifted his cap respectfully. "It's an old cap," he said, "I only wear it to please my old mother."

"Well, well," returned Will Hays, "my gloves are baggy at the knees, too."

Whereupon they all laughed heartily, and the man with the cap said that was "the best ever."

David Belasco rather absent-mindedly met Lenore Ulric one day.

"Why, good morning, Miss Ulric," greeted the great producer.

"I don't have to," she answered, "and besides, the subway is quicker."

Mr. Belasco laughed good-naturedly and said the joke was surely on him. Lenore is a bright girl.

They tell a good story on William Randolph Hearst. He had planned to go to California to see about getting a new printer to work on the *American*. He asked the man at the ticket office for a ticket to San Francisco.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the man, "but I left my umbrella at home to-day and I guess I can't fix you up."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mr. Hearst, and reaching in his watch pocket, he added, "here's a baked potato which ought to do just as well."

Then both men laughed and let by-gones be by-gones.—*Herbert Crooker*

## This Week's Award

First prize for felicity in phrasing goes to the announcer from Station WEAH who signed off at 11:26 p. m., February 23, approximately as follows:

"We regret to say that Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra will not broadcast to-night owing to the birthday of the first great American."



Washington Notes

MR. ALEX MOORE, of Pittsburgh, the ambassador to Spain, came back on leave with a string of anecdotes which throw an important light on the trend of affairs in Madrid. One gathers that if Alfonso does not appear before the populace as much as formerly it is because he is detained at the palace swapping stories with the American envoy.

Mr. Moore was telling the facts at the White House one evening, and paused, as a skilled raconteur will, to permit his auditors to get the effect.

"Grace," said the President to Mrs. Coolidge, "what is that cat doing running around here in the library?"

You can't always make Coolidge out as easily as that, though. When he gave the sap bucket to Henry Ford everybody exclaimed how spontaneously Yankeeified it was. The man who thought up that stunt was a well remunerated press agent who comes from New Orleans which, like Plymouth Notch, is situated in a syrup producing country.

You know how non-committal a doctor is. When a doctor gets to be a Senator—well, they tell this of Copeland:

"Senator, those sheep in that field are shorn closely."

"Yes—on this side they are."

Fifteen a quart or a dollar a snort for Scotch. The liquor situation in this town gets worse and worse. This department suggests another Congressional junket to Panama. One Congressman who was down there on official business last fall already is so low on his stock that he is passing out bay rum. Still, his popularity hasn't suffered any—British West Indies bay rum is preferable hereabouts to "nigger gin" from Four-and-a-half Street, S.W. Naval officers bring it back and do wonders with it. Tonsorial party is the correct colloquialism for an occasion at which it is the piece de resistance.

If memory serves, your correspondent attended one of these gatherings the other night, sharing with a senator's secretary the honor of being the least distinguished guest. The apparent effects the next day were a certain nervous shyness (oiled my typewriter so it won't squeak so) and a cut on the chin. The latter was self-inflicted while shaving. The safe course after a tonsorial party is a visit to the barber.—*Quid*

"Weeks Says Army Needs Funds Badly"—Headline in the *Times*.

"And that," the cynic answers, "is how it uses 'em."

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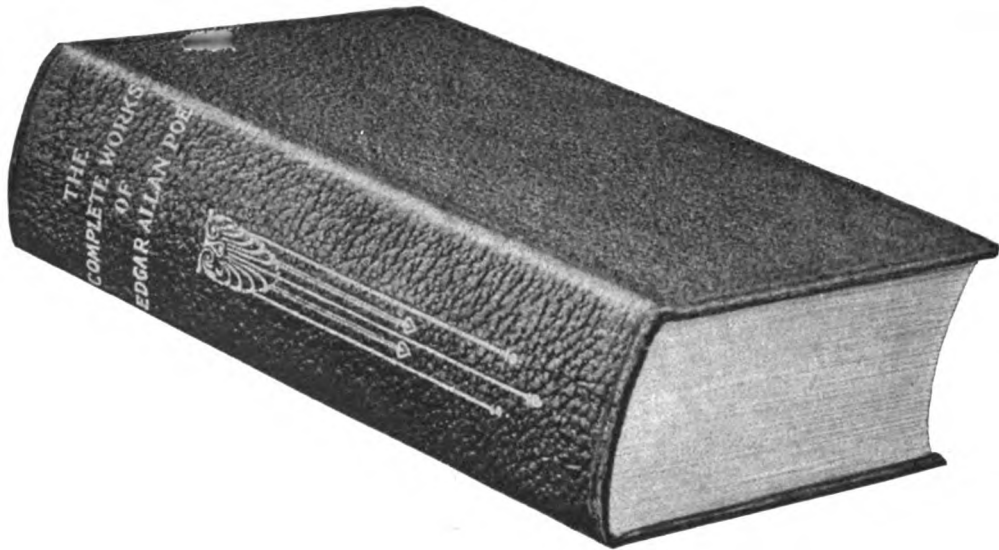
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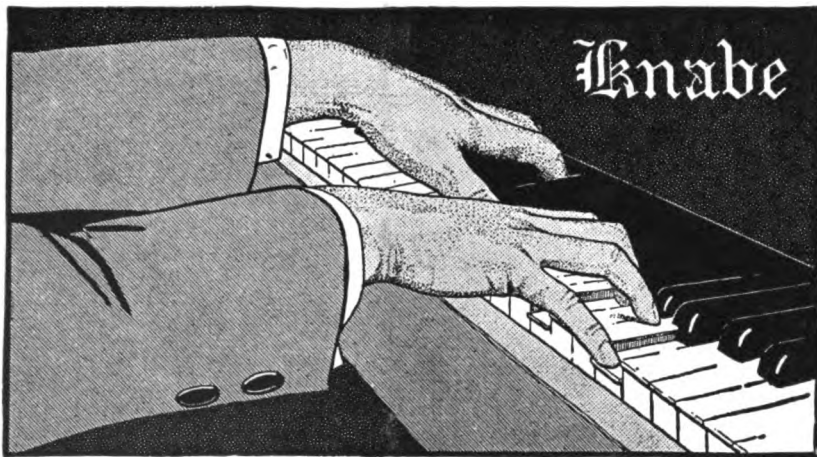


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