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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

The Ordeal of Michael Arlen

THE NEW YORKER has frequently wondered—four times, for instance, during 1924 alone—exactly what sort of paces a visiting literary lion may be expected to be put through. Whereupon there has come, obligingly enough, Mr. Michael Arlen, of Mayfair, to serve as paradigm.

Mr. Arlen is about to return to his English shores—he has reserved a cabin on the Olympic on its April 18 sailing—and it is to be expected that very few of his writing compatriots in London will venture Americawards after he reports on the ritual to which he was subjected.

This ritual, if you are a Doran author, and ever so many are, you know, involves the reasonably constant chaperonage, at tea time, of John Farrar, who has in recent weeks added a sort of executive editorship of Doran's publishing interests to his duties, as editor of the *Bookman*. It was Mr. Farrar who summoned the retainers to several of the teas hastily arranged in Mr. Arlen's honor and who almost persuaded one of his phoones to come by a repeated and mysterious assurance that Arlen was younger than he, Farrar.

Mr. Arlen, too, has been admitted into the game known as meeting Miss Elsie de Wolfe. This game has been going on for years in New York circles, but Mr. Arlen providently arrived at a moment when fresh talent was rapidly becoming essential. Mr. Arlen, thus, during the first two weeks of his New York stay, has been privileged to attend no fewer than three gatherings for which the engraved summonses of invitation specified that there was to be meeting of Miss de Wolfe. (Miss

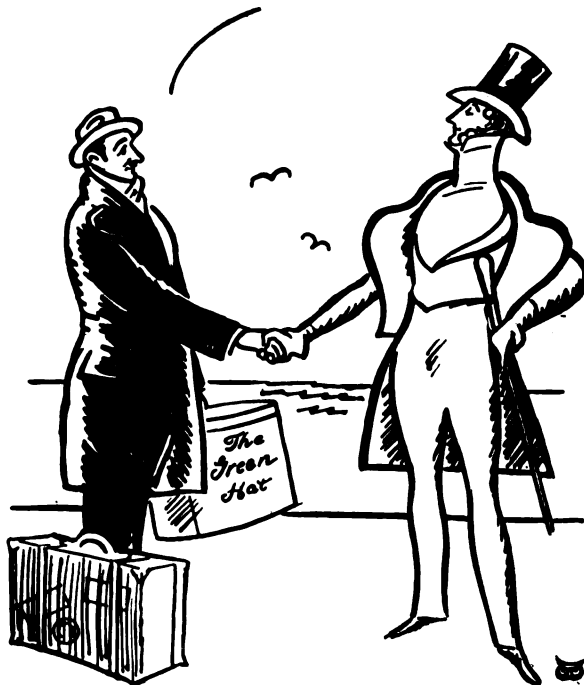
de Wolfe, by the way, has been very kind to Mr. Arlen, as indeed she is to most people, and the business of meeting her all over again in New York must have seemed particularly curious to him since it was not so long ago that he met her in Rome.)

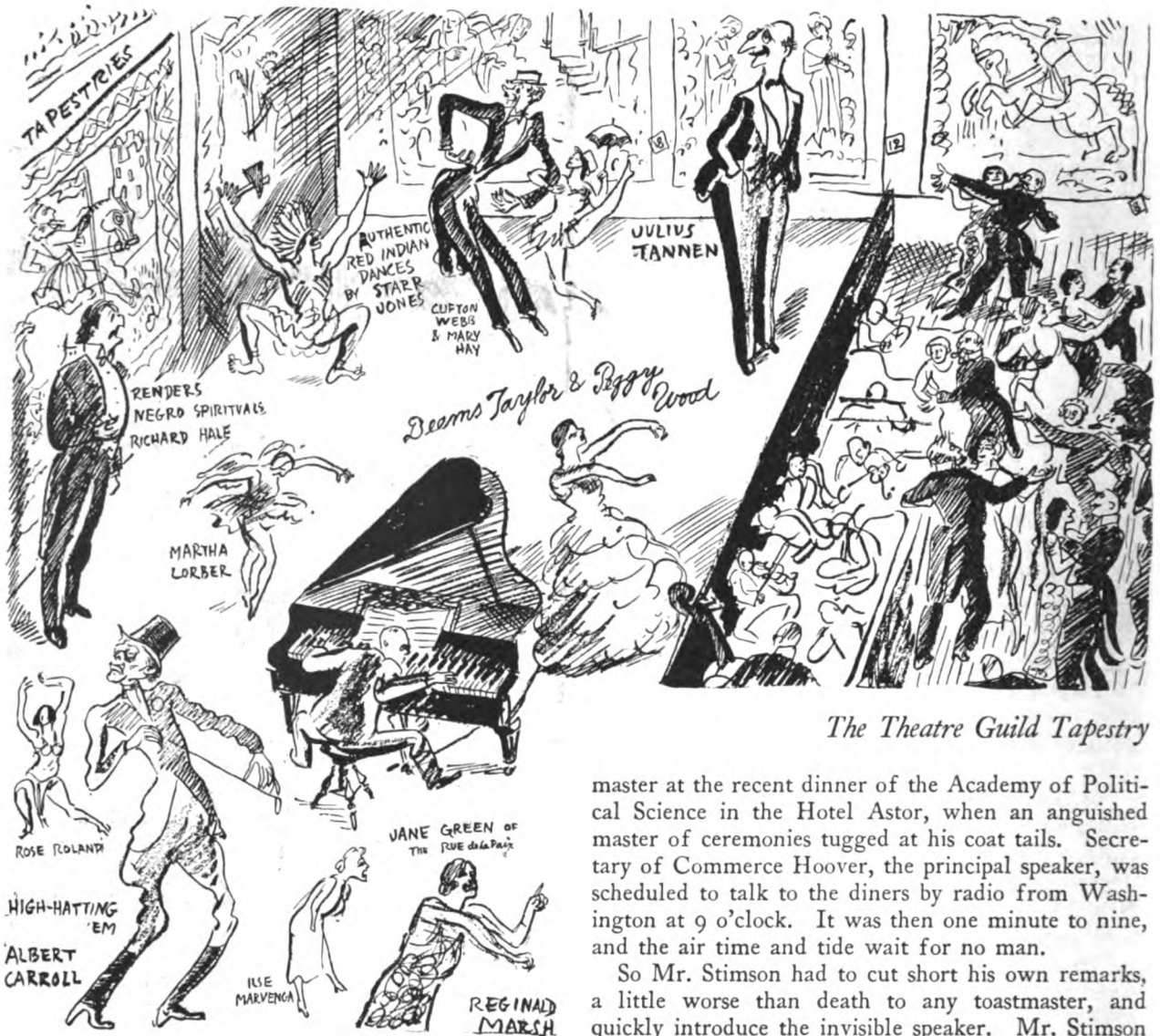
This issue of THE NEW YORKER, unfortunately, goes to press too early to permit a detailed account of Mr. Arlen's attendance at a costume party given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, for which Jesse Lasky gracefully supplied him with a gypsy costume by having a handsome suiting of le Valentino's cut down to fit.

During his days here, what with the presence of Jesse Lasky in town too, Mr. Arlen has arranged to do some movie work in the coming Fall. He will, thus, on his return in September or October tarry but briefly in New York for the opening here of "The Green Hat" and depart eagerly for the distant spaces of Hollywood, there to adjust his ideas into adequate scenario form for Miss Pola Negri, whose Mayfair was in Warsaw.

Mr. Arlen early in his American visit learned a piece of social usage that has stood him in good stead. This has involved, upon introduction to any stranger, his saying rapidly, "Didn't I meet you at tea?," whereupon the gratified stranger murmurs yes and has become a friend for life. This stratagem is said to have suggested itself to Mr. Arlen when he noticed that the average number of guests at teas in his honor was around two hundred.

The business of becoming a friend for life, above-mentioned, is a piece of literary exaggeration. As a matter of fact, THE NEW YORKER has regretfully





The Theatre Guild Tapestry

master at the recent dinner of the Academy of Political Science in the Hotel Astor, when an anguished master of ceremonies tugged at his coat tails. Secretary of Commerce Hoover, the principal speaker, was scheduled to talk to the diners by radio from Washington at 9 o'clock. It was then one minute to nine, and the air time and tide wait for no man.

So Mr. Stimson had to cut short his own remarks, a little worse than death to any toastmaster, and quickly introduce the invisible speaker. Mr. Stimson sat down and the audience began to applaud as if Mr. Hoover were present in person. They stopped suddenly, as if realizing he could not hear them. Then there was a stage wait for a few seconds, interrupted by much coughing that might better have been saved up for some theatre. Mr. Hoover's voice came through a loud speaker for fifteen minutes. The applause at the end was a bit constrained. There is no record as to whether Mr. Stimson applauded.

Pour le Cheese Sandwich

AS a sweeping reaction to such institutions as the Monday Opera Club and the like, there has recently come into being an association whose founders clearly realize that it is not that the afore-mentioned guilds reflect a too patrician tone, but, on the contrary, that they fail to do so at all. The result, after months of the most arduous debate and dissection, has ultimately appeared in the shape of the Club de France et d'Angleterre, located—one flight up—in the Männerchor Hall, in East Fifty-sixth Street, just off Third Avenue.

On handsomely engraved brochures—to be obtained only from the governors or their secretaries—a brief outline of the organization's policy and regulations is outlined. An extract, thus:

to record that it has seldom seen as atrocious behavior and lack of fundamental good manners as has characterized a large proportion of the people who have been brought forward to meet Mr. Arlen. Seemingly ignoring the fact that there was no law compelling their attendance at functions in Mr. Arlen's honor, ever so many persons have come to his parties with an axe rather awkwardly concealed about them.

For its part, THE NEW YORKER has found Mr. Arlen a clever and very likable person, happily not too much in love with himself and even more happily not given over to the delusion that he must apologize for his excellent stories and behave as if he didn't regard them as an accomplishment. As well by its very nature as by the environment that the Dorans and others who profit out of him chose to give him, Mr. Arlen has been subjected to a very hard test and has acquitted himself excellently. THE NEW YORKER is glad that he has been with us and has made a note to borrow and read his books. It will not be forgotten that he has not lectured.

THE radio has complicated the art of after-dinner speaking. Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, was just getting into his stride as toast-



Ball at the Hotel Commodore

"The Club de France et d'Angleterre is the most exclusive supper club in the world. The Board of Governors have blackballed everyone but themselves. The object of the club is to establish a supper place in New York where one may eat a Swiss cheese sandwich in peace and quiet.

"Any guest who mentions mah jong, polo, the tango, vintage champagne, winter sports, new Paris restaurants or the latest mode in white evening waistcoats will be promptly kicked out. These topics are reserved for the waiters.

"All guests planning to make speeches of more than fifteen minutes in length must submit same three days in advance to the Board of Governors.

"While the predominating air of the club is social and artistic, the windows will nevertheless be kept open.

"It will be noted that the club is situated conveniently to the Third Avenue elevated and surface lines. Guests wishing to show off a bit may obtain twenty-cents-a-mile taxicabs in front of the saloon at the corner.

"Male members of European royal families sojourning in America will be privileged the use of the club rooms at any time. They may not, however, invite guests save under the provisions set forth in Rule 62, Clause B.

"The swimming pool will be available from 3:30 a.m. to 5 a.m.

"All complaints should be registered with the 31st Precinct Police Station, telephone Rhineland 2900. The sergeant's name is Mr. Murphy."

THE head chef, Oscar Katzjen, formerly of the Savoy, Larue's, and the Café Schwarzenberg, was, during the late war, kept in hiding by a group

of philanthropists who well appreciated the value of so superb a master of the gastronomic art, and has, as a favor to his benefactors, remained in the United States ever since. Among his *specialités* are Caille Cocotte Armenienne; noisette of veal, served with crushed strawberries and wild rice; crab flakes à la Katzjen, buried in whipped cream; cherry and persimmon omelette; diamond back terrapin with a rich, Roquefort cheese dressing; Aiguillette of swordfish, d'Angleterre; breast of partridge cooked in Cockburn's 1851 Port and smothered with truffles and Malaga grapes; cèpes sautés, Bordelaise; Brochette of minced capon, garnished with blackberries and pearl onions and his world-renowned "plat au caserole"—a concoction of whitebait, sauerkraut, gauva jelly, hard-boiled eggs, pistache ice cream, broccoli, steamed clams and red caviar.

Etienne Deschalles is the head-waiter, a polished, intelligent fellow of thirty nine and erstwhile maître d'hotel at Foyot's, while his stalwart lieutenant is Heinrich Schmöl of the far-famed Kempinski's. Heinrich, incidentally, is a third cousin of the late Kronprinz Friedrich.

Every so often is Gala Night at the Club, during which occasion the governors and their in-

vited guests participate in such forms of terpsichorean divertissements as the Lulu Fado, La Jota, the Argentine Tango and the Viennese Waltz. Top hats are invariably worn during the dancing, and removed only upon the arrival of the punch. This brew is served, usually late, amid considerable ado, the bowl (a colossal golden affair) being borne upon a huge silver platter by Carl and Emil, two of Heinrich's subordinates.

Precisely what the ingredients of the punch may be is known to no one, save three of the Board, who mix it, themselves, and not infrequently some doubt will be expressed by one or two of these as to the exact components of the libation. However, it has been definitely ascertained that, among other factors, the juice of one hundred and forty oranges, seven pineapples, the hearts of half a dozen alligator pears, twenty-two carrots, three and a quarter pounds of raisins, and five drops of Peruna are employed in its manufacture.

PRIOR to the parade through the streets to the Club—a custom inaugurated since the inception of the organization—there are small, informal gatherings in the rooms, apartments or houses of certain governors, during which unofficial rendezvous new and strange potations are invented and passed upon. Rudesheimer '88 is mixed with cointreau Triple-Sec, and Chateau-Laffite '77 with orange curacao. Chablis and chartrreuse are shaken together, and from the same goblet one sips Mouton-Rothschild and Marasquin. Vino de Pasto and Vermouth, Romanée Conti and Jamaica rum, Perrier-Jouet and Crème de Framboises are even known to have been employed as favorite combinations, though, perhaps, the most popular of all is a well-frappé mixture of Bénédictine, the white of an egg, and Kirshvasser, with a dash of absinthe.

The Board of Governors is composed of Bradford Norman, Jr., Worthington Davis, Charles H. Marshall, John M. L. Rutherford, Cole Porter, Hermann Oelrichs, Cyril Hatch, Sinclair Lewis, Lord Louis Mountbatten, T. Gaillard Thomas, 2nd., George Jean Nathan, Alastair Mackintosh, James W. Gerard, George M. Cohan, Vincent Astor, Sidney Dillon Ripley, H. Courtney Burr, Charles G. Shaw, Schuyler L. Parsons, Fédor Chaliapin, Barclay H. Warburton, Jr., Eugene G. O'Neill, the Hon. Charles Winn, H. L. Mencken, Antonio Scotti, James Branch Cabell, Elliot Holt, Anthony Drexel Biddle, Jr., Esmond P. O'Brien, James Cromwell, W. C. Fields, Talbot W. Chambers, Condé Nast, Martin B. Saportas and Robert Winthrop Chanler.

The Dutch Treat Treats

THERE is, in the order named, consternation, excitement and controversy in Tenth Street, Flushing, Rye and Westchester among Dutch Treaters and their wives.

As is not too well known, the Dutch Treat is a club made up of authors, sculptors, editors, artists and Rupert Hughes, which meets every Tuesday on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Martinique, there to listen to speeches, music, wise cracks and what not. Every year, moreover, for the last fifteen years, the Dutch Treat has given a show, written, composed, acted and sung by the authors, writers, editors and sometimes actors and singers who are members of the club.

These shows, be it known, have been stag shows in the ultimate meaning of the word. Last year, thus, Mr. Coolidge was among those present, but he didn't laugh much.

Recently Frederick Dayton had a big idea. Why not, was its drift, give an invitation performance—soon after the regular show—to which members could bring their wives? And their aunts? Why not indeed?

The invitations have been out for some time. The annual dinner and show will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday night of this week and the invitation performance, for the bride and bairn, on Sunday night, at the Lyceum Theatre.

Complications set in less than ten hours after the dispatch of the invitations. For the most part, according to an accurate stenographic transcript, the developments have been about as follows:

"I think it would be very nice and I'm sure Miss Madden will come in to stay with the children so that I can go with you. It's about time they invited the wives to one of these things. But George, you've often told me that you can't bear to see a show twice, so if we're both going Sunday night, there's no sense to your going first Friday, without me."

However. . . .

By what is still called a happy coincidence the Fakirs Ball has been in the habit of taking place on the same night as the Dutch Treat show. The generic George, aforementioned, has been in the habit of attending the dinner and show first and then of dropping in at the Fakirs, where till dawn there have always been many gay spirits in what has not been overdescribed as "a veritable fairyland of color and music." And happily, the show

has always lasted long enough to make the last train out for commuting Dutch Treaters an impossibility.

Now all of this is in danger and placid Dutch Treaters, who have regarded at least one night a year as sacred to themselves, are forming automatically into posses and hunting the highways and byways for Mr. Dayton, who thought it all out so carefully. In addition to which it is becoming increasingly difficult, as rehearsals continue, for some of the actors to remember whether their lines are the ones they are to use for the stag Friday or the Sunday show.

Both shows, it is safe to say, will be very funny.

THE NEW YORKER has a correction to make, having to do, unfortunately, with the Racquet Club.





Love Laughs at Locksmiths

It seems, thus, that it is not accurate to say that the celebrated Old King Cole of Maxfield Parrish—or, if you prefer, the celebrated Maxfield Parrish of Old King Cole—is in an abandoned warehouse. It is, to be exact, an ornament of the Racquet Club.

THE Eminent Clubman left his club recently at three o'clock in the morning and waited grimly for a taxicab to take him home. It was raining and whole bucketsfull of life-giving water poured off his hat and into his ears as he thought carefully of the \$300 bet he had recklessly made in the belief that the man next to the dealer was bluffing. A red-flagged taxi approached, one of the thirty-cent a mile kind, but he waved it away angrily. The deluge was filling his shoes and pneumonia germs were scouting cheer-

fully about him, as there came into his eyes a look of mild regret that he should always consider tens back to back a sure-fire thing.

A red-flagged taxi, one of the seventy-cent a mile kind, had the effrontery to approach, and the Eminent Clubman sent it on its way with a curse, trying to pierce the cloud-burst for a view of a policeman to whom to relate the story of the attempted extortion. There was no policeman in sight, and so he fell into a reverie, dealing largely with that last big consolation pot, in which he had lost \$220 because he had split his openers. . . . And then a twenty-cent a mile taxicab appeared and the Eminent Clubman, who had half a mile to go, leaped gratefully into it, with his clothes as soaked as a Yale boy after a football victory over Harvard.



OF ALL THINGS



ADMIRAL PLUNKETT'S suggestion that we may have to muzzle the press to preserve our liberties is too radical for us. We are also opposed to the suggestion that we shoot our admirals in order to improve the navy.

* * *

Here's to the combined Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan* which, according to its April cover, is "the Greatest and the Largest Magazine in the World." May it become the Biggest, as well.

* * *

Indiana's grand, new dry law provides a jail sentence for the man who buys a drink as well as for the man who sells it—that is, unless the buyer squeals on the seller, in which case, he is granted immunity. Now, let Indiana memorialize Congress to exterminate the American Eagle and make the Stool Pigeon our National Bird.

* * *

It would be interesting to have such a law in New York, modified, of course, to suit our peculiar psychology. Jailing the buyer along with the seller is an idea not without an element of sportsmanship. New Yorkers, we think, would agree to it. But when it came to squealing, we should probably insist on going fifty-fifty, too. Let the seller be granted immunity by admitting his sales, thus turning State's evidence against the buyer. Many would support such a law.

* * *

Did you ever read a fearless editorial like that in the *New York Herald Tribune*?

* * *

The last we heard the Bureau of Missing Persons was searching for Lyman Dwight James, grandnephew of the late Marshall Field. The young man is probably on the play jury.

* * *

The Republicans at Albany have been trying to find a way to kill the Governor's tax reduction program without committing political suicide and to write a prohibition law that will not prohibit their own reelection. The height of upstatesmanship.

* * *

The continued advance of the New York press is noteworthy. Years ago some one said the *World* had attained supremacy by finding the eight-year-old public. Then Hearst, with the *Journal*, discovered

a public with the mentality of a five-year-old. Now, however, with its tabloids, the town can boast no fewer than three dailies with an appeal nothing short of pre-natal.

* * *

Michigan did not insist upon the confirmation of Mr. Warren and remembering Newberry, Denby and Candidate Ford we must admit that the State is always willing to take back unsatisfactory goods. "The customer is always right," says Michigan.

* * *

The longer we contemplate General Dawes's belated charge on Capitol Hill the more firmly we are convinced that the right man for that job is Paavo Nurmi.

* * *

The courtesy extended to some of our Best People by the publishers of England's "Complete Peerage" should not go unnoticed. For the small sum of \$500 per, our social leaders may now get their names in the book, an illuminated copy of which is to be presented to the Queen. Something handsome should be done in return. Perhaps the Monday Opera Club might be induced to send Complimentary Memberships, on the same terms, to a limited number of British Peers.

* * *

A radio program was heard in Iowa 550 feet underground. Another avenue of escape closed.

* * *

New York's tricentennial birthday party will be given next summer and no doubt the reformers will provide 300 scandals for the cake.

* * *

The Paris decree of shorter skirts may be a blow to the textile trades but it will provide lots of girls with visible means of support.

* * *

Another alleged blackmail suit coming right on top of the rajah case! Britons never will be slaves, but they seem willing to pay heavily for temporary freedom.

* * *

That seems like a needless expense for the State to buy better clothes for the inhabitants of Sing Sing, many of whom have on suits to-day which they will never wear out.



The New Yorker

⌚ THE HOUR GLASS ⌚

The Lady of Art

Fannie Hurst began writing at the age of seven, according to her own account. The growing lore about her name has it that at eight years, or thereabouts, she began speaking of it as "My Art." Critics have been a bit more cautious, but in fairness it must be noted that some of them have accepted Miss Hurst's estimate of her own work. Yes, Her Art, if you are pleased to call it so.



Fannie Hurst

She was born in the Forty-ninth State, which, if you do not know your billboards, is the one open to advertisers in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. She attended Washington University, did post-graduate work at Columbia, and wore out her garret days in the hopeful penury so genially encouraged by Robert H. Davis. Suddenly, then, she was a success, and success has led her on: to Pronouncements; to speaking of a Career, with a capital; to not-too-occasional outpourings of what one must reluctantly designate as Blah! She takes her work very seriously, which is not so bad; and herself equally seriously, which is not so good. Recently, having visited Russia, she has passed a Verdict, which is one with that of Mr. Secretary Hughes.

She Went, Singing



Miss Ruth Chatterton

It was Mr. Henry Miller who commented that the public would hardly be interested in Miss Ruth Chatterton's silk stockings. This was when Miss Chatterton left Mr. Miller's management for stardom in a musical comedy—and marriage. Shortly after, Mr. Miller produced a play, which failed rapidly. Thereupon Mr. Miller announced his retirement from the theatre.

But if the public showed little interest in the lady's silk stockings, as Mr. Miller had foretold, it has been somewhat concerned with Miss Chatterton, ever since she burst upon its delighted ken in "Daddy Long Legs," a prophetic title if ever there was one. She seemed so sweet and so demure a person upon the stage; such a dear, unaffected, graceful, charming—the adjectives could go on for pages—girl. And, so, indeed, she was, even off the stage, if one will allow a slight depreciation of values due to loss of soft, amber lighting.

And, now, here is Miss Chatterton returning to us in "The Little Minister," wherein all good young actresses hope to find refuge when their winsomeness has begun to fray, ever so slightly, along the edges. Here is Miss Chatterton, not in musical comedy, to be sure, but still under the management of Charles Dillingham. One wonders what the courtly Mr. Miller will find to comment upon this time in his polished way; ah, what, indeed?

The Harbinger



Dexter Fellowes

This piece must have an *American Magazine* beginning, since that is the journal edited for men who are nothing but little boys grown up, and it is little boys grown up who appreciate the circus. Dexter Fellowes is The Circus to a number of folks throughout the country, being Mr. Ringling's press agent extraordinary. Now you know the why of this fall into the style of the Gospels after St. Rotary.

But Dexter Fellowes is not an *American Magazine* character. For one thing, he shies from personal glorification; for another he is honest with himself. The bunk that he passes out to grinning editors and reporters is blessed with imagination. The wilder the tale he concocts, the better they like it. He brings a touch of genius to the doings of the elephants, and a whimsy to the imaginary love affairs of the hippopotami.

Nobody can remember when Dexter Fellowes was not associated with the circus; when his appearance along Newspaper Row was not, as it is this week, the sure harbinger of Spring and the advent of the freaks and the jungle aromas about Madison Square Garden.

Hail to the Chief!

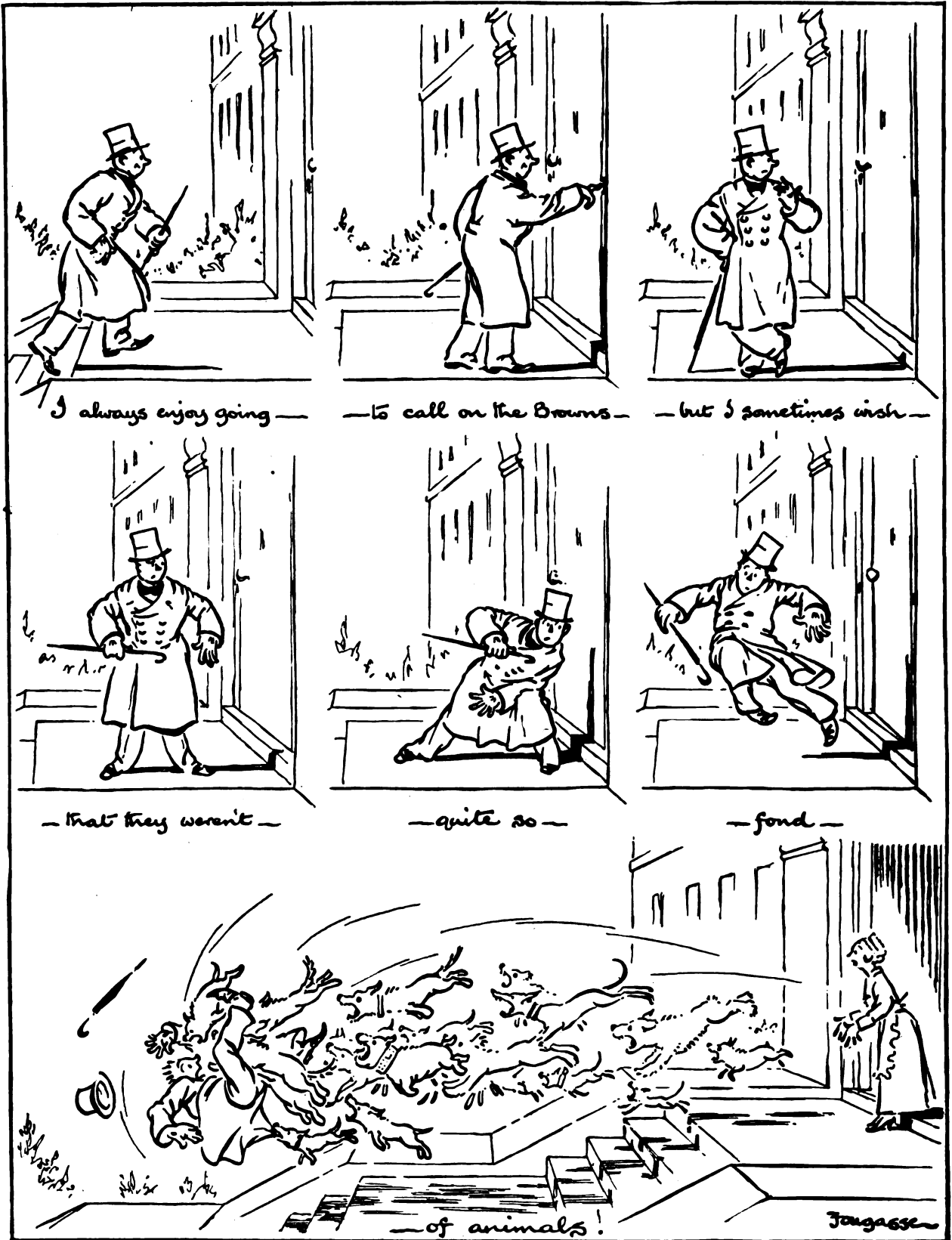
Before ever Mayor John F. Hylan had a City department to his name, in 1909, General Bingham, then Police Commissioner, publicly appraised an obscure Police Lieutenant as "the smartest man on the police force," adding, "but he ought to be watched. That man will pretty nearly own the police force yet." The lieutenant thus appraised was Richard E. Enright, the facile author of detective fiction. Time has proved General Bingham a prophet, probably the only general with whom it has dealt thus kindly.



Richard E. Enright

What time he is not busy at Commissioning, Dick Enright is a fair enough soul, even now that he has grown dignified. When he was head of the Police Lieutenant's Association, he was eternally at odds-end with his chiefs; a born rebel, he. No lieutenant was ever more popular with reporters, who are hard enough to please, heaven knows; he was glad to see them, free with information. He has changed since, as a matter of policy.

He makes a good speech; and if he doesn't write all he makes, he is capable of doing so, which is a gift his chief may well envy. He is stubborn, but not to the point of blindness. He is a bit fast to anger, but slow to judgment. He has come up from the ranks, through the dragging processes of advancement open to a policeman. He has played politics on the way, unquestionably, but, also, he has been played against.



Cave Canem



RENDEVOUS

Dark, but dear,
 The night is here,
 The stars have pierced the sky;
 Soft and soon

Shall rise the moon
 Who lifts her lamp so high;
 Brown and brief,
 The withered leaf

Across the path is blown;
 Loved, though late,
 To where I wait
 She comes, my soul, my own!
 —Arthur Guiterman



Mister Muggsy

JOHN MCGRAW is baseball. He is the incarnation of the American national sport. In his personality he reflects everything there is of the game from the street kid, indulging in the pavement pastime of simultaneously dodging trucks and catching flies, on up to the ponderous and precious Babe Ruth; everything from the sand lot with tin cans for bases on up to the garish magnificence of the Polo Grounds; everything from the difference of opinion about an umpire's decision, settled with swinging bats and punching fists, to the dispute decided by the ballyhoo boy of base ball, that white-haired fifty-thousand dollar front, ex-federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

If you can understand baseball you can understand John McGraw. But, of course, if you could understand baseball there wouldn't be any baseball. Probably, too, if you could understand the pudgy, irascible, loyal, double-crossing, sentimental, stony-hearted, stingy, generous, stupid, brilliant, manager and vice president of the New York Giants there wouldn't be any McGraw. But don't bother your brains in the attempt to annihilate him by making him out. That's been tried by experts and it can't be done.

McGraw will fight if you call him Muggsy. If you don't call him Muggsy he'll find some other reason for fighting. If no reason for fighting is to be found he'll fight anyhow. He fights as persistently and unsuccessfully as Bryan pursues political power.

Someone,—Tad, the cartoonist I think it was—once said of him: "He's got bunions on his back from bouncing off bar-room floors." Pugilistically he's always ready to go, but he never gets anywhere. He seems to have the heart of a hungry wildcat and the claws of a tame rabbit. Willing but weak!

A helpful hint to a partial analysis of the complex and contrary character elements that make up McGraw is the little man's fanatical aversion to being called Muggsy. He hates the nickname because it is so perfectly descriptive.

Muggsy McGraw! Repeat that to yourself and the resulting mental image will be a pretty fair picture of the tough cocky kid who started playing pro-

fessional baseball with the Olean, New York, Club in 1890 for \$60 a month. He was seventeen then. Before he took to baseball he had been a train butcher, sassily hawking his wares through the rickety rocking old day coaches of his time and territory.

As a youngster he was about the size and general disposition of Terrible Terry McGovern, the Go-getter from Gowanus. He was Muggsy McGraw then and he answered to the nickname with an impudent grin. He weighed a hundred and twenty-two pounds in his shower bath clothes and thought the owner of the club was a philanthropist or a sucker to pay him \$60 a month just for playing ball. Now he flirts with two hundred pounds, and his drag from baseball must be upward of \$100,000 a year.

And he'll fight if you call him Muggsy. A good hater he probably hates that nickname worse than any other one thing in the world. If he were just a trifle less the type the nickname suggests he might glory in it. But Muggsy is too true to be borne.

McGraw is too perfectly Muggsy to appreciate the affection implied by un-met friends of bleacher and grandstand who would like to call him that. It represents everything in his person and baseball from which he has been trying to disassociate himself since he forsook the profane squabble and sweaty effort of personal diamond conflict for the lonely eminence of managerial master-minding. Baseball has lost a deal of the hobo, bar-room, rough and tumble color it had when McGraw broke in; so has McGraw, for McGraw, remember, is baseball.

The game makes thousands to-day where it made twenties in 1890. That, too, goes for McGraw. Baseball to-day is fat and rich and yearns most mightily to be impeccably respectable. So McGraw. A natural born Muggsy he would probably rather be a legitimate baseball Babbitt than anything in the world.

The pugnacious little man's climb from the realm of glorious rowdyism to which he was born to the staid and stodgy front parlor of respectability to which he aspires has not been without its misadventures. His Irish feet have slipped on many a rung. The last and most spectacular of his descents—if you feel that way



John McGraw

about it—into his earlier and more natural manner of conduct, occurred at the Lambs' Club in New York in 1920 when he got into a fist battle with an elderly actor, John C. Slavin by name.

When the fight was over Slavin had a fractured skull. For days he stood better than an even chance of passing out and leaving McGraw in an embarrassing relationship with the prosecuting attorney's office. Shortly after this encounter Wilton Lackaye, also an actor and a Lamb, called on McGraw to remonstrate or commiserate with him,—or both,—and found the Giant leader still in his Muggsy, or pre-Babbitt mood. According to Lackaye, McGraw smacked him on the jaw, whereupon the actor slipped and fractured his ankle and his assailant withdrew. It was really a great period in McGraw's life, for, in a manner of speaking, he licked two men in a few days and that's a record for him.

For this offense McGraw was suspended from the Lambs' club. Immediately after he received notice of his suspension, still being Muggsy minded, he revoked all passes to the Polo Grounds held by members.

Then the Babbitt in him achieved dominance once more and he humbly pleaded for re-instatement to the club, proffering promises of reform with all the abject sincerity of a scared schoolboy trying to talk his way out of a sentence for truancy. He had no chance of being taken back,—but he was. John J. McGraw, gentleman, always gets clear of the unpleasant jams in which Muggsy McGraw, roughneck, is involved.

He is as contradictory as the statement that black is white. In the matter of sentiment for example: Pottering around the Polo Grounds doing this and that, safe on the payroll of the club, are Amos Rusie, Dan Brouthers and Henry Fabian, all old time playing cronies of McGraw who have come upon financially lean days in the dusk of their lives. McGraw looks out for them—and many others of their tribe.

That's one side. Here's the other: George Burns, great outfielder, was, apparently, almost as permanent a fixture on the Giants as McGraw himself. He was always in condition, never made any trouble, was loved by the local fans and still had many good years of baseball in him when McGraw discovered that he could trade him to some small advantage. Away went the faithful Burns, sold down river like any common field nigger. It is said that McGraw wept when he told Burns he would have to leave.

Then there was old Casey Stengel. In the last series against the Yanks that old-timer won the only two ball games that the Giants took with two timely homeruns and got traded for his pains.

"Good thing I didn't win any more ball games for him," old Casey said gloomily when he heard the news. "If I had he'd probably had me sent to jail."

Leaving Washington last fall after the Giants had lost the World Series, McGraw walked cheerfully into the coach where his defeated players were simultaneously going into mourning and out of training.

"Hard luck, boys," he said, grinning. "Don't you care. What's one championship more or less. We've won plenty of 'em and we'll win plenty more. Don't fret about it."

He laughed and joked with them for a time, reminded them that the loser's cut of the gate money was not to be sneezed at, walked up into the next car, sat down beside his wife, laid his head on her shoulder and cried like a hurt child.

There is no man in baseball more coldly, cruelly commercial than John J. McGraw, manager and magnate, and no man more selflessly engrossed in the game for the game's sake than Muggsy McGraw, baseball artist, devotee and missionary.

He is the strictest disciplinarian in either big league and he has had more unruly players than any other manager. The Muggsy in him likes 'em wild and wayward and heavy with hell and the John J. part of his personality sees to it that all the tigers bleat like lambs and wear wool over their striped hides as long as they pace in his cage. He loves to take them tough and tame them and if they don't jump through his hoop their big time baseball finish is quick and sure.

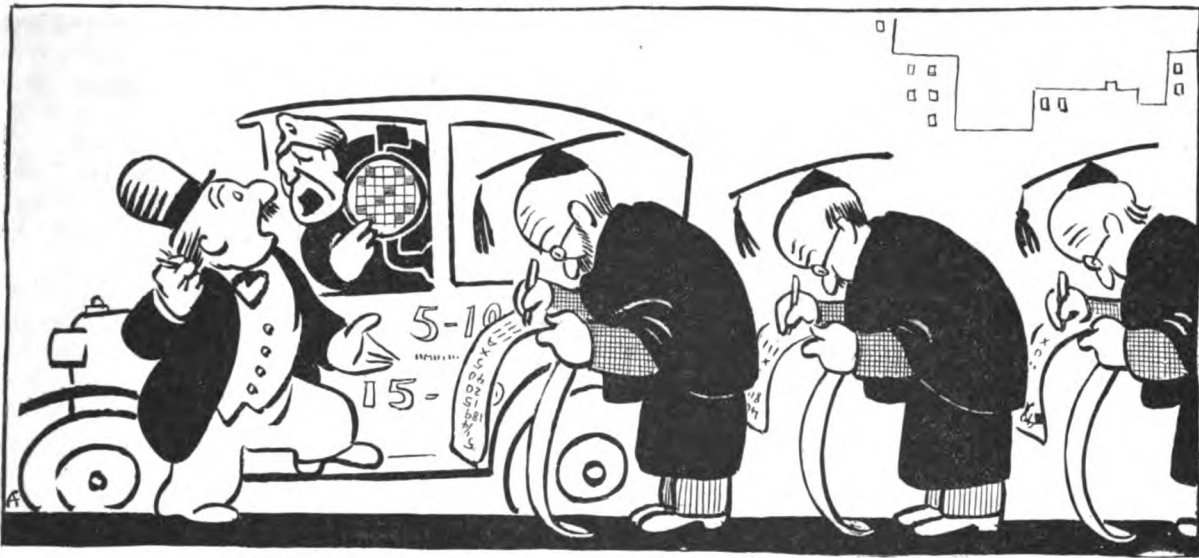
Since he took charge of the ailing Giants in 1902 he has won nine league pennants and three world championships. Muggsy McGraw was a great ball player and John J. McGraw has been—and is—a great manager. He is easy to hate, this short, fat, gray-haired man with a beefy, heavy-jawed face and slitty little cold gray eyes. There are many perfectly good reasons for hating him and many perfectly good people who give themselves fervently to the task.

And, too, he is easy to love, and the many who swear by him have as good reasons for their sentiments as have those who swear at him. None who know him, or know of him, are neutral.

He is a truly great figure, this paradoxical little man who once was gladly Muggsy, a rowdy rollicking good ball player and is now somewhat unhappily but obstinately John J. McGraw, manager, magnate and man about town. Always, as Muggsy or John J., as player or manager, he has been the incarnation of the baseball of his time. In his career and personality he has reflected nearly the best and almost the worst of the game that made him and to the making of which he has in turn so considerably contributed. As McGraw changed so has baseball and as baseball has changed so has McGraw.

Those who worship at the shrine of wealth, efficiency and respectability can applaud the development of both. Some who thrill to raw color in personality and pastime have cause for the shedding of one more tear of regret at the passing of what probably should never have been, but was wild fine fun while it lasted. There was a spicier flavor to the man and the game in the bad old days when McGraw grinned at the shout of "Hey Muggsy" from some bleacherite with a bottle of something better than pink pop in his up-raised hand.





The Taxicab System is Simple to Any Man with a Master's Degree

TEN, TWENTY, THIRT

A GOOD many people are complaining these days that they are unable to figure out the new taxicab rates in New York. That is quite absurd. The new taxicab system is perfectly simple to any man with an ordinary college education and perhaps a master's degree in geometry, although I will be the first to admit that I, who am the foremost algebratician of my time, have met some taxi drivers who were more than a match for me.

A glance through the minutes of the recent Washington Arms Conference will convince the most skeptical reader that there is nothing difficult about the new taxicab ratio. It was at the Arms Conference, you will doubtless not recall, that the 15-5 ratio was agreed upon. Japan agreed to limit herself to two taxicabs; Great Britain agreed not to send more than 2,000 British lecturers to the United States in any one season for fifteen years, and in return the New York taxicab drivers agreed to charge fifteen cents for the first quarter of a mile and five cents for each succeeding quarter. That is why one sees so many "15-5" signs on the taxicabs these days.

Very well, then. We shall assume that you are a stranger in New York, hailing, let us say, from New York, N. Y. You want a taxicab and you won't be happy till you get one. It is well to equip yourself before you start with a brace of good stout pencils, plenty of copy paper and an adding machine. (Any light material will do, and a nine-year-old child can probably stitch the thing together in no time at all, without running the needle through his or her thumb many times.) It is well also to provide oneself with a revolver and an escort of eight stalwart ex-marines, preferably commanded by a full General. Well, at least half-full.

Once in Manhattan it is quite easy to discern the taxicab from its colleague vehicles because the taxicabs are painted in the tints or shades of the six primary colors. Private vehicles, on the other hand, are painted in the shades and tints of the six primary

colors. And if one is color-blind there is always the traffic cop, of course.

Fashion, that fastidious tyrant of civilization, has issued the mandate that taxicabs shall run to reds and yellows this season. Reds are seen in all the shades of that color from emerald to turquoise, and the yellows range from a bright blue to a pale French black.

Now, by the time you have made up your mind that the oncoming vehicle is really a taxicab, it will probably have passed on. So it might be well for the stranger within our gates—at least until he has familiarized himself with the system—to rush out and lie in front of the vehicle, thus forcing it to pause until he has had a chance to examine it. Then, if it proves to be a commercial truck, or even a street car, for they are often yellow, and motormen have been known to look like taxi drivers, he may let it pass and stay there and wait for a bona fide taxicab.

Along comes a bona fide taxicab, let us assume for the sake of argument. It bears upon its facade a legend saying "Great Rate Slash". Pay no attention to this. The driver has a two-day growth of beard. Remonstrate gently with him on this score and present him with a safety razor, if you chance to have one on you. Any standard make will do.

On the hood there will be a sign in large white letters, containing two sets of figures. It may say "15-5" or "20-10" or "50-50" or even "54-40 or Fight." Here is where you use your pad and pencil, which, of course, you find that you have forgotten. You want to find out which taxicab charges twenty cents a mile. Granted. Very well, then, proceed as follows: Take the license number of the car and the license number of the chauffeur and divide by six. The quotient will represent pi. Let X equal 3.1416. Multiply the first of the two rate figures by sixteen and reduce the result to quarts. Reduce the quarts to half-pints and divide the result between the chauffeur and yourself. Then say to him: "Does this cab operate at twenty cents a mile?" And there you have your

answer to one of the great problems of the age!

We will assume that you are standing in front of Cartier's on Fifth Avenue, thinking perhaps some friend may pass by and get the idea you have been making purchases inside. Or perhaps you are standing on the Cathedral steps, thinking perhaps your pastor may pass by and think you have been inside. Granted again. You tell the taxi driver to take you to Central Park West and 108th Street.

"Must you go there?" he asks.

"No," is your answer, "But I wish to."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he pleads, "but I have been in this business man and boy for two years now, and I've taken many a gent to Central Park West and 108th Street, and, sir, *not one of them has ever come out alive!*"

Nevertheless, you insist. The distance is three miles roughly, if you travel over the excavations on Central Park West. Three miles at twenty cents a mile would come to seventy-five cents, which, with the dressmakers' discount, the overhead and maid service added, would amount to a total of eighty cents. Yet the meter reads \$1.20 when the driver says, "Here we are, sir," and lets you out at Broadway and 110th Street.

"Didn't you say this was a twenty-cent taxicab?" you query.

"Why, I never said no such

thing," he protests. "This cab cost a thousand bucks new, on the hoof."

"Don't quibble!" (you are becoming angry at the injustice of it). "I mean twenty cents a mile. Didn't you say it was twenty cents a mile?"

"I said it was twenty cents every *other* mile."

Well, one word leads to another.

"Go on, you bum," you finally tell him. "For two cents I wouldn't give you a nickel!"

He gives you two cents and you don't give him a nickel.

"My father's a policeman," you add. "You better look out."

"Go on!" he jeers. "My father's a postman. He can lick your father."

"He can't!"

"He can!"

"He can not!"

"Can too!"

Finally the driver leaps from the taxi, chips a chip off the tonneau, puts it on his shoulder, and says:

"Knock that chip off my shoulder, I dare you to!"

Then you take out the revolver you brought, because by this time the marine guards have all gone home, and you shoot him dead, and pay him exactly eighty cents. It is quite simple.—*Frank Sullivan*



IN OUR MIDST

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, Mrs. Butler and Sarah Schuyler Butler are expected to return soon from the Bon-Air Vanderbilt in Augusta. They are father, mother and daughter.

The George Ade that got married recently is not the George Ade.

Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs is back from Palm Beach and will sail for Europe in a few weeks. . . . H. L. Mencken of Baltimore is in town for a few days. . . . Sid Ripley entertained the other evening at the Three Hundred Club. A good time was had, etc. . . . Professor E. M. Woolley, of Yale University, arrived in the city, yesterday, to look over a few of our new dramas. . . . Mr. James N. Hill of West Fifty-eighth Street has just purchased a handsome radio set. . . . Tom Eastman of Brookville, L. I. has gone tarpon fishing in the Florida Keys. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewisohn have left town to spend a few lingering Winter weeks at Palm Beach, Fla. . . . R. W. Stevenson of Cedarhurst, L. I. is recovering from a touch of bronchitis. . . . H. Courtney Burr, of East Fifty-fifth Street, cables that he has just arrived in Biskra, Af.

Among the new babies is one the son of Herb and Mrs. Roth.

é Nast gave a dinner for Pola last Friday night and some of

the guests went from there to a costume ball given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

The Damrosches entertained at dinner last Thursday night.

A portrait of Harlan Fiske Stone, by Leo Mielziner, will soon hang at Columbia University.

Mr. Ralph Graves, editor of *World's Work*, who was injured in an auto accident and has been in the Dispensary and Emergency Hospital at Washington for some time has returned to New York. He has recovered entirely. Mrs. Graves is still in the hospital.

Light Women

If I'm laughing,
If I'm light,—
Love me far into the night!
If I'm serious,
If I'm shy—
Kiss me twice and let me lie.
It's the April weather sings
Of the push of hidden springs;
On a solemn August day
What have meadows left to
say?

—*Virginia Woods Mackall*

Florenz Ziegfeld, producer of the "Follies," can now be reached care of the Western Union Office at Palm Beach.

Thomas L. Masson, whose hobby is making young and promising writers famous from pillar to *Saturday Evening Post*, devotes Tuesday of each week to New York, Thursday to Philadelphia, and any remaining days to his literary playground in Glen Ridge, N. J.

Jules Eckert Goodman, the playwright not the matzoths, is collaborating with Montague Glass, also a playwright, on a musical comedy for the Avon Comedy Four.

Al Jolson, recently the star of the recent "Big Boy," is in Atlantic City at this writing, but is planning an early trip to California by way of the Panama Canal.

Horace B. Liveright, publisher and producer, and wife are spending two weeks in Atlanta, Georgia, as the guests of Mrs. L.'s aunt. It is perhaps not generally known but Mrs. L. is a sister of Mary Ellis, the songbird.

Ethel Barrymore has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to permit of a resumption of her tour in "Declasseé." She will be on the road until June.



WE are, to pack the matter into a single word, sunk. Here you are, paying your fifteen cents—and it's just as good as Rockefeller's, too—for the magazine, and turning to the theatrical page, you old flatterer, you, and we haven't got a thing to tell you that would so much as keep you awake. Even if we had a couple of good ones about what Pat said to Mike as they were walking down the street together one day, or about the traveling salesman that came to the crowded farmhouse, things might look up a little. But as they stand now, gypped is what you are. And how.

But, honestly, it isn't our fault. Think how you would feel if a thing like this happened to your own sister. The week's dramatic output has consisted of one (1) play. And what a play that is. Boys, boys, what a play that is.

If we must bandy names about, the little corker in question is called "The Devil Within," and it is the work of Mr. Charles Horan, who, we have heard it said, has been heretofore connected with the movies. This theory sounds reasonable, now that we have seen the drama. The play is produced by the Messrs. Horan and Rock, and gossip further goes on to say that Mr. Horan is the son-in-law of the fortunate Mr. Rock, who is a rich butter-and-silk merchant in his own right. Well, a topic of discussion is never going to be lacking in that family.

We journeyed to the Hudson Theatre—which has housed more than its share of little whales, this season—to see "The Devil Within" with probably the widest open mind to be found in all this fair city. We had heard it was a mystery play, and we are for them. Give us a murder mystery of an evening, and we can make a whole meal off it.

Well, "The Devil Within" turns out to be the one about the rich millionaire, *John Blackwood*, who is discovered in the usual library, stabbed with the conventional paper-knife. A hard man, *Blackwood*,—oh, a hard, cold, grasping man, with a heart of steel and a will of iron. Every member of a large cast, to say nothing of those sensitive souls in the audience who were observing how the part was being played, had a perfectly legitimate reason for killing him. Some day, somebody is going to write a mystery play in which the murderee will be a swell guy, and you will really be all worked up about finding the blackguard that

stabbed him. As they go now, the only apparent reason for discovering the murderer is that he may be presented with a bunch of carnations and three rousing cheers.

There is a sweetly piteous naivete about "The Devil Within" that makes it virtually impossible to do any real crabbing about it. Thus, everybody who has for years been longing to get one good crack at *John Blackwood*—discarded mistresses, illegitimate sons, scheming adventuresses, Kaffir butlers, irritated family lawyers—turns up in the *Blackwood* library with a truly touching lack of explanation. It is as if they used the place as an alley, on their way to the next street. Apparently, all you had to do was sit at a table in *John Blackwood's* library, and all the world would pass you by.

The management implores, via the program, that those who have seen the play won't go running around tattling as to its outcome, so you'll never get a word out of us. We are not one to hiss and tell. Our own theory was that the gentleman had fallen on the paper-knife, and pretty cocky we were, too, about our guesswork, but that got exploded early in the evening. It must be said for the author that he has distributed suspicion so impartially among all those present that for quite a stretch of time we were as good as convinced that we ourself had done the murder, and were on the point of rising in our place and coming clean, then and there. Which would have ended things a good deal sooner, and so spread considerable sunshine.

TO get around to happier things, probably it is no news to you by this time that "The Fall Guy," at the Eltinge Theatre, is an elegant show. James Gleason, long one

of this department's favorite actors, is now firmly enthroned as one of this department's favorite playwrights. In collaboration with Richard Tabor, another actor, he wrote "Is Zat So?"—and yet they say good titles are important!—and now with George Abbot, also another actor, he has written "The Fall Guy." Since these two comedies have appeared, we haven't been talking quite so glibly as we did in the old days, on the subject of the Thespian mind—if, as we used to add coquettishly, any.

So as we were saying, "The

The New Play

THE DEVIL WITHIN. *At the Hudson.*
A peculiarly poisonous version of the old one about the man who gets stabbed in the library with the paper-knife, with suspicion resting on everybody except the maid in charge of the ladies' dressing room.

Fall Guy" is an extremely entertaining comedy, written with a beautiful faithfulness to the language of New York, and finely acted by a company with the minute and heartrending Ernest Truex at its head. It will provide you with a truly satisfying evening. And that is what this country needs.

And They Do Say—

THIS is written to wish a happy birthday to Joseph Schildkraut, the handsome, eventful and gifted young actor who is playing the naughty goldsmith of old Florence in Mr. Mayer's "Firebrand" at the Morosco. The anniversary occurred on Sunday of this week. The press agent called up all the newspapers and asked their dramatic departments to make it a happy one for the young actor by running his picture on the dramatic page.

Presumably this hint from within was in the nature of a cry for help from a management already sorely beset by the storminess of their star. Furious exits, sudden swoonings—these are not unknown in the record of any Schildkraut season. There was, you may remember, a brief time after "The Firebrand" began its prosperous run when the Morosco was closed, due, it was said, to the illness of Mr. Schildkraut. Doubtless he was ill, yet there must have been someone high in the counsels of the management who suspected at the time that the attack of the vapors had been induced by the reviews of the piece in which the kudos had gone rather to Frank Morgan. For when a glimpse of an advance copy of *Vanity Fair*, wherein, under a picture of the romantic *Cellini*, it was mentioned with an inconsiderate accuracy, that Mr. Morgan had run away with the play, hasty steps were taken at the Morosco to have an understudy ready this time.

Brock Pemberton had only the briefest association with Mr. Schildkraut as a star. He signed a contract with him to appear as *Lord Byron* in one of the seventeen plays about Lord Byron that still lie mute in the play agencies of Manhattan. Having tethered, as he thought, his most important actor, he bought an option on the play and began to meditate about the rest of the cast only to learn, with mild surprise that after all, Mr. Schildkraut had been under contract to the

Theatre Guild for "Liliom" from which there was no chance of an escape.

So the matter went before the Equity (which works both ways) and the Equity decided not only that some \$2,000 was due the bereft and injured Pemberton but that he could collect it week by week at the Fulton box office where "Liliom" was playing. After the closing of "Swords" had left Pemberton feeling cross and not indifferent even to \$2,000 he sent a message up to Mr. Schildkraut serving notice of his intention to collect. Then he asked a spy to drop in at the matinee and see if the performance had been affected. The spy drifted in at a scene wherein *Liliom* was not involved so he was forced to ask the house manager if Schildkraut's performance was as smooth as usual.

"Who? Him? Why, he ain't playing at all this afternoon. We're using the understudy."

"Sick?"

"Well, something's the matter. Just before curtain time, a messenger comes to his dressing room with an envelope and after taking one look, he drops in a dead faint."

Then memories of the storms that lowered and burst from time to time through the run of "Peer Gynt" raise an interesting speculation as to whether Louise Closser Hale will include her *Peer* in her party she is planning for all the actors and actresses who have played her sons and daughters in one season or another. The list of guests will be an honor roll of the American stage and include nearly everyone with the exception of James K. Hackett and Baby Peggy. But will *Peer Gynt* be there?

It was during a rehearsal of "Peer Gynt" that Mr. Schildkraut suddenly cried aloud the pain it gave him to associate with so many idiots at once, grabbed his hat and coat, and stalked out of the theatre, suggesting by his manner that he was shaking the dust of the Theatre Guild from his feet forever. There was an ensuing moment of painful silence while the minor members of the cast sat wondering whether this meant they would lose the engagement after all and perhaps be thrown out of their rooms uptown. The silence was broken by Mrs. Schildkraut who rose calmly, adjusted her hat and stole and proceeded to pick her unruffled way to the stage door.

"Well," she murmured in parting, half to them, half to herself, "never a dull moment."

But Think of the Exercise, Mr. Macfadden; Some People Walk a Mile for 'Em

You will not make such an attractive sweetheart, (says Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, warning bad little girls who smoke and read the *Daily Graphic*), and your chances for wifedom—and that divine associate, motherhood—are materially lessened. The natural fragrance of a

wholesome, healthy body is lost, and perfumes of various kinds are used to replace this exquisite aroma.

Don't Say You Weren't Warned

The National City Company advertises in the Fifth Avenue buses:

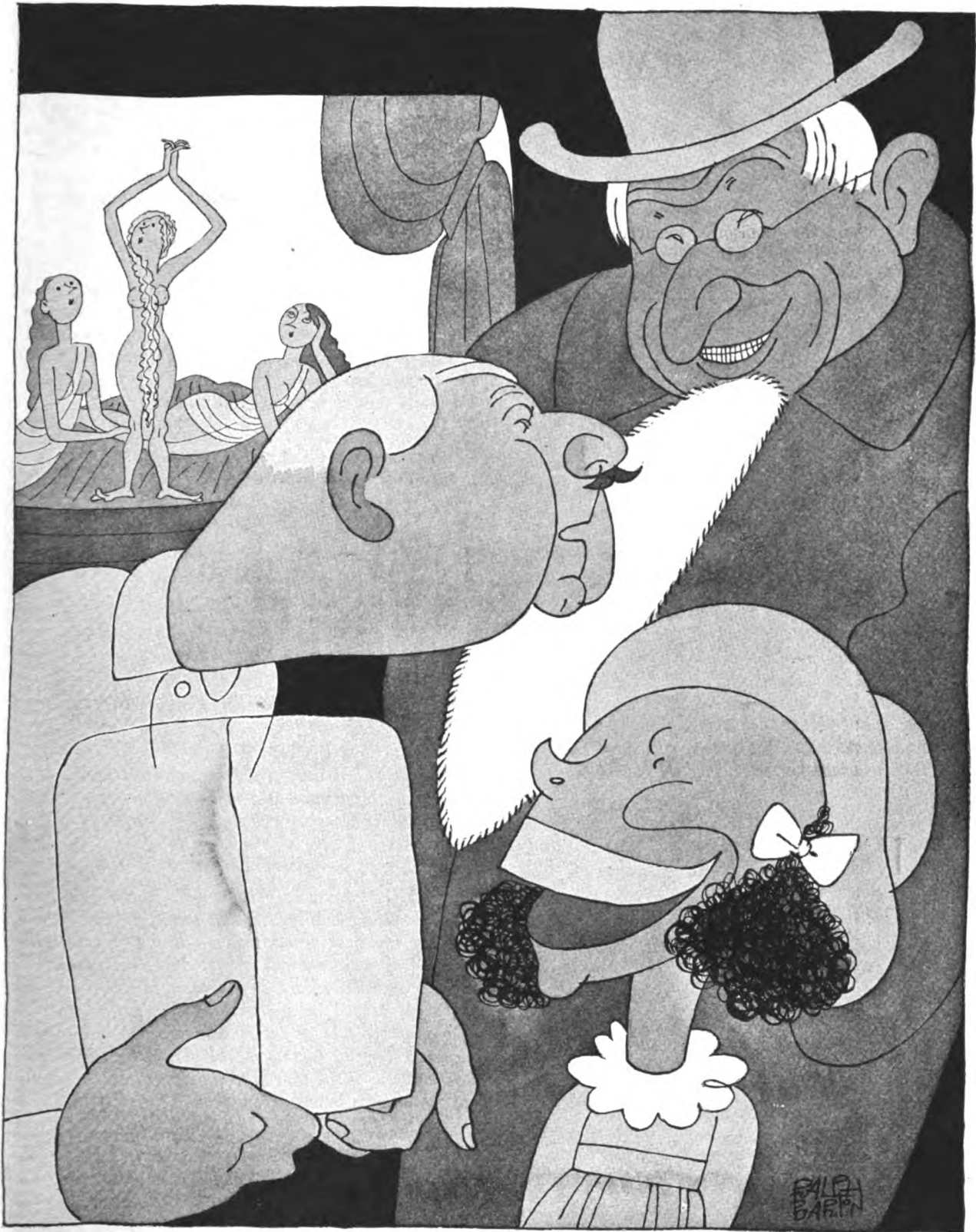
"Ignorance is free and costly. Our knowledge of well-secured bond issues is yours for the asking."

The Spread of Culture

What makes Harold Lloyd stand out from the crowd? . . . In his private library, for one thing, is Dr. Eliot's Five-foot Shelf of Books. . . . Take stars like Rudolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Clara Kimball Young. Was it by accident that they reached the heights they now occupy? In their libraries, too, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-foot Shelf of Books.

—Newspaper Advertisements





GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GUFFAW

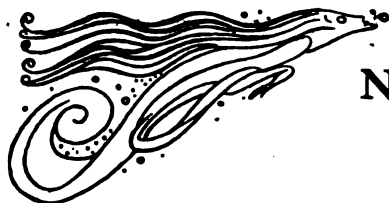
A New Edition of the Follies that is Really New

THE entertainment value of the nude is far greater in theory than in practice. Many a young man with an ambition to be an artist has taken up the study of veterinary surgery after a day in the life-class.

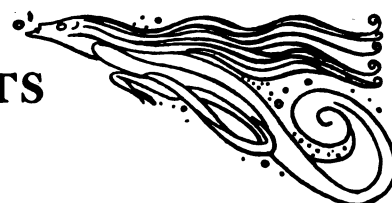
In the latest edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Mr. W. C. Fields does more with a cake of ice than Eve could accomplish in these strange days with a bushel of Newton pippins and Mr.

Will Rogers and Miss Ray Dooley completely eclipse the elegant Ben Ali Haggin tableau with a lot of beautiful tomfoolery. When it comes right down to it, a good laugh is better than a good look.

The head usher reports that all the eyes swept up from under the seats after the performances were lost by the highly respectable gentlemen who would reform the theatre.—R. B.



THE NEW ENGLAND POETS SEE A GHOST



Robert Frost

SHE sat beside the window, sewing. "John."
 "Well, Mary?"
 "Do you know, to-night's a year
 That Henry Bannockburn, our hired man, died."
 "A year? It seems no more than yesterday.
 Time flies."
 "Oh, what a fearful night that was:
 The wind was wailing at our door; the moon
 Was roving through the sky like some lost woman.
 Then suddenly we saw the barnlight flicker
 And finally go out. You hurried . . . John!"
 "Well, Mary?"
 "What's that light there on the stair?"
 "I don't see any light."
 "Just look, it's moving,
 And coming near us!"
 "Mary, are you mad?"
 "John, it's the ghost of Henry Bannockburn;
 His eyes are staring just as when he lay
 Across the barn-floor. John! I feel his hand
 Upon my neck! . . ."
 "There, there, you're all right,
 dear;
 It's only John. Here, drink this glass of water."
 She shuddered, drank the water, smoothed her dress,
 And then resumed her sewing at the window.

Amanda Benjamin Hall

IT came as frigidly
 As unexpected night,—
 A pallid mystery
 Diffusing paler light.
 Lean hands groped at the air
 In search of fugitive
 Vitality; wild hair
 Employed the trees as sieve.
 And strained through each stiff branch . . .
 Ghost, may you breed in scores,
 For having made me blanch
 And roused such metaphors.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

THERE isn't any doubt about the matter
 At all. If you believe in transmigration,
 Well then, so much the worse for you. But listen:
 Why should a soul revisit earth in such
 A vaporous state? You see the fallacy.
 Metempsychosis merely means that death
 Sunder the spirit from the flesh and lets
 The spirit enter in a new-born body.
 In other words, the spirit's never free:
 It leaves one man and goes into the next,
 So that it couldn't ever get the chance

To hound us in this histrionic manner.
 A ghost (you might have guessed it for yourself)
 Is purely the creation of the brain,
 The wilful vision of the psychic eye.
 It isn't even an hallucination,—
 Strange how some clever people think it that.
 Most probably you did the man a wrong:
 The craving for confession makes you conjure
 His image up before you—thus your yearning
 For martyrdom is sated by the pain
 Of guilt that seizes you. . . .

To put it briefly,
 We never see a ghost unless we want to.
 Figure that out and then I'll tell you more.

Mark Van Doren

I NEVER knew that grass could sway
 So slenderly until that morning,
 I never knew that beauty came
 At such slight warning.
 I was beside the fence, you know,
 Smoking my pipe in placid fashion,
 When—through the soft tobacco smoke—
 A ghost, frail, ashen,
 Rose up against the leaden sky
 And trembled near me, hazy, creepy. . . .
 Ho-hum! You must excuse me now,—
 I'm rather sleepy.

Amy Lowell

THE sky was coldly blue with many grim stars
 gleaming boldly. I was seated in my garden,
 wearing my new velvet gown—only \$59.50—when
 I heard a weird sound repeated: *Clank-clank!* I
 started up hastily and saw that a misty form had
 appeared, draped in a swarm of flowing white veils
 that fluttered about eerily and escaped into space.
 Again I heard: *Clank-clank!* Looking further I
 saw that the form moved wearily because of a thick
 chain that was bound to its feet.

Clank-clank! Ah, the pain that passed over its dim
 face. It seemed to petition me for a word before
 it breathed its last sigh. But how could I know who
 the apparition was? Perhaps it was the ghost of
 someone who had wreathed the flowers of my garden
 about her head in hours long gone. *Clank-clank!*
 came the drawn rattle of the chains dragging away.
 I decided there was no use lagging on the bench any
 longer, so I gracefully glided to the house in my
 new velvet gown.

Just before entering I glanced at the sky and noticed
 that all the constellations danced there save Saturn.
 Dog-gone it! what is Saturn for?—EE





IN a careless country owing to a careless language, words are abused. So we don't know what term to use in talking about the show of the seven Americans, presented by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. Certainly modern is a frayed word, full of fury to most but signifying nothing unless you add a dash of Einstein. Your Independent Show may have been modern last week (very little of it was) and your small galleries here and there may lay claim to some modern stuff, but you don't know what the 10 a.m. March 24 interpretation of Modern is until you have dwelt a while with Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove and John Marin. Perhaps March 24 is too conservative a date. A couple of years from now the work of these famous seven may still be classed as pioneer stuff. The main body of the army may have moved up to the point reached by the van by then, but we doubt it.

All searching perhaps, but a pioneering that is beautiful as it goes. Even the forbidding part of the term abstractions is lost when Georgia O'Keeffe lays on the color. Whether it is pure form or whether flower and leaf design, this painter can hold you for as long a time as you want to remain before the glowing, mysterious canvases. We are not liberated enough for more than a smile for the watch springs, saws, files and other media that Arthur Dove utilizes for his compositions, but we can stand all day in awe before his storm clouds and abstractions.

The work of John Marin and Marsden Hartley is more familiar to us so we did not get quite the kick from it we derived from the others. Charles Demuth, Paul Strand and Alfred Stieglitz make up the roster of the seven. What "Processional" is to the current drama this show of the seven Americans is to the orthodox of the brush. You will have all of this week; don't miss it. A maelstrom of genius that will get you one way or another.

If you belong to the category that looks upon water color as the weaker sister of the graphic arts, drop in at the All American water color show now at the New Gallery and be disillusioned. Here is a medium that is too often blah unless handled by a master, being jazzed up to meet the terrific pulse of the times. Most

of the pictures are brilliant and have a singing quality that has usually been left to oils. Some of them are savage and yet even they retain their beauty. This is true of the four by Jan Matulka and Reginald Marsh and a group by Ernest Fiene. There is a strange sunlight that comes off the sea in "The Captain's House," by Edward Hopper; here is water color at its most brilliant. And Miguel Covarrubias (fine American name that) has found America in six studies of Harlem. These have good movement and are as modern as Hugo Gellert.

Pamela Bianca contributes one, too late to be catalogued, an excellent example of her genius. And there are others of top rank, Maurice Becker, Nick Brigante, Homer Boss, George Ault, H. E. Schnakenberg and Carl Sprinchorn. The show will last until the end of the month.



John Noble

First impression upon walking into the Babcock Galleries and seeing the nineteen paintings of Herbert Meyer was, here is another poetic painter. Our eye first fell upon *Happy Day*; its unevenness and soft treatment gave us a glow. Then we followed the show around the wall. The result is rather startling. For a moment you are under the impression that here are a series of studies, each succeeding one pushed just a little further than its predecessor culminating in the finished "*Nymph and Robin*."

His constant use of the same figure in the composition is not warranted. He seems to have been reaching for rhythm; his result is rather one of repetition. One can almost imagine Mr. Meyer winning the class prize for his nude and being highly elated. Perhaps he said to himself "I'll keep that in the picture." But to us his formula was wrong. She is lovely in one picture but not in nineteen. She has that springy o'sullivan step, but she never moves. Sometimes she has a bow in her hands and sometimes an apple, but always she is Mr. Meyer's prize nude, her best foot forward. And a versatile girl she is.

The color of the moderns has swept up from the Waldorf and diffuses itself through the smaller galleries. At the Little Book Store, East Sixtieth Street there is a small exhibition of some of the younger painters which includes several interesting things.



BACK to Europe with royalties, the wages of a guest conductor and a remarkable assortment of epigrams, goes Igor Stravinsky. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Detroit have heard him as conductor or pianist and have seen his orange sweater, the memory of which will linger longer than some of the *opera* of his latest period.

Stravinsky has profited by his visit and his gains are well deserved, but he also has crystallized himself, as it were. No longer is he a mythical Russian, each of whose compositions promises a revelation. He is a living musician, a good conductor as composers conduct, a competent pianist as composers play, and no more of a shock or a surprise than, for instance, Daniel Gregory Mason. His departure is a signal for critical summaries, and critical summaries ought to be reserved only for those whose work is ended. We have seen Stravinsky plain—perhaps too plain!

What, by the way, did Stravinsky do with the resplendent wreath which they handed him as he made his bows at the conclusion of the Metropolitan's revival of "Petroushka"? One of musical New York's finest customs is that of presenting composers with beribboned garlands, and we can't imagine how the recipients dispose of these bulky trophies. Can there be truth in the legend that there is only one such wreath in town and that this is trotted down the aisles whenever a composer appears in person? What would happen to a musician who took the thing home with him?

One of the few singers who have survived an active press campaign is Dusolina Giannini who startled the natives two years ago when she appeared as emergency soloist with the Schola Cantorum. Appearing with

the New York Symphony Orchestra, Miss Giannini proved again that she has as fine a soprano voice as you will hear in any two coons' ages and that she is a natural musician. Her only serious fault is a tendency to swing wildly at high ones, but Mme. Sembrich, the McGraw of vocal specialists, doubtless will show her brilliant pupil how to hit them squarely every time.

When Koussevitzky came to town this Fall, the wise men predicted an end of the Stokowski rage, but standing room for the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts still carries a premium. Stokowski, according to his detractors, makes his appeal with an aureole of blond hair, aesthetic wand wavings, and sartorial splendor. The diagnosis is correct, although it omits such secondary matters as supreme musicianship, sound program building and complete mastery over a brilliant body of instrumentalists.

The sudden if not unexpected demise of "Mandragola," Ignatz Waghalter's opera, was accompanied with new manifestos from the Little Opera of America, promising a variety of light works for the lyric stage. There is room for this enterprise and there are audiences for it, but the entrepreneurs may find it worth while hereafter to devote their energies to enlisting the creative efforts of American satirists and composers rather than to the task of obtaining complimentary statements from writers of realistic novels.

If anyone demands indignantly that names be named, let us suggest Laurence Stallings for the libretto and George Gershwin for the score. Or, if another combination is wanted, Joseph Anthony and Vincent Youmans.



Lyrics from the Pekinese



XVI.

"THE naughtiest works,—it is sad,
But the naughty ones, solely,
Are lavishly praised by the Bad
And discussed by the Holy.
Publicity aids and abets
Immorality's capers;
Whenever Morality gets
All the space in the papers,
Her shrine will have more devotees,"
Said the small Pekinese.

XVII

"Momentous dispatches report
Mr. John Rockefeller
As putting up golf of a sort
That the writers call, 'stellar.'
This game with a sack full of sticks
And a boy to convey it—
A gentleman turned eighty-six
Is the right one to play it;
The young should be still climbing
trees,"
Said the small Pekinese.

XVIII.

"The Ancients were strong for the lore
Of their augurs and oracles:
Before they departed for war
In their galleys or coracles,
They interviewed spirits of Hell
And diviners in bunches;
But we get along quite as well
By depending on hunches,
And don't pay exorbitant fees,"
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman

GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

CANDIDA—Ambassador Theatre

The Shaw comedy and an Actors' Theatre cast; the sum of which equals a grand evening in the theatre.

SILENCE—National Theatre

Max Marcin's melodrama of all the good, wholesome excitement that surrounds the crook with the heart of gold. H. B. Warner plays the golden-hearted one.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre

A densely bedded and highly amusing farce, based on a few of the activities of Benvenuto Cellini out of office hours. And what a base they make.

THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre

A Molnar comedy about one of those husbands who dresses all up fancy, by way of disguising himself to test the little woman's affections. Made entirely diverting by the acting of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

IS ZAT SO?—Forty-sixth Street Theatre

A comedy dealing with a prize fighter and his manager. Pretty ham as far as the plot goes, but aside from that—oh, well, even including that—one of the funniest evenings you ever had in your life.

THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

It has been here over a year, and, to date, no other comedy has come along that can even tie it.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre

Life among the grapegrowers of California; but they can't grow grapes all night. Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett at their respective bests, which is as far from faint praise as the language goes.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre

The United States Marines and that war they were having over there a few years ago, in a great and bunkless play.

PROCESSIONAL—Forty-ninth Street Theatre

John Howard Lawson's magnificent muddle of jazz and realism and expressionism, interpreted by June Walker, George Abbott, and Donald MacDonald.

THE WILD DUCK—Forty-eighth Street Theatre

A fine revival of a great play.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre

George Gershwin's enchanting music, his brother's deft lyrics, the dancing Astaires, and a lot of funny lines. Show us anything fairer than that.

THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

Irving Berlin's music, Fannie Brice, Bobby Clarke, Grace Moore, Oscar Shaw, and fifty or sixty thousand others. So you see.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre

A nice, old-fashioned, solid, practical book, but a charming score and fine voices.

PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre

A revival of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's most delightful, and a pretty swell revival, too.

MOVING PICTURES

THE LAST LAUGH—

The newest German film effort—and a milestone on the road of moving picture progress.—Symphony Theatre, Ninety-six Street and Broadway, Wednesday, March 25, Thursday, March 26, Friday, March 27, and Saturday, March 28. Olympia Theatre, 107th Street and Broadway, and Adelphi Theatre, Eighty-ninth Street and Broadway, Sunday, March 29, Monday, March 30, and Tuesday, March 31.

GREED—

Von Stroheim's attempt to get the stark realism of Frank Norris's "McTeague" upon the screen.—Victorian Theatre, East 180th Street, Tuesday, March 24. No New York showing of "The Goose Hangs High" this week.

MUSIC

FRIEDA HEMPEL—Carnegie Hall

Wednesday evening, March 25. A popular program, but an artistic singer.



AMY EVANS—Aeolian Hall

Wednesday evening, March 25. A newcomer with some of the most remarkable tones you'll ever hear.

JOSEF HOFMANN—Carnegie Hall

Saturday afternoon, March 28. Your last chance to hear the best all 'round pianist of them all.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Metropolitan Opera House

Sunday afternoon, March 29. Still going strong!

ISA KREMER—Carnegie Hall

Sunday evening, March 29. "International ballads," especially in Yiddish. Yvette Guilbert with a voice.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Times Square Theatre

Sunday evening, March 29. Modern music conducted by Maestro Serafin's fine Italian wand.

BENIAMINO GIGLI—Carnegie Hall

Monday evening, March 29. The whole phonograph catalogue of tenor airs in person.

AT THE METROPOLITAN

Wednesday evening, March 25, *La Juive*; Thursday afternoon, March 26, *Die Meistersinger*; Thursday evening, March 26, *L'Oracolo*, *Petroushka* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*; Friday afternoon, March 27, *Pagliacci* and *Coq d'Or*; Friday evening, March 27, *Pelleas et Melisande*; Saturday afternoon, March 28, *Der Freischutz*; Saturday evening, March 28, *Tales of Hoffmann*.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

Philadelphia Orchestra: Stokowski conducting, Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, March 24. (Soloist: Alfred Cortot).

Philharmonic: Mengelberg conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, March 26. Friday afternoon, March 27. (Soloist: Samuel Gardner); Saturday evening, March 28, (Soloists: Marie Sundelius and Mme. Charles Cahier).

New York Symphony: Walter conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday afternoon, March 26, Friday evening, March 27, (Soloist: Roland Hayes); Aeolian Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 29, Walter's season farewell.

ART

SEVEN AMERICANS—Anderson Galleries

Modernism to knock your eye out by Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, Georgia O'Keefe and Alfred Stieglitz.

HENRI MATISSE—Weyhe Galleries

Drawings, lithographs and etchings specially selected by the son of the great master.

ALL AMERICAN TEAM—New Gallery

Excellent water color show by twenty-six expert Americans, all strong stuff sans pansies.

A. SHELDON PENNOYER—Atnalle Galleries

Portraits and landscapes by one of our promising painters.

FRANK GALSWORTHY—Ehrich Gallery

Exhibition of English Garden and flower painting.

OTHER EVENTS

COLONIAL PAGEANT—Town Hall

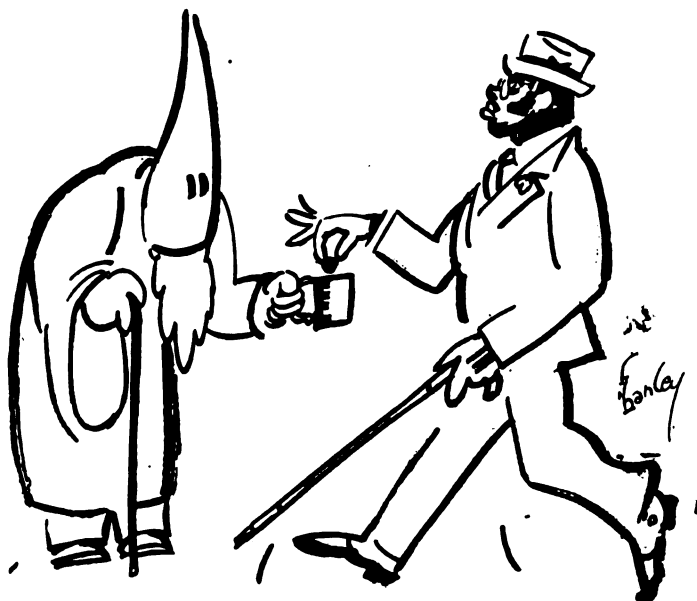
Thursday afternoon, March 26. Under auspices of the Historical committee of Town Hall for the benefit of the Yorkville Free Dispensary. Members of old Knickerbocker families taking part.

THE CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

Opens Saturday, March 28. Last season to be held in historic Garden.

"TEMPLE TOPICS OF 1925"—Waldorf-Astoria

Saturday evening, March 28. Annual revue of the Junior Society of Temple Emanu-El in aid of scholarship fund.



The Last Ku Kluxer

CHAIN DAMNS JEBBIE, HYLAN AND GUMM CO. ARE LINKED

Mayor's Buddy, Resurgent, Has Desk With
Vendors, Is Evidence

"ALL BUNK!" SAYS HIZZONER, IRATE

(Special to THE NEW YORKER)

HARCOURT Y. JEBBIE, who in 1872 was interested in a rubber farm in Guatemala with the well known butterfly, Hebe Jeebie, has turned up again at a desk in the offices of the Chuen Gumm Machine Co., the Chinese corporation which has bid \$150,000,000 for the exclusive franchise to operate chewing gum machines on the Manhattan, Williamsburg and Brooklyn bridges.

The chain of evidence linking the Mayor with the Gumm Company and Harcourt Y. Jeebie, alias H. Y. Jeebie, goes back to 1860. In March of that year Hebe Jeebie, a woman notorious in the night life of Broadway, mysteriously disappeared from her palatial apartment in what was then called the Bronx. A sewing machine salesman named Harcourt Y. Jeebie disappeared with her. A year later Jeebie was found mysteriously drunk by Patrolman Jeebie of the 139th Precinct station at Chatham and Pell streets. He has not since been heard of, but Harcourt Y. Jeebie has. The Chuen Gumm Machine Company, with which Jeebie shares office space, has its plant on the fifth floor of the Jeebie Building at No. ½ John Street. Jeebie's office is at Canal street, corner of Canal street. The telephone number of the Gumm Company is Jeebie 0000, except February, which has twenty-eight. Jeebie has no telephone. He is of a nervous temperament, and says it is quicker to walk. He's damn right it is.

Although Jeebie says he is not connected in any way with the Gumm Company, it is significant that it is a maker of chewing gum machines and Jeebie manufactures battleship turrets.

The switchboard at the Gumm Company's Maiden Lane office on Beaver street bears the number Jeebie

1111, although Jeebie 0000 is correct. The telephone directory shows the listing "Chuen Gumm Mach Co ½ John see City of N Y." Late last night investigators claimed to be unable to find "City of N Y" in the telephone book.

Yesterday the Mayor spelled out the following statement:

"The rumor connecting me with Harcourt Y. Jeebie is bunk. He is not my brother-in-law, nor is he my sister or my cousin or my aunt. This is merely another attempt of the traction barons to put over a five-cent fare, by which they hope to destroy the taxicab business of this city. The Union right or wrong."

Shown this statement, Harcourt Y. Jeebie said:

"The Mayor's statement is pure, unadulterated bunk. I stand on my record."

However, Jeebie had not been found at the time of going to press, although his landlady said he had paid his rent regularly.

Miss Hebe Jeebie, interviewed in her dressing room on the fire escape of the New Amsterdam Theatre, said emphatically:

"The whole thing is bunk!

"The rumor that I am engaged to Mr. Jeebie is bunk! Him and I are merely good friends."

Despite this denial six new chewing gum machines were installed on the Manhattan Bridge yesterday. The machines are equipped with a brass ring attached to each piece of gum, to be snatched by subway passengers as they ride past, as on a merry-go-round. Officials of the Gumm Company refused to comment upon this feature of the Mayor's transit program.

"Bunk!" said officials of the Gumm Company, after reading the Mayor's statement. "The Guatemala incident is all over now. This is a strictly legitimate proposition. Nothing rotten!"

Gumm Company preferred stock soared to a new high of 23 bid, no questions asked, after the interview with Miss Jeebie was made public. It is rumored that Jeebie and Co., stockbrokers, are at the head of a pool to support the stock, but Harcourt Y. Jeebie, president of the company, said this was bunk.

—Baron Ireland



Amateur

My fingers halt and stammer on the keys
And false notes by the dozen fill the air.
The neighbors pound the walls by twos and threes
And tear out (or they're liars) hanks of hair.
Perhaps they're right. They have but mortal ears
That hear no more than blunder and mistake.
But my imagination only hears
The immortal Schumann that my fumbings make.

The Optimist

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

"Save New York Movement" Sweeps Country

THE NEW YORKER is glad to be able to report progress in its campaign to keep the Democratic Convention of 1928 away from New York, at whatever sacrifice. A resolution was recently adopted at a meeting of those New York theatrical managers who made special productions in anticipation of the 1924 Convention trade, promising THE NEW YORKER their support to the end. Active work on raising the \$500,000 fund to be given the Democrats if the Convention is held elsewhere will begin at once.

The movement—regarded as a first step in a comprehensive agitation to save New York, and thus given the title of the "Save New York Movement"—is spreading rapidly to all parts of the country. Dispatches reproduced herewith give some idea of the extent and nature of the agitation stirred up everywhere.



high and adorned with razor-edged spikes was to-day proposed by a group of leading citizens as the best protection against the possibility of holding the 1928 Democratic National Convention in the Diamond City. In the meantime, a committee is stripping the mine chambers of timber and the Democrats are in for a pretty surprise if they persist in what is regarded here as likely to be their certain decision to locate in Wilkes-Barre if the nation's metropolis is denied them.

"It's time New York learned a thing or two," said a Wilkes-Barre high diplomatic official, whose name for obvious reasons must be withheld. "The 1928 Democratic Convention will be held in New York City or it won't be held at all."

A fund of \$40,000 is being raised, and will be distributed at once. We are not too proud to fight.

CALIFORNIANS GREATLY AROUSED

(By Special Delivery to THE NEW YORKER)

San Francisco, March 9.—Great indignation was aroused here by the report that public-spirited citizens of New York are gathering a \$500,000 fund with which to persuade the Democratic National Committee to hold the 1928 Democratic Convention somewhere else.

"Somewhere else," said a San Francisco high diplomatic official, whose name for obvious reasons must be withheld, "means San Francisco."

Committees are being formed and a fund of \$2,000,000 will be raised within a week. A certified check for that amount will then be forwarded to Democratic National Headquarters to keep the 1928 Democratic Convention out of San Francisco.

There is some talk among local hot-heads of reviving the Vigilantes.

KEYSTONE STATE SHARES APPREHENSION

(By Long-Distance Shouts to THE NEW YORKER)

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 11.—A wall forty feet

CHICAGO IN UGLY MOOD

(By Wig-Wag to THE NEW YORKER)

Chicago, March 10.—Chicago is in an ugly mood, after receipt of news that New York is preparing to stave off the 1928 Democratic National Convention at all costs.

"This means," said a Chicago high diplomatic official, whose name for obvious reasons must be withheld, "that the convention is headed for Chicago. What Chicago needs right now is another Mrs. O'Leary. We have a stable."

Subscriptions are being received for a fund of \$3,000,000, which will be divided pro rata at the proper time.

EARL CARROLL GETS INTO CONTROVERSY

"I'm glad to see the Democratic Convention of 1928 isn't coming to New York," said Earl Carroll yesterday. "This will make more seats—matinees Wednesday and Saturday—available for patrons of 'The Rat,' at the Colonial Theatre, a show which has appeared in all the departments of New York newspapers. I am prepared to go to jail."

Read Next Week's NEW YORKER for Developments in THE NEW YORKER'S Campaign to Save New York



The Raw Material and the Finished Goods

The Innocents at the Theatre

(The curtain has descended on the first act.)

WELL of all the filth I ever heard, this is the positive limit. How do they get away with it? It's honestly so raw that I'm darned glad we didn't urge Nash and Edgar to come with us. Aren't you?"

"I'll say I am. I wouldn't feel comfortable for a minute if Nash were with me. But my dear, if you think this is rough you should see 'Garbage.' They certainly call a spade a spade in that play. Absolutely nothing left to the imagination. A lot of the dialogue though meant simply nothing to me. I kept annoying Nash about half the time by asking him what it was all about."

"I know, that's the way with most of the plays this year. I went to one the other night and my dear, while I realized that it was pretty high, much of it didn't shock me because I hadn't the faintest idea what the people on the stage were talking about. Edgar always tells me he will explain afterward and

then he pretends he doesn't remember the part I ask him about. Isn't that the most exasperating thing?"

"That's just the way with Nash, but we're probably just as well off. What we don't understand won't hurt us. I'm sort of funny about such things anyway. This sort of play is supposed to be smart, but way down deep in my heart I really prefer a sweet, old-fashioned play like—let me see—well—'Rosemary' or 'Little Women.' Don't you?"

"I certainly do. I adored both of those. I loved the plays of fifteen years ago so much better. If it weren't that the people near us might think we were prudey, I'd suggest getting out now. I know it's going to get *much* worse in the next act."

"I suppose it will, but we may as well stay. We're wedged in so and I always hate to make people uncomfortable by crowding by them before a play is over."

"So do I. We might as well make up our minds to grin and bear it. (Silence for a moment.) I wonder who the mother of the mulatto child really is. It can't be the school mistress do you think so?"

—C. Knapp

Tickets, Please

Department stores to sell railroad tickets.

—News Item

WELL meaning lady: "Let me see some round trip tickets."

Salesman: "North, east, south or west?"

Lady: "I—er—I don't know. What are those little pink ones with the mauve lettering?"

Salesman: "Those are our Boston locals—\$6.98."

Lady: "C. O. D.?"

Salesman: "No, madame. Not during the sale."

Lady: "What have you a little nearer home?"

Salesman: "Here are some fine values in Utica expresses. The 12:03 is our best seller at \$7.35, although many customers prefer the 4:37 at \$8.21."

Lady: "That's a little more than I care to pay. Haven't you something around \$5.?"

Salesman: "How about a Philadelphia local?"

Lady: "No. I've been to Philadelphia. What are those?"

Salesman: "Manhattan Transfers—35 cents each, three for a dollar."

Lady: "Let me have three—fresh ones, please."

NEW YORK, ETC.

Points West

OLD Jim Hill—Werner could write a good obit of him—is still a robust memory in these parts. At the Minnesota Club, St. Paul's Union League, they were sitting about the fire on inauguration day discussing Cal's speech which had come over the radio, when talk drifted inevitably to Jim Hill.

It seems that in the big blizzard of nineteen hundred and something, none of the northern transcontinental roads had been able to get a train through for a week. The delay of the mails had become serious and Roosevelt wired Jim Hill that if his Great Northern didn't get the U. S. mails through within twelve hours it would be subject to a fine of a million dollars a day.

Hill wired back that the government could have the Great Northern as a gift with the understanding that it should forfeit a million dollars for every day that it failed to move the mails across the divide.

Every veteran section boss on the Great Northern has his Jim Hill story. If Werner would ride up and down the line and jot them down he would about have the makings of the book.

The B. & O. is our favorite railroad, though. But the Pennsylvania gets the most trade. It is more in keeping with the age we live in. It retains a publicity engineer to write pithy testimonials about itself on the menu cards and it has a boastful slogan—"Standard Railroad of the World." Its employees reflect this condition. They pass through the dining cars with their caps on.

In Fargo, North Dakota, the word moonshine is condensed, for the busy man, to moon.

—Quid

Boston Notes

FRANK A. GOODWIN, registrar of Motor Vehicles and president of the Moral Highways League, has issued the following prophecy: "The time is coming when it will be necessary to have a highway inspector and a police-

man examine every driver who attempts to leave a roadhouse after a Saturday night party and, if they are not sober, refuse to allow them to move their car." Massachusetts, that she stand!

Jim Curley, Boston's popular Mayor, and the light-heavyweight public speaking champion of New England, is back at his desk after a few weeks in Florida. Though successful in forgetting many of the cares of State, he did not let Washington's Birthday pass in silence. He found an opportunity to hold forth to a crowd of tourists and natives. One little old gentleman in the audience was so impressed at Jim's patriotic eloquence that he came up to the platform, shook the Mayor's hand and quickly toddled away. Jim naturally asked who it was and his surprise can be imagined when a bystander advised that it was Mr. John D. Rockefeller. What price Hylan now?

A. Lawrence Lowell, the man who made business a profession, remarked in public recently that Harvard now boasted the best law school, the best business school, and the best college in the country. Columbia let his first imputation pass; not even Yale rose to the third, but the second remark is likely to mean the final severance of athletic relations with the J. Berg Esenwein School of Short Story Writing.

Harvard's failure to honor the Four

Marx Brothers with LL.D. degrees is not the fault of their press agent. Ever since "I'll Say She Is" ventured upon its return engagement to Boston, the papers have been full of all sorts of strange news. First there was the story on the Hub society belle, Miss Evelyn Gardener, whose publicity value transcends her ability as a danseuse. Then there was the story of how the prima donna changed her name from Lotta Miles to Carlotta Miles, even though the revised version has thirteen letters. This important news was followed by a denunciation of marriage by the one bachelor Brother. After this, of course, journalistic chivalry required that each of the three others be given space for rebuttals. The latest dope is that Harpo is trying to raise his family's intellectual batting average by reading. "The Green Hat" between scenes. Michael Arlen's publisher may be responsible for this report.—Cabot O'Toole

Architectural Doings

A LONDONER declared the other day that the design of our business and commercial structures is so far ahead of those of London that "our buildings are not on the same street as yours." He said, also, that American influence is making itself felt in England and that he looks forward to better things in the architectural line soon. Already Harvey Corbett, president of the Architectural League of New York, has designed and had erected one of the outstanding buildings of this type in London, and plans and designs have just been made public of another, in which Thomas Hastings, of Central Park War Memorial fame, is a collaborator.

London, however, may be jolly well proud of the fact that British influence has had much to do with the success of American architecture. Finchley's new building on upper Fifth Avenue, for example, might have been transplanted intact from Charing Cross or Regent Street, so true is it to English ideas of design. But modern American materials take the place of the old English products, for even the half timbers are of composi-



Snake-Charmer Assisting the Fire Department



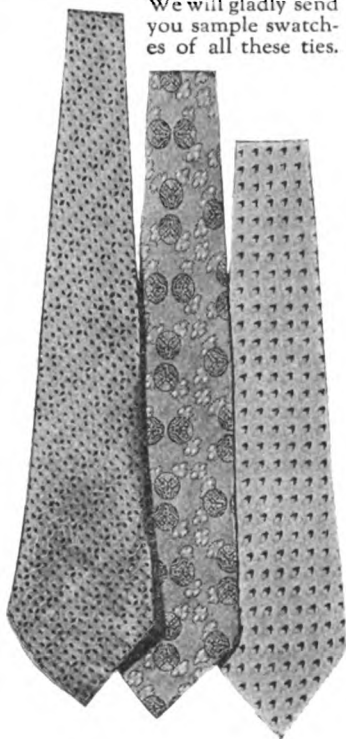
"Oh, to be
in England"—

now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

BUT if you can't shop in the West End, at least you can come to Cruger's, which is "Just Like London."

We have just received a shipment of stunning new English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English Gum Twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks promise to be more popular than ever. These may be had for \$1.00.

We will gladly send you sample swatches of all these ties.



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

tion. Beverly S. King, the architect, has truly Americanized the old Tudor.

S. Jay Kaufman of the *New York Telegram-Mail* recently invited his contribs to write him what, in their minds, is the finest building in New York City, and why they think so. Raymond Hood's black and gold American Radiator Building won. The reasons given stressed the point that, on account of the striking combination of materials and their color used in its construction, together with its design, personifying the product of the owning company, the advertising value of the building is tremendous. It may be the finest building in the city. There is no doubt that as an advertising medium it is, but, for that reason alone it can never be the finest building in New York. It must be fine, as an architectural design, first. We think it fine, too, but not the finest in the city.

The interior of the first floor of one of the new office and loft buildings in the West Forties has been converted into an Italian "piazzetta" for use as a coffee house and tea room. It looks like an old Italian village scene. And a most attractive place to eat. So it might be said that the interior decorations of this place are exteriors. The romantic atmosphere of old Italy is thick, recalling the stage sets of "The Miracle" of last year. Baker & Cromwell, a new firm of young blood, are the architects, and they have brought authentic details of Italy into the scheme, from the stucco walls and tile roofs to the brilliantly colored articles of wearing apparel which flutter from the iron window balconies, and the push cart which stands against the wall. The authenticity of the push cart cannot be questioned, for we have it from Mr. Cromwell that it came all the way from Hester Street.

—R. W. S.



Washington

THE story is coming to light of the time the Dutch legation asked the newspaper correspondents to a party in honor of themselves. Which was wholly regular, because it is a diplomat's business to keep on the good side of the newspaper boys. But the Kingdom of the Netherlands maintains one of the quieter of the diplomatic establishments. Slow, you might say. So there was talk around the Press Club as to just how large the turnout would be.

Still a good many showed up. Each arrival was received with elaborate formality which is another thing that annoys reporters. The scene within was depressing. Drawing room dotted with masculine groups in dress suits. W. J. Bryan beaming from group to group. The only

fluid in sight was in an enormous punch bowl flanked by two unidentified men in uniform who stood like statues. Slices of lemon floated idly on top.

Presently one correspondent who was just plain thirsty—for water or anything—presented himself before the punch bowl. Greatly refreshed in mind and body he came away and joined a group which chanced to include Mr. Bryan. By further chance this whole group drifted over toward the punch.

The first glass was for Mr. Bryan. The Commoner carried it to his lips, and with a startled expression set it down again unquaffed save for a single swig.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Bryan vanished—from the punch bowl corner, from the drawing room, from the royal legation. But the loss had its compensations. The contents of the punch bowl assayed, by palate analysis, about 96 per cent of Holland gin.

Sixteenth Street at 7 o'clock A. M.

Ring at the door of "Ted" Clark, personal secretary to the President.

Someone to see Mr. Clark, who is just fairly getting under way at the business of sleeping; social burdens are heavy upon a President's secretary.

Groans from Mr. Clark.

"But it's the President!"

Mr. Clark at the door.

The President: "Was walking out this way; never had called on you before, so thought I'd drop in."

Midday for Mr. Coolidge. Just seven o'clock in the morning for Washington.

Bad blood between certain statesmen and newspaper correspondents in general is always a part of the Capital scheme of things. Some of the former take occasional flings at the writers. The latter seldom get a chance to strike back.

Jim Reed, Senator from Missouri and "Saw Voiced Raven of the Kaw" to his constituents, told a banquet gathering a few nights ago that propaganda against the Senate was being promoted by "twenty-five-dollar-a-week scribblers who never get anywhere."

Frederick William Wile, veteran correspondent, got invited to speak at a medicinal dinner a night or so later. Wile told the doctors that the printers' ink "wasted" by the "twenty-five-dollar-a-week scribblers" was relied upon by the "\$10,000-a-year babblers" to keep their political vascular systems going.

"And, besides," cracked Wile, "we cannot raise our own pay."—A. B.



A Southern Point

MIAAMI appears to be leaping along as America's winter playground. Palm Beach is undoubtedly more ultra but, even in this, Miami is putting up a

neat argument. The Miami Jockey Club, where the racing season is just ending, has been a panorama of notable folk. Between \$60,000 and \$90,000 is bet on each race. The gold fields of '49 had nothing on this.

There are dozens of night resorts in and about Miami. The Club Lido, with its organization from the New York Lido, is a popular smart place to dance. Out at the Silver Slipper, a much more popular priced resort, Fritzi Scheff, once the famous Broadway idol, is to be heard in songs. There is a note of pathos in hearing "Kiss Me Again" under these circumstances, for Miss Scheff is just part of a cabaret bill. Also on the bill, as an "extra added attraction," is Evan Burrows Fontaine. Time does funny things.

Just as there is heavy betting at the Jockey Club, so too, does betting enliven Jai-Alai, the fast Spanish ball game, which is highly popular in Miami. We wouldn't be surprised to see Jai-Alai imported to New York before long. It's a speedy sport.

Greyhound races, too, are popular in Miami, being run over a special track at night. You can get your fill of betting at this sport, as well.

We were reminded again of the tricks of time when we glimpsed Joseph Jefferson's old houseboat, rotting away at anchor up the New River, above Fort Lauderdale. The famous home of the creator of *Rip Van Winkle* was once the center of many news dispatches, when President Cleveland was a guest of Jefferson.

Fanny Ward, accompanied by her husband, Jack Dean, has been the center of much interest in Palm Beach. Blonde, petite, and as youthful appearing as of yore, she dances as blythly as any beach flapper. At any rate she was still doing it at 4 A. M. to-day.—F. S.

The Last of The Borgias

THE last of the Borgias was at work in his secret laboratory in the depths of a mouldy and otherwise deserted building. At times he would pause to listen for the tread of footsteps on the stone paving flags high overhead; but anon would return to his alembics and crucibles, perhaps to throw a fresh fagot on the failing fire, or to stir with an iron ladle the foul and deadly mixture that bubbled unceasingly in the great retort swung over the glowing coals.

He was a man in the prime of life, black browed and swarthy, with sharp, cruel teeth and eyes as malignant as the eyes of the spiders that watched him from the walls and ceiling of his subterranean

work room; and the ruddy firelight cast his features into high relief and caused his shadow to assume gigantic proportions as he moved about his ill-omened and occult business.

Oftimes he muttered a formula that was old when men first discovered the powers of spells and incantations, and again made cabalistic motions above the noxious brew, testing and retesting its potency as he hummed a song of hate and vengeance once sung by his ancestors among the rocky fastness of the Abruzzi. The song over, he took a flagon of amber crystal from a dusty corner, laved it in clear water and filled it with the liquid he had distilled from the mixture in the huge retort.

"Sancta Maria! I make-a da best hooch in Noo'York!" said Tony Di Borgia.

Secrets of the Theatre

AN automobile off-stage, if it is supposed to be a Rolls-Royce, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine* in full blast. (Cf. the automobile off-stage in "Dancing Mothers.")

An automobile off-stage, if it is supposed to be a Ford, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine in full blast. (Cf. the automobile off-stage in "They Knew What They Wanted.")

A motorcycle off-stage, if it is supposed to be the kind the army had, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine in full blast. (Cf. the motorcycle off-stage in "What Price Glory.")—R. S.

* For the benefit of readers who are city-bred, a threshing machine in full blast makes exactly the same kind of noise as is made by an automobile off-stage.

In Re Joke

THE NEW YORKER:

Dear Sir:—If you ever buy jokes, I can send you some corkers. I make them all up myself, and if you pay right we can do some business together.

Somebody gave me your address and said you were always on the lookout for good stuff, so I will break the ice by sending along my first one.

I will look for it in your next issue, and of course, if you run it, I will expect you to pay my regular price which is a dollar a joke, no joke. The joke is as follows:

The Optimist

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

This is a golf joke, but maybe you will run it anyway.—Wallace Cox

P.S.—It is just as good the other way around.

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STREET AND No.....

CITY AND STATE.....

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



LAURENCE STALLINGS is back in New York, his four weeks' combined vacation-from-the-World-and-invasion-of-the-movies having ended. King Vidor, the director, made the journey to Manhattan with Stallings and they spent the cross country hours working out details of a movie script.

Stallings made his trip to Hollywood because the movies wanted "What Price Glory." Then the Metro powers—that be got a bit cold to the war drama and Stallings suggested a brand new story.

Everyone seems to like this new story and it will be produced by Vidor. It will have a cynical slant upon war, as might be expected. (Admiral Plunkett, please note). Or, as they diplomatically say in Hollywood, it will deal with heroism rather than patriotism. In reality, it is the story of a Southern boy, something of a drifter, who enlists—and comes back from the front worse than ever, his remnants of morale broken down by the war. Both Stallings and Vidor say the film will tell all this relentlessly. There will be no glamor of war. The nearest the hero comes to the heights is cleaning out a barnyard in France.

This Vidor, by the way, is one of the few highly promising young American directors. He has been revealing promise since he made a singularly fine—and unsuccessful—picture called "The Jack Knife Man." In those days he was a film adventurer on his own. He lost his money and turned to commercial promoters just as the Hollywood business men began to feel like turning to Art. So Vidor is being given more and more latitude at the Metro studios.

Vidor is going to do the Stallings script, which will be interesting food for study when it reaches Kansas and the hinterland.

Richard Barthelmess is in Cuba now, having completed "Soul-Fire" with a Florida key acting the rôle of a South Sea isle. Barthelmess is going to do the Belasco-Osborne comedy of a gob, "Shore Leave," next and the Navy has invited the young star to be its guest upon the battleship New York.

Speaking of Barthelmess reminds us of another young star, once his rival and highly popular but now far from the top of the histrionic heap. This star has been trying to do a comeback for some time and seemed on the verge of stepping up a slip-

pery rung or two when his producer died suddenly. Now he has signed with a small company to do his old style of stories. Meanwhile he has been skating along the edge of bankruptcy with even his car in hock.

Alas, his bathing pool, once so populated with celluloid luminaries, is deserted. Hollywood won't return until it is sure he is going to be successful again. There are too many other pools, anyway.

Cut Out the Favoritism

I THINK it's unfair. I know it's unfair. Here we New Yorkers have been song-plugging for dear old Dixie ever since Alabammy was invented, but everybody seems to think geography has gone bankrupt north of the Mason-Dixon line. And Mammy! Aren't there any other female relatives who need publicity? So I've written a song, and I'm going to get Al Jolson to sing it if I have to use lethal weapons:

Way up yonder in VER-mont State,
Where the frost comes early and lingers late,

Where sometimes the residents
Turn into Presidents,

And maple trees are chuck full of sap:
I want to be there 'mid the mountains Green,

I want to be there and drive an ox team,
I just wanta huddle,
I just wanta cuddle,

In my dear old great-aunt's lap.

O my Green-Mountain, queen-mountain,
old Great Aunt;

Take—your—place—no—other—one—
can't!

I could eat your doughnuts,—I could eat
your pie,

I could drink your cider till the clouds
roll by.

I love to hear you sing with the loud
pedal on;

I love your "Gosh!" an' your "Wal, I
swan!"

I used to talk too much, but you made me
what I am,

And now I do my chores as silent as a
clam.

I remember how you fed me when I was
a little chap,

And explained to me that icicles are better
food than pap.

I was always good at lovin', but you learnt
me how to hate,—

Way up yonder in VER-mont State!

—Etsain Shrdls

The Hunt

An Episode in the Motorized Millennium

It was early in the morning—the late milkmen were still about—that the huntsmen in their scarlet cars assembled at a downtown rendezvous. The city was quiet, its streets deserted as usual. But that was no indication that a good day's sport was not in store. It was just the fine weather to catch a strong, fast pedestrian away from his lair.

Soon the Master of Motorcycles rode up with his snorting, popping pack. They fairly quivered to be off. He must indeed be an agile jay-walker who could double back on them or shake them off his trail once the view halloo was given.

The Master of the Hunt blew a blast on an old fashioned automobile horn. Claxons echoed him in a mighty chorus. With a grinding of gears, they were off.

Back from the van came the well known hunting cry, "Tally ho!" A crafty old pedestrian had been viewed trying to sneak across the street. The music of the pack rose. Every huntsman stepped on his gas. "Tally ho!" they shouted; likewise, "Allay-ooop!"

It was a great run. Such a foxy, determined pedestrian was seldom started, for the city had nearly been hunted out before true motoring sportsmen had established game laws. Up alley, down lane he dashed. He hurdled stoops and benches. He shyly tried to elude his pursuers by lurking for a time on sidewalks and safety isles, but the minute he stepped off they were at his heels. Never was such a ruse as his lope through a small park where many of the huntsmen came a cropper when their mounts refused trees.

Just as the motorcycles were upon him, he dived down a subway entrance.

"Gone to earth!" the huntsmen groaned.

But recovering their spirits, they shouted after the gallant pedestrian:

"Well run, old fox! Get you next time!"—Fairfax Downey



Jottings About Town

By Busybody

Living has become so expensive that many a man is wondering how he's going to raise the rent for his other apartment.



Certain stores on Broadway are selling theatre tickets for many plays at reduced prices to those who give the secret password.



A good many automobiles of foreign make are running up and down Fifth Avenue.



Bessie Glotz, of the Bronx, visited the permanent waver's Tuesday.

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BOOKS



SO far as we know Franz Molnar's writings, he is, from "The Devil" on, as incorrigible a stunt performer as the deified O. Henry—and a very much bigger and better one. Of an ingenious idea, smart characterization, and the kinds of pathos and cynical humor that always go together, he makes a firework. We have yet to see one we won't sit up for.

You may say he has more cleverness than solid sincerity. So he has. When we are sitting up, we want an entertainer to be clever and let who will be solidly sincere, which except for a Class A talent means, be dull.

"Prisoners" (*Bobbs-Merrill*), the first of his novels to come out over here in translation, is less stunty than his well known plays. Yet this is it: a correct young barrister, duly engaged to a sweet and sheltered infant, gets as his maiden client a diversely experienced shopgirl, who loves him and robbed the shop's till to make a hit with him. Her love is indomitable. It entwines him from her cell until she has him, in spite of his fiancée, several other people, and himself.

How capitably this goes off! How good the characters are!—right down to Miss Bella, the chorine and Mr. Kore the shopkeeper, briefly sketched. The only thing the matter with "Prisoners" is that you finish it in an hour.

Meade Minnegerode's "Lives and Times" (*Putnam*) is hereby recommended with enthusiasm. He is a young American player of the Lytton Strachey game, and a good one. If he keeps on playing it, he may come nearer to Strachey's special mastery, that wonderful simplification that looks so innocent and is so deep, and he may get more of his restraint and finesse in side remarks, but we hope he doesn't lose his own delight in color and atmosphere. His subjects are Jumel, General Eaton of Barbary adventures, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet. Our favorites are the last two, and we liked the Eaton least, or perhaps it suffered from a really unfair comparison with Strachey's Gordon. Anyhow, this is the life, at the indoor sport of historical portraiture.

What makes Elmer Davis's yarns worth while from any point of view is that they are the dear old serializable, screenable stuff, de-bunked. His "The Keys of the City" (*McBride*) has components, neatly assembled, as familiar as yellow taxis. But

the worthy in it don't triumph by right of virtue—they just happen to, everything is agreeably suffused with a dry humor, and despite some over-writing the story is good entertainment.

As a little lad, we promised our pastor never to comment on any book that we hadn't read through. Little lads are so rash. About half way through A. Hamilton Gibbs's novel "Soundings" we found out what John Farrar means by praising its emotional quality—for at that point feeling, syrupy but genuine, does pour down its pages and sluice its characters along. But except for the dear old dominie's crayon likeness hanging over us, we shouldn't have reached that point.

When the presumably intelligent brothers Gibbs, bar Philip, muse on purity and the blindness of virtue—for the former of which, by the way, we have due respect—the fictional product seems to be an idiot asylum in a vacuum. The inmates of this one think in soliloquies, and one of them, the girl, at nineteen says, "Dad, I'm old enough to have a child, aren't I?" And that's not the half of it. An honest human problem is met with and amiably sidestepped. Grant Overton calls this one of the year's important novels. We didn't find out what *he* means. Some stern person ought to ask him.

A wretched piece of business writing, though a stimulus to fiction, is "Form 1040, Individual Income Tax Return," by Andrew W. Mellon (Happy Home Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.) Probably Secretary Mellon himself didn't write it, for all these little things by big business men are written by Samuel Crowther. But Samuel's style as a rule is notably clear. He can do better than this blank production's hoop-snake ambiguities. Next time, he must.

Herbert S. Gorman's "Gold by Gold" could be dismissed cavalierly by saying that unless you can read James Joyce and abstruse D. H. Lawrence you can't read half of it, and that if you can, there is no special reason why you should. Gorman splashes away with borrowed comets' tails and a gorgeous palette of his own, and here and there does achieve beauty. He is suffering from the steeping in "Ulysses" that resulted in his good book on Joyce.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Volume Three of the Great American Novel by this author.

THE CONSTANT NYMPHS, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). "Bohemian" composers, a magical girl-child and other delectable things.

PRISONERS, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Noticed in this issue.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). A simple story, containing the whole of a girl neurasthenic's transfiguring fall in love.

SEGELFLOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The "Vanity Fair" of a small north Norway seaport.

SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Selzer*). We revelled in parts of it—and Gosh, how we hated it!

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). The stepchildren are a white missionary's descendants by a Hottentot.

THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). The human comedy of the loss of a modern Lost Tribe.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). It turns the White Man's Burden in that empire inside out.

SHORT STORIES

TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four, last to be published, but not least of Conrad's works.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Noticed in this issue.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Verse: episodes in the days and fancies of a three-year-old boy. Irresistible.

JOHN KRATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes, with which not even her coldest critics can find much fault.

MARBACKA, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). The long-ago recollections of this lovable Nobel Prize winner.

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). Out of the next hundred people you meet, we don't suppose more than five score will be able to tell you who Will Rogers is.

PUGILISM

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). It turns out that this autobiographer was distinguished as a pugilist.

How to Make a Fortune

CONSULT one of the reliable financial rating books and compile therefrom a list of philanthropically inclined millionaires. Strike off all the names except those with unmarried daughters. Now purchase one pair golf stockings, one pair white linen golf knickers and a pail of hair grease. Use the grease liberally, and get a job as a bond salesman.

Join a country club and honor with your intentions the wealthiest girl on the porch. Marry the girl and have your father-in-law's dowry check certified. Buy a beautiful home, three cars and a yacht.

Introduce your wife to your wealthiest friend and leave on a business trip for three weeks. Upon your return, sue for divorce, naming your friend as co-respondent. When you get your divorce and \$500,000 damages from your friend, sell the home, automobiles and yacht. Move to Texas, and go into the fur business.—A. L. L.

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—Heywood Brown—New York World

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"THE WILD DUCK"

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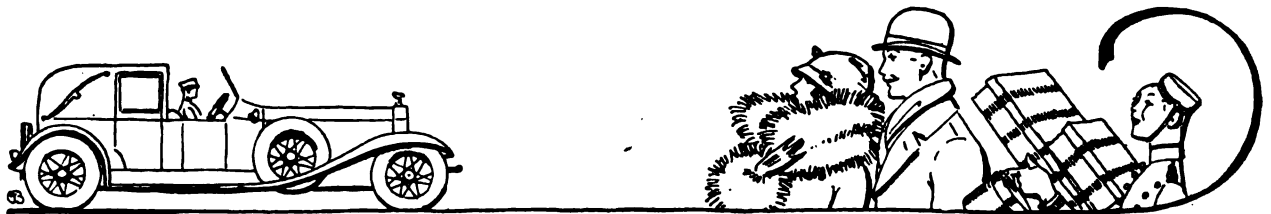
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Inspiration

FOR many years the Poet had starved in his garret, emaciated and pale, but producing the sheer, shimmering visions that had won him Fame at last. Now he had arrived! He had been asked to appear before the Lady's Guild. "Speak to us," they had written, "speak on inspiration!"

"Whence comes inspiration?" he asked as he mounted the platform. "Whence come these spots of color that dance before my eyes? Whence the color of the rose, the breath of the orchid, the sheer svelt of the pansy? Ah, whence indeed? Inspiration," he sighed, "comes from within."

"But isn't he homely, though!" whispered the ladies. "His face is blotched, his eyes are yellow and jaundiced, and his complexion is distinctly unpleasant. We won't ask him again."

"It was indeed my sorry complexion," concluded the Poet when they did not applaud. "I shall go to a doctor and he shall make me beautiful."

So he went to a doctor, who examined him and told him that his liver had been out of order. And he gave him some pills to improve his complexion.

Six months later the doctor met the Poet on the street. He was delivering butter and eggs.

"Well, did I cure your liver?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," sighed the Poet, "and now I can't write any more poems."

—Corey Ford

A Waitress in Child's

Heavy, yet carrying it with a certain light grace,

Like a brewery truck on wire wheels;
Faint flush that seems a bit too steady, and hair that glows a bit too golden,
Yet a pair of blue eyes that are frank and cannot be altered.

Heavy yellowish beads, capable hips, short white skirt, sullen low black shoes . . .

And you bend above me suddenly to catch my order,

And just as suddenly I cease smiling and analyzing you,

And start, and stammer an order I do not want, and mop my face when your blue eyes have left me.

Representative Stalker of our native State is still trying to get jail sentences for all prohibition law violators. But who would be left then to bring in the cake and cigarettes on visiting day?

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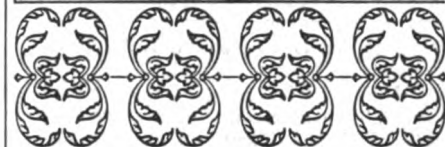
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SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

ITS CAUSES AND HOW IT CAN BE CURED

By Robert W. Beatty

A SHORT time ago I was interviewing (on a matter of business) the President of one of the biggest business concerns in the Middle West. In the course of our talk there was a timid knock on the door. Responding to the President's, "Come in," the door was slowly opened, and a gray head came into view.

This gray head belonged to a man who (I learned later) had been employed by the firm for over thirty years. He took up a matter of business with the President, answering promptly every question put to him, but in a peculiarly timid manner. When he left the room, the President said to me:

"There's a beautiful example of a man gone wrong; I've always been as sweet as molasses to him, but he acts as if I were going to bite his head off. That man could easily earn \$20,000 a year; he could be one of the best known men in this part of the country; but he will never amount to anything because he is so confoundedly self-conscious.

"It's what's wrong with most people," he reflected. "They are too self-conscious. They are afraid of everything and everybody—yes, even of themselves. There isn't a man or woman living who cannot think thoughts worth fortunes. But they lack the spark of self-confidence which makes the difference between the DOER and the DREAMER.

"That man who was just in here really knows more about this business than I do. His judgment is better than mine. But he couldn't run this business for a month because he's so confoundedly busy thinking what others are saying or thinking about him, that he misses the main point of getting things for himself. I sympathize with him deeply, because when I was young, I was very much that way myself. But I made myself get over it. I realized that all the ambition in the world—all the knowledge in the world—can't help a man if he is everlastingly apologetic, shy, self-conscious."

How true that comment is! Wherever you go, confidence almost always counts more than ability. The self-conscious man can never do himself justice. Before superiors in business, he quails; with prospective customers he is vanquished by the first "No"; in the presence of strangers he retires into a shell; in the homes of cultured people he is embarrassed by the slightest word; and sometimes in the presence of one of the opposite sex, he makes the proverbial ass of himself.

But what can be done about Self-Consciousness? What is it? Can it be cured? James Alexander, an eminent English psychologist, in a remarkable work called "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," points out not only that it CAN be cured, but shows exactly HOW, no matter how deep-rooted the trouble.

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“What’s the matter with it?”

“It is covered with some sort of berry.”

“So it is,” she said, reflecting, “Grapes.”

“It looks to me,” he said, “like mistletoe.”

“Those berries are grapes,” she said, firmly, looking at him.

~ ~

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