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THE NEW YORKER

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THE NEW YORKER

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Incident En Route

SUNDAY before last, Marc Connelly, playwright, was about to board the afternoon Atlantic City train for New York when he became aware of a scene of acute distress at the station newsstand. A distinguished-looking gentleman was having a good deal of trouble in acquiring a Sunday *Herald Tribune* he coveted, for the newsdealer had no change and the distinguished-looking gentleman had nothing less than a five-dollar bill.

Mr. Connelly ventured to suggest that he had a dime which he was prepared to place at the distinguished-looking gentleman's disposal. The distinguished-looking gentleman, in his turn, welcomed this unexpected aid, but indicated that a better solution would be for Mr. Connelly to supply him with change for his five-dollar bill. This Mr. Connelly could not do—and so the distinguished-looking gentleman reluctantly accepted the Connelly dime with which to buy his *Herald Tribune*, but on one condition. Mr. Connelly must tell him his seat number in the train they were both about to board—and he would have his bill changed en route and bring Mr. Connelly his dime.

"Drawing Room A, Car 19," said Mr. Connelly.

And that was the last Mr. Connelly ever saw of Mayor John F. Hylan.

Schultz Is Gone

MUSIC lovers will miss—with relief—during coming seasons one thunder of calloused palms and a particularly deep shout of "*bis, bis,*" or "*encore,*" depending on the nationality of the performer. Schultz, head of New York's claque, is dead. He has gone to organize bands of applauders for more celestial choirs than ever came out of Bethlehem, Pa.

Doubtless the man had a Christian name, but none ever identified it with him. He was Schultz to all who knew him, or his operations. In appearance he was exactly what his surname would suggest, although Italian and French ancestry had mingled with his German forebears. His company of heavy-handed and itching-palmed encouragers of music was recruited in the main among Italians.

During his lifetime Schultz became as much a fixture of the Metropolitan, in an unofficial capacity, as are the throaty sellers of librettos who throng Broadway and the side streets when a performance impends. The officers of the Opera House always deny that a claque exists within its sacred confines, but the denial is a diplomatic and technical verity. Claque there may be none, but of claquers there are more than a plentitude. Giulio Gatti-Casazza remains good-humoredly impervious to the complaints of such critics as Deems Taylor and Lawrence Gilman. After all, the claque has authority for existence in the traditions of Italian opera.

WHILE Schultz's band was a mild nuisance about the Metropolitan, it was uglier and more devastating in its operations among smaller opera companies, and in the concert halls at the debuts of timid foreign singers owning no American reputations.

The most notorious example of the workings of the claque was furnished during the San Carlo season two years ago, when the French baritone, Royer, found the front rows of the Manhattan packed with

swarthy lovers of music, who greeted his appearance with a hissing louder and more prolonged than the most maddened geese could manage. It was rather a nasty revenge to extract for refusal to pay tribute to the band.

The chief victims of the claque's operations, as has been noted, are foreign singers venturing on an American career. Accustomed to the operations of this mild form of blackmail in their own countries (claques exist everywhere in Europe, except in England) they succumb readily to telephonic hints that it would be well to have sympathizers present at the first recital. A number of tickets and a fee are exacted in these cases and the members of the claque are distributed: one group going downstairs on the left hand side, for example, and another in one of the galleries on the opposite side of the house. Their only value, if any, is to inaugurate applause, for if the artist wins a genuine ovation their members are so few as to make their clapping and shouting negligible.

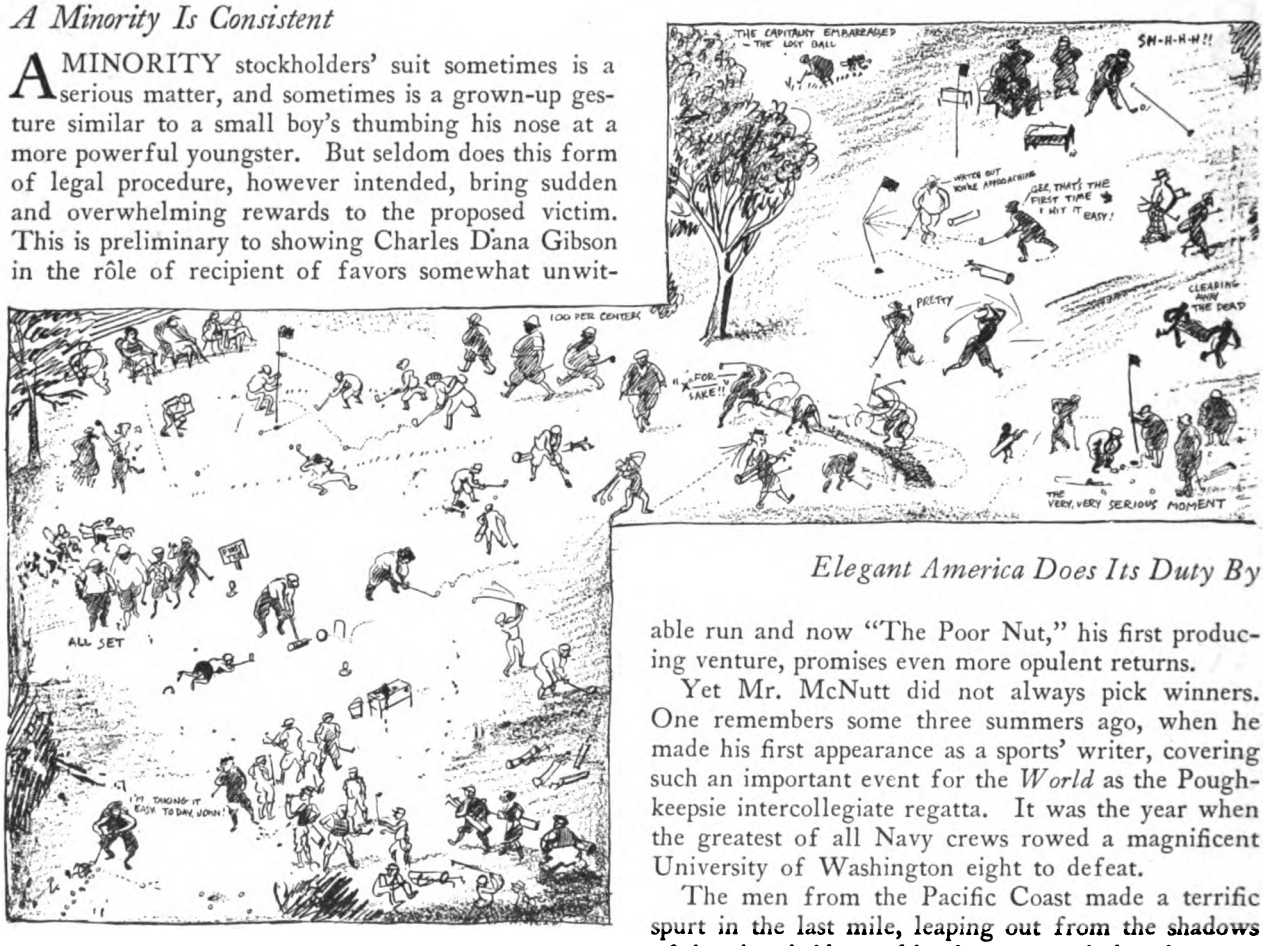
A Minority Is Consistent

A MINORITY stockholders' suit sometimes is a serious matter, and sometimes is a grown-up gesture similar to a small boy's thumbing his nose at a more powerful youngster. But seldom does this form of legal procedure, however intended, bring sudden and overwhelming rewards to the proposed victim. This is preliminary to showing Charles Dana Gibson in the rôle of recipient of favors somewhat unwittingly bestowed by one of the holders of stock in the Life Publishing Co., who lately instituted suit in a New Jersey court and then repented.

When the complaint was filed it was revealed to the world that the stockholder considered Mr. Gibson grossly overpaid at fifty thousand dollars annually. Such was not the opinion among others in the business of pleasing the American reader. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, for one, telegraphed to Mr. Gibson—presumably day press rate—to the effect that fifty thousand dollars' salary was so small as to be grotesque. Further, the Highest Paid Editor in America suggested that no doubt *Liberty* would be glad; nay, even anxious, to do much more graciously by such a master of black and white drawings.

Remembering that *Liberty* was the journal which unquestionably had paid twenty thousand dollars for its name—the highest word rate known to literature—Mr. Gibson's business representative instituted discreet inquiries. It was even as the astute Mr. Brisbane had said. *Liberty* was glad; nay, even anxious. The Gibson drawings will appear presently. At this writing it is not known what they will illustrate, although the moral they point is plain: a minority stockholder usually stays in the minority.

IF this were not an age when discarded tires were the common thing in the streets, one might suspect, without malice, that Patterson McNutt had found a horseshoe somewhere along the Avenue within the last year. "Pigs," his first play, of which he is co-author with Ann Morrison, is enjoying a most profitable run and now "The Poor Nut," his first producing venture, promises even more opulent returns.



Elegant America Does Its Duty By

Yet Mr. McNutt did not always pick winners. One remembers some three summers ago, when he made his first appearance as a sports' writer, covering such an important event for the *World* as the Poughkeepsie intercollegiate regatta. It was the year when the greatest of all Navy crews rowed a magnificent University of Washington eight to defeat.

The men from the Pacific Coast made a terrific spurt in the last mile, leaping out from the shadows of the giant bridge and by sheer strength drawing even with Annapolis. Throughout this sprint Patterson McNutt stood on his rickety seat in the press car of the observation train and, giving a creditable prophecy of Percy Helton's acrobatic cheer leading in "The Poor Nut," pleaded loudly and earnestly, "Come on, Washington; Come on, Washington!" Another sports' reporter, anxious to preserve the decorum custom has ordained for press quarters, tugged at Pat's coattails, but to no avail. Still the stentorian plea assaulted the highlands, "Come on, Washington!" Not until the Navy staved off the challenge and established its su-

periority beyond doubt did Mr. McNutt cease his pleading. Then he sank back with a sigh worthy of a tragedian.

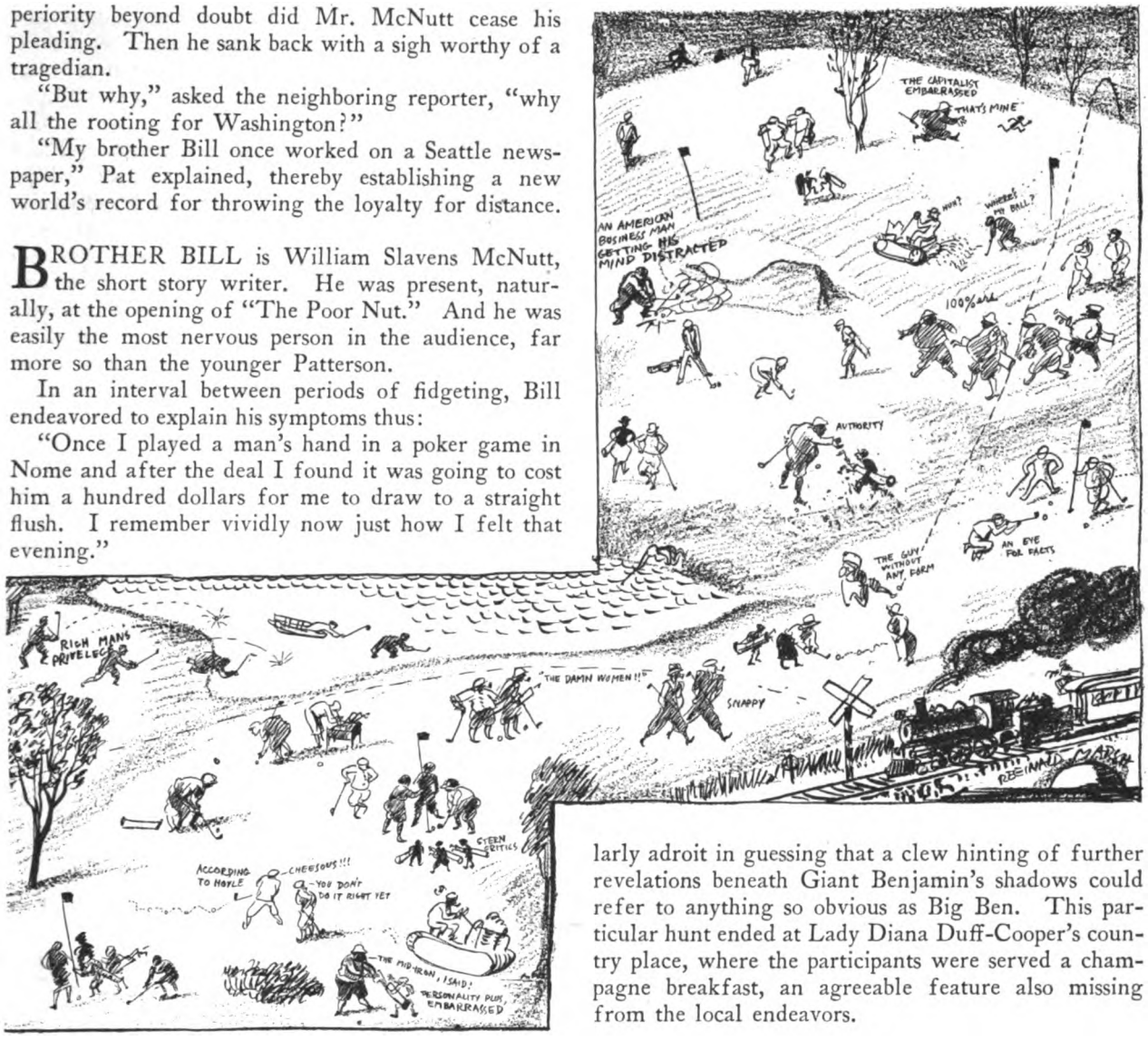
"But why," asked the neighboring reporter, "why all the rooting for Washington?"

"My brother Bill once worked on a Seattle newspaper," Pat explained, thereby establishing a new world's record for throwing the loyalty for distance.

BROTHER BILL is William Slavens McNutt, the short story writer. He was present, naturally, at the opening of "The Poor Nut." And he was easily the most nervous person in the audience, far more so than the younger Patterson.

In an interval between periods of fidgeting, Bill endeavored to explain his symptoms thus:

"Once I played a man's hand in a poker game in Nome and after the deal I found it was going to cost him a hundred dollars for me to draw to a straight flush. I remember vividly now just how I felt that evening."



the Other Great Scotch Invention.

The Treasure Hunts

WELL, we have had our Treasure Hunts, somewhat belatedly. Those conducted lately for the benefit of the Hope Farm were not the first in this country, Palm Beach having revelled in this imported form of excitement throughout the Winter. And before that Mt. Kisco knew a most elaborate affair of like nature, in which the Tuxedo colony took a colorful part.

On reflection one is forced to admit that they order such things better in England. The British set which holds forth at the Embassy is credited with having originated the Treasure Hunt, but with typical English reserve the sponsors arranged them for early morning, starting from a rendezvous in London some time between midnight and two a. m. The danger to competitors and late motorists or pedestrians was thus minimized.

Then, too, the English hunts engaged the attention of perhaps more distinguished and certainly more mature persons than did ours. In at least one of them royalty participated; without success, naturally, since one does not expect princes of the blood to be particularly adroit in guessing that a clew hinting of further revelations beneath Giant Benjamin's shadows could refer to anything so obvious as Big Ben. This particular hunt ended at Lady Diana Duff-Cooper's country place, where the participants were served a champagne breakfast, an agreeable feature also missing from the local endeavors.

THE two hunts conducted in town served well a dual purpose: they raised approximately ten thousand dollars for an admirable charity and they furnished the matter-of-fact residents who chanced to see some portions of them with excellent opportunities for satiric cheering and those shafts of rough wit which occasionally dart from crowds.

Thus, when on Monday evening a horde of taxis and private motors (perhaps more than five hundred) roared in full lung down Broadway and turned west to the cigar store on the corner of Nineteenth Street and the Avenue, there to unloose debutantes and undergraduates, an amused truck driver ventured to waylay one of the excited contestants and inquire, languidly:

"Say, buddy, what's up? Are the Goimans comin'?"

THE hunt on Saturday was decorous enough, since traffic in the afternoon was so heavy as to make almost impossible taking of risks by determined hunters. On Monday, in the evening, there was more opportunity for daring, and anyone who followed the stream of motors on that long dash from the Hotel Shelton to the statue of Civic Virtue in City Hall Park saw escapes narrow enough to please even a taxi chauf-

feur. These latter, incidentally, enjoyed the hunts hugely. Some of them even wondered how long this sort of thing had been going on, and why they had not been allowed to participate before.

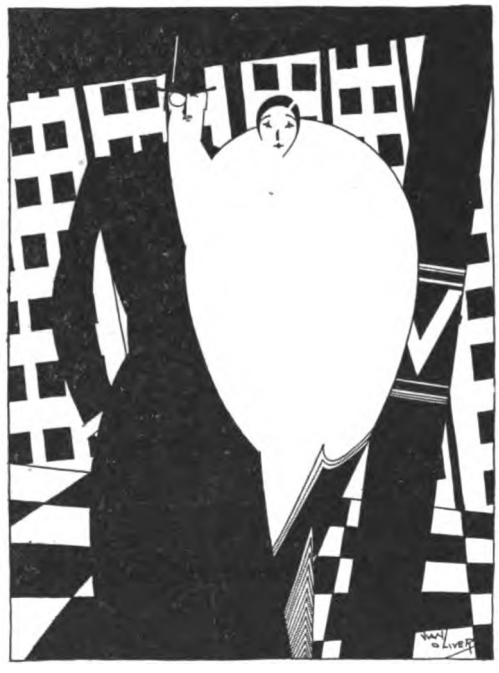
Having no sympathy with anything which makes for less thrilling living, THE NEW YORKER yet feels impelled to suggest that in future such events be conducted in the early morning—or out of town.

OUR poorer relations, the British, however they may excel at social detachment, take their fashions in male wear with greater seriousness than we accord anything less vital than current prices for Scotch. The matter of the Oxford trousers, which are those bell-bottomed garments now being worn here by a few men not in the Navy, is causing much agitation in London. *Punch* and *Bystander* are filled with bitter jibes at the fashion. There is some talk of His Majesty's Opposition asking a question in Parliament; and perhaps Squire Kipling will be persuaded to direct a powerful verse at the new generation which is not oaf-like and detests becoming muddied.

About town one sees little evidence that the New York male has heard the tailors' decree that trousers should be fuller at the bottom. Twenty-four inches is the mystic figure breathed by those in the know.

Mr. Arlen Rusticates

AT Farmington the Winchell Smiths have had a guest with an unusual name; Dikran Kouyoumdjian, to wit, but others know him best as Michael Arlen, which pseudonym he is said to have chosen from the London telephone directory. It is as well that he did not attempt to make the selection in New York. Bogey for the two volumes is said to be three years.



After announcement was made that he would sail back to England, he retired to Farmington, to work on a play under the expert tutelage of Mr. Smith, whose efforts for stage consumption surely have won gratifying success. It is said, too, that Mr. Arlen was not unwilling to find a quiet retreat after his siege of enforced s o c i a l activities. Certainly, no visitor has been so lionized since the Prince of Wales; and if the invitations pressed upon him led to attendance at such affairs as the Famous Players dinner dance for Pola Negri, and a certain distasteful incident growing out of the practice of cutting-in, why that is as it may be. His Royal Highness, also, recognized that he was in a democratic country, and is reputed to have adjusted his behavior accordingly.

This is a land capable of producing such advice as that given by the editor of the Santa Barbara, Cal., *Press* to Mr. Arlen: "You can write a story about a broomstick and win fame. Why don't you do it? Nobody ever got anywhere with a nymphomaniac." Which is also as it may be, but it shows that English standards may not apply.

He has played with the literary set; he has been fêted by the motion picture crowd—and persuaded to write for the screen; he has been introduced to various elements in the world of the theatre. Thus, in Detroit, he was so fortunate as to see Katherine Cornell play the rôle of *Iris March* in his "The Green Hat," while Jeanne Eagels honored the opening by her presence as one of the audience.

It has been a gay holiday, but even for an author whose novels sell at an alarming rate and whose play promises sure triumph, it becomes necessary sometime to put an end to play and return to work. This may not be done in such congenial surroundings as the green and cream suite in the Ritz. One needs quiet; and when with quiet may be combined collaboration with one of the most adroit technicians among playwrights, it becomes imperative that one accept it. Which is why a certain Dikran Kouyoumdjian made off to Farmington, with as little trumpet-sounding as our national sense of hospitality permits.

MR. ARLEN'S patronym was revealed to a section of the nation when *Collier's* published it lately, together with photographs and the real names of other authors, whose publishers have appreciated this attention not at all. In this connection it is interesting to note that the sprightly and weekly commentator on the passing scene who signs himself "Uncle Henry" in *Collier's* is none other than our war-time buddy, George Creel, the Inspired Censor whose typewriter sank a thousand German ships in 1917-18 and who is now engaged in spreading throughout the length and breadth of the land the sweetness and light of Pelmanism.

AMONG laymen there has been talk lately, which had for its subject the ethics concerned in Augustus Lukeman's succeeding Gutzon Borglum as sculptor for the Stone Mountain Memorial. In general circles there is a question about this; among sculptors there seems to be no doubt. They regard the procedure as natural and fair, although unusual. Artists, they say, have quarreled with committees before this, and other artists have gone on with the unfinished work, or have begun anew from sketches of their own. Behind this attitude, one senses a cautious desire not to be any more than just to Mr. Borglum. Sculptors have as much suspicion of one of their own who appears too regularly in the newspapers as have physicians.

Mr. Lukeman is regarded by his fellows as an industrious workman. So they say, stressing the volume of his output. One gathers no supreme compliment from their tone.

A comment, somewhat caustic, was the only criticism heard of Mr. Lukeman's work. It referred to the equestrian statue of Bishop Francis Asbury, one of Washington's many monuments.

"If you like your bishops on horseback, maybe you'd prefer a memorial of John L. Sullivan reposing in a wheel chair," was the observation.

An Early Padlocking—Showing That This Woe Has Long Been Known to Gas Consumers

MR. Secretary Mellon may become a Summer resident of Southampton, a place not wholly unknown to him before he undertook the rôle of St. Andrew Slaying the Tax Dragon. No doubt he will be as retiring a neighbor there as he is in Washington, where he resides in an apartment at 1785 Massachusetts Avenue; not exactly a kitchenette affair, however, for there are four stories to the house and each is an eighteen-room residence.

Mrs. Alvin T. Hert of Louisville, who is vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, subleased an apartment in that building for the Spring and gave a dinner; quite a large function. One of the guests announced upon entering the elevator:

"Mrs. Hert's apartment."

"Yes, ma'am, Ah know," replied the affable elevator operator. "She's t' only one thet's yere now, 'cepting Mistuh Mellon—an' he doan' never give us no trouble."

MR. J. A. M. ELDER, High Commissioner for Australia, has returned to town, after a trip to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Elder's jaunt to San Francisco synchronized with the arrival there of our battle fleet. It was the Commissioner's mission to entertain high ranking officers and their wives and to assure that the fleet's departure, ultimately for Australia, was the occasion of glowing anticipation aboard ship of further hospitality awaiting at the journey's end. This may seeem trifling, but it is around such outwardly insignificant incidents that what Mr. Hearst terms the yellow peril situation revolves at the moment.

AMONG flowers that bloom in the Spring (Summer, Fall and Winter) are the young ladies and gentlemen who comb the society notes for announcements of weddings and such, then beg prospective brides, or doting mothers, by telephone, to save their studios' reputation for service by granting the insistent demands of society editors for photographs of the bride-to-be. An old stratagem, of course, but there are always new brides.

Photographs obtained thus are published occasionally, but frequently the sitter is persuaded to order a few dozen for personal use, which is what is hoped for. The original telephonic plea is known, again reverting to the argot of business, as the subtle approach.

Diana Moves Up

THE Diana and her tower are to be transported to the New York University campus, a most fitting place both sentimentally and in surrounding for the only nude Augustus Saint-Gaudens ever completed. It was because he was anxious to do an idealized figure, as much as because of his friendship for Stanford White, the architect of Madison Square Garden, that the sculptor undertook this work, for there was no financial reward for him in the commission.

Both Mr. White and Mr. Saint-Gaudens were comparatively young men when the former proposed fashioning the Diana for the Garden tower, offering to defray the expenses of the work if his friend would undertake it as, to be trite, a labor of love. But the first model, constructed according to Mr. White's estimates, was found to be too large when hoisted into

place. It was eighteen feet high and finished in hammered copper. A new figure had to be made, only thirteen feet in height, to preserve proper proportion to the rest of the building. This double work made large inroads into the then slender finances of both men.

It taught them, however, never again to accept a commission without first erecting a dummy to observe its effect.

THE N. Y. U. campus is largely the product of Stanford White's sketches. Had he lived to complete his work there, no doubt the college on University Heights would be even more lovely in layout than it is to-day. Many of the buildings there, aside from the Hall of Fame, are White's work. The library, the Halls of Philosophy and of History and one of the dormitories are his. Since his death some cruder buildings have been erected, for one of which the ubiquitous Y. M. C. A. must bear the blame. Despite this, it will be among artistically friendly surroundings that the Diana will gleam henceforth in her new coat of shimmering gold foil.

THE manner of Mr. White's death placed his work in a poor light among his puritanical countrymen, since the architect's character was blackened by expensive counsellors in order that Harry Kendall Thaw might be preserved to the further glory of the nation. But some men did not lack courage, even in such a time as 1906 when the scandal was still alive in the newspapers, to speak the truth of the dead man. Richard Harding Davis, with customary disregard for such lesser beings as indignant citizens, wrote one of his noblest, if not of his best articles about Stanford White, presenting the architect in the colors to which he was entitled. This gave to Augustus Saint Gaudens the opportunity he had sought to speak in vindication of his murdered friend. He wrote a letter to the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, which had published the Davis article, congratulating that periodical for its courage and fairness.

In his letter Mr. Saint Gaudens testified to Mr. White's unselfish loyalty to friends, his unfailing kindness and his unique sympathy for everyone he might have opportunity to befriend.

The Rivals

You've heard about the White Club!
(That most exclusive night club
Of six thousand members from the first familees)?
To the moos and the moans
Of the sobbing saxophones
They wagged nose to nosey and they wiggled knees to knees.

Djoo hear about the Gray Club!
(That dance-all-night-and-day Club
With eight thousand members owning social pedigrees)?
To the plink-bum-bum
Of the banjo and the drum
They danced necky-necky and they toddled hes to shes.

Oh, merry was the first club,
A happy quench-your-thirst club
That met at the leaders of the leading hostelrees.
And jolly was the other
(You might say, its brother)
And the best taverns only housed its jazzy gaietees.

But one day the two clubs
Became two very blue clubs—
For when each started dancing it had thought itself alone
And to either one, replete
With the socially elite
It was pain to find a rival name so nearly like its own.

Gracious! they were sore clubs!
Ready for the warclubs!
"Climbers!" sneered the White Club. "Canaille!" sneered the Gray.
And when Whites chanced to meet
Any Grays on the street
They'd stick out their tongues and they'd look the other way!

But one day the White Club
Decided that the right club
To use upon the Gray Club was not to pish and pooh,
Or to grow more abusive
But to be more exclusive,
So they doubled up the membership and cut the dues in two.

A mad club, a sad club
An anything but glad club
Indeed, was the Gray Club, with wrath too deep for word,
But, not to be fazed,
It immediately raised
Its membership to triple and it cut its dues in thirds!

But once again the White Club,
To prove itself the right club,
Took seven thousand members more and cut the dues to nil.
But the Grays added ten
And the Whites ten again,
So that thus they continued growing more exclusive still.

And now these two clubs
Are whoest of the who club,
For half New York belongs to one and half to t'other frat.
And if you ask me,
"How exclusive can one be?"
I ask you also "What could be exclusiver than that?"

—*Baron Ireland*

THAT'S NEW YORK

The item on the theatrical page:

MARYEBELLE FRANCHETTE, who scored a triumph here in "Lucy's Laces" several seasons ago, will, it is understood on good authority, shortly be approached by the Messrs. Lobert with the offer of a contract. Although the salary is not made public, it seems assured that Miss Franchette's contract will name a sum running well into five figures.

The newspaper man who wrote it:

Hope the Loberts don't get sore. Oh, well, it's publicity for them, anyhow. Maryebelle's a good scout, even if she is an old timer. Poor kid, she's through and she hasn't found it out yet. Some wild parties we used to pull off in '17 when she was going good. She called me up and asked me to write this thing. Sort of down-and-out she sounded, too, so what could I do about it? I'm a sap, I know, but I fell for it and promised her I'd do it, and there it is, whether the Loberts get me on the carpet or not. You've got to stick by your old friends in this man's town, you know, even if it does get you in bad. That's New York for you.

A man on a Battery Park bench:

See that item, gen'lemen? That one about Maryebelle Franchette? Well, sir, you know who Maryebelle Franchette *is?* Well, she's my *wife.* Yes, gen'lemen, she's my *wife*—leg'ly married and everything. No, I'm *not* drunk. Never drunk in my life—not hardly. Had maybe just two to-day, but they didn' 'fect me at all. No, sir, I tell you. Well, gen'lemen, this Maryebelle Franchette, her real name was Mary Frank, and she come from same li'l town up-State as me. Li'l place up near Binghamton. Well, gen'lemen, she's a gran' li'l gal even if she *did* leave—even if we *did* decide to sep'rate. No, I'm *not* drunk, 'n' I'm *not* maudlin. I'm jus' as sober and sane and in my right mind as anybody. So what happens is, we come t' New York and I'm makin' good and I got a half partnership in a nice li'l drug store on Six' Avenue, when Maryebelle,—I call her May then—she gets the stage bug. Y' see, there's a lotta actors come into our li'l drug store t' get one thing or another, an' May she gets t' talkin' to 'em, 'n' they tell her how good lookin' she is, an', gen'lemen, she *is* good lookin', too, what I mean, so she gets the stage bug. Well, she gets t' goin' round an' one thing an' 'nother, 'n' she meets up with a feller on Wall Street, 'n' he fixes to get her a job.

So, she lan's in a chorus, 'n' pretty soon she's got th' part o' th' maid 'at answers th' telephone at th' beginnin', an' daw-gone me if in 'bout a year she ain't got a reg'lar singin'-alone part in this "Lucy's Laces." Well, course she's mighty busy, 'n' she don't get home early 'n' sometimes not at all—'course though, everything's perf'ckly *all right,* you unnerstand. But I'm sorter outer the pitcher, so I fade, so's I won't hinder her gettin' famous. 'N' th' drug store peters out, 'n' jus' now I'm not doin' anything, but May's famous. 'Five figures,' it says. Thass ten thousan' dollars. Well, Gor Blass her, 'sall I gotta say. More power to her. If ya got th' *goods* here y' can *make* good, thass all. Thass New York. Gor bless New York! 'N' I'm *not* drunk, 'n' I'm *not* maudlin.

A Man in a financial office:

Why, damn her catty little soul! Look here, gentlemen, do you see this item? This one about Maryebelle Franchette? Why, gentlemen, I *made* that girl! I found her when she was married to some cheap druggist on Sixth Avenue,—dope peddler, probably. *I* got her a job in the chorus. *I* made her what she is. *I* pushed her till she got this part in "Lucy's Laces"—the one she made the hit with. Well, then, you know the war came along and they called me to Washington to help out and I lost sight of her. Thought she'd drifted back to being the nobody she was when I found her. But damn it. Why she's famous! The Loberts are going to star her! And she's forgotten all about me. That's gratitude for you, isn't it? That's New York for you! Once you get up in life and you forget all your old friends.

A girl in a boarding house:

But, Mrs. Jacobs, just *listen* a minute, will you. I *know* I'm behind, but I *can't* pay you the rent to-day, but I will in just a day or two. Absolutely. See what it says here in the paper. With the *Loberts!* Why, I've appeared in *dozens* of their productions,

Mrs. Jacobs, and they've just found out where I was. No, it *isn't* bunk. Why, Mrs. Jacobs, you don't think they'd put a piece like that in the paper if it wasn't *so*, do you? Why, Mrs. Jacobs, if you'll just let me stay here a week or so more, I'll be *rolling* in money! No, I don't suppose I can get an advance—there's so much red tape around these big theatrical houses. But if . . . Oh, God, I knew it wouldn't work. Ain't that New York for you?

The general public:

Franchette? . . . Franchette? . . . Who the devil's she? Never heard of her. Oh, well, most likely just press agent bunk. Can't believe anything you read. That's New York.—*Tip Bliss*

STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

RENTS eventually became so high in Manhattan that everybody decided to build a home in the country. They read Harold Cary's articles in *Collier's* in order to learn how.

Under the Cary system, it was not necessary to buy land. One could get it free by locating far enough away. And it was not always necessary to buy lumber. By choosing a site in the right direction from other building operations, one could wait for a high wind and catch it on the fly.

In the course of time, the country homes were built and the home owners quit their jobs in New York. Cary hadn't mentioned this. He didn't have to. Many of the homesteaders started for work as usual, but few of them arrived in time to do any good. So they found their way back home and lived on canned goods until their money was gone.

When they had to have more money they returned to New York, where they remained as long as they could afford to. New Yorkers were a resourceful people and invariably solved their problems in some such simple way.

Their most acute problem was Mayor Hylan. Hylan didn't want to be Mayor. He wanted to be Music Master. He was devoted to his art and gave concerts in his own parks all over the city.

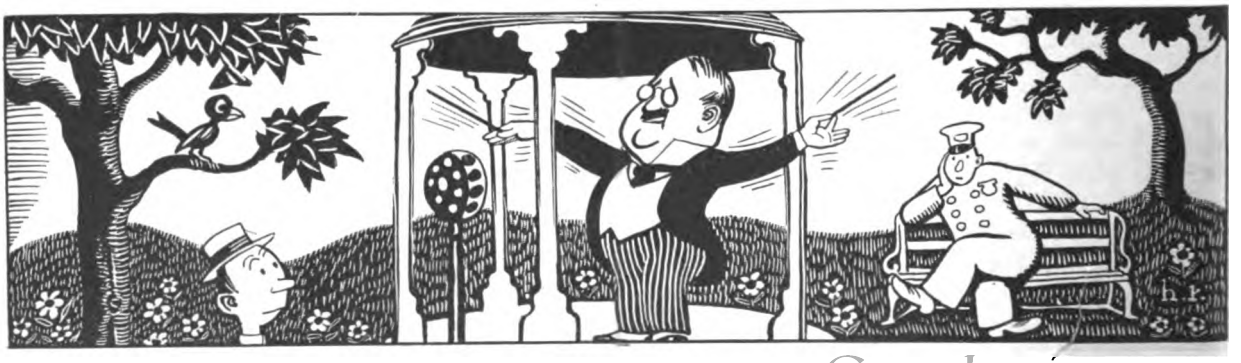
Hylan was strictly non-partisan. He had a radio broadcasting station and to make sure that it would not be utilized for partisan purposes, he did most of the talking himself. Co-operation was his watchword. He believed that everybody should work for the city, and nearly everybody did. Those who didn't, as a rule, were the sort who edited newspapers and forgot to register.

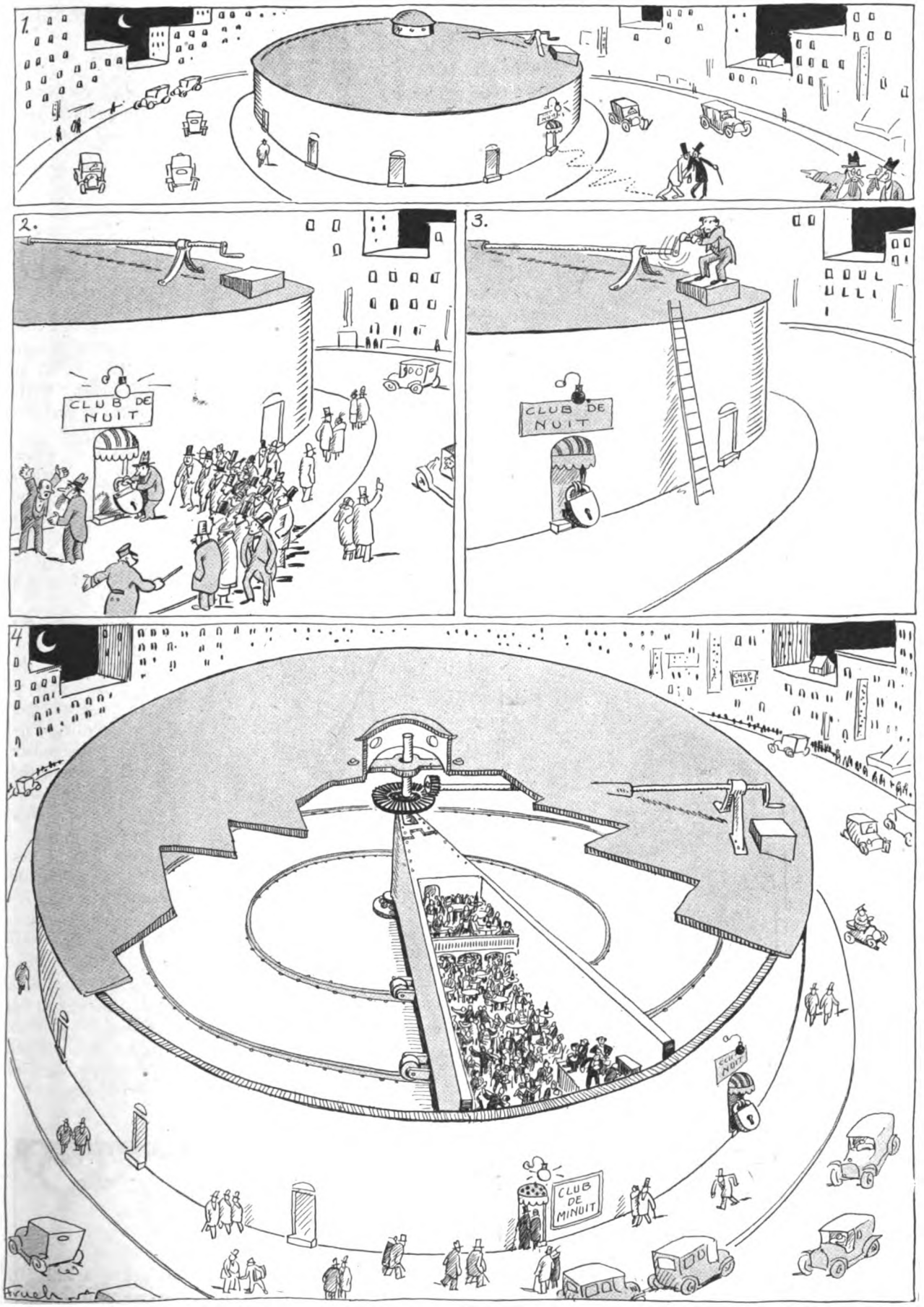
Every few years the Citizen's Union persuaded somebody to run against Hylan, but the names of those who ran have not been preserved. Ancient records reveal that Paavo Nurmi was the greatest runner of the age, but Nurmi undoubtedly was Hylan in disguise. Veal, it is said, got him belly-aching terribly; and we know how Hylan acted when any of the papers started a new line of bull.

Some antiquarians insist that King Ur-Engar, whose stone snapshot was excavated by workers of the period, was another of Hylan's opponents, which explains how he happened to be buried so deep. The bas-relief was badly broken, indicating it had been one of Ur-Engar's campaign posters and had been torn up by the Hylans. This sort of thing was referred to as a Master Political Coup.

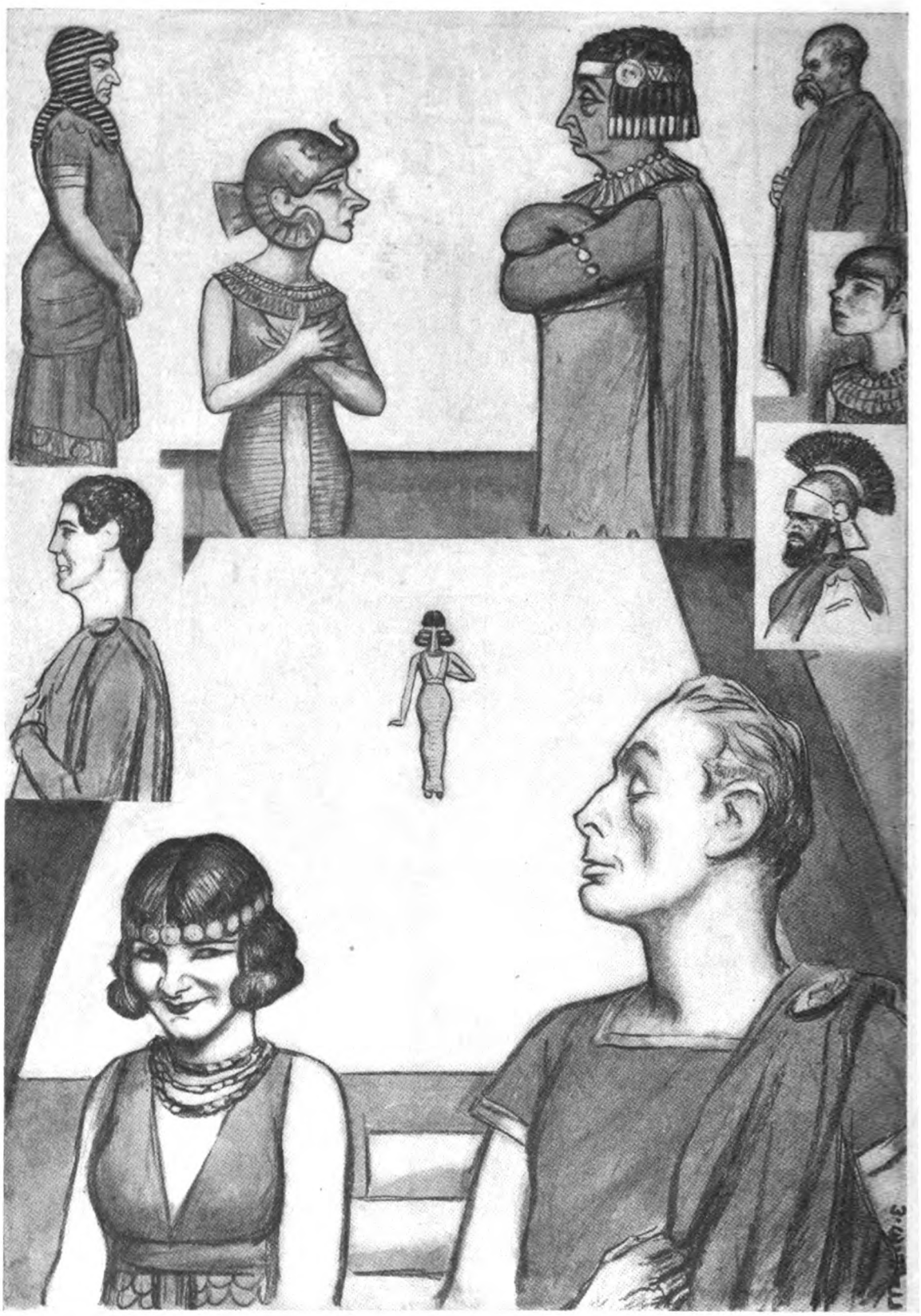
New Yorkers frequently played politics, unless the baseball season was on or there was a show in town. Baseball, of course, was their major interest for the batting average of a ball player was always easy to figure out, while everybody was left to guess whether an office holder was making good or not. Politics, apparently, was a no-decision sport, and the populace preferred a game where the umpire could be mobbed if necessary. They didn't object to politics, and anybody could run for office if he wanted to, but New York was too democratic to take the game seriously.

Naturally, the ball players received the best salaries, for no one was permitted to play unless he could make good. Even Federal Judges were not disqualified, if they would agree to quit the bench and stop indulging in political decisions. But the National Game, it was insisted, must be kept clean and anyone who would not agree to that was expected to go back to office holding. It was difficult to maintain this standard in some of the lesser sports, and New York was not without its scandals. The most severe shock was the discovery, in the year 1925, that Tex Rickard had been associating with office holders.—*Sawdust*





A Crafty and Timely Device—The Turn-Table Club



GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

"Caesar and Cleopatra" at the New Home of the Theatre Guild

SEVERAL of the cast who help make Mr. Shaw's play what the press used to call "a feast to the eye and ear." In the upper portion, Miss Helen Hayes is begging prettily of Miss Helen Westley that *Pothinus*, Mr. Albert Brunning, be put out of the way. (Mr. Brunning is just to the left of Miss Hayes, he with the shape.) The two in the lower half of the page are Miss Hayes and Mr. Lionel Atwill, as *Cleopatra* and *Caesar*. This is the tense moment where *Cleopatra* is in danger of turning cute on him. The small figure in the centre of the page is another view of Miss Hayes, showing that even in those days there were flappers.—*W. E. Hill*

AND yet another week without the Great American Play. How long, O Lord, how long!

There comes a time when this department —henceforth to be known interchangeably as we— just must part company with the rest of the boys and girls who write about plays. This time it's "The Poor Nut," at Henry Miller's Theatre.

"The Poor Nut," it turns out, is all about college life. Elliott Nugent, the hero, is rushing the Phi Sigmas, who fail to rush him quite as much until the news spreads around the campus like wildroot that he's made Phi Beta Kappa. Whereupon he is at once taken into the fold and the play goes on.

In the course of time a good deal of explaining is done to the audience about inferiority complexes and libidos and such. And a lot of merry moments are caused by such double entendre—double and tender, perhaps Mr. Lardner might say—remarks as "She's taking my libido out, I guess she wants to look at it."

The play, to us, is (a) implausible and (b) hokumly executed, which (a) and (b) lets us out. However, it hardly seems fair to let the opportunity of making a definitive statement on college plays pass by.

The college play is about the hardest thing to do in the theatre and there should be a license issued for only one every ten years. That one should be done for a special matinee in the Children's Theatre in the Heckscher Foundation Building.

The obvious difficulties in the way of a successful college play are those of casting. It is hereby declared unconvincing to see self-conscious members of the Lambs' Club skip around, with pipes in mouths and sweaters over venerable backs, in what should be the least self-conscious atmosphere in the world.

And the fundamental, if not so obvious difficulty is that the dramatists inevitably choose to ask the audience to worry about problems that aren't problems at all. Grown men pay $3.30 apiece for theatre tickets and are then asked to hold their breath between acts two and three to find out whether Ohio State or Wisconsin won the track meet. When they're not worrying about that great issue, moreover, the playwright is obviously expecting heated lobby arguments as to whether the hero is going to marry Margerie or Julia.

With the aid of this department's disapproval, "The Poor Nut" may run well into the Fall. Most of the daily critics, as aforesaid, rather liked it — Edgar Selwyn for President!—but this department hopes it never has to choose between seeing "The Poor Nut" over again and reading Roy K. Moulton for a month.

THEN, the following night, there came "The Gorilla," which was, to us, (a) implausible and (b) hokumly executed, which (a) and (b) is right down our alley. Maybe you think this needs some explaining. Maybe you think there's a contradiction in terms here.

Well, sir, it's like this. "The Gorilla" aims to be a burlesque of all the mystery plays and of all the burlesques of mystery plays. Ralph Spence, the author, has used for his framework the notion that a playwright is reading his play to a prospective backer and that the play is then acted out, with the playwright and the backer as characters in it. Maybe you think you saw something like this in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Well, you did.

"The Gorilla," of course, is not as good a play as "Seven Keys to Baldpate," but it's merry robust fun just the same. There are neither new situations nor new characters in it, but all of the old stuff is smartly written and vigorously played. There are two comic detectives, in particular, to be regarded either as caricatures or as actual portraits, according to your opinion of detectives and your experiences with them, who will probably brighten your life a good deal.

There is no notice in the program asking us to keep the ending secret, so we won't tell you what it was. (If we told you in the paragraph above, and we think we did, why then the preceding sentence just doesn't go and is to be disregarded.)

THERE is always the bare possibility that you may not care to go to the legitimate drama—like "The Poor Nut" and "The Gorilla"—night after night and may be looking for something light and frivolous now and then. In that event, this department calls your attention, without an absolute guarantee, to "Tell Me More," among the recent musical shows.

The chief attraction of this piece, of course, is its Gershwin score. At other times and at other places Gilbert Seldes has broken down and told exactly what it is that makes Gershwin better than

The New Plays

THE POOR NUT. *At Henry Miller's Theatre. A typical college play, or how the Lambs' Club went to Ohio State.*

THE GORILLA. *At the Selwyn. A burlesque of "The Bat," "The Cat and the Canary" and what have you. Vigorous if not particularly novel humor.*

all the rest. Maybe it's nine-eight time or harmony or counterpoint or something. Anyway, it should by now be unanimous that he is.

In addition to Gershwin, there are Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes to the show. Mr. Holtz, who used to be just another vaudeville performer, has turned into something good and has a pathetic look about the eyes in his most comic moments that helps things along a good deal. Andrew Toombes, of course, is one of the American musical comedy theatre's best light comedians, and maybe sometime he'll be engaged for a show more than three days before it opens and get a chance to do something new.

And They Do Say—

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., has a secretary who has for a decade been the mainstay of a yearly changing office organization. Harris points with pride to his secretary as one who has remained untouched by the phrases and viewpoints of young women in theatrical offices as laid down in the gospel of fiction writers. The secretary was reporting recently on a play submitted for reading by that office.

"I don't think you'll care to read this one," said the young lady. "It's too silly. All the characters are supposed to speak in some childish way—as if they were tongue tied."

The novelty of such a play caught Harris's usual inattention and he asked to see the script. On the title sheet the playwright had added an explanatory foot note: "This comedy is to be played with the tongue in the cheek."

THERE are studios in New York in which the name of Sidney Blackmer automatically comes up for tea-table discussion at six every afternoon.

Recently, then, as the clock struck six and the name of Blackmer was thrown open for discussion, one of the guests, who knew him well, opened up an interesting prospect.

The distinguished leading man of "The Mountain Man," "The Love Child," "Scaramouche," "The Blue Bandanna," "Moonlight" and "Quarantine," he said, was being wasted on the purely spoken drama. He has such a beautiful voice.

"The managers," he suggested, "should give Blackmer something to sing in."

There was a moment's silence and then an interested voice became loud in the room.

"How about a bath tub?" it inquired.

THERE are many tales in circulation of the realistic spirit with which David Belasco inspires his players. Now, after fifteen years, comes another story.

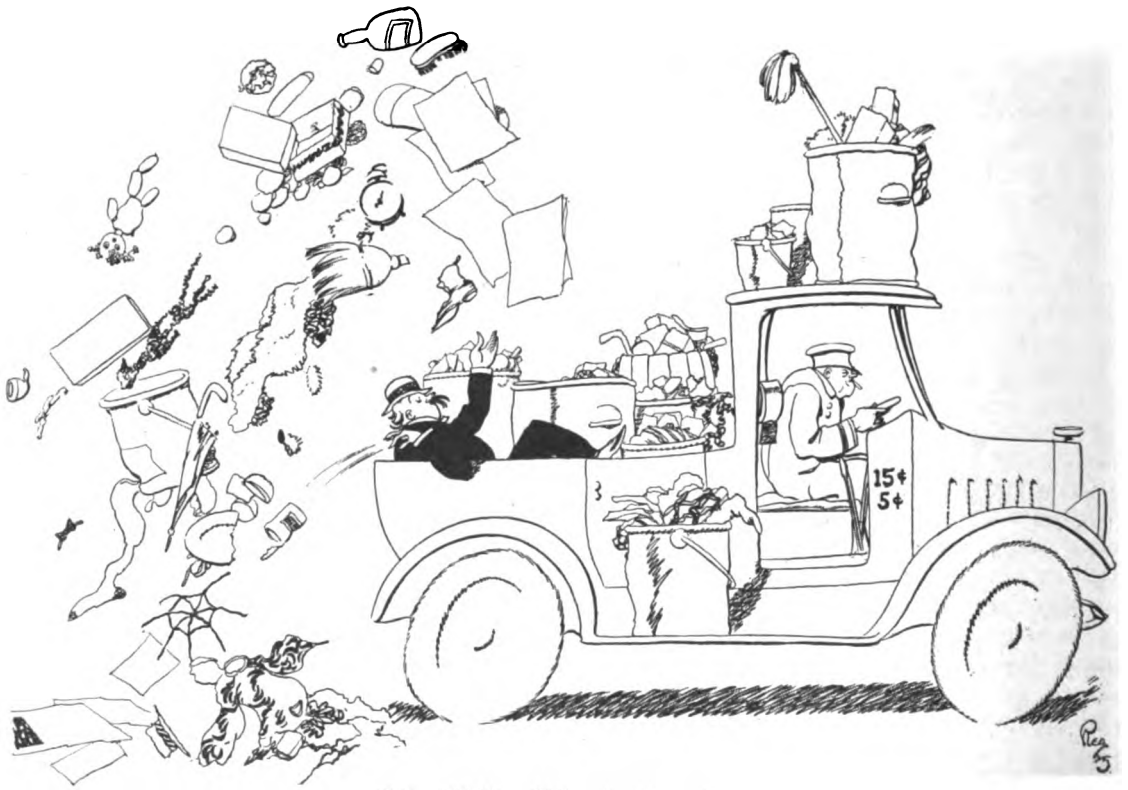
Mr. Belasco was just producing "The Concert," in which Leo Dietrichstein, the star, was required to give the audience an example of a distinguished pianist really playing away. This assignment, unfortunately, was not within Mr. Dietrichstein's talents.

Wherefore, Mr. Belasco engaged a young man, now a distinguished musician, to play for Mr. Dietrichstein. He would play off-stage, while the star on stage ran his fingers idly over the keys.

Mr. Belasco paid the young man $35 a week.

There was the usual tension and nervousness back stage as the curtain was about to rise on the opening night. Suddenly the young $35 a week musician, at his position by the piano, looked up to see the Wizard standing by his side.

"Play for all you're worth to-night, my boy," said the Wizard. . . . "Play as if I were paying you $1,000 a week."



The White Wing's Vacation

The Illustrious George

IT is not our intention to eulogize or sentimentalize about the illustrious George—his ubiquitous students are busily engaged in spreading the cult of his worship, which we suspect is a secret source of many guffaws to its bald-headed, blue-eyed object. We have known George Luks intimately and we have made the discovery that his most sincere attachment is to orange juice in the morning and raw oysters all the rest of the day.

We are far from inferring that he is indifferent to being the object of many controversies—both artistic and ethical. He revels in it. "George," said we one day, "The proprietor of the B——— Etching Galleries says your pictures are eminently suitable for barrooms and such, but not for the drawing rooms of the more cultured purchasers."

Luks removed from his upper coat pocket the handpainted handkerchief presented to him, as he explained, by the Grand Duchess of Ocherania, and dusted his rosy visage. "What in hell does a dry goods clerk selling prints know about art?"

And we agreed, "Yes, what indeed?"

Years ago—it seems years ago—we were fortunate enough to be studying with him at the Art Students' League. We remember mornings when he arrived early (that is to say, just before the morning session ended at twelve o'clock) with the old familiar, "Good morning, children! I just got in from Boston. Love Daddy?" His broad black hat was thrown to the wall and the cane followed it somehow to find its place on a hook. Then, sauntering over to the nearest canvas, he demanded from the awestricken disciple, "Let's have a big brush. Painting, my child, is technique!" Thereupon, with three deft and sweeping strokes he obliterated the painstaking detail, the fond labor of four days. Generously, he dipped the brush in zinc white and applied to the tip of the nose and forehead a highlight. "It's like an egg, can't you see—push that chin in. It's round—it's round—make it round—put some depth into it—third dimension."

George Luks

And thus the poor student . . . if at all.

We are besieged by constant requests from those who have heard divers and by no means exaggerated tales of Luks's genius and eccentricities, to meet him. The great difficulty lies in the fact that Mr. Luks never wishes to meet anyone who wishes to meet him. We advise anyone having such aspirations to waylay him at his door, 141 East 57th Street, at four A. M. or thereabout. He will speak kindly to you and not bite, though he may boast of his prowess as a fighter, and of his pugilistic career which has been obscured by the passing of many years. When one speaks of the days when he was known as "Chicago Whitey" his brow clouds with regret deep and touching. To think, yes pause and think, that such a splendid fighter (and he is a splendid fighter even at sixty) should have gone to the dogs because one day in Germany he made the discovery that he could paint! Here last week we were doing a Haroun Al Raschid with him in the Village and someone approached him singing, "Luks, don't you remember me — the night we had the fight at Romany Marie's?" George turned to him in a dignified manner, eyed him for a second, and said: "Young man, you never had a fight with me or you wouldn't be here telling me about it." And that's that.

One thing is to be an artist, turning a deaf ear to the Academy and paint as you like. It's quite another thing to earn your bread while doing so. Luks has accomplished that feat right here in these United States. In a word, he is successful. The Detroit Museum recently acquired a brilliant example of his work as follows: Luks, though having profound faith in the potency of the spoken word, has even more confidence in his ability to put it across with paint. It is related how during a discussion he jumped from the depths of his antique lounge to the easel and shouted, "I'll show you how to paint a picture!"

And he did. "The Three Top Sergeants" he named it, those posing for it being three very worship-

ful young illustrators who had been at the front during the war and who happened to live on the floor below. We wonder what Edsel thought about it. As Mr. Luks would say with nonchalance, "They're all my students."

As for his failings, we should say his greatest is a delusion he harbors. He believes himself to be a humanitarian though the opposite is much nearer the truth. He is an unmitigated egotist and never fails to remind people that he is a great painter as well as a great fighter. We admit this to be the truth, but its constant reiteration by him irritates the best of his friends. At a recent exhibit he overheard someone say, "That's a good painting." He turned and said loud enough for everyone to hear, "You're damn right it is! I painted it." And that also was that.

Wherein, then, lies his charm? It is because he often says the apt and clever thing though he scruples not to use an off-color phrase or word. He is forgiven these various faux-pas because of his originality and high wit coupled with his ability to do the unexpected thing.

There are persons who have never seen him except in a dinner coat charming the listeners at an entertainment given in his honor. There are those who have never seen him at all, and others know him only in the studio, a fine painter with a big following. There are thousands to whom Luks is only a name, and millions who have never heard of him. But Mr. Luks does not know that.

DEFENSE OF THE BRONX RIVER

THE Bronx River rises in Valhalla and flows south to Hell Gate. The people I have mentioned this to, from time to time, have always said, "What of it?" This cynical indifference is something I resent in New Yorkers, for if this town is ever going to get anywhere, it must study its heritage of natural beauty. When Pola Negri first came to New York a million people awaited her opinion of the skyline. Yet how many of these million know that the Bronx River is wider than the Hutchinson and not so wide as the Ohio?

People heard of the Bronx River for the first time about ten years ago when somebody named a highway commission after it. There are only a limited number of names you can give highway commissions, and Bronx River happened to be one of them. The commission was meeting one day, to have fun, and someone suggested that they start a search and look for the river after which they were named, and so they did, and they found the Bronx all right and followed it up for several days to its source, traveling in canoes by night and eating as they went, living off the fat of the land, including Williamsbridge.

They passed through Woodlawn, West Mount Vernon, Bronxville, Tuckahoe, Scarsdale, Hartsdale, and White Plains, eager groups of natives crowding the banks to learn from the voyagers that the river was the Bronx. These natives had noticed the river, in a desultory way, since childhood, but had never thought of it as the *Bronx*. Even in Bronxville, only two inhabitants had thought of it as the *Bronx*, and they had kept their hunch to themselves.

The upshot of it was that the commission built a very good road and now the Bronx River goes virtually dry every Sunday afternoon from so many motorists using it to fill their radiators.

Commuters on the New Haven and the Central know the Bronx, they know it of old by reputation, and of late by name. And they stand up for it. In Spring the willows along the shore turn a pleasant yellow, and the stream takes their color, and the little tributaries of the Bronx come rushing down from the hills in pipes and empty into the main stream, augmenting it and causing white rapids at Bedford Park. I have seen commuters forsake their newspaper and flatten their nose on the window as the train glided along the Bronx River. And I have seen a strange light come into their eyes, especially if there was a duck or something like that floating on the water. And here is one commuter who wouldn't trade this elegant little river, with its ducks and rapids and pipes and commissions and willows, for the Amazon or the Snohomish or La Platte or the Danube, or the Mississippi, even though the latter does rise in Lake Itaska and flow south to the Gulf of Mexico and is wider.

—*E. B. W.*

MUSIC

AND now the tabernacles of Forty-third Street reverberate with the recitals of pupils or, worse and as many of them, their teachers. The silly season in music starts at the ides of April and continues until all reviewers except the indefatigable Perkins of the *Herald Tribune* have retired to Absequeduct, Me., or cinema criticism. Young ladies whose aunts incite them to vocal exhibitionism hire a hall and get into trouble with old Italian airs, while pedagogues rush from their studios to knock Beethoven for a row of ivories. It's Spring, and the saps are running wild.

Into this period of tortured sounds has come a great artist. He is John Coates, an English tenor whose age has been estimated as from fifty-nine up. He sang here about 1906 at the Cincinnati Music Festival and didn't return until a few weeks ago. The loss was all ours. Mr. Coates gave a program of Shakesperean songs in old and modern settings that was one of the brilliant spots in a season that had a good many bright points. His vocal estate, like the old gray mare, ain't what it used to be, but it's better than that of most youngsters. His program and his artistry were superlative, and all that we have to say is that if you don't hear him next time, you're simply gypping yourself. His little impromptu lectures between songs are as waggish as they are scholarly, and—but wait. We've just had word that Mr. Coates is to be heard again at Aeolian Hall on Thursday evening, May 7; and that's that.

Returning to musical Spring sickness, why, we wonder, do they do it? The critics can discern a too ambitious beginner at long distance and they play poker up in Mabel's room while the Schubert songs are being disemboweled. The paying public, which is mostly fiction, anyhow, devotes itself to bus riding or more innocent diversions. Like the young man who kissed that girl, why, oh why, oh why? The minimum cost of an unknown's debut recital runs to about $600. The maximum box-office takings are $31.25, unless the débutant succeeds in forcing seats on his relatives. Even the pass grafters, who make music in New York seem more or less plausible, use the free tickets for book marks or blotters. *Cui bonehead?*

In last week's digest of what the critics haven't been doing, we reached Leonard Liebling and Grena Bennett of the *American* and then space ran short. Let us add, therefore, that Mr. Liebling has continued his educational efforts nobly. His attitude—in print, at least—is that of the propagandist rather than that of the commentator. He specializes in pointing out to his rather specialized readers only the pleasure that can be derived from music, in the hope of enticing some of them into Carnegie Hall. Mr. Liebling therein is not only useful but self-sacrificing, for no one can compose a more devastating technical wallop than the *American's* musico. Mrs. Bennett rivals Mr. Perkins with her agility in getting to ten concerts a day, and somehow manages to tell the story in a genial stickful.

Muckraking the Met goes on merrily, the *Daily News* having published the information that Lawrence Tibbett, maugre his sudden triumph in "Falstaff," draws $60 weekly and that he is supported by a group of moneyed music lovers. The case of Mr. Tibbett was not a happy sample, for he has been singing no end of concert engagements at fees ranging up to $1,000 a performance. Note to city editors: In music, there never are two sides to a story. There are at least twenty-seven.

The high point of the music season for critics seems to have been the performance by Wanda Landowska of a Mozart E flat piano concerto with the Philharmonic orchestra. The raves, to lift a beautiful expression from *Variety*, were the most excited of the year, and Mme. Landowska earned them. She has the strange faculty of playing everything as though it had been written especially for her. Her Mozart is Mozart's Mozart. A foreign critic has said that "she plays Mozart as if Beethoven had never lived." Herein Mme. Landowska differs from almost all other artists who indulge in Mozart. They remember that Mozart is a classic and play Mozart as if Mozart had never lived.

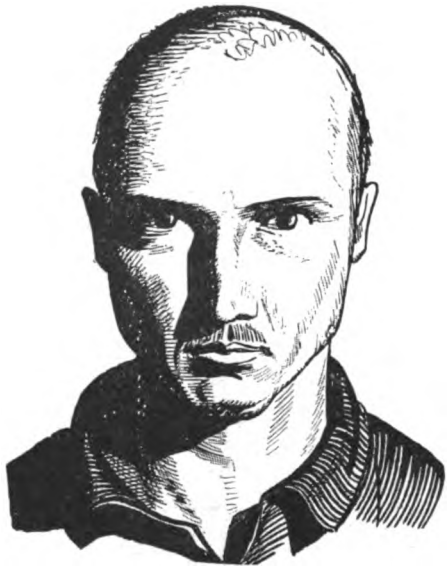
ART

As the fly is to the trout, the siren to the sailor and so on, the red of Matisse is to your correspondent. At this writing it shines from the rear wall of the Dudensing Galleries out to Forty-fourth Street so that even passersby are made aware of something untoward within. It is a red that seems to come from no other brush. This time it is used in his "Jeune Fille au Piano." If it had not been for the red drapery you could still recognize the master by the pineapple and peaches on the table.

Then there are several studies by the artist, mere blotches of color but arresting in their forms. The show is under direction of the son, Pierre Matisse, who recently held a successful exhibition of his father's drawings at Weyhe. Along with the latest of his father's canvases are fine examples of Bonnard, Braque, Dufy, de Segonzac, Laurencin, Marchand, Marquet, Utrillo and Vlaminck. There are also sculptures by Claret and Matisse.

The gallery lists them as the most important of the contemporary French painters. As to that there may be some blood shed. Not in this department, for we follow humbly along, with our head bowed in admiration, only raising it to shout when we feel sure of our ground. Most of these men are familiar to us only by the black and white reproductions, a more than inadequate way to approach the spell of their genius. There is a Laurencin of "Jeunes Filles," which we like immensely, and two street scenes by Utrillo. These last two, we are told, show the artist at his highest peak. Flowers, defying the law of gravity, painted with a casual economy, by Vlaminck, we feel an achievement. The show will be on for two more weeks. You should see it, if you care at all for modern French art. It is one of the best assembled exhibits of the winter.

A study in psychology is thrown in free with the exhibit at the Daniel Galleries this week. The paintings are by Lorsen Feitelson and Nathalie Newking—man and wife. Purposely, and with their eyes open, these two painters have developed side by side, through the League days, through marriage and unto their first show. There are differences in their paintings, of course, but from the first hurried glance you would judge the show to be the output of one painter. As for composition, the woman is a little more serene, going in for more or less static groupings and sometimes classical arrangements. Feitelson in his earlier canvases has much of the same quality, but in his progression has gone in for stronger color and more spontaneous movement. Both have developed a remarkable sense of sculptural quality in their figures. It makes an interesting show, especially to those who follow all the bypaths of art. To us, personally, it is a bit too clever: expert workmen, fired by visions of new torches but tied down by school inhibitions and old forms.



Rockwell Kent

Every now and then we feel we should say something for sculpture. But we get around to it in the wrong week. At Ferragils they are showing the work of Phillip S. Sears. The foreword speaks of the sculptor's "extensive travel and inherent good taste." Only once did Mr. Sears forget himself—in the head of a colored boy. This piece has an honesty and boldness that is refreshing. The rest of the pieces are too sweet, for us. If you have tired of young girls balancing on one foot, as a symbol of American sculpture, try Mr. Sears with his young boys balancing on one foot. We believe you will prefer the young girls.

The Weyhe Gallery label always insures you something of interest. Current now is an exhibition of sculpture, drawings and lithographs by Arnold Ronnebeck. Others have drawn the New York thing so often that the artist here works in a glutted field. Perhaps none of the others have been so meticulous in their composition and so careful of their balances. Ronnebeck manages to be rather sensible as well as modern. His sculpture is a delight. Here is an artist who has made book-ends plausible. And in some of the other pieces he has caught his movement in beautiful rhythms.

It is the thing to do—see the Manet portrait of Faure in the role of *Hamlet* at Durand-Ruels. There has been enough written about it so we will save the space. As much as we admire Manet and all he stood for, we found this single portrait unexciting. Except, of course, the eyes—only a great genius could have painted Shakespeare's mad Dane by painting two such eyes.

Another class show is the Raeburn exhibition at Knoedler & Co. As you doubtless know more about Raeburn than we do, we surrender the floor. An exhibition for collectors and rich patrons, whose very dignity seems to place it aloof from the rest.

OF ALL THINGS

CAN any of our readers put us in touch with a society for the abolition of the Balkan Peninsula? We should like to become a contributing, sustaining, founding, life, resident and nonresident member.

✣ ✣ ✣

We hope that the nations will punish Germany severely for her lapse into militarism and that the one which is without sin will throw out the first stone to open the season.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Prince of Wales is now revealed as a promising minor poet. It is estimated roughly that with thirty years of application H. R. H. will lyricise like a United States Senator.

✣ ✣ ✣

"Pinchot Vetoes Daylight Bar," says the *Evening Post*. Evidently night life is to go on as usual.

✣ ✣ ✣

That extra hour of light is velvet and we should be careful to employ it as unprofitably as possible. To-day's suggestion for daylight wasting—study the rival advertising claims of the Chicago newspapers.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Pulitzer prize for disinterested and meritorious public service by a newspaper was discarded this year from weakness. Our candidate was the *Herald Tribune* for its merciless exposé of the floating gin palace; but, good citizen that we are, we bow to the decision.

✣ ✣ ✣

Now it is charged that there has been a forty per cent increase in murders under the Hylan regime, but this is probably only the propaganda of the detraction trust.

Persons homocidally inclined are advised to do their stuff now. When the Class of '26 comes out of the ivy-clad walls of Dear Old Enright, murder will become almost a dangerous trade.

✣ ✣ ✣

We were relieved to find that while the boys ran the government of the city there were no fist fights between the mayor and the comptroller. Fine, unmanly little fellows!

✣ ✣ ✣

James Doonan, Jr. was governor for an hour and Al Smith told him he may some day be President. Or at least (with that name) the hero of a deadlock.

✣ ✣ ✣

Prohibition circles are disturbed by the report that Anne Morgan christened an airplane with a bottle of champagne. We are happy to be able to reassure law and order on this point. Miss Morgan used extra dry champagne.

✣ ✣ ✣

Three years ago Alexander Howat was sent to jail for contempt of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations. This contempt is now shared by the Supreme Court of the United States, but how about Howat? Kansas owes him three years, but how can he collect?

✣ ✣ ✣

John Wilbur Jenkins, the administration's press agent, is credited with being co-author with the Mayor of "Seven Years of Progress" which is already one of our six best.

It is the newest ambition in our leisure-loving life to be the "co" in a co-authorship.

Upon the word of no less than Will Rogers who talked with him for ten minutes, President Coolidge has a keen sense of humor. Will should submit proofs, as Polar explorers do. To comply with the rules, the nifties could be credited to "a White House jokesman."

✣ ✣ ✣

Lieutenant Governor Lowman says up-State farmers will oppose the grade crossing amendments because taxes are already so high that everybody is despondent. And the grade crossing, obviously, is a good place to end it all.

✣ ✣ ✣

Despite cheering reports from the sickroom the play jury is not expected to live long. The acquittal of "Desire Under the Elms" broke the District Attorney's great heart. He was not angry, as we understand it, only terribly, terribly hurt.

✣ ✣ ✣

Perhaps Mr. Banton would like New Bedford better than New York. Only the other day a delegation of six ministers saved that town from the reading of O'Neill's play in a tearoom.

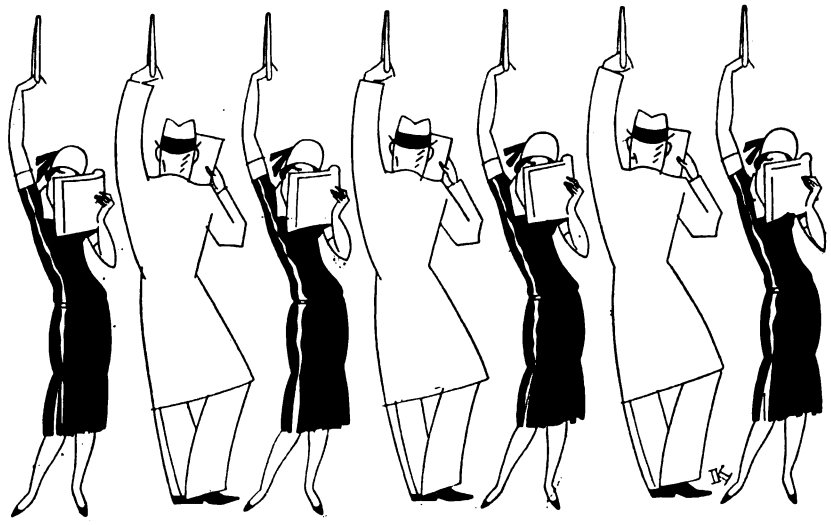
✣ ✣ ✣

Motorcycles are now barred from the Yale campus because "several near-sighted professors have been run down by reckless undergraduates." If this conservation measure fails, Connecticut may have to establish a short closed season for professors.

✣ ✣ ✣

Dr. Evan Kane thinks it would be a good idea for surgeons to sign their patients. But the busier ones would soon be having them stamped, "Dictated but not read."

—*Howard Brubaker*



WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

BROADWAY has had and still has its negro cabarets, patronized by white people, but the place to see the real colored shows unhampered by white management or tastes is in the center of the negro district of Harlem. There you find dancing restaurants of varying types; some catering to a large percentage of white visitors and others which permit only a few introduced Aryans among the blacks.

Shortly after the phenomenal success of "Shuffle Along" the Plantation was opened to entertain Broadway with negro songs and dances during supper. The prohibition law brought a sad end to the place last year, and at present the Club Alabam and the Everglades are carrying on the tradition. The Everglades has a show at the dinner hour, a rare thing since the days of Churchill's, Rector's and Shanley's.

In these Broadway restaurants we have never seen negroes other than in the capacity of performers or waiters, but when you make excursions into the darkness of Harlem you have to forget your Southern ancestors and sit among residents of the neighborhood. The Club Bamville, the Nest, the Cotton Club, and the Exclusive Club are situated in Harlem near Lenox Avenue, and may be classed as of one type. They sport electric signs, liveried doormen, and decorations in imitation of the downtown clubs.

At the Club Bamville "Dude" Adams scrutinizes you and permits you to enter and take a table, if you meet with his approval. Of course, if you are lucky enough to be with "Sport" Ward, he may try to give you the establishment.

The dance floor is ample and the orchestra turns a mean tune. A few persons from downtown sweep in in orchids and evening clothes, but the rest are in street clothes. The majority of the guests are white, the scene being punctuated by groups of high-browns, yellow-pines, and blacks of midnight intensity. More personal expression and less inhibition characterizes the dancing here than we remember anywhere since our last visit to the Olympia in Paris. In both places you see whites and blacks dancing with a joy and lack of self-consciousness that permits experiment and embroidery of step.

The brightest moments of the entertainment are the ones in which Bobbie, a small *café au lait* person in a short dress of the same sad color, dances her exhilerating Charleston. With perfect time and complete abandon she flings herself into a flashing kaleidoscope of arms, legs, angles, white cotton drawers and gold teeth. She's a riot! We are promised that at the weekly breakfast dances, starting at four Sunday morning, she exceeds herself.

"Broadway" Jones of Royal Ponciana, Palm Beach, fame is always present looking like an onyx bullfrog and sounding not unlike one. The harmony of his trio is splendid; and, incidentally, he and his piano player are rather good for dance music and entertainers at home parties. (This is not an advertisement — merely a helpful hint to hosts.)

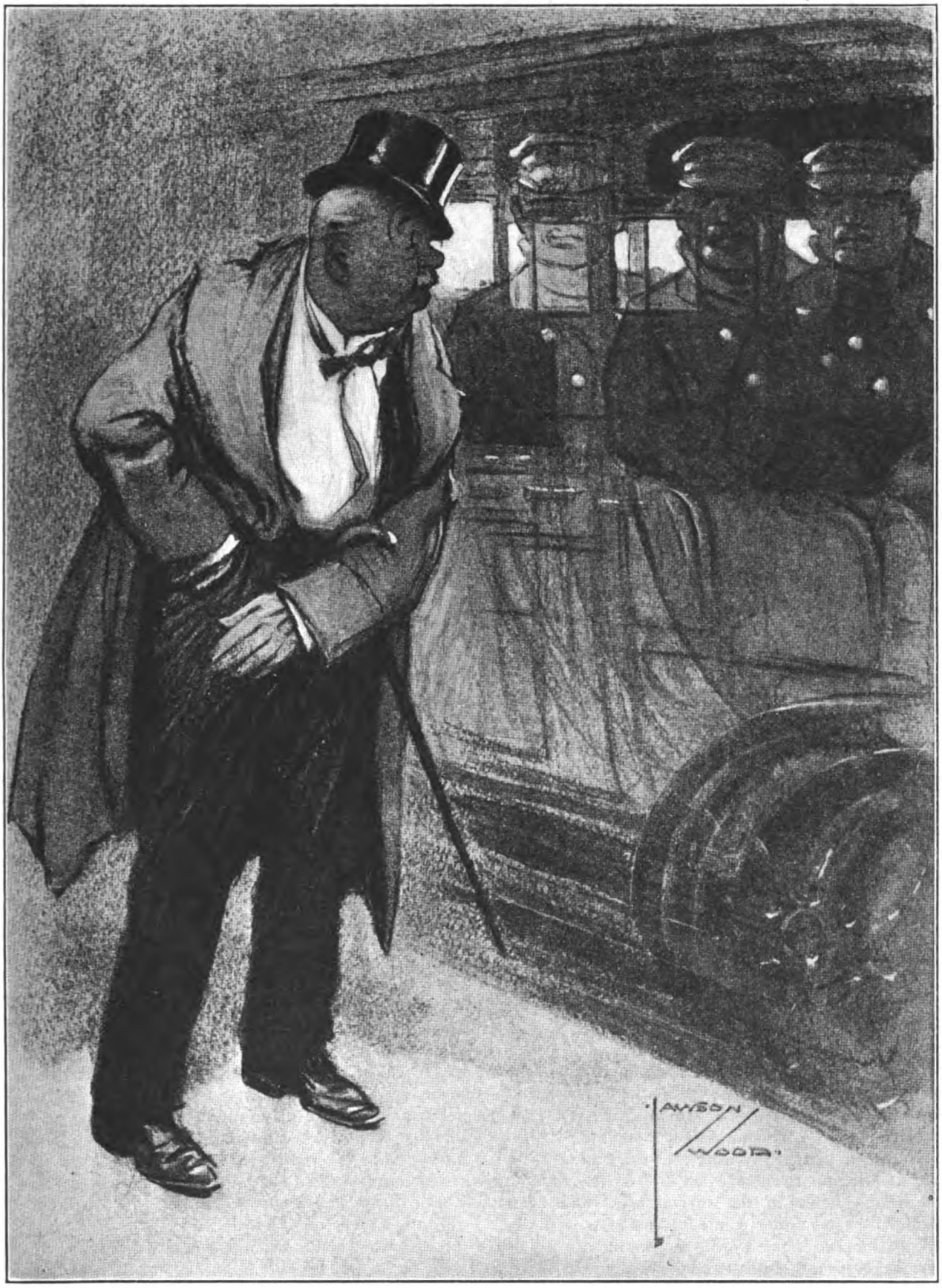
From this restaurant you can walk a block or two to the less pretentious and more African resorts—Small's, Jimmie's, the Capitol, or the Palace Gardens. These places are not arranged for sightseers. Their clientele is made up of coon-shouters and dance teams from vaudeville and the revues, race touts, real and pseudo bandits, taxi drivers, and all the upper crust of Harlem circles.

The crowding is worse than at the old Montmartre on Saturday nights. Chairs and tables are jammed as close as possible to leave a wisp of floor for dancing. Elementary emotions are given general play, particularly in the songs and dances of the restaurant employees.

The auto-hypnotic appearance of these dances recalls strongly the Holy Roller revivals we used to attend on a plantation in Virginia, and the "babtisims" in the Tombigbee River in Mississippi. The same inspired ecstasy of the participants is in both, one being done to the jazz of pleasure, the other accompanied by the chanting of religious enthusiasts, making them both exciting racial manifestations.

For us the really great moments are when the orchestra blares forth for general dancing and the stampede on the much-too-small floor.

The crowd is orderly, but some of the gents look as if their characters are as dark as their complexions and cutting scrapes not entirely out of their line of work. "Dixie" Barnes explains that he runs the place for the working people of the community, but visitors under control are welcomed. To go there in evening clothes is out of order of course, but to drop in as a spectator is a relishing climax to a tour of amusement. A great many people have tired of the accepted Broadway night life and now are doing more and more wandering in other fields of entertainment.—*Tophat*



Look here, I'm going to give you a fiver, and you fellersh musht fight it out among yourselves.

NOUS, ÉTRANGERS À PARIS

THERE are in Paris those delightful week-end holidays that pass off in a burst of warm Spring sunshine, when all the chipmunks in the Bois come out to pick their teeth, and the crowds that go to Auteuil and Longchamps play havoc with the Pari-Mutuel odds. As all French people, except taxi-drivers and bus conductors, leave Paris for the country during these days, the city is entirely given over to the American and English invasion, the visitors having a lovely time looking over the latest Parisian styles worn so boldly by their compatriots.

The English trippers dutifully go sight-seeing, while our more serious countrymen proceed to the races. On the last such occasion everybody was very happy, and everybody was there, including Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Appleton, and Judge and Mrs. Elkus, which I know was true, because I read about it in the papers. Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bullitt—formerly Louise Bryant—of course never miss steeplechase events. Which reminds me that I saw Mr. Dudley Field Malone, international commuter and matrimonial fixer, at Longchamps a while ago with two very striking personages. Malone's real Paris pleasure, however, is to give a big dinner party, stay up late in Montmartre, and then toddle to the Markets, where he can go into an Irish ecstasy before the mountains of choux-fleurs and radishes.

I later saw Max Eastman at the races with his wife, trying desperately to pick a winner, and by his derision steering me off the only horse I was sure would win—and did. I expect to see Floyd Dell here next, but I am off advice—even that of Donald Ogden Stewart, who, along with Mr. Robert Benchley, is expected to do Paris this Spring.

There is not too much to report on theatrical activities, except the cheering fact that the bars are working efficiently between acts. Mme. Ganna Walska has not yet sung in Paris this season, though she has publicly denied that her concert at Nice was a "frost." Meanwhile, our talented Mary Lewis who is singing the leading rôle in the revival of "The Merry Widow," states rather pointedly that even if she had all the money in the world, she would not pay for permission to sing, no matter how desperately hard up operatic managers might be. But even if temperamental amenities are thus preserved, it is good to see Franz Lehar—himself—welcomed to Paris, and perhaps as the financial doldrums of poor Austria continue, Paris will usurp Vienna as the producing city for the gay waltz operetta. One gets so tired of two and three year old Broadway jazz tunes at the music halls that the change cannot cause grief.

In general, the French have very little ear for good popular modern music, Mr. Paul Rosenfeld notwithstanding. You must go to "Bals Musettes" and hear a squeaky accordion played by somebody who is a clerk in "La Samaritaine" during the daytime to realize that the sense of rhythm in Paris has not been entirely lost. Mr. Ezra Pound is fortunately in Nice, and I do not fear his blows for the last statement; he has taken upon his own shoulders the renaissance of modern music, and probably would not listen to any advice, even from Mr. Deems Taylor.

Paris is just as full as ever of people who will take nobody's advice, hardly their own. Young literary movements by Americans too proud to have their indiscretions printed at home are flourishing as vigorously as when the Transatlantic Review first saw the light of day. Up to the present only one writer of real merit, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, has been revealed, and as a book of his short stories is to be published in New York in the autumn, he may possibly be read and criticized by other circles than the *Dial*.

They are still adepts at the feat of tossing words into the air and then running frantically away in order not to see where they may fall. The same ache to dodge the American's Adam curse of provincialism characterizes painting and kindred arts. A trip through the Salon will convince anyone: Five miles of canvas, many exhibits by our young native countrymen along the way, with hardly a half dozen oases in this visual wilderness. I must say the Philadelphia Academy has much to answer for. In brief, the post-war mood has not yet fully relaxed its hold.

The chaos in the arts has its counterpart in the chaos in finance. Nobody knows where the franc is going next, and nobody seems to care. With the curious result that Paris has become the safest city to live in in the world. We read with horror the tales of gore from Chicago and the bootlegging murders in New York. For where the money obtained by a painfully difficult robbery on Thursday may be worth only a third of what it was the following Wednesday, what is the use of going to all the trouble? And, even the French themselves are becoming almost reckless about money, a phenomenon nearly as great as the late war itself. One had better come to Paris this summer, for it will be gay. Prices will be reasonable, and next year—who knows?—*H. E. S.*

Paris, April 24.

Without A Doubt!

THE Germans, two years ago, had a story they told one another with great realish, probably *Ersatz*.

A little boy, seven years old, had just arrived at the morning session of school after a few distressing sunrise hours. His papa had been arrested at dawn and promptly shot, as a Communist. His mama had finally succumbed to seven years of ingrowing starvation and called it a life. His sister, eleven years old, had been carted off by the police just before breakfast as a menace to the morals of the community. Purely from force of habit, the child had arrived at the school, but a few minutes late.

The class in arithmetic was under way as he arrived and the teacher shot a question at him as he entered the door.

"Fritz," he asked, "if it takes three men working eight hours a day three weeks to dig a ditch eight feet wide, two feet long and six feet deep, how long will it take four men working six hours a day?"

The first smile in years passed over the little boy's face.

"Teacher," he said, "I should have your troubles."

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In which connection there comes to hand a letter signed "M. H.", in which another one of the futile irritations a pampered world regards as troubles comes to light.

"In a recent issue," he writes, "I read your story of the theatrical person who objected to giving the rôle of *Candida* to Peggy Wood because she was not the type with whom a young poet would fall in love. I regard this as one of the best stories of the sort I have ever read or heard and have wanted to go about telling it to my friends. As a matter of fact, I have told it to a few and have invariably been rewarded with an exceptionally fine collection of blank stares, after which it has been necessary for me to laugh idiotically and say, 'And of course, when you consider that Johnny Weaver, a young poet, did actually . . .'

"I am quite well aware that you are not running a matrimonial bureau or a Lonesome Hearts Club, but you would confer a great favor on me if you could and would print in THE NEW YORKER the names and addresses of a number of people to whom I could tell this story without having to furnish plans and specifications."

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One is afraid that nothing can be done for M. H. Perhaps the best thing would be just to go in for "It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike," and let it go at that.

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"Colored Skyline Predicted by Woman Expert," reads a headline in the *Herald Tribune*. The best place to see it, obviously, is around One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street.

—*H. J. M.*

The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

Or Indignations

If there were no armies and navies there nevertheless would be war; that is, if there were any nations.

—Admiral Fiske

SHARPEN YOUR WITS WIN A PRIZE

Beginning and ending with this issue, THE NEW YORKER will inaugurate a series of one prize competitions, designed to test its readers' ingenuity, for which valuable prizes will be offered.

The tests follow:

1. Supply the missing words in the following sentences:

a. New York —— is the largest city in the United States.

b. Warren G. —— was a President of the United States.

c. Now is the —— for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

2. Name any Mayor of New York City.

3. Sign the subscription blank below and enclose five dollars.

What is this man's first name? (Suggestion: (C—L—IN)

What is this a Statue of ? (Any reasonable answer will be accepted.)

Valuable prizes will be offered to the lucky winners. They are:

1. A five year subscription to THE NEW YORKER. (A nominal charge of $25 for the cost of wrapping, mailing and incidentals will be made.)

2. A three year subscription to THE NEW YORKER. (A nominal charge of $15 for the cost of wrapping, mailing and incidentals will be made. This can be paid in installments—thus, $15 down and the balance at six-month intervals.)

3. Ten thousand consolation prizes of one-year subscriptions to THE NEW YORKER, at the rate of $5 a year per subscription.

The judges reserve the right to change and perfect any incorrect solutions that are received.

Act now! Yesterday may be too late and tomorrow too early!

No joke, enclosed find $5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

NAME .....

STREET AND No. .....

CITY AND STATE .....

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

An Interesting Blotter on Exhibit in Wall Street. Believed to be the Work of L. Cohen Sr., of Cohen & Cohen, or Else an Office Boy Named Johnson, Now Discharged.

BLOTTERS: AN ABSORBING MEDIUM

A Study of Creative Art in New York

A CERTAIN wise Frenchman once made two famous epigrams about Art. He said: "I don't know about *la belle Arte* (art) but I know what I like." And when traffic had been straightened out again, he added: "Provided I like it."

In the nooks and corners of this city of ours (New York) there are numerous examples of a vigorously flourishing artistic movement, differing from the other schools of Self-Expression found on billboards and on the walls of telephone booths. This movement is known as "Blotter Art," because of the fact that it most commonly chooses for its medium an ordinary white desk blotter. However a desk calendar, memorandum pad, or even a plain linen tablecloth all serve the same purpose.

Essentially an art of business men and financial leaders, it is but natural that Blotter Art should deal primarily with figures. I take Mr. L. Cohen's "Desk Blotter: A Fragment" (reproduced above) as a typical example of this school. Here a *leit motif* of addition and subtraction, coupled with Miss Fifi Marre's uptown address and the telephone number of Mr. Cohen's bootlegger, suggest an interesting design on the part of Mr. Cohen. Moreover, the recurrence of the labyrinth figure indicates clearly the mental process of the artist during the particular director's meeting in which his Blotter was composed.

The history of this masterpiece is perhaps of interest to students, since it shows clearly the adverse conditions under which the artist must sometimes work. It seems a conference had been called in Mr. Cohen's office to discuss the preparation of a more durable form of concrete to use in the erasers on lead pencils. "Well, Mr. Cohen," said Mr. Cohen's partner, Mr. Cohen, "I see your wife is laid up again with tonsilitis. Bad time of year for tonsilitis."

"I know, J. R.," said Mr. Cohen, "it's the climate."

"Bad climate for tonsilitis," replied "J. R."; and consequently a sub-committee was formed, consisting of Mr. Cohen, to look into the matter and report at the next meeting.

"Well, L.," said Mr. Cohen as he started out, "I see you been drawing all over your blotter again. More expense." Thus encouraged, Mr. Cohen spent the rest of the afternoon putting the finishing touches on his Blotter, adding here a labyrinth and there six more linked diamonds, and then finally tossed the entire affair into the waste basket, drew a check instead, and started uptown. That was last Thursday.—*Corey Ford*

Rupert is Himself Again

After a holiday in New York, taken for the rest thus afforded him, Rupert Hughes has returned to the land of sun-kissed native sons and Hollywood, where a company of yellow-faced motion picture actors were already champing at their bits awaiting his megaphonic direction, in order to proceed with the filming of the big and important picture which his millions of fans will presumably have an opportunity of applauding before midsummer.

—The *Red Book*

The Wholly Impossible She

Beloved by a million men, Muriel is true to each. Muriel's constancy is never-failing.

—From a cigar advertisement

"Lest We Forget"

A nurse at the Wheeler home said Mrs. Wheeler was undecided as to a name for the baby, but that she might be named "Marion," which is Senator La Follette's middle name. Senators La Follette and Wheeler headed a third party ticket in the last Presidential campaign.

—The *Herald Tribune*

GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth
The best achievement of the season.

THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street
Another production based on the bold assumption that not all playgoers are feeble minded.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild
Shaw's masterpiece elaborately revived with the best obtainable (not the best imaginable) cast.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw
The Pulitzer Prize Play of the season and yet well worth seeing.

LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village
Poor old Congreve did not have sense enough to call this one "Flaming Passion."

THE SHOW OFF—Playhouse
Last year's Pulitzer Prize Runner-Up and still somehow struggling along.

IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street
A comedy triumph which disproves the old saw about "Lightnin'" never striking twice in the same street.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge
A good, ornery comedy of the less fashionable avenues, made heart-warming by the fine skill of Ernest Truex.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco
"Desire Under the Medicis" has at last reached the stage of publishing telegrams from David Belasco.

THE GUARDSMAN—Garrick
An old Molnar comedy enhanced by the fine art of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, the happiest partnership since Gilbert & Sullivan.

WILD BIRDS—Cherry Lane
A first play of many beauties which points with interest to the next work of Dan Totheroh.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty
Gershwin tunes and rhythms entirely surrounded by Astaires.

ROSE MARIE—Imperial
The most successful musical comedy of its time, showing that the public is more alert in this field than in the fields of drama and national politics.

MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box
Possibly the last, probably the best and certainly the fourth of Irving Berlin's harlequinades.

THE BACKSLAPPER—Hudson
Here's a little brother to "The Show-Off," nowhere its equal, of course, but still intelligently amusing.

PRINCESS IDA—Shubert
A fastidious revival of the most obscure Savoy opera.

THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street
A large but enjoyable revival of a comic opera written in 1885 and not since surpassed.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam
W. C. Fields equipped with some material that effects the miracle of putting Will Rogers in second place.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan
Opulent goings on in Columbus Circle with innumerable legs involved—including the gutta percha pair which so inadequately sustain Leon Errol.

TAPS—Broadhurst
A picture of what war was before "What Price Glory" came along. Lionel Barrymore and Ulrich Haupt as its best actors.

TELL ME MORE—Gaiety
Another Gershwin musical show, with Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes as the comical fellows.

MUSIC

JOHN COATES—Aeolian Hall
Thursday evening, May 7. A really great singer, almost unknown in this country. If you miss this concert, dont say we didn't warn you.

ART

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS—Dudensing
Important and interesting show of paintings, by Matisse, Laurencin, Bonnard, Braque, Dufy, de Segonzac, Marchand, Marquet, Utrillo and Vlaminck.

FEITELSON & NEWKING—Daniel Galleries
Paintings by a man and his wife or vice versa. Clever and studious milestones in a Darby-Joan career.

ARNOLD RONNEBECK—Weyhe Galleries
Excellent modern interpretations of New York's architecture in pencil and lithograph; also some beautiful and exciting small bits of sculpture.

EMIL FUCHS—Fine Arts Building
Etchings, drawings, paintings and sculpture by one of America's versatile workmen.

GREENWICH VILLAGE ART—New Gallery
Billed as "the stage hands of the Greenwich Village and Provincetown playhouses," Teddy Ballantine, Cleo Throckmorton, John Grass and others of the Ken Macgowan family will show their wares.

MOVING PICTURES

GRASS—Criterion
Remarkable cinema panorama of the primitive quest for food.

MADAME SANS-GENE—Rivoli
Gloria Swanson's newest but not her best, although this has color and authentic background.

OTHER EVENTS

SOUTHERN EXPOSITION—Grand Central Palace
Monday, May 11. Exhibition of the material development and natural resources of the South. All week.

SPORTS

RACING—Jamaica Race Track
Metropolitan Jockey Club meeting, all week.

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium
Philadelphia vs. New York, Tuesday, May 5; Wednesday, May 6.

Polo Grounds
St. Louis vs. New York, Friday, May 8; Saturday, May 9; Sunday, May 10; Tuesday, May 12.

GOLF—Westchester-Biltmore Club, Rye
Sunday, May 10, special exhibition match between Alex Smith and Macdonald Smith, brothers.

TENNIS—University Heights Tennis Club
Saturday, May 9, and succeeding days, first singles tournament of season, North Side Championship.

100 Years Ago

(From the Daily Papers of 1825)

IS it not a reproach to the public authorities of New York that neither are the great majority of houses numbered nor one in ten of the streets pointed out by name to the passing stranger. Scarcely is there to be found a single number upon a house in the whole length of Broadway. Really, we are inclined to think the good people of this city would be quite as much pleased at seeing a vote that these two measures of convenience be adopted as the one lately for turning what ought to be a part of the Park into a public ground for cows and calves. As to hogs, they are permitted to ramble at large, particularly on Sundays.

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SOMETHING NEW—On Sunday evening last the Auburn state prison (famed as the strongest and best regulated prison in the United States) was, it is said, visited by a thief or gang of thieves, who effected an entrance in the dark into almost the heart of the prison. It appears they made their way into the tailors' and shoemakers' shops and seized upon several articles of clothing &c &c, and retired with the booty without molestation.

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AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON—Everything is still and quiet at Washington, and what with the holy days and feasting Lafayette, our Correspondent seems to have forgotten us. As regards the Presidential question, there is a general armistice not only among the members of Congress but among the editors also. The friends of Adams and Jackson are both confident of success; and as to Mr. Crawford, nobody any longer thinks he stands any possible chance, and nobody says he does, except the Younger Advocate.

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NOTICE—The subscribers of the Society for improving the character and usefulness of Domestic Servants are informed that they may now obtain at the Society's office on Chamber street, opposite to the Savings Bank, servants of various avocations in considerable numbers.—Peter Banker, Agent.

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THE ART OF FENCING

Mr. C. Magloire respectfully acquaints his patrons and the gentlemen that his Fencing Academy will open on Monday 22d December inst, at his Public Room, No. 4 Wall Street.

Mr. C. Magloire hopes that his capacity as a teacher in the art of fencing is too well known by the most respectable gentlemen of this city to need comments, and returns his thanks for the liberal patronage he has been favored with.

Mr. C. M. is at home, No. 108 Chamber street, and at his Public Room, No. 4 Wall Street, on the days of tuition.

SPORTS

THE United Hunts' spring meet became this year fully as important a racing event as in the past it has been a social function for the horsey set. In part, this was due to the dynamic energy John McE. Bowman brings to everything with which he becomes connected; in part, because the betting element had nothing else to occupy its attention for the time; lastly, and most picturesquely, because the colorful and popular Sande was making his first appearance at a New York track since his disasterous fall at Saratoga last August. Unquestionably, the dramatic possibilities in this jockey-idol's bid for triumph over the fates made for a good attendance, even against such adverse weather conditions as Saturday's rain provided.

The rain caused one departure from precedent; the Turf and Field enclosure did not display its usual crowd, most of the regular attendants in this section being forced to take shelter in the roofed stands. Even so staunch an enthusiast as Mrs. Payne Whitney finally retreated.

Steeplechasing, most spectacular of sports, somehow fails to stir among spectators that sympathy for the unfortunate which other disasters afield rouse. A fall causes no gasps, either of horror or regret. Perhaps this is because those interested in the performance of a particular jumper are most likely to view a spill as a loss of good money wagered (orally, of course) than as a mishap to the rider. The races have much in common with the race.

The next amateur golf tournament, at Oakmont, will not be so tedious an affair as previous ones, the committee having decided to limit to match play those sixteen players turning in the best cards for the qualifying round. This, incidentally, is open only to golfers handicapped at three, or below, unless the committee is convinced that a player's tournament record entitles him to special consideration. For most of us, however, the last information holds purely academic interest.

Inter-collegiate rowing, which enjoys citywide popularity in Philadelphia, passes without notice in New York, a natural enough condition, since the cluttered waters of the Harlem do not lend themselves to the picturesque, and the clear, winding Schuylkill does. Our glimpes of regattas are confined largely to Poughkeepsie or New London, depending upon where our sympathies and loyalties lie.

Among early season regattas, the most colorful will take place a week from Saturday, May 16, on the Housatonic, where Yale, Princeton and Cornell will row three races and Yale, Princeton and Harvard a fourth. At this time of year a drive to Derby, Conn., which is the Yale headquarters, is as pretty a tour as can be undertaken, providing one starts early enough to avoid the frightful congestion along the Post Road. And the river itself is one of the glories of the New England spring, fully worth the trip even if no races were forthcoming.

For those who cannot get away from town early enough to motor—or who have had sad experiences driving in the heavy traffic—the New Haven is running a special train from Grand Central, which leaves New York at 12:50, Eastern Standard time, that afternoon. It will connect with an observation train at Derby and will start back to town immediately after the last race.

Some of these days we shall have to stop writing about young Tommy Hitchcock. There's another Hitchcock coming along for whom "young" will have to be reserved: Frank Hitchcock. There seems to be some doubt this early if Frank will ever be quite the player Tommy is, but he won't be far behind. Still, to expect him to be in Tommy's class would be to expect Tilden's younger brother (had he one) to go out and beat him up.

Little Bill Johnston is coming East again, which is real news. And he, too, is reported to be on his game. No less authority than Bill Tilden himself reports that Little Bill—the most lovable figure in American tennis since Maurice McLoughlin, the "Red Comet,"—is playing almost as well as ever he did.

Little Bill is still a bit touchy about having been dropped from the Davis Cup singles last year to make room for Vincent Richards. He is said to be planning to go to England, where Richards also is due. If these two happen to meet on the center court at Wimbledon, the Cunard Line ought to arrange an excursion for the few hundred thousands who would like to see that match.

BOOKS

PHYLLIS BOTTOME is a minor novelist for whom we have a weakness. The stories of hers we know are mainly flights, but she does fly, even with such pin-feathers as this passage in "Old Wine" (*Doran*) betokens: The Graf Wolkenheimb, a seasoned lover and from his point of view a second Talleyrand, is taking a raucous Jewess as mistress for Talleyrandrous reasons. His heart belongs to a saintly widowed princess.

"He muttered half under his breath as he turned to bring cigarettes to Elisabeth, 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.'" Whoever reads Phyllis Bottome must expect a few things like that, and considerable diffusion of that quality.

A worse feature of "Old Wine" is the American girl in it. We are tired, on infantile patriotic grounds, of the English novelist with an eye to sales who throws in a nice American without having troubled to study the animal carefully from life, which ought to be easy anywhere in Europe.

This novel ambitiously attempts a broad representation of Vienna from peace to Karl's effort to come back, with a glance at Budapest and the "White Terror." It suffers, as printed, from being insufficiently paragraphed. Its successes with us are Eugen Erdody, the author's artificial but entertaining cynic (he appeared as Costrelle in "A Servant of Reality"), and the already mentioned Jewess and Dr. J. Simmons, a constitutionally virginal relief director. Its failures are more general. As a whole, it is not Phyllis Bottome a-wing in her element.

We like and recommend Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life" (*A. & C. Boni*), but not for such large round reasons as others have given for their admiration. We think Jim is as much "the American Gorky" as Rupert Hughes, who said he was, is the American George Eliot. And his "frankness," which some one else mentioned, is all right but nothing to refrain from writing home about. Why cannot some of these fellows take an interesting book more easily?

Here is an average, not hand-picked, example of why we like "Beggars of Life":

"When the soup was ready, we crowded about it. A whistle blew. A light pierced through the fog. A train was creeping west. We made for the rods, which would keep us out of the rain. 'Let them jungle buzzards have that junk. It's no good anyhow,' said the man with the hangman's expression . . . 'That rattler's got irons under her. I near got nipped twice. No wonder they didn't try to ditch us' . . . The train melted into the rainy night. Our spirits were as low as the ground. To cheer our water-soaked hearts, we talked of California, still a thousand miles away."

The book consists of sketches of Jim's hobo youth, from memory. The content of some of them is trite. Sometimes Jim strains his arm in throwing a literary effect, and his outlook is always naive. But the high spots are real stuff well done, without fool reflections, and with strong conveyance of scenes and sensations and people. Certain memories are touched up, artistically—or else his dope-fiend who "worked with God" was quite an ironist. On the other hand, certain touches that may make some readers suspect Jim rather guarantee him. There is the cheap madam who says she belongs to "the oldest profession in the world." Whether or not this is genuine, a faker capable of faking those high spots would probably have left it out.

Jim wishes an America with hoboes had a thousand Judge Ben Lindseys. It is that very naivete that impresses us most with Jim.

As everyone knows by this time, endocrinology, the ductless glands business, doesn't mean monkeys and does mean a great deal more. Exactly how much it amounts to at its present stage of infancy depends upon what doctor you are asking; that it amounts to something, most of the younger-minded ones admit. An idea of its "philosophy" can be gained without hard labor from "The Personal Equation," by Louis Berman (*Century*).

Two interesting volumes of short stories by experienced practitioners, "Overheard" by Stacy Aumonier and "Tongues of Fire" by Algernon Blackwood, will be noticed next week at such length as the season affords. There seems to be a revival of interest in short stories in collections; as an ardent short story fan, this column welcomes it. Each of these volumes contains good ones, and Aumonier's "The Friends" is the best of his that we have ever seen.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis *(Harcourt, Brace)*. It isn't a mere fleer at doctors, and it is Sinclair Lewis's best novel.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy *(Doubleday, Page)*. We only know one person who has read it and doesn't like it, and we suspect her of trying to be original.

SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun *(Knopf)*. A small-scale Scandinavian "Vanity Fair" in modern terms.

PRISONERS, by Franz Molnar *(Bobbs-Merrill)*. Just the story to spend the evening with—if you care how you spend your evenings.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert *(Doubleday, Page)*. Very light He-and-She stuff at its best.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains *(Boni & Liveright)*. Ostensibly a piece of "quietism" on the idyllic order. Actually, if you read it you can set up as an intellectual.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair *(Macmillan)*. Rather a warning to girls who think of marrying fine, sincere clergymen.

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin *(Boni & Liveright)*. South Africa's "negro problem" isn't so different from our South's.

THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern *(Knopf)*. A more complicated novel than we thought could be good, about a Jewish family tribe.

SHORT STORIES

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell *(Doran)*. Ironic portrait stories and a longish satire. It is the stories we are recommending.

TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad *(Doubleday, Page)*. They ought to be as widely appealing as any of Conrad.

GENERAL

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully *(A. & C. Boni)*. Noticed in this issue.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks *(Dutton)*. An interpretation of Henry James that really comes to something.

LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode *(Putnam)*. Four historical portraits that *are* "as interesting as most fiction."

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell *(Houghton, Mifflin)*. The best, as well as the biggest, work on Keats.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne *(Dutton)*. Jingles, to be avoided by everyone who doesn't like three-year-old boys.

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woollcott *(Putnam)*. As we understand it, "Berlin" is a nom de plume of Stravinsky's, and "Woollcott" one of his own. It's a good book anyway.

THE BURNING SHAME OF AMERICA, by Richard J. Walsh *(W. E. Rudge Co.)* A handbook for anti-tobacco crusaders, which they will not appreciate.

Indifference

Bolt upright, erect, perpendicular,
He sat in the taxi, vehicular;
"Where to?" growled the shofer.
Responded the loafer,
"Oh, anywhere; I'm not particular."

—Arthur Guiterman

Edna's Taking Ways

Edna R. Willsey, known as "the beloved thief" because of her ability to steal a frock without forfeiting the owner's friendship, is in the toils again. . . . She speaks English and French and carries a caress in each of her sparkling eyes.

—The *World*

Frank Merriwell's Triumph

or

How They Celebrated Commencement Day at Dear Old Police Academy

The new Police Academy, sponsored by Commissioner Enright and under the direction of Deputy Inspector John J. Noonan, has been opened in the old Commerce Building of the College of the City of New York at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street.—News item.

HUZZA! Huzza!" cried Frank Merriwell gaily, as he dashed into the ivy covered portals of dear old Police Academy at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street. For Frank was ever an impulsive lad, although fond of animals.

President Emeritus Enright gazed at the youth kindly and placed a hand upon his fair hair. "You must control your boyish spirits, Frank," he told him, "for although to-morrow is Commencement Day when the Third Degree will be conferred upon you, remember that to-day we play our annual game of Running Down the Clew with Scotland Yard, and dear old Police Academy depends upon you, as Master of Bloodhounds, to assure us victory."

"Well do I know it, and well shall I acquit myself," answered Frank, his eyes filling with tears as he looked upon his chief's silvered locks, whitened through many years of serving the public and of listening to the Police Glee Club. "Have no fear, for—'Once a P.A. man, always a P.A. man.'"

The Campus was by now well filled with students and "Old Boys" of the Academy, the rookies, as the freshman class was nicknamed, looking with some awe at Frank, who had gained a great reputation at old P.A. because of his athletic ability and many manly qualities. But young Merriwell was not conceited, even though he knew that the Running-Down-the-Clew team from Scotland Yard, although outweighing him many pounds to the man, regarded him with a respect that was closely akin to fear. He was a democratic lad (nearly all the students at old P.A. were Democrats, for that matter) and had even been known to tip his hat politely to Comptroller Craig, although of course disagreeing with him.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the time set for the opening of the game, Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street were crowded with enthusiastic spectators, including not a few of the fair sex, for many of the students were escorting some of the most prominent cooks, waitresses and nursemaids of the neighborhood.

Just before the Clew was placed in play in the middle of the street, the President Emeritus arose.

"Fair play, boys, fair play!" he warned the participants. "Remember that, although nightsticks are permissible, service revolvers are to be used only under provocation. But I need say no more, for I know that our welcome visitors from Scotland Yard are clean cut lads, while our own boys—well, I have presided over P.A. since the old days when the Bronx was way up in Tarrytown, and I have yet to witness any rough stuff.

"And now," he concluded genially, "I have nothing more to say for publication except that I suspect the Interests to be in back of the Dot King case, and I can promise an arrest in connection with the Elwell murder within twenty-four hours. Fall to it, my fine fellows, and we shall have an inspiring and instructive contest, I warrant you."

And what a contest that was, to be sure! Things looked black in the first chukker, for the P. A. boys, led by Frank and his two favorite hounds, Bozeman and Bulger temporarily lost the Clew and went off on a false scent that came very nearly to solving the Wall Street explosion.

Shortly afterward the lean-flanked Scotland Yard eleven, all nine men taking the hurdles so closely that their bowsprits were buried in foam, were within an ace of solving the Hall-Mills mystery, but the elusive Clew doubled in its tracks, dodging behind the man with the little black bag, and when everybody rose to stretch in the seventh, the score was tied at 43 to 9.

"Remember Robert Brindell and Nan Patterson," young Merriwell counselled his men when the rival crews went to the showers in the interim before the third rubber. His words had an immediate effect, for, with the score still at love-thirty, Frank teed off for a perfect 36 and, aided by perfect interference, ploughed home in a sea of mud.

"Well bowled, well bowled!" shouted the crowd madly. Women fainted, children became hysterical and strong men bowed their heads in unsuppressed emotion. The final score was 2 up and 3 to play in favor of Scotland Yard. Police Academy had won!

That was a great night in the vine-clad cloisters on Lexington Avenue. Men who had known the avenue since it was further downtown than Pell Street or University Heights declared they had never seen its equal. The *Police Magazine* published five eight-star extras telling of the great victory, and the *Police Gazette* on its front page ran a hitherto unpublished portrait of Lillian Russell in tights. The furore

was so great that even the *Evening Bulletin* got out an issue and Commissioner of Accounts Hirshfield was rendered speechless with joy.

It was, as you might say, an unprecedented occasion.

But what of Frank, our hero?

In his little white room in the Commerce Building, the Academy's dormitory, he knelt humbly between his two pet mustangs, Bozeman and Bulger, and offered up his thanks to Heaven. Then, throwing wide the window, he stood before it and in a high, clear voice sang the song that will ever be sung when Police Academy men meet together and glasses clink in good fellowship:

"Hurrah for Prexy Noonan!

And for Prexy Emeritus Enright, too! Hurrah for our great Academy!

And its colors, Brass and Blue! Hurrah for all the rookies!

They may be Honorary Deputy Commissioners themselves some day! Here's a toast to Police Academy!

We'd die for dear old P. A.!"

—*Charles Street*

A Brief History of the Hippodrome

April 12, 1905—Grand opening of the New York Hippodrome.

April 13, 1905—First rumors that the New York Hippodrome is to be torn down to make room for an office building.

April 14, 1905—Positive confirmation of rumors that the New York Hippodrome is to be torn down to make room for an office building.

April 15, 1905—Editorial denunciation in all the newspapers of the fact that the New York Hippodrome, one of the historic old landmarks of the city, is to be torn down to make room for an office building.

April 16-22, inclusive, 1905—Bitter, tearful, cynical and semi-humorous comment by newspaper columnists over the fact that the New York Hippodrome, one of the historic old landmarks of the city, is to be torn down to make room for an office building.

April 23, 1905—Official announcement that the New York Hippodrome is *not* to be torn down to make room for an office building.

April 12-22, inclusive, 1906-1925, also inclusive—Follow formula.

April 23, 1925—Official announcement that the New York Hippodrome is *not* to be torn down to make room for an office building, but has been purchased by E. F. Albee, and the present policy is to be pursued in perpetuity.

April 24, 1925—Editorial writers and columnists mark their denunciatory, bitter, tearful, cynical and semi-humorous articles "stet" in preparation for 1926.

—*T. H. B.*

WHERE TO SHOP

A TREASURE HUNT!

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MOTION PICTURES

ERNST LUBITSCH'S newest effort, "Kiss Me Again," is not yet scheduled for a Broadway showing but we earnestly recommend it for attention when the powers-that-be do give it a chance. This new Lubitsch picture is a fine thing in sophisticated comedy.

Lubitsch has taken the old triangle of the pre-occupied husband, the lonely wife and the other man, this time a musician, and given it enough new twists to make it interesting. Moreover, he has translated the old story with plenty of subtleties and shadings. Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle" still stands as the best adventure of the films into intelligent comedy. "Kiss Me Again" is even better than "The Marriage Circle." Still, we shudder when we consider what will be done to it by the censors of the hinterland. There is a final shot of the reunited hubby, in pajamas leaping toward the family bedroom, that will send the blushing censors plunging after their scissors.

This week the Strand theatre is presenting "Soul-Fire," based upon Martin Brown's drama, "Great Music," in which the decadent young composer finally acquired leprosy.

The young musician of the film does not get leprosy, it is needless to say, and he is quite after Will Hays's own heart. He is good to his mother, refuses to take money, repulses the efforts of various sirens to seduce him and he finally achieves the great music when he has attained the supreme purity of self-sacrifice in the South Seas. Here is a genius that Kansas will understand.

However, Richard Barthelmess plays this Eric Fane with such force and wistfulness that he becomes a striking characterization. It is an excellent performance and, we believe, the best contributed by Barthelmess to celluloid thus far.

Mention of Will Hays reminds us of "Chickie," the new photoplay based upon a certain recent newspaper serial by one Elenore Meherin. This is according to the best traditions of the Bernarr Hearst school of literature. Chickie is a stenographer who wants to see life. She eventually has a baby but the young man of her desire, who hasn't known, returns from London and marries her. Then daddy rolls up the curtains of the little house, for all is well again. Mr. Hays ruled against the Pulitzer prize play, "They Knew What They Wanted," because it contained a seduction. How does Mr. Hays explain Chickie's excursion into sin?

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