

February 21, 1925

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# THE NEW YORKER

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NUIT de NOEL  
(Christmas Eve.)

NARCISSE NOIR  
(Black Narcissus)

CARON CORPORATION, 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Pub. Corp., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription \$5.00.  
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Advisory Editors: Ralph Barton, Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

# OF ALL THINGS

**R**IGHT next door to the Follies, some young adventurer has opened a penny peep-show where you can see five hundred and fifty glorified young women for what Mr. Ziegfeld charges for his much smaller collection. Well, competition is the life of the party, as Mr. LaFollette might have it.

\* \* \*

On general principles, this magazine expects to take a firm stand against murder. But we don't want to be bigoted. If, for instance, someone should ask you to advertise in *THE NEW YORKER*, and throw out the hint that your refusal might lead to some unwelcome publicity, you wouldn't shock us much if you poured him into the nearest drain.

\* \* \*

First in Enterprise, *THE NEW YORKER* is pleased to announce that it has engaged, for winter service in our side streets, the men who took the antitoxin to Nome.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hearst strews the laurels of fame with a liberal hand. In his *Cosmopolitan* he publishes the portrait of "Charles Hanson Towne, New York's most popular bachelor," and in his *International* of "George Jean Nathan, America's most distinguished bachelor."

If Charles can make the weight, the boys might get together for the world championship.

\* \* \*

And, speaking of the *International*, one need go no further than the table of contents for the plot of America's Great Novel:

"Love Is Blind," "I Have Tried to Live as Christ Might Live Today," "To a Girl at the Ritz," "Where I Am Monarch of All I Survey," "The Girl Who Was Herself," "Just a Big Hearted Rascal," "That Royle Girl!" "That Man Darrow!" "There's a Lot of Truth in That Old Song About

Home, Sweet Home," "We Tried a Divorce in 45 Days," "If I Had My Way," "I Grinned My Way Out of the Grave," "Women Are Playthings," "Oh, I Have Lived!"

Having thus done its duty by posterity, the *International* passes on to its merited reward.

\* \* \*

Mr. George Jean Nathan, who when not engaged in his more serious work of telling everybody where to get off at, finds relaxation in writing for Mr. Hearst's publications, is the author of "Women Are Playthings." Ah there, (as the editor of our "In Our Midst" column would say) George!

\* \* \*

Two of the big collar firms have combined. Our own Beauty Contest judges announce that the handsomest man in America is now Mister Cluett Peabody Earl Wilson.

\* \* \*

It turned out, after a New York jury had got down to business, that the foreman didn't understand English, so the judge excused him and told the remaining eleven to reach a verdict of their own. We don't get the point. Readers of the *Daily News* doubtless don't understand English but they ought to be experts on crime.

\* \* \*

We and Mr. Hearst are among those who credit Mayor Hylan with sagacity. For, just before the transit investigators issued their report (which was not exactly in the form of a valentine) didn't he say to himself, "Go South, young man, go South."

\* \* \*

Our Ear to the Ground Department reports that Charging Buffalo, the Indian in training with the Yankees has, at the insistence of the management, agreed to change his name to John Levi, as being more typically American.

This same bureau of *THE NEW YORKER* assures us we may refute the rumor that Commissioner Enright, overhearing the question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" replied, "Undoubtedly Gerald Chapman, who is now safely under lock and key, thanks to police efficiency."

\* \* \*

Mr. Enright's publicity man has just announced that "one patrolman handed a loaded weapon to a lieutenant with the muzzle pointed toward the officer and the revolver cocked. What the lieutenant said to him would have blistered an asbestos wall. . . . But that was two years ago." We note with relief that such fussy and abusive lieutenants have been discouraged.

\* \* \*

Mr. Enright's publicity man also would like the world to tell him: "In these days of silent police cars bobbing up here, there and everywhere, what bandit, be he ever so clever, can be sure of finishing a 'job' in peace?" Several bandits interviewed confess that they cannot be, but all avow a willingness to take a sporting chance.

\* \* \*

One of the first things you do in starting a magazine, after you have got the notion to do it and, as our advertising friends say, sold your associates on the idea, is to rent an office and the next thing you do is get a telephone. You don't actually get a telephone next, but you put in an application for one. You do this on the sagacious suggestion of the agent of the building who explains that it is the busy season with the telephone company and that you should hurry because it usually takes thirty days to get a telephone and, while he will use his drag with the telephone company and cut this down to two

weeks, you will probably need one by that time anyhow.

This two week's delay looms as a tremendous obstacle and you hasten breathlessly to the telephone company's office where you become part of a throng surrounding a counter for about an hour. At the end of that time you tell your story to a man at the counter who dodges to a desk telephone for conversational purposes every forty seconds, obviously to demonstrate what a really great help this invention is to a busy man. This gentleman ultimately helps you fill out an Application for Service which you recognize as the old income tax blanks the Government used in 1919.

He asks you if you want a regulation switchboard with plugs and things or a Jumbo Jr., which a child can operate and which accommodates three incoming trunk lines and fourteen extensions. You decide on Jumbo Jr., because of its marvelous simplicity and because it comes in two finishes, oak and mahogany. You order an oak Jumbo. Some days later you decide on mahogany finish furniture and some days after this you think of the incongruity of Jumbo. By this time, however, you realize that such things are just a detail anyhow and that you are not, after all, a detail person.

The day after the carpenters begin to put up the partitions Jumbo Jr. starts to ring. He varies this by buzzing. By now you are meeting a lot of new people, including representatives of the wholesale paper industry, the rubber stamp industry—"you will need some eventually; keep us in mind"—the printing industry, the lady who wants to buy a ticket on the New Yorker to St. Louis and the fellow you think is Ring Lardner, author of one of the swellest books ever written, who, you think, is going to write you a swell piece, but who turns out to be a gentleman with a collar named Warsden who wants to sell you life insurance. At this point your secretary departs to marry the Assistant Some-

thing of the uptown branch of the Farmer's Loan and Trust Co. (As unexpected to him, you suspect, as it is to THE NEW YORKER.) And there you are with Jumbo.

After two days with Jumbo you decide that if you really amount to anything such a little matter as this can't get the best of you and you go to the telephone company and ask for a set of printed instructions (which, of course, they must have) on how to operate

are peaceful enough to get out a magazine.

This does not leave you unshaken, of course, and at this point your doctor advises a couple of weeks' rest.

It is now the middle of February and by this time most magazines have got their Fourth of July issue behind them and are relaxing before the strenuous work on the Big Christmas Number. By nature THE NEW YORKER cannot be so forehanded. Most of its contents must be speedily prepared by a dozen persons and the magazine must be speedily put together. Because of the necessity for this haste THE NEW YORKER asks consideration for its first number. It recognizes certain shortcomings and realizes that it is impossible for a magazine fully to establish its character in one number. At the same time it feels a great deal of pride in many of its features and heart-felt gratitude for the support it already has received.

THE NEW YORKER starts with a declaration of serious purpose but with a concomitant declaration that it will not be too serious in executing it. It hopes to reflect metropolitan life, to keep up with events and affairs of the day, to

be gay, humorous, satirical but to be more than a jester.

It will publish facts that it will have to go behind the scenes to get, but it will not deal in scandal for the sake of scandal nor sensation for the sake of sensation. It will try conscientiously to keep its readers informed of what is going on in the fields in which they are most interested. It has announced that it is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque. By this it means that it is not of that group of publications engaged in tapping the Great Buying Power of the North American steppe region by trading mirrors and colored beads in the form of our best brands of hokum.



Co-operation

him. These instructions seem unintelligible at the time and get more so later. Eventually, you realize that they pertain to Model 382J Jumbo, apparently a deceased cousin of the incumbent, and you throw them out of the window. Two days later you have discovered how to work everything but the middle row of keys and two days after this you realize they have no use anyhow and draw the obvious conclusion that they are the keys used by Presidents of the United States to press to open things, such as the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

After Jumbo is tamed everything is simple and you go forward without misgiving, confident that such achievement cannot but bring success. Ultimately the carpenters quit walking over your desk, the glaziers get through, the puttiers finish, the lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea and things

The New Yorker  
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## ~ THE TALK OF THE TOWN ~

**I**NTERNATIONAL Millennium Week saw stiff competition for interest between Mr. Reidt of Patchogue and Mrs. Rowan of Hollywood. Now that the former has probably abandoned his idea that he would rather, as the old saying almost goes, be himself than resident, the west can resume its almost exclusive ownership of the calendared doomsday idea. Robert E. Sherwood, the Editor of *Life*, tells me there is a hill near San Diego which has provided a pretty profit for its owners during the last decade because of its advantages as a celestial ascension ground. Every week some sect rents it for millennium use. Frequently previous bookings cause a readjustment of astrological computations. Should the Sons and Daughters of the Advent try to rent the hill for a private wafting upward on a privately calculated date, so popular has become the spirit of first-come-first-served, that the Sons and Daughters are usually gracious enough to re-examine the Book of Revelations so that the Reformed Disciples of the King may keep a previously scheduled tryst with heaven.

The Millerites of 1843 gave America its best world-destruction show. The whole country was affected by Prophet Miller's promise of salvation and chaos. Two or three hundred thousand of our great-grandparents bought white ascension robes for the event. When the great day was succeeded by a normal one Miller didn't lose hope. Instead he confessed a mere mechanical mistake in reckonings and proclaimed the big day would occur in October, '44. A Millerite Temple went up in Boston. Another was acquired in Philadelphia. Crowds jammed the streets about the New York headquarters. Muslin for ascension robes could be bought by the bolt or in the latest Parisian models. Miller found staunch supporters by thousands to replace back-sliders.

Up in Springwater, N. Y., the house is still standing where Captain Pierce entertained the faithful on the great day. Hundreds stood on the lawn waiting to be lifted as the sun went down. They still tell the story of a local farmer who sat on a hay stack waiting for the end. Some boys crept up unseen and set fire to it as the old fellow dozed. The smoke wakened him.

"In hell!" he cried. "Just as I expected!"

As it grows throughout the rest of the country cross-word puzzling wanes in New York. At least it wanes in the small group that helped make it fashionable when it was revived a year or two ago. Not that Simon & Shuster, whose green, yellow, red, mauve, ochre and blue puzzle books flood the country, are worrying. This week they are publishing a new volume of the series. According to the advertisements "celebrities" contributed all the puzzles contained in it, and (business of blushing furiously) they tell me (oh, how my cheeks are burning) mine is one of the best in it. At least I think it is.

Broadway has no end of actors out of work. But as a rule they refuse to admit the truth of their unemployment. Possibly it is because he is so well-known and liked a comedian that he doesn't mind admitting a disastrous season now and then, that Denman Maley was prompted to make the confession below, an engraved copy of which cheered my breakfast one day last week:

DORIS RICHMOND MALEY  
Announces the idleness of her husband  
DENMAN  
In New York City, Commencing  
February first,  
nineteen hundred and twenty five  
At Home  
Receiving—offers  
130 West 44th Street  
New York City

When speaking of cross-word puzzles I intended to tell you about the



gradual indentification of the Simon & Shuster firm. When their first puzzle book came out the two young men were timid.

"Suppose," said Simon, "it's a flop. They'll never stop laughing at us." His partner agreed with him. So they called themselves the Plaza Publishing Company and netted themselves something like \$60,000 on the first venture. Have you noticed the subsequent volumes?

By the way, there are several good new games, new at least to me, being played at parties this winter. Have you played "Who Am I?" yet? Some one begins describing various personalia of a well known man or woman without mentioning the subject's name, until a bright listener (usually the one in the party you would be inclined to regard as the stupidest present) asks a question of the leader, the innuendo of which shows the leader, that the subject has been identified, but is so veiled that all the other guessers are thrown off the track.

Suppose Arthur Conan Doyle is the person to be guessed. The leader might venture the following—all of which, by the way, is correct.

"I am a person of middle age, now living, who has practiced two recognized professions and recently has shown great interest in what scoffers call still another profession. In my efforts in my newest field I have traveled extensively about the United States during the last two years. I was educated in the northern part of my country and began practicing my second profession, which brought me international fame, on the west coast of Africa. In practicing this second profession I brought someone to the attention of the world whose surname begins with an H. He, too, has become internationally known. I have been recognized as a leader in my country's national sport and was invited to be the referee of the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno."

Here is a description given at a party last week, which may make you guess a little. You certainly have heard of the person described.

"I am a gray haired man, now living, who first acquired national pro-

minence by a decision I made about fifteen years ago. It was a decision that brought me attention from all over the world. During the last few years I have become the nationally acknowledged leader of a private organization in which the whole country is interested. My name appears almost daily in one particular department of the newspapers. My last name begins with L."

Two or three present guessed who it was. Can you?

William Allen White called at the office of *Collier's* the other day.

"I've been thirty-six hours on a train," he told the head office boy, "and I've rather lost track of things. Who's editor now?"

"Mr. William Ludlow Chenery," replied the boy.

"Tell Mr. Chenery that Mr. William Allen White is outside," said White. A moment later the boy returned with a note that read:

"Mr. Chenery is very busy now and asks Mr. White to wait ten minutes." To which Mr. White scribbled the following:

"If Mr. Chenery will post a cash guarantee that he will still be managing editor at the end of ten minutes, Mr. White will wait."

I've a friend who is a member of the group of scientists which sailed off under William Beebe's leadership, on the adventurous cruise that is expected to contribute all sorts of information about the Sargasso Sea. Aboard the *Arcturus* the expedition will be thousands of miles away from the rest of mankind for many months. My friend's comment on the social side of what may prove one of the world's most important voyages of discovery might be interesting to anyone speculating on what scientists think as they said into the unknown:

"My announcement that I was leaving on a scientific expedition

to the Sargasso Sea for six months split my friends into two groups; those who would have given anything to go and those who would have given anything not to.

"'But think,' carolled the one, 'what a marvellous thing to do. Six months in southern seas, away from New York, away from people, nothing to do but lie in the sun and watch the fishes. How thrilling!'

"'But think,' groaned the other, 'what a terrible thing to do. Six months in southern seas, away from New York, away from people, nothing to do but lie in the sun and watch the fishes. How appalling!'

"But largely they seemed interested in speculating whether we would return permanently devoted each to each, or carrying concealed weapons for the first opportunity. Would we come back racked by scurvy and with an immortal hatred for fish?

"All of which, in the face of the facts, is a little amusing. Judge for yourself.

"The Director, William Beebe: a scientist for whom obstacles are simply the condiments of conquest. The New York Zoological Park is a crystalliza-

tion of his own energy. After leaving college he passed several years at the large extent of marsh and swamp which was the zoological park and when he left he had established an institution which is one of the best in the country. This is equally true of every field in which he has been active.

"He was interested in ornithology and the most authoritative work on pheasants bears his name. He became interested in work in British Guiana and there is now established at Kartabo an experimental research station which continues to function while Dr. Beebe explores Galapagos or the Sargasso Sea. Ordinarily, so much energy directed into one channel depletes all other reservoirs. Yet, during the war, Will Beebe was found driving an airplane over the front lines. Once, when an expedition had occasion to stop at Panama, Will Beebe walked off with the tennis championship. On a dance floor there is no more desirable partner than this same scientist. As a musician he can play almost any instrument that has strings.

"One meets at his parties great scientists, authors, musicians, people of the stage, all with a common denomi-



nator: reality. For that is Will Beebe's distinguishing characteristic, the ability to find and sound the reality of people. That is why his books on science are more widely read than popular works of fiction. And that is why one can be sure that each member of his staff, while standing high in the professional capacity, will have a still higher place as a human being.

"Among the others now steaming south is Dr. William Gregory, whose quiet unassuming manner effectively disguises the fact that he is one of the best comparative anatomists in the country. He has an inner knowledge of the private life of the spinal column that has never been suspected by the most self-conscious of vertebrates. In addition to his professional equipment he goes around with several eight syllabled words with which to paralyze the staff at charades.

"Five young women scientists are in the party and a few distant great-aunts who love conventions above all else will be happy to know that one of them is married. She is M. D. Fish, the assistant in larval fish distributions, whose husband, Dr. C. J. Fish is also a member of the staff as Assistant in Diatoms and Crustacea.

"In the youthful company also is Dwight Franklin, whom most of us know for his striking models of pirates, marine marauders and the tiny reproductions of medieval rooms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and else-

where. His sculpture shares his interest with zoology, and as a zoologist he will pass the next six months, with intermissions for singing and catching baseball scores on the radio.

"Half a dozen other men, most of them in their early thirties complete the staff, which with an operating crew of thirty-four will spend the next six months or more on a ship in the middle of a sea. They will see each other three times a day around the dining table. For the rest of the day each expects to be so busy with his own work that meeting in the evening will be an event. And from the number of gay shawls and scarfs most of these events promise to be gala.

"Dr. Beebe's great boast is that no member of his staff has any excuse for not doing good scientific work. Which brings us to the chef. It has been necessary because of the feeling in the kitchens of the St. Regis, the Piping Rock, the Colony Club, etc. to keep his name a secret. He is furthermore not allowed to operate in New York and spends his time making the pursuit of science palatable on one expedition or other. For his best interests there are on board two ice plants, an immense cold storage plant and six China boys as go-betweens. Every delicacy that lives in a tin can is included in his list of supplies, except caviar and the chef said apologetically that he did not include it because he expected we'd catch our own."

As one invited to go along New York is beginning to seem a bit humdrum.

The democratic spirit of our time is strengthened almost daily by the arrival of Dukes and Duchesses from other republics, all eager to help America maintain its Jeffersonian simplicities. Last week, at Mr. Muschenheim's Hotel Astor, for instance, four nobilities were counted in one box supervising the display of new broad-brimmed hats by mannekins at a fashion exposition. From left to right they were: le Duc et la Duchesse de Riche-licu, the Countess Dru and the Baron de Vaux. Another democrat, Miss Marie Dressler, was their fellow judge of beauty.

The news of the winter has frequently referred to White House breakfasts, but I haven't yet seen any recording of the breakfast service. When I had breakfast there recently I made note for my constituents' elevation that the service was of white porcelain with a thin gold border. The American eagle is emblazoned—or should I say baked?—in the border. The sausages were very hot and the syrup was served in silver pitchers.

At a luncheon of financiers at the Bankers Club the other day, Elihu Root was master of ceremonies. Everyone was seated and Mr. Root stood at the door of the banquet room talking to a man when Mr. Herbert Swope, the only Executive Editor of the *World*, who never arrived on time at a theatrical first night in his life, dashed up, an accurate five minutes late. He greeted Mr. Root with voluble explanation of his tardiness and turned to the other man, and after greeting him effusively, opened with a discussion of affairs of the day. He was still talking to him when another man came from the room to suggest to Mr. Root that the luncheon proceed.

"Yes, we will begin serving just as soon as Mr. Swope finishes talking to the steward," said Mr. Root.

Van Bibber III.



# THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

THE early history of New York is obscured in myth; and to separate the purely historical from the purely hysterical is no easy task. But it is a task worth while; for it is impossible to understand the life of Manhattan to-day until we get a glimpse of the great figures, from Peter Minuit down to Ralph Easley, who were forever pointing out that, but for them, the island would be in the hands of the Reds.

Who the Reds were no one knows. No one ever did know: for as soon as you get acquainted with any one, he ceases to be Red. New York is said to be a Red Stronghold still, because there are so many people in town who don't know each other.

"They're nothing but a lot of wild Indians," Mr. Christopher Columbus remarked, the first time he attended one of their open-air meetings; and the conservative element has generally adopted this view. There are those who contend that Columbus never visited New York, but this is absurd. No one ever comes to America without visiting New York; and the stories Columbus carried back to Spain describe Manhattan perfectly. He was impressed particularly by the dancing craze, and by the utterly shocking styles in women's clothes. Also, he noted, the inhabitants generally spoke with a foreign accent: and they made a big fuss whenever a distinguished foreigner arrived.

It was Bargain Day in Manhattan when Peter Minuit came across. He came across with \$24, which was a lot of money for humble Americans to take away from a distinguished foreigner.

"This city is over-run by Jews," he remarked, shortly after the transaction. This is one of the most frequently quoted remarks in all history.

The next distinguished foreigner to arrive was the Duke of York. He was given the Freedom of the City and he took it home with him. The early accounts say that he also took the city. But he didn't pay anything for it. He had it charged.

"Ain't my name good?" he wanted to know. Evidently it was, for it stuck. I don't mean that the city was stuck on the name, but the name was stuck on the city. The caption "New Amsterdam," he pointed out, would never get by the censors.

The Dukes were like that. When they wanted to stick their name on anything, nothing on earth could stop them. According to one of the ancient legends, a certain Duke insisted that "Trinity College" be called "Duke University"; and the directors unani-



*He was impressed particularly by the dancing craze and by the utterly shocking styles in women's clothes*

mously decided to make the change. The story is of course legendary, but well illustrates how "New York" came to get its ridiculous name.

The next great figure in the early legends of New York is that of Jonef Hylan. Hylan, in all probability, was not a real person; but it is impossible to understand New York without giving careful study to the Hylan myth. In many respects, it resembles the Sun Myth of other great civilizations: for his head was as a head of flame, and he rose early each morning from beyond the East River, bringing light into all the dark places and heat into the sessions of the Board of Estimate. The populace called their Sun God "Red Mike"; but in the frenzy of their devotions, they simply yelled "Ra! Ra!"

Hylan was the great Champion of the People versus the Interests. The Interests were not people. They were great, greedy, gosh-awful ghouls who subsisted on the life-blood which they sucked from the people's veins. But you couldn't tell them apart—that is, nobody but the Champion could—for the Interests all tried to look like people and the People all tried to look like Interests.

According to tradition, the Interests once took Hylan into a high mountain and tempted him, spreading the whole city at his feet.

"It's a fair city," said the Interests.

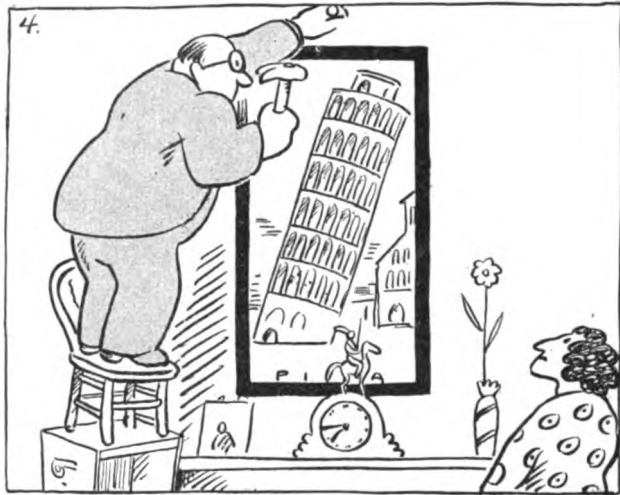
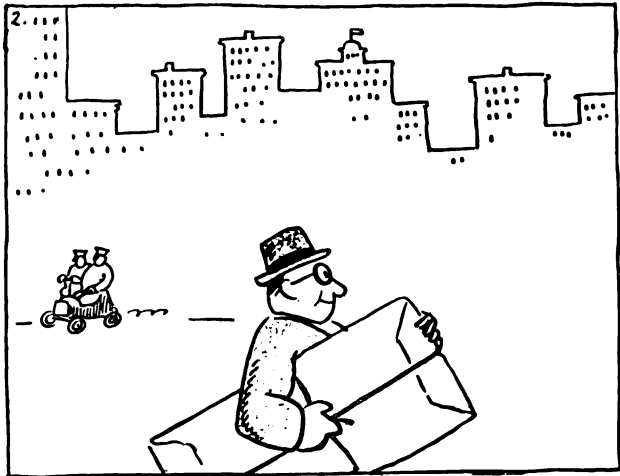
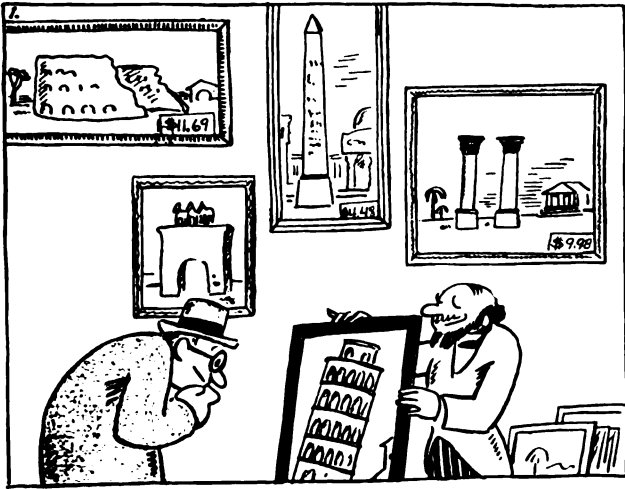
"It's a five-cent fare city," Hylan answered.

"Don't you believe in having your income increased?" they asked.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he said.

But Satan, it seems, got behind the Interests. So William R. Hearst got behind Hylan and that evened things up. Satan was somewhat shrewder than Hearst, but Hearst was noisier than the devil.—SAWDUST





*The Tower of Pisa in a Nervous Household*

# SAY IT WITH SCANDAL



E shall say it is national election day, 1928.

In the office of the consolidated *Times-World-Tribune* (retaining the best features of each)—ah, but why attempt to penetrate the mysteries of a madhouse? Let us turn to more placid fields.

It is eleven o'clock in the morning as we step into the office of the consolidated *Mirror-News-Graphic* (also retaining the best features of each, including Hearts Bereft, Kute Kracks of Kunning Kiddies, and How to Beat Up Your Wife in Ten Seconds.)

The city room is more serene and tranquil than a saloon which sells nothing but near-bear. The man who does Hearts Bereft is gloomily figuring out a three-letter word meaning Japanese sash, the octogenarian who dopes the Kute Kracks and sells them to himself at one dollar a krack is playing one-handed parcheesi, and the permanent author of the Daily True Story is trying to get a week's supply in advance so he may run up to Montreal for a couple of days and sample some fine old Scotch manufactured on Staten Island and imported via Burlington, Vermont.

There are also half a dozen reporters, trying to recover from the night before election; four rewrite men, who have abandoned hope of ever recovering; the city editor, who is reading *Variety*, and the assistant city editor, who is doing nothing at all except looking blank. The telephone rings, and the assistant city editor, with the air of an early martyr, answers it.

"Lemme speak to the city editor," demands a voice.

"Who is this speaking, please?" asks the assistant, although he knows very well who it is. The journalistic Constitution provides that nobody may ever telephone anybody else on a newspaper unless that question is asked. Things look so much better that way. More swanky.

"This is the Boss," says the caller, so he is connected.

"Hello, Mac," says the Boss. "What's doing?"

"Well," replies Mac diffidently, "it looks like the Repub—"

"Oh, hell!" interrupts the Boss. "Never mind that. What's *doing*?"

"Well," says Mac. "'Nother Chink murder."

"Coupla paragraphs. Chinks are stale. What else?"

"Well, old John P. Doughbags kicked off."

"Time he did. Send a reporter around to see if there's any woman angle to it, and if there is, splash it. Otherwise, let it ride three paragraphs."

"And there was a woman plugged her sweetie dead up in the Bronnix."

"Sounds grand. Good looking?"

"Nah. About fifty, and fat."

"Never mind. Make her an ex-Follies Beauty, and

play up the jealousy stuff. Dig around in the morgue and get a picture of some doll who's died or moved away or something. If nothing else happens, splash her on the front page and stick the election inside—I suppose we gotta say something about it. Be down in about an hour. G'bye."

The best man (there is no such thing as a "star reporter" any more except in the movies) is thereupon yanked away from his autopsy into the unfortunate Chink, and dispatched to the Bronnix with a photographer. They leave, cogitating on how to run a ten-cent round-trip subway fare into a four-dollar-and-fifty-cent-expense account. This, although difficult, can be done.

About four in the afternoon the Boss arrives, that being his idea of an hour from eleven in the morning.

Matters immediately take on a feverish aspect, for it is an excellent thing to appear feverish while the Boss is present.

The Hearts Bereft authority abandons his researches into Japanese sashes and enthusiastically opens letters from optimistic citizens who would like to make the acquaintance of a young lady, 22 to 24 of age, of Jewish descent, not the flapper or gold digger type, who would appreciate a real pal.

The author of the Daily True Story, who has long ago given up hope of an advance supply and for two hours has been sitting in a state of coma, covers three sheets of copy paper with "Now is the time——"

A rewrite man, who has been listening in total apathy to a reporter's account of an East Side fire, suddenly becomes intensely interested in finding out what it was all about, and asks questions carefully designed to sound intelligent.

The city editor drops the remains of his Western sandwich into the basket. His assistant grabs the phone and calls up a series of mythical numbers.

"Didja get that thing about the ex-Follies girl shooting her big butter-and-eggs man, Mac?" asks the Boss, for by this time everyone is firmly convinced that the middle-aged Bronx lady is a noted actress.

"Sure," says Mac. "Only it seems she didn't shoot him at all, but fractured his conk by busting him with a gin bottle."

"That's better," commends the Boss. "Only call it champagne in the story. Then when it gets played out, we can start a campaign about Rich Revel in Dissipation, While Poor Suffer in Winter's Icy Grip."

It is now close to press time, since a morning tabloid must necessarily appear on the streets at five in the afternoon. The Boss puts on his hat and coat to go out for a bite of lunch, from which he will return at ten-thirty.

For a moment he stands looking from the window at the newsboys howling the afternoon papers. The crowds in front of the bulletin boards grow more voracious. New York at large is preparing to succumb to its once-in-four-years period of hysteria.

"Lord, but this is a dead day!" says the Boss.



## Maestrissimo!

HE has been in America now for nearly twenty years. He is still the best type of an Italian gentleman. For Giulio Gatti-Casazza that is quite enough.

In every opera house in the world, from Palermo to Colon, there are more than a hundred maestros. Even the piccolo player goes by that name. Any doorkeeper will slip you gratis into the house if you salaam him with the magic title. But they never permit you to forget that there is only one maestrissimo, one impresario, one chief unimpeachable, incomparable. Behold him here in Signor Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

According to the biographies he is not yet sixty. He looks older than that, though. He has already about him the frosty dignity, the calm charm of a septuagenarian.

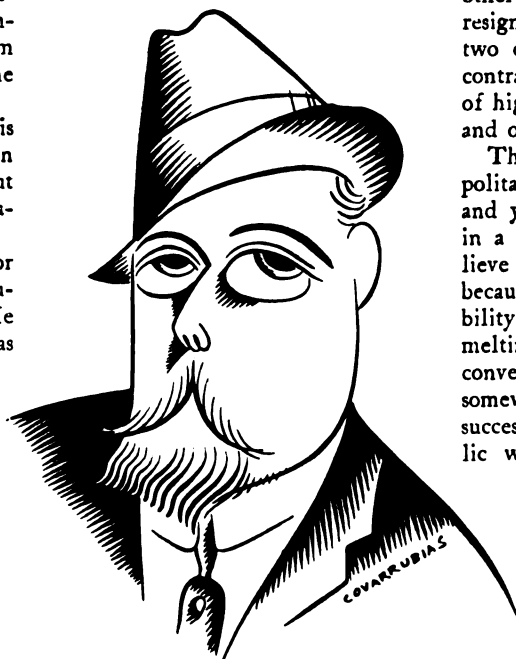
Provided you can speak Italian, or understand his French, he can be voluble enough on one or two topics. He has as little respect for French operas as he has for American criticisms. He must produce one or two of the former, every season or so. He must read the latter now and then—or, rather, have them read to him by a tactful translator. Catch him in his own big, brocaded sanctum, or better still, in the giddy, fumy coop of a publicity office, just off the stars' stage entrance, and quote him just two words of Deems Taylor's on the subject of "William Tell." Up fly his arms, hands writhing on his wrists, fingers spread like the boulevards of Paris from an airplane. He hisses, he sprays the air around him. There is no checking him for the next hour.

That is a rare occurrence, though. Six and three-quarter days out of every week he preserves the fiction of a courteous, imperturbable, quite inscrutable Jove. Silence is a great aid to him, there. It is the apron he puts on while kneading, over and over, the personnel and property of his company. It preserves his air, not only of efficiency, but of mystery.

He will sit for hours among vivid talkers—even at some dinner in his honor—without spilling more than an occasional monosyllable down upon his

embonpoint. He takes a splendid, mute pleasure in sinking upon the small of his back, for his big shoulders droop and seem tired nowadays. In their eloquent way they sum up his seventeen years in a land of plenty, a land of strangers. So, at table, at his desk, in the audience room . . . the small of his back . . . and the silent, exquisite comfort of fondling his nose.

It is a fine, memorable feature, this Gatti-Casazza nose. It is the sharpest,



Giulio Gatti-Casazza

most assertive part of his wise, sensitive, melancholy face. The bone of it presses hard upon the skin and leaves it bloodless. There is extraordinary aquilineity there, a twist of the cartilage which confers owl-like shrewdness on the big forehead, cheeks and beard surrounding it. The beard is of that forked variety known as Swiss, much favored by modern Roman senators. It adds to the illusion of an owl's disk of radiating feathers.

He is tremendously well educated, scientifically and artistically. Centuries of courtly breeding are behind his culture. His family were distinguished Ferrarese and Romans, musicians, financiers and honorary senators. He him-

self was taught at the haughtiest of schools and universities of Italy, graduating a naval engineer. Then suddenly, when he was still in his twenties, circumstances bundled him into the directorship of a small municipal opera company. Five years later his conspicuous ability put him in charge of La Scala, Milan, and he made of it the greatest opera house in the world. He came to the Metropolitan in 1908. He has stayed there longer than any other impresario. The rumor of his resignation never arises but that another two or three years are added to his contract, surrounded by the flourishes of high praise from Mr. Otto H. Kahn and other directors of the company.

They are a bit bored by the Metropolitan repertory, the most of them; and you can persuade them to say so in a confidential moment. They believe in Signor Gatti-Casazza, though, because of his patent honesty, his stability, his fair economy, his tact in melting great reputations down to the convenience of one big, elephantine, somewhat commonplace, undeniably successful company. He gives the public what it likes, and the public—through a board of Metropolitan directors—compensates him generously.

For the public's sake he has persuaded himself that opera is as much a social as a musical institution. If the public prefers "Tosca" for the benefit of the Save-a-Pet Home to "Don Giovanni" for the good of its own soul . . . it is the American public after all. And if the American public doesn't like novelties—*ecco!* Revive them some Verdi!

He loves to mount operas with ships in them: "Tristan" and "L'Africana," for example. It makes you wonder, does he hanker for the old naval engineering days? He might have been building navies instead of backdrops and repertories. He might have been commanding seas instead of ballets. Perhaps this is his secret sorrow.

For he has one, that is sure. Perhaps, again, it is simply a disinclination to discover America, a reluctance which has built up a defensive disdain. He has found it as unnecessary to study

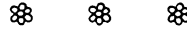
American minds, American aspirations, American art, as to study the American language. He has found a public content to let him repeat over and over the successes he made at La Scala, twenty years ago; and for the sake of the favor of that public he stopped thinking very vigorously almost as long ago. It has been the easiest way, the

most dignified and profitable way. But it must be a fearfully lonely one.

Because, when he does rouse himself to communion with smaller fellows, Giulio Gatti-Casazza is able to crush them under a vast weight of wit and scholarship and compressed feelings. But how often is that worth his while? Usually, then, he prowls the corridors

alone, head down, thumbs up in the arm-holes of his vest, a great grey owl on night patrol. Or sits apart, on some old trunk behind the scenes, or in the moody elegance of his own sanctum; sits apart, shivering a little . . . for he is in a cold country . . . and silently fondles his fine, memorable nose.

—GOLLY-WOGG



## THE HOUR GLASS

### He Who Runs



Paavo Nurmi

Phidippides with a wrist watch has the supreme self-confidence of the conqueror, without the latter-day eye for the first page story. Applause to Paavo Nurmi is an anticlimax, as are the throaty announcements of new records. Nothing matters but the doing. The rest might just as well be silence.

Retiring of nature, he is not shy. He speaks little, even among his countrymen, and mostly in answer to direct query. Then in monosyllables.

His face is not so sheepish as newspaper photographs make it seem. Curly blonde hair lends it distinction, especially in New York. It is pleasant, with an increasingly forceful appeal.

If Nurmi has had a thought, apart from running, he has not voiced it. Life for him is divided into three phases: preparing for a race, winning the race, and resting after achievement. Living itself is glorious and wonderful, for has it not made him fleetest among the world's fleet of foot?

Such fanaticism as his is worthy of a worse cause.

### Pan's Sister



Beatrice Herford

She was a precocious youngster, but fortunately she survived all the nice things admiring relatives said about her, until now she may proclaim proudly that she plays no golf, nor bridge; nor in a more elemental day, did she succumb to Mah Jongg.

Despite these deductions from the usual fund of small talk, she is an interesting conversationalist.

As might be expected from the sister of an elf, Beatrice Herford married

an earthly gentleman, such an one as Richard Harding Davis would have been charmed to meet—and to high hat. Adjacent to her rural home she has built a complete theatre, which seats fifty without the slightest aid from Joe LeBlang

She is of average build, somewhat beyond slightness; her face somewhat round; her eyes blue; her hair blonde—a good deal in a Nordic world.

Her wit is keen. Once, when a cat wandered onstage during her performance, she saved the situation by saying sweetly, "This is supposed to be a monologue, not a catalogue." The line might apply to most of her own afternoon teas.

And—to Oliver's lasting dismay—she is practical.

### A Pony Statesman



James J. Walker

A small man, physically, Mr. Walker, minority leader in the New York State Senate: a demi-tasse among legislators more at home with mustache cups. His face is thin; his features sharp, and his cheeks have the perennially youngish

tint of the juvenile who bounds onstage as the chief chorine shrills: "Oh, girls, here comes the Prince now." Along Broadway he would pass unnoticed, or in an Equity meeting. Among a convention of Baptists he would command recurring glances.

He is a rarity at Albany, for he has intelligence and a liberal outlook. It is Jimmy Walker who meets the perpetual onslaughts of the side-burned shocked troops of reform. He is as effective a public speaker as George M. Cohan was a hooper—and for much the same reason. He likes prize fights, perhaps too well for his political good.

Friends expect, Fourteenth Street willing, that James J. Walker one day

will be His Honor, the Mayor of the City of New York. The Governorship is not likely. Those regions known privately to the Senator as "the sticks" are slow to approve a statesman who seems to be clothed in the New York manner, or copyright, 1925, Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

### Shoestrings and "Vons"



Josef von Sternberg

Joseph Sternberg drifted from the East Side, via Broadway, to Hollywood, a well-frayed shoestring pinned carefully in an inner pocket. He returns Josef von Sternberg, the "von" having blossomed under the beneficence of the Californian sun.

Out of experiences with butterfly movie companies, he wrought "The Salvation Hunters," one of the most-discussed of the current reticent dramas. Forty-seven hundred dollars was Mr. Sternberg's producing capital, garnered in reluctant fives, tens and twenties by a native salesmanship which would see nothing incongruous in attempting to peddle grand pianos from a pushcart. The players were extra people, paid often enough in shares. One actor of reputation, employed for a day, received the hundred dollars he demanded in silver. He did not appear next morning, which forced the producer to double for the avaricious star and incidentally to be photographed in deep shadows, a touch certain reviewers have deemed the imprint of true artistry.

The finished film was shown to Messrs. Fairbanks and Chaplin, who lent to its distribution their prestige.

Broadway glories in this triumph of supreme egotism, but it can't quite give the conqueror his "von."

A Boon to Babbits

THE after dinner speech is one of the few surviving economic wastes that have eluded the efficiency man. It is a big problem. Every night we squander hours and hours of the high-powered business man's time, and give him nothing for it. Yet there must be after dinner speeches, for if there were not how could we excuse public dinners? And if there were no public dinners how could we meet the buyer for the M. Klein store and expose the jovial nature that possesses our soul after business hours?

I have devised a solution. It is to issue a neat little code book, with key words for the speakers and the corresponding speech printed in full, for the benefit of the rising generation and of those old hands who may want to refresh their memories from time to time. The speaker would shout out the code word instead of the speech.

It should work this way:

As the diners were gulping the last of the spumoni, to keep the waiters from snatching it, there would be a tap of the gavel and President Morris Lefkowitz of Lefkowitz & Connelly would bob up and say, "Service, etc." and sit down. And everyone would know that this signified "My friends, I cannot help feeling that business today is something more than the mere pursuit of the dollar, the quest of profits, the beating of the other fellow. I prefer to express the function of business, not in that word 'dollars,' not in that word 'profits,' but in another

and finer word———" and so on.

Other speakers would follow, something like this:

The Rev. James Stone would rise, beam round the table for a moment and say, "Not prepared to speak. True religion—make more money." Then Ex-Circuit Judge Oliver McCracken would be called upon and with a twinkle in his eye and a pair of spectacles in one hand, would observe "Hip-pocket joke. Bankruptcy laws." He would be followed by Lazarus Gutman of the Publicity Bureau, who would say briskly, "Business in cycles. Prosperity stuff. Message to Garcia." James F. Portley, Congressman, and guest of the Secretary, Julius Rosenbaum, would then rise. He would say, "Not prepared to speak. True patriotism—make more money."

After tumultuous applause and the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" the big event would arrive. The Treasurer would pass a little package to the Secretary who, after silence was restored, would shout, "Man worth while—Man with smile. Unswerving devotion. Gold watch."

President Lefkowitz would take the watch and remark with unsteady voice, "Surprised, etc.," and all would sing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

With a good football coach as toastmaster this drill should not take more than eight minutes, after which, without loss of time, we could start calling Klein's buyer "Max" and noting with joyful tears that for the first time he addresses us as "Ben."

—ERNEST F. HUBBARD

The Distance Fiend

HE was a distance fiend,  
A loather of anything near.  
Though Woor had a singer of opera fame,

And Wow a soprano of national name,  
He'd pass them both up for a Kansas quartet

A thousand miles off and hence  
"harder to get."

New York was too easy to hear.  
He was a distance fiend.

He was a distance fiend,  
His radio ruling his life.

When he and his family went to the play,

He'd take them to Yonkers instead of Broadway.

The show being over, he'd blow to a bite

In far Staten Island, that very same night.

God pitied his daughter and wife,  
He was a distance fiend.

He was a distance fiend.

Alas, but he died one day.

Saint Peter obligingly asked would he tell

His choice of a residence—Heaven or Hell?

He replied, with a show of consistency fine:

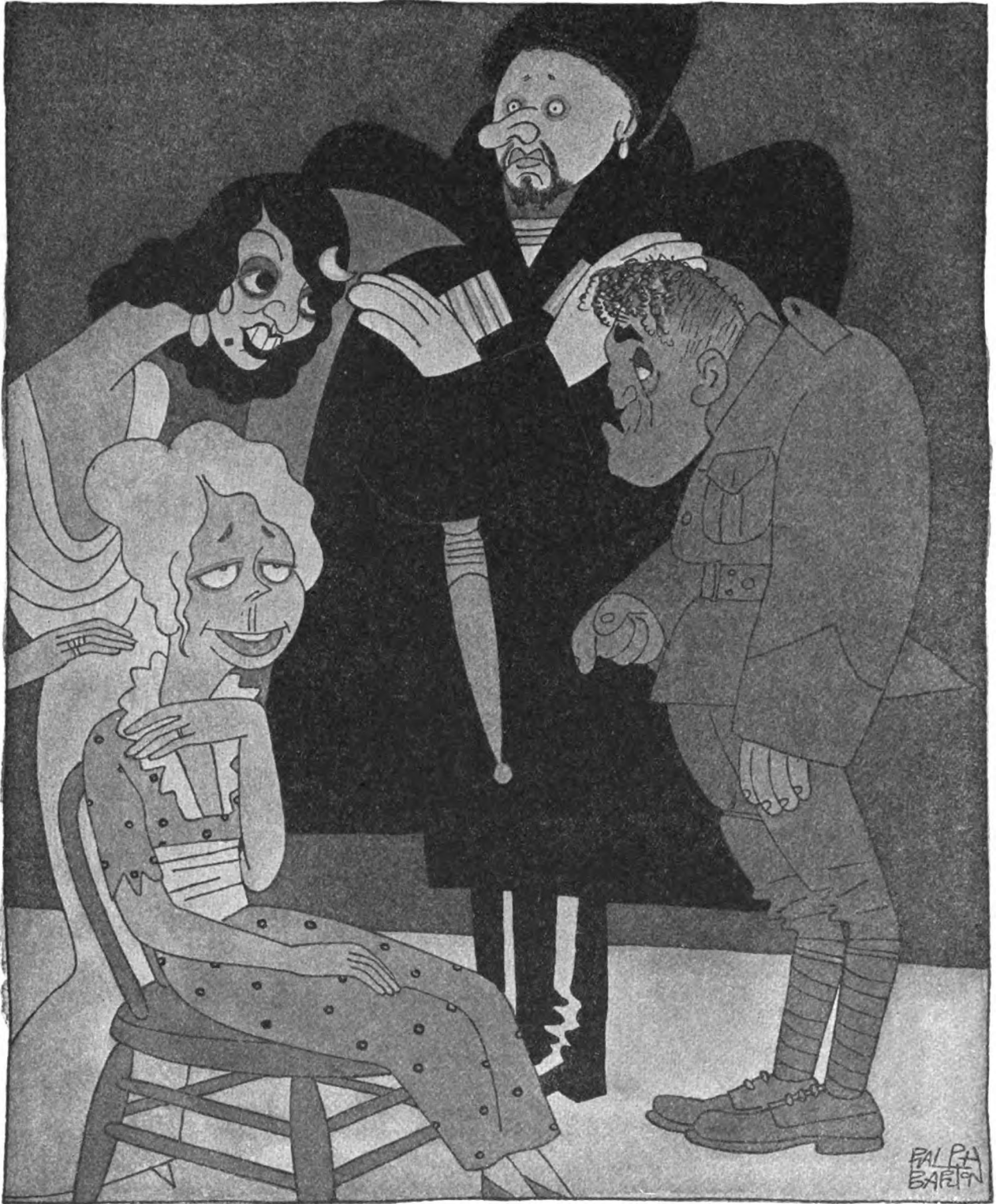
"Good sir, you have hit on a hobby of mine.

Which place is the farthest away?"

He was a distance fiend.

—A. H. FOLWELL





## SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

### *A Résumé of the Present and Rapidly Aging Theatrical Season*

It is perhaps as well, before the Clean Books Bill is presented to the Legislature, and in order to prepare for what may come to us in future first nights, to take one glance backward at what the current dramatic season has already offered. As we remember it:

Captain Louis Wolheim (*enters drunk*): "Say, you . . . ! What the . . . goes on?"  
 Miss Pauline Lord (*collapses into a chair*): "Oh, it can't be true! I . . . Dr. Holt . . . !"  
 Miss Lenore Ulric: ". . . bed . . . pyjamas . . . lingerie."  
 Miss Lord (*expectantly*): ". . . six months . . . !"  
 Mr. Alfred Lunt: "Wiz my own wife! . . . ! Oh, *Borjzha moi! Borjzha moi! Borjzha moi!*"  
 Captain Wolheim: "Well, I'm a . . . if I ever . . . !"  
 Miss Ulric: ". . . stockings . . . chaise-longue . . . evening."

*The missing dialogue will be supplied by Plymouth, Klaw, Booth and Belasco Theatres, or by your own bootlegger.—R. B.*



SAY what you will—and who has a better right?—about the present theatrical season, it has been a great little year for sex. The producers have gone in for it, not in the ecstatic, young-Shelley manner, but in a good, practical way. And, as history has so often shown us, there is big money in it. Mr. David Belasco, who gave us “The Harem,” “Ladies of the Evening,” and “The Dove,” confided to the public press that whenever he passes what he adroitly nicknames “a little painted lady,” he takes off his hat. He ought to throw it in the air.

Even some of our first ladies of the stage have taken it up,—oh, in a nice way, of course, covering it genteelly with frills of imitation lace and sprays of artificial roses. Thus, Miss Jane Cowl, in “The Depths,” does, it is true, play a h-r-l-t, but with what a heart of gold, with what a gift for discoursing on love and lust, with what a penchant for gazing upon a picture of the Madonna! Surely, you will concede, there is not a headache in a barrelful of that. Come and bring Aunt Fannie.

And Miss Grace George, in her own adaptation of Paul Gerald's “She Had to Know”—a name which many of our theatre-goers are having such an amusing time getting mixed up with that other little dandy in the way of titles, “They Knew What They Wanted”—is giving a charming and highly skillful performance in a comedy about a lady who seeks to find out whether or not she has sex appeal, answer yes or no. But, we can't add quickly enough, this is referred to throughout only as “appeal”; that one little word of three letters that has made so many the happiest man in the world is delicately omitted.

“She Had to Know” is decidedly amusing, although it does get a bit—shall we say tenuous? We'd just as soon, if you would. It is the sort of well-mannered piece that ought to have Bruce McRae in it, and, oddly enough, always does have him.

In “The Dark Angel,” sex does not form the plot of the piece. There is,

now that we recall it, that playwrights' snug harbor, the *Misstep*, taken, as is customary, when the heroine was but a slip of a girl—there's the joke in there somewhere, but it really wouldn't pay you for your time. But, these days, what's a misstep, between friends? “The Dark Angel” is primarily a play, and an interesting one, too, of sentiment and noble natures and courage and titled British rotters and all sorts of grand things.

It is the story, not to keep you waiting, of the blinded soldier who gives her up to the other man. In tribute to the author, we bashfully admit that we wept, and lavishly: on the other hand, it is but fair to confess that we are that way. All you have to do is drop a hat, and if we are in any kind of form we will break down and cry like a little tired child. At any rate, we paid tears to “The Dark Angel.” Take it or leave it or good red herring.

The author, Mr. Trevelyan—which name, they do say, is artfully composed of the letters forming the words “Guy Bolton”—has told his tale with

skill, and flashes of curious beauty, and engaging comedy lines; and, also, with occasional outbursts about the primroses and linnets and the little Jenny Wrens, during which it is always your privilege to get under your seat and play cat's cradle. Patricia Collinge, who has given away a large block of her surplus sweetness to some poor family, does fine work as the heroine, and Reginald Mason is entirely good as the blinded soldier. There are entertaining bits, too, by Joan MacLean and Auriol Lee. In short, an interesting evening, or we are a toe dancer.

Representing the revue world, in the new entertainments, is the practically annual Miss Elsie Janis, in, to date, the best of her shows, which some mental giant has entitled “Puzzles of 1925.” It has Jimmy Hussey, a perfectly elegant jazz band, and Miss Janis in amazing impersonations of people heretofore considered inimitable. Miss Janis, besides being the major portion of the works of the show, has produced it herself, and has even gone so far as to make up its lyrics, apparently out of what was left in the ice-box after Sunday night's supper.

—LAST NIGHT

## ON DIT

The playboy of the New York *Sun*, who yields only to Mrs. Janis (and then only after a scuffle) in his admiration for Elsie Janis, did permit himself some mild parenthetical carping in his review of her gay extravaganza now prospering at the Fulton. There ought, he said, to be some word about her lyrics. And the word, he feared, would be the word “appalling.” This heretical utterance was duly quoted in the advertisements on the following Sunday—the advertisement having been composed by none other than Charles B. Dillingham, who used to be dramatic editor of the same *Evening Sun* himself in the days when Charlotte Cushman was playing Peter Pan. Mr. Dillingham, at times the most pouty, but ever and always the most waggish of the producers, did take the precaution to make a slight change in the utterance before paying for its repub-

## The New Plays

**THE DOVE.** *At the Empire. Mr. Belasco shooting the works on a new Willard Mack script.*

**THE DARK ANGEL.** *At the Longacre. An interesting play of post-war England showing the effect of demobilization and Michael Arlen on Guy Bolton.*

**THE RAT.** *At the Colonial. An Apache melodrama palpably written by a seasoned emotional actress and a comely movie actor.*

**THE GOOD BAD WOMAN.** *At the Comedy. One of those plays that calls a spade a dirty lousy spade.*

**LOGGERHEADS.** *At the Cherry Lane. One of those Irish plays entirely that need not have been produced at all, at all.*

lication. He changed the word "appalling" to "appealing."

Mr. Dillingham's "Peter Pan," with Marilyn Miller heading the charge, has moved on to Boston and he is meditating on a revival of "The Little Minister." The town has been rife with rumors that the leading roles of that earlier Barrie comedy would be recklessly entrusted to Ruth Chatterton and Master Ralph Forbes. If Mr. Dillingham finds himself still alive after that venture, it is probable that he will embark at once on a revival of all the Barrie masterpieces with the following stars:

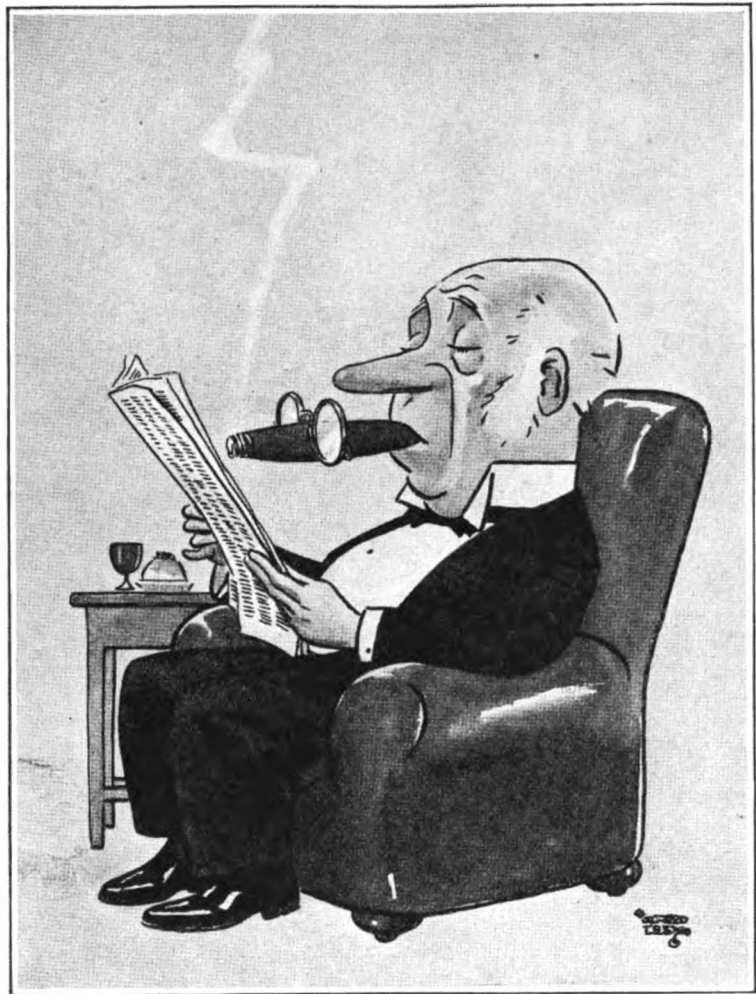
Marie Dressler as Phoebe Throessel in "Quality Street"; Maurice and Hughes in the leading roles in "What Every Woman Knows"; Sophie Tucker in "The Legend of Leonora"; Jimmie Hussey in "The Admirable Crichton."

And while Mr. Forbes is rehearsing the part of Gavin Dishart, there is another rumor that Mr. Dillingham himself will join the Marilyn Miller company to play the role of Michael.

For a proper understanding of the ensuing anecdote, it is necessary to know that Heywood Broun, dramatic critic of the *World*, is nevertheless a person of consequence in the eyes of Morris Gest and that further the same Gest attaches to the good opinion of Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, a value reserved by the rest of us for our right eyes. Further, that Heywood Broun objects violently to audience conversation in his vicinity during the course of a play.

At the opening of the *Chauve Souris*, at the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre, Broun was greatly annoyed by the incessant chattering of a theatre-goer directly behind him. (It was, to put an end to the suspense, Adolph S. Ochs.) Seeking counsel in between the acts, Broun was maliciously advised to protest to Gest. Which he did, but unfortunately Mr. Gest, though in complete ignorance of the source of Broun's annoyance, merely advised him to speak harshly to the culprit.

Thereby, alas, was lost what would have been the most enjoyable scene of the dramatic decade. The imagination can conjure up no happier picture than that of Mr. Gest rushing madly down the aisle, intent upon throwing bodily out of the theatre the person who was so offending the powerful Mr. Broun of the *World*. Only upon discovering that the culprit was the Mr. Ochs of the *Times*, from whom all first-page blessings flow, to turn about and summarily eject Broun.



*Flor de Pince Nez*

### Life of a Popular Song

Written, in Tin Pan Alley, on Monday.

Published, in Tin Pan Alley, Tuesday.

Tried out Wednesday.

Broadcast to the uttermost parts of the earth and half way to Mars on Thursday.

Popular Friday.

No Sales on Saturday.

Canned on Sunday.

### From the Opinions of a New Yorker

New York is noisy.

New York is overcrowded.

New York is ugly.

New York is unhealthy.

New York is outrageously expensive.

New York is bitterly cold in winter.

New York is steaming hot in summer.

I wouldn't live outside New York for anything in the world.—C. G. S.

### The Painted Lily

*A Portrait*

Due to the fiction of devilishness built around her, she feels it necessary to assume an attitude of complete innocence—so complete, in fact, that the word ignorance might be more appropriate. Her best lines are: "I adore chinchilla," "Champagne, please," and "Do you really love me?" She prefers taxis to street cars, and Rolls-Royces to taxis. Her favorite resorts are the Ritz and Reno, and she is mad about caviar. Some day she is going to play Ophelia, but in the meanwhile she expects to land a small part in "Naughty Nellie's Knee." She is invariably late for an appointment, and has usually forgotten something vitally important—not infrequently herself.

—C. G. S.

### Mother Goose on the Radio

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.  
Sheep in the meadow, cows in the  
corn!

. . . But Little Boy Blue to the town  
had flown

To toot his horn to a microphone.





*I don't know what I shall do, Amelia, when I think of you alone in Paris*

## Highlights

**A** SPORTING Club on the East Side; the crowd mills at the door cap and sweater: policemen, uptown sportsmen, truck-drivers, debutantes, newsboys, longshoremen smelling of oil. . . . Orange and black posters with staring headlines and photographed pugilists in trunks cry the attractive boats within. . . .

Steady roar of voices, cat-calls, laughter; shadowy hall, wooden benches, sawdust and peanut shells; vast barn cobbled with a thousand pale faces, upturned toward the arena. . . . Two boys fighting without passion, caged gamecocks. . . . Roped dais under clustered lights, dirty white canvas, sweating referee. White torsos dancing, round brown fists flaying. . . . Vivid jab, answering flow of blood; eager cries from many throats "—the eye! Get him in the eye, why doncha?" Second blow and a spatter of blood; red smears now like war paint wherever the soaked glove strikes. . . . "ya got him goin', kid! Put him in the cellar, Georgie! Hay-makers, Georgie! Wipe off that smile, come on, bust him. . . ."

Scuffle, slaps, panting gasps, the squeak of resin soles on the canvas; a lady with iron-grey hair stops chewing gum to yell: "Kill him, Georgie!" . . . Rippling backs take highlights, biceps

swell, chests bunch with square muscle . . . strike, parry, clinch, separate . . . slugging toe to toe, blood, silk loin cloths spotted red. . . . Sudden leather, shuddering impact, sagging knees and the joyful screams. Hard as a heel the second glove kicks wet flesh . . . the reeling canvas and the falling ceiling; prostrate, squirming . . . fists clenched above him pawing to hit again . . . "five! six!" . . . brute agony, straining to rise . . . "seven! eight!" . . . pulpy face ground into the canvas . . . "nine! ten!" Beaten . . . in Manly Art.

—COREY FORD

## Magic a la Mode

*(Being a Few Up-to-the-Minute Tricks for the Modern Supper Restaurant-Goer)*

The Disappearing Highballs.  
The Fade Away Coin.  
The Elusive Waiter.  
The Diminishing Flask.  
The Multiplying Dancers.  
The Transparent Federal Agent.  
The Invisible Napkin.  
The Vanishing Overcoat.  
The Changed Hat.  
The Flying Taxi.—C. G. S.

## The Old Guard Passes

**I** THOUGHT at first it was a funeral—this solemn procession of men pacing in single file up Fifth Avenue, led by a band playing Chopin's "Funeral March." Each member of this parade was wearing a crape arm band. And to each was neatly tied a small can.

I recognized the first two men in line. They were Norman Hapgood and Mark Sullivan. Behind them came others, keeping the single file formation, and each wearing the crape and the tied-on can. They stretched away for blocks and blocks. At intervals came other bands, one playing "Good-bye Forever!" and another "He Walked Right In, and He Turned Around, and He Walked Right Out Again."

After this procession had been passing my given point of vision for an hour and three quarters, I could endure my ignorance no longer.

"Who are they, anyhow?" I asked the Man Who Knows Everything.

"Don't you know?" He smiled pityingly at my denseness. "Those are the various editors of *Collier's Weekly* during recent years."

"But why has each one got a can tied to him?"

"That's symbolic."

And now, after one hour and fifty-two minutes the parade was coming to an end. The last two in line I recognized as Richard Walsh and Loren Palmer. After a short interval came a lone figure wearing no crape nor can. The Man Who Knows Everything explained: "Chap named Chenery—the latest and present editor."

He wore a perplexed but determined look and was preceded by a band playing "What'll I Do?" My companion got from his hip a small flask and before drinking raised it aloft in a toast:—"To another brave man!" With similar respect I bared my head as he went by.—ETAOIN SHRDLU.

## The Spiritist

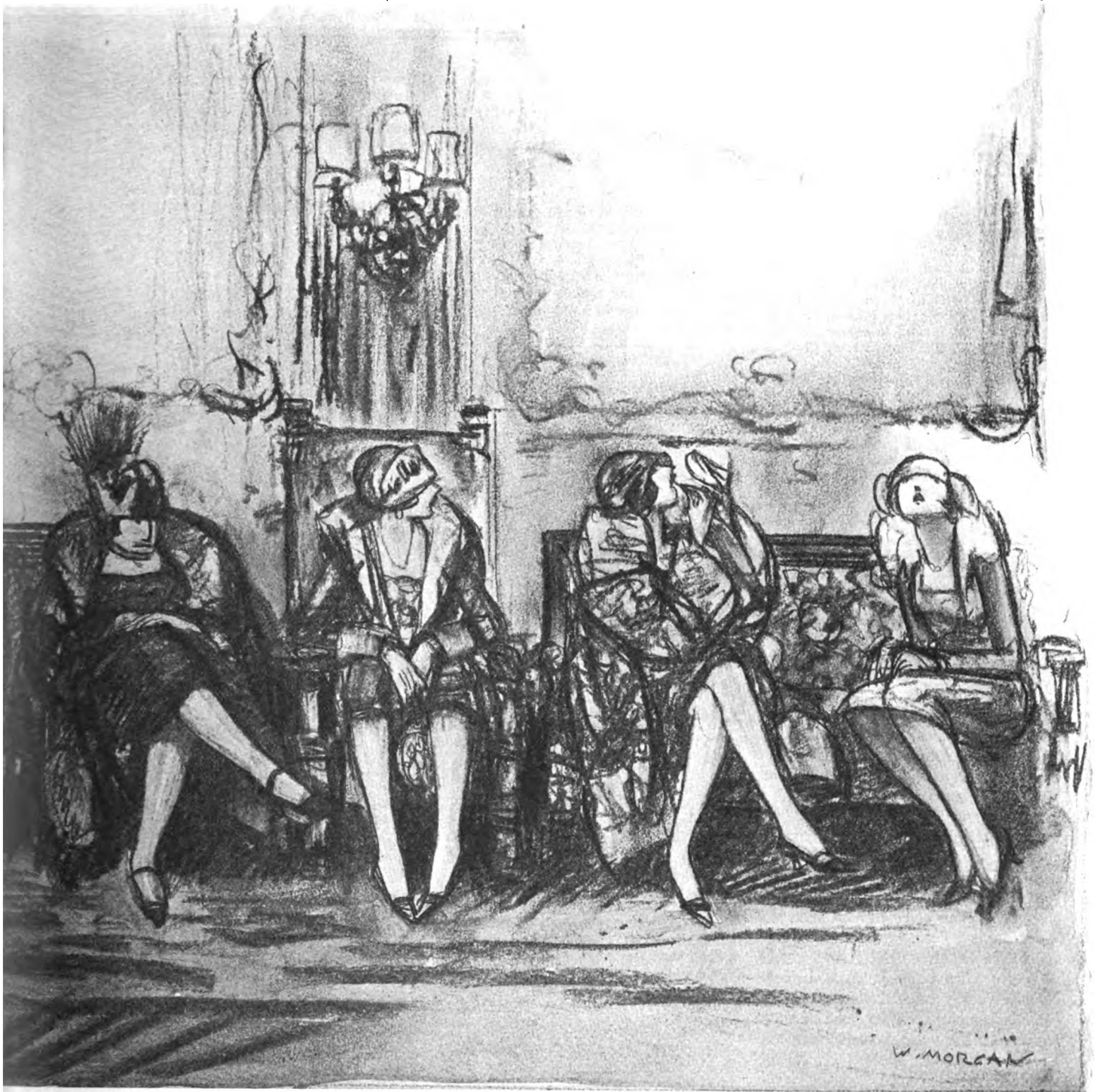
"Scoffers! Unbelieving Dullards! I tell you with the utmost sincerity that I have pierced the hideous shroud of Death: that I bring you salvation from a fear older than man: that I have resolved an enigma as incomprehensible as life itself—and you stand there grinning at me!

"Cannot your narrow minds conceive the thought that I have a perception that is totally lacking in yourselves?"

"Doubters! Enter this room with me: sit silent; and be awed while Julius Caesar upsets a table, and Cleopatra whistles through her teeth!"



*The B*



*Head Line*

## Among Those Absent

What the *Tribune* describes as a "small dance" and "housewarming" was—according to the same eminent authority—attended by the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Rube Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Seldes, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Young, Mr. and Mrs. Efreim Zimbalist, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Rascoe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gest and Mrs. Paul Whiteman.

Also, the Misses Edna St. Vincent Millay, Katharine Cornell, Ann Andrews, Ruth Chatterton, Adele Astaire, Gertrude Bryan, Elise Bartlett, Alice Brady, Margaret Case, Ina Claire, Lucrezia Bori, Pearl Eaton, Mary Ellis, Margalo Gillmore, Myra Hampton, Leonora Hughes, Violet Heming, Julia Hoyt, Fannie Hurst, Helen Ford, Frieda Inescourt, Elsie Janis, Beth Martin, Kathlyne Martyn, Grace Moore, Margaret Mower, Florence Nash, Mary Nash, Rachel Crothers, Rosamund Pinchot, Phyllis Povah, Genevieve Tobin, Jobyna Howland, June Walker, Justine Johnstone, Bebe Daniels, Blythe Daly, the Duncan sisters and Billie Burke; also, the Messrs. Eugene Boissevain, Ralph Forbes, Guthrie McClintic, Walter F. Wanger, Jascha Heifetz, Miguel Covarrubias, Christian Brinton, Geoffrey Kerr, Messmore Kendall, George Gershwin, Avery Hopwood, Joseph Schildkraut, Pedro de Cordoba, Jose Alessandro, Fred Astaire, Marc Connelly, Rawlins Cottenet, Frank Crowninshield, Laurence Stallings, John Drew, Arnold Genthe, Maurice, Louie Wiley, Kenneth McKenna, Philip Merrivale, Edward Steichen, George Jean Nathan, Frank Pollock, Tom Powers, S. Jay Kaufman, James Reynolds, Arthur Samuels and Dwight Taylor.

Indeed, a veritable galaxy of good looks and talent. Nevertheless, it occurred to us to ask several persons of broad experience if they could think of anybody not in this list who might well have been included:

**MAYOR HYLAN**—Wasn't William Randolph Hearst asked?

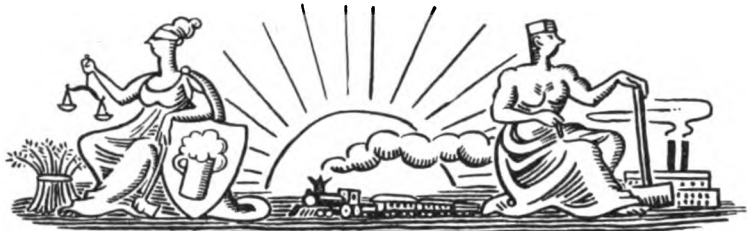
**KENNETH MACGOWAN**—Do you mean to tell me that von Schwartzenapfelpfannkuchen, the inventor of the new invisible scenery, wasn't there?

**FRANK HEDLEY**—I suppose seating accommodations were limited, but just the same I believe the Public should have been asked.

**DAVID BELASCO**—It would have been a very beautiful thing to have included among the guests one of those nameless little ones from among the Rosy Sisters of the Streets. Or failing that, they should have had the Seven Muses and a National Cash Register.

**BENNY LEONARD**—I was sorry they didn't ask Mother.

**PRESIDENT COOLIDGE** only compressed his lips and shook his head. Upon being urged, however, he condescended to say that in his opinion probably a good time was had by all.



## ★ In Our Midst ★

Don Marquis sort of satisfied a boyhood dream when he played as a bartender at a "pipe night" down at the Players. Don's just been seriously noticed by "Doc" S. P. Sherman, but it don't seem to have gone to his head much yet.

John Farrar didn't have enough to do lately editing the *Bookman*, lecturing in department stores, writing poetry and plays and other material and so he's taken on acting as general head of George H. Doran and Company, which may manage to keep him busy enough during week days.

Dame Rumor hath it that Dave Wallace wrote a sharp letter to George B. Shaw recently telling that writer just what street he got off at. Don't be intimidated, Dave, is what we say.

A. E. Thomas, playwright, is about to leave for somewhere in the south of France. Lucky Gus, is the way we phrase it.

Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart seems to have worked pretty well eastward on his lecture tour, judging by the telegrams received from him by his numerous friends in this city. The telegrams are mostly non-committal but the date line always tells where they are from.

Frazier Hunt got back from London last week and had a get-together meeting with William Slavens ("Bill") McNutt. "Bill" is now in the country.

Crosby Gaige, of here and Peekskill, is leaving for Miami next week to join the pleasure seekers in the sunny southland.

Newt Baker climbed on to a railroad lunch counter stool the other day and ordered coffee. Newt isn't very tall and his head didn't come much above the counter and the waiter hollered, "Want cream in it, kid?" Newt never has been able to laugh off the army's commissioning Corporal Clarke a corporal.

Al ("Mr. A. J.") Frueh, the well known picture drawer, is taking some time off from his artistic duties to build a new top story to his house at 34 Perry Street, same worrying the owners of the Woolworth Bldg. not a little, as this is the sixteenth time Al has built a new top story.

Jerome ("Jerry") D. Kern was in town one day buying some second-hand books.

Laurence Stallings has "gone into celluloid," as the fellow said once. He's out in California writing a scenario on terms which are rumored to be highly satisfactory.

Saml. Hopkins Adams and wife of Auburn (this State) are in town for the cold spell, doing a lot of entertaining and going out to dinner and one thing and another, they being very popular members of the Younger Set.

Harvey O'Higgins, the book writer, and Mrs. O'H., are in town, delighting their many friends, Harve being the kind of writer who is also an author.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's memorial at St. Nazaire will be a statue of an eagle carrying a doughboy carrying a crusader's sword. The idea sounds quite artistic.

Henry Hunt, who accepted a half a dozen cups and saucers in return for a Wheatley edition of Pepys' Diary, has not yet delivered same, according to his victim, Mr. Ralph Hayes.

Yr. corres. has finally found where Deems Taylor's office is and what his hours are. He has a nice, comfortable desk at the Telegraph Co.'s office at 41st and B'way, and can be seen there almost any night from 11:05 to 11:30.

John Judkins returned from the recent auto show in Chicago all set up because the *Drake Hotel News* described him as "one of those straightforward fine types of Yankees that make us all proud to be Americans."

Tammany Young kicked up a big fuss at the Commodore the other night when he tried to crash into the Jewish Theatrical Dinner one week after it had taken place. Tam considers he made a fool of himself.

Those are pretty clever and interesting stories about married life that Mrs. Vi Shore is writing for *Liberty*. Yr. corres. wonders if Mr. Shore reads them.

Max Lief has accepted a position on the *Daily News* where he has assumed duties of Dramatic Editor.

Miss Norma Talmadge, who is making good on the silver screen, has come back from Europe with a new French bob with bangs and looks more pert than ever.

She Presents the Flock

OH, Mr. Presby, I'm so glad you've come at last. We've been looking forward to this week-end for ever so long. A. J. has come home so often without you, after saying you were coming that I can hardly believe you're here. Yes—I know—business is so—yes—so busy and confining. Oh you men—nothing on your minds but business.

"Well, first of all you must meet our little flock. A. J. told me you were crazy about kiddies, didn't you A. J.? Come here dears. Careful now about our good manners. This is Junior, he's our oldest. Of course he's named for A. J. Isn't it funny, I've called my husband A. J. ever since we were first married? I never think of calling him Albert, A. J.'s more of a pet name than anything else, I guess. Anyway this is little Albert J. and we call him Junior.

And *this* is Sister. She's nearly seven. Her real name is Emily Lillian but A. J. insists we shall call her Sister. Then this is Brother. I just told A. J. if he wanted to call Emily Lillian, Sister, I intended to call Donald—that's his real name—Brother. I know you don't blame me, do you Mr. Presby?

"And finally this is Lover, our baby. He's nearly three, but our baby just the same. His really-truly name is Douglas but Dudla is as near as he ever

comes to it. His Gobba, as he calls his Grandmother—Oh dear, I'm so scared about his precious adenoids—nick-named him Lover before his first birthday because ever since he was just a baby, he has been so cuddly and loving. Say 'How-do,' Lover. Isn't he darling."—C. KNAPP

Fifth Avenue at 3 p. m.

Limousines, taxi-cabs, busses, chorus girls, dowagers, errand boys, debutantes, men-about-town, advertising agents, sight-seers, actors, art dealers, foreign lecturers, college boys, moving picture stars, diplomats, policemen, hat shops, jewelers, hotels, banks, picture galleries, milliners, interior decorators, book shops, photographers, restaurants, clubs, department stores, . . . an occasional private residence.

"—sailing on the Maaretania next Tuesday."

"—there's that girl that dances in the Follies."

"—no, but I'm going to-morrow night."

"—will you just look at those stockings."

"—we can cross now."

"—I'll make Tom get it for me."

"—exactly like that hat of Violet's."

"—I forget what his name is."

"—no, she's getting a divorce."

Short-Story Scenarios

I have not the inclination nor the ability to write fiction. I was about to say that I hadn't the time; but that is the greatest fiction there is, for I waste enough time in a year, telling my fiction-writing friends plots, to write two long novels and ten short stories myself.

Hereafter, however, I shall set my ideas down here, and any fiction writer who is pressed for plots may help himself.

I.

English class in women's college. Day's discussion concerns redundancy. Each student required to cite example of redundancy. One girl writes "Foolish virgin." She is expelled from college.

II.

A man who has great fear of the letter of the law. As a child he always heeded the Keep Off the Grass signs. If the sign in the car said Passengers Are Not Allowed to Ride on the Platform, he would walk rather than violate what he considered the law. He never disregarded a No Parking or a No Smoking sign. Rather than use a pass that said Not Transferable he would pay his way, or forego the ball game.

One morning, after twelve years of riding to his office in an elevator that bore a sign reading Conversation with the Elevator Man Forbidden he said, as he was alighting, "It's a nice day." "Sure is," responded the elevator man.

Noticing that the elevator did not drop to the ground, and that the building did not immediately crumble, he came emboldened. In a few days he was smoking in spite of the printed admonition. He rode on the platform of a subway car; he parked his automobile next to a No Parking sign; etc. Nothing untoward happened, and he was happier than he ever had been.

Encouraged by his success, he works up from signs to the Decalogue. The First, the Second . . . he has just shattered the Sixth Commandment.

He is at a party, being introduced. "I want you to meet Mrs. Rosenthal," says the hostess.—F. P. A.

A Local Need

Of program novelties the gem Is "Bed Time Tales" at 8 a. m. A daily feature, new and bright, For weary souls who work all night.

CHAUFFEUR HELD AS BANDIT —Heading in the *Herald Tribune*. The start of a long-needed crusade.



UNCLE: Poor girls, so few get their wages!  
FLAPPER: So few get their sin, darn it!

NEW YORK has heard the last of Stravinsky, *propria persona*, for that provocative visitor is appearing as guest conductor and pianist out where the West begins, but Prince Igor has left behind him plenty of matter for debate. There is, for example, his piano concerto, introduced under auspices of Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Orchestra. At a first hearing, the first movement seemed to be a free fantasia on a funeral march; the second, a conventional slow movement, somewhat out of focus; the third, a medley in which "The Star Spangled Banner" was waved briefly. Yet a second hearing hinted at something more important, for through the amusing surface sounds of the work came a voice that sounded like Stravinsky. Possibly this concerto could be played every night for a week over the radio for the benefit of the critically disposed, for it cannot be digested at one meal. The lay knob-twister, however, would wonder at the strange quality of the transmission.

Henry Cowell who introduced "tone clusters" to New York last season has returned, bearing thunder sticks, which, according to W. J. Henderson, sound "like a double bass mourning for its first born," made their debut at one of the musicales of the International Composers' Guild. Mr. Cowell and two assistants twirled these musical kites while a small orchestra, conducted by the latest guest conductor, Vladimir Shavitch, performed more conventional matter by Mr. Cowell. The end of Mr. Cowell's stick declined to be party to the affair, and flew off the handle, seeking refuge in the general direction of Lawrence Gilman. Now, if Mr. Cowell were to begin twirling pianos he probably could be certain of a sold-out house.

Suggestion to live insurance company: Why not sell accident insurance with concert tickets?

Fritz Kreisler, whose violin mastery remains undisputed, must be set down as a box-office miracle man. His first recital this season was sold out before any announcement of it was made.



The date was known only to Mr. Kreisler, his manager and the Carnegie Hall box-office. Yet all of the tickets were sold to enterprising persons—some 3,000 of them—who inquired of the inimitable Heck Brothers of Carnegie Hall when Mr. Kreisler would appear. Kreisler, by the way, is probably the only artist in the world who can sell out concert after concert without announcing in advance his program.

Mme. Leginska, the evanescent pianist, has described her disappearance as a lapse of memory, and perhaps she who lapse last lapse best, for Leginska

under her given name and another under her taken name.) She was dissuaded then, but this time—?

It is intimated also that the Madame really gave way to that dread of reviewers which now and then obsesses every artist. According to this story, she feared the strictures of a prominent critic who had flayed her when he was writing reviews in another city and who had had harsh words for her conducting. Her perturbation, it is assumed, caused the nervous flurry which started her on her travels. The finale to the story would have pleased O. Henry, for the much feared critic was not in Carnegie Hall on the night of the concert. He was at home, stricken, we are told, with indigestion.

To the simile collection we must add a new one: "As friendless as a German tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House." The two young men

who have sung Wagnerian tenor roles before the Golden Horse Shoe this season have absorbed the most noteworthy pomade of dispraise which our critics have prepared in many moons. Apparently the worst thing that can be said about a German tenor is that he sings like a German tenor.

The best German tenor in the Metropolitan company is the ever admirable Edward Johnson, who is also the best French tenor, and, in many respects, the best Italian tenor. "Eddie" was famous in Italy for his performances in "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal," but New York has not heard him in these operas. Johnson has sung Wagnerian roles in Italian only and polyglot performances are taboo at the Metropolitan, although unintentionally polyglot versions occasionally are heard. Probably the task of restudying the roles in German appalls the gifted tenor. And well it might!—CON BRIO

### The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, pop?



Fritz Kreisler

is as noted now as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey. The facts in the case probably never will be established, and there are those who hint that the Madame's loss of memory was a shrewd bit of publicity. 'Tis said that she thought of some such idea shortly after her second debut. (This is accurate verbiage. The lady had a first debut

THERE are still a few days for those of you who got on soap boxes during the war and made minute speeches about the English speaking races, to view the Retrospective Exhibition of British Paintings at the Grand Central Art Galleries. If you are a person who quit trading with the corner grocer because you believed him a German spy, you will enjoy this exhibit. We can't imagine how one can enjoy it on any other grounds save those of intense Anglicism. A placard with sufficient fairness warns you that this exhibit is held in the interest of further cementing the bonds of the English speaking races.

Getting back to the war again, we personally feel that most of this exhibit was chosen by a committee composed of the Kaiser, the Krupps and the other princes at liberty. Oh yes, the dollar you pay for admission goes to the "Endowment Fund" of the Grand Central Galleries, if you are interested in endowment funds. The catalogues are one dollar, too, so we can't tell you much about the roster.

On a canvas forty feet square, more or less, there is a portrait of an English lady on horseback with all England in the valley back of her. This has the important spot in the show. Down one corridor, in a corner, you will be able to find Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress." If you care for anything later than Ingres, stay at home and let the cement of the English speaking races crumble away.

Speaking of Zuloaga, as half New York did the last month, one must not despise publicity. If one had time he might evolve a formula for successful shows which would run something on this order: "Better a third rate artist and a first rate publicity man than a first rate artist and no publicity man at all." They do say, around about the galleries that there is considerable pique over the tremendous fuss made over the Spaniard's work. There is a moral in it for the American gallery. A race reared on billboards, nourished on Mellen's Food, Quaker Oats and washed with Ivory



soap, will never seek its art in dark corners. The members of that race wish to be told about it, they wished to be "sold," as every good Rotarian knows. Let them read about it in the Sunday papers and on the billboard; and they will walk a mile for it, even though it be art.

An artist standing in front of the Michael Strange portrait at the Zuloaga show was explaining to his companion that the legend existed that the reason Zuloaga did not paint so well now as in his earlier days, was that he only took up brush when his son wanted money to buy a new motor car. The companion gazed at the bean-pole Hamlet again and opined that young Zuloaga probably decided on a Ford.

The Society of Independent Artists begins its show at the Waldorf, March 6. Here is a group that knows the value of publicity. Perhaps it is never a very attractive goat chosen for the sacri-

fice, but it suffices to get on the front page and bring thousands to the show. Despised by the old guard, perhaps, but containing always something of merit. A shrewd collector may save himself much by purchasing at the Independent rather than waiting until the artist has gained partial recognition and moved up Fifth.

And speaking of the lower rungs of the ladder, someone with a keen business sense (probably the publicity man), has inaugurated an exhibit at Macy's. Yes, the same place that you get your tinware and your blankets. It is on the sixth floor, buried away of course, and a great secret to all attendants and elevator men.

But as that is the same floor that bears the Sistine Madonna prints and the college pennant pillows, just say "Art" and you will find it. The pictures are small and vary in price from \$24.74 to \$99.50. There are enough unknowns in the list of forty-two to interest the gambler. And there are some by such good painters as Edgar Melville Ward, Emile Grupper, Richard Lahey, H. E. Schnakenberg, Lucile Blanch and Jane Peterson, who by the way has just sold one of her Turkish sketches to the Brooklyn Museum.

There is always something interesting at Duden-sing, patron of the moderns. Perhaps it is the designs of Joseph Stella, always on view or some of his West Virginia drawings. The display is composed of pictures from the League Show.

—FROID

### Lyrics from the Pekinese



#### I.

"We dogs are requested by folks  
To contribute our muzzles  
Toward silencing tellers of jokes  
On those checker-board puzzles.  
Such persons,—who give me the blues,—  
Should be laden with fetters  
And thrown to auks, emus and gnus!  
(What's a word of nine letters  
Denoting a species of cheese?)"  
Said the small Pekinese.

#### II.

"Our ladies don't mean any harm,  
But their swift innovations  
One cannot but view with alarm:  
Their domestic relations  
Are shocking; their language,—oh, hush!  
They are bobbing their tresses!  
Their dances compel me to blush!  
And the backs of their dresses  
Are u's where they used to be v's!"  
Said the small Pekinese.

#### III.

"While praising The Theatre Guild  
For its pep and tabasco,  
The critics have thoroughly grilled  
Mr. David Belasco;  
Yet shows that are tempting the law,  
Uninhibited dramas  
With lines that are frightfully raw  
And displays of pajamas  
And nighties, continue to please."  
Said the small Pekinese.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

# GOINGS ON



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

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

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

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

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

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

### IS ZAT SO?—Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

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

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

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

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

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

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

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

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

### THE GRAB BAG—Globe Theatre.

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

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

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

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

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

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

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

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GREED—LOEW CIRCUIT—

Frank Norris's "McTeague" transferred to the screen with a large measure of stark honesty. Unrelenting and sordid, if you wish, but a fine effort to get away from the saccharine.

### THE LOST WORLD—ASTOR THEATRE.

Through camera trickery, dinosauri and other beasts of the prehistoric past live again. Interesting because it proves that the camera is a liar.

No New York showing of "Peter Pan" this week.

## ART

### EUGENE SPEICHER.

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries. Exhibition of new pictures and some of the canvasses shown at the Carnegie show last Autumn.

### GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES.

Retrospective exhibition of British Painting in its last week. A poor exhibition with a few high lights.

### BARRY FAULKNER SCREENS.

Jacques Seligman Galleries. Beautiful screens shown under direction of Marie Sterner and several society women.

### JOSEPH STELLA.

Dudensing Galleries. A series of drawings and some of the decorative paintings by this gifted young American. Nothing quite like Stella among contemporaries.

### "FIVE AND TEN" ART.

Macy Galleries. Interesting collection of work of promising young painters, some of whom have arrived and some who will. Priced for bargain hunters and modest patrons from \$24.57 to \$99.76.

## MUSIC

### MISCHA ELMAN QUARTET, Town Hall.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 18. A virtuoso and three other chamber music experts will prove that chamber music isn't only fun for the players.

### LENOX STRING QUARTET, Town Hall.

Thursday evening, Feb. 19. Another good little ensemble which overlaps Mischa's crowd at viola and 'cello.



### FRITZ KREISLER, Carnegie Hall.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21. Carl Lamson, accompanist. You can't get tickets for this, but try to squeeze in somehow.

### LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, Aeolian Hall.

Sunday evening, Feb. 22. Some of it will be good (perhaps Gruenberg's "Daniel Jazz"), some of it won't, but it'll start something.

### REINALD WERRENATH, Carnegie Hall.

Monday afternoon, Feb. 23. Herbert Carick, accompanist. "Werry" doesn't like to be called a sterling young baritone, but he is, even if he's advertised, justly for once, as an American institution.

### AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Tuesday evening, *Lucia*; Wednesday afternoon, *Tannhauser*; Wednesday evening, *Falstaff*; Thursday evening, *Giovanni Galuppi* (first performance in America); Friday evening, *Madama Butterfly*; Saturday afternoon, *La Traviata*; Saturday evening, *Boris Goudonoff*.

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Tuesday afternoon, State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Dohnanyi soloist and guest conductor; Tuesday evening, Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Ornstein soloist; Wednesday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting (students' concert); Thursday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting, Flesch soloist; Friday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting, Flesch soloist; Friday evening, State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Elsa Alsen soloist; Sunday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting.

## OTHER EVENTS

### DINNER TO GEN. SUMMERALL, Hotel Plaza.

Tuesday, Feb. 17, given by a citizens' committee, Gen. John F. O'Ryan, chairman.

### WORLD COURT BALL, Hotel Plaza.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, under direction of Greater New York Branch, League of Nations Non-Partizan Association.

### CHARITY BALL, Hotel Astor.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, silver jubilee of New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus.

### MOTION PICTURE CARNIVAL, Hotel Plaza.

Thursday, Feb. 19, under auspices of Film Mutual Benefit Bureau.

### JUNIOR AID LEAGUE of Lenox Hill Hoop.

Entertainment and dance ("The J L X V Revue"), Hotel Ritz-Carlton, Feb. 19.

### MARDI GRAS BALL, Hotel Roosevelt.

Friday, Feb. 20, under auspices of New York Auxiliary, Southern Industrial Educational Society.

### JACKSON WASHINGTON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

Dedication, Church of the Transfiguration, (Little Church Around the Corner) 1 East 29th St., Friday, 2 p. m., Feb. 20.



# Our \$25,000.00 Prize Name Contest



First Prize . . . . .	\$12,500.00
Second Prize . . . . .	19,000.00
Eleven Other Prizes of \$100.00 each . . . . .	13.00
First Prize . . . . .	8,000.00



**Total \$25,000.00**

THE judges, whose names will be announced when their acceptances have been received and they have begun their work, have made their decision. The new name of THE NEW YORKER, thus, will be THE NEW YORKER. This will be in accord with the suggestion of the first prize winner, who submitted the *Country Gentleman*; the second prize winner, who submitted *Cosmopolitan*; and the third prize winner, who submitted the *Wilkes-Barre Chamber of Commerce Whiz-Bang*.

The First Prize—of Three Thousand Dollars in escrow—has been won by Charles Dana Gibson, of No. 115-A Railroad Street.

The name he submitted has been mislaid, but is sure to be found. In compliance with the rules, Mr. Gibson will receive one-third of the sum, which was divided into three parts, since two other people failed to submit a similar title.

The Second Prize—of a year's subscription to *Harper's Weekly*—has been won by Bernarr MacFadden, Seventh Regiment Armory.

The rest of the prizes have been distributed among the judges, under various nom de plumes.

Handsome gifts, the receipt of which should not be too definitely counted upon, the postal service being what it is, have been sent to a lot of other contributors. Inquiries as to their names can not be answered by this office.

**Disobey that impulse—  
send five dollars**



John Peter Toohey, first prize winner, snapped before his home at Manhattan Transfer

In all, 154,628 suggestions as to the name of the new magazine were received, 217,614 of them at lunch by the editor.

For a time, it seemed that the *Saturday Evening Post* might be the name selected. This was abandoned, however, when it was learned that the *New York Evening Post* uses a similar name for its Saturday edition. *Vanity Fair*, after a bitter battle, was dropped when critics pointed out that it might easily offend the more sentimental of the older generation.

THE NEW YORKER thanks the participants for their generous economy of time and patience and hopes that its award of prizes corresponds pretty well with what the judges would have recommended.

Please sign and return the coupon at the right and left.

Next week: Our Big Anniversary Number.

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.



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New Yorkers appreciate a bookshop whose atmosphere is a relief from the tumult and rush of the city, but whose service is in the full New York tradition of efficiency and speed.

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## Washington Notes

**G**LEN FRANK, editor of the *Century*, went to the White House and was introduced to the President.

"Pleased to meet you, Dr. Crane," said Mr. Coolidge.

A rough winter on editors. Walter Lippmann, of the *New York World*, called by invitation. It went like this:

The President: Well, Mr. Lippmann, how are things in New York?

Mr. Lippmann: Pretty well, thank you, Mr. President.

A pause.

Mr. Lippmann (by way of opening up a topic): There's a little unemployment up our way and it looks as if it might get serious.

The President: You know, I was talking to Mellon about that last night. He says he thinks he will have it straightened out in a few weeks. (Turning to go) Well, drop in any time you're in Washington and we'll talk these things over.

Does Coolidge ever laugh? He does. What, then, does he laugh at? Well—

On a recent Mayflower cruise he laughed once in three days. It was at dinner one evening. They had strawberry shortcake. According to custom the President was served first. A slice was cut and set before him. Then the whole cake was placed before the lady on the President's right and she was left to shift for herself. She tried to cut a piece but made a mess of it.

"I wonder if this cake is worth such trouble," she grumbled. And, turning to Mr. Coolidge: "But you had yours cut for you!"

This struck the President as funny and he laughed. Not a noisy laugh. Just a couple of chuckles—and his shoulders bobbed up and down.

Now you know as much as anybody.

One day a fairly long while ago Alice Roosevelt called up the White House and said she wished to see Mrs. Coolidge right away. It was a busy day and the White House social secretary asked if to-morrow wouldn't do.

"This can't wait," said Mrs. Longworth. "I'll be right over."

A few minutes later Alice breezed in with the announcement that she was going to have a baby.

A few days later there were luncheon guests at the White House and Mrs. Coolidge, who is a normal sort of person and pretty popular, repeated the big news. Considerable sensation.

"When?" asked someone.

"You know," said Mrs. Coolidge, "I forgot to ask."

"About the middle of February," said

Mr. Coolidge, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation.

The late Henry Cabot Lodge was a commanding figure in the Senate when Calvin Coolidge was the mayor of Northampton. When Mr. Coolidge became President Mr. Lodge was still in the Senate, though more of a fixture than a figure.

Still, there was a lot to Lodge which some people missed. He wasn't so darned high-hatty, for instance, but what he could strike up a comradely fellowship with his junior colleague, the Honorable Dave Walsh, a Democrat.

"Well, Senator," said Mr. Walsh shortly after the advent of Cal, "What do you think of Mr. Coolidge's being in the White House?"

"Well, Senator," replied Mr. Lodge after a long pause, "when you find a man so diligent that he goes out to milk his father's cows in a boiled shirt, and so forehanded that he takes a photographer along, the world will be at some pains to keep him down."

Tip to publishers: Senator Lodge kept a diary, and kept it under special lock and key. Sometimes he would dictate the entries to a secretary, but often he would write them out in long hand. Until he died no eyes but his own had ever seen any of those pages.—QUID

## The Man From Bucksport, Maine

The man from Bucksport, Maine, knew all about New York. Had he not seen Personages in the news weekly films backed up against the skyline? Had he not read copies of the *Graphic*?

The man from Bucksport, Me., therefore issued from the Grand Central with *elan*. He slipped unresisting into the same bowellian region (cross wordsters take note of that one) eleven days later filled with the spirit of the vast metropolis. He had seen life. He knew all about Women. He felt the salty tang of pomegranates on his lips. . . . Indeed, yes.

During his stay in our midst he had discovered the following items tending to the advancement of civilization and the enjoyment of life: paper napkins; a show staged personally by Signor Jake Shubert; a baked apple that cost sixty cents; 20-cents-a-mile taxis that click \$1.30 between Thirty-first Street and Broadway and Forty-ninth Street and Broadway; Greenwich Villagers, devilish folk, who worked in wholesale lace houses, realtor's offices, retail dry goods emporiums, curio bazaars, down-town garages and Childs' restaurants; the 30-cent shave.

And upon arriving home, the man from Bucksport, Me. became Press Agent No. 5,678,999 for the Greatest Show on Earth!—R. V. H.



**Two New Yorkers**

THEY started life on the East Side; the play instinct was strong in them. At ten they had their tryouts and they emerged those supreme *lively* artists — Weber and Fields. Here is their story, WEBER and FIELDS, Their Tribulations, Triumphs and Their Associates. (32 full page plates, \$3.50) "The pick of the heap," says the N. Y. Evening Post. "The public," says F. F. V. in the N. Y. Tribune, "owes Mr. Isman a debt of gratitude." Etc., Etc.



**Who Is Sarah Gertrude Millin?**



A great novel having come among us, GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, there is considerable curiosity about the author, Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin. Mrs. Millin is the literary editor of The Cape Town Times, the most influential paper in South Africa. She has always been well known in England. She is a frequent contributor to the Adelphi, the literary monthly edited by J. Middleton Murry. She is keenly interested in contemporary affairs and in local African problems. She has written The Dark River and The Jordans both of which have won honor. GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, the strange, great, darkly beautiful novel, that has made her famous overnight, monopolises literary conversation everywhere. "Here," says the N.Y. Times "is a classic of our own times." \$2.00.

**Literary Lane Who's Who**

THE boys and girls down at Greenwich Village, and the

boys and girls at the Algonquin are all guessing about Who's Who in Alfred Kreymborg's autobiography, TROUBADOUR. Covering, as it does, most of the important literary movements and contacts of our generation, and being a frank record, it has some delectable gossip, besides being a remarkable book in itself, one of the most unique self-records ever penned. Late February. \$3.00.

**"It Would Have Made Thomas Carlyle Laugh"**

SO wrote Herbert Gorman in the Evening Post about Rose Macaulay's new satire, ORPHAN ISLAND. Imagine Victorianism on a South Sea Island! That's the situation Rose Macaulay has invented to stimulate her satire. After reading it you will agree with Laurence Stallings, that "She must be the wittiest woman alive. Her every book is worth a half dozen of her contemporaries' attempts to satirize the age." \$2.00



**The Modern Library**



WITH THE CHILD OF PLEASURE (the latest Modern Library title, Introduction by Ernest Boyd \$0.95) d'Annunzio, established himself as the supreme artist of passion. Henry James wrote of it: "It is a tribute to the truth with which it is presented that we should scarce know where else to look for so complete and convincing an account of such adventures. Casanova is, of course, infinitely more copious, but his autobiography is cheap loose journalism compared with the directed, finely condensed iridescent epic of Count Andrea in THE CHILD OF PLEASURE.

**Thunder for Demagogues**



BACK in West Virginia an indignant legislator proposed to suppress us for publishing THESE UNITED STATES (Second Series). Being perverse, in matters like this, it encourages us all the more to shout from all the housetops that as literature, history, social interpretation, and discovery, THESE UNITED STATES is the finest book on our country that has yet appeared. Second and concluding volume just published. \$3.00. 2 vols. \$5.50.

**Broadway Rises to Literature**

WHETHER it is due to publishers becoming producers, or to the less commercial producers for organizing a literate audience, or to the movies for purging it by drawing away the lowbrow elements, Broadway is putting on better and better plays—plays that are actually literature. That is why they are being published. Two of the year's best are, THE FIREBRAND by Edwin Justus Mayer (\$2.00); and THE GUARDSMAN by Franz Molnar (\$2.00.)



**A Famous hat**

ITS name is Wilbur, an ordinary respectable felt hat, whom Hendrik Van Loon conducts through the other world. The hereafter has been done solemnly by Dante and facetiously by Mr. Bangs but never with such perfect and delicious satire as here. There are 52 full page, full color Van Loon illustrations. The Story of Wilbur The Hat. \$3.50.

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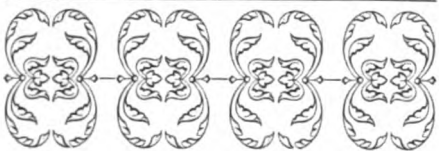
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To us, "Those Barren Leaves" (Doran) is Huxley trying harder than before to get the trio in step and make it do something. Your pleasure in following his effort will depend on whether it flatters or irritates you to pick your way through miles of his mind's choice furniture, and to listen to hours of "classy conversation" among some variously faking "moderns" gathered at a castle in Italy. More than one of them is partly Huxley either airing a line of talk or scoffing at an aspect of himself: for instance, young Chelifer, a futile and disillusioned little poet who has to live by editing the *Rabbit Fanciers' Gazette*. Mr. Cardan, sponge and cynic, begins as a mouthpiece, though he ends as a living being in a fine sardonic episode. Then there is Miss Thriplow, novelist and chameleon, who even in the throes of a, to her, most poignant night of love must make notes for impressive "copy" for her next book.

"Those Barren Leaves" may disappoint devotees of Huxley No. 1. It ought to encourage the rooters for No. 3.

Two solidly interesting new novels are "God's Stepchildren" and "The Matriarch." Both are by women, both trace families through several generations. There similarities end. "God's Stepchildren," by Sarah G. Millin (Boni & Liveright) is a powerful story, *the* story, simple, direct, unflinching real and not for a sentence dull, of what comes of white-and-black matings in South Africa. It is, of course, tragic. "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf) is high comedy with humor, an exuberantly done inside chronicle of an upper class Jewish family, whose principal branch gets from Austria to England and there smashes under the age-cracked Anastasia's ruinous matriarchy, after which one of her granddaughters picks up pieces to carry on. We can think of no novel not longer that sets as many good characters going and reconciles you as quickly to keeping track of them.

If you are fond of satire, your best fun in that line may be Rose Macaulay's "Orphan Island" (Doran). It has a truly Swift-like scheme and beginning. But the glass is filled up with club soda and

grenadine story-telling—not to our taste, which prefers the Swift brand neat. Also, only the cheaper half of that promising scheme ever comes to much. Anyone can play with the poor old mid-Victorian United Kingdom. To have played at the same time with present-day attitudes, in contrast, is the chance the author gave herself and very largely missed.

A far deeper performance, but harder to read and more limited in appeal to Americans, is "Mr. Trimblerrigg" (A. & C. Boni), in which Lloyd George is taken to pieces by the "tribal god" who made him, Laurence Housman being the god's amanuensis.

It was painful, but when Cashel Byron's Confessions—that is, Jim Corbett's memoirs—were running in the Saturday Evening Post, most males observed reading that scholarly weekly were glued to them, as we were, and not to any hitherto unpublished poems by Milton that the Post may have staged as prelims. Plainly, Jim's book, "The Roar of the Crowd" (Putnam) is really his, whoever helped him with it, and we enjoyed even his alibis.

And we have had a grand time reading Felix Isman's history, "Weber and Fields" (Boni & Liveright), though we never saw one of its subjects choke the other but once in our life. It is Broadway's own story of Broadway's palmiest days.

Bok the man admits he wearied of Edward Bok the editor. He squelched him by retiring. But Edward the editor gets even by editing parts of Bok's "Twice Thirty" (Scribner's) and making Bok present himself in an Edward's-Home-Journal good light. However, the memories of Presidents and such-like are Bok's and are attractive reading.

Frank Harris used to write brilliant books, and thirty years ago was a great editor. Now, in old age, he is down to writing his extremely private life. Installments of it have leaked in from France, and we're told that on dark nights, what with the ships bringing them and the outbound city garbage scows, the Rum Fleet's judges of literature have been getting all mixed up.—TOUCHSTONE

It is understood that patriotic New Yorkers have uncovered the existence of a prohibition enforcement ring. Prompt action is promised.

Statistical Note: If all the illicitly-carried flasks were laid end to end on the Lincoln Highway, it would be a terribly foolish thing to do.

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**THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL**, by Anna Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton, Mifflin). The pleasant love story, Anglo-French, that is Best-Selling.

**A PASSAGE TO INDIA**, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace). A foaming-up of India's race hate, pictured with searching skill.

**THE GREEN HAT**, by Michael Arlen (Doran). Champagne stuff, sweet but worth drinking, about a light-o'-love and her playmates.

**SARD HARKER**, by John Masefield (Macmillan). Wild tropical adventure, "unworthy of Masefield," but—try to put it down!

**THE OLD LADIES**, by Hugh Walpole (Doran). As quiet and unpretentious as its title, and Walpole's best novel.

**THE CASE**, by Freeman Wills Croft (Seltzer). For detective story fans.

**THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW**, by A. E. W. Mason (Doran). The first detective story with a gimcrack plot that we have ever liked.

**SHORT STORIES**

**TALES OF HERESAY**, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). Four, all admirable and easy to read; you needn't be a seasoned Conradian.

**THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS**, by Frances Newman (Huebsch). Sixteen well-chosen stories illustrate her brilliant theory.

**BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS**

**MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Harper). Haphazard recollections and discursions. Much junk, with much pure gold.

**A STORY-TELLER'S STORY**, by Sherwood Anderson (Huebsch). A lifetime full of day-dreams, most artistically remembered.

**WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST** (A. & C. Boni). Not as funny as seeing and hearing him; top of the humor heap, nevertheless.

**MARBACKA**, by Selma Lagerlof (Doubleday, Page). Her story of her youth. Charming, if books ever get to be.

**LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES** (Scribner's). A side view of T. R. through his own eyes, especially good.

**MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR**, by E. P. Mitchell (Scribner's). Dana's *Sun* "shop" and much more. An ideal book to dip in.



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## Moving Pictures

THE American movie powers-that-be had so little faith in the German made "The Last Laugh" that, when they finally gave it a New York hearing, they put in a vapid "popular" film to attract the public. "The Last Laugh" showed up the American photoplay as infantile stuff. It was written by Carl Mayer, author of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and is a character study—related without subtitles and wholly in pantomime—of an aged hotel porter disintegrating under the heavy hand of age. The old fellow is superbly done by Emil Jannings, who comes mighty near being the most eloquent cinema actor of any land. Actually, "The Last Laugh" has more to recommend it than fine acting. It is a superb adventure into new phases of film direction. We have never seen the camera made so pliable to moods and moments. Frequently the camera takes the place of the white haired porter and, through the eye of the lens, you see as did the dimmed eyes of the broken old man. "The Last Laugh" is a splendid production.

In interesting contrast to "The Last Laugh" is an American experiment, "The Salvation Hunters," done by one Josef Von Sternberg, who has been a minor film worker in the screen world for some years. When Von Sternberg revealed his finished film to Doug Faribanks, Charlie Chaplin and other eminent thinkers of Hollywood, they fell down and worshipped. Here, they said, was a celluloid epic by a high brow genius. The California intelligentia jumped to conclusions. "The Salvation Hunters" does not live up to the expectations of its stellar sponsors. Von Sternberg announces that he is filming a thought for the first time and then takes three derelicts, a boy, a girl and a child, through a slow moving episode involving the efforts of a procurer to get possession of the gal. Most of the time the characters sit around and think. Hollywood has been misled by the idea that great drama is gloomy stuff. Thus they looked upon "The Salvation Hunters" as the real thing. We regret to report that it is deadly monotonous, without anything new in story telling, acting or direction. It has just one thing to recommend it. It is an experiment.

One other current movie, "The Lost World," has an idea, i.e., what would happen if explorers should find a secluded nook of the earth where still dwell dinosaurs, allosauri, pterodactyls and other monsters of the dim past. Trick photography is utilized to make these weird ancients seem real. Unfortunately the story accompanying this excellent trickery is pallid, indeed. The tribulations of a celluloid cutie are minor items when two

brontosauri begin to muss up a whole forest in mortal combat.

Cecil de Mille has left Famous Players and is to be succeeded as director general by David Wark Griffith. Unless you know the men you can not possibly realize just what that statement means. De Mille has ruled the Famous-Lasky "lot" in Hollywood like a god for years.

Through these years Griffith has been getting poorer and poorer. He tried to make pictures as he pleased and spent all his money, along with all the money he could borrow, doing it.

Now Griffith has sacrificed his independence and gone over to the film system as its overlord. The other day he visited the Famous Players' Long Island Studios, prior to taking official charge. The organization turned out to worship as they would have done at the approach of De Mille. Instead, they saw a puzzled, tired and even gaunt figure in an old overcoat and a shabby hat.

There is real significance in the Famous Players' announcement that Kamiyama, a Japanese actor engaged for "East of Suez," is Japan's second greatest actor.

Thus subtly does modesty come sweeping down upon Hollywood.

Lofty as are the announcements of the movie producers, the slips back into circus phraseology are frequent. For instance, "A Thief in Paradise," a recent opus of Director George Fitzmaurice, is advertised with the following eloquent "wallops," as they call them in film language:

- "1. The whirlwind dance in an artist's studio.
- "2. Undersea dance.
- "3. Polo match—blondes vs. brunettes in one-piece bathing suits.
- "4. Airplane honeymoon.
- "5. Electric love thrills."

Examination of "A Thief in Paradise" revealed the astonishing fact that it is a film version of Leonard Merrick's "The Worldlings." However, the result is just movie.

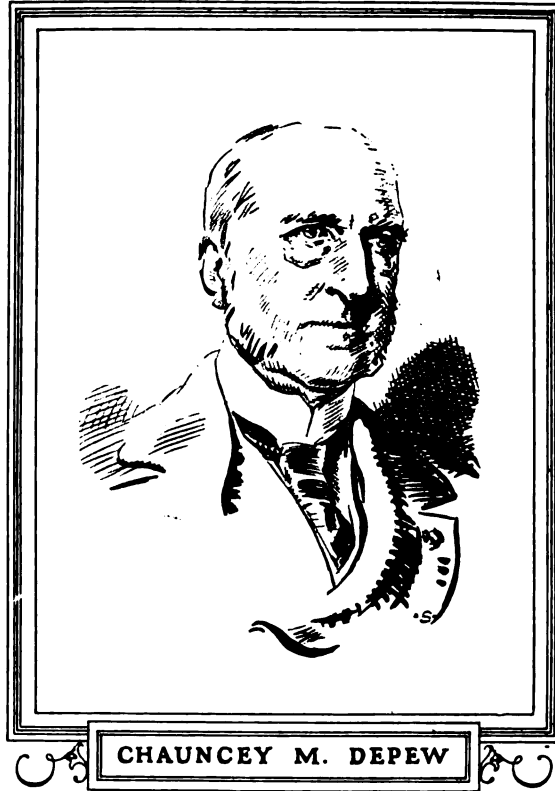
Speaking of film announcements, we can not resist repeating that of the press agent who exploits a photoplay called "The Mirage," based upon Edgar Selwyn's recent drama of that name.

"She couldn't explain! It was incredible—Al—whom she had loved and trusted—that he should have so little faith. She was angry and hurt. What if Mr. Galt had bought her clothes and given her expensive presents—it was purely a business arrangement that was part of their agreement—but that Al should say such a thing—

"Here is drama—powerful, gripping." Until we have an opportunity to see "The Mirage," Al must remain, withered in his lack of celluloid faith.

—WILL HAYS, JR.

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## Jottings About Town

By **BUSYBODY**

A newsstand where periodicals, books and candy may be procured is now to be found at the Pennsylvania Station.

✱ ✱ ✱

Judging from the number of solvers in the subway and "L" trains, the crossword puzzle bids fair to become a fad with New Yorkers.

✱ ✱ ✱

The taxicabs of the Brown and White company are colored bright red. We Americans can well boast of our efficiency!

✱ ✱ ✱

Many people may be interested to know that the real name of Edna Ferber, the writer, is Edna Ferber.

✱ ✱ ✱

A richly dressed woman left a badly torn umbrella at a Broadway repair shop late Tuesday evening. The umbrella was recovered.

✱ ✱ ✱

One of the best known newspaper men in the city writes all his private correspondence in green ink.

✱ ✱ ✱

At one of the large Park Avenue apartments is a man in purple livery who opens and shuts the door before and after incoming and outgoing guests. He also summons taxicabs when requested.

✱ ✱ ✱

A prominent dramatic critic vouches for the following:

Deems Taylor, walking along Park Row, was hailed by Robert C. Benchley. "Hello, George," said Benchley. He thought it was Murdock Pemberton.

The same critic swears the following is true:

Raymond Hitchcock, if he had met Ring W. Lardner at the Players' Club, might have said, "Ring, I'll bet you five dollars you don't know which of the Great Lakes Alpena, Michigan, is on."

"You're on!" would have been Lardner's possible answer.

To which Hitchcock might have replied, "You win; Huron is right."

## A New York Dictionary

**Celebrity:** Someone who can go to a party in a soft shirt, without shaving.

**Personality:** The gift of being charmingly rude.

**Gentleman:** A man who always has some snail change.

**Lady:** A woman who can hold her liquor anywhere, any time.

**Home:** A place to sleep as a last resort.

**Success:** Being recognized by the headwaiter.—S. S.

## THE NEW YORKER

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Wall Street Notes

Chauncey McKeever and Neville Highan employ the only two monocles on the Exchange.

One reason for the mid-winter selling is Palm Beach. Big Business is making this season more of a definitely holiday period than any other time of year.

John Stewart has the loudest voice on the Exchange—a bull-like roar. Time was when Sid Schuyler's falsetto yell was his fortune. It traveled to every corner of the room, and traders used him when they wanted to start something moving in stocks.

J. P. Morgan pulled a new one when he took in several "assistant partners." It is doubtful, though, whether "assistant partners" ever become commonplaces on the Street, for Morgan's concern is unique, containing fourteen partners—more than any other firm with an Exchange membership.

"Que barbaridad," was the way Zuloaga expressed it when he visited the Exchange, which is not uncomplimentary, if you understand your Spanish. New York, however, didn't put foreign issues up a complimentary eighth in his honor, as the Paris Bourse did long ago when he had just forsaken the bull ring and still wore the professional *capa*.

—WELL KNOWN BROKER

"Opening his Case Cyril Selected a Cigaret"

Something like that sentence appears in at least every other novel I read. What I am keen to ask Cyril if I ever meet him in the flesh instead of in the fiction is how and why he selected a cigarette. Still he may have had his reasons such as:

1. He carried twelve brands in that case.
2. He wanted to save the monogrammed ones to be smoked on occasion.
3. He was careful to avoid one leaving an ash which would betray him to the Sherlock Holmes-like detective on his trail.
4. He stocked two kinds, one to smoke himself, one to give friends.
5. He supplied many lady friends and was glad to have enough cigarettes left to choose between.
6. As he picked out cigarettes, he recited blithely, "She loves me, she loves me not."


Whatever the reason the dear fellow had, when I write my novel, which will be one of those rough, realism things, the hero will act this way:

"Digging into his pants' pocket, Cy produced a plug and selected a chaw."

—FAIRFAX DOWNEY

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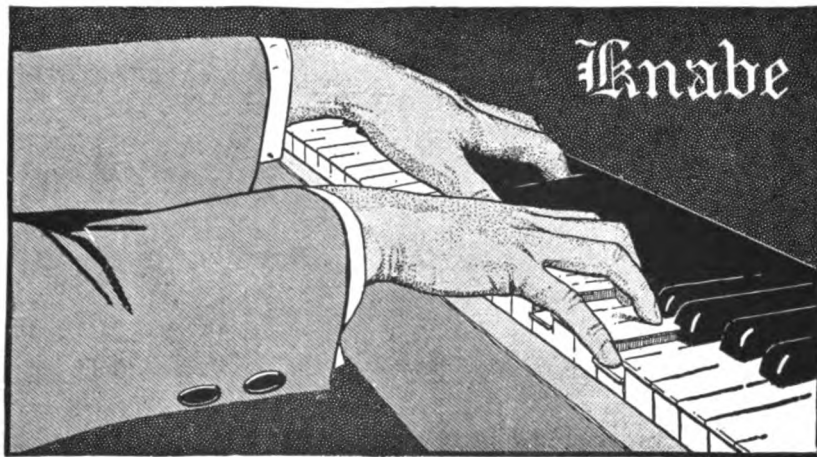
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**United States Rubber Company**

**UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES**



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

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

LAST week saw Spring coquetting on Fifth Avenue, but aside from that uncalendared escapade (did you ever notice that sunny late-winter days on the Avenue always seem brighter and more gay with promise than anywhere else in town?) there weren't many events of interest to mention in my letter to Aunt Evelyn in Dubuque. Despite implications of the catch-line of a certain new magazine most of the old ladies in Dubuque are most keenly interested in things that are supposed to interest only New Yorkers.

However, I told her about the number of men popping up from the South for a few days with offensively tanned faces and the irritating information that they intend to go back again in a couple of days for another month of tropic ease. I thank my lares and penates that at least the time is not ripe yet for their insufferable farewells as they steam away for summers abroad.

Ciro's opened the other night with Mary Hay and Clifton Webb as the supper club's dancing team and when they inaugurated their partnership last Tuesday night a noticeably smart crowd filled the place. I didn't go myself after an attache of the restaurant discounted the need of any further guests the opening night by declining, over the phone, to reserve a table for Aunt Evelyn's nephew.

I'd have been obliged to forego the event anyway, it turned out, as a sudden call took me to Baltimore for the night. The Congressional Limited, I discovered, has put in practice the dining car booking system one finds on trains in England. Sittings are assigned by cards distributed by the dining car steward an hour or so before the diner is open. It's a good system, as the English found out several years ago, though it was not functioning any too smoothly on the Limited. When three of us marched in, as our cards provided, at 6:15, to take our places at Table A-8, four individualists were firmly intrenched. I hope, nevertheless, that the system can be put into practice over here as I know of few unhappier moments than that of discovering, after a feeling progress through five or six cars, that the corridor of the diner is packed like a six o'clock subway train.

I hope that eventually the orderly arrangement of dining car sittings will be able to do away with the annoying no-smoking-in-the-diner rule. The sole reason for its existence to-day is its discouragement of the lingering passenger who likes a cigarette or cigar with his coffee. I should think the perfect working of the new system would allow the momentary comfort of tobacco in the minute and three-quarters consumed by the waiters in bringing change.

I used to think that

"They needed an angel in heaven  
So God took Caruso away."

was the Height of Something in belles lettres but in that mist of the dawn ahead in which one senses Perfection an even higher monument to beauty has taken form out of the haze. It is the following from a new popular song entitled "My Kid":

"He comes downstairs in his little white nightie  
And says his prayers to God Almighty."

I am told it is making thousands of better men and women in vaudeville and night club circles.

The elderly matron with the lifted face has become so common that it must be a very good joke about her that gets even a glancing attention. But the case of Mrs. Louise Conti, 83 years old, erstwhile bathroom maid at the Plaza, demands a pause in the day's occupations. It seems, says the *World*, that Mrs. Conti has worked hard all her life. When she was 78, Mrs. Conti was still able to stand on her hands.

But a few months ago, despite her matutinal application to the programs of calisthenics in the newspapers, she found herself a bit stiff in one or two muscles when the day's work of cleaning forty or fifty bath tubs was over. There were unquestionably wrinkles in her hands. So she accepted the invitation of a beauty specialist whose newspaper advertisement informed her that a free clinic was available for such as she. She tried to take advantage of the offer, but to her discomfiture and the amazement of the beauty doctors her skin was fine and clear, her teeth were sound, her eyes were bright and from her conversa-

tion in fluent Italian, French, Spanish and English it was obvious that she was vivacious, charming, and *toujours gai* or very nearly. They couldn't do much about the wrinkles in her hands.

Having held its ninety-ninth annual reception and ball the Old Guard has at once subsided into that lethargy which it maintains between these annual functions. However, it is not quite fair to the Old Guard to intimate that it does nothing but give a ball each year, though to do even that steadily for ninety-nine years requires a certain amount of tenacity. In addition, the Old Guard has become a standard part of any New York parade.

Lined up in their towering bearskin shakos, wearing their famous uniform of blue trousers and swallow tailed coats of white decorated with blue, red and gold facings, these doughy warriors are one of the few links connecting New York with its past. From the gold tassels topping off their prodigious shakos to the tips of their impressive boots the members of the Old Guard have not altered for a century.

While the call to duty at parades or for the massing of the colors at the ball never finds the members lacking in alacrity there is not the same enthusiasm for drills, which are not compulsory. Thus, although all members of the organization were once members

of the Army, Navy or National Guard, there is often a lack of that precision which characterizes the marching of our West Point cadets. But the magnificence of uniform more than makes up for any slight technical lack, and it would indeed be a captious critic who would find fault with the appearance of the Guard.

Back in the early days, the organization was known as the Light Guard and began its career on the Bowery. In the '30s it was merged with the City Guard and as such both continued until the Civil War when they were absorbed by larger commands. After that war the veterans of each got together and in 1868 the Old Guard was chartered by the State of New York. For many years the annual ball was held in the old Academy of Music, and I believe, was also at one time held in the Madison Square Garden. Still later it was transferred to the Metropolitan Opera House.

In those days it was classed as one of the "wine balls," a slang term applied to the large public dances to which the wine merchants of the city would send representatives to give away quantities of wine and champagne as advertisements for their products. Naturally, balls in those days were gayer and more lively affairs, but the Old Guard has managed to withstand even the rigors of prohibition, though many of the older members aver that the annual gatherings are not what they used to be.

Theodore Roosevelt was a member of the Old



Clifton Webb and



Guard and at the time of his death was one of that venerable body's honorary members along with such notables as King Albert, the Prince of Wales, Marshals Foch, Joffre and Haig, Generals Pershing, Wood and Bullard, and until the election of President Harding, was the only President to be placed among such honored warriors.

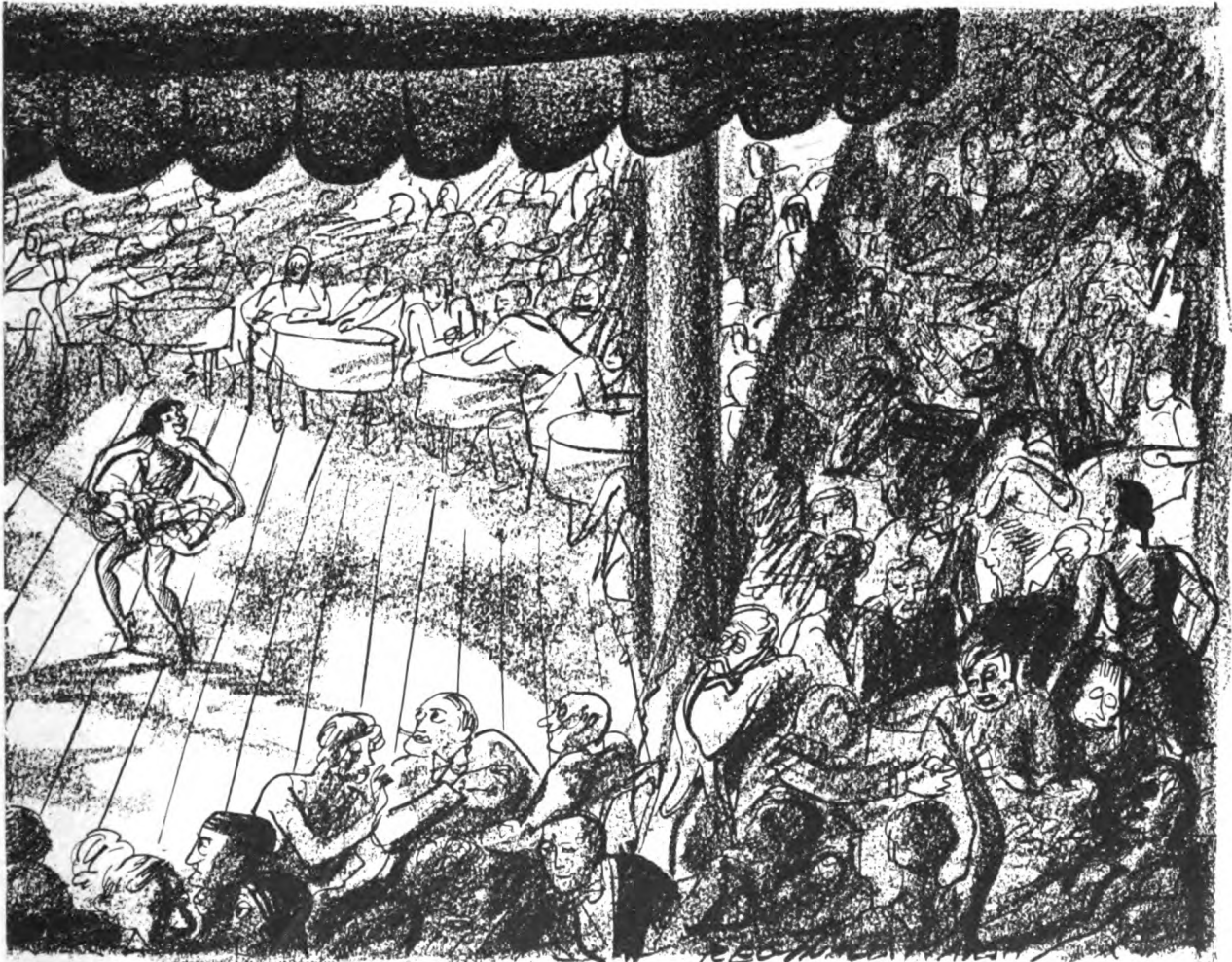
Rarely is there a big parade in New York which is not headed by the Old Guard, their massive shakos held in place by chin chains. During the war as well as afterward it was especially busy acting as a guard of honor to the many visiting foreign dignitaries. Last year and the year before that the ball was held at the Commodore, where the long ballroom gave opportunity for a more impressive "massing of the colors" than was possible at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the ball took place this year on Friday night, February 6.

In fact at one time during the evening it appeared that a messing of the colors would be the only result. But the Old Guard, together with the representatives of similar veteran military organizations from nearby cities, managed to unscramble themselves in a somewhat unmilitary fashion. After hoarse commands and counter orders from perspiring commanders had proved unavailing, the members were shoved into place and reviewed by Governor Alfred E. Smith, and all voted the exhibition a "brilliant military display."

By the way, the oyster scare seems to be finished. Despite the sudden appearance of small cards attached to the *cartes du jour* in restaurants, which testified that the oysters in those restaurants were not only germless but the social equals of the best *hors d'ouevres* in the world, people refused to eat them. The oyster dealers, I'm told, lost millions by the typhoid talk. Some restaurants even eliminated oysters from the *cuisine*. Clams held on to their social tone by great effort. But just as suddenly as they were tabooed, have their brother bivalves returned in favor.

Have you observed, of late, how fastidious everyone has become in the matter of liquor? Not only a particular brand, but a definite vintage and especially-shaped bottle are now almost always demanded. We sniff and scrutinize with the utmost care. What a change from the first year of the Eighteenth Amendment, when cocktails were manufactured out of anything liquid, and whatever had a kick passed muster. But we have become quite as particular to-day as we ever were in those dear distant times prior to July, 1920.

*Van Bibber III*



*Mary Hay at Ciro's*

# BEHIND THE NEWS

## *A Slogan Haunts the Bishop*

**B**ISHOP MANNING issued a nice, vague invitation, such as heads of households must forever be extending—one of those pleasant “drop in on us any time; we shall always be glad” invitations. He said, in appealing for funds for the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, that the edifice would be “A House of Prayer for All Peoples.”

And now the phrase is being taken literally. People are prepared to accept the invitation in droves. This is very disturbing to a quiet and conservative household, long accustomed to more formal social usages.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was the first to indicate that he deemed the Bishop's invitation a definite request. He gave \$500,000 to the building fund and suggested that the Board of Trustees for St. John's, exclusively Episcopal, should include a few laymen of other Protestant denominations.

The Bishop took the money and murmured, in some embarrassment, that the time was not yet ripe.

It was as though, having had the chance friend unexpectedly telephone you that he accepted your polite but extremely indefinite invitation, you were forced by circumstance and the frowns of your severest critic to mumble an apologetic something about the painters being in, or the servants having gone, or sorry, but—

Worst of all, what you hoped was a purely private conversation became public gossip, because the rejected guest told everyone you knew about it.

The story of the Bishop's embarrassed evasion was not given to the press by Messrs. Tamblin & Brown, publicity directors for the Cathedral Fund, but by the efficient Ivy Lee, whose deft hand controls the public relations of the Rockefeller family, the Standard Oil Company of New York, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and Mr. Vincent Astor.

The above-mentioned Tamblin & Brown may be blamed for issuing the original invitation, since one of their bright young men devised the trouble-making phrase, “A House of Prayer for All People.” It has proved an effective slogan, so effective that thus far it has lured into the Cathedral coffers seven of the fifteen millions needed.

Since they were retained for the explicit purpose of raising the money, Messrs. Tamblin & Brown could not be expected to busy themselves with matters of theology, or the problems of episcopal discipline.

It is no great concern of theirs that the Right Reverend Doctor may be worried by such organs as the *Churchman*, which inquires plaintively just what “A House of Prayer for All People” might mean, and adds that if it means only that the doors of the Cathedral are to be open to all for meditation, it marks no advance from existing conditions. Indeed, this religious journal throws off weekly hints of implied bad faith.

Even the clergy of the diocese are not above saying, both privately and publicly, that an invitation is an invitation. Their natural reticences, if any, are overcome by the remembrance that the Bishop has found it

necessary to speak somewhat sharply at times to certain brethren of the cloth—for their own good, of course.

Meantime, Messrs. Tamblin & Brown go about their business with a fine efficiency. Daily they issue news stories with a punch—tales of the widow's mite and of the orphan's dime—all the sweet sob stuff.

This may not be dignified, but there is no denying that the seven millions it has produced are imposing, especially when they do not include the Rev. Dr. Guthrie's five pre-dated checks.

Drive committees are functioning—committees for Protestants, committees for Catholics, trades committees, and committees for the professions.

But the Tamblin & Brown slogan stands, to the discomfiture of the Right Reverend Bishop:

“A House of Prayer for All People.”

The old dispute between Fundamentalists and Modernists has forsaken the theological battleground for the time and wages about hospitality. The conservatives arch eyebrows at the thought that such a vague sentence should be construed so definitely. The liberals comment acidly that either one speaks in good faith, or one does not.

Messrs. Tamblin & Brown entertain the gentlemen of the press with unperturbed kindness.

Will Rogers said lately this nation couldn't go to war because it didn't have a slogan. The Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York is better equipped. It has had a slogan thrust upon it.—*J. M.*

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## *The “World” Is With Us*

As these lines are written, District Attorney Banton is involved in the study of thirteen plays that have been pointed out to him by police officials as dirty and calculated to ruin the morals of the community. The glass is low and there are all the signs of an approaching censorship. And so, before it is too late, it would be well to hang the grand cord of the order of Sucker Grandissimus about the neck of the *World*, which will be entitled forevermore to point to the Democratic Convention of 1924 and to the Censorship Agitation of 1925 as its two great contributions to the civic life of New York during the second decade of the Twentieth Century.

About two weeks ago, a dirty little play called “A Good Bad Woman” was produced by William A. Brady at the Comedy Theatre. Its opening night audience in part laughed and in part slept at its laborious obscenities. The play was well on its way to an early grave. Whereupon the next day Miss Helen MacKellar, star of the play, let it be known that she intended to give up her role because of its impure nature.

But too many people remembered in time that she must have found out something of its nature during the period of rehearsals for her protest to be quite effective in a publicity way. (The final perfect comment on Miss MacKellar's statement is to be found in a news story in the *Times*, which reads: “Miss Mac-

Kellar . . . played the role again last night to a crowded house, but with lines slightly modified. She particularly objected to using one word, which occurred seven times in her part. On her threat to withdraw, the management compromised, it is said. The word was struck out of four lines and allowed to stand in three.")

And so, the day after the MacKellar statement, the *World* brightened up its first page with a story about the dirty play and a picture of its producer, who was allowed to say that he had made the production "for a purpose." (The picture of Mr. Brady by the way, was one of him in what might have been his confirmation suit, and the caption for it read "For Clean Plays.")

The Brady statement had been received by other newspaper offices—at the office of the *Times*, for example, it was reduced to five or six lines, with the added comment that Broadway did not take his agitation seriously and believed that his play would continue to run as long as newspapers gave space to his denunciation of its dirty nature.

The *World*, however, swallowed the Brady bait. And from its vigorous news treatment of the story, plus its editorial denunciations, has come the agitation that has forced the District Attorney to move to action. The *World*, apparently just the least bit conscious, but too late, of what it has done, is beginning to demand a censorship by way of the Citizens' Jury, with which the actors are to co-operate. It holds the weird point of view that a jury made up of Mrs. Jays and other great public-spirited people is superior to the average jury drawn by the court and armed with legal powers.

The business of a manager appealing to the newspapers for stories about the dirtiness of his productions is not new. Earl Carroll, last Fall, did it and met with moderate success. However, he has a just grievance when he thinks of the small amount of space he received in comparison with the front page headlines and picture the *World* rushed to give Brady.—H.J.M.

## Beginning at the Bottom

"WELL, young man," said the Great Editor, "I suppose you want to become a writer."

A timid bow signified assent.

"Have you lived?"

"I'm twenty-seven."

"Of course, of course. What I mean is, have you sinned—sinned greatly? Have you tasted any of the dregs of life?"

"Not since my last class reunion. The cocktails were terrible."

The Great Editor frowned. It was evident my obtuseness made him impatient.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," he said, a bit sharply. "I shall explain. There is no field at present for imaginative works. The reading public wants actuality. You must write something that has happened to you. Now," he broke off, "let us consider your own life. Have you ever had an illicit romance; ever stabbed your mother-in-law with a bread knife—great title for a story like that, 'The Bread Knife and the Butter-In'—ever poisoned your wife?"

"I'm not married," I interposed.

"Ever eloped with a married woman?" he went on. "Ever rolled drunk in the gutters; ever been divorced because of a duchess—even a countess will do, if it's well written; ever blackmailed anyone—blackmail hasn't been done lately; ever fought a duel over a notorious adventuress; ever cheated at cards?"

He beamed expansively.

"Those are a few examples of what I mean," the Great Editor concluded. "Go out and live, my boy, and when you have a real story to tell come back."

I am determined to accept his advice. I shall begin at the bottom and work up.

Accordingly, I wish to ask my friends not to become alarmed if they see me rolling around any of the town's better gutters. I shall be merely gathering inspiration. They will owe it to literature to leave me where I lie.—James Kevin McGuinness

## Cassandra Drops Into Verse

We'd break the city's unfeeling clutch  
And back to good Mother Earth we'd go,  
With birds and blossoms and such-and-such,  
And love and kisses and so-and-so.  
We'd build a bungalow, white and green,  
With rows of hollyhocks, all sedate.  
And you'd come out on the five-eighteen  
And meet me down at the garden gate.

We'd leave the city completely flat  
And dwell with chickens and cows and  
bees,  
'Mid brooks and bowers and this and that,  
And joys and blisses and those and these.  
We'd greet together the golden days,  
And hail the sun in the morning sky.  
We'd find an Eden—to coin a phrase—  
The sole inhabitants, you and I.

With sweet simplicity all our aim,  
We'd fare together to start anew  
In peace and quiet and what's-its-name,  
And soul communion, or what have you?  
But oh, my love, if we made the flight,  
I see the end of our pastoral plan. . . .  
Why, you'd be staying in town each night,  
And I'd elope with the furnace man.

—Dorothy Parker

# OF ALL THINGS

WE did the best we could in the matter, and with the support of all concerned. The first advice received, as earnest a bit as ever was offered by an Advisory Editor, was "we ought to have a rule against using the names usually seen in printed gossip." A Mr. Adams, our Special Emergency Technical Verse Editor, said the same thing. Another fellow said it made him sick and Adams said we would be suckers to do it as a lot of people would get sore, what with everybody having so many enemies these days. Those, practically, were his words. So we made a rule against mentioning any of the current butterflies of the printed column. But it didn't do any good.

\* \* \*

The trouble is you can't do anything about it. Some things are inevitable. Mention to a contributor, somewhere in a snappy, fifteen-hundred word exposition of the aims and purposes of THE NEW YORKER that you expect to use some satirical stuff and he comes back with a piece, which (you can lay twenty to one on this and never work any more) is about either Woolcott, Broun or Otto Kahn. Do what you will about these fellows, the publicity rolls up. You might explain it by saying it is the peculiar way they dress, but this would apply to only two of them.

\* \* \*

A recent statistic is interesting in this connection. Of the forty persons who apply daily for jobs in the editorial department of the *Times*, a majority want to work in the dramatic department. Twenty-five years ago they all wanted to be war correspondents. Fifteen years ago they wanted to write "Sun style" and be Frank O'Malleys. Now they want to be dramatic critics. The dramatic critics are the Richard Harding Davises and Frederick Palmers of this day. Anyone can easily figure out what the race is coming to.

\* \* \*

We had intended to say earlier that you could have slapped us in the face with a wet blanket, or whatever the saying is, when we saw the first issue. We were as astonished and alarmed as anybody else at the tone of levity and farce that seemed to pervade it and we hadn't intended to look so much like *Judge* and *Life* (to name those papers out of their regular sequence for once).

\* \* \*

We certainly weren't as serious as we had promised or as momentous as we had thought we would be. We had intended to print a great deal of news stuff, for instance, and have been roundly condemned for not doing it. All we can say is that we had some of the best reporters in the city looking for news and they reported that there wasn't any. That was the week of the great drought, you remember. when the

*World* had to run a five-column headline on the gentlemen who thought the world was going to come to an end.

\* \* \*

Also there didn't seem to be much indication of purpose and we felt sort of naked in our apparent aimlessness, about, we should say, as the Democratic convention did after nominating John W. Davis and the other fellow.

\* \* \*

We are going to have purposes, however, several of them, and we shall start as soon as the mechanical details get less pressing. *Collier's* was twenty years working up to that big national campaign about all the children in the public schools having their ears washed, or whatever it was. We won't have a cause like that because we are not a National magazine. THE NEW YORKER isn't going to be any more National than the National Arts Club. But we'll find big, vital issues.

\* \* \*

Not that we don't admire some of the National magazines, especially the *American Mercury* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. With a beautiful gesture we recommend both of these publications heartily. The most expressive writers in America write for the *Post* and they do it in their most expensive manner. Moreover, the magazine is utterly incorruptible. We think that even Ralph Easley will back us up in declaring that the *Saturday Evening Post* has never once been bribed by Russian gold.

\* \* \*

The *American Mercury*, while it has no such circulation as the *Post*, is by all odds the most purely sectarian magazine there is. You may not enjoy it unless you belong to Mencken's church, but if you do belong you will find each issue a great comfort.

\* \* \*

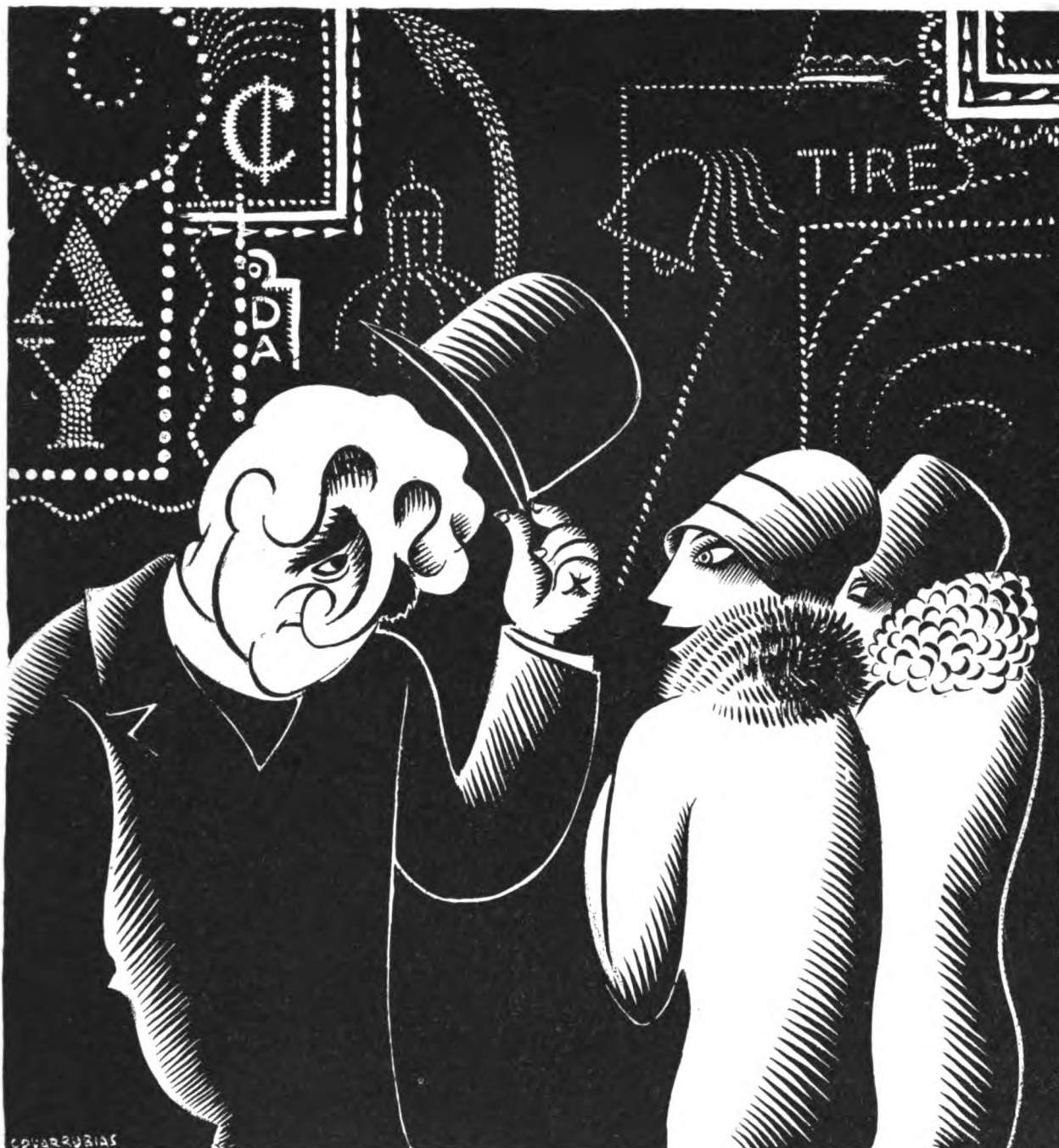
But still we long to be something else. We won't write expensively all the time. We will spill the beans once in awhile, and we will say what is on our mind, if any, no matter what the subject happens to be. On days that we haven't any ideas we won't pretend that we have. At such times we will want to appear as inconsequential as we are.

\* \* \*

Above all we don't want to be taken as a humorous magazine. Being funny when you don't feel like it is like editing the *Nation* when you are feeling good.

\* \* \*

And we won't aim to please. If we happen to please we shall not apologize, but we are not in that vast army of bores struggling frantically to give the people what they want. There may be money in such a struggle, but we are not even sure of that. It is our suspicion that the New York public is gen-



*The Good Bad Showman*

erally tolerant, but that it does not easily forgive those who are trying to uplift it and those who are breaking their necks to give it what it wants.

✦ ✦ ✦

Broadway almost died a few years ago, with this particular kind of broken neck. It was rescued, as you may remember, by some little groups of undistinguished people who quit aiming to please and aimed to play instead. The Theater Guild is one result of those experiments.

✦ ✦ ✦

We may not do as much for the magazine world. We don't know that we're aiming to. But of one

thing we feel quite sure: if we ever run out of things to say, just for the fun of saying them, we expect to close up this little playhouse and go to work.

✦ ✦ ✦

Charges that we have stolen the name of the magazine from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the signature of one of our important departments from a collar concern, the title of this department from Robert C. Benchley, one of our departments from F. P. A., and several letters and telegrams from Dubuque will be answered later.

*The New Yorker*

# THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



HERE were six million people within the bounds of the Greater City, three million of whom operated taxicabs. This accounts for the saying that one half the people didn't know where the other half lived. What is more, it did no good to tell them. The driver charged fifteen cents for the first quarter of a mile, and five cents for each subsequent sortie in the wrong direction. Eventually the passenger got out and took another taxi, but it was too late by this time to go home; so he had himself taken to whatever bootlegger the man happened to be hustling for.

The bootleggers were cautious. They always suspected a customer of being a prohibition agent unless some taxi driver was willing to vouch for him. The customers were equally cagey, always demanding positive assurance from the taxi man that the stuff was genuine.

The extreme secrecy of these proceedings made complete enforcement difficult, but unless a stranger could find a taxicab, he was often unable to get a drink. Not that New York meant to be mean, but if he was unable to find a taxicab, it was generally agreed that he had had enough.

Prohibition never became an issue in the politics of the time. The people understood prohibition, and they never made an issue of anything they could under-

stand. It made the game altogether too easy.

One of the great issues was the McAvoy report. Nobody, it seems, read this report, but everybody claimed that he was acquainted with its gist. Undoubtedly the report had a gist and they had probably seen its picture in the illustrated *News*. It made a dandy issue, at any rate, for a political campaign and Mayor Hylan's address to the Board of Estimate, upon his return from Palm Beach, became incorporated in the literature of the period under the caption of "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

"Ye Craigs and Piques!" he began, "I am with you once again." Accounts differ as to what happened next; but they heard the noise out in Patchogue, Long Island, and thought it was the end of the world. It was more than a riot: it was a revolution. Millions who had been following the Green Line to Times Square now decided to follow the Cloud to Hollywood. Others left their taxicabs in midstream and began to walk a mile for a camel, singing as they went that nothing could take the place of leather.

"Now is the time," wrote John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to Bishop Manning, "for all good men to come to the aid of the grand old party." And the bishop replied with those memorable words: "If garters were worn around the neck, you'd change them frequently." It was thus that democracy once more asserted itself, and "Abie's Irish Rose" became the Fourth Leading Industry. "Abie's Irish Rose" was a play. The theory that it was written by Henry Ford is now thoroughly discarded.—*Sawdust*

## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

*I* *T* takes all kinds  
To make a town like ours.

There is, for instance,  
The Woman Who Is Here on a Bat.  
She puts in every possible moment at the theatre,  
And laments bitterly having ordered all her tickets in  
advance,  
Because "The Guardsman" wasn't half as good  
As Amy Smithers had led her to believe,  
And nobody in Boston had mentioned  
The necessity of seeing Al Jolson.  
About the third day of her sojourn  
It dawns on her that her hat is All Wrong,  
So she replaces the little bow at the back  
With a flat French rose, or what-you-will.  
She is having the time of her life  
And feels like a perfect devil—  
Dining out with a beau of her debutante days,  
Puffing awkwardly at cigarettes  
Through the longest holder in the world,  
And getting a bit giddy from an unaccustomed cock-  
tail

Imbided in the middle of the day.  
She wants to go to the Algonquin for luncheon,  
And is convinced that every taxi driver she draws  
Has been out of Sing Sing about twenty minutes.  
She is always cashing a check for fifty dollars  
And wondering where on earth her money goes.  
She calls her husband on long distance  
To find out if he and the children are still alive  
And whether or not Katie cleaned the silver.  
Four or five days bring her to bicarbonate of soda  
And a bewilderment as to how New Yorkers keep it  
up.  
She leaves twenty-four hours ahead of her schedule,  
After telephoning the dressmaking shop  
That she will get along without a final fitting.  
A sudden and explicable reversion to type—  
Just a good wife and mother!

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

—Baird Leonard



## Princess Alice

SHE can take a bridge hand and play it well, but poker is her game. She is one of the few women in America who does not draw to inside straights. Nick, of course, taught her this unfeminine point. But Alice learned. That is the idea. As the sands of the desert are the loyal poker-playing husbands who have thrown away the best years of their lives in the forlorn hope that their wives could assimilate just such a precept of the game.

You must excuse the intimate "Alice" and "Nick." It is a way the Washingtonians have with Mr. and Mrs. Longworth—or to be exact, Mr. Longworth and Alice Roosevelt. If all the women were like Alice there would be no Lucy Stone League. (1) No occasion: Alice Roosevelt has been married for nineteen years and she is still Alice Roosevelt, by operation of natural phenomena. (2) No desire: She prefers the style of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. When she wishes to be Alice anything and can have her own way she is Alice Longworth, not Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

This is not because she is trying to live down her past. It springs from a delicacy about trading on the Roosevelt name. The Roosevelt-Robinson stuff does not go in this quarter.

She is still the Princess Alice. It is astonishing in a way—how the capers of that vivid girl of twenty some years ago have left their impress on the woman of to-day who has her first grey hairs and her first baby. Alice Roosevelt was the first woman in Washington to smoke in public and the first to have her monogram on her cigarettes. She was among the first to drive an automobile and to drive it too fast to suit the constabulary.

The Countess Marguerite Cassini taught Alice to smoke, and in a roundabout way the Count Cassini, Russian ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, lost his job on that account. Alice, the Countess and Ruth Hanna, old Mark's daughter, were as thick as could be. T. R. and Senator Hanna didn't get along, but this wasn't held against Ruth. It was the fly

young Countess with her European notions who disturbed the head of the family in the White House.

Marguerite had been introduced to Washington as the niece of the ambassador. She was beautiful and she was clever. The imperial Russian embassy in those days was the brightest spot in Washington. But one day it came out that Marguerite wasn't Cassini's niece at all—wasn't a countess or even a Cassini. This was too continental entirely. The Count explained, but left town and in a year or so the "Countess" was taking in sewing in Italy.



*Alice Roosevelt Longworth*

But Ruth Hanna remained, and remains still—until March 4—in Washington. She is the wife of Medill McCormick, the retiring senator from Illinois. To her Alice turned when dazed by her father's death. To her she turned last summer when the recent birthday event first acknowledged its approach.

Announcement of the Longworth baby's coming was the biggest news in Washington since Teapot Dome. The buzz of gossip before its arrival described an interrogation point as tall as the Washington monument. "How did Alice like it?" Ah, there was rumor on rumor. Fi-

nally, one woman who could bear the uncertainty no longer went to Mrs. Longworth and asked her. Alice knew her woman. She concealed the delight which everyone who really knew her knew she felt, and replied, in a quizzical way that she has, that she was always willing to try anything once.

"And what in the world did she mean," demanded the estimable old ferret, "when she spoke of the expected as her 'grand baby'?"

The lady would have been worse confounded had she understood Alice rightly.

What Mrs. Longworth really said was her "gland baby."

Washington's buzz of intense interest was echoed by the country when the news of Paulina's birth was broadcast. The A. P. flashed it from Chicago as that ponderous service would the announcement of a President's death. On the floor of the House

Nick was accorded an ovation, surprising in that it was generously real and spontaneous.

For every newspaper it was a front page story. A White House Baby had been born, born to the purple, nineteen years after her mother had left the White House. No such romantic glamor spun about the children of the Wilson girls, even though those happy events took place in the White House itself, and the grandfather of the youngsters was President. The nation reserved its rejoicing for the delivery of an heir to the Princess Alice; for the daughter of T. R.

She is still the Princess Alice and she succeeds by means which would be the ruin of others to attempt. She does no official entertaining, gives no large parties, returns no calls. She breaks every rule in the book and in Washington the rules count. Yet an invitation to the Longworths is more prized by the discriminating than an invitation to the White House. Mrs. Longworth gives no guest lists to the papers. She keeps her own name out of the published guest lists of others when she can.

An invitation to the Longworths is likely to come over the telephone:

"Come over for dinner. Nick will feel like playing to-night."

Mr. Longworth is a dilettante in politics. Otherwise how could he have put up with it so long? For recreation he plays a violin and could make a living at it if he had a living to make.

If she does not feel like dressing, Alice—not the butler—may receive her guests at the door in a Chinese silk outfit something like a swell set of pajamas. She will sit on her feet on a tiger skin before the fire and smoke while Nick, after a wearing day on the floor of the House, fiddles with complete abstraction. Colonel Roosevelt shot the tiger skin in Africa. Presumably there was a tiger in it.

Heavy politics are played at the Longworth house and Alice sits in. The Longworth place is the nearest thing to a salon that Washington has. Alice Longworth never made a speech in her life and never gave an interview. She was not a suffrage advocate, never joined a woman's club, never is sponsor for or a member of the "honorary committee" of this or that great movement. She dumbfounded a worthy lady once by lightly declining to join the mighty Daughters of the American Revolution. Yet in her imperceptible way she is one of the most influential women in Washington. She knows men, measures and motives; has an understanding grasp of their changes. That's all there is to what is grandiosely known as "public affairs"—and all there is to understanding them.

With all her strength she opposed, though unsuccessfully, the payment of \$25,000,000 as reparations to the United States of Colombia for the Panama Canal. Roosevelt called Colombia's demand blackmail and after he left office defeated several efforts to pay it. But in 1920 old T. R. was dead and American oil men wanted the Colombian oil fields. Harry Daugherty is supposed to have fixed it up at Chicago so that if Harding went over

Colombia would be indemnified and it would be pie for our petroleum magnates.

Anyhow, Harding scarcely had been sworn in when a resolution was introduced in the Senate to pay Colombia the \$25,000,000. It had all the earmarks of mysterious prearrangement. Alice sat in the Senate gallery, as she often does, when the vote was taken. Senator Lodge, Roosevelt's lifelong friend, voted for the resolution. His support put it across.

A few minutes later Alice passed Mr. Lodge in a corridor as she hurried from the capitol.

"Good afternoon, Alice," beamed the old Senator.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wobbly," said Theodore Roosevelt's daughter.

Some women will tell you that Alice Roosevelt is without sentiment; that she is ruthless and cruel. Men make few such complaints. Certainly Mrs. Longworth has the friendship and the confidence of men high in public life who care little for women.

Some years back there was a brilliant Senator, now dead, who was a power in national affairs. He had no use for women—Alice Roosevelt being almost the sole exception. The Senator lived alone, too much alone, and was given to long, solitary sprees impelled by introspection and a matured belief in the general futility of life. Once in a tight place his counsel was needed in the Senate, but the Senator was on one of his toots. No one could do anything with him. Alice Roosevelt got in her automobile, drove to the Senator's house and obliged the protesting butler to produce his employer. Alice bundled him into the car and took him to her home, where Nick sobered up the confused statesman.

It is too bad for the Roosevelt political dynasty that Alice wasn't a boy. She is the smartest Roosevelt there is left—the old Colonel's daughter in more ways than one. She has a quick, inquiring, original and penetrating mind especially equipped to cope with political situations for which she has an instinctive liking. Her flair for phrases is feared and famous. That "Coolidge looks as if he had been weaned on a pickle" is an Aliceism.

She is a great friend of the Coolidges, though, especially Mrs. Coolidge, who is all right, and who probably has laughed at the pickle epigram if she has ever heard it.

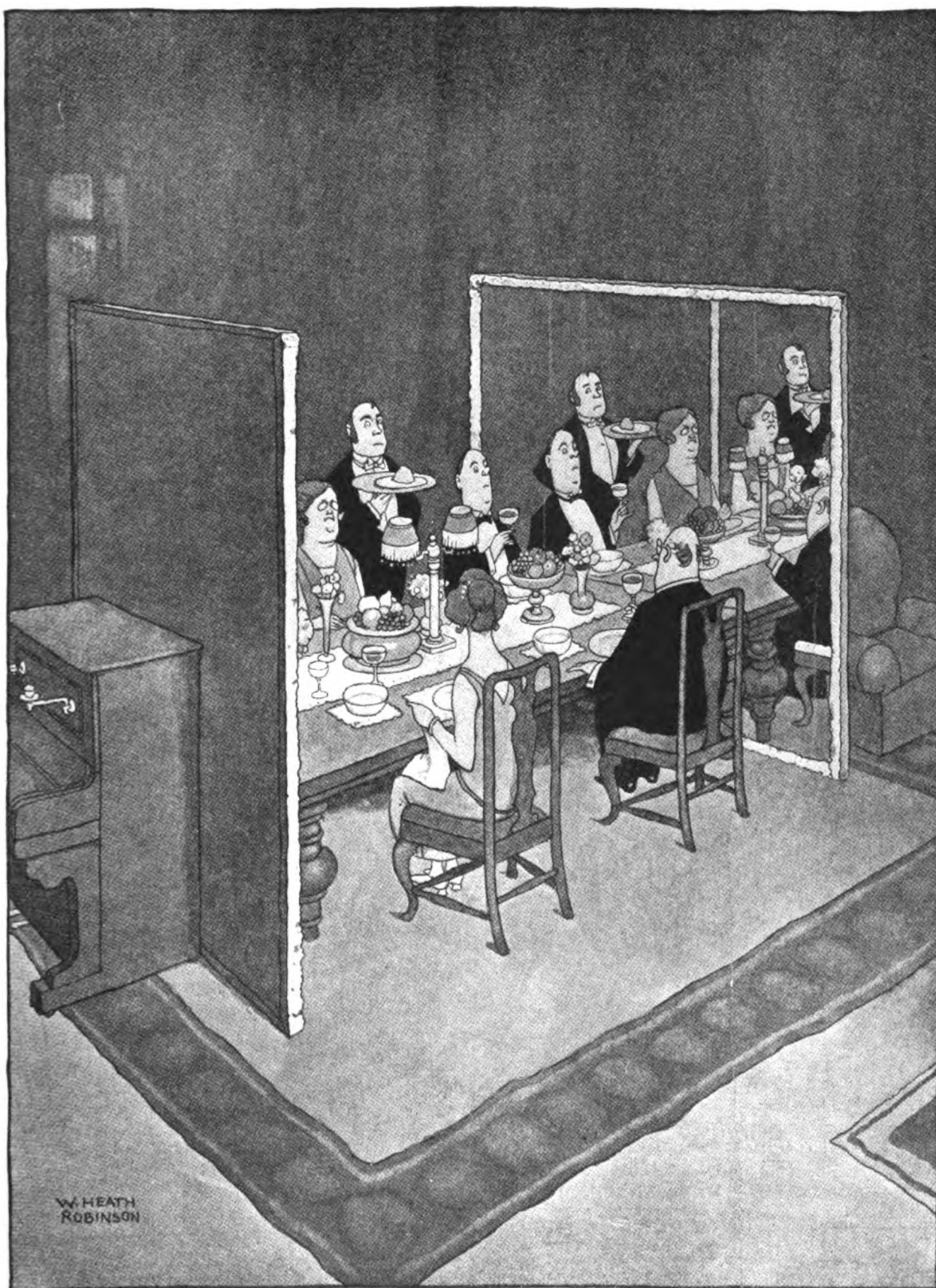
Alice goes to prize fights with her husband or her half brothers. At a White House garden party last Spring she shook a crowd of notables and took young T. R. and a naval officer into a corner and started an argument about fights and fighters. For Alice has almost as intimate acquaintance with the ringsters as Mr. Rickard.

A great affection exists between young T. R. and his half sister. She is genuinely interested in her brother's public career. Last election day she and Nick had gone to Cincinnati to vote. That is about the only thing they ever go there for. Alice telephoned Oyster Bay three times that night to find out how young Teddy was coming against Al Smith.

It is too bad. A smart woman like Alice deserves a brighter brother.—*Quid*







*The Glass of Fashion—A pleasant little fiction practiced when only a few of the invited guests turn up for dinner*



## MR. BELASCO IS OUR SHEPHERD; WE SHALL NOT WANT

*He Maketh Us to Lie Down With Loose Women; He Leadeth Us Beside the Rio Grande*



**M**R. HOLBROOK BLINN, as Don Jose Maria Lopez y Tostado, and Miss Judith Anderson, as Dolores Romero, in Willard Mack's "The Dove," at the Empire Theatre. It is Mr. Belasco's third hit of the season.

Don Jose is a low, carnal-minded *caballero* with a 40-inch waist and oil-wells. Dolores is just a simple little blue-ribbon (i.e., undefiled) cabaret singer in the Purple Pigeon Café in Mexicana, Mexico. Fur-

thermore, both are Mexicans. Dolores, however, has Seen the Light and loves an upright young American gambler (as who wouldn't in her place?) and Don Jose's hand-to-shoulder kisses (m-m-m-buss-m-m-m-buss-m-m-m) are extremely distasteful to her.

The audience is fooled into believing that it is witnessing a fine old-fashioned melodrama until the last two minutes of the play when the Big Surprise is sprung. The villain exhibits an inconsistency of character, as no old-fashioned villain ever did.



**B**OYS, boys, what a week in the theatre this last one has been. Fun! Well, we thought we'd die, and it would have been just that much velvet, too. Those two plays, alone, which were produced last Monday and Tuesday nights respectively would make it a week in dramatic history that should be marked with a white stone. Or if the week isn't, then the playwrights ought to be.

The dramas are, reading from right to left, "Cape Smoke" and "Houses of Sand." And if they aren't a couple of little rascals, we are an Eagle Scout. If you will just keep the same seats and put away those sling-shots, we will tell you all about them, and then where will you be?

"Cape Smoke"—we gathered that the title is taken from the name of a drink, but we are open all night to argument—is a melodrama with the South African veldt as its locale. We are among those who are always in favor of anything the scene of which is laid in South Africa. Give us a play that starts with a group of nostalgic Englishmen—of good family—sitting about in white suits, cursing the heat and drinking themselves to death, and the thing gets into our blood to that degree that we begin making big plans to give up the struggle and go native. "Cape Smoke" begins like that, and we were all set for the happiest evening we had had for, in round numbers, these many months.

And then something went democratic. Pardon our pointing, but it was the author, Mr. Walter Frost. Given a perfectly grand melodramatic idea, he has turned out a play that leaves you as free from thrills as if you were at home in your own bed.

Occasionally, by peering around the close-studded ham of the dialogue and the situations, you can catch tantalizing glimpses of that noble original notion. Four men, three villains and the hero, are cursed by a native Witch Doctor. (Perhaps it was that we had come direct from the cold street into the cozy Martin Beck Theatre, or perhaps it was that we became lost in the shadowy corridors of exposition at the beginning of the play; but at any rate the Sandman came to call, and so it was that we never did grasp just what the boys had done to give the

naughty, naughty Witch Doctor such a mad on them.)

They are to die "before the big rain," one after another, the hero, played by Mr. James Rennie, last of all. No sooner is the curse pronounced than actors begin dropping like flies, and, if the author had only done right by the idea, you would be just as absorbed as the hero in his endeavors to guard the health of the gentleman whose turn comes just before his own.

But it is quite wonderful how you don't care. Maybe, though, this is not entirely the playwright's fault; maybe it is that all suspense is removed by your inner certainty that, with the scarcity of good actors these days, they couldn't possibly be such fools as to let anything serious happen to Mr. Rennie. You always know that everything is going to turn out just dandy, and he will go safely home to Dorothy Gish, at the end.

The management has inserted a pleading note in the program, asking you not to tell how the play ends, no matter how much your friends tease you. We couldn't, therefore, give away the big surprise of the last act: but—you know how we are with a secret—if you ask us pretty, maybe we will whisper just a word to give you an idea of it. "Terrible" would be our selection.

In response to cheers, on the opening night, the author made a speech stating that he had been working on "Cape Smoke" since 1908. History has been made,

during those—just a minute—seventeen years; wars have racked the world, kingdoms have crashed to ruin, genius has waved high its torch, our bathroom ceiling has been fixed. And through it all, there has sat Mr. Frost, biting his pencil and thinking up such lines as "I was never more serious."

There is grave doubt that the week's other gem, "Houses of Sand," written by Mr., Mrs., or Miss G. Marion Burton—lay you eight to five it's Miss—will still be on exhibition at the Hudson Theatre when these few poor scraps meet your eye. There was that about it which made those gathered quietly at the bedside on the night it was born realize it was not long for this world.

For it was the sort of race drama in the last act of which Mr. Paul Kelly turns out to have Japanese blood.—*Last Night*

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### The New Plays

**EXILES.** *At the Neighborhood.* James Joyce's only play.

**CAPE SMOKE.** *At the Martin Beck.* An incredibly noisy melodrama of crime in South Africa, thus filling a long Veldt want.

**NATJA.** *At the Knickerbocker.* One of those musical comedies, but with music by Tschaikowski.

**HOUSES OF SAND.** *At the Hudson.* "Brown of Harvard" and "Madame Butterfly" stirred together to sweeten to taste. But whose?

**TANGLETOES.** *At the 39th Street.* An unintentionally funny play, about an ex-chorus girl in the suburbs, who goes desperately back to the white lights when her young husband gets a poem published in the "Bookman."

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# AND THEY D<sup>O</sup> SAY~

ON the eve of Eddie Cantor's departure for Boston in his "Kid Boots", Jobyna Howland, who has been a part of that entertainment since shortly after the days when the Bronx was down in Union Square, wrenched herself loose from the troupe and booked passage for Europe. The altercations between herself and Mr. Cantor had kept Forty-second Street nervous for weeks, apprehending assault and battery and possibly mayhem. Miss Howland had resigned haughtily almost every Saturday, to be soothed each time with roses from Mr. Ziegfeld. Finally one of her resignations took and Ada Lewis leaped into the breeches.

The legends surrounding this actress, who has the figure of Juno and the voice of Jove, are accumulating so fast that a book about her seems inevitable. That book will have to include the item of her recent revenge on Loretta Taylor. At a party the two sat within reach and Miss Howland took it into her head that Miss Taylor was ignoring her. She smouldered for a time and then, with a most heavenly smile, leaned forward, bowed, caught Miss Taylor girlishly by the hand, and murmured: "Miss Chatterton, is it not?"

And then there is the story of her spoiling Morris Gest's exit. It was at another party, where Miss Howland and Ina Claire were having a good heart-

to-heart talk on the settee in the hall—just two girls together who had not been precisely bosom friends during the long run of "The Gold Diggers", but who had come together at last in a common resentment of its producer. They were burying the hatchet in Mr. Belasco's neck. And they were having a real good time until Morris Gest, who had been prowling uneasily on the periphery of this chat, fell upon them like a typhoon.

For, among the emotions which that impresario really does feel is a true hero worship for his father-in-law and, in blistering language, he told Miss Howland what he thought of her, how low was his estimate of her both as an artiste and as a lady, how unworthy he considered her even to black the boots of Wizardry. It was a magnificent philippic and when he had reached its peroration, Gest turned to sweep effectively from a house so polluted. But here difficulty cropped up. He could not find his hat—his famous, black velour hat which has saluted so many critics in its time. He was ready for his great exit but the effect was destroyed by the necessity of searching the apartment first.

That search, in which every one joined with dismaying heartiness, proved fruitless until some one deduced, by a Sherlockian process of elimination, that there was only one place where the hat could be. That deduction led embarrassingly to the person of Miss Howland who was, all unconsciously, sitting firmly upon the missing headpiece.—*Dr. Winkle*

## THE HOUR GLASS

### The Unscaleable Craig



Charles L.  
Craig

That gentleman whom Mayor Hylan occasionally calls, for momentary want of epithet, "Mr. Comptroller," has a face and a bald, polished head which gleam like a boiled lobster. He has, also, at times the unamiable disposition of that crustacean.

Charles L. Craig is no Lionel—Strongheart or Barrymore—in form. Squatted cross-legged and suitably robed—one hesitates at the implied indignity—he could lead a semi-religious cult.

The man suffers the one great handicap to a political career: He has been known to think on small provocation. He commands even the respect of his subordinates; when one remembers that these are all city employees, the marvel is great. Whatever plan finally is adopted out of the many offered in the present transit donnybrook, assuredly it will be found that Mr. Craig's does not agree with Mr. Hylan's. This is his greatest work.

Once speaking to a genial aide, Mr. Craig remarked, "Nobody with my brains ever can be president; anybody with your disposition is sure to be."

### Militancy's Daughter



Christabel  
Pankhurst

A strain of militancy runs through her family. Emmeline Pankhurst achieved greatness in her time by her ardor for the cause of woman suffrage. (It would be interesting to know whether she exercises her vote to-day.) For Christabel, the road to Fame has not been paved with loose

stones suitable for heaving at convenient Government officials, or buildings. She has had to make her bid as a revivalist, and militant religion enlists no followers nowadays among the first families anywhere.

Only one generation in the Pankhurst line separates a demonstration in the Strangers' Galleries of Parliament from the much-thumped pulpit usually occupied by the Rev. John Roach Straton, but now given over to Christabel's contralto denunciations of the world, or her soprano prophecies of its doom.

She is a mild enough person in repose—as most Englishwomen are. She dresses with Victorian modesty, without its pomp. She smiles from eyes whose color is hard to determine; perhaps they are grey. She looks anything but what she is—a crusader in an age of taxicabs.

# A CERTAIN LADY



MY FRIEND, Mrs. Legion, is one of those few, as tradition numbers them, who are New Yorkers by birth. This gives her an appreciable edge on the parvenus who are Manhattanites only by migration.

The Legions occupy an apartment on upper Riverside Drive, in a building called "The Emdor"—an apt and amicable blending of the name of the owner's wife, Emma, with that of his daughter, Doris. Thus, at one crack, are any possible hard feelings averted, and a happy literary effect achieved. "Isn't it a cute idea?" Mrs. Legion asks you, when she has explained the origin of the title. "Isn't it," you answer, without an interrogation point. And there you both are, ready to start all over again.

Shortly—oh, anywhere from seven to ten minutes—after she has met you, Mrs. Legion is supplying you with all the ground floor information as to why she lives on Riverside Drive, instead of Park Avenue. There is all the sun they get, and that big kitchen, and the superintendent is so obliging, and just look how convenient the busses are. Not for worlds, she promises you, would she dwell in any other section of the city. Yet, oddly enough—just about enough—she may be found frequently inspecting and pricing Park Avenue apartments, and hopefully calling up real estate agents to inquire if the rents in that part of town have taken a change for the better since her last inquiry.

Although she lives as far from Park Avenue as it is possible to do and still keep out of Jersey, Mrs. Legion is cozily conversant of all the comings and goings, or what have you, of the Avenue dwellers. Breathlessly she pursues the society notes in the daily papers; promptly on their days of publication she buys the magazines dealing with the activities of the socially elect. Only drop a hat, and she can give you anything you want to know in the way of dates, and maiden names, and who married whom, and how they are getting along, if any. She employs nicknames, in referring to members of the favored few hundred, with an easy casualness that gives her remarks a truly homey flavor.

Naturally, it eats into her time to keep so admirably posted on these matters. And Mrs. Legion is pretty hard pressed for time. You might think, with her husband earning a cheery income, with Junior and Barbara safely in school, and a pleasant sufficiency of maids—two will do it nicely—around the apartment, that Mrs. Legion's life would follow the course made celebrated by the proverbial Riley; but the days

are all too short for her to complete her business. She is always late for her appointments, rushing in a bit breathless, almost embarrassingly apologetic for those things that lack of time has forced her to leave undone. You simply must excuse the way she looks, but she didn't have a minute to get her hair waved, or, goodness, she must try to crowd in a manicure somehow, or for heaven's sake, remind her to stop at the baker's on her way home—she didn't have a second all morning. Her life is passed in an oddly imperceptible process known as "getting around" to things,—getting around to answer a letter, getting around to having her fur coat done over, getting around to having a talk with Junior's teacher.

And then, of course, there is all her shopping to do. Mrs. Legion's shopping has never yet reached a stage even approaching completion. Rarely a day passes that she must not visit the stores, if not to purchase, then to look around and get an idea or so. To look at her, you realize instantly that it must indeed take time and thought and research for her to assemble her costumes, to get them so faithfully like those worn by all other women of her circumstances. Mrs. Legion and her friends dress with the uniformity of the Tiller girls. Their hats are of the same shape and worn at the same angle, their coiffures meticulously alike, their dresses follow one another closely in material and design, their shoes are of the same last. Not until she has sedulously effaced all traces of individuality does Mrs. Legion feel that she is smart enough to appear in public.

Duties aside, Mrs. Legion must have her fun, being only human. Her good times consist in meeting her women friends almost daily, either at her house or at one of theirs, and having a real old-fashioned talk. Sometimes this is staged over the bridge table, sometimes over the Mah Jong tiles, sometimes a bit of silky and lacy sewing. The Legion school of conversationalists deals entirely with personalities, nor does it fear to probe deep into the intimate affairs of absent acquaintances. Detailed stories of miserable matrimony and racking separation, of lingering illness and agonizing childbirth and ancestral insanity, of heartbreak and poverty and desertion burble melodiously from the ladies' cool, smooth, expensively rouged lips.

The talk is interrupted by the serving of a lavish and imaginative tea, of which Mrs. Legion partakes generously. She is always going to begin dieting next Monday morning.

For her further diversion, there are literature and the drama. Mrs. Legion is by her own admission a great reader. She has long been a



member of the circulating library contained in the stationer's nearest her. She is saved the wear and tear of selecting appropriate reading matter—there is the nicest girl there, who knows just the sort of thing she likes. Mrs. Legion can seldom tell you the title of a book she reads, and never the author's name, but she can always give you a pretty comprehensive résumé of the plot. She likes a book because there is the cutest girl in it, or the most attractive man, or because the author says the rawest things,—well, my dear, simply nothing is left to your imagination. And the lifting of any strain on the imagination is regarded, in the Legion circle, as the king of assets.

In the theatre, she likes best to patronize, even though she must wait weeks to obtain desirable seats, those exhibits which she euphemistically describes as "my dear, they say it's the most off-color thing you ever saw. I do hope the police don't stop it before we can get tickets." She does not care for drama of the drab, the every-day, or the underworld. As she says, she does love to see pretty clothes.

Sporadically, Mrs. Legion goes in for culture in a really big way, and signs up for a course of lectures on Flemish paintings or current events or interior decoration. The first lecture of the series is largely

attended and faithfully quoted: along about the sixth or seventh, only the first row of gilt chairs is occupied. Mrs. Legion has looked on this world for some thirty-seven years, and she has not failed to draw conclusions. So clear are her views that she can dismiss any subject with a single sentence. Of politics, she says that Mrs. Coolidge is awfully sweet looking, and they say she is very popular in Washington. Of the unemployment situation, that these beggars you see in the streets all have big bank accounts and probably most of them own tenement buildings. Of married life, that she honestly believes that Fred Legion would eat steak every night if you'd give it to him. Of the race question, that these Swedes and Irish girls are so independent that she has half a mind to get a couple of darkie servants. Of art and belles lettres, that she wouldn't live in Greenwich Village if you gave her the place. Of motherhood, that it certainly is hard to know how to dress children when they're at that awkward age. Of the relation of the sexes, that it's terrible what women have to go through in this world.

My friend, Mrs. Legion. Heiress of the ages.

—Dorothy Parker

## THE TRANSIT SITUATION

*Editor's Note: THE NEW YORKER will publish from time to time articles on important public problems, written by recognized experts in their respective fields. This first article we believe will give our readers a clearer understanding of the complex transit situation that has recently been under investigation by Judge McAvoy. Mr. Levy, the author of the article, traveled for years on the west side subway. More recently he has been a daily passenger on the Ninth Avenue "L." It will be seen, therefore, that his knowledge of the subject has been obtained at first hand. Let Mr. Levy tell his story in his own way.*

THE transit situation in New York City which for many years has been a problem and a nuisance is rapidly becoming a menace. Owing to the peculiar geographical formation of Manhattan Island, travel is necessarily longitudinal rather than lateral.

Let us look at a few figures; almost any figures will do. Let us look for instance at the export of plain (or unvarnished) hemp from Bolivia for 1905. We have the incredible total of 84,715,906 pounds. Talk about figures! This hemp was transported almost entirely in foreign bottoms.

This brings me to the third point I wish to make. The President of the United States recently criticised three Princeton students because of the way their trousers were hanging, and suggested that they wear suspenders. It will be recalled that the last Democratic President was at one time President of Princeton. The inference is obvious. There has been too much interference with personal liberty already.

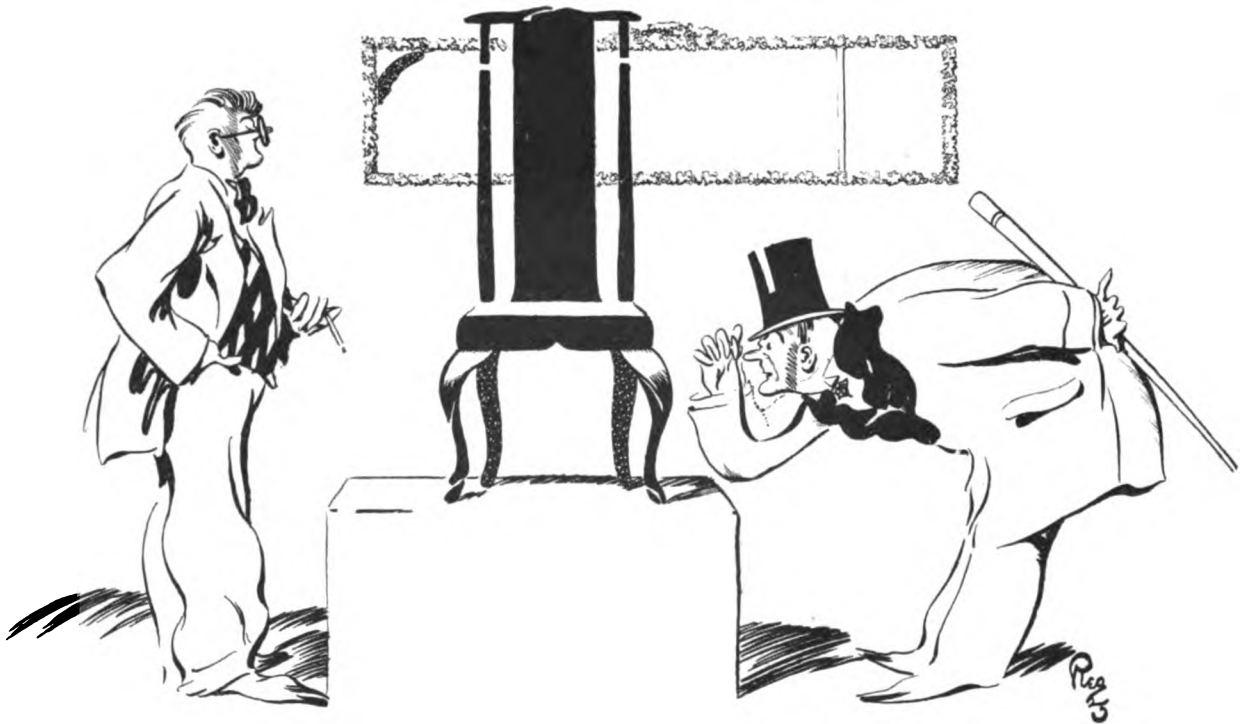
There was a time when a free American citizen could take a drink or leave it as he saw fit, but now he just has to take it. Formerly the Constitution followed the flag. To-day the flask follows the Constitution. I do not wish to be unduly severe on Mr. Coolidge, but it is time to call a halt. Hands off the pants of the Princeton boys Mr. President!

Statistics are always illuminating and instructive, but in this case they tell only part of the story. Suppose you take the Leviathan and stand it on its end and place it next to the Woolworth Building—what then? The result would be ridiculous however you looked at it.

Then there is the question of a Municipal Art Center. The plans provide for a magnificent group of buildings up near the Jerome Park reservoir. There are to be about a dozen rooms, each equipped with a piano, where the poor children of the slums can go to practice music. It is a grand idea. The soul starved Paderewskis and Hoffmans of the East Side can dash into the subway when school adjourns at three o'clock, and arrive at the Art Center at four in time to practice for an hour or so, provided there are not more than five or six hundred other infant prodigies in line, waiting to use the dozen or so pianos. If New York is not populated entirely by virtuosos in another generation it will not be the fault of the Art Center.

In this article I have been able to hit only the high spots. I have not touched on the Dual contracts at all. What, by the way, are the Dual Contracts?

—Newman Levy



"Genuine Queen Anne, sir. Note the leg."  
 "Ah, yes—but I never really knew the Queen, you know."

Make It Universal

I DON'T know Ernest F. Hubbard, who wrote a piece called "A Boon to Babbitts" in the first number of THE NEW YORKER. But in loyalty, from now on I'm his man Friday (not to mention Sat., Sun., Mon., etc.—in fact all the week) because he has devised that code scheme whereby any after-dinner speech can be reduced to a word or two by a mutually understood code.

To my thinking, Mr. Hubbard, your scheme is simply elegant. The sooner it comes, and the longer it stays the better. But why stop where you did? Why not let this kernel swell, bud, bloom, fruit, and everlastingly ramify? May I suggest a few ways in which the same idea of substituting for pre-ordained words may be applied? Very well:

(a) Have the ship news reporter simply say "What?"—meaning the questions on page 27 of the code book.

(b) Let the departing guest murmur "Thanks" to his host, or write the word instead of a b-and-b letter.

(c) "Who?" could stand for "Who's your bootlegger? Is he reliable? What does he charge? How can I get in touch with him?"

(d) It would save time in swapping yarns to begin "It seems there was . . ." and then mention some specific pages between pp. 314-763 in the asbestos supplement. Or "Djeva hear the one about the . . . Page 612?" In that way a crowd could get through a round of stories in three minutes instead of an hour and a quarter.

(e) Extend the plan from after-dinner speeches to all speeches and gatherings, as:

The political speech: "Alarm . . . pride. Peepul."

The labor agitator's speech: "Menace to our liberty." (Variation A.)

The capitalist's speech: Menace to our liberty." (Variation B.)

Speaking in school: "Breathes there. . . ." "Friends, Romans. . . ." "The boy stood. . . ." "Abou. . . ."

(f) The ship's concert: "Mighty Lak a. . . ." "It Isn't Raining. . . ." "My Ro—. . . ." "Rocked . . . ."

And there are some Italian operas which might best be rendered by a single soprano gurgle and trill.

But I must stop somewhere, and leave something to the compiler of the code book.—Leonard Hatch

Similes of New York, N. Y.

As suspicious looking as a street car conductor dining in the Automat.

As cross-eyed as a man who has just met a friend arriving from the double gates in the Pennsylvania station.

Like asking a New Yorker your way in New York. Necessary as curtains in apartments level with the "L."

Scarce as hen's teeth or a cottage on Park Avenue. As unnoticed as fire engine bells or church chimes. Changes color like a chameleon or an independent taxi.

Hopeful as a commuter of a whole third act. —F. D.

The Optimist

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



**Q**UARTER-TONES have arrived, chaperoned by Carlos Salzedo, E. Robert Schmitz and other enterprising musicians who sponsor the International Referendum Concerts. (There is, by the way, more initiative than referendum in these functions.)

The quarter-tones were demonstrated on two pianos, tuned, if the word may be used, a quarter of a tone apart. Two compositions of Charles E. Ives and a movement from a sonata by Hans Barth were the vehicles for the revelation, the players of dissonant pianos being Sigmund Klein and Mr. Barth. The result sounded like bargain day in a piano ware room. Mr. Ives's output had a whole-tone flavor; and Mr. Barth's was diatonic *alla tedesca*. Consequently, there was no quarter-tone music, but three compositions were played on two divergently adjusted instruments. The general effect was enhanced by a certain lack of team-work among the demonstrators, but who shall say that this was not part of the game?

Gluck's "Alceste," which frequently is mentioned as too fine and too difficult for representation at our opera houses, has been revived as a solo ballet by Maria-Theresa, formerly a member of the Duncan ensemble. This rhythmical young woman deserves encomiums for providing an opportunity to hear some of the splendors of the score, especially as the music was played skillfully and understandingly by the American National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow. This young musician seems to be on the way to a high place among orchestral directors.

"Alceste," however, remained in the improvised orchestra pit of Carnegie Hall, for it can no more be interpreted as a solo dance than a trombone exercise, but possibly Mme. Maria-Theresa will be able one day to present the opera according to the plans outlined in the prospectus which was distributed with the programs. The rest of her entertainment was adept and agreeable, except for those who hold that the only interesting Duncan dancers are Rosetta and Vivian.

Another ballerina of the near past was Angna Enters who exhibited "compositions in dance form." With the assistance of the charming Rosalind Fuller, Miss Enters made a gay evening at the Greenwich Village Theatre and delighted an audience which ran from evening clothes to the nameless garments of Sheridan Square. Miss Enters is not, conventionally speaking, a dancer. She is a musical pantomimist, and some of her "compositions," such as a series of primitive poses to music by Frescobaldi, are remarkable projections of mood. Her art still is in the formative stage, but Angna Enters may develop into a new force in the hopelessly formalized regions of the dance.

Of making of guest conductors there is no end. The Philharmonic Orchestra has played host to Messrs. Stravinsky and Furtwaengler. The New York Symphony has welcomed Mr. Golschman and sped him on his way and even now plays under the transient wand of Mr. Walter. The Philadelphia Orchestra has had a tour with Mr. Van Hoogstraten, spelling Mr. Stokowski, and Mr. Hadley has been received in Mr. Koussevitzky's Boston home. Even the fledgeling State Symphony has brought to us Mr. Gales and Mr. Dohnanyi. *De guestibus non disputandum est*, but sometimes it seems to us that there are more guest conductors than there are conductors.

A newcomer whose debut came off without as much ado as one might have expected is Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre, the feminine member of "The Six." The first appearance of Mlle. Tailleferre, easily the prettiest importation of recent years, was obscured by the quarter-tonerei. Her violin sonata suffered from being placed first on the program as well as from several other things, but undoubtedly we shall hear—and, happily, see—more of her, for it is said that her piano concerto will be played here by Alfred Cortot. And Cortot, sound artist that he is, is a brilliantly successful picker of good piano music.—*Con Brio*



IV.

"TIS hard to be sure what to think  
Of our present-day writers,  
Though pundits are wasting much ink  
On the works of the blighters.  
It seems from the words of the dons,  
Of the Menckens and Branders,  
That either our geese are all swans  
Or our swans are all ganders,—  
Our Tweedles are Dums or are Dees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

## Lyrics from the Pekinese

V.

"A Duke of the guaranteed brand  
Of the Russian Black Eagle  
Has come to our awe-stricken land;  
His demeanor is regal;  
His bow is a Social Event;  
His importance is vital.  
We honor his lofty descent  
And we worship his title  
Devoutly at five o'clock teas,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

VI.

"My master, whose zeal to bestow  
All the world will acknowledge,  
Is handing ten million or so  
To a freshwater college,  
And likewise is pinning his name  
On that Temple of Learning,  
Which greatly will add to its fame  
And its power of earning.  
They're giving him seven degrees!"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman







THE exhibit of Eugene Speicher's paintings at the Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries is one to be seen by all those interested in American artists. Since the death of Bellows, Speicher is undoubtedly the leader of that school of painting in this country. Not so bold as Bellows and yet not so imaginative. Nevertheless a vigorous painter, walking on his own feet and sure of the direction he is taking. If when seeing this present exhibit you are seeing Speicher for the first time we feel you will come away with nothing but admiration, for through this show runs a certain cohesion. That is a quality we found missing in his fuller exhibit at Pittsburgh last Autumn. After viewing the man's whole gamut we felt that here was a painter more clever than sincere.

He did two disparate things so very well. There were some canvases that would delight the staidest of the old guard and alongside other works bursting with the leaven of the new. And as we did not know which were the old and which the new, we could not tell which way Speicher was headed. The Rehn exhibition leaves no doubt; this evidently is Eugene Speicher at his best. And his best, it may be added, will give no comfort to the old-timers.

Personally, we prefer Speicher's landscapes and are reserving wall space for just any one of them. South Slav and Man's Head were the most satisfying of the others. We don't like the leaden quality of the backgrounds in the flower groups; they smack of palette scrapings. And as for the nude, we are too much renegade Puritan to have patience with the lace scarf, dragged in by the neck as it were, and elaborately draped to such an annoyingly sufficient length. We like lace and we like nudes, but we see no good purpose served in mixing them, the old lady from Du-buque to the contrary.

No exhibit this winter has given us the kick derived from the viewing of the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition brought over by Paul Rosenberg and now showing at the Wildenstein Galleries. Reproductions we have seen from time to time in books and yet were in no sense prepared to walk into this gallery hung with fourteen of his paintings. In tempera, most of them are painted on cardboard wrappings, yet with a startling brilliance.



Eugene Speicher

There is a dramatic critic who goes dancing in the streets, throws his hat in the air and shouts from the housetops when a play comes along that he believes worthy of your attention. We are dickering with him now to do a few turns for us in behalf of Toulouse-Lautrec. No such collection of his stuff has been gathered here before and it is doubtful if a like exhibit will come soon again. Students should go (without their teachers) and see what this man could paint by merely leaving out.

But if you don't like Zola, and you don't like Edgar Lee Masters, or you don't like reality, disregard the above and stay away. Finding life bitter and finding life bawdy, Lautrec painted it that way. This pathetic cripple, deserting his house and caste to live with the great city's off-scourings, must have found great compensation in reporting life as ugly as he found it, for there is great joy in his work. A psychiatrist with an unerring brush.—Froid

### Echo

(An Experiment in Short Story Technique)

"AND that is the end of my story."

There was silence for a moment.

"And a right good story it is," said the listener slowly.

"People seem to agree that it's unusual," assented the teller modestly.

"More than unusual—unique, one might almost say," the listener expostulated. "Take that strange coincidence of the voice in the forest, for instance."

"Ah, you may well call it strange."

"And you say he died on the very same night?"

"The very same. People think it was her name—"

"If she had only lived to be there, what a difference!"

"I still think there was something back of it all."

"Well, anyway, the money and jewels were saved."

"All but that one ring. There's another mystery that may never be solved."

"Perhaps it's better so."

"Oh, there was plenty of scandal while it lasted."

"A strange story."

"You said it."

"Unique would be the word."—S. S.

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

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

### SILENCE—National Theatre.

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

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

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

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

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

### IS ZAT SO?—Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

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

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

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

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

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

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

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

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

### THE GRAB BAG—Globe Theatre.

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

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

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

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

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

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

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

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GREED—Sunset Theatre, 316 West 125th Street.

Von Stroheim flies in the face of the box-office in filming Frank Norris's "McTeague." Grim and stark. Showing February 26 and 27.

### THE LOST WORLD—Astor Theatre

Through camera trickery dinosaurs and other beasts of the prehistoric past live again. A novelty.

### THE LAST LAUGH—Cameo Theatre

An imported German film and a milestone in the progress of the cinema. Superbly acted by Emil Jannings.

## ART

### TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.

Wildenstein Galleries. Fourteen paintings of the French master, most of them new to this country. Don't miss it.

### EUGENE SPEICHER.

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries. The best work of one of the best American painters. Ends this week.

### HORATIO WALKER.

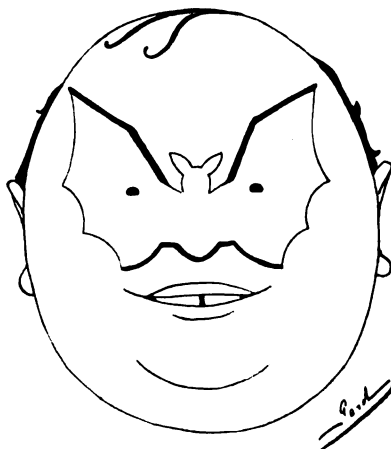
Montross Gallery. Paintings by Horatio Walker and etching by American artists. Don't miss Peggy Bacon.

### MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

Kraushaar Galleries. A retrospective exhibition of his studies in light.

### "FIVE AND TEN" ART.

Macy Galleries. Interesting collection of work of promising young painters, some of whom have arrived and some who will. Priced for bargain hunters and modest patrons from \$24.57 to \$99.76.



## MUSIC

### SCHOLA CANTORUM, Carnegie Hall.

Tuesday evening, Feb. 24. Kurt Schindler conducting. Mr. Schindler's programs always are good, and this one looks better.

### HAROLD BAUER, Aeolian Hall.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28. They don't play Schumann any better than Bauer, and here's a whole afternoon of both.

### DUSOLINA GIANNINI, Carnegie Hall.

Saturday evening, Feb. 28. Frank La Forge, accompanist. This young singer has a remarkable voice, and then some. Her first full length recital ought to be worth your while.

### LOUIS GRAVEURE, Town Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 1. Arpad Sandor, accompanist. There's a lot of fine singing behind this baritone's beard.

### CECILIA HANSEN, Carnegie Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 1. Boris Zakharoff, accompanist. If you'd like to hear a violinist that afternoon, here's one of the best.

### INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS' GUILD, Aeolian Hall.

Leopold Stokowski conducting. The conductor's name is sufficient suggestion.

### AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Wednesday evening, *Pagliacci* and *Coq d'Or*; Thursday afternoon, *Rheingold*; Thursday evening, *Falstaff*; Friday evening, *Die Meistersinger*; Saturday afternoon, *Giovanni Galluresse*; Saturday evening, *La Gioconda*.

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Wednesday evening, State Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Waghalter conducting, Flonzalay Quartet; Thursday afternoon, New York Symphony, Walter conducting, Zathurezky, soloist; Thursday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting, Van Vliet, soloist; Friday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting, Van Vliet soloist; Friday evening, New York Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Walter conducting, Zathurezky, soloist; Saturday afternoon, New York Symphony Concert for Young People, Carnegie Hall; Saturday evening, American Orchestral Society, Town Hall, Chalmers Clifton conducting; Sunday afternoon, New York Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Walter conducting; Sunday afternoon, State Symphony, Metropolitan Opera House, Waghalter conducting, Belousoff soloist.

## OTHER EVENTS

### REGIMENTAL REVIEW, 71st Infantry Armory

Park Ave. and 34th St., Thursday, Feb. 26, 8.30 p. m. Major Gen. Charles P. Summerall, reviewing officer.

### SOCIETY OF THE GENESEE, Hotel Commodore

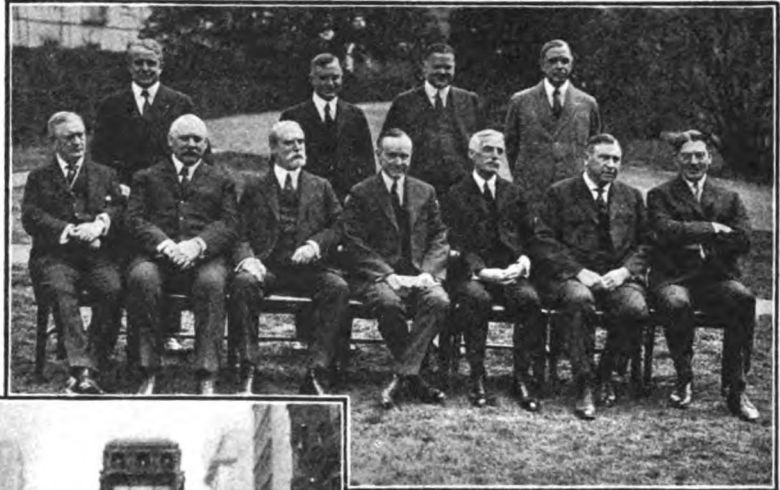
Annual dinner, Friday, Feb. 27. Speakers include Lieut. Gov. Seymour Lowman, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, Newcomb Carlton and Dr. John T. Clarke.

# OUR BIG ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

THE NEW YORKER with this issue enters upon the second week of its existence. Plans for a Golden Jubilee Number have been cancelled, because of the unsettled situation in Europe. Instead, THE NEW YORKER contents itself with a reproduction of some typical scenes of the New York of its youth.



This rare old print is believed to be a picture of John F. Hylan (Huy-lan?), Mayor of New York when the first issue of THE NEW YORKER appeared. From contemporary records it seems that he was the darling of the New York World, which insisted upon a life-long term in office for him and even went to the extent of opposing him bitterly to insure its purpose. From this period dates the term "practical politics."



The first board of editors of THE NEW YORKER. Many men who later became famous in other lines got their start on THE NEW YORKER. See if you can recognize Cotton Mather, H. L. Mencken, James G. Blaine, Ring Lardner, Frank Stockton and any two of the Marx Brothers.



(In center.) The first issue of THE NEW YORKER was published within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, the site here pictured. The printing plant was in Fortieth Street and in those days, because of the traffic, it was a long and difficult journey between the two places, and the return time was never less than thirty minutes.



This is the Astor Theatre, fabled in New York story and song. The editors of THE NEW YORKER, in the olden days, frequently dropped in there for a few moments to while away the time in contemplation of the antics of the Artists and Models.



How many old New Yorkers remember this scene? It is a picture of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, which ran along the avenue along which the Sixth Avenue Elevated now runs.

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.

## Speed Madness

His job it was shoveling snow  
By the day with the D. S. C.  
At night, to a cinema show,  
For diversion and rest went he.

Diversion and rest were complete  
Till a slow-motion movie was shown,  
When, gasping, he sprang to his feet,  
Then collapsed in his seat with a groan.

His collapse was no puzzle to me,  
For the motion when movies go slow  
Is speed of a dizzy degree  
To professional movers of snow.  
—A. H. Folwell

## The Laud Will Provide

**M**OBILIZED press agency is prepared to demonstrate its proficiency. The Cheese Club, an organization composed of gentlemen who ply the infamous trade of making other people famous, promises to pluck some primrose by the river's brim (the Bronx River) and turn it into an orchid lady by intensive applications of limelight.

Substituting the familiar Jane Doe for the name of the selected victim, the various steps in the proposed campaign follow:

1. Jane Doe Elopes with Peggy Joyce's Husband—Can't Tell Which One Until Peggy Completes Check-Up.
2. Jane Doe Shoots Craps With Hughes on State Department Steps.
3. Prince Accused of Mashing—Jane Doe Has Wales Arrested.
4. Young Actress Bathes in Synthetic Gin—Soothing for Nerves, Jane Doe Avers.
5. Lends Rockefeller Gallon of Gas—Jane Doe Aids Oil King as Motor Stalls.
6. Hires Leviathan for Cruise—Jane Doe Will Sail Around Globe Alone.
7. Scorns Heart Balm—Jane Doe Refuses to Sue Scion of Wealth.
8. Ibanez and Alfonzo Meet—Author and Monarch Jane Doe's Guests.
9. Climbs Cleopatra's Needle—Feeds Birds on Top, Jane Doe Tells Cop.
10. Wooed by Napoleon's Ghost—Jane Doe is Emperor's Psychic Bride.

If the fortunate young person chosen by the Cheese Club will agree to engage in these trifling endeavors for publicity, she is assured nothing less than a three-years' contract with the Shuberts.

—James Kevin McGuinness



Fountain of Youth

## A Question of Taste

**T**HE other day on East Thirty-third Street we were button-holed by a truck driver who said to us hoarsely: "Say, wanta buy a nice lady's fur?"

And although we declined, the good news implied in his question so heartened us that—in our most Chesterfieldian manner—we replied:

"Sir, although we have no need of the fur which—with all due respect to you—we believe to have been purloined, we are gratified to know that it has belonged to a nice lady. Such are the reputed rewards of feminine frailty, and such the innuendoes of cynics in this our city, that one is at times almost tempted to misdoubt the character of some who wear furs. In this instance, it is tonic tidings to learn that the former owner of this fur was above reproach. We are uplifted as was once Mark Twain, upon being offered 'Pure Bees' Honey.'

"Or, if, sir, we have misunderstood you, and what you mean to indicate is that in your opinion we are the sort of individual who would buy a fur only for a nice lady,—although we shall not buy the fur, we assure you that you are a sound judge of our character."

—L. H.

## Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

**A** NEW apartment said to have cost over ten thousand dollars already is being put up on Amsterdam Avenue.

\* \* \*

Judging from the number of people seen sitting about hotel lobbies, a lot of folks in town aren't very punctual.

\* \* \*

The fire engine was out on Third Avenue Tuesday.

\* \* \*

Some Broadway restaurants are keeping open as late as one a. m.

\* \* \*

The shops are featuring current styles in most everything.

\* \* \*

A movement is on foot to change the name Fifth Avenue to Fith Avnoo. A good many are doing so already.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Elliott Eckstein of Maple Avenue says her new vacuum cleaner is much less work than the old one, as it needs oiling only once every six months instead of twice.

\* \* \*

Bicycles seem to be going out of fashion if our main thoroughfares are any criterion.

\* \* \*

Gas stoves are being furnished in some of the more modern flats without extra cost.

OPERA HATS

EVERY civilization, of course, has a right to be judged by the number of opera hats it ventures to wear. Our American civilization, as some one was saying only recently, is still young, and that perhaps is why so many caps are to be seen on the street. Ever in the van, I take pleasure, and at the same time fulfil a public duty, in printing herewith a necessarily incomplete list of those New Yorkers who already have opera hats and wear them on not infrequent occasions.

The list, as has been hinted, is a cultural document of great value. At the same time, it seems clear, it will prove to be a sucker list second in value only to the recent income tax publications.

I am already preparing, for future issues, a list of prominent citizens with (a) gold-headed canes, (b) gray derbies and (c) heavy seal rings.

SHOCK TROOPS OF THE OPERA HAT BRIGADE

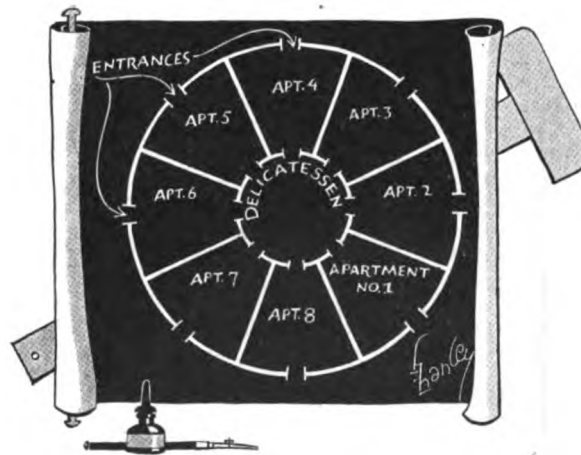
Name	Address	Occupation
John F. Hylan	City Hall	Mayor
Leon Gordon	158 W. 45th St.	Playwright
Maury Paul	25 W. 42d St.	
	Cholly Knickerbocker	
Otto H. Kahn	1100 5th Ave.	Banker
Marc Connelly	152 W. 57th St.	Playwright
Gilbert Miller	Empire Theatre	Producer
Bernard M. Baruch	598 Madison Ave.	Banker
George Jean Nathan	44 W. 44th St.	Critic
John McE. Bowman	Biltmore Hotel	Hotel Man
Alexander Woollcott	412 W. 47th St.	Critic
Herbert Bayard Swope	The World	Editor
Raymond Hitchcock	Great Neck, L. I.	Actor
Charles Hanson Towne	33 W. 42d St.	Bachelor
Gerald Brooks	50 W. 9th St.	Broker

—The Eskimo

Highlights

WIND from the river sweeps rain before it; whipping coat-tails around wet legs, running damp fingers through the hair. Cold, dripping trees shudder, spill great drops from soggy branches. . . .

Riverside Drive . . . long winding serpent coiled along the river bank, glistening . . . autos like a thousand flashing scales, darting, glinting, now here, now there, heliograph. Purring tread tires, blurred lamps; running balls of light. Walks stretching into darkness, past the damp walls feebly bearded with ivy. Concrete benches deserted, no sailors and girls, no strong blue arm and furry bobbed head nestling. . . . Two figures approach, pause . . . "the price of a meal, buddy?" "Sorry, just gave my last cent to feller. . . ." Below the wall long lawns roll under



Ground Plan of a Modern Model Apartment House. No Kitchen Is Laid Out But All Apartments Lead Into a Delicatessen Store at the Hub.

shadows toward the river. A lamp-post rides in the fog like a ship's lantern; a woman halts beneath it to say: "Hello, kid, you goin' any place?" to a sailor passing . . . rain. . . .

Snorting serpent coiled along the river bank. Gruff belches of smoke, one-two, one-two, rattling nearer. The freight approaches, dragging empty cars over the rails. . . . One-two, nearer, white smoke through the fog. Passes; snow-capped smoke and caverns sunset-color; fires and a sweating stoker. One-two, one-two, distance; dead cars

clatter over the ties like tin cans tied to a cur's tail, rattling into silence . . . gone. . . .

A sudden taxi grinds its brakes and shrieks to a halt; the driver peers out. "Chris! did you hear that?" "What?" "Thought I heard a woman scream." "Aw, it wasn't nothin' . . ." It comes again from the bushes, a call of agony, the voice that cries out of nightmares. Two passersby halt; then turn and walk rapidly away. The taxi-driver throws in his clutch, starts his cab: "Guess I'd better get a cop," he mutters, disappearing. . . . waiting for the cop . . . latter day Samaritans.—Corey Ford

A Sparkling Caress Sinks In

From the essay on Florida, in "These United States":

What the landscape lacks in plastic beauty it compensates for by its suave and delicate coloring, the luminous cloud pictures that lift its flatness into the roaring magic of argosies and Walhallas, and the sparkling caress of its air, woven of sea tang, sunbeam and pine, with something indescribably mellow that is at once languorous and inspiriting and pleasantly confusing to the senses; so that one soon feasts one's eyes on the warmth about one, and feels the healing radiance of color soak into one's highly sensitized pores.

Nothing of the *genre*, as Tex Rickard would say, has been lovelier since Mark Twain word-painted that wildwood above which "a solitary esophagus slept upon motionless wing."

The critics bawl in loud dispraise,  
 "What dirty, dirty plays we've got!"  
 I can't say if they are or not—  
 I never go to dirty plays.

Fred Pagan of Paterson, two years old, swallowed a pin which was later removed by a New York surgeon. Pagan could give no motive for his act.

If ministers continue to elope with choir singers, the New York police department will have to organize a Bureau of Missing Parsons.



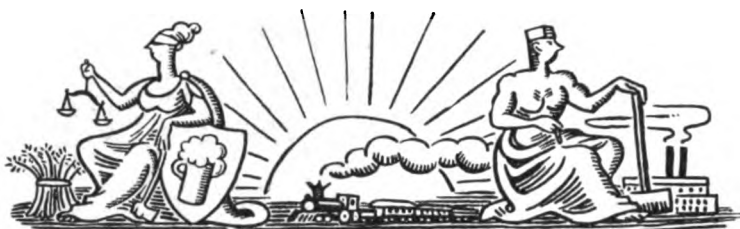
"Just  
Like  
London"

—the "Bobby,"  
famous the world  
over. You can't  
imagine London  
without him—so  
typical is he.

Just like London  
is Cruger's. You'll  
find here exactly  
the same things  
men buy in those  
smart little West  
End Shops. Ties,  
hose, shirtings,  
etc.—drop in or  
write us.

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Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York

Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner  
from the Riz



## ★ In Our Midst ★

Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, she that was Alice Duer, is giving a bon voyage party in honor of same all day Thursday, prior to an extended trip to interesting Rome City, Italy. Among those not invited so far are your correspondent and lady.

Zona Gale, western writer and author of "Mr. Pitt," is in town for the resumption of Oyster Season.

Barney Baruch is in Nassau or some such place. Ah, there, you old Deer-Slayer!

Irving Berlin, well known member of the Authors' League of America, is sojourning in Palm Beach, having arrived there, so we are told, in one of the many private cars offered him as a means of conveyance thither.

King George V, the popular Emperor of India, has been on the sick list.

A postcard arrived from friends in St. Moritz, Alps Mountains, last week, announcing they are all sleeping under blankets.

Phillip Barry and wife, Ellen, are in Cannes, a famous French resort for people "in the know." Writing a play 'neath tropic skies, Phil?

Heywood Broun, says a statement given out by Dame Harriet Rumor last Friday, has had a tiff with Herb Swope, Exec. Editor of the *World*, over Heywood's daily column being opposed to what seems to be the *World's* news policy of mentioning every dirty play in town for news value. All those interviewed by Mrs. Rumor seemed to be on Heywood's side of the argument.

Mrs. John V. A. Weaver is the latest recruit from Society to the Stage. Mrs. Weaver will appear under a well-known manager's banner next season using the name of Peggy Wood.

Frank Crowninshield, Grant and Mrs. Grant Rice, and Mr. and Mrs. Ring Lardner, literary people, have all come back from Nassau Island, voting five to naught that they had an enjoyable time. H. T. Webster remains there still having same with brush and palette.

Carr V. Van Anda, managing editor of the *Times* newspaper, has arrived in California, prior to returning in three months to New York City.

Arthur Hiram Samuels is studying music in preparation for composing the songs for the Dutch Treat Club show which will be given in March.

William Emmerich, Jr., the catch of the season (1914-'15), has a new roulette wheel for social use. Ah, there, Your Correspondent's \$37!

Rumor hath it that Ben Hecht is going to start a new magazine. Bon voyage, Ben.

Dr. D. Hunter McAlpin, by odd coincidence owner of the hotel of the same name (the McAlpin), has gone with his family for a cruise on the sapphire Mediterranean Sea between Europe and Africa. The time will be spent in seeing the sights and enjoying themselves.

Rear-Admiral Plunkett, the navy man, was right upset the other day when a taxi man drove right between his private entrance over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he ordering all taxis like it off the property. Nothing like being firm for American rights, Ad., old boy.

Oliver ("Elf") Herford, writer and drawer, was seen coming from a tailor's last week. He said his old pockets were so stuffed with ms. he had to buy new clothes to get rid of it.

Pres. Calvin Coolidge, the well known equestrian, has not been late for breakfast once, despite his morning gallop on his charger, Cozy Corner.

Popular members of the young set who enjoyed the World Court Ball at the Plaza last week was Will Rogers.

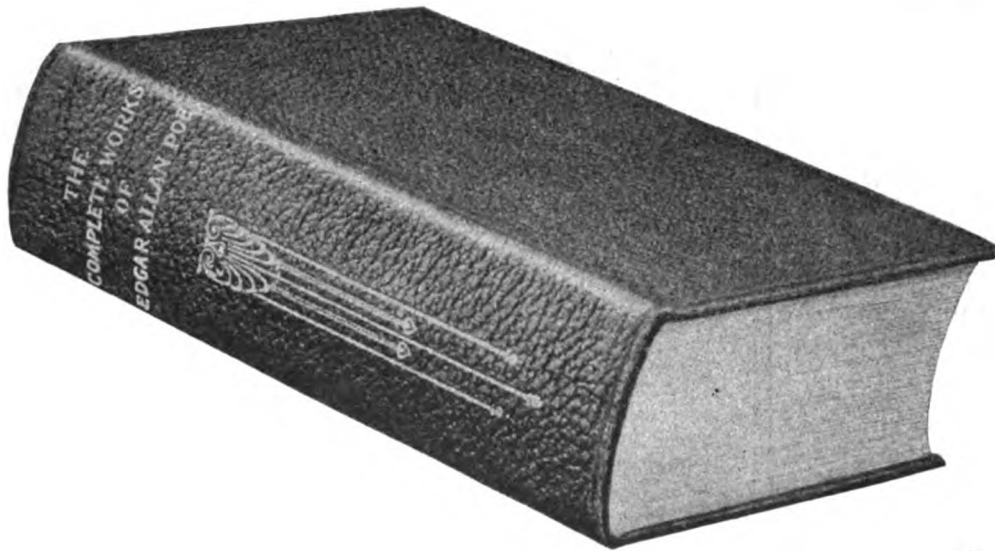
Harry Kaufman ran into some hard luck of recent date when some slicker changed stickpins on him, substituting a \$3.50 article for his regular one, same being priced at \$6,000. \$5,996.50 is no laughing matter. Hal says.

Kenneth MacGowan "got back" at a fellow who was joshing him last week about some of his theatrical entertainments not doing so well financially. "Never mind," says Ken quickly, "I have Patience." *Life* and *Judge* are bidding for that one.

Mrs. Nanny Larsen-Todsen of the Metropolitan, is showing an improvement in her singing, according to opera-goers. Her voice was injured by having a horse step on her foot soon after coming to these parts, as will be remembered by those who keep up with that sort of thing.

Ye genial ed. of *Liberty*, John N. ("Jack") Wheeler is a great fight fan and when last seen at ringside with Robert ("Bob") Edgren told asking friends he didn't figure to call on Mrs. Woodrow Wilson next visiting to Our Capital, Wash. City.

Otto Kahn enjoyed a real home-cooked dinner at his own house of recent date.



# NOW-All of Poe in ONE Volume!

**E**DGAR ALLAN POE—master-writer of thrilling detective stories, of horror and mystery tales, of romantic adventures, of haunting poetry, of brilliant essays. All, all the infinitely varied writings of this great American genius are now yours in one marvelous volume! Everything formerly printed in ten volumes is here. And in exactly the same size type—large, clear and readable. Two thousand pages are in this amazing book! *Yet it is less than two inches thick.*

Incredible? Surely—for when was such a book ever known before? A great new advance in paper-making is responsible—*genuine India Paper*. So finely woven that it is almost without weight, yet so white and opaque that the large type stands forth crystal clear.

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Enthralling tales of mystery to hold you spellbound! Humorous sketches of scintillating brilliance. Poetry to stir your heart, with its haunting beauty. Read, too, James Russell Lowell's fascinating account of Poe's life, and the intimate reminiscences of his friend, N. P. Willis. Know the true Poe, unhappy victim of a wild, tragic life.

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THIS column is not a geyser. We don't gush if we can help it. But on laying down a novel that has given us three hours of sheer pleasure, what can we do but our undamnedest to make Old Faithful, the pride of the Yellowstone, look like a water-blister in comparison?

The novel is Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph" (*Doubleday, Page*). At this moment, we have no critical judgment to pass on it. We don't know yet whether we think it is "big" or "vital" or "significant," or what other tiresome book reviewer's epithet; all we know is that for us it was utterly fascinating. Would you find it so? Well, not if you happen not to care for stories of musical geniuses—though you need not know music more deeply than to enjoy, say, "Trilby." And not if you can't stand without hitching while unsheltered, precocious and gifted girl-children love, and one of them makes love, and does it in a tawdry escapade. The moral aspect of these goings-on doesn't agitate the author in the slightest, and neither has it agitated us, partly because another of the children is Tessa the Nymph, and we are Tessa's; to have read of her is to have had a singularly beautiful experience.

Otherwise, we should think you would. The mere writing, clear, bright and fluent as a mountain spring in sunshine, ought to refresh you, these days. And oh, the pretty, the audacious and triumphant things young Miss Kennedy does in man-couvering her unfailingly interesting characters! But is this suggesting a "writers' novel?"

Along with woeful hokum, "Stacey" by Alexander Black (*Bobbs-Merrill*) contains the raw materials to have made as good a novel as Wells's "Kipps." One reason why they don't make it is that despite some skill in the cooking, they don't jell. Stacey, the hero, is intended to represent a numerous kind of half-baked, superficial and pretentious young male sentimentalists. We can see the kind, but we no more see Stacey now than we did when we began to read the book. We simply know a number of things about him.

It is fair to tell you that "The Jade God" (*Century*), a mystery story by Alan Sullivan, is being liked by some judges of such amusement. Nobody loves better to read mystery stories than we do; nevertheless we failed to get any paralyzing kick out of this one. It is well enough put together and told, but relies on a fairly common special use of the Oriental oc-

cult in an Occidental setting, and whenever we want that effect at full strength, we can get it by re-reading Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn." However, if Sullivan's attempt at it seizes you, he has you—and maybe in your case he would.

Robert Nathan's "Jonah" (*McBride*) is a fantasia and parable, now sly, now openly quizzical, now touching, based on the Old Testament history of the celebrated whale-filler. Its ironies are not strikingly original, but its incidental charm is for epicures.

Quarrels about "Some Do Not . . ." by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*) seem to be breaking up families. No wonder. The book has undeniable merits and some of them are great, but almost all are strictly artistic ones. It has, for example, at least two dramatic episodes of rare power and originality. But as to temper, it is as gratuitously black-biled a work of art as we ever saw. A study of England's governing class through the early part of the war, it has been praised for its poise and its viewpoint—which are, to us, about what Queen Victoria's would be if she were alive and troubled by her liver.

What's funny is not to be argued. Your sides either split or they don't. A lot of people, whose senses of humor are quite as good as ours, are splitting over "The Prince of Washington Square," by Harry F. Liscomb, boy novelist (*Stokes*). For our part, we did some chortling while we were dipping into it, but when we came to read it through our old oaken ribs seldom budged. It isn't that we can't believe in this boy novelist as genuine. On the contrary, his is just the story that would be written by a clever kid with the kind of head big words stick wrongside-up in, after his consuming bales of magazine and newspaper trash and acres of movie captions. Our difficulty is that what's supposed to make you laugh is his largely unintentional burlesque of all that trash—and we found the burlesque too close to the originals.

Some readers who were won by "Maria Chapdelaine" may be disappointed in Louis Hémon's very different "Blind Man's Buff" (*Macmillan*), a story of the gropings and fate of a young Irish stevedore in London, who is driven by the effects upon him of inaccessible girls to seek first freedom, then exaltation for his spirit, by way of dim soapbox notions and then of Gospel settlement and Salvation Army trail-hitting. We like it, but would like it better if Mike were a solid, complete individual, not a rather shadowy embodiment of familiar Irish characteristics.

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

- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Noticed in this issue.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). For once, a fine novel about miscegenation. South African.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). The one-volume human comedy of a whole Jewish family tribe.
- THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). You don't need to have read his "The Forsyte Saga"—but for Petesakes, read them both!
- A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). The insides of the ingredients of India's race hate, admirably novelized.
- THE OLD LADIES, by Hugh Walpole (*Doran*). Can you imagine absorbing drama arising among three old ladies? Walpole could.
- THE CASE, by Freeman Wills Croft (*Seltner*) and THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason (*Doran*). Mystery stories.
- SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltser*). Disliked, with admiration, in this issue.

**SHORT STORIES**

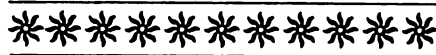
- TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). An easy and pleasant back entrance to Conrad's works.
- THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (*Huebsch*). Don't let the title scare you off this excellent collection.

**BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS**

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The biggest and most readable book on him, and probably the best one.
- MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*Harper*). Mark in old age talks at random, sometimes through his hat, often through his genius.
- A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (*Huebsch*). Much of it equals any of Anderson's fiction, and may please you better.
- WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). Its worst shortcoming is that to see him and hear him would be funnier.
- MARBACKA, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). Delightful memories of her childhood on her father's farm.
- THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). Cashel Byron's Confessions, or How I Licked John L. and Fitz Was Lucky. Fun to read.

**Not So Good**

The speaker was obviously flustered. He hesitated. He stuttered. He floundered. He repeated. He groped in vain. He got red. He grew pale. He fussed with his napkin. He took a drink of water. He began a sentence, but abandoned it for another. He was reminded of a story, but of not enough of it. He stuck fast. He squirmed. He shook. He mumbled. He looked at the table cloth. He looked at the ceiling. And yet— He was one of the most enthusiastic of cross-word puzzle fiends because "they did so much to enrich one's vocabulary."



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## Washington Notes

**M**AYBE some of these leaks of state secrets which the Senate threatens to investigate may be accounted for by the reprehensible practice of eavesdropping on the President when he takes his daily walk. To test this theory your correspondent's agent trailed along the other day and kept his ears open. The President's companion was a member of an important official circle. This is what was heard: "Aren't you going to put on your rubbers?" the President asked as they left the White House. "Kind of damp under foot."

"Yes, I guess maybe I'd better."

"I never go out this time of year without mine," said the President as they passed through the gate.

"I shouldn't, but I get careless."

"Now aren't you glad you have your rubbers on?" asked the President as his companion stepped in a puddle in the yonder side of LaFayette Park.

"My shine would have been ruined, Mr. President," acknowledged the latter.

"Good thing we both have our rubbers," said Mr. Coolidge, picking his way around a place in Sixteenth Street where the sidewalk was torn up.

"We could scarcely get about without them."

"That was a fine walk," said the President as they regained the White House portico. "Lucky we had our rubbers. Back with our feet nice and dry."

These lines will introduce to you that time-tried public servant, the Honorable J. Scott Wolff, Congressman from Festus, Mo., who is so mindful of the interests of his constituents that he carries two watches, one set by Washington and one by Missouri time.

They were guying Nick Longworth about his spats. How did he expect to get himself elected Speaker of the next House unless he came through with some concessions to the plain people? And as the Congressman was surely aware, the plain people bloc in the House remains faithful to that great plebian over in the other wing, the senior Senator from Wisconsin.

"What has LaFollette got to do with it?" asked Nick.

"He might have a lot to do with you."

"I guess you are right. Will one of you go and find out for me in a quiet way where LaFollette stands on this spat issue?"

A little later one of Mr. Longworth's adherents saw the Senator on the Senate floor. From the militant mane of hair the observer's gaze travelled downward until it caught sight of the most aggressive pair of spats in all Washington.

Spats do help, but this department attributes the well groomed appearance of Senator Borah to the use of the comb which he carries in his vest pocket.

Ever since Mr. Coolidge declined a private car to Chicago on ground of expense to the public, your correspondent has been alarmed lest the President should discover that it costs as much to take the Mayflower out for a week-end as it does to run a whole train to Chicago and back.

If the Monday Night Opera Club in New York is still as zealous for the royalist cause as it was at last reports, it might look into the case of the Queen of Rumania. The cables say Her Majesty wants to visit us if she can possibly get away. This is probably true. Marie has been willing to discover America for a long time, but the custom of our country is that foreign rulers come here only when they have official invitations, which for the confidential information of the Opera Club, are issued by the State Department.—*Quid*

## Speaking of the Theatre

**T**HERE is the ticket-speculator who sells you a seat in the eighteenth row for eleven dollars, and there is the eighty-three curtain that rises at seven minutes to nine.

There is the woman directly in front of you who drapes her cloak over the back of her seat so that it falls in your lap, and there is the flushed young man who staggers down the aisle during the middle of the second act.

There is the old man on your right who falls asleep, and there is the girl on your left who never stops talking.

There is the actor who wears spats with his dinner jacket, and there is the actor whose French flavors strongly of Jersey City.

There is the theatre party that is in a constant state of giggling throughout the performance, and there is the unfortunate whose tickets are for the wrong night.

There are the ushers who applaud with tremendous enthusiasm.

There is the fellow who laughs at the wrong time.

There is the fellow who never laughs. And, of course, there is the play, itself.—*Charles G. Shaw*

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❖ ❖ ❖

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## Moving Pictures

**J**UDGING from the dour report from Hollywood and the local studios of the Kleig Art, we must await our next cinematic item of interest in the imported German production, "Siegfried." This, by the way, is based upon the Norse legends which were the source of the Wagnerian opera.

"Siegfried" was made by UFA, the Berlin concern which recently gave us that fascinating film, "The Last Laugh." Reports from abroad—and from the Rialto theatre projection room where Hugo Riesenfeld is fitting a musical score to the opus—lead us to think that this production will have high interest and an unusual measure of beauty.

These are the days of the imported picture. "Siegfried" will come to Broadway in April. "The Miracle of the Wolves," made in France, opened at the Criterion this week. Another oncoming importation is "Grass," filmed in Persia.

We can imagine the gnashing of teeth in Hollywood at these reports. Mass meetings are in order to stop this new foreign menace.

Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, has had a longing to direct motion pictures for some time. Recently he almost started doing it for Famous Players-Lasky. His first was to have been a screen version of his "Three Black Pennys" but, like many a movie plan, it fell through, principally because no director could be found who would work hand in hand with an author. Now, however, Hergesheimer has departed upon a two months' trip to Cuba and Mexico with Jesse Lasky. Out of this may come a series of pictures to be made in Mexico. It is Hergesheimer's idea, Lasky is interested, but the whole thing is embryonic yet.

They're telling an amusing story of Richard Barthelmess and his recent trip to the Coast. Barthelmess was touring the studios and finally he came to the Metro-Goldwyn stage whereon Madame Elinor Glyn was overseeing the making of one of her yokel shockers.

The madame arose in her usual grand manner which, in film parlance, is akin to slow motion. She advanced grandiloquently to meet the young Mr. Barthelmess.

Offering her hand with the gesture that holds Hollywood frozen, she said: "I saw one of your films the other night—'Classmates' I think it is called."

"I hope you didn't like it," said Richard modestly.

"I didn't," said Madame Glyn crisply, as she slow motioned back to her regal chair.

Barthelmess spent all of the time en route back to his hotel thinking of snappy replies.—Will Hayes, Jr.

## THE NEW YORKER

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Boston Notes

**JAMES MICHAEL** (Honest Jim) **CURLEY**, Boston's mayor, who did his stretch some years back for obligingly taking Civil Service examinations under the name of a less brilliant friend, has got his fighting blood up. Ever since "Lafayette Mulligan," self-alleged and fictitious ex-secretary to his Honor, offered the keys of the city to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, James Michael has had sleuths on the trail of the miscreant. The latest suspect is one Buxton, the local Frank I. Cobb whose prose masterpiece, "Who Made Calvin Coolidge?" won the Pulitzer prize as the loveliest editorial of last year. Buxton and his buddies on the *Herald* deny their guilt and the hounds of justice are sniffing new trails.



It is rumored that the boys from Scotland Yard are also in the chase. Apparently the British Government feels that the anonymous Mulligan has made royalty ridiculous by sending a fake invitation which Albert Edward took seriously. They have the cooperation of the Lily Gilders' Union.



The foam on the crest of Boston's crime wave is dashing high. The other day Police Commissioner Wilson and the "Model Cop," whose name escapes us but does not matter, were passing the time of day in front of a Schulte cigar store, one block away from the elegant Hotel Touraine. The talk was turning on some such subject as the Celtic Renaissance or the Traffic Problem, when a bandit walked into the store behind them and walked out again some minutes later with \$180 in his pocket just as the Commissioner was agreeing with the cop that Donn Byrne was the greatest writer since Synge. The gunman is still loose. The police force seems a trifle looser.




No matter how hard it tries, Boston cannot look like Paris—and it has tried hard. The latest attempt took the form of rubbish cans bearing colored advertisements much like those that decorate the kiosks on the Boulevard des Italiens. These were supplied by an advertising firm which paid the city \$10 apiece for each receptacle. When they were all installed such a howl went up from the same people who wish that we had sidewalk cafes that the offensive objects have been ordered off the streets.



The forgetful and impertinent Manhattaner who indignantly asks why there should be a column of Boston Notes in his favorite paper must be reminded that Boston is the home city of Henry Cabot Lodge and Bert Savoy, although they have both died recently.—*Beans*

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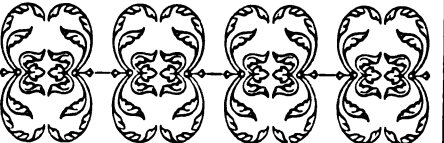
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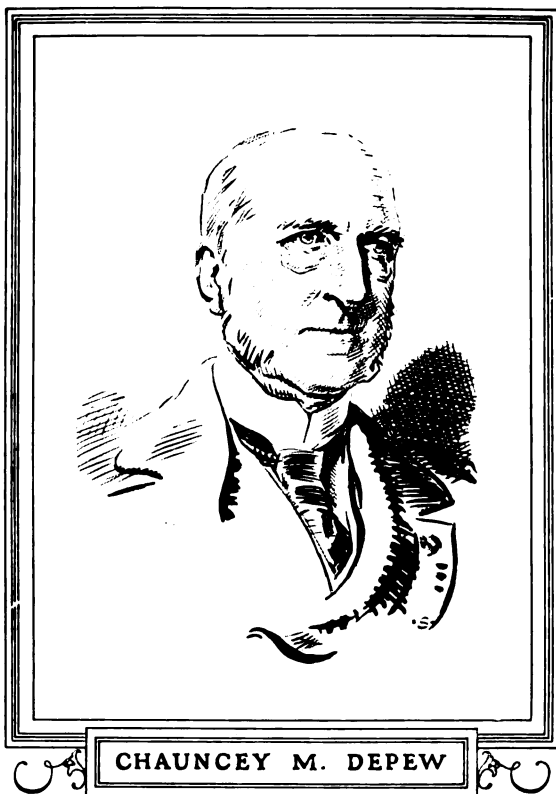
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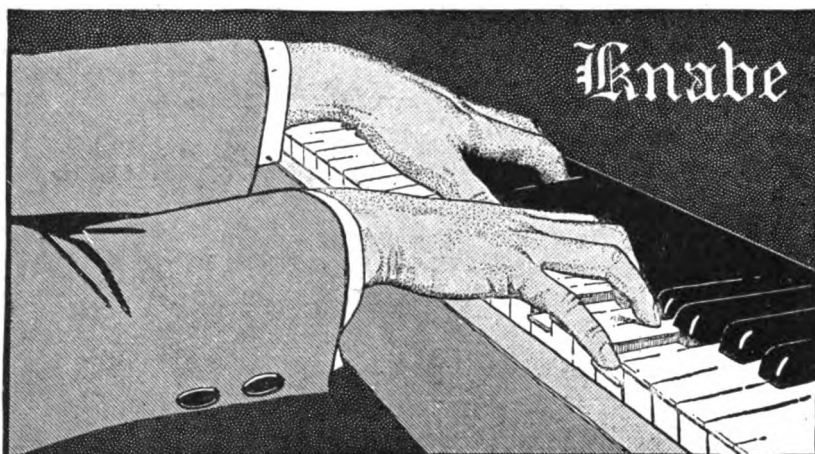
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## BEHIND THE NEWS

### *It Seems to Them*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this time the news department of the *World*

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Call "Beekman 2,000"

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

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

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

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

And the facts were all so dreadfully simple:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

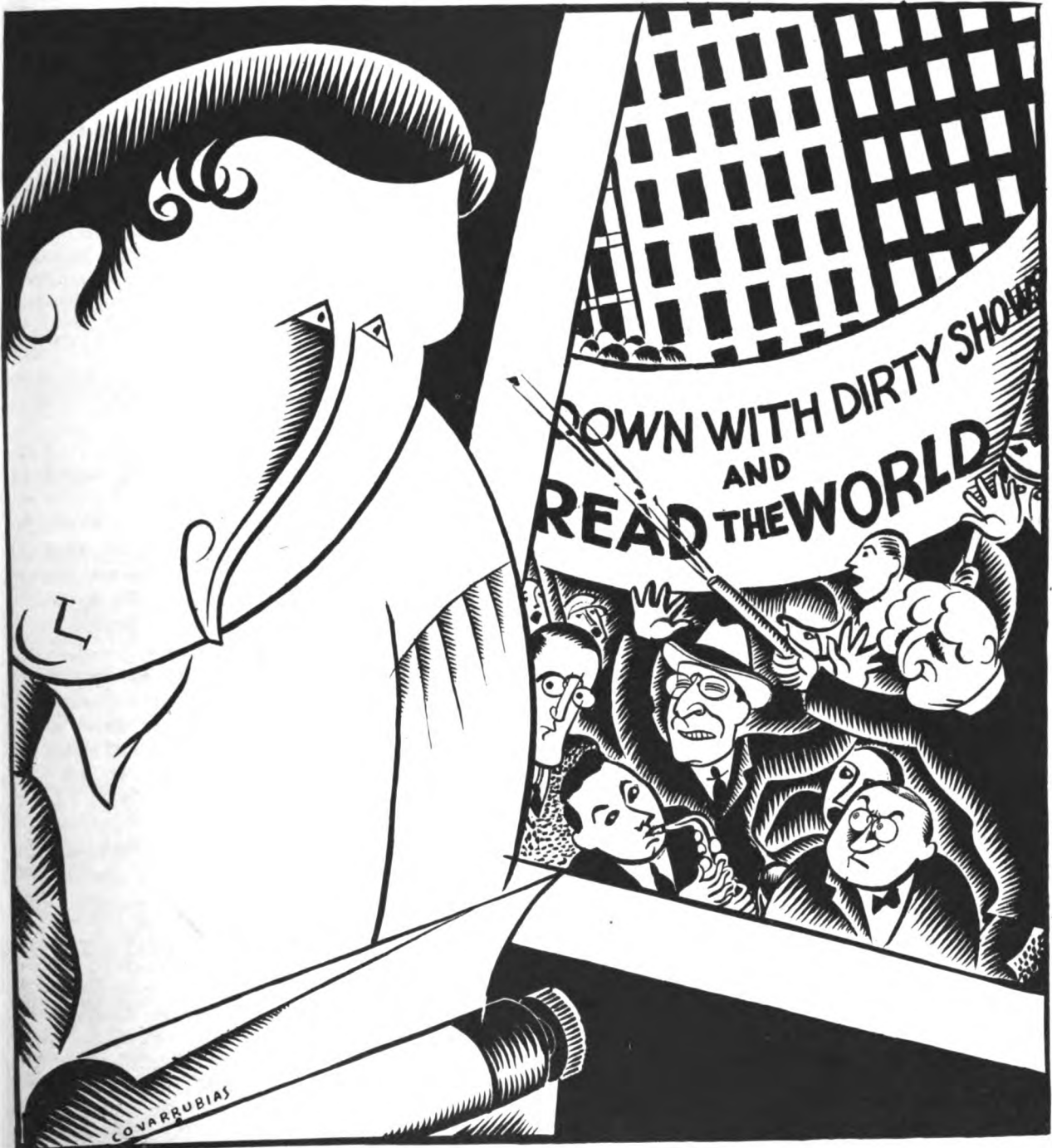
Only, it wasn't exactly so. She could have had all the food she wanted. She could see anyone—except reporters. She could telephone anyone she wished—except reporters. She could walk out of the apartment any time—the sooner the better for Mr. Budlong.

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

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

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

A Passing Parade Disturbs a Writing Gentleman



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

# OF ALL THINGS

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

Bore them to death, probably.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

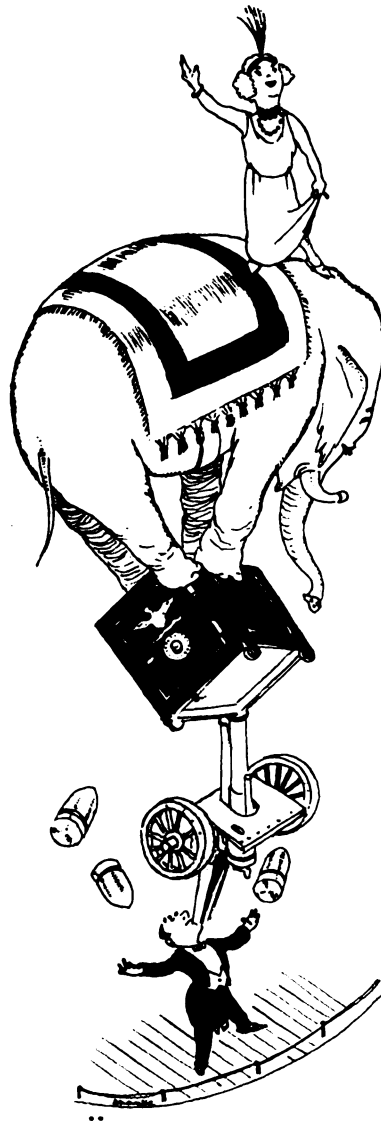
Among the many pleasant things we wish young Paulina Longworth is that by the time she reaches newspaper-reading age the affairs of W. E. D. Stokes will have been settled.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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



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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

What price drama at Harvard now?

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

\* \* \*

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

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

*The New Yorker*

## THE HOUR GLASS

### Beauty and the Shuberts



Julia Hoyt

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

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

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

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

### A Middle-Aged Boy

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

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



Willie Hoppe

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

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

### The People's Attorney



Joab Banton

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

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

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

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

# THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Sawdust

## By Way of Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

Thence to our seats—

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



*He Would Get There Just in Time*





## V. A.

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

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

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

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

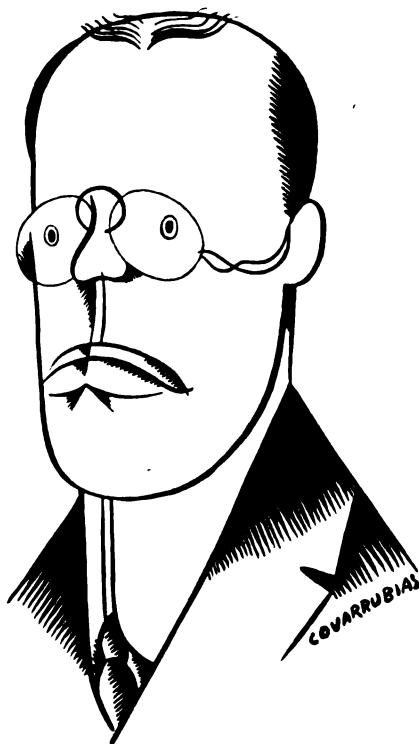
ago and are themselves to-day as anonymous as the Neanderthal man—that sight must keep a certain amused disdain of publicity animate in the back of his thoughts. And finally his anteroom, with its daily spectacle of men offering up their immortal souls and women offering up their beautiful white bodies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

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

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

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

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



Carr Vattel Van Anda

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

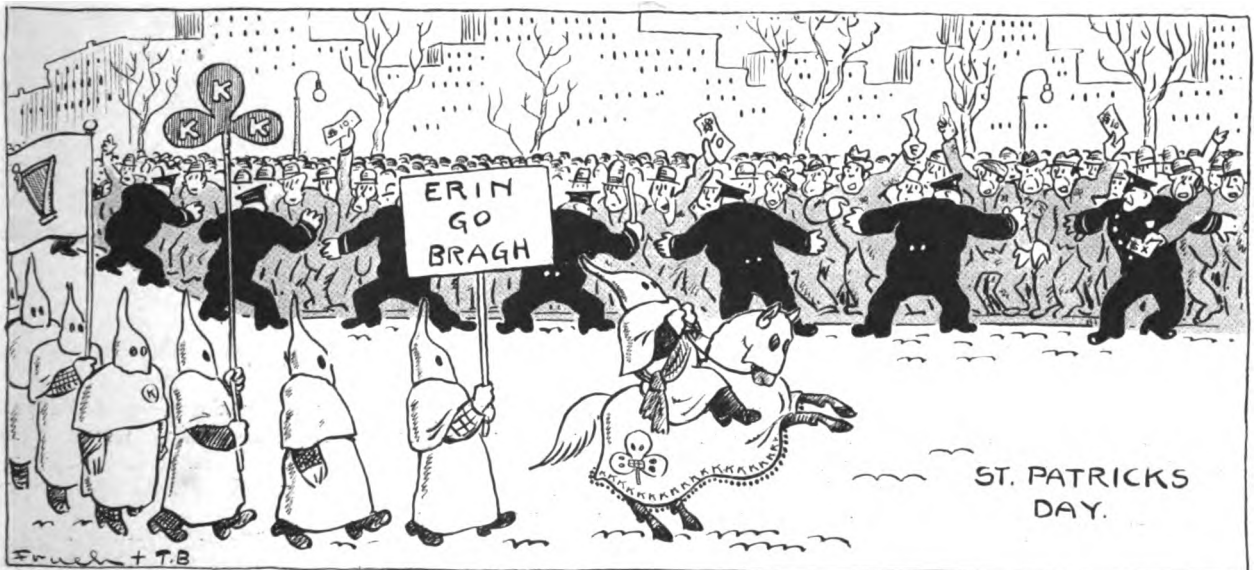
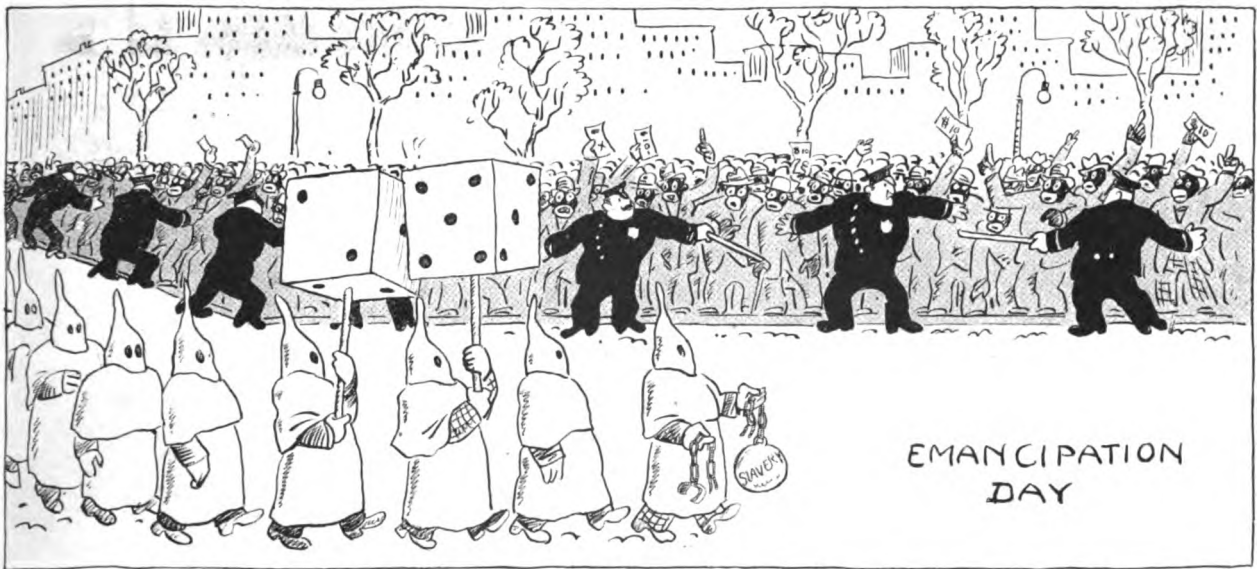
And now, of course, because the doctors have ordered this long vacation, there is a hardy rumor that it is a bored and weary man who is letting the reins slip from his hands, whereas, it may be doubted whether in all the *Times* Annex to-day there is quite so much lively curiosity and appetite

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

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

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





*Let the Ku Klux Do It*



## BLACK MAGIC IN WEST FORTY-FIFTH STREET

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The New Plays

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Opera Hats

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

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

—H. A. M.

### What A Young Man Should Know

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Ten Little Subway Guards

Ten little subway guards, riding down the line.

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

Nine little subway guards, keeping traffic straight.

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

Eight little subway guards, more or less alive.

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

Five little subway guards, full of repartee.

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

Three little subway guards, on their daily run

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

—A. H. F.

### The Optimist

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

*Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?*

## Metropolitan Monotypes

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

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

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

—Murdock Pemberton



# THE TALK OF THE TOWN



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Van Bibbert III



MOSS AND FONTANA AT THE MIRADOR



# FORGOTTEN CELEBRITIES



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

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

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

## DUDLEY GRAHAM

*(The man who invented the Graham cracker)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And that——?" said Hawthorne.

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

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

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

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

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



Dudley Graham

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

## EUGENE KELLY

(The Father of Kelly Pool)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

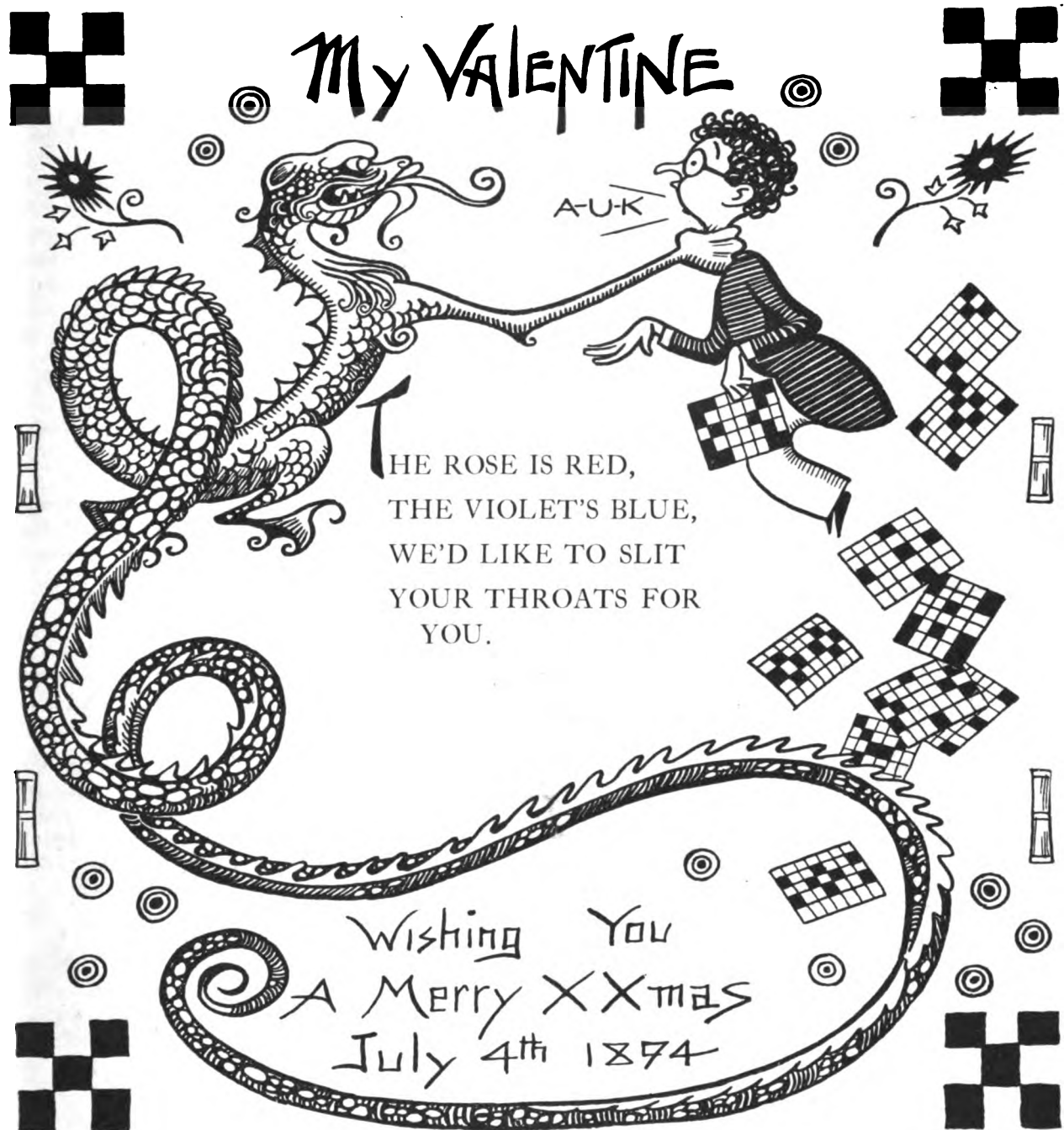
In the course of time he came to be known as the Grand Old Man of Lotus. "Pere Kelly" the little French children used to call him as he passed them in the street. In spite of the constant urgings of his friends he firmly refused to change the name of his barber shop to "Kelly's Tonsorial Parlor." "I'm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

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



Eugene Kelly

*A Document That Has Come Into Our Possession*



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

AN EDITORIAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A Bob Ballad

## MODES

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

—James Kevin McGuinness



## Vox Populi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

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



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



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



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



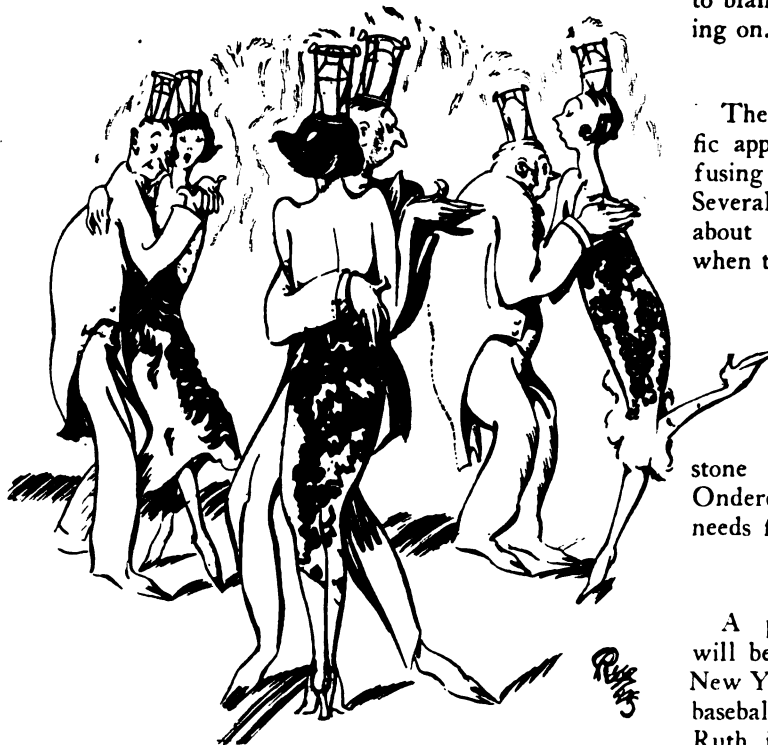
A player named Ruth will be given a trial by the New York American League baseball team next spring. Ruth is said to be a good hitter.



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



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



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



## La Ville Lumière

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Ralph Barton

## California Asserts Herself

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

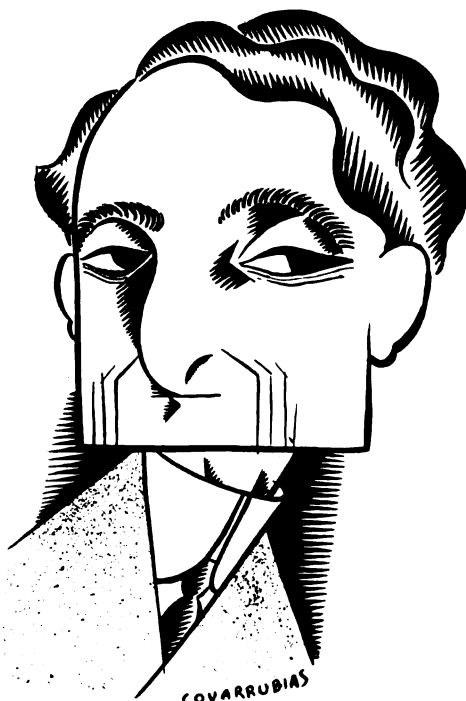
was performed "a musical interpretation by Louis Gruenberg of Vachel Lindsay's poem, 'The Daniel Jazz'." A heterogeneous ensemble of the kind known euphemistically as a chamber music orchestra was directed by the industrious Howard Barlow, and Colin O'More intoned the text. The result, however, sounded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

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

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

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

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



*Italo Montemezzi*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Lyrics from the Pekinese

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

—Arthur Guiterman

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Eltzinger Theatre.

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

### SILENCE—National Theatre.

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

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

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

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

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

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

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

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

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

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

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

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

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

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

### THE GRAB BAG—Globe Theatre.

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

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

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

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

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

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

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

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

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

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

## MOVING PICTURES

### THE LAST LAUGH—Cameo Theatre.

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

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

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

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

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

### THE THUNDERING HERD—Rivoli Theatre.

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

## ART

### INDEPENDENTS.

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



### WILLARD L. METCALF.

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

### HENRY VARNUM POOR.

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

### JOSEPH STELLA.

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

### "FIVE AND TEN" ART.

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

## MUSIC

### MARIA IVOGUN—Carnegie Hall.

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

### EDNA THOMAS—Booth Theatre.

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

### ANNA CASE—Carnegie Hall.

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

### BEEHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Aeolian Hall.

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

### JULIA CULP—Town Hall.

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

### AT THE METROPOLITAN

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

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

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

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

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

## OTHER EVENTS

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

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

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

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

### KIT KAT CLUB—Terrace Garden.

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



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

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

### THE NEW YORKER'S Big Limerick Contest

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

### THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

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

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

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

#### FIRST PRIZE—\$65

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

Written by FRED BEAMISH, Yale Club, New York

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

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

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

Written by AMY LOWELL, Yale Club, New York

#### FOURTH PRIZE—\$9,000

*And occasionally John Jacob Astor.*

Written by COTTON MATHER, Yale Club, New York

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

— BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR DEFENSE

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

### For the Five Best Last Lines

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

### PRIZES:

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

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

### ALL LAST LINES

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

### THE RULES

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



## "Just Like London"

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

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

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



## ★ In Our Midst ★

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

Joe Pulitzer is on the fishing list.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

*From the Advertising Writer's Diary*

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

**BONI & LIVERIGHT**

**GOOD BOOKS**

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

## THEATRE NOTES



\$3<sup>50</sup>  
for  
50 Packs

\$5<sup>00</sup>  
for  
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**Colors of Initials:** Gold, Silver, Black, White. Smart for the Vanity Case—Ideal for the Hostess.

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Also carried by such smart shops as

Lord & Taylor	New York
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Gimbel Bros.	New York
Hall's	Chicago
James B. Russell	New York
Saks & Co.	New York
Daniel Low & Co.	Salem
S. S. Pierce Company	Boston
M. T. Bird & Company	Boston
L. S. Ayres & Co.	Indianapolis
M. M. Importing Co.	New York
Boggs & Buhl	Pittsburgh
Sim & Co., Inc.	Troy

**KAY AND ELLINGER,  
INC.**

342-N Madison Avenue  
New York

The Monogram Match Co., 319 De Young  
Bldg., San Francisco

OF the financial rewards of playwriting, when one is so fortunate as to hit it just right, a good deal has already been written. The most recent conspicuous examples are Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, authors of "What Price Glory?" It is an open secret that that play has earned for them about \$900 weekly (\$900 apiece, that is) since it opened at the Plymouth six months ago.

But that is the merest beginning. Stallings, for example, has gone to the Coast to work on a film version of his novel, "Plumes." For that labor he will be paid \$500 a week for the six weeks' of preparation, and then, if the results be satisfactory, a lukewarm \$25,000 will be his. Strictly speaking, this is not to be included under the rewards of playwriting, but there is no doubt that the success of his play quadrupled the price that is being paid for his novel.

It will be next season, however, that the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings will reap the really big rewards. There will be three companies of "What Price Glory?" and these should bring a conservative \$2,000 weekly to each of the playwrights.

Their second play, "The Buccaneer," will be produced next season, and there will certainly be a third and perhaps a fourth. The ways of the theatre are uncertain, of course, and success has a habit of tapping one lightly on the shoulder and then skipping on to pastures new. But, even at a modest estimate, Anderson

and Stallings are likely to find themselves sharing \$7,000 to \$8,000 a week for the major portion of next season.

To those who venture the reproof that last week's backstage glimpses of Jobyna Howland constituted an intrusion into what is sometimes laughably described as private life, it might be pointed out that Arthur Springer began it.

In the last number of Hearst's *International*, before it was sopped up by the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Springer, with a clothing store dummy's instincts of privacy, described at some length his emotions on being placed next Miss Howland at dinner. It seems he was married to her for many years, they having rushed off together to the Little Church Around the Corner at a time when she, to quote his very words, was just "a crazy-hearted child of impulse." Now, if hostesses throw them together, she still calls him "Lil Artie" but he does not go on to say whether he gets even by saluting her with the name that the elder Howlands bestowed on her at birth. For she was not christened Jobyna. Her name is Lulu.

The harried expression recently worn by William A. Brady, Jr., can be traced directly to a new Broadway custom of saluting that innocent bystander with some such phrase as: "Good bad afternoon to you, sir."—*Dr. Winkle*

**What Price Ideas?**

THRIFT, thrift, Horatio!—Expenses in the White House and executive offices total about \$367,000 a year. Not because Cal doesn't try. Soap's been curtailed. The towel supply has been reduced. They're using hard lead pencils instead of soft.

But it's not enough. Over his official signature as "Disbursing Clerk," N. B. Webster makes the following offer to White House employees:

"... I shall be glad to award a prize of \$10 from personal funds to the employee who submits the best suggestion for bringing about a reduction of expense."

Yes, honest and true—10 whole dollars! But the scheme must have had President Coolidge's sanction. Why not thus?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. You think we ought to be that lavish—wouldn't five do? Or seven and a half?

N. B. WEBSTER. No. Men with ideas cost money these days. Anyhow, it's my own money.

CALVIN. Ay-ah. You got a right to spend it as you see fit. But gosh!—ten dollars just for an idea!—*L. H.*

**For Practical Purposes**

"How do you stand," we asked the veteran congressman, "on this matter of the battleship versus the airship?"

"How do I stand? How would any practical man stand?" rasped the honorable one. "How could you put an airship in a drydock and make three months' work for a thousand constituents overhaulin' and repairin' her? The battleship may be obsolete in war, my boy, but she isn't in politics!"

When your job seems tough and beyond mere man;

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



BROADWAY just now presents two interesting contrasts in motion picture making. One film is "The Miracle of the Wolves," produced in France, and the other is "The Thundering Herd," a Zane Grey opus screened in the great open places of the West.

Curiously, the big scenes of both films are identical. In the Gallic effort, the beautiful heroine, carrying a paper which will save the life of King Louis XI, is pursued by bloodthirsty scoundrels. Just as they are about to overtake her, a dozen wolves dash upon the scurvy knaves and kill them while the maiden escapes. Thus the happy ending.

Zane Grey tells the story a bit differently. The beautiful heroine is fleeing from a tribe of bloodthirsty Indians. Just as they are about to overtake her, a herd of stampeding buffalo gallop in front of the scurvy savages and the maiden escapes.

Similar situations, but observe the difference in treatment. The French calmly call the incident a miracle. The American film men ask audiences to swallow the event without explanation.

Actually, "The Miracle of the Wolves" has intelligence and a certain interest. Basically, it is the story of Louis XI who laid the foundations of a centralized French monarchy. The German film adventurers who recently did "The Last Laugh" would have dared to make it a genuine character study. Raymond Bernard, the director of "The Miracle of the Wolves," has adulterated the whole thing with conventional movie glucose. The film offers nothing new in technique anywhere, but it has a genuine feeling of time and place.

"The Thundering Herd," on the other hand, is obviously theatrical stuff. All the old ingredients are here, the fine clean-limbed hero, the unscrupulous villain and the innocent heroine. So, too, is the inevitable attack upon the wagon train of hardy pioneers. It is produced by Jesse Lasky, who found the covered wagon so successful in "The Covered Wagon" that he tried it again in "North of 36." Lasky is trying to turn the prairie schooner into an Elsie series. Why not "The Covered Wagon at Home," "The Covered Wagon at School," "The Covered Wagon in Business," and so on? The idea seems limitless.

Odd story from Hollywood:

A young college graduate, through influence at headquarters, had been shipped out to Hollywood to learn the art of title writing. In due time he was received in the sanctum of the cinema overlord.

"A college graduate, yes?" asked the mogul.

"Yes," answered the collegian respectfully.

The magnate paused and then demanded, "You can spell, yes?"

"Of course," said the astonished newcomer.

"Well, spell me a big word," commanded the producer.

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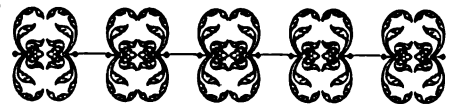
He had been low in spirits for a long time. He felt ill and was worried. Someone had suggested a psycho-analyst and the producer mustered up courage for a consultation.

An hour of intimate questioning followed. The disciple of Freud then gave his verdict: "Your whole trouble lies in the fact that you lack a sense of humor—develop it."

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

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

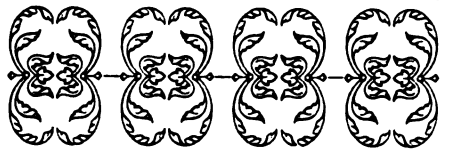
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OF the financial rewards of playwriting, when one is so fortunate as to hit it just right, a good deal has already been written. The most recent conspicuous examples are Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, authors of "What Price Glory?" It is an open secret that that play has earned for them about \$900 weekly (\$900 apiece, that is) since it opened at the Plymouth six months ago.

But that is the merest beginning. Stallings, for example, has gone to the Coast to work on a film version of his novel, "Plumes." For that labor he will be paid \$500 a week for the six weeks' of preparation, and then, if the results be satisfactory, a lukewarm \$25,000 will be his. Strictly speaking, this is not to be included under the rewards of playwriting, but there is no doubt that the success of his play quadrupled the price that is being paid for his novel.

It will be next season, however, that the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings will reap the really big rewards. There will be three companies of "What Price Glory?" and these should bring a conservative \$2,000 weekly to each of the playwrights.

Their second play, "The Buccaneer," will be produced next season, and there will certainly be a third and perhaps a fourth. The ways of the theatre are uncertain, of course, and success has a habit of tapping one lightly on the shoulder and then skipping on to pastures new. But, even at a modest estimate, Anderson

and Stallings are likely to find themselves sharing \$7,000 to \$8,000 a week for the major portion of next season.

To those who venture the reproof that last week's backstage glimpses of Jobyna Howland constituted an intrusion into what is sometimes laughably described as private life, it might be pointed out that Arthur Springer began it.

In the last number of Hearst's *International*, before it was sopped up by the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Springer, with a clothing store dummy's instincts of privacy, described at some length his emotions on being placed next Miss Howland at dinner. It seems he was married to her for many years, they having rushed off together to the Little Church Around the Corner at a time when she, to quote his very words, was just "a crazy-hearted child of impulse." Now, if hostesses throw them together, she still calls him "Lil Artie" but he does not go on to say whether he gets even by saluting her with the name that the elder Howlands bestowed on her at birth. For she was not christened Jobyna. Her name is Lulu.

The harried expression recently worn by William A. Brady, Jr., can be traced directly to a new Broadway custom of saluting that innocent bystander with some such phrase as: "Good bad afternoon to you, sir."—*Dr. Winkle*

## What Price Ideas?

THRIFT, thrift, Horatio!—Expenses in the White House and executive offices total about \$367,000 a year. Not because Cal doesn't try. Soap's been curtailed. The towel supply has been reduced. They're using hard lead pencils instead of soft.

But it's not enough. Over his official signature as "Disbursing Clerk," N. B. Webster makes the following offer to White House employees:

"... I shall be glad to award a prize of \$10 from personal funds to the employee who submits the best suggestion for bringing about a reduction of expense."

Yes, honest and true—10 whole dollars! But the scheme must have had President Coolidge's sanction. Why not thus?

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N. B. WEBSTER. No. Men with ideas cost money these days. Anyhow, it's my own money.

CALVIN. Ay-ah. You got a right to spend it as you see fit. But gosh!—ten dollars just for an idea!—*L. H.*

## For Practical Purposes

"How do you stand," we asked the veteran congressman, "on this matter of the battleship versus the airship?"

"How do I stand? How would any practical man stand?" rasped the honorable one. "How could you put an airship in a drydock and make three months' work for a thousand constituents overhaulin' and repairin' her? The battleship may be obsolete in war, my boy, but she isn't in politics!"

When your job seems  
mere ma

When you th  
Just grit your t  
And the jo



**B**ROADWAY just now presents two interesting contrasts in motion picture making. One film is "The Miracle of the Wolves," produced in France, and the other is "The Thundering Herd," a Zane Grey opus screened in the great open places of the West.

Curiously, the big scenes of both films are identical. In the Gallic effort, the beautiful heroine, carrying a paper which will save the life of King Louis XI, is pursued by bloodthirsty scoundrels. Just as they are about to overtake her, a dozen wolves dash upon the scurvy knaves and kill them while the maiden escapes. Thus the happy ending.

Zane Grey tells the story a bit differently. The beautiful heroine is fleeing from a tribe of bloodthirsty Indians. Just as they are about to overtake her, a herd of stampeding buffalo gallop in front of the scurvy savages and the maiden escapes.

Similar situations, but observe the difference in treatment. The French calmly call the incident a miracle. The American film men ask audiences to swallow the event without explanation.

Actually, "The Miracle of the Wolves" has intelligence and a certain interest. Basically, it is the story of Louis XI who laid the foundations of a centralized French monarchy. The German film adventurers who recently did "The Last Laugh" would have dared to make it a genuine character study. Raymond Bernard, the director of "The Miracle of the Wolves," has adulterated the whole thing with conventional movie glucose. The film offers nothing new in technique anywhere, but it has a genuine feeling of time and place.

"The Thundering Herd," on the other hand, is obviously theatrical stuff. All the old ingredients are here, the fine clean-limbed hero, the unscrupulous villain and the innocent heroine. So, too, is the inevitable attack upon the wagon train of hardy pioneers. It is produced by Jesse Lasky, who found the covered wagon so successful in "The Covered Wagon" that he tried it again in "North of the Border." He is trying to turn the picture into an Elsie series. What is the story? "Wagon at Home," "Wagon at School," "Wagon at Business," and "Wagon at the Limbo."

Odd story from Hollywood: A young college graduate, through influence at headquarters, had been shipped out to Hollywood to learn the art of title writing. In due time he was received in the sanctum of the cinema overlord.

"A college graduate, yes?" asked the mogul.

"Yes," answered the collegian respectfully.

The magnate paused and then demanded, "You can spell, yes?"

"Of course," said the astonished newcomer.

"Well, spell me a big word," commanded the producer.

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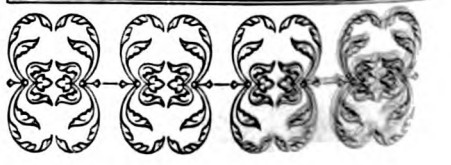
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## Stories of the Great

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## This Week's Award

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

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



Washington Notes

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes—on this side they are."


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

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

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

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

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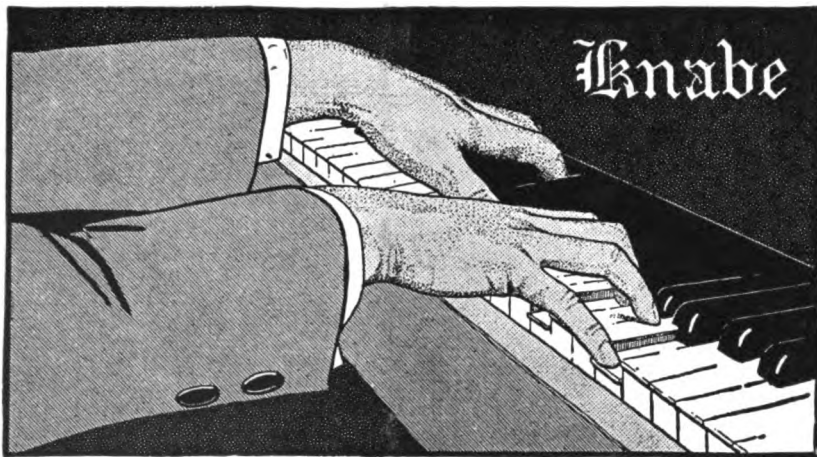


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(Christmas Eve.)



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# THE NEW YORKER





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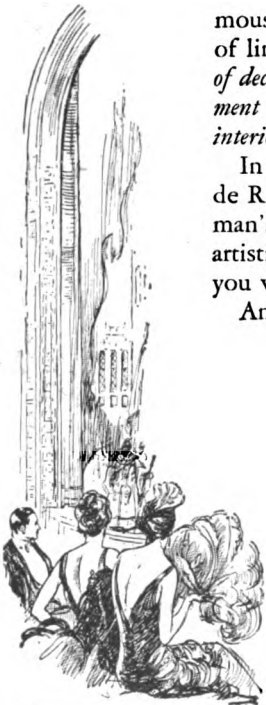
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE signs of tremendous agogging by members of the Monday Opera Club these days are the advance tokens, of course, of the possible visit to our shores of Queen Marie of Rumania. Miss Zoe Beckley, a newspaper sob sister who has shed sufficient tears in type to keep the alligator industry going for ten years, is arranging the affair. At the time of writing, Miss Beckley was concluding a two weeks' tour of Her Majesty's domains as the guest of the Queen, much discussion of details having gone on. More may be going on in Bucharest at this moment.

Miss Beckley bids fair to become the greatest white elephant importer of our generation. She was Lady Astor's liaison agent during her visit, and it is to her that the United States owes M. Coue and the "every day in every way" fad from which it was rescued by Mah Jongg and cross word puzzles. There is a ray of hope here: maybe Her Majesty of Rumania will bring us something which will drive the cross word puzzle books on to the bargain counters of the chain drug stores.

The Queen is understood to have been offered a contract with one newspaper to write her impressions of the United States. For New York City rights to the series, the price offered is truly regal, naturally, or about as much as Irvin Cobb gets for one short story, to wit, four thousand dollars. Considering the remaining markets for a syndicated series, it is evident that Her Majesty should be able to stop off for a shopping excursion in Paris on the return trip.

What causes the agogging in Monday Opera Club circles is the memory of the graciousness of the Grand Duchess Cyril, who accepted reverence at ten dollars

the bended knee. Her Majesty doubtless will not be less gracious, although perhaps the fee will be a bit higher. Say, twenty-five a curtsy, remembering that a reigning queen is worth more than a claiming grand duchess, and what with the old feudal retainers forming unions, and such-like, and the general belief of modern scholarship that where Mark Twain's two Jews starved to death was not Edinburgh, after all, but Bucharest.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, it develops, is going to write a novel. Perhaps, for all one knows, he has already written one and published it under a *nom de plume*. Maybe "The Girl of the Limberlost" is his. At all events, he is at work on a new one.

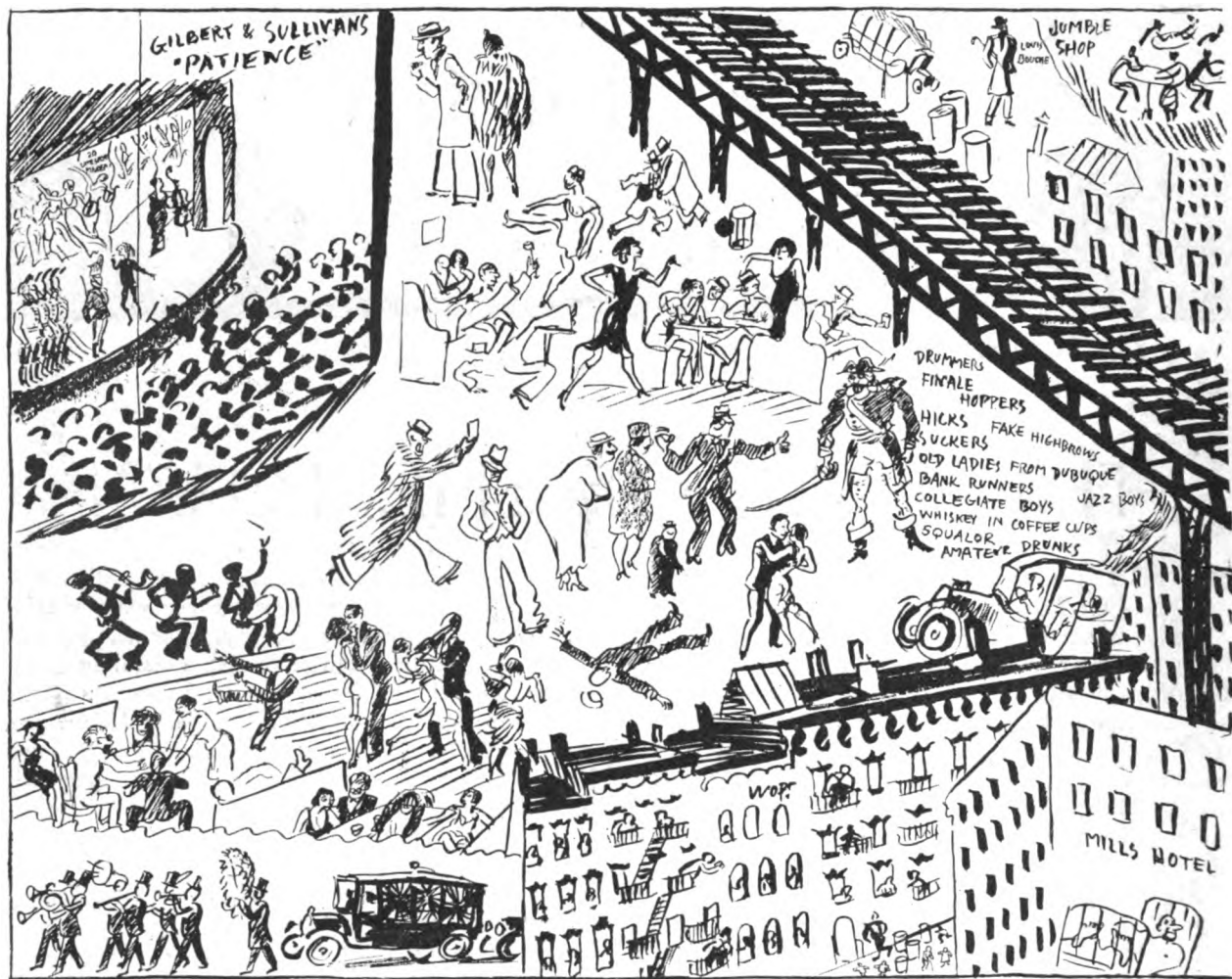
It is Mr. Nathan's desire to write a novel and to engage in other creative activities which the present demands upon his time are said to make so difficult, that is said to be behind his decision to retire as co-editor of the *American Mercury*, beginning with the July issue. On the other hand, there are those who say thus and thus, but the official version is that his own writing interests have begun to prevail decisively over his editorial obligations.

Nathan will not completely sever his connection with the *Mercury* and it is said that a title of Associate Editor has been found for him. He will continue to serve as the *Mercury's* dramatic critic.

Europe, despite the fact that it has been kept secret until now, will know Nathan this Summer, and so he will probably have a new list of Teutonic names for the Fall and Winter critical trade.

H. L. Mencken,





Greenwich Village

upon the departure of Nathan, will be the sole editor of the *Mercury*. Thus, in July, 1925, will a perhaps only temporary finis be written to a partnership in editorial direction that began on the *Smart Set* in 1914.

One sheds a tear.

**B**ROCK PEMBERTON; the producer, on the eve of presenting a play to New York, was discussing the Dobbs fire sale, explaining that he had waited forty-five minutes to buy a new shirt. "What," said David H. Wallace, "do you want to buy a new shirt for? You'll only lose it next week."

**A**MONG press agents Ivy Lee is one of the few who deserves the impressive title of "Director of Public Relations," which the craft has adopted with wistful unanimity. Mr. Lee's best known work is the *Subway Sun*, that gay ray of light in the otherwise stygian darkness of the underground. He doesn't edit it himself, any more than John D. Rockefeller peddles gasoline by the gallon, but his spirit is in it. One of the bright young men of the Lee organization does the immediate work. There are many such bright young men, of whom Mr. Lee is the field marshal. All "used to be newspaper men once themselves."

Every reporter who seeks information about any member of the Rockefeller family, or Mr. Vincent Astor, or the Standard Oil Company, must see Mr. Lee, or one of his representatives, and take what is handed out. The Interborough Rapid Transit Co., too, is included in the list of the imposing persons and corporations in whose cabinets Mr. Lee holds the portfolio for Public Relations, at considerably above Washingtonian rates. His retaining fees are imposing.

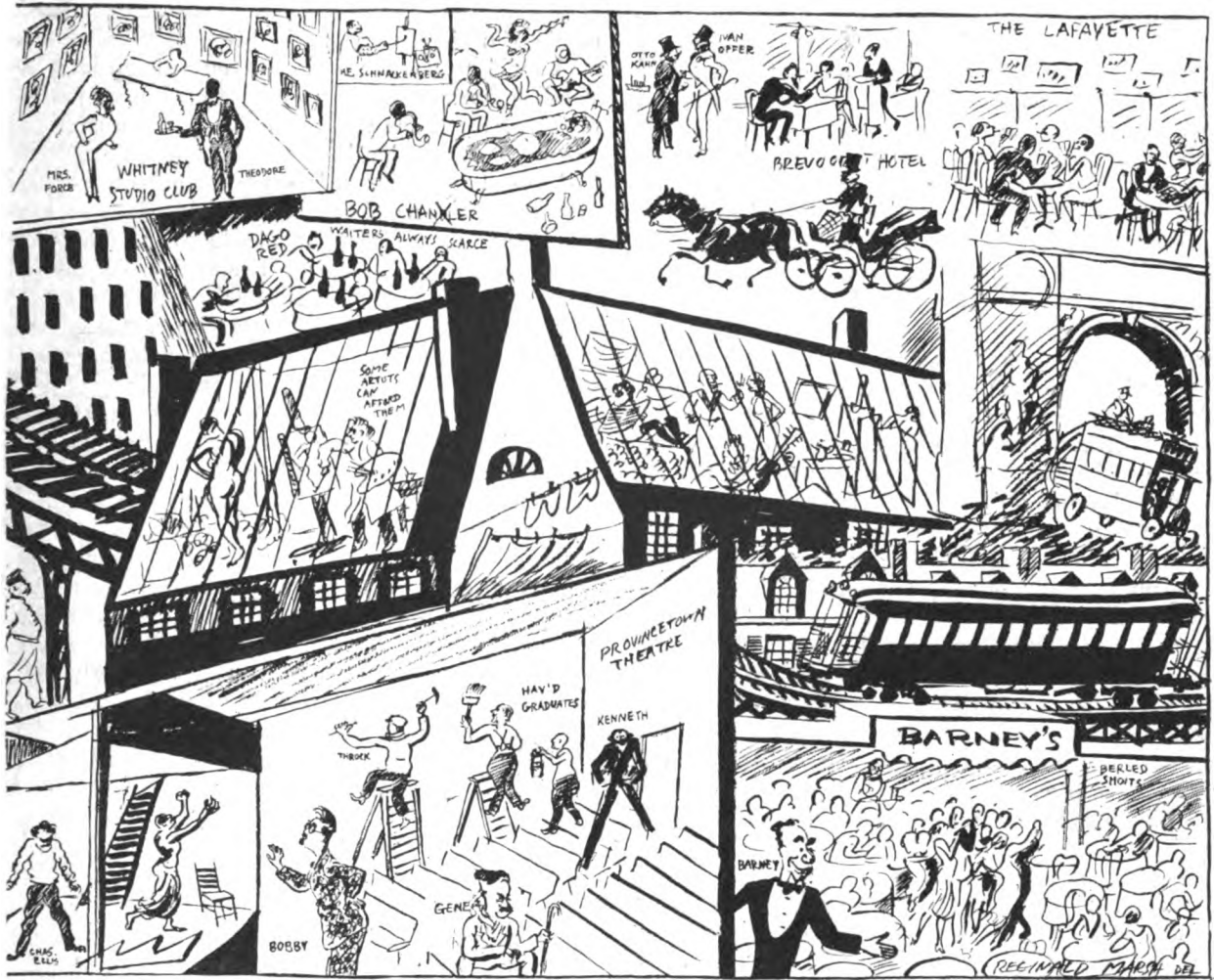
He does, to be sure, exercise a benevolent censorship. He says what is best for his clients, and the rest is silence. Unless, of course, Abby Rockefeller should be arrested for speeding, in which circumstance the affair is beyond his control.

One of the New York *American's* brightest lights, Edward Doherty, lately learned how suavely Mr. Lee works. The Hearst paper had been informed that Miss Abby Rockefeller's engagement to David Merriwether Milton, Jr., was to be announced soon. Mr. Doherty was assigned to run the report down. When he leaped out of the dreary office on William Street he had in hand the makings of the best society news beat in many a day.

Mr. Doherty went direct to the fountain head. He called at the imposing residence of young John D., in West Fifty-fourth Street. Mrs. Rockefeller received him graciously.

"Oh, yes," she admitted, with rather disarming





*Playground of the Bronx*

naivete, "it's true. But we did not plan to announce it until Saturday. I haven't time to discuss the details, but you may get them from Mr. Ivy Lee. I'll give you a note to him."

Presently Mr. Doherty found himself in Mr. Lee's office. Yes, said Mr. Lee, it was quite true. Perhaps it would be better if he consulted Mrs. Rockefeller, checking up on the date of the marriage and such details. Would Mr. Doherty be so good as to call at the Rockefeller town house at six o'clock? Mr. Doherty would.

Meantime, many bright young men sprang to action in Mr. Lee's office. Telephones jingled on every city desk in town, for if Mr. Doherty wanted a scoop, Mr. Lee was interested, in this specific moment, in seeing that the news was widely disseminated. So, when Mr. Hearst's reporter returned to West Fifty-fourth Street he found many fellows of his craft gathered in the great reception room of the Rockefeller mansion. At the appointed hour Mr. Lee gave out carefully exact statements to representatives of every newspaper in the city, and of every news association. The *American's* scoop went glimmering.

Mr. Doherty protested. He had had an exclusive tip. He resented having its exclusiveness destroyed. However much Mr. Doherty ranted, Mr. Lee was forever turning the other cheek. One suspects that whichever cheek he turned he may have had his tongue in it.

THEY do say that up at Columbia University students in an American literature course took little interest in the announcement of "The Scarlet Letter" as prescribed reading. Later the professor added that it was the story of "How Hester Won Her A." There was no further reluctance—Hawthorne got the job.

THE English call it "swank." In the Profession, that is, in the outer fringes of the Profession, it passes as "front." What name Big Business has for it is uncertain, but surely it is no simple word of one syllable. The dentist who applied the psychology of the thing so successfully has not labelled the process, possibly because he is too well satisfied with the results. Perhaps because he deems it pure Genius, as it may be.

He is a youngster, this dentist, out of college since the Armistice. He was struggling along in an office away from the fashionable centers, acquiring a nice gloss on his clothes as he sat along waiting for patients who somehow took their molars and bicuspid elsewhere. And how much sharper than a serpent's tooth to a young dentist are friends already equipped with Carmichael bridges.

He became disgusted waiting for something to happen, this young dentist, so he sold his equipment and his practice, in the order named, for five thousand

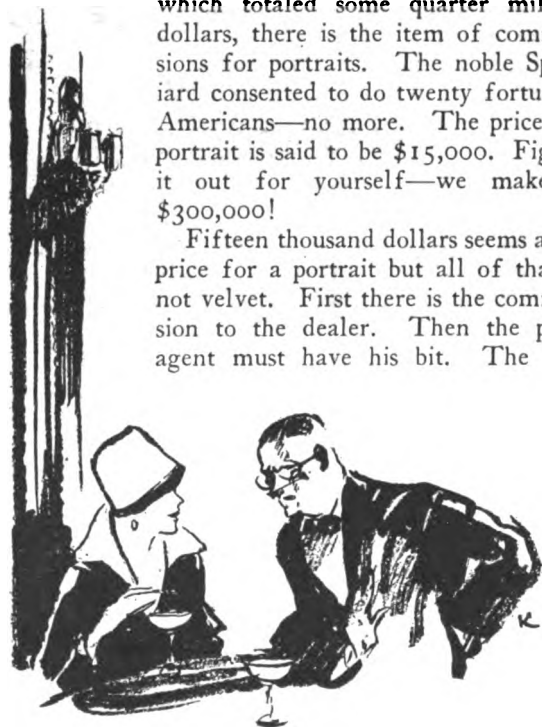
dollars. Uptown, further, one of the most fashionable hotels in the course of remodelling, had provided a few professional suites. The young man rented one, paid most of his money as a first installment on elaborate furnishings and imposing machinery, and the bulk of the remainder to outfit two attractive young ladies as superlatively swanky attendants.

Inquiries among his associates gained him the information that the most grasping of dentists, aside from the surgeon extractors, had not hitherto dared to charge more than twenty dollars an hour for their services. Calmly, he set his price at forty dollars an hour and within a month—reverting to the parlance of the Profession—he was turning 'em away.

His patients mostly are perfectly sweet and perfectly wealthy old ladies, who have nothing to worry about but their health; and, surely, forty dollars an hour is not too much when one remembers that the young man is paid more for listening to symptoms than for any dental repair work he may do. He does little of that, anyway, arguing that since most of his patients are rapidly approaching their twilight, they don't want oral improvements that cannot be other than temporary. His major cares are not to inflict physical hurt on anyone; and to be sure that the mulled wine and the excellent tea he serves each afternoon are to the tastes of the nice, old dears who so willingly pay him twice as much as anyone else in town has had sufficient genius to charge them.

AS the art dealers in New York survey the wreckage, looking nervously about to see which point of the compass might bring the next cyclone, they devote their odd moments to calculations and figures. Most of these calculations, one would hope, have to do with the hire of press agents. For all of them, we hear, have become firm believers in the genus press agent since the Zuloaga onslaught. Aside from the museum pieces, sold the first day, which totaled some quarter million dollars, there is the item of commissions for portraits. The noble Spaniard consented to do twenty fortunate Americans—no more. The price per portrait is said to be \$15,000. Figure it out for yourself—we make it \$300,000!

Fifteen thousand dollars seems a big price for a portrait but all of that is not velvet. First there is the commission to the dealer. Then the press agent must have his bit. The cost



of the canvas is not to be hastily overlooked, either.

A rapid calculation will give you a rough idea. A standing portrait, say: Nine feet of canvas will be necessary for the legs, another four for the torso and two more for the head. The dogs at the feet, or the bull ring, will require at least three feet more. Everyone of course is not fortunate enough to have an Elsinore, even by marriage, for a background. But there is the packing plant, or the tire factory, or the oil derrick, and any of those heraldries will take up another five feet. That is a twenty-three foot canvas and canvas at \$3.50 a yard. A hundred dollars would scarcely cover the paint, even at wholesale.

Then there is the boy who carries the buckets around, handing up the stuff to the master on the scaffold. The items of garden hoes, trowels and airbrush machine seem small but should go on to the total.

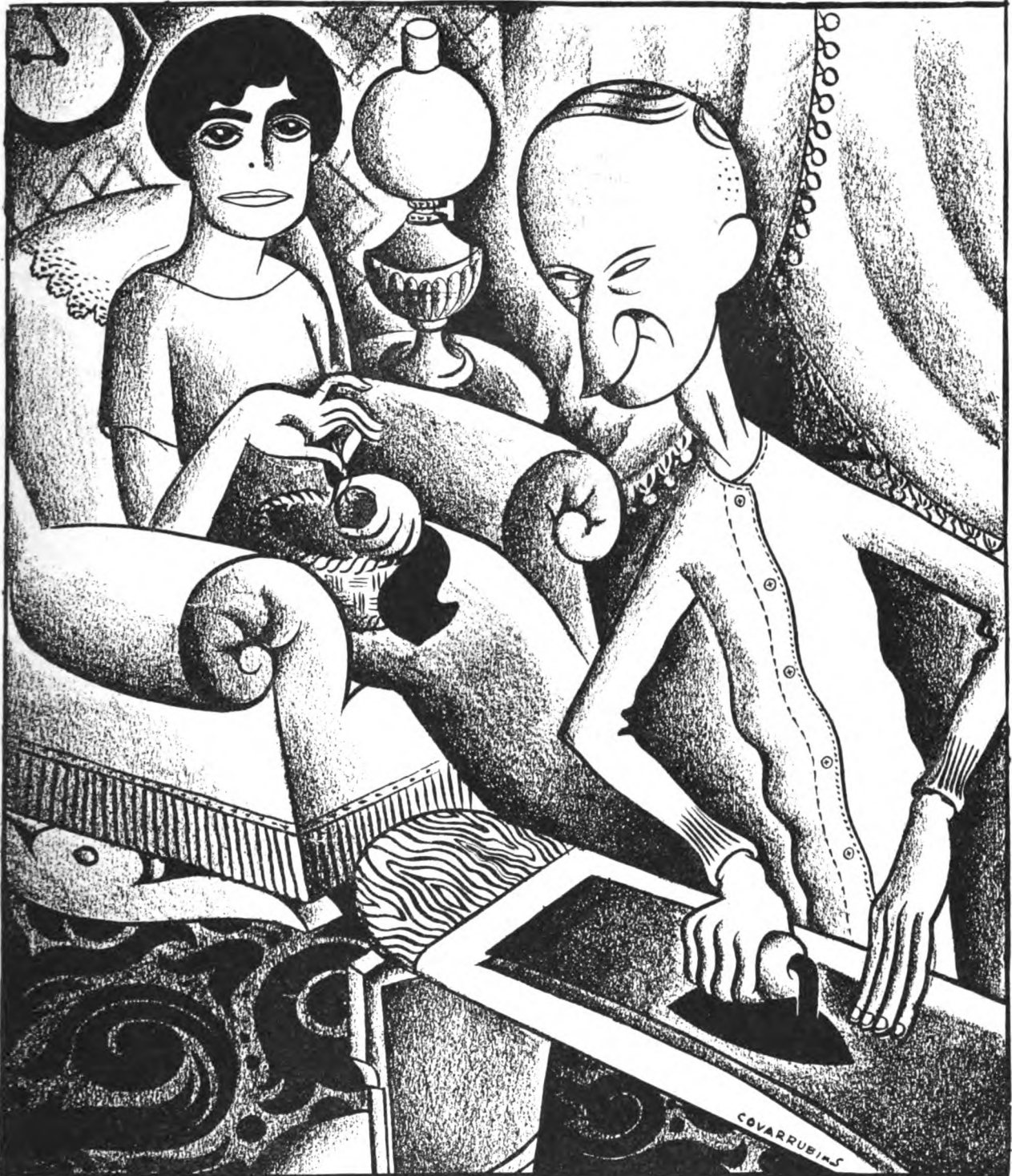
The twenty American women (funny how we just assumed they were all women) will have something worth remembering when they get their portraits. And they might as well remember this: The price each pays would support two good artists for a year, or say fifteen students for one year, or, properly used, uncover a dozen or more undiscovered geniuses. And a couple of years from now you'll have a hard time remembering what Zuloaga was. Chewing gum, was it, or a new Volstead drink?

THROUGH one of the side streets in the middle belt, off Fifth Avenue, came a youngster on roller skates, sufficient novelty in himself to attract attention, rattling along the sidewalks, where dusk had fallen and which the lull between homegoing and theatrecoming had left almost deserted. He stooped before one of the street lamps and poked at it with a large, square key. Opening a door in the cast-iron column, he turned a switch and at once a sputtering sounded overhead. The incandescent arc cast an uneasy blue pool on the asphalt, faint in the twilight.

One wondered why a boy was making the rounds so. Until ten years ago all the great lamps on Fifth Avenue and in the neighboring streets were waked to duty by youngsters who made their rounds on roller skates, and shut off when day was flushing by the same boys. These youths were paid \$3.50 weekly, and many an ambitious kid struggled to comparative education on such income. Then the electric light company hooked up the lights to central switches and a choice field of endeavor was forever closed to boys.

THE temperature always drops in the vicinity of an iceberg, so Charles Evans Hughes' association with President Coolidge may account for the public acceptance of its recent Secretary of State as one of those gentlemen with a permanent frosting. It is not so. He is a charming and genial person, even under such trying circumstance as discovering that the Pullman compartment reserved for himself and Mrs. Hughes was occupied by a couple, who held tickets.

The Secretary, warm and friendly, insisted that the couple keep the compartment, yielding to the legal percentage which favors possession. Mrs. Hughes offered a box of candy for the lady's delight. The two cou-

*Almost Bedtime**"Economy Is Idealism in Its Most Practical Form."*

ples chatted pleasantly, while the Pullman conductor hunted for an empty compartment elsewhere. He found one in another car, and the couple upon whom Fame light shone less brilliantly than it did on Mr. and Mrs. Hughes insisted on moving, over the protests of the Secretary.

**T**HE not least impressive feature of Harry Houdini's campaigns against the spirits is the perfect synchronization between his denunciations of Mar-

jorie and his appearances as a vaudeville headliner. He doesn't announce such incidents as—well, he sold a story to a New York magazine the other day and received a check with what even he admitted was commendable promptness. Two days later the editor of the magazine received a telephone call from Houdini, asking that payment be stopped on the check. It seems that his pocket had been picked by someone unaware of his identity—or, perhaps, Marjorie has better controls than Mr. Houdini would admit.



# OF ALL THINGS



**F**OSDICK, thank the Lord, is out at last, and the acute problem of over-crowding in the First Presbyterian Church is nearing a solution.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER wishes one and all an Ideal Ides of March. *Tax vobiscum.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Nils Fischer, the son of the Swedish Rockefeller, recovered his memory after a three-months' lapse and his first remark was probably that time certainly flies and he didn't realize it was so close to income tax day, but would get after the matter right away.

❖ ❖ ❖

The President's inaugural address was exceptionally short. Some of us, however, like the long ones best. In neglecting to read them we save more time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Colonel Coolidge left home for the inauguration in a sleigh. It will interest antiquarians to learn that the vehicle was drawn by one of those quaint, preCal, non-electric horses.

❖ ❖ ❖

The same morning Calvin drove Potential Pegasus only 96 volts, 14 kilowatts. Is the rising generation getting effete?

❖ ❖ ❖

*Liberty* is offering \$50,000 for an idea for Gloria Swanson. Our Computing Department hopes to be able to announce soon how much it will cost to furnish all our movie actresses with one idea apiece.

❖ ❖ ❖

We have a friend who says he has a big idea for a lot of them which he is willing to give away.

❖ ❖ ❖

We learn that the beginners-in-English class which has been working on that *Times* headline, "DRYS SWAMP WETS IN STATE LAW CLASH", reports no progress.

❖ ❖ ❖

In the play jury plan "the public's rights are to be guarded by John S. Sumner." An interesting new field for Mr. Sumner, who heretofore has been concerned only with wrongs.

❖ ❖ ❖

Our entry in the *World's Biggest News* contest is the story of alleged disharmony between Messrs. Mutt and Jeff. Mr. Mutt, we gather, is a liberal-minded

gentleman, but his patience has been sorely tried from time to time by Jeff's failure to appreciate the difference between liberty and license. Mr. Walter Lippman, it is understood, sees the difference perfectly; while John O'Hara Cosgrave, leader of the Hopeless Minority, is understood to be siding in with Jeff. In the interest of consistent journalism, it is expected that the Council will order someone who can be relied upon not to take issue with Mutt.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER is not satisfied with this demand to clean up Broadway. There can be no compromise with the theatre. Nothing but complete Prohibition of the Drama, by National Amendment, will suit us. We have no intention of abstaining, but we want to know what G. B. S. will say when his label is pasted on a few bootleg shows.

❖ ❖ ❖

Citizens are protesting against the gag put on Count Karolyi by the State Department. Some people are unhappy when a foreigner *doesn't* lecture.

❖ ❖ ❖

An earthquake finally struck New York, but we didn't know anything about it until we saw it in the papers the next day. A good one on the earthquake. But it sets us wondering. Maybe the world did come to an end on that night when the Apostle of Doom said it would, and the reporters muffed the story. That, we submit, would be a good one on New York.

❖ ❖ ❖

The more we think about it, the more it worries us. If the earth has resigned, it is time we all knew it, no matter what interests may be affected. The *Times* may have got the story, but the *Times* is so definitely opposed to radical changes that it may have considered it unfit to print. Page Upton Sinclair.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER, incidentally, at some little expense of time and money, has prepared a bill, which is to be introduced into the Assembly of the State of New York at the earliest possible moment. It hereby calls upon all good citizens to come to its support. If there is sufficient demand, THE NEW YORKER will make the necessary arrangements for a special train to carry interested lobbyists to Albany when the bill comes up for discussion.

The bill follows:

*AN ACT to make reference to the unfortunate happening of Saturday, Feb. 28, as the New York fire and not as the New York earthquake compulsory. The People of the State of New York, represented*



in Senate and Assembly, do hereby enact as follows:

Section 1. The Police of the City of New York and the Police of the State of New York are hereby authorized to shoot on sight and kill or maim any and all persons even suspected of referring to the slight local disturbance in New York City on the night of February the twenty-eighth, 1925, as an earthquake

or anything other than a fire. A bounty of \$1,000 shall be paid to private citizens producing the charred body of anyone making such a treasonable statement.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

*The New Yorker*

## THE HOUR GLASS

### The Stone Mountain Age



Gutzon Borglum

Gutzon Borglum is a rare figure among workers in marble and bronze. He is not a member of the Sculptors' League, which condition does not appear to worry him much; nor, to be impartial, the league. The only parallel suggesting itself would be that of a prominent writing person, resident in New York, who never had lunched at the Algonquin.

It may be gathered that Mr. Borglum is possessed of that fine scorn for things and persons apart which is known as (a) independence of spirit, or (b) boorishness, depending on the point of view.

Destroying models in the course of a dispute is not a new experience to Mr. Borglum. He has all the contempt for lay supervision evinced by Benvenuto Cellini during his residence in the fortress of St. Paul—or was it St. Peter? Twenty years ago, Dr. Sutherland of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine contended that there were no feminine angels, that being before women became what is known as a Power. So Mr. Borglum up and smashed the two figures he had completed for the decoration of the edifice.

Perhaps Messrs. Randolph and Co., of Atlanta, do not know it, but in New York's art circles it is being said they are lucky Stone Mountain is as solid as it is.

### The Feted Armenian



Michael Arlen

It was so in old time that a poet called Bunthorne clad himself in rich silks and carried a sunflower. And people who saw him said thus and thus.

In later day arose another, speaking bravely of fair ladies with tiger tawny hair and the sons of blonde earls, his own face and coloring like unto those of the villain in a Drury Lane melodrama. Black, he was, this Michael Arlen, of whom the ladies spoke greatly.

He was forever commanding special cloths to be woven for his weskits; and the greatest of all great coats were fashioned to his young form; and the shiniest of shiny top hats adorned his head. To Paris he flew by specially chartered airplane to keep rendezvous. In London none so Mayfair as he.

And people who saw him said thus and thus, of Bunthorne and of press agency. But, as to that, that is as it may be.

### Meet Mrs. Warwick!

However much one may disagree with Tammany's policies, one cannot but admire its politics. The Fourteenth Street General Staff was first in the country to recognize the value of women as political field marshals.

Out of that recognition, the shining light risen thus far, though well hidden under the bushel-like dome of the Capitol in Albany, is Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, who had held various offices under the Smith regimes.

She has been, since genial Al startled the orthodox by proving the first well-dressed Governor of New York State, his closest political adviser. Not even the late Tom Foley's judgments carried more weight than did hers; nor were they any wiser in the ways of the political world. On only one major occasion did Mr. Smith depart from her opinions—when he signed the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. This is said to have cost him the Democratic nomination for President, which denial was, remembering Mr. Davis's experience, perhaps Tom Foley's greatest achievement.



Mrs. H. Moskowitz

### The Efficient Lady



Edith Ellis

It is amazing how many reputations New York creates without knowing anything about them. In this instance, Edith Ellis. For years—or perhaps one should not say years when a lady is under discussion—for an appreciable length of time, then—she has been toiling in the theatrical vineyards; and her vintages have not been among the poorest, either.

She can dash off an acceptable play manuscript, or direct a play, or perform those skillful operations which sometimes save laboring dramas from Mr. Kane's graveyard. Not only can she do it, but she has been doing it for—an appreciable length of time.

California seems to have discovered her first. It was there her play, "White Collars" ran a year before making its New York debut. And even New York cannot laugh off a year's run, without recourse to some crude quip about the climate.

The lady gives off that distressingly efficient appearance of the woman who directs affairs, as opposed to the lady who merely has them. Never, never, in your wildest dreams could you imagine even the most flip chorine asking Miss Ellis where she bought her lip stick. And if this isn't a picture, we give up.

# THE TONSILS OF THE GIFT HORSE

LAST winter it happened that one evening both my wife and I were unable to use our box at the opera. I forget just what it was that prevented us. I think we had promised to attend a rather exclusive public auction of unredeemed pledges.

Be that as it may, we couldn't use our *loge* and so I arranged myself on a couch, with a sagon of prune juice, a box of cigars, an address book, a stop watch and a telephone, and undertook to treat someone to a high class evening of expensive pleasure.

If you have never tried to deal a hand of free opera tickets to a friend, you have no real conception of what selling means. My first beneficiary was Reggie van Runt. I called him before anyone else because he had just got himself engaged to be married, and you know how that is.

"Reggie, old darling," I piped, "what are you going to do to-night?"

"Why?" he answered warily.

"Well, I tell you, Reg, you see Birdie and I have made some sort of date or something—made it some time ago, you understand—and we clean forgot that to-night happens to be our night at the opera, and naturally we thought that perhaps you—"

"Perhaps not," said Reggie. "Sorry I can't oblige, but to-night happens to be the day Harold Lloyd's new one comes out around the corner and I promised Eloise . . ."

I hung up and took a nip of the prune elixir and interrupted Central again. (*Time, including getting telephone number, 15 minutes, 13 2/5 seconds.*)

My next selection was Mrs. Ellery Bilgewater, my wife's cousin who lives in the suburbs and has five charming children. It seemed a logical choice. After interviewing each of the children, in genealogical order, I eventually got the ear of Mrs. Bilgewater herself. To her I propounded my proposition.

"It's perfectly sweet of you," chirped the little woman. "And what's the opera?"

"Crispino," I said, brightly.

"Crispino," she repeated.

"No less," said I.

"And who's to take the parts?"

"Take the parts? Ah, yes, I beg your pardon. Of course. You would want to know that, wouldn't you? Let's see. I suppose Scotti and Didur and—"

"Oh, my dear friend," she broke in, hurriedly. "I am more than sorry. I'd completely forgotten. Billy and I have a bridge party on. Isn't that stupid!"

"Yes, very," I agreed, replacing the receiver. (*Time, twenty-one minutes, 7 3/5 seconds.*)

After a brief interval for refreshment, I made another plunge. I have a venerable aunt who is nearly totally deaf. It seemed to me she had been specially fitted by Providence to enjoy that box.



"Hello, Aunt Lena, hello!" I shouted. "Hello, Aunt Lena, this is Jack. Can you hear me? No? Hello, this is Jack. No. No! Don't you understand? This is Jack. Yes, that's right. This is Jack. Very well, thanks. And you? Ah, that's too bad. I say that's too bad. Listen, Aunt Lena, how would you like our box at the opera to-night? No, not copra. Opera. I don't know its name. What's the difference? You think it's Crispino, do you? You won't go if it is? Wait a moment, I'll look it up. What? You'll look

it up yourself? Hello! . . . Oh, it is Crispino? Well, if you won't, you won't. Good bye . . . Old mudhen."

"If Aunt Lena heard you," observed my wife, who had entered in time to catch my last sentence, "it'll make a difference in her will."

"Never fear," said I, mopping my forehead. "She's sound proof. Pour me out a little of that poison, will you, dear, while I play a rubber with Central?"

When at last old Dr. Jabberwock wheezed into hearing I put it to him thus:

"Dr. Jabberwock, this is the night we usually give up to opera, but unfortunately my wife has made other plans and we shall be unable to go. The opera is Carmen, with Ponselle, Scotti, Amato, Chaliapin, Jeritzza, Jolson, Joe Cook and the Duncan Sisters singing the principal roles. Could you go?"

"Just a minute, my boy—" There was a rumbling at the other end of the wire as he spoke to his wife.

He replied: "Too bad it's Carmen. If it were any other piece we'd be glad to help you out."

I am not a man easily discouraged. When I undertake to do something, I undertake it.

I leaped to my feet, and raced to the opera house. A queue of weary-looking addicts reached around the block. I sidled up to a man near the head of the line and smiled.

"What would you say to a box?" I asked him.

He drew away from me, pretending not to hear.

"No fooling," I said. "I've got a box I can't use."

He refused to give me, as the saying goes, a tumble. I went farther down the line. I tried a woman.

"Madam," I began, in an undertone, "I would be happy to give you a box for to-night."

"You're drunk," said she, in a raucous voice.

"Madam," I replied, crimson. "You wrong me. I am not drunk. I must ask you to take that back."

"Police," she roared, "police! Help! Police!"

There was a quick shuffle of steps, and something fell on the back of my neck. When the clouds finally rolled by I found myself in a cubicle dimly lighted by one small window with large iron bars on the outside. (*Time one hour, 45 minutes, 15 seconds.*)

—John Chapman Hilder

# THE FOLLIES OF FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

*By the Professor*

LET me explain, at the beginning of this profound treatise, that I am not a Professor of Dramatic Art. I attend all the shows, but until I read what Woollcott and Broun have to say, I never have the slightest idea whether the play is good or bad.

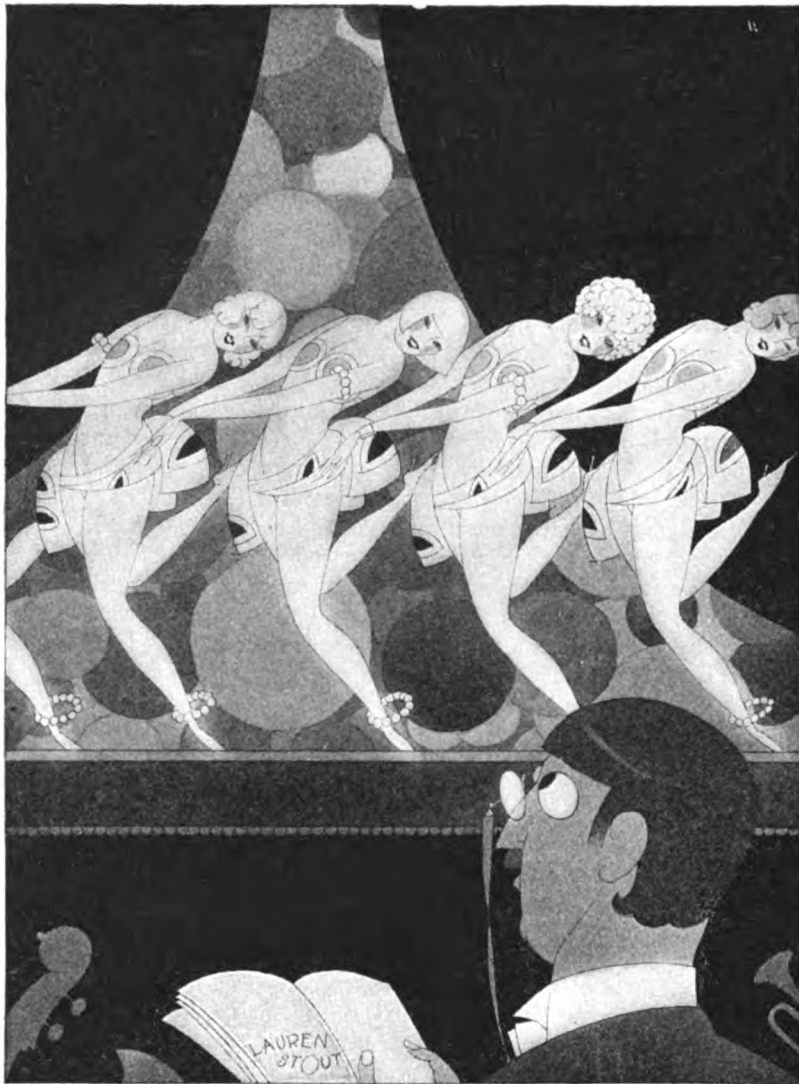
Even then, it used to be a puzzle to me, until I discovered the method by which the New York police determine the religion of the babies they pick up from time to time. It is known as the Odd or Even System. No. 1 is a Catholic, No. 2 a Protestant, No. 3 a Catholic, and so on, except in the occasional instance where the youngster can prove that he was never meant to be a Christian.

My system is still simpler. I give Broun all the decisions on the odd days of the month, while the others all go to Woollcott. In the meantime, I don't care a snap whether the play is good or bad. I am not a Professor of Dramatic Art. I am a Professor of Newyorkology. As a guide to the theatre, this lecture will be worthless. It is intended only for those earnest students of life who are forever asking the question: "What does a New Yorker Think About? And if so, Why?"

In discussing the Ziegfeld Follies, however, I feel free to ignore both Woollcott and Broun. This show was never cut out to be drama, and I can't see what the dramatic critics have to do with it.

Take that Mitty and Tillio number, for instance. It isn't drama. It's osteopathy. Osteopathy De Luxe, and the audience is undoubtedly interested, but calling it a dance doesn't fool anybody but a dramatic critic. The program didn't say which was Mitti and which was Tillio, but whichever one was the girl was admirably undressed for the part. I do not mean that her costume was bold. Far from it. It was positively shrinking. When Ann Pennington appeared, everybody looked at her knees, but when this girl was on the stage, people hardly noticed her knees at all. They looked directly at her.

But I set out to discuss the Follies of Florenz Zieg-



*He must glorify the American girl to the limit*

feld. You won't find them in the show. Imagine, for instance, calling Will Rogers a Folly. Rogers is a Fact. Rogers is a Point of View. Rogers is a Personal Experience which every New Yorker must have for himself. Follies can be avoided, but Will Rogers can't. One might as well try to avoid adolescence or the income tax. Fight against it as he may, there comes a time in the life of every New Yorker when he finds himself face to face with Will Rogers and the way in which he meets this crisis will just about determine his future happiness. If he accepts Will Rogers and makes the most of him, he may find life a joy; if he continues to struggle, there is little hope.

Probably Mr. Ziegfeld's greatest folly is the notion, which he sometimes entertains, of discontinuing the Follies. Mr. Ziegfeld does not seem to be acquainted with himself. He thinks he is a person. He doesn't know that he is an institution. He is at once the most powerful and the most powerless man in town. For it is the Ziegfeld Follies, not Tammany Hall, which regulates life in the metropolis, nevertheless, Mr. Ziegfeld is not permitted to have anything to say about it.

The most that Tammany can do to New York is to give it a government. Whether it gives us a good

government or a rotten one is pretty much up to Tammany, but if the government is a misfit, nothing much happens except crime waves and graft and epidemics and catastrophes.

If the Ziegfeld Follies didn't exactly fit New York, there's no telling what might happen. They've got to fit. They've got to be just so. Esthetically and morally, New York has no other standard. Not that Mr. Ziegfeld sets the styles in either morals or esthetics. But he registers them, which is a much more responsible job.

He's like the Prince of Wales. H. R. H. must dress correctly, but he can't dress as he'd like to and call that correct. A style isn't really a style until he approves it, but he cannot approve a style until it has become stylish.

Ziegfeld is like that. Every so often, he must produce a "Follies." But he can't experiment; for it is preordained that his show must be absolutely correct. If he puts it on, of course, it becomes correct forthwith; while if Earl Carroll puts it on, it might not become correct for months and months. This is the agony of being an institution and this is what H. R. H. was always belly-aching about.

What does one ribbon, more or less, matter to the average producer of revues? One less might land him in jail, to be sure, but he can always take a chance. Ziegfeld has no such latitude. He must glorify the American Girl to the limit, but he must know in advance exactly where that limit is.

Mr. Ziegfeld seems to imagine (Folly No. 2) that New Yorkers go to the Follies to be entertained. They don't. They go there to worship—and to discover where the exact limit of propriety has moved.

Lastly, Mr. Ziegfeld doesn't know that he is the greatest moral influence in the city. There are many far greater moralists, but they are not influential. New York is instinctively proper, and it insists upon having a standard of propriety. Give it one that is too uncomfortable, however, and it won't wear it very long, but give it one that exactly fits, and New York will scrupulously live up to it. As between John Roach Straton and utter abandonment, it might quite easily choose abandonment. But as between Ziegfeld and anything improper, it votes almost un-animously for Ziegfeld.

I forget whether it was a good show or not, but as a barometer of New York, it can't be excelled.

## IN OUR MIDST

ALFRED HARCOURT is forgetting the publishing business for a while in the Southland.

\* \* \*

Charles B. Falls was at the party at Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Wrenn's last week and ate Dorothy Gish's share of sweets, the latter having to stay thin for a picture she is making.

\* \* \*

Arthur Hiram Samuels, the pianist, came back from a trip South last week.

\* \* \*

Ruth Hawthorne, the playwright, who has been sick, is getting along fine.

\* \* \*

F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda are in Rome. Scott having about finished a novel to be called "The Great Braxton."

\* \* \*

Hundreds of persons were kept up late last Friday dancing at the Kit Kat ball.

\* \* \*

Stewart Edward White, of California, is in town for the first time in three years, noting the improvements and vice versa.

\* \* \*

Harry Wagstaff Gribble is confined to his left hand owing to a broken finger on his right one.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, of Chicago, was in town last Friday, calling on Miss Joan Baragwanath, a contemporary of her daughter.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Hilda Gaige gave a grand farewell party to Miss Beatrice Lillie last Thursday night, and then Bee came back with a grand luncheon Friday on the Olympic on which she sailed

back to England Saturday, thus rounding out the week.

\* \* \*

Among those late for the opening of "Starlight" last Tuesday was Herbert Bayard Swope.

\* \* \*

Gilbert Miller, got back from England last week looking a little thinner, he thanked God.

\* \* \*

Mary Brandon Sherwood is on the lamb chop and pineapple list.

\* \* \*

Roland Young was in town one day last week seen running like everything for a train to Boston, where he is in business.

\* \* \*

Mrs. James Stephens was on the sick list the other day, but feels better at this writing.

\* \* \*

Jane Cowl is giving a party this coming Thursday night for some of her friends.



Bill Tilden, II, has gone to Palm Beach, presumably on literary business.

\* \* \*

Philip A. Payne, the dynamic managing editor of the *Daily News*, is bon vivant around town quite a bit these days, as High Guest of clubs ranging from Rotary to Cheese. Last time Phil was heard of he was assisting in the rescue of Imogene Wilson from Frank Tinney's fell clutches, it being early in the morning when Imogene telephoned 25 Park Place for assistance and no reporters of the Strong Arm Squad being available.

\* \* \*

Eugene O'Neill is vacationing in Bermuda, far from the dirt farmers of Broadway.

\* \* \*

Miss Dorothea Antel conducts what is known as a "Bedside Agency" at 600 West 186th Street. Considerable agitation among the younger bloods followed receipt of this information until a grey-head advised it probably meant trained nurses.

\* \* \*

Anne Morgan gave a large tea for many of the elite lately, parts of France still needing reconstruction.

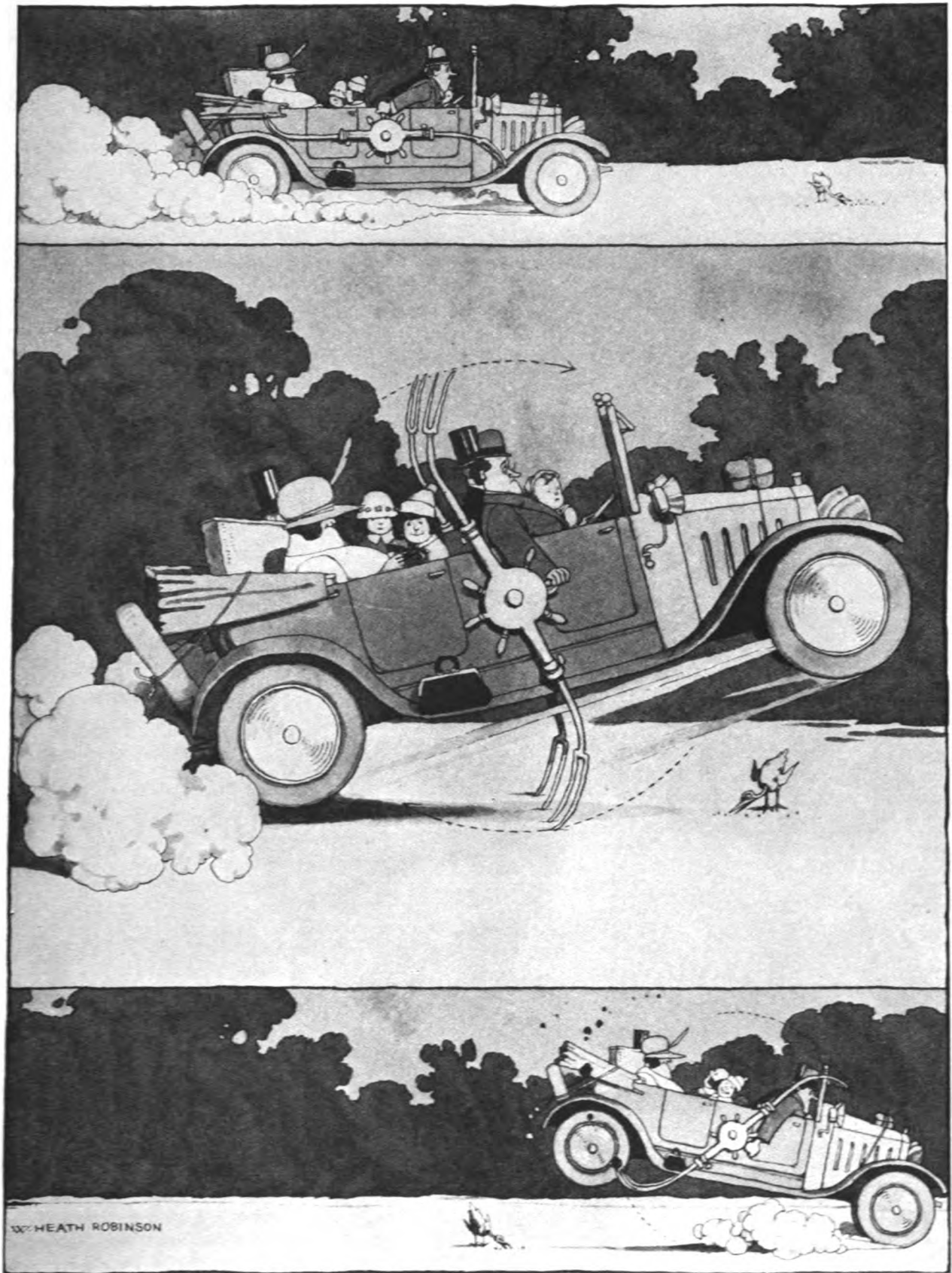
\* \* \*

Among those feeling the recent earthquake were Minna S. Adams, upper West Side; Christine Norman, upper East Side; Man in Yonkers.

\* \* \*

Scott Bone is returning, after an illness, from his exile in Alaska and friends are talking of arranging a surprise for him in the shape of *Managing Editorship* of a metropolitan daily.





*The New Safety Fork Adjustment for Automobiles  
for the Protection of Chickens on the Road*



## IBSEN DONE RIGHT BY AT LAST

*Great Work by The Actors' Theatre in Forty-Eighth Street*

**T**HIS is a genuine spirit photograph of the superb production of "The Wild Duck" being given at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre. The figures, left to right, are Mr. Cecil Yapp as *Old Ekdal*, Mr. Tom Powers as *Gregers Werle*, Mr. Warburton Gamble as *Hjalmar Ekdal*, Miss Blanche Yurka as *Gina* and Miss Helen Chandler as *Hedvig*. When the plate was developed in the presence of Mr. Harry Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a sixth figure, undoubtedly that of the Great Nordic Blond, appeared in the background.

Mr. Dudley Digges and Miss Clare Eames have treated it as a fine play and not as a classic, thus insuring fine acting and avoiding the false and orotund strutting and mouthing heretofore visited upon Ibsen. Our spirit control, Juanita, tells us that, since his death in 1906, Ibsen has turned over fewer than 4,967 complete revolutions in his grave over the manner in which his plays have been acted by players who have approached them with beads of sweat on their brows and knocking knees. His soul may now rest forever in peace.—*R. B.*



**I**F you were an actress, God forbid, yours would indeed be the breaks if you could appear in a play about another actress. It must be like Christmas morning to a star to find that she is to have a prolonged crack at the leading rôle in one of those dramas that tells the story of the tempestuous, tousle-headed, golden-hearted little hoyden who becomes the greatest actress in la belle France, or the toast of that so-mad Vienna, or the glory of brave little Poland, or what you will.

One of those dramas that carefully explains, every other line, how but to look upon the heroine is to love her, and what wonder is it that men go mad, apparently in block formation, and shoot themselves *en masse* as tribute to her charms. One of those dramas that unfailingly includes the big temperamental scene with the manager, showing how the kiddie got her start. One of those dramas whose heroine is just as dazzling at seventy as she was at twenty. And one of those dramas which is so gloriously, so comfortingly, so riotously insistent that the lady of the leading part is the greatest actress of all time. It mayn't be so much fun for the audience, but, boy, what a field day it is for the star.

The latest of the plays along these lines is "Starlight", which, rumor is persistently hating it, is another of those little rascals that delighted all the great hearts out on the Coast. Somehow, the longer we live—which is occurring even as we sit here, tossing restlessly at the typewriter,—the more personal become our feelings about California. It's a pretty lucky day for it that it is three thousand miles away.

Well, anyway, that is scarcely here, nor, as our French cousins would put it, *la* (there). "Starlight" is the work of Miss Gladys Unger, who is, at a conservative estimate, not this department's favorite playwright. She has told her story in a bewildering number of scenes, and has let it become known that her heroine is, really, Sarah Bernhardt. The lace-like delicacy and mellowed good taste of this tribute of hers to the dead Bernhardt become strikingly apparent when it is developed that the rip-roaring comedy scene of

the play shows the actress in the pangs and outcry of labor.

To Miss Doris Keane falls the rôle of the actress, and she goes through it like Sherman to the sea. There were heartening flashes during her performance when we thought, "Why, heaven bless her critical heart, she's kidding what you Americans call the tripe out of this thing", and we warmed to her, in our great sympathy, and were sisters under the skin, and everything. But then again there were long, loud stretches when our spirit drooped and we could not but feel that her burlesquing of the part was only too unintentional.

And now, if we can find a taxi with a green flag, let us fly far from the Broadhurst Theatre to the quaint discomfort of the Provincetown Playhouse, where they are producing Charles Vildrac's "Michel Auclair". It is a quiet play, with the same singleness of tone that pervaded ("pervaded"! we must work that in again!) the author's "S. S. Tenacity". But it seemed to us a highly interesting one, without a minute's exception, and well acted, besides, by Helen Freeman, Walter Abel and Edgar Stehli, in the order named.

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### The New Plays

**SKY-HIGH.** *At the Shubert. One of those Shubert musical things, with Willie Howard, minus his big brother, and plus Joyce Barbour and an unusually adept chorus.*

**STARLIGHT.** *At the Broadhurst. Doris Keane in a comedy of many scenes covering fifty-nine years in the life of a famous actress. It seems longer.*

**LOUIE THE 14TH.** *At the Cosmopolitan. Mr. Ziegfeld running wild on costumes, settings, and Leon Errol's salary, and then royally handing over baby's bank to cover the expenses of comedy and music.*

**MICHEL AUCLAIR.** *At the Provincetown. A subdued little play by the author of "S. S. Tenacity," well acted and skilfully presented.*

**PIERROT THE PRODIGAL.** *At the Forty-eighth Street. Laurette Taylor in Tuesday-and-Friday matinees of the revived pantomime.*

---

Up at the Cosmopolitan—say what you like about us, you must admit that we cover a lot of territory,—is the new Ziegfeld production, "Louie the 14th", which must have cost thirty or forty million dollars in costumes alone, even if they had them made in the house by a seamstress. We have always felt that insisting upon the beauty of a show's costuming is rather like saying, after witnessing certain movies, "Well, it was awfully good photography, anyway." And it is in just that spirit that we call attention to the lavish habiliments of "Louie the 14th."

And now, just so you won't think we are always crabbing, we will conclude this recital with a word or so for the Actors' Theatre—they that were the Equity Players—production of "The Wild Duck." Simply swell.

# STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



THE Coffee War, known in history as "The Irrepressible Conflict," broke out in New York in the nineteenth or twentieth century. On one side were the Manhattan Regulars, who insisted on their right to sleep until 11 A.M., and on the other the

Terrible Neighbors, who regularly ground their coffee at half past six. The war waged furiously for twenty-five or fifty years, and was settled by the intervention of the Building Trades, who installed steam riveters in every back yard.

As the war was largely verbal, the casualties were never counted. But the language of Manhattan was greatly enriched.

"Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eggs," was one of the famous slogans of the Manhattanites.

"What is wrong with this picture?" the neighbors grimly retorted. We are also indebted to this period for such sayings as "Buy a Saxophone!" and "Four Out of Five, After Forty, Get Pyorrhoea!" This mysterious phrase was obviously a hint, on the part of the outraged citizenry, that the outragers were likely to lose their grinders.

"The early bird catches the germ," wrote Benjamin Franklin, a war correspondent on George Horace Lorimer's staff. And, of another phase of this same contest between New Yorkers and their neighbors, Abraham Lincoln observed: "This country can not exist half shaved and half free."

New York, as we said, was saved by noise. After this, when any particular noise disturbed anyone, he invented another to drown it out. Some of the biggest noises were the elevated railroad, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, jazz, static and John Roach Straton. Static wasn't exactly an invention. It was an adaptation by the Radio Corporation of a language spoken before that date only by subway guards.

Presently, New York became known as the World Metropolis. Metropolis means "Middle City," and

New Yorkers believed that they were in the middle of the world. In those days, the people thought the earth was flat.

Flat was a sacred word with them. The people lived in flats, and one of their early temples was known as the Flatiron Building. Moreover, they called the birthplace of their famous Champion "Flatbush."

They exchanged flats every year, on the first of October, at a great religious festival known as Moving Day. Everybody moved out October 1, but few moved in. The landlords wouldn't let them in unless they got rid of their children and until the little ones could be disposed of, the families lived in vans.

The vans figure largely in the history of the city. Sometimes they are referred to as the Dutch Settlers. Undoubtedly this refers to those families who wanted to settle but had got in Dutch.

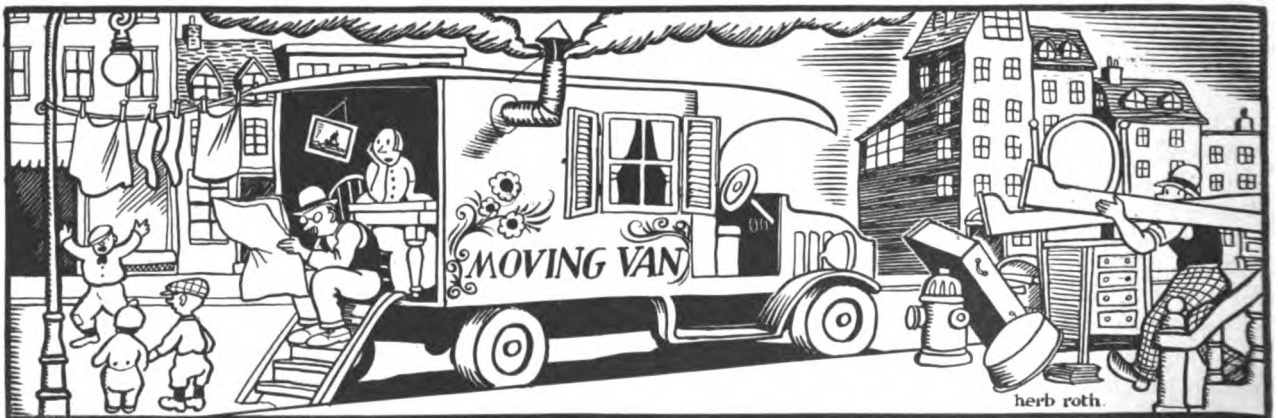
Nevertheless, despite opposition of the landlords, the population of New York increased amazingly. This was a never-ending marvel to visitors from out of town, who were always asking: "How do you keep it up?"

The cost of living in Manhattan soared, but everybody seems to have agreed that it was worth the money. Instead of complaining about the rent, the people moved into hotels; and instead of paying their hotel bills, they gave lectures on the New Psychology. Many workingmen, however, were compelled to discharge their chauffeurs and millions of manicurists were forced to become screen stars. The screen stars eked out their living by recommending facial creams.

The people soon had more money than they could carry and invented a game known as the Telephone Booth. They began by betting on a number and finished by kicking the door down. If a player got the right number, he died of shock.

The New York girls were noted for their looks. Looking was one of the best things they did. The manicurists couldn't all manicure, and the stenographers couldn't all stenog, but in the fine art of looking, they were uniformly faithful, and hard working.

The most famous beauties of the period were Flo Ziegfeld and Babe Ruth.—*Sawdust*



*The Landlords Wouldn't Let Them in Unless They Got Rid of Their Children*



## A Symbol in Pugilism

WHEN the world was still in the process of being made safe for the democracy of Messrs. Calvin Coolidge, Stanley Baldwin and Benito Mussolini, Jack Dempsey posed for his photograph one morning in the overalls of a shipyard worker. That week the slogan was, "Overalls will win the war."

Prints were despatched nationwide to newspaper offices by a government publicity worker, for the emergency was urgent. Germany was tramping to the Marne a second time. Our best minds were performing cerebral acrobatics trying to devise a slogan that would stem the tide of field gray and our Administration went so far as to throw some troops into the fighting.

In the midst of these excursions and alarums, Mr. Hugh Fullerton, then a Chicago newspaper man, received a proof of the shipyard photographer's work. His keen eye espied the brilliance of patent leather footgear below the patriotic overalls. The great machinery of journalism creaked into action almost

instantly. Hack artists pointed barbed arrows at the boots and drew about them circles of Chinese white which damned beyond Richelieu's resonant curse.

Overnight Jack Dempsey became a symbol, a tragic experience shared with him by Woodrow Wilson. One martyred for an ideal. The other pilloried for a pair of patent leather boots. It is a nice question which is the more ephemeral.

It may not be wise to dwell at length on the present heavyweight champion's earlier years. One may devote a paragraph to hints of out-of-the-way streets in Salt Lake City. One may smirk and say something about youth's lustiness; or one may frown and indulge in hypocritical denunciation. What difference?

The interesting fact is that out of Salt Lake's brawls came a conqueror who had learned his strength. He went the inevitable way of the beginner in the prize ring, gaining minor triumphs and the acclaim of a local reputation. Then he married and suffered a professional setback.

His first manager regarded the defeat as a victory for guile rather than for skill. He contended that Jim Flynn, an outworn trial horse, was incapable of a one-round knockout of Jack Dempsey. After questioning the first Mrs. Dempsey about her sudden acquisition of an expensive diamond ring, he showed her

husband the door. A highly moral manager.

Subsequent events bore out the manager in large part, for Mr. Dempsey never again was defeated. Since coming to pugilism's highest estate, he has refunded privately to his earlier guide the loss incurred by promoting that one suspicious fight.

Jack Dempsey has made a long stride in the ten years since he first became a figure in Salt Lake City's sporting circles, allowing time out for his quaffing of the diluted hemlock brewed by the American Legion. There is a wide gulf — geographically — between Sadie Thompson and the daughter of an earl. It has been traversed in a decade.

The defiant outlaw of nineteen has been weaned away at twenty-eight from the viewpoint of times when lounging policemen were inspected covertly and when travel was inexpensive if the freight crew wasn't looking.

Mr. Dempsey has learned that the camaraderie of poverty cannot survive the blight of wealth. Splitting the last dollar with a friend is

not so much, but sharing the first million is a large contract. So he lines his pockets with carefully folded single banknotes, to be fished out one at a time, wherewith he may meet quick touches from those who "knew him when."

A queer mixture, this Jack Dempsey. One hundred ninety pounds of perfect physical manhood, he has a high, piping voice, such as one expects to issue from an adolescent boy. He is nervous as a girl, never in repose, always anxious to be elsewhere. He has left a New York apartment for a stroll and on a whim taken the first train to the Pacific Coast.

Strangely, he honestly detests drunks; real drunks, that is. Their maudlin compliments sicken him. He has to put up with them, smile and gladhand the crowds of fans, sycophants and sport writers, but he hates this side of his life. As soon as he can do it diplomatically, he deserts any party whose members are drinking in the latter-day fashion, not wisely, but too well. How different from the first of his line—the old Roman, John L.

His business sense is acute. In an important law suit his pencilled notes on a witness' testimony were of almost vital assistance to his counsel. It was Mr. Dempsey who proposed investment of some of his own and his manager's immense earnings in a coal mine



Jack Dempsey

with no expectation of immediate return, but with a weather eye to future years and, perhaps, to present income taxes.

He reads nothing, not even the sporting pages of the newspapers. One literary critic, anxious to discover what library the champion might possess, found that the only book in which he was interested was the one wherein he had noted certain intriguing telephone numbers.

His sense of humor is sufficient to permit realization of some of his shortcomings. He takes neither his stage nor his motion picture efforts seriously; an unusual attitude among his kind.

"It's the bunk," he says. "All I do is mug around."

Young ladies of eminence, real and assumed, have been indulgent of the social crudities of a champion who fights for half-million dollar purses. They have chaffed him winsomely into ordering such things better, and their lessons have borne fruit.

"They're both charming," testifies a young lady who danced with the Prince of Wales and lately with Mr. Dempsey.

But it could not be expected that these kind young souls, being feminine, should extend their absolution to include the usual members of a prize fighter's entourage: the fifty-dollar a week trainer; the rough-and-ready sparring partner; the manager who is what he is and to hell with being anything else.

The champion goes his own social way now. Not often does he seek diversion in the company of his one-time inseparable companion, Mr. Jack Kearns.

In the course of his travels he has met most of Hollywood's expensively winsome beauties. He is a welcome guest at their gatherings, along with more earnest workers in the youngest of the arts. He is at home in New York's supper clubs. He is, to put it bromidically, a favorite with the ladies. He has even been presented to a duchess (not Russian) who smiled sweetly.

He converses about men's clothes as Broadway converses about them, out of the knowledge gained in expensive establishments two blocks too far West for exclusiveness. He knows the feeling of assurance created by intimate contact with shirts costing four hundred dollars the dozen.

His recent announcement that he would retire soon bore to the general public a flavor of press agency.

To those who were aware of the change being wrought in him, it rang disappointingly with truth. The lusts of conquest gratify him little now. He aspires to what any Sunday School Superintendent would assure him are "better things."

Jack Dempsey has embraced a new wife and the tenets of respectability. He has acquired property, made judicious investments. He looks with relish on the fat existence of a well-to-do citizen. If ever he is invited to become a Rotarian, he will accept, eagerly.

Pugilism has developed a great genius for fighting. The nation, with its supreme gift for the ordinary, is making of him a Babbitt.

"All good prize fighters come from the gutter," is the dictum of an able developer of such incidents to our civilization, "and most of them go back there."

But not Jack Dempsey. He has learned too well to be in danger of the return journey.

Should there be another war in his lifetime, he will not be the national goat. His valet would not permit him to wear patent leather boots in the forenoon.—James Kevin McGuinness

### History of an Eighth Avenue Shop

**S**OLD, December 31 by Abraham Ginsburg to the A. Ginsburg Apparel Shoppes Inc.

January, Special Introductory Sales Event

February, Annual February Clearance Sale

March, Semi-Annual Spring Mark-Down Sale

April, Annual Easter Sale Offering

May, Spring Clearance Sale

June, Alteration Sale

July, Unprecedented Expansion Sale

August, Mid-Summer Clearance Sale

September, Introductory Sale For Fall

October, Fall Final Disposal Sale

November, Tremendous Pre-Xmas Sale Event

December, Fire Sale

December 31, Sold by A. Ginsburg Apparel Shoppes Inc. to pay creditors.—C. C.

### From the Last Row On a First Night

"**W**ONDER why the curtain doesn't go up."

"I knew there was something! We forgot to get any programs."

"Oh, Look! There's John Drew. Or maybe it's Sam Bernard."

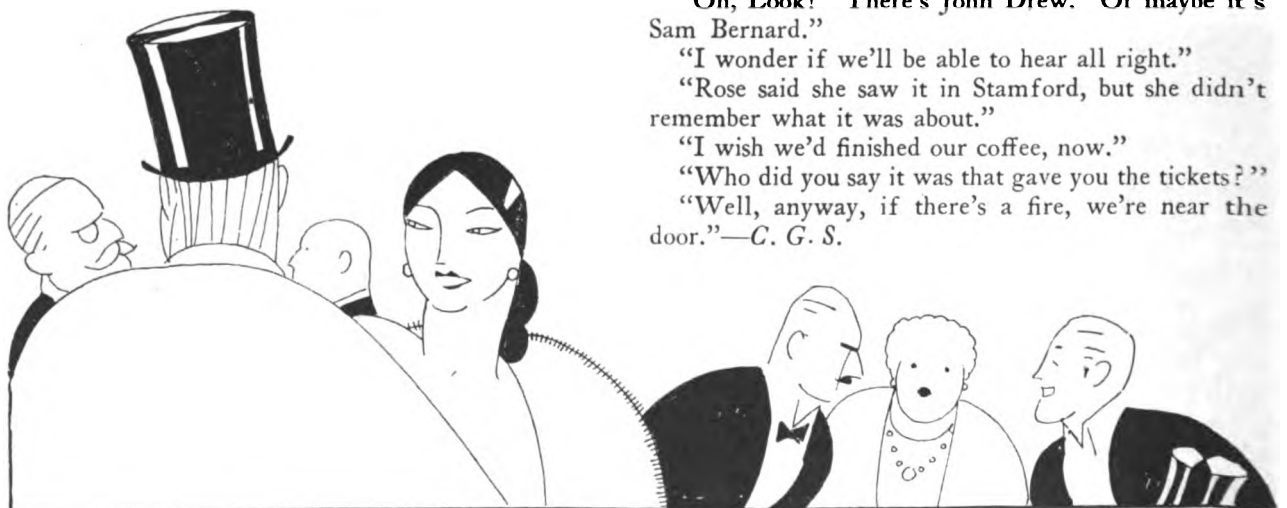
"I wonder if we'll be able to hear all right."

"Rose said she saw it in Stamford, but she didn't remember what it was about."

"I wish we'd finished our coffee, now."

"Who did you say it was that gave you the tickets?"

"Well, anyway, if there's a fire, we're near the door."—C. G. S.





"We-ell, that's not so bad, comparatively. We might take a chance."

New York

THE sandwich man with the "no speculators' tickets accepted" at the Palace in the middle of the scalping zone. . . . The Greenwich Village Inn, filled with Columbia students from One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. . . . Gray's drug store, meeting place for six million people. . . . Petting parties at Inspiration Point crowded more thickly than the after-theatre jam at Times Square. . . .

The pretty cigarette girl at the Parody Club. . . . Coney Island and Chinatown for fifty cents. . . . Ice cream soda dissipations at the McAlpin. . . . Sailors having the time of their lives on the Park Place escalator. . . . Filling stations built in imitation of English village architecture. . . . The something-hundredth-and-somethingth performance of "Abie's Irish Rose." . . . Hard-boiled Broadwayites shedding tears over the latest sentimental song wafted from the windows of Tin Pan Alley. . . .

Spats, cutaways and Pomeranians on Park Avenue. . . . Fat ladies leaning on window sills near the New York Central tracks. . . . Take the kiddies a Zeppelin balloon fer fifteen cents. . . . The one-legged pencil-seller in the Fourteenth Street subway entrance. . . . Visitors from Lansing, Michigan, who inspect Grant's Tomb once a year. . . .

Perpetual auction sales along Broadway in the Forties. . . . Fifth Avenue busmen wearing name

plates. . . . Marion Davies's pictures "reviewed" in the Hearst newspapers. . . . Orange drink stands selling hot dogs. . . . The Clicquot sign at Forty-third Street. . . . Crossword puzzlists in the Interborough. . . . Malt and hops stores, or what have you? . . . The white-haired, young-faced information girl at the Commodore. . . . The man who lives at the Astor and subscribes to *The American Mercury*, *The Country Gentleman* and *Snappy Stories*. . . . The tragic figure who mistook the 1 A. M. South Ferry train for the Flatbush express. . . . —T. H. B.

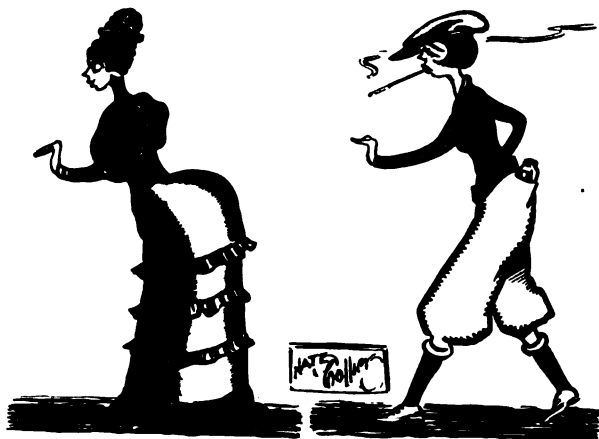


Lead All, Journalistic Candor

Fiction—An instalment of a novel with wide popular appeal, and a true short story—every day.  
—From a prospectus of the *Daily Mirror*.

Would I could journey to some lone grot  
In a far Samoan vacant lot.  
Would I could hie to some Iceland floe  
Known only to unread Esquimaux.  
For I want (have you any furnished nooks?)  
To travel where there are no travel books.

Item: "Late steamer arrivals are  
Ida Gemish and Ffolliott Carr."  
The point of which is, devoid of trimmin':  
The late ones are, as usual, women.



*Something on the Hip*  
Yesterday Today

### A Play We Want to See

#### THE RUINED BANKER

*(Scene. A library. Mr. William Gordon, a ruined banker, discovered sobbing like a ruined banker. J. Elmer Clipp, the villain, is sneering around the room.)*

GORDON: "God, man, I can't pay that fifty thousand. All I have in the world is \$200 and that I owe my butler for this week's wages."

CLIPP (*Looking at his watch*): "You have until next Wednesday. If you don't meet your obligations then—!" (*He laughs.*)

*(Enter old Dwiggins, the Gordon butler who has been a butler in the Gordon home for ninety-seven years.)*

DWIGGINS: "Mr. Gordon?"

Gordon (*Replying in a word of one syllable*): "Yes?"

DWIGGINS: "Mr. Gordon, I overheard that man say something about fifty thousand dollars."

GORDON: "Yes?"

DWIGGINS: "By a curious coincidence I have \$49,800 in the bank at this moment."

GORDON: "Whatever do you mean?"

DWIGGINS: "So if you'll give me the \$200 that is due me—"

*(The banker pays him and the fine old face of Dwiggins lights up.)*

DWIGGINS: (*With tremendous emotion*): "And now—sir—now that I have this fifty thousand dollars, there is something I want to tell you. . . . For ninety-seven years I have wanted to punch your nose! I shall now do so!"

*(He does so.)*

CURTAIN.

### Song of the Traffic Rules

Oh, it's East and West and it's West and East,  
Whenever the light shines green,  
But it's ho! for the North and South, my lads,  
Whenever the yellow is seen.

So it's never lose sight of the avenue light  
Whenever you're faring forth,  
For it's green for the jolly old East and West  
And its yellow for South and North.

There's a traffic cop in the tower top,  
And he sits at his post all day,  
And he pushes the button that flashes the light,  
That guides us on our way.

And the traffic stream responds to the gleam  
Of the light when the button is pressed.  
And it's North and it's South when the yellow  
light shines,  
But it's green for the East and West.

Remember the rule of the one-way street  
And watch for the officer's nod,  
For the east-bound streets are the even streets  
And the west-bound streets are odd.

So it's hey! for merry old rules of the road,  
And it's hey! for the traffic cop.  
When the green lights glow, or the yellow show  
"Go!"

But the crimson light always means "Stop!"  
—Newman Levy



### The Optimist

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



Suggestion for popular song title: He May Be the  
Brains of the Business, But He's Just a Red-Hot  
Daddy to Me.

## SWEETHEART

*A Model for Mademoiselle 18 to 20*



COMES the spring, of Sheik associated so  
when Mademoiselle exclusively with the  
18 to 20's fancy lightly product of this *maison*.  
turns to thoughts of— And what a lovely dis-  
but la! la! one may position it has! Above  
easily guess. all, it is suitable to be  
Matchless value is this Mademoiselle's com-  
model's, enveloped as it panion at any *affaire*,  
is in that indefinable air whether *de societe* or *du*  
*coeur!*

*And So Moderately Priced—at Only*

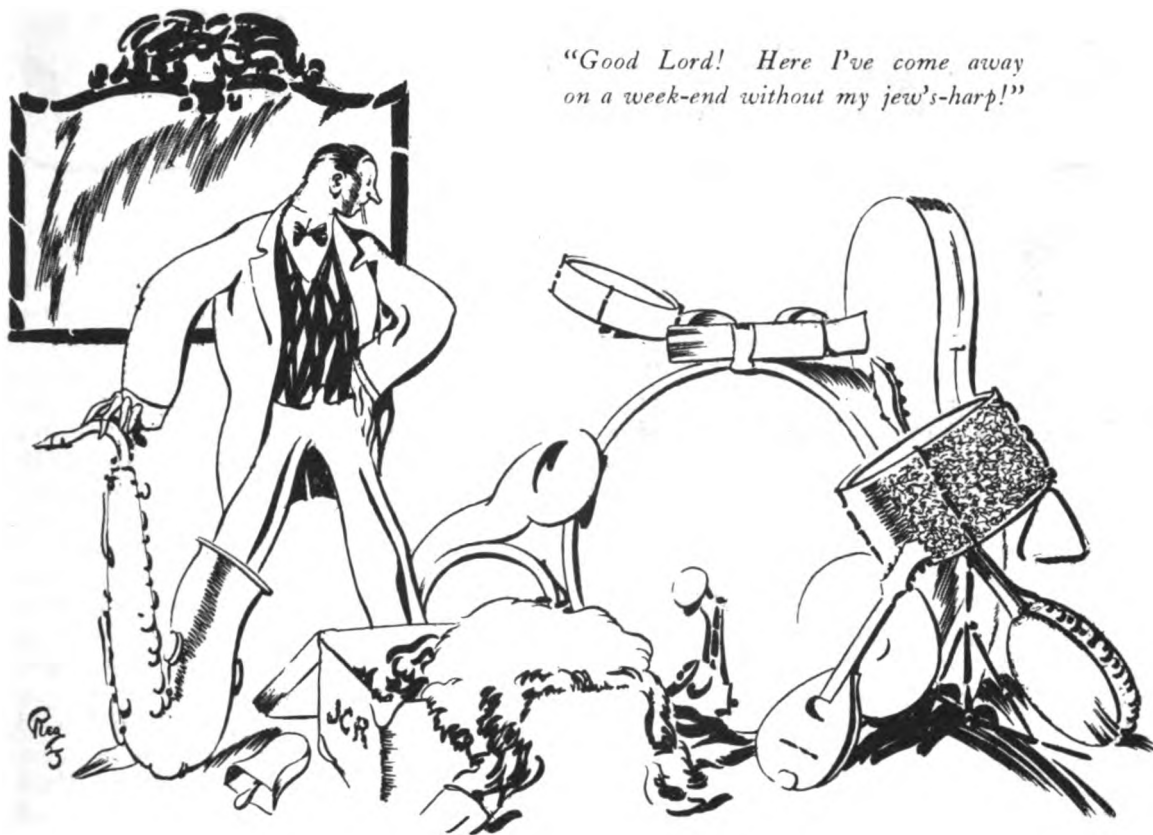
## ONE HEART

### CUPID, EROS & CO.

*"The Maison of Excellence"*

—Baron Ireland





### Figures of Speech

**I** JUST want to remind Leonard Hatch that we of the business world cannot stand still—we *must go ahead*. The idea he speaks of (that of substituting code phrases for after-dinner speeches) was all right for last week; we have gone far since then. We are using numbers instead of words.

Let me illustrate the increased saving in time with a partial report of the dinner held at the Pompadour last night.

The wall behind the speakers' table was simply decorated with the national colors and papier-mâché radiators (it was a meeting of the National Radiator Association.) Against this background the shaggy head of that fine old battler, George F. Kuh, of Kuh, Ah & Pnuh, made a rare picture as he rose and swept the gathering with his keen, undimmed eye.

Mr. Kuh said:

"27."

One felt the weight of these simple words of welcome, none the less sincere for their striking brevity. (No. 27 is a speech of only two thousand words.)

John Slemp, representing the visiting Sioux City radiator men, rose in response. With head inclined and one hand toying with the chewing gum fork he waited until silence was restored and then remarked quietly:

"7—208."

The well-turned witticism at the end of this address relieved the tension and precipitated the big, hearty crowd of good fellows into laughter and applause.

An untoward incident somewhat marred the address of Borough President Schneeweiss, however. He got into action breezily, his massive form radiating vigor and good will.

"Good Lord! Here I've come away on a week-end without my jew's-harp!"

He said, trembling with undisguised emotion: "48."

Here a guest who happened to have an automatic with him fired six shots at Mr. Schneeweiss, but happily none took effect. A number of coffee cups were better aimed and the gentleman was rendered unconscious for some minutes.

On being revived, he explained that his near-sightedness had led him to mistake the number 43 ("God Hates a Knocker") for 48 ("The Benefits of Bolshevism.")

The roar of applause, the beating of teaspoons on the table and the enthusiastic ripping of planks from the floor which greeted Mr. Schneeweiss' corrected speech showed that all the world still loves a booster.

I need report no more to make the theory plain. Unless some outsider introduces an irregular idea into the repertoire of after dinner speaking, this system will continue 100 per cent. efficient.

—Ernest F. Hubbard



### I Go On a Diet, and—

I am immediately besieged with invitations to dinner.

I am told of a restaurant where they serve delicious meals for virtually nothing.

Everywhere I go, food is the chief topic of conversation.

I long for everything except what I am supposed to eat.

I learn of all the dreadful things that happened to poor old Smithers who also went on the same diet.

I hear of a "very much better" kind of diet.

I invariably fall off the next day.—C. G. S.



**B**ACH, Beethoven, Brahms and the rest of them probably are asking one another, between harp lessons, "which of us will be the next to be glorified in a show based on our life and music?" Franz Schubert is being presented to the provinces as a chuckleheaded baritone in "Blossom Time," and Jacques Offenbach is appearing nightly at the Century Theatre as a musical comedy tenor in "The Love Song." There are rumors of similar masterworks founded on Mozart and Mendelssohn, and Tschai-kowsky has been honored by being made the posthumous composer of "Natja."

Schubert, whose compositions were sold for sums that would not have bought a pair of tickets for "Blossom Time," presumably wonders naïvely about his new status, and the little Jewish 'cello virtuoso who wrote 102 operettas doubtless rips off cynical harmonies on his paradisiacal instrument as he views the strange adventures foisted on him in "The Love Song."

What would they say if someone were to present a work concocted from an episode in the life of Richard Strauss, who still lives and collects royalties? What would be their opinion of an opera in which the chief characters were Strauss, his wife, and a conductor made up to look like Josef Stransky, with a score drawn from the music of Strauss? Well, such an opera was presented in Vienna not so long ago. Its name is "Intermezzo," and the librettist and composer is Richard Strauss.

Comes in to hand a novel, "The Virgin Flame," in which a great composer is cheated of recognition by a jazz-mad public. The first article in the musical credo (European as well as American) is that all great musicians starve to death while all musical illiterates become immensely wealthy by writing "Red

Hot Mamma." We say it ain't true. Almost any competently put together symphonic can get a reading from orchestral conductors and it's easier to place a good grand opera than it is to sell a good fox-trot.

Another white hope of American grand opera will be disclosed at Carnegie Hall on the evening of March 20, when Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Garden of Mystery" will have a premiere. The libretto is derived from a tale of Dante and Beatrice. One hopes that this text will be an improvement over the ingenuous collection of futilities which Cadman set in "Shanewis." Most American operas have failed for want of a "book." "Mona," the \$10,000 prize flivver of some years back at the Metropolitan, had Brian Hooker as its librettist, but Mr. Hooker proved to be rather too classical with his fable of Druids.

Victor Herbert's "Madeleine" and "Natoma" both had indifferent foundations, and Henry Hadley has not had the best of luck with his dramatists. Puccini had the right notion. His success with "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly" was half won with the selection of the libretto.

Ernest Newman, guest critic of the *Evening Post*, packs up his troubles and returns to London. Mr. Newman made a far greater impression on us barbarians than his colleague, H. C. Colles, who functioned on the *Times* for a semester last year. He leaves behind him many angry artists and, we hope, some delighted readers. His four-line rejoinder to the President of the Friends of Music was the immediate cause of the edict against the presence of critics at the concerts of that serious body, and this, perhaps, was not the least memorable of Mr. Newman's achievements.



X

"**A**WAKENED, as Nature provides,  
By the punctual robin,  
Our President gallantly rides  
His mechanical Dobbin.  
According to Fame or Report,—  
That publicity-mong'ress,—  
A patent-adjustable sort  
Of mechanical Congress  
Would prove the most welcome of  
gees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.



## Lyrics from the Pekinese

XI

"I come with a fardel of song  
(What's a Pekinese song worth?)  
To add to the tributes that throng  
To Miss Paulina Longworth.  
With sonnets in various modes  
On the gifts she inherits,  
I offer a bushel of odes  
To her personal merits  
With madrigals, ballads and glees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.



XII

"'Tis Spring!—If it isn't quite  
Spring,  
It is Spring pretty nearly;  
The crocuses don't do a thing  
As their custom is, yearly;  
Deep down where the blizzard can't  
reach  
Stays the daffydowndilly;  
The wealthy remain at Palm Beach  
For the weather is chilly  
And noses continue to freeze,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



AS we go to press the boy who has been selling carrots, canned soup and eggs at Reeves' all day, is nervously wrapping something in the store's best wrapping paper, preparing to lock the door and sneak down to the Waldorf. For he belongs to the Independents, and his name begins with an S, and as things go alphabetically, his picture might hang next to John Sloan's. By the time you read this you will know the worst, for the show opened Friday, and the dailies will have noted the high spots. Don't wait for us; go right ahead and form your own opinion.

In a week in which we learned that only hundreds saw the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition at Wildenstein's instead of the thousands who should have crowded the galleries, and that even the smallest of the Arthur B. Davies water colors at Ferargil's cost \$700, we were cheered by Frank London's exhibition at the Montross gallery. We haven't quite made up our minds about art. Some days we go in for the painter who has something to say, considering the way he says it secondary; other times we are all for the way a thing is said.

As a matter of fact London often chooses to say it with flowers. And when he does we like him most. Of all the moderns who have flowed under our ken in the last three months we have seen few we like as much as London. There is no to-do about London, no fancy foreword by a press agent. The Galleries, even, are non-committal. A business man, they say, who passed a year in Paris painting. When he makes enough he will go back and paint some more pictures. We hope it is soon, for here is a painter who carries his joy of painting over to the observer.

Marie Sterner, who handled the magnificent show of Bellows recently, is sponsoring an exhibition by Randall Davey at the Jacques Seligmann Galleries. Most of the things are of the New Mexico sojourn, the thirty paintings divided between oil and water color. The latter have a bold simplicity about them that we like, a strength not often in water colors. And there is a sureness about all of Davey's things. A feeling that he put the paint on and left it there. And he is much bolder than some of his contemporaries, whom we will not name as it is not the thing to do in polite art circles. But Davey goes straight to the mark giving a definiteness to his portraits, especially the Boy In

Blue and The Boy Hunter, that is exhilarating. The Randall Davey show continues until the end of this week.

It always gives us a thrill to see the pioneers. An unusual opportunity is there for any one with the same desire as we have. At Durand-Ruel's they are showing ten canvases by Sisley and ten by Pissarro. You probably won't go though, preferring to put it off until the masterpieces are scattered to the four winds or five collectors or whoever it is that buys masterpieces. But an hour at Durand-Ruel's would be more profitable than a day among the chromos of our best museum.

We plead to a fondness for certain galleries—places where one knows what to expect. Dudensing, taking off time from his one great love, Stella, manages to gather an army of young painters around him. This week he is featuring five; Lloyd Parsons, Dudley Morrison, Elmer Schultz, Everett Henry and Herman Trunk, Jr. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. There are dozens more behind the green curtains and up in the loft.



Willard L. Metcalf

We are glad to see a portrait that Wilford S. Conrow thoroughly wanted to do. His study of Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen at the Erich Galleries is undoubtedly the turning of the lane for this painter. It is a sorry job at its best, portrait painting, and Mr. Conrow seems to have had more than his share of deceased bank presidents et al. to do. When you look at the portrait you can see that in pleasing himself Mr. Conrow has also pleased the Doctor. A rather simple formula for portrait painting that most of them miss.

This will be the last week for you to see what the women can do. The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors is holding its thirty-fourth exhibit in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street. We advise you not to go near your meal time; it gave us indigestion. And that is not meant in the way of disparagement. So much color, so many forms, so many windows, so many dreams. Only the old timers can approach it without vertigo. But as you get your gallery feet under you again, you can have a good time. The good old stuff takes the prizes.

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador Theatre

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

### SILENCE—National Theatre.

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

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

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

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

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

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

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

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

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

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

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

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

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

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

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

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

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

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

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

### PROCESSIONAL—Forty-ninth Street Theatre.

American life, told in terms of blaring jazz. June Walker and George Abbott in John Howard Lawson's superb experiment.

### THE WILD DUCK—Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

A revival of Ibsen's play. An entirely satisfying presentation of an entirely fine drama.

## MOVING PICTURES

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

Interesting historical drama made in France, but diluted for the American public.

### GREED—Fox's Fourteenth Street Theatre, March 12, 13, 14, 15.—Orient Theatre, 125th Street, March 16.

Von Stroheim's heroic effort to make the screen tell a measure of the truth.

### THE LAST LAUGH

No local showing scheduled.

## ART

### INDEPENDENTS—Waldorf Hotel.

Annual show. If painters ever have inhibitions they are given vacations for this exhibition.

### RANDELL DAVEY—Jacques Seligmann Gallery.

Excellent show of New Mexican subjects by a good painter.



### FRANK LONDON—Montross Gallery.

Paintings of brilliance done in the new manner and yet sincerely.

### FIVE MODERNS—Dudensing Gallery.

Special show by Lloyd Parsons, Dudley Morrison, Elmer Schultz, Everett Henry and Herman Trunk, Jr.

### SISLEY AND PISSARRO—Durand-Ruel Galleries.

Twenty canvases of two of the French masters who helped start all the trouble.

## MUSIC

### WILLIAM BACHHAUS—Aeolian Hall.

Wednesday evening, March 11. A swell pianist.

### MICHAEL ZACHAREIWITSCH—Aeolian Hall.

Friday evening, March 13. This Russian fiddler is making his debut, and if you want to gamble he looks like a good bet.

### MISCHA LEVITZKI—Carnegie Hall.

Saturday evening, March 14. Last chance, unless he puts on another farewell recital. If he does, go both times.

### JASCHA HEIFETZ—Carnegie Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 15. In addition to all the rest of it, he's the Bow Brummel of the fiddle.

### YOLANDA MERO—Aeolian Hall

Monday afternoon, March 16. A woman pianist—not, be she praised!—a lady pianist.

### AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Wednesday afternoon, March 11, *Siegfried*; Wednesday evening, March 11, *La Boheme*; Thursday evening, March 12, *Andrea Chenier*; Friday evening March 13, *Petrouschka* and *Pagliacci*; Saturday afternoon, March 14, *Aida*; Saturday evening, March 14, *Tristan und Isolde*.

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Philharmonic: Mengelberg conducting; Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday afternoon, March 15. Soloist: Erna Rubinstein.

New York Symphony: Walter conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday afternoon, March 12, and Friday evening, March 13; Aeolian Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 15.

Boston Symphony: Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, March 12 and Saturday afternoon, March 15. Soloist: Albert Spalding.

State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, March 11. Soloist: Ilse Niemack.

## OTHER EVENTS

### RUSSIAN REFUGEE RELIEF SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Inc.—Park Lane.

Ball in aid of Russian Refugees, "The Dance in the Cherry Orchard," Thursday evening, March 12. Program of Russian entertainment at midnight.

### ISRAEL ORPHAN ASYLUM—Madison Square Garden.

Fashion revue, carnival and ball, Saturday, March 14, 8:30 P. M. Stars of stage and screen to appear.

### FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace.

Twelfth annual exhibition, opening Monday, March 16. Continuing all week. Proceeds from the tea garden will go to the New York League of Girls' Clubs, Inc.



# The Visualization of Vivienne

## The Direful Dilemma of a Debutante

VIVIENNE VERVAIN was always vaulting into escapades of a galvanic and *rococo* sort. Even in the school days with her fellow roisterers at Miss Suspense's, she had crowded on full sail in her zest for a new thrill. Perhaps her most cataclysmic caper was cut when she slid down through the aquamarine moonlight from her third story window into Larry Lumbago's high power racer, wearing only a Parisian *mouchoir* over her pajamas of heather mixture satin.

Then there was the evening when she had surreptitiously brought four dozen ostrich eggs to *Les Enfants*, her favorite night club, and had evoked a maelstrom of *recherché* merriment when—in her mood of *diablerie*—she had made the waiters do a tenderfoot dance by hurling the ostrich eggs at their feet. After this, her fame was secure—*tres bien solide*.

So much for the typhoonesque nature of Vivienne the Vivacious, as one of the cocktail-hour wits of Tuxedo had so aptly described her. In personal appearance—"Quick, Bonito! another bottle of that *summa cum laude* Chablis to unleash my impotent tongue!"—in personal appearance she achieved what D. M. Staylor in one of his wilder technical moments of musical *causerie* might term a *crescendo*. That is, beginning with her feet and mounting upward past invariable loveliness one reached a climax of beauty in her pluperfect face and bobbed har. But—as in all great *crescendos*—everything along the way was all right, too.

Thus, in intrinsic aspect, Vivienne Vervain could stand pat on a pair of ankles and still hold her own against any straight figure or synthetic flush, as one of the young blades at White Sulphur remarked in his irresistibly plus-four manner at an afternoon tee.

It was by those ankles that the erstwhile seared and sardonic soul of young Rhinestone van Rhinestone—the playboy of the Roaring Forties—was delightedly *epaté* at Palm Beach. In fact, he saw her ankles before he saw her. It was one day on the beach when Vivienne in a distinctly *vice versa* posture was casually throttling a shark below water.

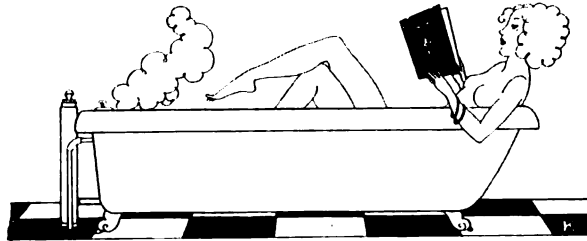
Nevertheless, veteran old *boulevardierissimo* that he was, he resisted her allurements, assuming a gelid demeanor all through the Floridian *siesta* and even back on New York's *Avenue de la Cinquieme*. This, too, though the fangs of Eros had bitten him full deep.

And she—she too was divinely stung and vowed to herself to awaken him from his lethargic attitudinizing by the swish of the inexorable matrimonial lariat. She would do this by some pulsating prank so wild and *baudelaire* that it must bind him to her chariot wheels. But her well of *insouciant* invention had run so dry that she could think of nothing more *piquante* than to go to his apartment some night when he was

out and leave her photograph upon his mantel, enthroned dominant.

\* \* \*

Dusky against the midnight, wound Vivienne her way toward the apartment of Rhinestone van Rhinestone, her photograph clutched in her hand. She had no solicitude lest van Rhinestone be at home, for he had himself told her he was taking the midnight flier for Astoria. And she also knew that this was the night out for his Japanese man, Thang Queue. A clink of the skeleton keys . . . a twist of the knob . . . and Vivienne was in his rooms. The atmosphere—



how virile! The decorations—how *goulash*! The pictures—how *paprika*!

She left the photograph on the mantel, and she should have departed at once. *Mais non*—explore she must. . . . Soon she found herself on the tessellated floor of the bawth. There stood the tub—a symphony in porcelain. Inexorable, it lured her—the madcap *invincta*. Think of it—to lave her limbs in a bachelor's built-in bathos! . . . In a twink outer habiliments and *je ne sais quois* lay upon the tiled floor and she—a lissome vision in rosy mother-of-pearl—leaned back languorously in the *chaud* water and read her magazine.

\* \* \*

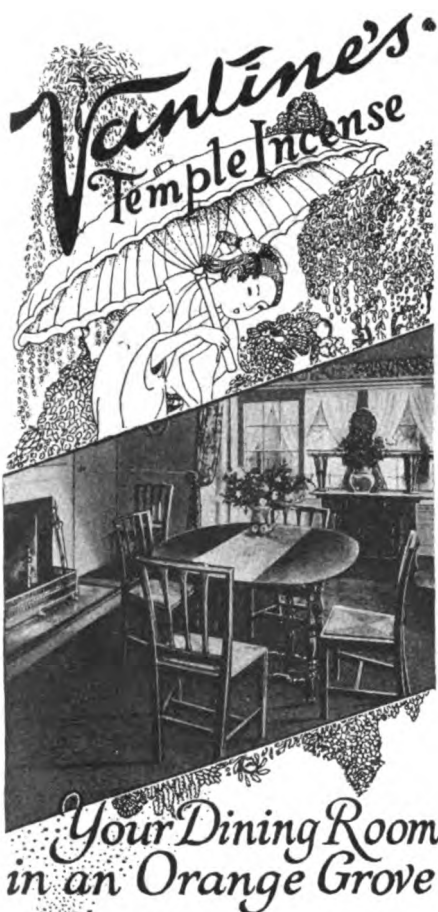
But was Rhinestone van Rhinestone on his way to Astoria? Once again, *mais non*! He had missed his train! Returning to his apartment, he was amazed by the lights—stupified by the splashing from within. He entered. . . .

Magazine in hand, Vivienne rocketed to her feet—*Diana éprise*! A maidenly rosy wave that you could almost hear surged over her alabastine form. In front of her she held the magazine—a very bulwark in time of need. *Mon Dieu*! what a text for a sermon on the Power of the Press.

But Rhinestone van Rhinestone was in no mood for sermons. Madly, he snatched away the magazine.

\* \* \*

It was a half hour later. The room was empty save for van Rhinestone. Vivienne the Vivacious had calmly and deliberately dressed and gone—down the fire-escape. But our young man-about-town, since he had seized the magazine, had not stirred or even raised his eyes from its pages. Motionless he stood there, enthralled, lost to all the world and its transient trivialities. For the magazine which he had snatched and still perused greedily was the latest number of *Vani*—No!—THE NEW YORKER.



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Upstairs and down, in every room, Vantine's famous Oriental Incense gives an exquisite touch of refinement. Eight fragrances, in 25¢ or 50¢ packages, at your favorite dealers, Pine, Rose, Sandalwood, Lilac, Orange Blossom, Lotus, Violet and Wistaria.

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A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.  
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# BOOKS

WERE "Segelfoss Town" Knut Hamsun's one novel, you would know after reading three chapters what he is. Indeed, within the first few pages, from inconsequential looking touches, there begins to arise of itself the whole fabric and atmosphere of a seemingly flourishing seacoast village actually decaying — degenerated from the peasant staunchness of its quasi-feudal stage to a hollow sham of progress and democracy, and tottering with the bluffing old mill owner on whom its fortunes lean—and you begin to feel such a thrill as "Growth of the Soil" afforded, a sensation of watching a god make a world with almost careless ease. If "Segelfoss Town" (*Knopf*) doesn't turn out to be another "Growth," it is nevertheless a fine large work of fiction.

The earlier condition of Segelfoss was in "Children of the Age." Holmengraa, the mill owner, having succeeded its landed overlords, this is the book of the stage of his decline. At the end, when he falls, the biggest man left is Theodore of Bua—a sorry successor, for Theodore doesn't dispense or create wealth, but keeps a store; the day of the merchant Rotarian is arrived, with little for him to boast. The degeneration has been typified in the plight of Nils the shoemaker, "on the town" because people won't have any but the worthless shoes Theodore sells. Meanwhile, Holmengraa's doctor and lawyer retainers, as precious a pair of self-seeking vermin as ever crawled into a novel, have fattened and removed to a sphere in south Norway more worthy of their parts.

Theodore — sanguine, romantic, absurd, to cautious eyes always ruining himself, yet always splurging through—is the prize character. But a skeleton inventory of the merits of the others would pretty well fill *THE NEW YORKER*. With us, there is only one failure, Baardsen, an open-handed philosopher and drunkard, evidently put in to set off the Vanity Fair of Segelfoss by the contrast of one disinterested man. He affected us more as a contrast of German silver sentimentality with truth, and we were unable to weep at his sad end.

Here is a secret, from the announcements of a publisher, Knopf, who must be nameless. Within a few weeks Stephen Crane's writings will begin coming out in an edition which will be the first uniform set of them. In fact, at present most of them are and long have

been out of print. This set will cost ninety unimportant dollars, and we advise you now to cut out cubebs, so that you can afford to be one of its limited number of purchasers. If you don't know who Crane was, you can find out from Thomas Beer's enchanting book on him. If you want a sample of him, "The Open Boat" is on the market, as a valuable item of the Modern Library.

Very interesting, as a broad impressionistic picture of the crumbling of the old order and the rise of revolutionism in Berlin through 1918, is Bernhard Kellermann's "The Ninth of November" (*McBride*). We liked the crumbling better than most of the rise. The latter is hymned in a mystical way that failed to hold us spellbound, and the writing fritters off into between bad, exclamatory Victor Hugo and Arthur Brisbane.

We don't feel parliamentary toward "Things I Shouldn't Tell," which is more from the anonymous old English snob and today responsible for "Uncensored Recollections." His court cards take cheap tricks and he is full of such stale gossip as that Bernhardt's sculpturing may have been fake and that "dear little Swinburne's" amours were all imaginary. "Amusing" is the word the polite reviewers seem to have agreed on. We are not amused.

An elegant book to send to your Aunt Samantha Allen in Jonesville, who does love to read about old times and historical celebrities, is "Seventy-Five Years of White House Gossip" (*Doubleday, Page*). It's a sort of elaborated newspaper scrapbook from Washington, through Lincoln, enlivened with the story of how Anne Royall, the Claire Sheridan of John Quincy Adams's day, sat on John's clothes and kept him, ah, nude in the river until he would grant her an interview. We prefer such material nicely cooked and served up a la Strachey, by young Meade Minnegerode.

It is never too late to raise a whoop for anything as delightful as A. A. Milne's jingles of, by and for an original and fanciful fellow aged three or thereabouts. They go as well with Christopher Robin Milne's coeval kindred sprites as they do with adults who love them, and we should like to copy about half the lot as samples. The title is "When We Were Very Young," the publisher Dutton.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

- SEIGELFOSSE TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Noticed in this issue.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). A remarkable psychological idyll, to be noticed next week.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Our love affair with this novel must be making Doc Straton uneasy.
- SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*). What they do NOT makes them almost unique in current fiction.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Six hundred high-class Jewish characters find a clever author.
- THE CASE, by Freeman Wills Croft (*Seltzer*) and THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW (*Doran*). As the Virginian says, "Can you guess the murderer, or is the author too smart for you?"
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Trustworthy cases of Black and White, imported from South Africa.
- A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). Oh, East is yeast and West the rest of a froth-up of race hate, admirably represented.
- THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). More of his fine "Forsyte Saga," and quite able to stand alone.

SHORT STORIES

- THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (*Huebsch*). She gathers and talks about sixteen stories, most of which your grandma wouldn't like to have you read.
- TALKS OF HEARLAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four of them, all good.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Large, expensive and worth your time and money if you love Keats.
- A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (*Huebsch*). The confessions of the most diffident "literary swashbuckler" since Currier Bell.
- WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). His preliminary studies for the tobacco ads. he writes.
- WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Noticed in this issue.
- MARBACKE, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). Her prose "I remember, I remember," and a charming one.

SCIENCE

- THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). The memoirs of the most scientific big man of his time.



Notes from the Metropolitan

La Tosca sprained her ankle recently in jumping from the parapet of San Angelo. The mattress will be made thicker in future.



Owing to the high price of poultry this season, it has been decided to let the Lohengrin swan double in Parsifal.



Several outings are planned next season for the supers in battle and mob scenes and off-stage noises.



By order of the War Department, Consul Sharpless, in "Madam Butterfly," has changed his line, "milkpunsch o wiskey," to "plen-soda o café-au-lait."—S. S.

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THEATRE NOTES

THE old "Havoc" table may be seen once again at the Algonquin, with a pathetic chair turned down. That is the one which used to support the young and healthy person of Ralph Forbes.

"Havoc" was the short-lived English melodrama which was vastly successful in London but which suffered from undernourishment when it was thriftily produced in New York with only Richard Bird surviving out of all those who had played the leading rôles when the piece was new in London. It had no sooner opened here at Miss Elliott's playhouse than its trio of young exiles appeared at the Algonquin, as inseparable as the Three Musketeers or Acker, Merrall and Condit.

The first to go was Mr. Forbes. He disappeared into the company of "The Magnolia Lady," married Ruth Chatterton and went into rehearsal for "The Little Minister," all of which ate into his spare time. There is a general feeling that he will be excellent as the little minister of the Barrie revival, because Basil Dean, who is directing its production, so disapproved of his selection for that not unimportant rôle that thus far he has coldly abstained from showing Mr. Forbes how the part ought to be played.

The next to go was Joyce Barbour. That supremely decorative young English comedienne (who has one of the three most beautiful mouths to be seen anywhere between the Nevsky Prospekt and Troost Avenue, Kansas City) responded on seven minutes notice to the invitation that summoned her to the "Charlot Revue," which had been smitten on the road by the serious illness of Gertrude Lawrence. Miss Barbour took train to Philadelphia and thereafter, Mr. Bird lunched alone.

Mr. Bird has had a stormy winter with the harrowing details of which he will doubtless bore his grandchildren unspeakably in the years to come. He will have to tell how his *Marchbanks* was the most hotly debated performance New York had witnessed in any play in a decade. One shrewd observer of the theatre, by the way, has said that Bird's *Marchbanks* must be magnificent because no one was indifferent to it.

Then he will have to tell how he was obliged to study and rehearse "Candida" in between rehearsals of another comedy called "Collusion" (which obligingly expired in New Haven) and how all this sudden convergence of work was complicated by a troubled tooth that threw his face grotesquely out of drawing and made him resemble a pumpkin more closely than Nature had intended.

After the collapse of "Collusion" and the steady triumph of "Candida," peace

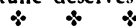
was gradually restored, and, except for the matinee girls who come firmly back stage armed with scissors to snip off souvenir locks of his hair for their memory books, his life would be reasonably tranquil were it not for the beastly new game recently invented by the wretched pressmen from the local Fleet Street. If you want to play the game, you merely pretend to believe that Bird has just landed in America. You point to Aeolian Hall for instance, and explain kindly: "This would be your Crystal Palace" and you go out of your way to talk about the clarks in the shops.

Now Miss Barbour is back at the old "Havoc" table. When the Charlot troupe wound up its engagement in Chicago and Beatrice Lillie moved reluctantly toward the gangplank, Miss Barbour shut her eyes tight and jumped into the cast of "Sky High" which was in the throes of a preparatory week in Washington before coming to New York. She was allowed only two days for rehearsal and from these two days she had to spare one hour for costume fittings and at least one hour practising self control during that number in which the Shubert chorus men, all dressed up in spats and gray darbies, pummel one another affectionately and sing a song about dear old Oxford days.

But still the vacant chair awaits the return of Mr. Forbes.

*Maxims for the Musical*

One good tune deserves another.



On pitch, in time, saves nine out of ten singers.



When the conductor's away, the men won't play.



It's a long ukulele that knows no tuning.



Symphony is akin to love.



Time and the critics wait for no man.



More taste, less greed.



It's an ill wood-wind that blows nothing good.



Scratch a Russian record and you hear a Tartar dance.—S. S.

*This Week's Award*

The prize for the most scholarly phrasing goes to the announcer from station WJZ who, on March 3, described Saint-Saens as "one of the most notorious French composers."





**W**ILL HAYS, SR., is back from Hollywood, where he conferred with the local press agents and announced that, in future, all movie children must show their school report cards to the studio gatemen each morning. Whether they got a chance in the eighth art that day would depend upon their standings. Imagine Jackie Coogan being sent home in his Rolls Royce because he had only 74 in arithmetic!

Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Hays, Sr. He landed in Manhattan in the midst of the cleaning-up-the-morals-of-the-stage agitation and decided to divert any stray lightning by pointing out his moral work for the cinema. More than a hundred successful plays and books, he said, were turned down during the last year because of moral grounds.

We should like to glance over the list of excluded hits. Sometimes we while away spare moments glancing over the reports published in the film trade papers of exhibitors from the hinterland anent the pictures they run. Shrieks of anguish at the scenes disclosed in certain movies stud these reports, particularly those of Kansas and kindred middle Western states.

No, we are against censorship. And we are against bunk, too.

The most interesting recent silver screen massacre is Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan." Indeed, only a few feathers came out of the movie steam roller. "The Swan" was a finely sophisticated romance as Molnar wrote it. The screen version is just adolescent "Prisoner of Zenda" treacle.

The firm reveals the prince as a naughty, flirtatious scoundrel, the little aristocratic princess becomes a colorless sentimental heroine and the tutor develops into a clean thinking young lover. Love conquers all, as they say in the films, and the princess gets her commoner. It is only fair to Hollywood to state that this wreckage is encompassed by one Dimitri Buchowetzki, who has done considerable celluloid damage since he came from Poland. He is the only foreign film menace who has made good as a menace.

While we are in our intensely critical mood we might as well comment upon Monta Bell's newest film effort, "Lady of the Night," (not quite a sister of the Belasco variety). This Bell was a newspaper man in Washington three years ago. He got a job with Charlie Chaplin (doing the story of Charlie's European trip, they say), helped direct "A Woman of Paris,"

did two other promising films—and his salary is now over \$2,000 a week.

In "Lady of the Night" he has hit the usual flop that comes to the overpraised artist. Of course, the story is pretty bad; i.e., the usual dual role theme of the girls who look exactly alike, one a society gal, the other of the underworld. It was furnished by Adela Rogers St. John, a popular magazine author who writes with a seventh cocktail emotionalism.

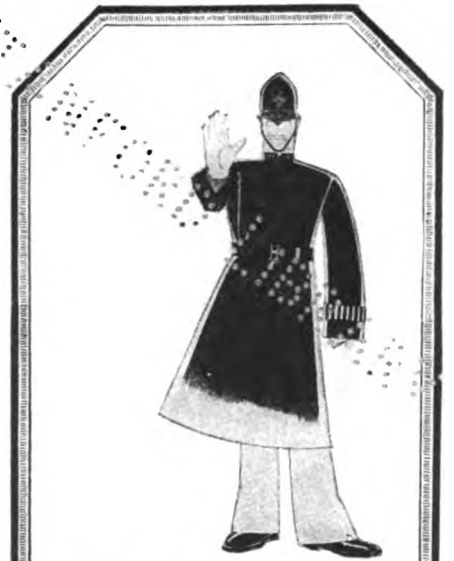
Eighth art or not, the movies are not above putting one over on the gullible public every now and then. Recently local theatres, including one of the biggest on Broadway, showed what was said to be "exclusive pictures of the race against death to save the plague-stricken people of Nome, Alaska." The audiences actually saw some scenes of Alaskan dog teams which had been lying on stock shelves. It would have been impossible to have transported authentic films to New York in the time intervening between Gunnar Kason's dash to Nome and the unveiling of the pictures in Manhattan. These pictures were sent out as part of a well known news reel, not Pathe, which has the reputation of never faking.

James Cruze, the director, rushed on from California the other day and remained only forty-eight hours or so. He made the trip to see a stage performance of Edna Ferber's and George Kaufman's "Minick," which he is next to jell into celluloid.

Cruze, by the way, has just completed "The Beggar on Horseback," that pleasant fancy of Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly. We hear the dream interlude, which runs well over half the picture, has puzzled the coast studio folk a bit. They aren't sure whether inland America wants fantasy, since reports from the provinces indicate that "Peter Pan" is getting a varying reception.

From the Coast Cruze brought Luke Cosgrave, an old actor who has appeared in several of his pictures. Cosgrave is to have the leading role in "Minick." The odd friendship of Cosgrave and Cruze is one of those curious stories of the movies. Years ago Cruze was making his way across country on the brake beams. Cosgrave was running a tent medicine show. They patched up an acquaintance and soon Cruze was joint proprietor, entertainer and cure-all salesman. The scene changes. Cruze is now a \$1,000-a-day director. And Cosgrave is a feature movie actor.

—Will Hays, Jr.



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### Indianapolis Notes

**T**HE New Yorker (Pennsylvania Lines) arrives daily at 5.40 p.m. and departs at 5.45. It can get in four minutes late and pull out on time.

The date of the Shriners' annual ball was fixed to coincide with the appearance of Daphne Pollard in the Greenwich Village Follies at the Murat Theatre, in the Shiner Temple. The nobles dispatched an envoy to Cincinnati to invite Daphne and company as the honor guests at the party. Daphne said swell.

The Follies arrived for a week's stand, but before the night of the ball certain wives of the noble Shriners saw the show. The exalted potentates forthwith were confronted with a situation. Either the Follies invitation would be withdrawn or—!

Finally—a compromise. Daphne's invitation could stand. But nary a member of company or chorus should set foot on the chaste floor of the Shiner ballroom. The troubled nobles negotiated in vain for better terms until the close of the first act of the show on the night of the ball. But no go. So a delegation of the bravest went back stage and confessed to Daphne how the land lay.

"But, certainly, Miss Pollard, *you* will come."

"Yes. Certainly—*not*."

The Shriners' ladies are more positive than ever that they were right.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company is one of the few publishing houses outside New York that can claim status as a national institution. But chamber-of-commerce, gnawing at the vitals of culture, has bitten out a sizeable hunk. On the title pages of Bobbs-Merrill books nowadays appears a likeness of the local soldiers' and sailors' monument, the ultima thule and ne plus ultra of Civil War memorials in America. The result is a typographic calamity that must cause B. Franklin, printer, to turn in his grave.

From the Situations Wanted—Female columns of the Indianapolis *News*:  
WHITE GERMAN WOMAN—Wants washing, ironing, and cleaning. Lincoln 4758.

Well, didn't Germany use to own a considerable chunk of East Africa?

Indiana produces, among other things, the world's worst coal. Mining it, however, is just as perilous a pastime as digging out the finest grade anthracite. Fifty-one lives was the price at Sullivan the other day—Sullivan's previous best claim to fame was the fact that it was the boyhood home of Theodore Dreiser. Airtight legislation rigorously enforced might

do much to remedy some of the conditions that made the Sullivan disaster possible. But the Indiana Legislature has been too busy toying with a blue Sunday law and debating an amendment to the prohibition enforcement law which would assume, in case of a raid, that if an occupant of the raided premises were detected emptying any liquid out of a bottle, the bottle must contain intoxicating liquor.

Here in his home town the Honorable Harry New, Postmaster General, enjoys the reputation of having the best line of funny stories in Indiana.

Whereas the Honorable Tom Taggart, former United States Senator, is known to every student of the billboards as the baker of Perfection Bread.

Harry and Tom, shoguns respectively of the state G.O.P. and Democratic machines, are the closest of personal friends. None of your phoney professional amenities go with them, either. It's a real Hoosier comradeship which has lasted from boyhood.

The Honorable Tom Marshall, former Vice President, opened a law office lately. "Resuming active practice?" he was asked.

"As soon as a client shows up," he replied.

"What do you think of the political situation?"

"Unsatisfactory. Vice Presidents should be elected for life. About the time they get used to a life of idleness their term is up and they have to go to work again."

Booth Tarkington—or Tark, as we call him—commonly referred to (locally) as a resident of Indianapolis, has passed the Winter in Africa. In the Spring he will return to his Summer home in Maine where he lives eight months of the year. He will stop off here next fall on his way to Chicago to keep an appointment with George Ade.

The vision of those hardy pioneers! More than a hundred years ago when the new state capital was laid out in the wilderness, the inhabitants of the settled fringe along the Ohio river protested that civilization would never penetrate that far north in Indiana.—*Terry Hutt*

### Ohio Theatrical Note

The Ladies of the Plum Street Church have discarded clothes of all kinds. Call at 44 North Plum Street and inspect them.

—The *Classmate*, Cincinnati

Nassau Notes

DOWN here where the velvet night is pierced with diamonds, as the Steamship ads say, and the buccaneers drive 1908 Cadillacs, masters of finance from the canyons of Wall Street are buying a March sunburn at rising prices. Dwight Morrow is here. So is Tom Lamont. Both wear cocoanut hats and meet the incoming boats. Neither could be induced to dive for pennies.

"This guy Morrow," said the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Bahamas, "is some mean dancer. I've been watching the little fellow closely and I notice when they do their dancing outside on the platform he joins in. Colored lights drifting through the palm trees, the thin, wild note of the Sax and I see he can't keep his feet still. He always dances best when the orchestra plays that religious tune 'We'll Have Just One More Rum Tum Tum Before We Go Away.'"

This tune which in happier days was sung on street corners by the Salvation Army under the more cheerful monicker of "The Bells of Hell Go Ting Ling Ling" has become the natural anthem of the Bahama Islands where big men like their liquor strong and their women weak.

Ring W. Lardner left here for Miami before your correspondent had a chance to interview him.

Honest John Kelley is said to be losing money this season. "Too many horse shoe pitchers from Miami playing red and black" is the diagnosis.

John King, bartender at the New Colonial, says the visitors are drinking more than ever this year. He was referring to Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One of the new drinks here is a Magnesia Flip. Two parts bacardi, one part orange juice, one jigger magnesia.

Harold Webster the cartoonist is trying to work every afternoon in room 443 of the Colonial. What with the tourists who come up to watch a wild cartoonist at his task and the lack of pipe cleaners in Nassau, he is having troubles. He finished one drawing at 4.45 o'clock yesterday afternoon. At 4.46 a breeze from the Carribean entered and he saw one of "Life's Darkest Moments" carried over the courtyard and down a chimney. He lit another pipe and without a word started a new drawing.

—Ila June

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Tonight at 8:30 the Actors Theatre will  
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The cast includes: Tom Powers, War-  
burton Gamble, Blanche Yurka, Cecil Yapp,  
Moffat Johnston, Thomas Chalmers, Pearl  
Sindelar, Helen Chandler, Philip Leigh.

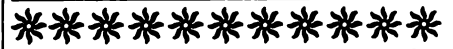
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**"SILENCE"**

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play in a poker game in which I could call  
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—Heywood Brown—New York World



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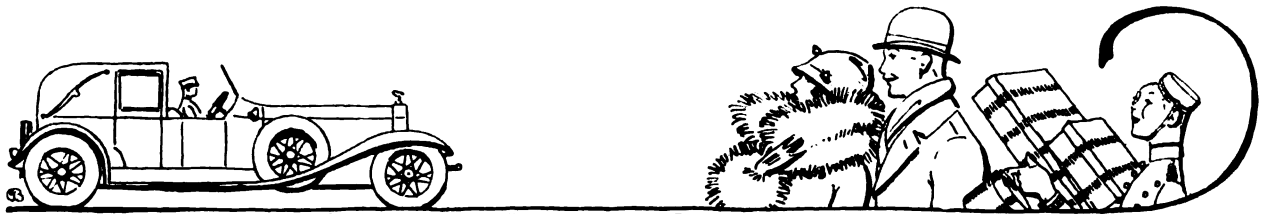
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## WHERE TO SHOP

### BY THEIR SHOPS THEY ARE KNOWN

—the smart, sophisticated New Yorkers, just as surely as by their clubs and their bootleggers. For it is indeed a provincial fallacy that only the great *maison* may be relied upon for charm and good taste. Many are the quiet little shops to which the discerning New Yorker turns for originality and moderate prices—and here, on this page, are several of them.

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<p>MME. MAYS treatments for permanently removing wrinkles, scars, freckles, tightening muscles, given only at my one address, 50 W. 49th St., N. Y. Bryant 9426. Booklet. Physicians' endorsement.</p>	<p>GOWNS BOUGHT</p> <p>Mme. NAFTAL, Bryant 0670; will buy your misfit or slightly used street and afternoon dresses, suits, wraps furs, etc. Highest cash value. Prompt service to out-of-town patrons. 69 W. 45th St. N.Y.C.</p>	<p><b>Tea Rooms</b></p> <p>THE SPINNING WHEEL 12 West 47th Street, Bryant 0912 Cafeteria Service, 11-2:30 p. m. Dinner or a la Carte Service, 5:30-7:30 p. m. Afternoon Tea</p>
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<p>THE HOLLIDAY BOOKSHOP, 10 W. 47th St. CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS TEL. BRYANT 8527</p>	<p>CURTAIN CRAFT 19 West 50th Street Ready made Draperies, custom finish, new Spring Designs. Furniture for Summer Homes. Slipcovers attractively made. Tel. Circle 9895.</p>	
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*The Dawn of Speech*

THE archaeologist of the remote future was lecturing upon the written language of the early Americans, those who had lived in the primitive civilization of the twentieth century.

"These people," the professor continued, "were a race of dawning intelligence and possessed of a very limited vocabulary. Apparently, they spoke in monosyllables, with distinctive words for pain, surprise and the elementary emotions. This remnant of what the ancients called paper, fortunately preserved to us through some kindly chance in nature's chemistry and recently brought to light in the ruins of well-nigh prehistoric New York, sheds much light upon their language. Sentences, it appears, they never used. They were, we must remember, but one higher than animals in the long ladder of evolution.

"This precious relic, combining as it does crude pictures with cruder text, enables us to state with some certainty the relationship of word to action. For example, we quickly discover that the word 'oof' was spoken when one of these primitive people was the recipient of a violent body blow, a frequent occurrence. 'Oof' was apparently the passive voice, the active form, used by the aggressor, being 'pam' or 'pow.' Other monosyllables were less pugnacious. For instance, there is 'awk' which seems to have been synonymous with sudden surprise of an unpleasant character, but was rarely if ever employed in physical combat. 'Glub,' a most singular word, appears to have been spoken solely by persons under water. . . ."

Science, after a lapse of several thousand years, was reading the comic supplement.—A. H. F.



*Jottings About Town*

By Busybody

Here it will be summer again in another three months, although it hardly seems like any time since we had it last.



Winter greens are now being used by many of our golf clubs. And at the nineteenth hole so are peppermints.



The quaint dialect of the modern newsboy is a source of constant amusement. One urchin at Wall Street and Broadway calls "Telegram! World! Journal!" Inquiry disclosed that he was vending the *Telgram, Woild* and *Joinal*.



Dopoulos P. Dopoulos is showing an advance spring line of goobers at his peanut stand at 161st Street and Gimph Avenue.



\_\_\_\_\_ is nursing a cold, same being her husband's, as usual.



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New  
Creation!

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THE natural grace of American Womanhood is happily interpreted and enhanced by Cors-O-Band, the Ceinture recently adopted by prominent women of Society and the Stage.

The backless model illustrated, designed for Evening Wear, is fashioned of finest material, and closely confines the hips, while affording entire freedom to the upper part of the body.

The CORS-O-BAND gently yet firmly controls both Diaphragm and Bust, is easily adjusted, fastening at left side front with cleverly concealed hooks and eyes, gives support just where it is needed and assures the flat straight back line below the waist. Straps are detachable and may be dispensed with for evening wear.

A Particular Garment for  
Particular Women

BATISTE . . . . .	\$10.50
SILK BROCADE . . . . .	18.50
SKINNER BOOT SATIN . . . . .	28.50
SILK JERSEY . . . . .	35.00

If preferred—you may order by mail—giving exact natural measurements of hips, waist and bust—or visit our Corset Studio and be fitted by an expert corsetiere, under the personal supervision of our designer.

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**Match Packs**  
WITH YOUR OWN  
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Colors of Match Packs: Gold, Silver, Light Blue, Black, Blue, Orange, Yellow, Green, Purple, Lavender.

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March 21, 1925

THE

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# NEW YORKER









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

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *The Key to the Padlocks*

**O**UR Prohibition Authority doesn't think much of Emory C. Buckner's tilt with couched padlock against New York's supper clubs. And this is why:

Well, said our Prohibition Authority, if I was a promising young attorney and I could have my name plastered on every first page in the country for the nominal personal expenditure of \$1,500, I would dash right out and grab the advertising. I wouldn't even bother, any more than Mr. Buckner did, to dip into the ample fund the United States Government provides for the purpose of procuring evidence against violators of the Volstead Act. I'd pay the liquor bills for my friends out of my own purse, said our Prohibition Authority.

Now you may think I am unjust in hinting that Mr. Buckner knew a good story, for him, when he saw it, said our Prohibition Authority, but the facts I know all point that way. There are plenty of important tax suits, involving millions of dollars, which await their days in court, observed our Prohibition Authority, and they are still waiting. And most of the more prominent places against which Mr. Buckner and His Four Volunteer Horsemen procured evidence had had evidence procured against them before he took office, by the Prohibition Enforcement Unit. The legal machinery had begun working on them months ago, but quietly, for the express purpose of providing an outlet for Yale and Towne's padlocks, said our Prohibition Authority.

And if you don't believe Mr. Buckner wants pub-

licity, commented our Prohibition Authority, I will tell you that the first rule he promulgated on taking office was that none of his assistants might talk to reporters. All news has to come from Mr. Buckner, which means that Mr. Buckner runs first in advertising and his underpaid assistants nowhere, said our Prohibition Authority.

Mr. Buckner has done nothing new, said our Prohibition Authority, except make some promises which experience should have told him could not be fulfilled. He cannot close a supper club or speakeasy within thirty days after getting evidence against it, because our legal machinery will not permit such speed. You can't make Pike's Peak in high gear driving a flivver, said our Prohibition Authority.

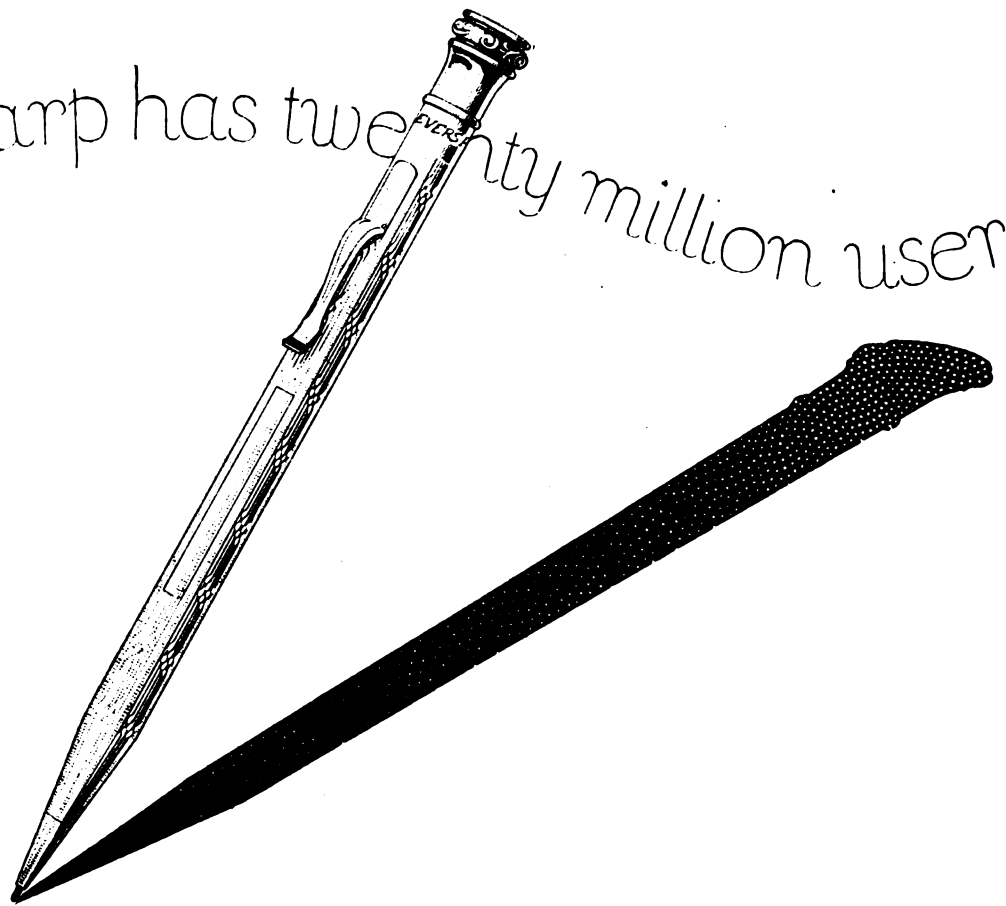
And you must remember that Mr. Buckner served his apprenticeship as an Assistant District Attorney under Charlie Whitman, who also knew a good story, for him, when he saw it. He knew a good story so well that he became governor, and Mr. Buckner could not help observing how it all happened. And every newspaper still has a first page, murmured our Prohibition Authority.

I recall the thrilling drive a year or more ago against supper clubs, continued our Prohibition Authority, during which padlocks were applied to the front doors of a bootlegger's dozen of the more prominent places in town. But when the muck of printer's ink had dried, it was found that the owners of

those places were praying most devoutly that their establishments would be closed, for reason of finance and prestige. And Broadway chuckled at the expense of the Government. Broadway is chuckling now, concluded our Prohibition Authority.



Eversharp has twenty million users



## The pencil that grips the lead —at the tip



HE mechanical pencil was not new even to your grandfather.

All the stores of his day had them for sale. Yet everyone used wood pencils—and continued to use them.

Then came the change.

Millions of people almost immediately started using Eversharp. Why?

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The *rifled tip*. This tip grips the lead *at the point*. The lead can not wobble or turn. So Eversharp writes as smoothly as a wood pencil.

And it is ever sharp. Durable. Looks well and is convenient.

Now the new perfected Eversharp

is adding a few million more to the present 20 million Eversharp users.

This perfected Eversharp does not clog or jam. Reloads in a second. It is a jeweler's product—made like a watch.

It is the choice of the people who buy the best—the companion of success.

There is an Eversharp model to suit your work and satisfy your pride. Eversharps in working togs priced at \$1 and less. Gold-filled or sterling models harmonizing with a good watch and correct personal articles, \$3 to \$6. Other models up to \$45.

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WHICH, one wonders, does the older generation miss most as a result of Prohibition: the oversized beauties who reclined so rosilily about the walls of the Hoffman House taproom, or Old King Cole's colorful and jolly attendants, who answered the call for pipe and bowl in the mural above the Knickerbocker Bar? Where the Hoffman House canvases have gone, none seems to know. The King Cole mural, when last heard of, was reposing disconsolately in the gloom of a warehouse. It was proposed once that Mr. Vincent Astor present it to the Coffee House, but the wall space of that club was too scanty for proper hanging.

### *These Art Balls*

SPEAKING of odd jobs, which nobody was until this very minute, some of our bright young men are making a very nice thing, indeed, by promoting Art balls. It is strange how many people contrive excellent livings from Art, except artists.

Exemption is granted the Illustrators' dance, the Beaux Arts ball and such-like functions conducted by real daubers in paint or pen and inkers and whose profits, if any, are devoted to assisting needy students.

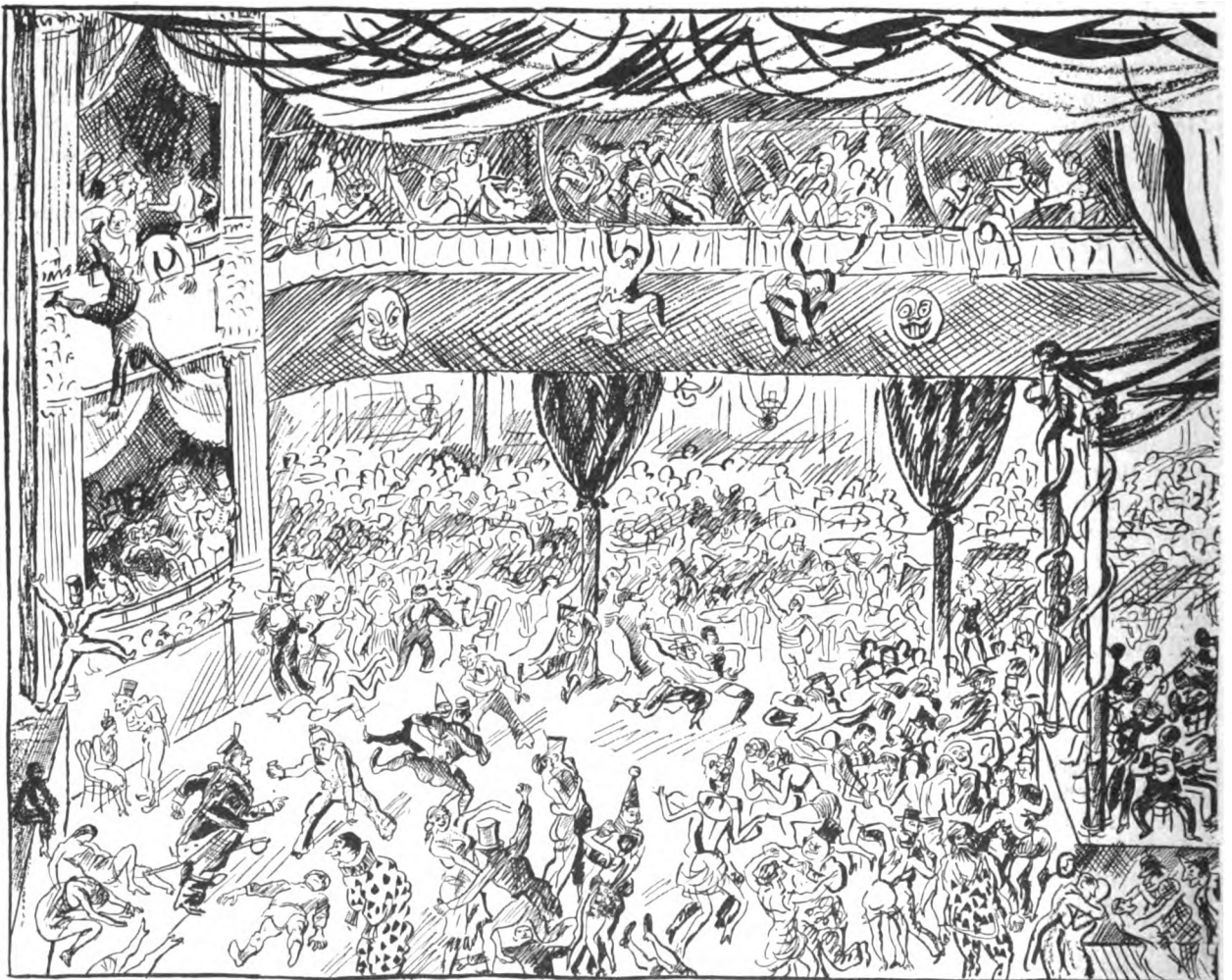
The bludgeon is being dulled, in this instance, for appropriate laying over the heads of very privately

promoted balls, Greenwich Villagy dances and their like, which are conducted solely for the profit of the financial geniuses who stand deep in the shadows cast by the very arty posters advertising their affairs. The joy is taken out of such functions because no limit is put on the number of tickets sold, consequently dance floors are crowded far beyond their capacity; so crowded that a lady costumed as a canned sardine at a late masque was smothered in the crush.

The Kit Kat Ball, fifteen years or so ago, was an artist's ball. Such lights as Raleigh and Reuter-dahl then stepped a nifty polka, or whatever they did, at the annual affairs. But of late years the dancers have been chiefly bond salesmen and their sweeties; butter-and-egg men and their wares; insurance agents; cloak and suit boys and the out-of-town buyers; great hearts from Dubuque, and the inevitable Man from Yonkers. There was one artist at Terrace Garden during the Kit Kat Ball this year, but he has since been restored to good standing among his fellows because of his explaining he thought he was somewhere else.

### *Home Problems in Hollywood*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is in trouble again. Over his head hangs a sword that was forged in the Californian sunshine of the cold metal that en-



tered the souls of the native sons when they lived in Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. It is the sword of righteousness, the flaming blade of moral indignation.

It seems that Mr. Chaplin's home life has been a trifle irregular—and irregularity in Los Angeles, the City of Homes, is unpardonable. As the newspapers have already indicated, a moderately interesting—but to whom?—event is expected in the old Chaplin manse, and when that event occurs, the sword will descend with a glittering flash and the head that wears the battered derby may roll into the basket of oblivion.

Chaplin, according to present plans, is to be driven out of the movies, out of the Golden State, into the hazy limbo beyond the Sierras. That way lies Fatty Arbuckle. . . .

When Chaplin was producing "The Kid," six years ago, he engaged for a minor rôle in that picture a young girl named Lilita McMurray. The girl played the bad angel in the dream scene wherein Charlie himself fluttered through Heaven, and her mother, for some reason, was named Mrs. Lillian Spicer.

Mrs. Spicer, casting envious eyes at Jack Coogan, *pere*, who had leaped to fame and fortune through the activities of his offspring in "The Kid," went to Chaplin and asked that something be done for her gifted little girl. Chaplin promised vaguely to do something.

At this point comes a series of explanatory subtitles

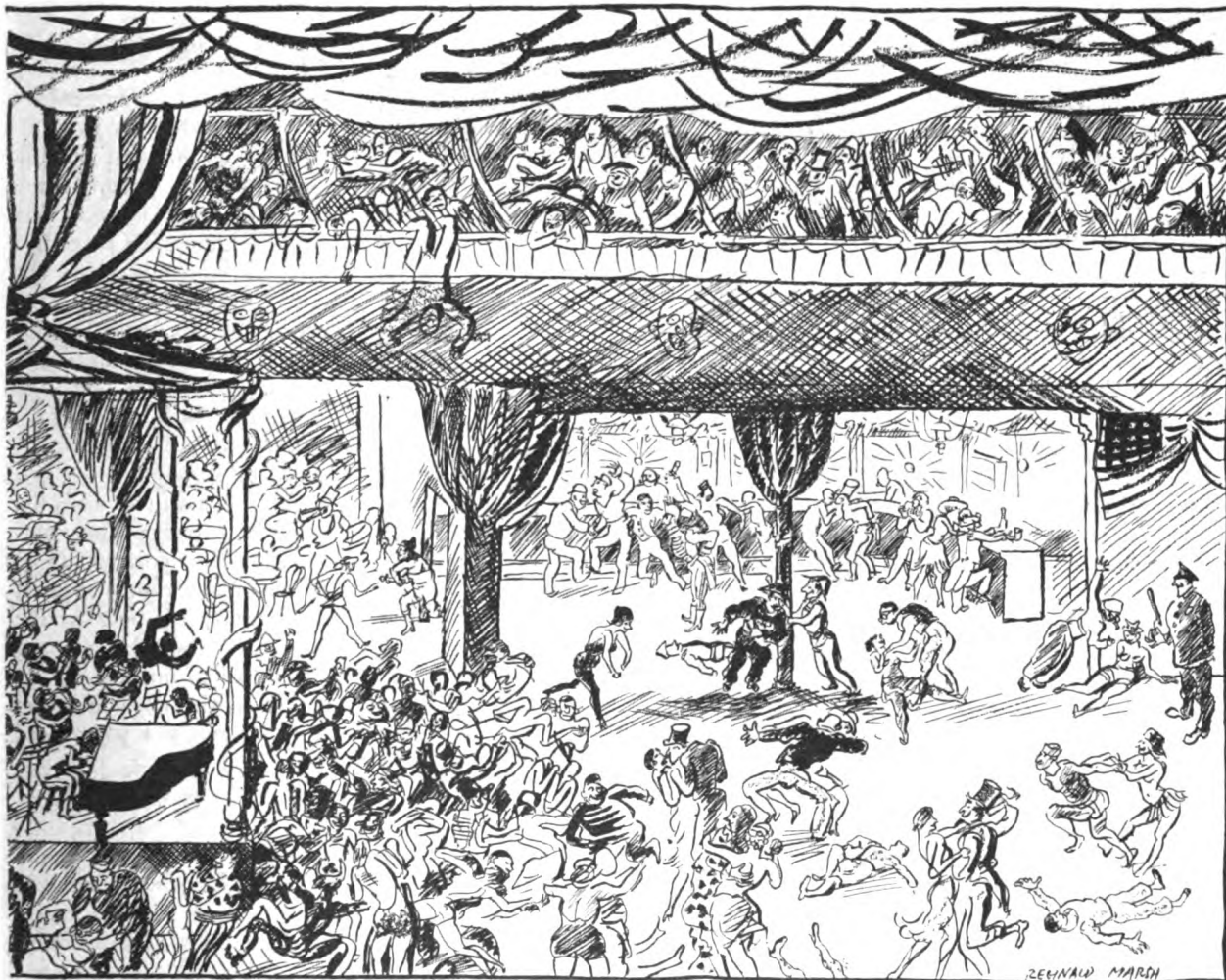
to indicate the passage of a period of five years.

Chaplin, casting for his newest picture, "The Gold Rush," engaged Mrs. Spicer's gifted little girl (now known as Lita Grey) as his leading woman. And so, last November he entrained suddenly for Guyamas, Mexico, and married her.

The details of this happy event were clouded with much secrecy. (It was known, however, that Chaplin's best man, who journeyed madly across the continent to stand by his pal's side at the joyous happening, was Nathan Burkan, New York theatrical lawyer.) No previous word of it was permitted to become known and consequently, when the prospective bridegroom set out for Guyamas, he found no more than seven Los Angeles newspapermen in the same car. These reporters watched him closely, but he finally outguessed them: the ceremony was performed at four a. m. the next day, and Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin were on their way home before the local Browns had arisen.

LATER the reporters besieged the Chaplin residence and were thrown out by the squire—just like so many Keystone cops.

This understandable, but ill-advised act, constituted an affront to American journalism, as represented by the Los Angeles *Times*, *Examiner*, and *News*, and



*The Kit Kat (or the Good Bad) Ball—An Impression*

Chaplin suffered for it. Dark rumors were circulated as to the military nature of his wedding and Miss Grey was pictured as the childish innocent victim of a rapacious roué.

These stories were called to the attention of the California Women's Clubs, whose members, fulfilling their obligation to civilization, proceeded to pass some resolutions. Charlie Chaplin's pictures were to be boycotted. Chaplin himself was declared leprous and unfit to associate with decent people.

Sid Graumann, proprietor of the most important movie parlors in the Los Angeles district, had booked "The Gold Rush" for a long run at his Egyptian Theatre. Representatives of the women's clubs went straight to Mr. Graumann and told him, in effect, that he would do well to change his mind. Mr. Graumann, staunch old showman that he is, did well, changed his mind, and cancelled the booking.

In the meantime, Mrs. Chaplin had installed herself in her new home and was playing hostess to her mother, her father, her grandmother, her grandfather, her uncle, her aunt and several unidentified cousins. Mr. Chaplin had moved out and was living in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

Negotiations for a settlement were soon under way. Chaplin offered \$250,000. Mrs. Spicer refused this, explaining that her daughter's honor was worth \$500,000, if it was worth a nickel. Chaplin balked.

Finally the bickering ceased. Chaplin summarily dismissed his wife's relations from his home—and returned to live there himself.

There the case rests, and the Chaplins, the Spicers, the California Women's Clubs, the Los Angeles press and, undoubtedly, Will H. Hays, are waiting anxiously for the arrival of old Dr. Stork—and the subsequent burst of publicity. *On dit* that it will be in May.

Chaplin has engaged another actress, Georgia Hale, to play Mrs. Chaplin's part in "The Gold Rush"—necessitating the retaking of many scenes and much delay. However, the picture should be ready by June 1.

From all accounts, it is an extraordinarily good comedy. It will probably make a great many people laugh. It may even make Fatty Arbuckle laugh out loud.



again leaves—when he is shy his monthly quota, say—for a good, business-like half-hour in Brownsville. Fifty thousand dollars, they do say, is not much below par for thirty Brownsville minutes.

But, to be sure, it all comes out of West End Avenue in the end. For the Brownsville contributions to the Zionist cause are, in large part, tithes of the rentals—only the Income Tax officials know how many—of West End Avenue apartments that are Brownsville-owned.

**A** MALICIOUS version of the ensuing anecdote has it that Zuloaga owns two portraits by Adolph Lewisohn. This is obviously impossible, so it will have to be taken for granted that Adolph Lewisohn owns two portraits by Zuloaga.

What more natural, then, than for Mr. Lewisohn, seated next to Zuloaga at a dinner, to remark that he owns two wonderful portraits by Zuloaga? What more natural, then, than for Mr. Zuloaga to ask Lewisohn what those two portraits are? What more natural, then, than for Mr. Lewisohn to indicate by a somewhat embarrassed demeanor that he doesn't know, he having so many portraits by so many painters, and to change the subject as best he could?

Obviously, of course, the story could not be true if it were Mr. Zuloaga who owned two portraits by Lewisohn.

**Z**ULOAGA was being shown the Havemeyer collection, which by the way is one of the best in the world. The group came into the room housing the two El Grecos. Of course Zuloaga was impressed; but some dramatic gesture was necessary. He turned to his hostess with his hands uplifted.

"Ahh—Ah—Mrs. Havemeyer—may I just put my hand on it."

As she assented and the Spanish painter who gets \$15,000 per portrait (line forms on the right) stepped up to make his bow to the master, Mrs. Havemeyer was heard to mutter:

"It might do you more good if you put your head on it."

**T**HE President of the General Zionist Organization should know where the money is. He is Dr. Chaim Weizman and he does. It's in Brownsville.

Brownsville, be it known, is not in the best of repute along, say, West End Avenue, being anyhow one generation behind. But it is the cozy generalities of West End Avenue that Dr. Weizman ever and

**T**HERE are, alas, those who are only too eager to say thus and thus about Mr. Joseph Stransky as a conductor.

Recently, for example, Mr. Stransky's Summer home was struck by lightning, but Mr. Stransky escaped all injury. Flirtations with lightning do not usually result as fortunately. At the Raquet Club a



*Sketch of the New Monument Proposed by The Interests for City Hall Park,  
"Mr. Hylan Takes a Stand"*

few days later there was some talk of this miraculous escape.

"Miraculous, nothing," said David H. Wallace. "Naturally he would escape. Is he not our leading non-conductor?"

Or, again, some time ago there was a proposal that certain prominent musicians should form an orchestra, of which the outstanding virtue was to be that the celebrities were all to assume the obligations of instruments to which they were unaccustomed. Kreisler, to be sure, would play the piano, Rosenthal the harpsicord and Heifetz the oboe.

"And Stransky," asked Mr. Wallace, "will conduct, will he not?"

ABOVE and beyond the calendar it is Spring. The wise are putting away the light garments to which they were foully lured by an impertinent February and are accustoming themselves to the woolen and substantial things that are their March heritage. The hurdy-gurdys have removed the premature "Wearing of the Green" and "Spring Song" from their repertoires and gone back to the retail coal business. Every post brings tidings from fiends in Munich that the Bock-Bier is better than ever and that the Backfische are scantily arrayed in georgette. Fifth Avenue is covered with fur and the orangeade stands are still glass-enclosed and are still selling hot dogs.

It is Spring.



# OF ALL THINGS



COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT is sending out the police band to "sell New York" to the circumambient cosmos. It is hoped that, despite rough usage by Hylan, it will bring more than its purchase price of twenty-four dollars.

\* \* \*

We gather that the funeral of the Sixty-eighth Congress was the most enjoyable feature of the late inauguration and millions who could not attend gave it their endorsement. In Chesterfieldian cigarette English, "Such unpopularity must be deserved."

\* \* \*

Dawes and the Senators calling each other too talkative was another high comedy touch. It was enough to make an electric horse laugh.

\* \* \*

When the Senators get back to their rural constituents they will be asked what they did for the farmers. Some of them may find that eating sausage and maple syrup at White House breakfasts is not quite enough.

\* \* \*

The employee who stole \$18,000 worth of umbrellas from a Twenty-first Street firm should not be judged too harshly. He was trying to lay by something for a rainy day.

\* \* \*

This is the season when college classes announce the results of elections for favorite statesmen, poets, actresses and sports. Except for a newspaper page of bond numbers, this is our unfavorable reading matter.

\* \* \*

John W. Davis was not present at the inauguration. Evidently the attention-caller fell down on the job.

\* \* \*

When Baby Peggy made her debut at the Palace Theatre the other day, her father explained that her great success was due to the fact that she early learned the value of implicit obedience.

The little girl, we learn, was busy one day cutting holes in the tapestried furniture when her father said to her, "Peggy, you've been in the house long enough. I want you to put on your coat and hat right away and go out and be a movie star."

Without a word of protest, the dear child put away her scissors and went out and signed up for her first feature picture.

\* \* \*



There is to be no attic for starving poets in the new Authors' League studio apartment building. This is a gratifying advance over the day when an author was an unhappy medium between an editor and a creditor.

"The building," says the Authors' League *Bulletin*, "will rise straight up for about thirteen stories, before the first set-back. There will then be two set-backs of two stories each and above these the tower will rise four stories to another set-back at the pent house under the top roof."

Wish fulfillment symbolism. Freud in architecture. Every aspiring fiction writer wants to "rise straight up for about thirteen stories before the first set-back."

\* \* \*

Recently we noted that Professor Baker had signed up Marilyn Miller as Yale's Assistant Coach in Dramatic Form. It is difficult, though to put Harvard in its place. *Vide* the following night-letter:

Crimson still holds sway in drama. Understand Pres. Lowell gave keys of Harvard Stadium to 4 Marx Bros. who in turn presented Economics Dept. with bust of their great-uncle Karl.—*Harvard*, 1921

\* \* \*

Our Detective Bureau has assigned operatives to shadow Miss Abby Rockefeller while she is hunting an apartment. If she finds six light rooms and two baths in the Park Avenue section for about thirty dollars a month, the detectives have instructions to kidnap the renting agent and bring him to this office where he will be held prisoner until the lease is signed.

\* \* \*

It may seem to some readers of THE NEW YORKER that we are giving the newspapers more publicity than they deserve. People would quit reading them, it is intimated, if we weren't continually harping on their eccentricities and sins. On that Heywood Brown matter one man accused us of having some grudge against the *World*. We haven't. We are very fond of the *World* and will seize every possible opportunity to keep it from taking any step which promises disaster.

\* \* \*

We promised to answer several letters and telegrams received from the Old Lady in Dubuque upon the appearance of our first issue. We now have to report that all of these are suspected of being the forgeries of a theatrical company then playing in Dubuque. We have, however, an editorial from the *Des Moines Register*, largest daily circulation in Iowa, which defends Dubuque, "a city of 40,000, once rated the fourth manufacturing centre in the United States, and still possessor of a notable public library." There need be no concern here, however, as we have decided not to take the library away.





The *Register* accuses us of using the Old Lady as a symbol of contempt. This isn't the case. We used that line to emphasize our declaration that we would differ from other magazines in that our interest would be local. We had in mind another magazine, only a biscuit's toss away, as distances are in New York these days, which decorates one wall of its editorial office

with the framed reminder, "This Magazine is Edited for the Old Lady in Dubuque." Other national magazines are different. One, for instance, is edited for the Old Lady in Chillicothe.

*The New Yorker*

## ⌚ THE HOUR GLASS ⌚

### A Simple Maid



Ann  
Pennington

If the feminine world would learn from Ann Pennington, it might not go in so heavily for facial surgery, but it would be a rich market for synthetic dimples in the knee; for, as Mr. Ziegfeld has it, how much more precious than rare jewels is a trim ankle.

These are the Follies: Will Rogers speaking to the intellect and Ann Pennington to the emotions, but while Mr. Rogers dubs himself illiterate, Miss Pennington merely smiles—and what a simple smile, since she is a person of such simple tastes. Give her a few strings of Oriental pearls, a butter and egg man's dozen of diamond and emerald bracelets, odd baubles of rings and a couple of long, lean limousines and she can be perfectly content. You might even add a book, if it wasn't one with uncut leaves.

What an advantage this simple maid has over her sisters whose faces are their fortunes, for while faces grow old, dimpled knees are eternally youthful. Therein is the race's tragedy.

### Thine Host

Gil Boag survived a partnership in the Thompson-Salvin enterprises. Along Broadway, that is regarded as sufficient accomplishment for one man's lifetime. But the man has something Herculean about him, which tribute is not dictated by any desire to parallel the Ancient's Augean labors with Mr. Boag's one-time favored field—the cabaret and night club.



Gil Boag

He is, moreover, Gilda Gray's husband. For her he is building a theatre, which is near completion.

He is tall, ponderously wrought; and his face is fleshy now that he has become a *bon vivant*. He has enormous energy, wearing out softer souls who work beside him; and enormous audacity, driving the same souls to flight as he flirts gaily with disaster.

Broadway has seen him climb in a decade from management of a third-rate boxer to the eminence of supper club proprietorship. Now he owns a theatre, or, at least, its skeleton. And all is well, until the law begins to padlock Temples of Thespis.

### Our Uncle's Attorney

Minister's sons always go to one extreme or the other, mostly the other. The new United States Attorney for New York is a minister's son, but he differs from the common run. There isn't a wild oat in a bushel of him. If a primrose dared poke its head up along the path he treads, he would pluck the offending flower from its roots. Which may be good, but surely can't be pleasant.

Nebraska gave Emory Buckner to the Union. Nebraska, you will recall, is the State where Willie Bryan once resided and Charlie still does. Too bad, in this case, it wasn't two other fellows.

Mr. Buckner is said by his associates to have what they know as a legal mind. That, so far as the man in the taxi can deduce, means there are two sides to every case; and it's almost impossible to tell which is right until you've received your retaining fee. But he isn't a bad chap at heart, his associates say. So you can take that, if you want to, but you must remember people will say almost anything.



Emory Buckner

### One of the New Greeleys

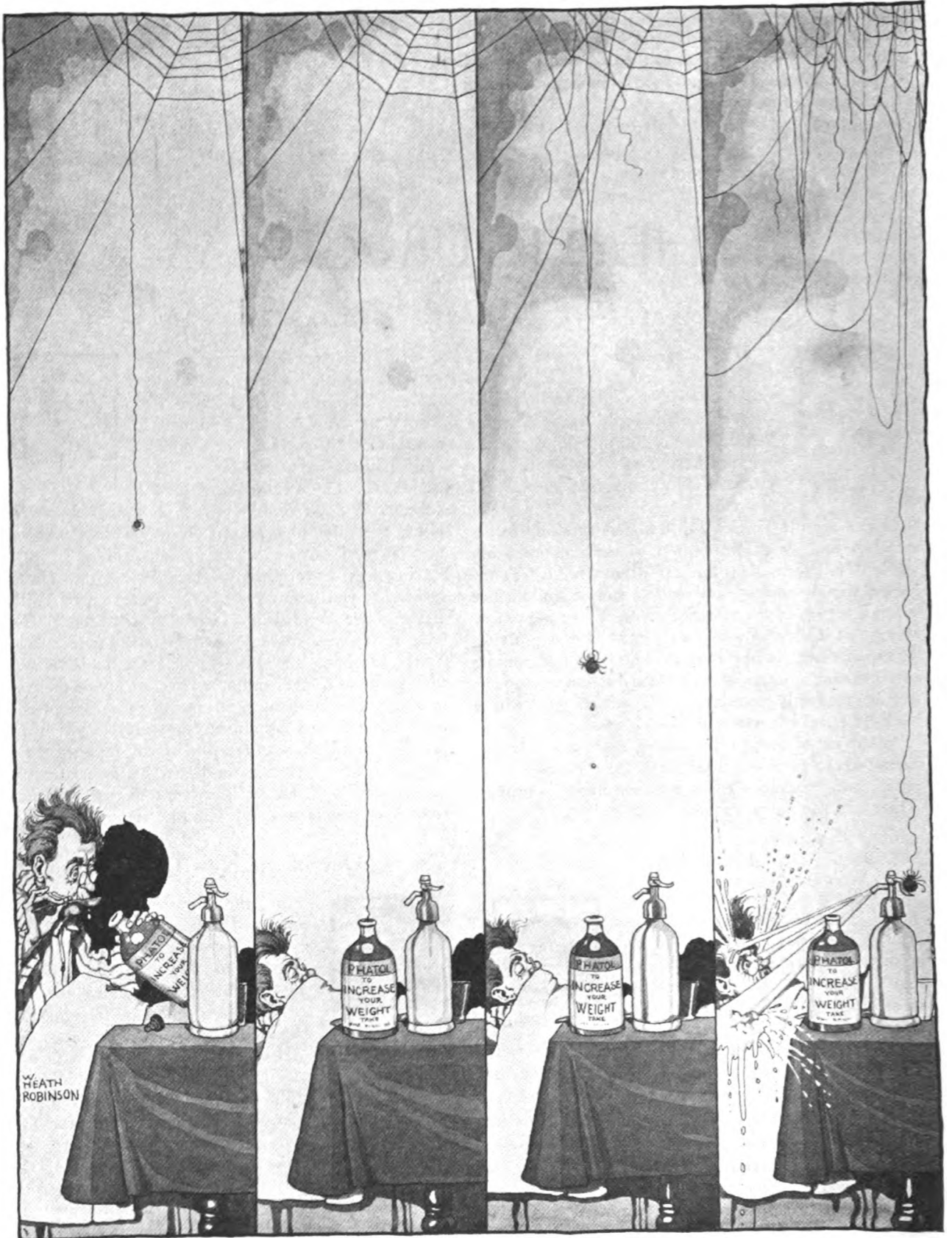


William O.  
McGeehan

In the newer journalism the weight of influence, and interest, has shifted from the ponderous editorial columns to the sprightly dramatic and sporting pages, among the latter of whose leaders of thought Bill McGeehan stands preeminent.

His is a kindly face, but with that square-rigged jaw which is reminiscent in middle age of those youthful times when he fought for the pure joy of the thing, in lone strength against the San Francisco constabulary. There were two wars, too, but his efforts in those Bill disregards as lacking the true, amateur spirit. Perhaps that is why he shakes his touselled, greying hair as he surveys shrewd young business men demanding thousands of dollars for a mild tilt in the prize ring.

He is not the persistently boosting type of sport commentator, such sychophancy being beyond Bill, the Sheriff. He enjoys more laying his mace over hard heads. Latterly the magazines have discovered his gifts, and now one of his columnar sketches has been acted. Even the literary world do move.



*The New Tonic for Those  
Who Are Losing Weight*



## A Timid Little Man

ONE of the most interesting sights I know of is a meeting between Arthur Hopkins and any stranger. There was a time when I saw a great many of these meetings, and they always ended the same way—Hopkins emerged from them with a slightly stricken look, probably three parts remorse and two parts belligerency, and the stranger came out looking desperately for the stairs, wetting his throat and obviously at a loss as to what he had come for, what had happened to him, and how he could get away. It was, in fact, no help to the stranger if he had been warned beforehand, as who should know better than I, who have warned a hundred of them. He could not overcome the paralysis of throat, intelligence and feeling that Hopkins induced in him. I have often wondered what Arthur Hopkins really thought of the human race, since he always made the acquaintance of it when it was thus at its worst.

However, the explanation of this Hopkins blight is easy, even if futile. This timid little man—and how he would loathe that adjective—has absolutely no gift for easing human intercourse. That would not be so bad, if he would let it alone—but he will not.

Some perverse Welsh demon in him drives him to let on that he is equal to any situation. He adopts all the outward behavior of a man who knows precisely what he is about. His very first greeting is done with an air. In fact, it is done with such a devil of an air that the incomer is at once abashed, and dries up into a state resembling that of a frightened pupil before a stern school teacher. Do not think that this merely applies to the young and uninitiated. The very toughest of them go down before it. I have seen the jauntiest and most experienced of persons saunter in to an interview with Arthur Hopkins and come out with the same old glazed and staring eye. They all vow that Hopkins has frightened them to death.

What actually happened, of course, was that they had one and all frightened Hopkins to death, that they threw him clean out of the orbit in which he can shine, and that they had then been betrayed by the perfection of his own defense against his greatest weakness.

Once in a while Arthur Hopkins becomes articulate—but the times are rare.

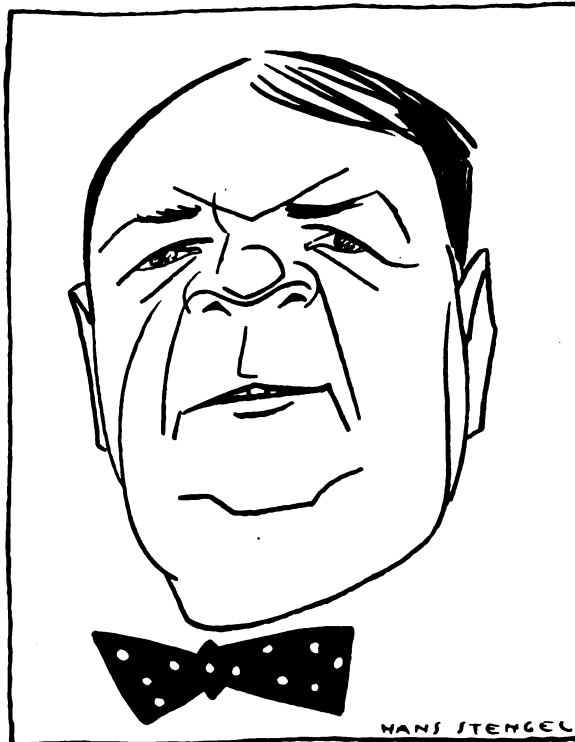
In a better world than this, where some sagacious overlord directed what each of us might and might not do, separating us according to our gifts, Hopkins would be kept in a small cage back of the footlights of his own theatre, and never by any chance allowed to come in contact with actual people.

What Hopkins knows he knows from the inside, anyway. He learns nothing from people, because he can't pass his own walls, any more than they can. He has vast intuitive knowledge. He has an extraordinary taste for the best that the theatre can do, and he has all the necessary courage for putting that best to the fore. But all he now has he had the day he was born, and it is literally ruinous for him to try to enlarge his own scope.

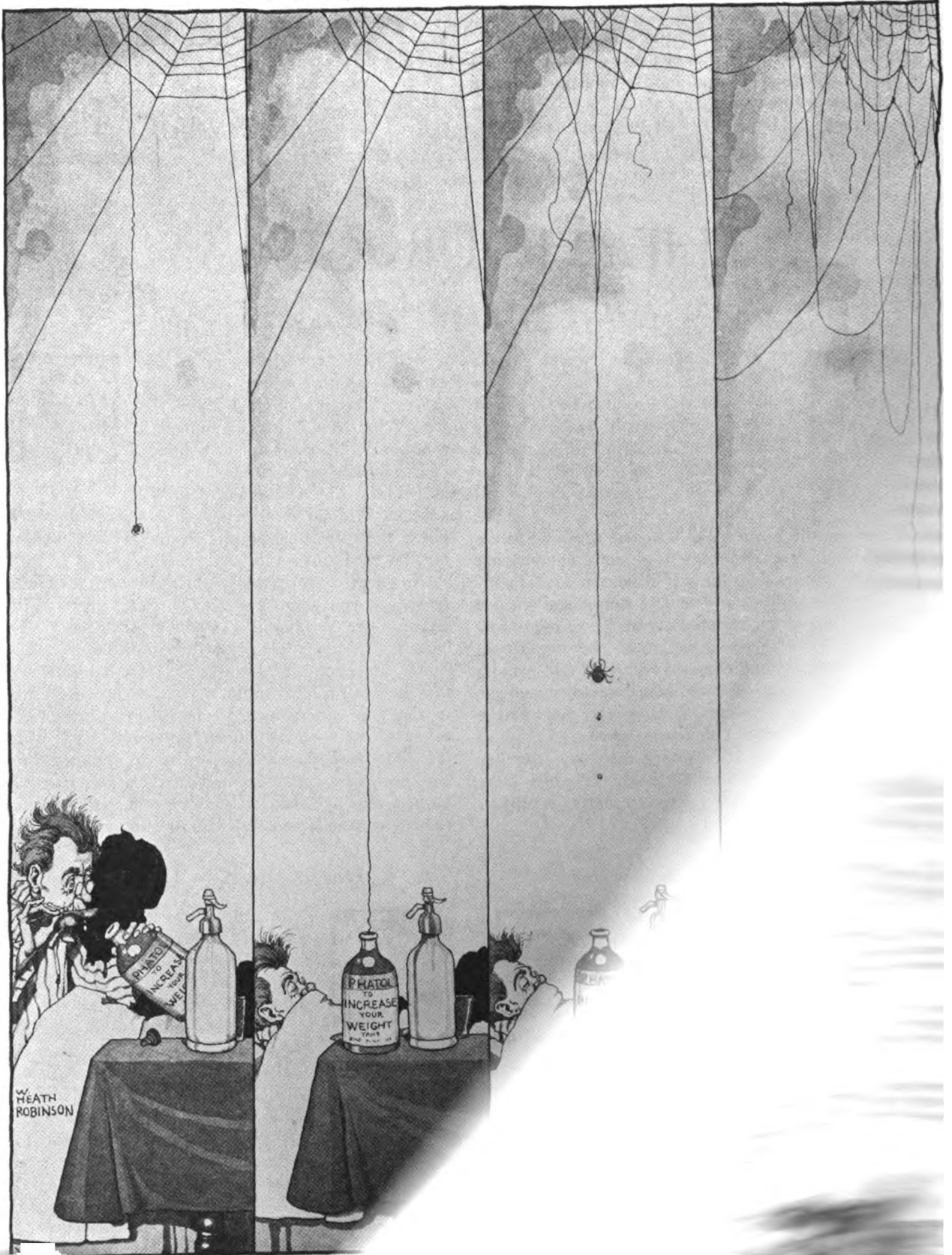
I remember once talking about Arthur Hopkins with one of his aunts, who knew him as a child.

"He was a curious little boy," she said, "and none of the children could ever make him out. No more could we, if it comes to that. He hardly ever said a word. I don't mean he was one of these sickly, bored children—he wasn't—but he was always preoccupied with something the rest of us couldn't see."

Well, he still is, of course, but it is to be said to his credit that he now does the best he can to make the rest of us see what he is pondering over. He can never do it with the direct human relationship as his only outlet, because time has given him no graces whatever in that particular mode. He still merely freezes himself and the rest of the world into lumpy masses when he tries. But he can come very near to



*Arthur Hopkins*





ONE of the meetings between the stranger and Hopkins was a meeting between a stranger and a stranger. There was nothing of these meetings, and the way—Hopkins came with a stricken look, probably parts belligerency, and desperately for the wetting his throat and obviously at a loss as to what he had come for, what had happened to him, and how he could get away from it, in fact, no help to the stranger if he had been warned beforehand by one who should know better than I, who have seen a hundred of them and could not overcome the paralysis of those intelligence and feeling Hopkins induced in me. I have often wondered what Arthur had really thought of the man race, since he made the acquaintance of the worst.

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# INDUSTRY QUILTS

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“Two is right,” came from the depths of the coonskin coat.

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“I got me a temporary home on the Drive with elegant blonde furnishings,” the swaggering youth grinned. “When I go broke and lose it, I guess I’ll go back to my career.”

So cynical of affairs; yes, he might well have been up from Princeton.

An efficient secretary—a young woman, and, strange to say, a plain young woman, sidled into the office and handed a card to her employer. The bored elegant nodded. A gruff, red-faced giant flat-footed into sight. He looked at me, then at my host in obvious inquiry as to my status.

“I’m not making any more deliveries. Quit today,” the chief smuggler informed him by way of answer.

“I got to have fifty cases to-night. Got ’em promised to a good guy up in Hartford,” the giant rumbled plaintively.

“I’ll turn you over to somebody who’ll fix you,” the bored one assured him.

A telephone conversation into one of the four in-

doing that with the production of a successful play.

Only one disability remains with him, as a heritage from that introspective past. It is his distaste for resorting to the good old theatrical smash. He is filled with a philosophy—of his own devising—that one may speak under the noise rather than over it, in the theatre as in the subway. He will not admit that the theatre speaks its own language and no other. "Not at all," he says confidently, "it will speak mine if I give it a chance." So he goes along, production after production, shouting in whispers. He would have been buried under long ago but that some treacherous cunning he contains, against which he would certainly make war if he realized it, has led him, on important occasions, to pick actors who could and did crash through his ablest plans.

Hopkins is all for silken harmony. He can create it, too, better than anybody else in the world, if he has a company of obedient actors. He can create it, and it will run for all of one week or two. But where he has registered as the finest of the producers, is precisely where Nazimova, John Barrymore, or somebody other blazing person, has crashed through his fine-spun scheme.

This contradiction of himself which he has repeatedly sponsored is at the bottom of all the conflicting opinions one hears about him. I have heard the

most acute of critics divided—even unto their own minds—as to whether Arthur Hopkins was the best producer in America or the worst.

It is pretty easy, of course, to say that Arthur Hopkins is a great producer when he has an actor who will be sure to get out of hand, and not otherwise. But it is dangerously easy. It may not be true. It may quite as well be true that he knows all about it beforehand, and counts on it, wants it, and will do everything to get it but admit that he would like it.

It is certainly true that Arthur Hopkins is far better in the theatre than any theory he ever held. His theories read well, and he likes to talk about them. In fact, I have seen more animation in him, more fluency and more energy, when he was expounding a theory that would land him flat on his nose, than I have ever seen when he had done exactly that thing for which his entire world rose to applaud him.

But for better or worse, there he is, little enough likely to be understood, not only because his work bears divided evidence, but because in any personal contact he is as unyielding as a stone, and I cannot but believe that his times are the better for him. Something, surely, can be got out of a man who is, though timid, greatly courageous, and who, though obstinate, is religiously and deeply devoted to those things he does believe in.

## IN OUR MIDST

**M**R. LEONARD KIP RHINELANDER is a recent addition to the Social Register. She was a Miss Jones, of New Rochelle.

The many friends of King George in and about New York will be delighted to learn that he is improving rapidly.

Florenz Ziegfeld, producer, has departed for Palm Beach. He was the occasion of a *bon mot* by Will Rogers, Will saying that most of the best people have already left Palm Beach for the season, but Flo will never find out.

Charles M. Schwab has returned from abroad, feeling, he says, forty (40) years younger.

Countess Vilma Banky, budding movie star from abroad, was a bit of a sensation among ship news reporters recently, she announcing she had nothing to say, being without an opinion on the Dawes plan or our skyscrapers.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor will be entertaining, their guests hope, at their little home, 840 Fifth Avenue, on Thursday evening.

Alexander Konta, banker, was a guest at a recent card party at the home of Mrs. Enos Booth, 829 Park Avenue, this city.

Isham Jones is ensconced with his band at the new Rue de la Paix these days. Isham is the only millionaire jazz leader and so is Roger Wolfe Kahn.

Gene Speicher has been commissioned by his home town, Buffalo, N. Y., to paint a portrait of Kit Cornell in the lovely dress she wears as Candida, she being from Buffalo too. The picture will hang in the big art museum of the up-state metropolis.

Gene Saxton has left his job with Doran's to accept a similar, save as to more lucrative, job with Harper's.

Johnny Farrar, ex-Yale alumnus, for the time being, has taken over Mr. Saxton's duties, pro tem, for a short time.

Philip Goodman, producer, is described as being in Munich with Sinclair Lewis, writer, from a recent postcard.



Miss Estherlea Aaronson is a New York visitor of her sister, Mrs. Herman J. Mankiewicz by marriage.

A recent item in *Variety* reported as among those in Paris Edwin Justus Mayer and wife, that being a good joke on "Eddie," who has no wife.

Al Smith, of Oliver Street, is discussing financial matters with some up-State boys in Albany.

Walter Wanger and Justine Johnstone (Mrs. W.) will probably be giving a party soon.

Miss Anne Ayres accompanied Stephen Rathbun to the recent opening of the Spring edition of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Miss Gertrude Bryan is a visitor to Palm Beach, as Mrs. Charles M. Fair, Charles M. Fair being her husband's name.

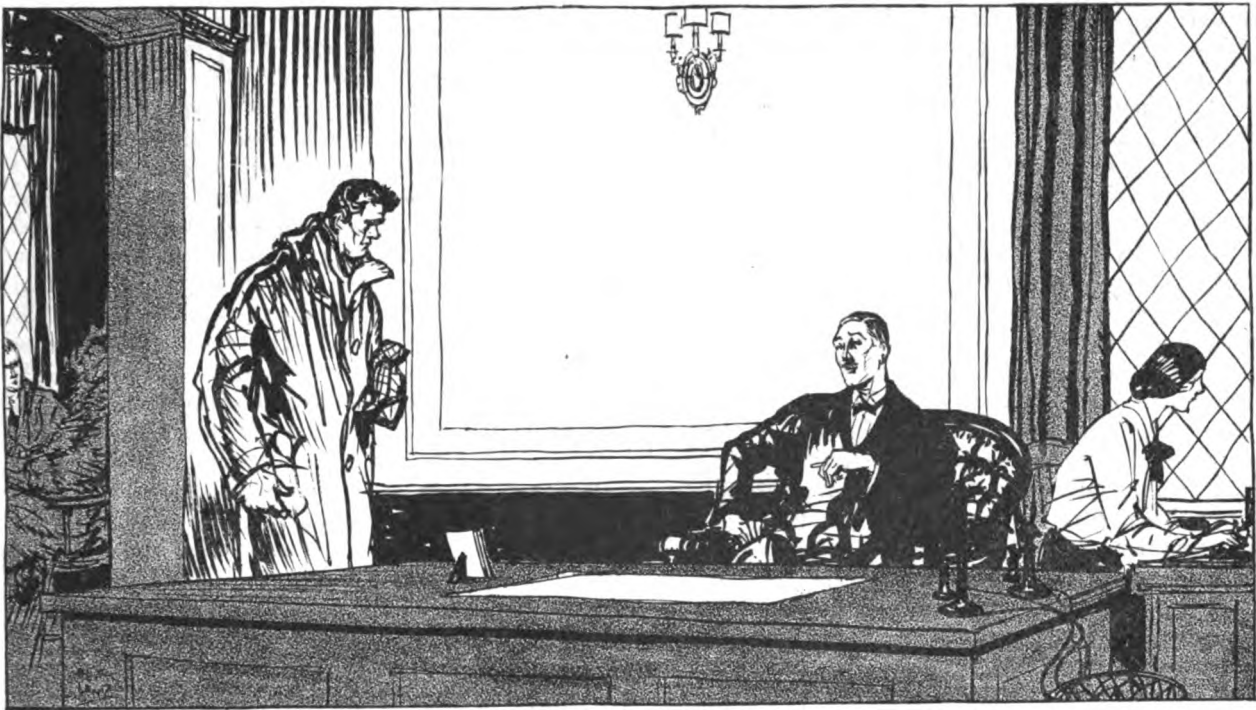
George White is sailing abroad on March 21.

Heywood Broun and Murdock Pemberton were callers on Dr. Reid in Washington, D. C., the nation's capital, recently.

Mrs. Jimmie Burden, H.R.H.'s hostess here, was off to Europe on the *Berengaria* recently. Edward Childs Carpenter, president of the Dramatists' Guild was off on *La France*.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, writer of history and other books, has builded a Dutch farmhouse at Westport, Conn., whence he will depart from to sail about May 1 for Paris, France.

Richard Washburn Child made a speech at Columbia recently, telling the Writers' Club how it is done.



*"Poe Got to Have Fifty Cases To-night. Got 'Em Promised to a Guy in Hartford"*

## A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY QUILTS

**W**ITHIN a fifteen cent taxi ride from the Times Building is a suite of offices furnished as chastely as those of a bank president, but more expensively and in better taste. I sat therein not a week ago, on a bright afternoon when Broadway was glutted with matinee-goers.

As I lounged, a slim, soft-spoken young man entered, drew from a leather brief case fifty thousand dollars in banknotes and passed it across a beautiful desk to a bored elegant of thirty-seven years.

"The Maybelle and the Violet are yours," said the bored elegant. "Best of luck with them."

"Thanks," answered the soft-spoken visitor, and sallied forth, looking like a young barrister with never a care, nor a case in the world.

"That about ends it," commented the other, indolently scooping the bales of banknotes into a yawning drawer. "When I pay my men off, I'm through."

One of the most successful of all rum smugglers was winding up his affairs, after the most approved manner of commerce. The last of his assets had been liquidated by the sale of the two speed boats. The last of his outstanding obligations were to be paid within an hour.

He was retiring after an active rum smuggling career dating to the beginning of such endeavors. Over a period covering roughly four years he had passed through his hands more than twenty millions of dollars; all as that fifty thousand had come—in cash—with not a single book kept to record his transactions.

A young chap in bell-bottomed trousers, coonskin coat and approved felt hat swaggered into the private office. He might have been up from Princeton for an evening's lark. As a matter of fact, he had come

from New Jersey, but from a coastal town. He was the skipper, unregistered, of one of the fleet of speed boats, two of which had just been transferred for the fifty thousand dollar consideration.

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A telephone conversation into one of the four in-

struments ranged on a table behind his chair settled this matter. The red-faced giant departed grateful and relieved.

Two more young ones, members of the fleet personnel, were paid off. These and subsequent payments ranged from three to six hundred dollars, depending on the number of trips made during the week. A bonus of seventy-five dollars for each trip was the rate above varying flat salaries, the amounts of these latter depending on the importance of the jobs done.

They were young men of appealing presence, more quietly dressed than their fellow employee of the coonskin coat; and more industrious, since they assured their boss they were to begin work for another smuggling concern the next week.

Visitors began to drop in more frequently; in twos, and threes, and fours. My friend, the elegant, forgot to be bored. He was too busy counting out sums of money.

His memory was astounding. He consulted no notes. He made no entries. Yet in my presence he paid off forty-odd men and was subject to only one correction as to the amount due. No fuss; no flurry. And a payroll of twenty-one thousand dollars was settled.

Of the forty-odd, perhaps a half dozen were so far advanced in years as to be in the late thirties. Fully

half the remainder were in their middle twenties.

Few bore themselves with the semi-furtive air of the criminal type. They were clean-cut youths, apparently happy, laughing easily and with friendliness. But their eyes, caught in certain lights, had significant depth. And sometimes their lids narrowed.

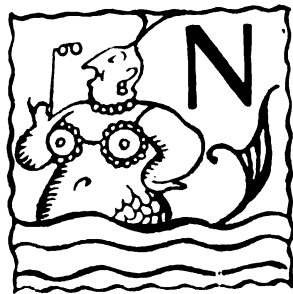
Three, oddly, were contemplating careers with the Coast Guard, now their smuggling days were done. Their pay would be sixty dollars monthly, if that much, against former earnings averaging twelve hundred for like periods. Adventure hardly would compensate them for the financial loss. But, perhaps, there are ways—

The bored elegant rose and wrapped a beautiful silk scarf about his neck, donning thereafter a topcoat which bore in its lines the unmistakable fashionings of Bond Street. Into its deep pockets he stuffed what he could of the banknotes from the yawning drawer. He thrust the rest to me, asking, "Help me around to the bank with this, like a good fellow. I might as well deposit the stuff."

When we made our adieux, the smuggler, now retired, politely urged me to drop in on him one day—he said, "one day"—and have luncheon.

"But not until next month," he added with a pensive smile, explaining, "you see I go on jury duty Monday."

## STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



NEW YORK was known throughout the provinces as the Modern Sodom and it was taken for granted by those who were most pious that it would one day be destroyed. The good people of Kansas, especially, and the followers of the Prophet Bryan, looked forward eagerly to the event. They got their dope from John Roach Straton and the utter annihilation of Modern Sodom couldn't happen any too quick to suit them. Not because it was Sodom, but because it was Modern.

In the year 1925, the city was visited by an earthquake. But it couldn't get a hearing. The Elevated was running at the time, Mayor Hylan was returning from Palm Beach, the static was exceptionally bad and United States Senators all over the country were rehearsing their addresses of welcome to Charles G. Dawes.

The earthquake trembled all over. Anyone visiting New York for the first time will understand. Nobody noticed it, as it hadn't been introduced.

In the Provinces, however, there was great rejoicing. When they heard of the earthquake's arrival, they didn't wait for particulars. Los Angeles laughed its head off. Des Moines went Christian by a large majority. In the vicinity of Atlanta there were Hymns of Thanksgiving that God had punished New York for sending Gutzon Borglum to Georgia.

Borglum was a missionary to the Stone Mountaineers. The mountaineers were all artists and he was an efficiency expert. Undoubtedly he meant well, but you can appreciate the situation. He was captured shortly after his arrival and condemned to chisel the Civil War on the mountainside, not as it actually was but as it would have looked if General Lee had been victorious.

Borglum broke stone for a few years and then went on strike.

"Where's my wages?" he asked.

"Wages hell!" said the Mountaineers, for they were very religious. Then they quoted the Bible, as Georgians always did.

"It is faith that removes mountains," said they, "and here you are asking for cash!" The Mountaineers were a generous folk, but they couldn't permit even their prisoners to be unorthodox.

Borglum sought for words but couldn't find them. The United States Senate apparently had exhausted the supply.

This was in the reign of Silent Cal. Cal wasn't silent from choice, but the English Language had been cornered at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. That is how Dawes happened to get in. All the good words were now controlled by the Senate, but Dawes had a few bad ones, which could be used in an emergency.

Dawes was Vice-President. He presided over all the Vices of the Senate. The exact nature of these Vices are now unknown: but there was a hot time, it seems, when Helen Maria burst into the upper chamber.—*Sawdust*





WELL, anyway, we don't have to worry about the—pardon us—dirty plays any more. That is being taken care of for us, and we can go back and curl up in our baskets, all that worry off our minds. That big emotional upheaval experienced by a certain *New York World*, which shall be nameless, has done just about everything that could be done for the unclean drama.

But here it is Spring, or thereabouts, and this department's sap is stirring like a regular old fool, and something has to be crusaded about. So we are charging gallantly off, buckety-buckety, to get in a war against the clean play. Our white plume, please, Meadows, and has that sword been ground lately?

Yes, and we mean it, too. We are good and excited about it. And if you had had to see "The Handy Man," you'd be in just the same state over the immaculate school of drama. "Stamp out the clean play" is our slogan.

We have been theatre-going, man and boy, since Augustus Thomas was in rompers, and we have yet to be affected by any display of immorality, nudity, commercialized vice, perversion, or points west, as we were by "The Handy Man." We have sat, politely attentive, through the season's series of entertainments dealing with the goings-on of those picturesque little street-walkers, and have come out of it aged and furrowed by boredom, but utterly pure in heart. We have witnessed countless scenes purporting to be slices of the lives of those painted ladies to whom Mr. David Belasco tells us he invariably removes his head-gear (the question here arises: If you pass Mr. Belasco in the street, and he takes off his hat to you, what ought you do? Slap his face?) and have turned out to be approximately as wildly scarlet as Whistler's Mother. "What Price Glory?" added not even another goddamn to our vocabulary. We recall that it was the night we had been seeing "A Good Bad Woman" that we gave that dime to the blind man. . . .

But when, after two and a half hours of listening to Mr. Tim Murphy, as *The Handy Man*, drone out sterling precepts, and utter mighty platitudes couched in

terrible verse, and offer words of healing advice, and interfere in everybody's business, generally,—well, you wouldn't have been safe anywhere with us. We came out of the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, and kicked the crutches from under a little crippled news-boy, and shot down a Salvation Army lassie like a dog, and snatched the pennies from a one-armed organ-grinder's cup, and then rushed home and waked up our little silver-haired grandmother, and read her the last chapter in "Ulysses." And that's the way we have been going around ever since. And it's all your fault, Tim Murphy, you big sunbeam, you.

The play itself needs but the addition of a couple of nicely fried eggs to pass anywhere as America's favorite dish. Yet there are frequent and exceedingly good splashes of comedy in it, and the highly amusing playing of the rôle of a detective, by Mr. Robert Middlemass. There is also skilful work done by Miss Marguerite Cusack. It was the presence of these two, and the unfortunately thwarted hope that a piece of scenery might fall on *The Handy Man's* head, that kept us seated until the very end of the play. Maybe if we had got away even a little sooner, we wouldn't have pushed that doddering old gentleman down those dark basement steps. Oh, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy, why did you have to go and get so pure on us?

Oh, and we forgot to tell you, there is a curiously gratuitous Servant-in-the-House flavor to the play. *The Handy Man* is a carpenter and his name is Christopher; and there is a great deal of awed inquiring of him, "But who are you, and how do you know all this?" and many references to that strange radiance in his face. We fear that the authors have gone Charles Rann Kennedy.

Here we are, getting into such a state about the over-clean drama, that we haven't left ourselves a minute to describe to you "Puppets," Frances Lightner's play at the Selwyn Theatre. But that, perhaps, is just as well.

Nor is there time to tell about "In the Near Future," an amazing emanation from the mind and the pen of a gentleman named Abraham Goldknopf. And that, undoubtedly, is even better.

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### The New Plays

**THE HANDY MAN.** *At the Thirty-ninth Street. One of those comedies that would have Tim Murphy in it, with Tim Murphy in it.*

**PUPPETS.** *At the Selwyn. Large gobs of hokum, displayed, this time, with a marionette theatre as a background.*

**THE FALL GUY.** *At the Eltinge, Ernest Truex giving one of the season's best performances in one of the season's most entertaining plays.*

**IN THE NEAR FUTURE.** *At Wal-lack's, for special matinees. Let's try to forget.*

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES.** *At the New Amsterdam Theatre. The Spring edition, with W. C. Fields and whatever else was good of the late "Comic Supplement" put in to freshen up things.*

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# AND THEY DO SAY

THE sudden stillness felt in the air hereabouts on Tuesday last was the suspensive moment after the first impact between Michael Arlen and the House of Woods. The rehearsals for "The Green Hat" had already been called and the verbal exquisite from Armenia had just arrived, bearing from London his new and possibly improved script of the play. Martin Hermann of the Woods office got him on the telephone at once to arrange a meeting, only to be assured by the playwright that—what with his publishers and his social engagements and all—he would really be much too pressed to see any one from the Woods office that day.

Then Mr. Hermann spoke—briefly, but in such vein that Mr. Arlen's reply was "What! What! What! What!" And that afternoon he was at home to the Woods representatives. An inkstained pressman from what would be Fleet Street in Mr. Arlen's town called later on Mr. Hermann to learn, for his own possible use, what the magical speech had been.

"Oh," was the genial reply, "I just gave him a regular Martin Hermann."

IT should be of interest—it is hereby officially declared of interest—that Michael Arlen has already justified his American visit, in so far as the subject of service to his hosts is concerned. He has, without qualification, denounced the legend that he had any part in the writing of "The Deep Angel." Those who have invented and popularized that legend, one is entitled to believe, are such and such.

For such students as may have been more engrossed in the international correspondences or the heart-rending dilemmas of Mrs. Dennistoun, of London, Madrid, Paris, and such, it may be worthwhile to recount the situation briefly. Some weeks ago a play, called "The Dark Angel," opened at the Longacre Theatre, with the authorship ascribed by the program to one H. B. Trevelyan. There was every reason to believe that this Trevelyan was just good old Guy Bolton—not the least of the reasons being the fact

that Mr. Bolton told people a twelve-month ago that this was his play.

Whereupon suddenly the report became current that if Michael Arlen, the enjoyer of the moment's literary vogue, hadn't written the entire play, he had certainly written a large part of it. Whence the rumor came there are none who can tell, but the offices of Robert Milton, Inc., producers of the play have taken no pains to deny it or to reveal the true identity of Mr. Trevelyan.

Comes now Arlen, in his brusque Armenian way, to spill the beans.

THE friends of June Walker's are glad that she is making the hit of her career in "Processional" because her prospects as a social favorite are waning. At a recent dinner recklessly given by Ring Lardner, the petite actress was by way of being a flop. In gay chit chat after coffee with Mr. Lardner, Frank Crowninshield, Ray Long and others, they came inevitably—as folks will—to a discussion of the celebrated small dance with several thousand guests given this Winter by Condé Nast. Miss Walker spoke snootily of the occasion. Mr. Crowninshield questioned her facts. She questioned his authority. He ventured mildly to suggest that as one who shared Mr. Nast's roof, he was in a position to know whereof he spoke.

"And why do you live with him?" asked Miss Walker, in her forthright way.

"Well," said Mr. Crowninshield, "we're old friends and I edit *Vanity Fair* for him."

Miss Walker was simply overcome.

"Why, that's my favorite magazine. I read it from cover to cover. And I don't like magazines as a rule. Now, I wouldn't be seen dead with a copy of the *Cosmopolitan*."

It was Mr. Lardner whose kick in the shins warned her that Mr. Long was the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. After that Miss Walker just did a few dances and went home.

## The Week's Award

Edward Alexander MacDowell died in 1908, which adds especial timeliness to the announcement made from Station WHN last week in which MacDowell was referred to as "the greatest American composer of the day."

Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt to Hunt in Turkestan for Museum.

—*Herald Tribune* headline.

Whether they find it or not, the search will keep them out in the open air.

## The Highly Original General

The general (Pershing) made a hit by stopping in front of a young soldier who

wore the vertical stripes on his arm which indicate twice wounded and asking him, "Where were you wounded, my man?" The newspapermen told me that made a great impression.

—Maj.-Gen. Harbord, in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

## This Helps Some

Greenwich, Conn.—Ye Olde Greenwich Inne, a summer resort hotel, was burned to the ground to-day.

—*Daily Newspaper*.

## His Money's Worth

"George," queried Ethel, "you have just bought the New Standard Dictionary. How do you pronounce the word 'Kis-met'?"

"In the Arabic, my dear, this great

authority says the 't' is silent."

"'Kis-me'?" asked Ethel.

"With pleasure," complied George, feeling repaid already for his purchase of

The Funk & Wagnalls  
New Standard Dictionary

—*Poster in the "L."*

In Spring the young advertising man's fancy—

On what world-famous figure was this family dictum passed: "My brother is not a great, but a good man?"

—From a test questionnaire in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Our guess: Bryan.



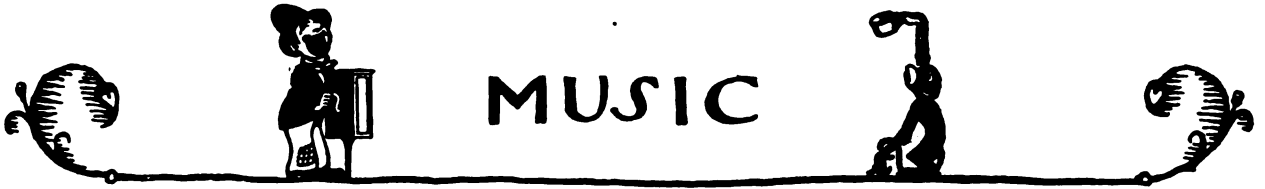
IDYLIC MOMENTS FROM THE CURRENT THEATRE

*Miss Doris Keane and Mr. Leon Errol Stub Their Several Toes*

**A**BOVE: Miss Keane, in the fourth of the eleven scenes of "Starlight," the hilarious burlesque of the life of Sarah Bernhardt at the Broadhurst Theatre, gallops from the stage to the groaning-chair with her minus-five-seconds-old son, proving that there are still a few sensations to be had in our staid old theatre, after all.

Below: Mr. Errol, opening Mr. Ziegfeld's new Cosmopolitan Theatre in Columbus Circle with "Louie the 14th," attempts to bear up under his famous peripatetic jag at the same moment that Miss Keane is bearing down at the Broadhurst.

Both entertainments are guaranteed to knock out an unwary eye, each in its peculiar way.—R. B.



OPERA Comique, whatever that may mean, has arrived by way of the Little Opera of America, Inc., in the form of "Mandragola," a play set to music by Ignatz Waghalter, who serves also as the indefatigable conductor of the State Symphony Orchestra. Few organizations have blown in on us with quite such a blast of laudable promises and notable honorary committeemen as the Little Opera. The boys and girls who sponsor the enterprise assembled, we are told, "by the urgent conviction that a great need exists in America for a lyric stage, experimental in its nature, free from the encumbrances of the grand opera tradition, the outgrowth of an earlier and different civilization."

Furthermore, "they believe that America has an abundance of vigorous and original talent which needs only an opportunity to liberate itself and by means of the allied arts of the drama, music, decoration and the dance be welded into living, valid and stimulating expression of the American scene." The honorary committee which, we take it, endorses these strictures, includes such diversified talents as Sherwood Anderson, Bernard M. Baruch, Heywood Broun, Walter Damosch, Norman Bel Geddes, Fanny Hurst, S. Jay Kaufman, Fritz Kreisler, Horace B. Livwright, William Mengelberg, the Duchess de Richelieu, Joseph Schildkraut, Donald Ogden Stewart and a score of others.

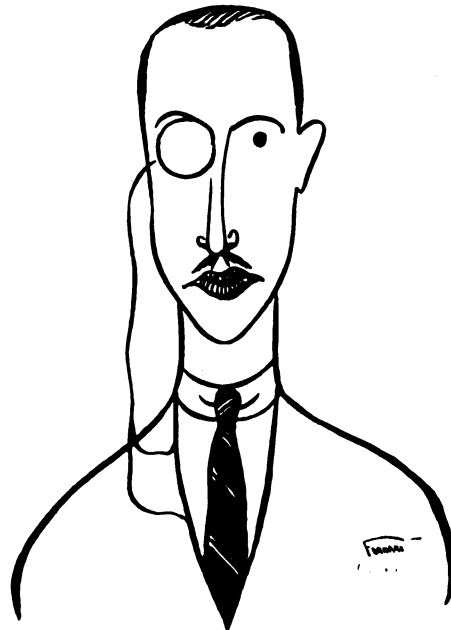
Enter then "Mandragola," the first effort at living, valid and stimulating expression of the American scene. It is, according to the announcements, an Opera Comique (French), by Ignatz Waghalter (Polish) adapted by Alfred Kreymborg from the German text of Dr. Paul Eger, based on a Florentine play by Niccolò Machiavelli. The time and place of action is Florence, about 1500.

Waiving the motives which may have prompted the choice of this opera (it isn't in any sense opera comique), let us stop, look and listen briefly to "Mandragola." The libretto is neatly made and Mr. Kreymborg's translation isn't nearly so bad as some of our daily reviewers would have it. Mr. Kreymborg had the ungrateful task of making his words fit, syllable for syllable, the music composed by Mr. Waghalter in 1912. Inevitably, there can be little inspiration in the English version, and Mr. Kreymborg's occasional anachronisms may be charged rather to Dr. Paul Eger. He has nicenellied the gynecological humors of the story,

which, *per se*, might be subject matter for Mr. Banton and his 300 good men and women and true, and his rhymes mate as well as do the tenor and the soprano of the book.

Mr. Waghalter's score indicates that his reputation as an expert conductor of Puccini is not unfounded, but it fails to point up the friskiness of the libretto. It has sweetness but no light. The production is competent, with special honors for Miss Frances Paperte and Miss Maria Samson. The gentlemen of the cast work diligently, but Mr. Leonard Snyder, the principal tenor, will have to be persuaded that he is impersonating a young Florentine rather than Tannhäuser. Mr. Waghalter, conducting his score, solves satisfactorily the problem of leading the orchestra in the tiny pit under the stage and at the same time guiding the singers.

This may be said for "Mandragola." It has succeeded in making an audience blush at mere music. After the tenor has led the soprano into the bedroom painted on the back drop and closed the door, there is a little key-hole business by the deluded basso-husband and the scheming baritone-matchmaker. The baritone whisks the basso off the stage, and here the action of the piece ends. Suddenly, from the invisible orchestra, comes a strain of lush love music, broadening to a passionate climax. And as the curtain falls on this theme, the audience titters nervously. Music goes who never discerned anything embarrassing in the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" or the beginning of "Der Rosenkavalier" were startled by the orchestral finale of "Mandragola."



Igor Stravinsky

Igor Stravinsky has had his first and last encounter with the claque. Almost every distinguished musical visitor to New York receives telephone messages from gentlemen who speak mysteriously and comment ominously on the need for systematic applause, and not a few capitulate to the order of the Horny Hand. Stravinsky, however, shouted his answer.

"Claque!" he bellowed, in his "Sacre du Printemps" manner. "My music is my claque."

One radio broadcasting studio, it is whispered, has banned the music of Saint-Saens. The announcers can't pronounce him.



THE Independents opened their ninth annual show at the Waldorf last Friday with 1,180 paintings and about twice that many friends and relatives. The exhibition will continue until the end of this month. Eat a good meal, take the subway or "L" to Grand Street, walk the length of that thoroughfare, then cut up Avenue A to Thirty-fourth street and thence across to the Waldorf. Or better yet sit through a performance of "Processional" before visiting the exhibit. Some such preparation will be necessary to save you from vertigo as you enter the gallery; for here we have a cross section of our loved democracy gone mad with a brush.

We are a little shocked to find ourselves turned Bourbon almost without warning. The last Independent show we saw found us in a different phase of development. It was a great thing, we thought then, to find this brave band fighting its way against the inertia of society and the smothering craftiness of the capitalists. Here was genius rising from the dung hill despite a wicked capitalistic world trying to keep it in chains. Somewhere in the intervening four years we have been persuaded that there is a good deal to that old theory of the survival of the fittest; that what is worth saving will save itself. So with a sigh we turn our back on our friends and rush forth to rouse the old-fashioned artists. Up men to your brushes and palettes or this thing we call art will be laughed out of being.

Our new mood is no more just than our early one, we are willing to admit. There must be a middle ground. Certainly there is this to be said in favor of the independents: they have no jury and no prizes. You might contend that they encourage painters. After seeing the show you will be in doubt as to whether that is such a good thing. Maybe something along the lines of a closed shop would be better. Leaving out the handful of recognized artists who

lend their aid, most of these 600 boys and girls could find something much better to do Sundays, even if it were only reading the funny papers.

There are plenty of struggling young artists who miss a good many meals before they attain recognition. We wonder if the Independents and their show help them. To us the whole affair has the air of an ego orgy. Yet there is no fair way out for the Independents—come one, come all, the only requirements being that you have \$5 and that your canvas be not over 40 inches. And after all if one genius is discovered the price is not high. But your correspondent can not do the discovering for you. He made three attempts and retired defeated. Somewhere amid the products of disordered minds, half-baked philosophers and pseudo-moderns you may find the genius. If you do, let us know and we'll do the same by you.

This week the Arden Galleries are having an exhibition that takes its color from the flower show. A new fountain is there, by Malvina Hoffman and numerous garden pieces by all the well-known sculptors who make sun dials, naiads and fauns. Then there are sketches by members of the New York chapter of the American Society of Landscape Artists showing successful gardens and gardens yet to be created. The most interesting part of the show to us are the flower pieces in water color by Frances W. Delehanty. The paintings are always more than merely representative; Miss Delehanty possesses a genius for arrangement and the result is a highly decorative design in color. Long before she began painting flowers Miss Delehanty had mastered her medium—a combination of drawing and Japanese water color. She works with an economy of line that is amazing. Especially is this true of her portraits, done in the same medium, some beautiful examples now being in the Arden gallery.



## Lyrics from the Pekinese



XIII.

"MEN'S lives are a flurry and swish  
To the goal of Disaster!  
Oh, wherefore do all of them wish  
To go faster and faster,  
Who might be as blissful as I  
On my satiny pillow?  
What drives them to traverse the sky  
Or the land or the billow?  
'Tis clearly a kind of disease,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XIV.

"Consider this horrible Jazz—  
For I own I detest it;  
I've tried it, for everyone has,  
But I never request it.  
Devoid of a vestige of charm,  
It is racket and clamor  
That swells to a scream of alarm  
Or the clang of a hammer  
And dies in a groan and a wheeze,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XV.

"Our Government's putting in shape,  
Says a Washington wire,  
A plan to abandon Red Tape  
As a document-tier  
In favor of Lily-white String,  
Which is awfully clever,  
But Pro-cras-tin-a-tion, Old Thing,  
Will continue forever.  
I think they just do it to tease,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador Theatre

Mr. Shaw's comedy acted by Katherine Cornell, Richard Bird and others, as well as it was written by Mr. Shaw. Peggy Wood takes over the Katherine Cornell role next week.

### SILENCE—National Theatre

Nothing new—thus H. B. Warner, the tender-minded crook, the con man with the heart of gold, and the District Attorney, but nobly done.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre

Extra! All about Cellini! An impudent and amusing comedy tending to show that the renaissance Italians weren't always painting ceilings and chiselling gold cups. A lot of bed-room stuff, with Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan as the early risers.

### THE GUARDSMEN—Booth Theatre

Molnar again, and beautifully played. It seems that Alfred Lunt put on a mustache and fooled Lynn Fontanne, his own wife—or did he?

### IS ZAT SO?—Forty-Sixth Street Theatre

Just a bunch of foolishness. No sense to it at all. These two pugs, see, pretend they're butlers in a millionaire's mansion. You'll laugh your head off.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

Just the best and truest American comedy yet produced.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre

Pauline Lord in the best individual performance in town. Plus a good play and other good actors.

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre

The dramatic sensation of the year. Life and love in the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division. It's past midnight and the masks are off.

### BIG BOY—Winter Garden

Al Jolson. If that means nothing to you, go back to the country you came from.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre

A Gershwin score and the Adaires frisking all over the stage, like a couple of happy puppies.

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

The fourth of the Berlin musicales. With John Murray Anderson surroundings and Bobbie Clark, Fannie Brice and Grace Moore.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre

Responsible, through being the first, for this season's deluge of musical plays with real music and singing. Still the best of the pack, particularly Mary Ellis.

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre

The Gilbert and Sullivan one, making up for a lack of pretentiousness with all the good spirit in the world.

### PROCESSIONAL—Forty-Ninth St. Theatre

A jazz symphony, and full of hidden meanings if your subscription to the *Dial* hasn't stopped. Otherwise, full of excitement and beauty.

### THE WILD DUCK—Forty-Eighth Street Theatre

Perfect entertainment. Maybe we've all been wrong about Ibsen—maybe Nazimova fooled us.

### LOUIE XIV—Ziegfeld's Cosmopolitan Theatre

Almost unbelievable beauty of girls and settings and costumes. Leon Errol does trick falls.

### PIERROT THE PRODIGAL—Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, Tuesday and Friday Afternoons

A shy, anachronistic masterpiece of French pantomime, filled with elation by the acting of Laurette Taylor and the playing of George Copeland.

## ART

### INDEPENDENTS—Waldorf Astoria

Paintings by boys and girls who won a good fight, but who didn't hear the gong and are still sparring.

### JOHN NOBLE—Milch Galleries

A Kansas boy finds the sea via Provincetown. Twenty honest canvases covering as many years.

### FRANCES DELEHANTY—Arden Galleries

Flower paintings in water color. Also garden sculpture and sketches by New York landscape architects.

### ELIE NADLEMAN—Scott & Fowles

Sculpture by a young European who has survived injudicious early publicity.

### FIVE MODERNS—Dudensing Gallery

Special show by Lloyd Parsons, Dudley Morrison, Elmer Schultz, Everett Henry and Herman Trunk, Jr.



## MUSIC

### LAURA STROUD—Aeolian Hall

Tuesday afternoon, March 17. If you have St. Patrick's Day off and like piano music, Miss Stroud can give you a pleasant afternoon.

### MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ—Town Hall

Tuesday evening, March 17. An interesting, provocative and Peruvian contralto.

### JAMES FRISKIN—Aeolian Hall

Wednesday evening, March 18. The most original piano program of the season, including the "Goldberg" Variations of Bach.

### JULIA CULP—Aeolian Hall

Thursday evening, March 19. If you missed her first recital, here's another.

### RACHMANINOFF—Carnegie Hall

Saturday afternoon, March 21. Inventor of the Rachmaninoff prelude and a great pianist.

### ELISABETH RETHBERG—Aeolian Hall

Monday afternoon, March 23. Your first opportunity to hear one of the finest sopranos in songs.

### GEORGE COPELAND—Town Hall

Monday evening, March 23. Gosh! what a week for pianists! Another crack.

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic: Mengelberg conducting Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, March 18 (Students' Concert); Thursday evening, March 19, Friday afternoon, March 20, Soloist: Gerard Hekking; Sunday afternoon, March 22. Soloist: Alfred Cortot. Schelling conducting, Aeolian Hall, Saturday morning and afternoon, March 21, (Children's Concerts).

New York Symphony: Walter conducting, Aeolian Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 22. Soloist: Alexander Brailowsky.

Friends of Music: Bodanzky conducting, Town Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 22. (St. John's Passion.)

### AT THE METROPOLITAN

Wednesday evening, March 18, *Petrushka* and *Giovanni Galluresse*; Thursday afternoon, March 19, *Gottterdammerung*; Thursday evening, March 19, *Samson et Dalila*; Friday evening, March 20, *Andrea Chenier*; Saturday evening, March 21, *Lucia*.

## OTHER EVENTS

### FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace

Twelfth annual exhibition. Continuing through Saturday. Proceeds from the tea garden will go to the New York League of Girls' Clubs, Inc.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY DANCE—Army and Navy Club

Dinner and dance at the club, Tuesday evening, March 17.

### NEW YORK CHAPTER, KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS—Madison Square Garden

Games, Tuesday evening, March 17. Participated in by Nurmi, Ritola, Ray, Hahn, Larrivee and Connelly.

### FRANCO-AMERICAN SOCIETY—University Club

Dinner to Emile Daeschner, newly appointed French Ambassador to United States, Thursday evening, March 19.

### NEW YORK UNIT OF THE SPEEDWELL SOCIETY—Ritz-Carlton

Lenten dance, first of the fourth annual series, Friday evening, March 20. Amateur cabaret entertainment.

### COLONY DANCE—The Park Lane

Final dance of a series of three, Monday evening, March 23.

# ROTARY CLUB CELEBRATES

(Faithful Report of a Recent Local Happening)



EARS of joy mingled with the cog wheel of service, lubricated the recent Chicago Day lunch of the Rotary Club of New York at Hotel McAlpin. For it was held to celebrate fitly the twentieth anniversary of Rotary.

Just two short decades ago, on February 23, 1905, Rotary was born in the brain of Paul P. Harris and he founded the first Rotary Club.

"Two decades of what?" was the timely title of the oration delivered at the anniversary lunch by Rotarian Dr. John H. Van Der Vries, Ph. D. He described how to-day the ideal of Service has spread until now there are more than 300,000 American men belonging to 10,000 Rotary, Kiwanis and similar clubs.



Around tastefully decorated tables several hundred Rotarians sat down, and also stood up, for they sprung to their feet many times to pay homage to various items in the program. Nearly one-half of the attendants were visitors from other Rotary Clubs, including many buyers sojourning in the marts of the metropolis from the hinterland, including one Rotarian from Japan and one from the wilds of Brazil. These visitors were welcomed as usual by the song which is always sung to the tune, "London Bridge is falling down":

You are welcome, visitors, visitors, visitors,  
Glad you're with us visitors,  
New York Rot'ry greets you—  
Come again.

The slogan of the lunch was: "There's an hour's difference between Chicago and New York, but no difference between Chicago and New York Rotarians."



The fond nickname of the Chicago Club is "Old Number One". White fezzes on which this appeared in large blue letters were worn by the delegation from Chicago which was headed up by President Aleck M. Johnson. Local color was given cleverly by signs posted on each table showing the names of landmarks in the Windy City, such as "State Street," "LaSalle Street" and the "Rookery". The head table was labelled "Stock Yards". President Ned Chalfant aroused a laugh by remarking that the head table might be "stale beef" but it was not "all bull".

Singing was led by Rotarian Harry Armstrong, who wrote "Sweet Adeline". A feature was the following song written by Rotarian Ben Levett in honor of President Aleck of Chicago, who is a railroad official: Aleck's working on the railroad, in a Rotary way; Aleck's working to bring Rotary to every man his railroads pay.

Don't you hear these workmen singing, "We're glad that Aleck M. was born."

Don't you hear Paul Harris calling "Come let's blow Al's horn."

The soloist was Rotarian Edmund Burke. He had a little trouble getting started, despite President Ned's admonition to "Be quiet, boys". He announced, "I don't want to hear any of you boys eating while I am singing". He sang "My Head is Bloody but Unbowed", "The Road to Mandalay" and an encore which he said was "an old chestnut of mine called 'Prologue'". After the loud clapping had died off, President Ned paid a tribute in these simple words "Edmund, you have brought us great joy to-day". One of the brothers remarked, "Well, that alone was worth \$1.25" (the price of the lunch).

Rotarian Ray Knoepfel presented to Aleck Johnson a handsome "President's jewel" to be worn around the neck on a silk ribbon in the manner of presidents of Rotarian clubs in foreign lands. Ray repeated several times that it was a *permanent* jewel given to the Chicago Club and that Aleck was supposed to hand it on to his successor when retiring.



President Ned pleaded for a full attendance at Sports' night. He said that two years ago Sports' night was well attended, but last year not so good, and he very properly remarked "We get these events up for you boys and it's up to you to come and make them a success".

Dr. Van Der Vries who is manager of the Northern Central Division of the United States Chamber of Commerce replied feelingly to the highbrow critics of Rotary, quoting patly George Ade's remark "Leave the boys alone. They are raising the dead" and added that "Rotary needs no defense".

He said that at first there might have been a lot of men who joined Rotary out of pride, because they were flattered by being told that they were the leading men in their line of business in the town. There was also at first some attractiveness to the idea of reciprocity in business with the other brothers. But Rotary, he said, could not have flourished on such selfish ideals. The fact that Rotarians could come to lunch and know that they would not be sat down next and have to talk to competitors in the same line who would find out their trade secrets led to the discovery that business men could get together and talk over mutual problems to the advantage of all concerned.

A timely feature was the distribution of the latest issue of *Spokes*, the organ published by the club in which there was an article which said:

"The purpose of these few lines is not to indulge in eulogy, but to present Lincoln as a model for the emulation of all Rotarians. *Lincoln was a born Rotarian; born ahead of time.* He inculcated and practised the specific objects of our organization; such as, 'to encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions.' The spirit of Lincoln is the spirit of Rotary. Like Abel of old, 'he being dead, yet speaketh'."

## \$10!—CASH—\$5!

THE director of the budget has told the President that White House expenses should be cut \$12,500 a year. The disbursing agent of the Executive Mansion has offered a cash prize of \$10 for the best suggestion as to how this economy may be effected. The undersigned offers:

*One.* Let the White House lawn grow up to hay. This would save the cost of mowing and the hay would be worth something. The President could rake it after business hours with no increase in salary.

*Two.* The White House tennis courts, which are almost never used and cost a good deal to keep up, could be set to garden vegetables. Scraps from the kitchen would fatten a flock of chickens. Sell surplus eggs and a nice fry now and then to the Cabinet members' wives.

*Three.* Though the taxicab shortage in Washington is acute, some of the White House Pierce Arrows are idle for days at a time, the pay of the garage help going right on. An acre of good parking space in the White House grounds is not earning a cent; also desk space in the Cabinet room. If one protests that so many automobiles parked along the White House drives would be unsightly, they might easily be concealed by outdoor advertising signs which would be additional sources of revenue.

*Four.* Tourists wander about the White House grounds and view the east room and the red, blue and green parlors, paying sight-seeing bus companies for bringing them there. This profitable enterprise could be taken over and run by the government. What is Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce for anyway?

*Five.* The east room is seldom used. It would be suitable for Rotary Club luncheons, etc.

*Six.* Motion picture companies pay big for swell locations. Line up Will Hays, an old Cabinet member himself.

*Seven.* A picture post card and souvenir concession is a paying proposition at Mount Vernon where only

one President lived. Try it out at the White House where all the others put up.

*Eight.* Let Harry Sinclair drill for oil on the south lawn. He took a bigger chance when he drilled at Teapot Dome.

*Nine.* In the White House offices: Write on both sides of the paper; ask correspondents to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply; send telegrams collect; jazz up the help with pep slogans. Example: "Make that old typewriter ribbon do for one more letter!"

The writer is so 100 per cent sold on this dignified and vital contest that he promises if he should win the prize, to split fifty-fifty with Uncle Sam and turn in \$5 of it to the Treasury. What's your reaction, brother? Wow! Let's go! Over the top! And put the White House on a paying basis!—*M. J.*

## Notable Remarks

ERTE: My real reason for coming over here is not that I think the American woman so alluring, but because I expect to clean up financially.

FRANK KELLOGG (at his first meeting with the Washington newspaper correspondents): Well boys, you'll have an advantage in my being Secretary of State that you didn't have when Brother Charley had the job—you won't have to beat about the bush to get the news. (Strokes his beardless chin to point joke.)

WINFRED SACKVILLE STONER: I think children's rhymes should all contain useful information, such as the following:

"Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Keep the bottle well-concealed  
When the cops go by."

## The Optimist

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



The Actress: A Mid-ocean Snapshot and a Dockside Pose for Camera Men

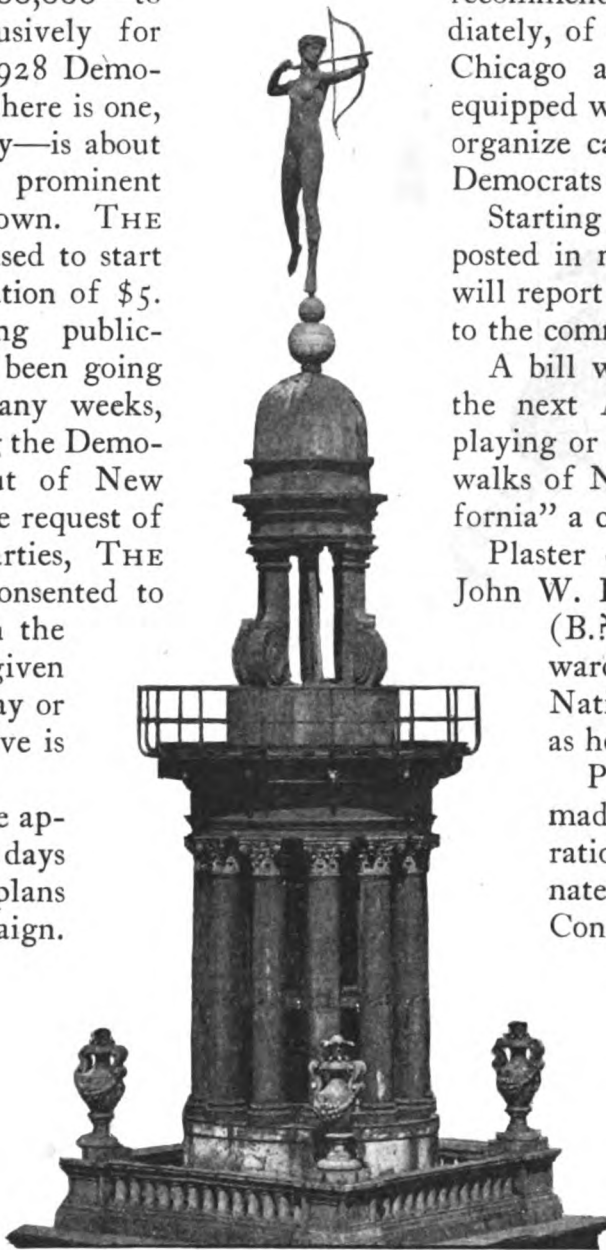


# Starting the "Save New York Movement"

A FUND of \$500,000—to be used exclusively for keeping the 1928 Democratic Convention, if there is one, out of New York City—is about to be raised among prominent business men of the town. THE NEW YORKER is pleased to start the fund with a donation of \$5.

Negotiations among public-spirited citizens have been going on, *sub rosa*, for many weeks, with a view to keeping the Democratic Convention out of New York in 1928. At the request of all the interested parties, THE NEW YORKER has consented to take the leadership in the movement and has given its word not to rest, day or night, until its objective is achieved.

A committee will be appointed within a few days to meet and draw up plans for an organized campaign. THE NEW YORKER, which will be represented by Cotton Mather and others, will have pertinent suggestions to make. At the moment, it



recommends the dispatch, immediately, of *agents provocateurs* to Chicago and San Francisco, equipped with unlimited funds to organize campaigns to bring the Democrats to those cities.

Starting at once, a spy will be posted in newspaper offices, who will report any seditious activities to the committee.

A bill will be introduced into the next Assembly making the playing or singing of "The Sidewalks of New York" and "California" a criminal offense.

Plaster of Paris statuettes of John W. Davis and Charles W. (B.?) Bryan will be forwarded to all Democratic National Committeemen as horrible examples.

Propaganda use will be made of the fact that Horatio Seymour was nominated by the Democratic Convention of 1868, held in New York City.

Bribes from the Republican National Committee intended to divert THE NEW YORKER will be reported to the police.

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

## Information, Please

Why do so many operatic heroines have La for a first name?

Why is consumption the only natural death for a strong-lunged soprano?

Why do actors always hesitate in the middle of an invitation to sit down?

Why does no one ever interrupt a death-bed confession to try to save the life of the confessor?

Why are operatic lovers always ten-

ors, while the villains have consistently low voices?

Why does the guilty knife always fall to the floor immediately after a murder?—S. S.

## Conversation Made Easy

"Hello, there."

"Hello yourself."

"How's tricks?"

"Fair enough. How's things?"

"So so. Can't complain."

"What's new?"

"Nothing much. Saw Jim Doe."

"Not the one from Puxatauney?"

"The very same." (*Simultaneously*)

"The world's a small place after all."

"Nice weather we've been having."

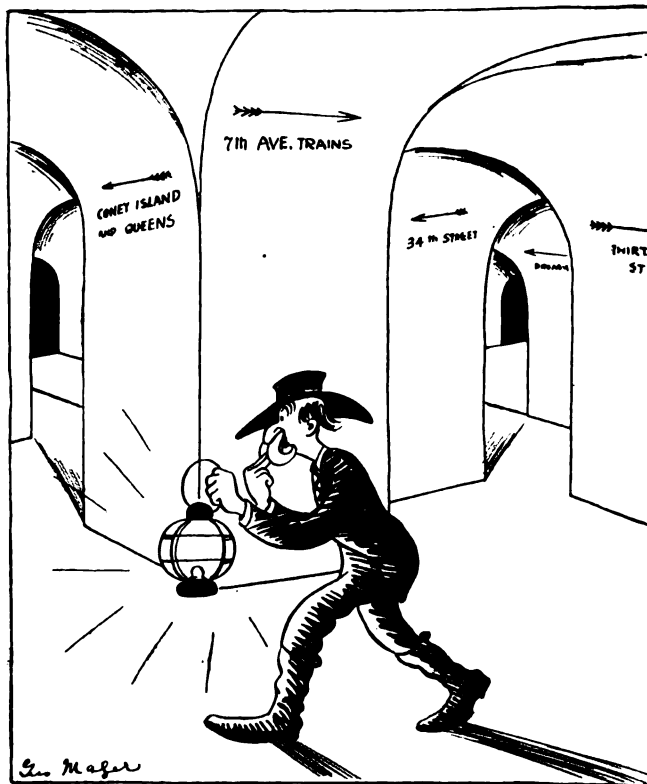
"Pretty good for this time of year."

"Better than last winter at this time, as I remember it."

"Climate around here ain't what it used to be." (*Simultaneously*)

"Maybe the Gulf Stream has something to do with it." (*Also simultaneously*)

"Well, so long. Don't take any wooden money. Olive oil."



*Mammoth Cave Guide Lost in the Subway*

## Europe in the U. S. A.

(For Any Musical Comedy)

**W**E'LL go on a honeymoon to Paris, Kentucky,  
And we'll spend a week or two in Rome, New  
York.

We won't have to take much luggage,  
Just a kit of kiss-and-huggage,  
And we'll leave some bundles for the stork!  
We will take a little trip to Moscow, Ohio,  
And in Venice, California, stay.  
We'll take a radio to tune in  
Cupid on our honeymoon in  
Europe in the U.S.A.!

—Max Lief

## Hope For New York

**T**HERE'S going to be a war with England. An admiral has said so, and it's common knowledge that admirals never make a statement unless they are sure they know what they are talking about. This separates them from the rest of humanity and puts them in a class with Arthur Brisbane, Nicholas Murray Butler and the people who know the shortest way to go to find a number in Brooklyn.

The first place the British will attack, the strategists all agree, will be New York. Nobody seems to know just why unless it is to see "Abie's Irish Rose," but of the fact there can be no question. The strategists are unanimous also in proclaiming that New York will fall an easy prey to the first British army it sees, basing this opinion no doubt on the ease with which Margot Asquith "pulled them in." If New York couldn't withstand Margot Asquith, a woman not even a member of the Lucy Stone League, what chance would it stand against a lot of fine-looking Norman Trevors?

And yet the strategists are utterly and completely wrong. What would actually happen is really easy to predict:

The British army, depending on the Prince of Wales's knowledge of Long Island, would be landed near Southampton. One section would wait for a Long Island Railroad train while the other would advance on New York in motor lorries and taxi-cabs.

With the section waiting for the Long Island train we need concern ourselves no longer. Years hence, children of these invaders—children of legitimate marriages of course!—will be found playing about the station while their elders are still trying to unravel the time table.

It is the second section that carries the menace. This division gets along famously until it reaches the Merrick Road. The general's plan has been to have lunch in New York. That plan doesn't fare so well and the general is forced to have lunch at a roadhouse beyond Lynbrook. There he doesn't fare so well either. When the bill is brought he is forced to leave all his artillery in pawn, for which service the inn-keeper is later made a dollar-a-year-man.

Late in the afternoon the British army will stagger into New York, and will immediately divide into two streams with the idea of proceeding downtown to capture the City Hall.

The first stream, getting into the subway at Grand Central, will be heard from three weeks later in the Bronx, where its inability to make itself understood by the inhabitants will have resulted in most of the men acquiring building lots and insurance policies instead of food.

The second stream will lose its superior officers who will be stopped by inquiring reporters, and thus, leaderless, the division will arrive at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. As soon as the column gets there the traffic police will be withdrawn, leaving the poor hirelings of Mars to perish miserably under the wheels of taxi-cabs or of starvation while waiting to get across the street.

The few who manage to escape will immediately be signed up by Gilbert Miller or A. H. Woods.

—Bertram Bloch

## "Uncle Tom" Modernized

MISS OPHELIA: How old are you, Topsy?

TOPSY: Dunno, Missis.

MISS OPHELIA: How shiftless! Don't know how old you are! Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who the hell was your mother?

TOPSY: Never had none.

MISS OPHELIA: Never had a mother! What the hell do you mean? Where in hell were you born?

TOPSY: Never was born; just growed. What the hell!

SAINT CLARE (Eva's father): What makes you so damn sad, Eva darling?

LITTLE EVA: I feel sad for our poor lousy people, papa. They love me dearly, and they're all so good and kind to me. I wish to hell, papa, that you'd set them all free.—A. H. F.

## NEW YORK, ETC.

## Points West

THE Englishman in lower three could not understand why one should change at Chicago. Trains should go on through to the Coast, as they do in Canada. His resentment seemed so deep that we volunteered to help him compose a letter of complaint to the *London Times*.

"Quite useless," said he. "The beggars could never understand that such a thing were possible."

"Then let this be a lesson to you," we counselled, "never again to stray from the boundaries of the Empire."

"You're jolly well right," he flashed, giving proof of a mind that worked like a steel trap. "It will."

Two hours in Chicago. Rather dull. Did not see a single murder or shooting scrape, though an *Evening American* headline explicitly promised: "Taxi Bandit Wounds Two and Flees with Cash in Loop To-day." Perhaps it came off before we got in; anyhow, such predicting is a daring stroke of enterprise.

Found a place where cocktails were served in cocktail glasses, with the olive and all; wine in wine glasses and cordials in the regulation thimble.

Another example of local authorities taking the sentiments of their constituents seriously was unearthed in the Twin Cities, where Mayor Nelson of St. Paul does not speak to Mayor Leach of Minneapolis and vice versa. This is constantly rattling the presiding officers of conventions from out of town which meet in one of the Twins. The secretary of the National Kitchen Sink Association, in Newark, say, arranges the program for the annual meeting to be held in St. Paul. The mayors of both cities are invited to welcome the delegates. Both mayors invariably appear. To handle them on the same platform at the same time is developing a species of diplomacy which promises to make the accomplishments of the late M. Talleyrand look like those of Secretary Wilbur.

When Crown Prince Carol of Rumania came out here he was the guest of Minneapolis in the forenoon and the guest

of St. Paul in the afternoon of the same day. The Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce blew him to breakfast and took him for a tour of the city, delivering him at the appointed hour over the frontier to a committee of the St. Paul organization. St. Paul threw a lunch and took His Royal Highness out.

"And here we have the new Montgomery Ward plant," explained one of the hosts, indicating a mammoth concrete whatnot which stands well inside the St. Paul boundary.

"But isn't there some mistake?" asked the Prince.

"None in the least," responded his escort. "That is the plant of Montgomery Ward & Co., the great mail order house, the annual turnover of which——"

"I dare say," replied the Prince, "but I inspected it this morning while I was in Minneapolis."

When rubbing it in on the West we do not see why the East makes no better use of its train service. In this particular they have us skinned. From Chicago to St. Paul we took our first ride on Louis Hill's new Oriental Limited which goes through to Puget Sound. It makes the Century look like something on the Erie.

One advantage of being out here is that we do not have to listen to anyone quoting the bright sayings from the cabaret page of the morning *World*.—*Quid*

## Wall Street

WITH the exception of W. C. Potter's passage from the Guaranty to the Guggenheims and back again the members of that firm have always been recruited from the Guggenheim family. The admission, just announced, of G. K. MacGowan and E. A. C. Smith marks the second departure from this custom.

Leaving from any of the stations but the Quai D'Orsay in Paris, Americans may now feel they have an equity in the property. The Midi is the only one of the great French Systems that hasn't floated an American loan.

It may not be long before investors of a certain class are again called upon to save Ireland. Despite President Cosgrave's heroic efforts, unemployment is rising and the balance of trade steadily falling.

These have been bad days for the prognosticators. Babson who has inherited Lawson's place as market showman is usually cryptic, while the Harvard Bureau contents itself with casting this light in dark places: "Conditions remain sound and the prospect is for continued moderate improvements during the first half of 1925." Omitting qualifying words and phrases the sentence stands "and the is" which is



## A BEDTIME STORY

The Radio—"Oh Look! The Bunny Brings the Easter Eggs"

## T·O·P·C·O·A·T·S

for Spring



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as good as most market prophets do. Except a man like Fayne, but Hornblower & Weeks made him a partner.

S. C. Dobbs, Jr. has been admitted to partnership in the Stock Exchange firm of Noyes & Jackson. Sr. was the former Coca Cola magnate.

Among those seen reading seed catalogues on the Exchange these days are Buchanan and Tom Fowler.

Mrs. Laimbeer's appointment as cashier in charge of the National City Bank's new department for women marks a departure for the city and is probably the first time a woman has been given a position among the senior executives in any national bank. Laimbeer was one of the best known men on the Exchange. Since his tragic death, Mrs. Laimbeer's career has been a continued success.

Otto Kahn is in Italy for the Metropolitan and is going to England on business, and to Paris to get colored shirts at Chervets.

The annual report of the Gillette Razor Company does not solve a problem that has been worrying Frank Adams, but it does give a lot of valuable data. Secretary J. E. Aldred says they sold eight million, something, razor blades in 1924. In 1914 we got along with about three hundred and fifty thousand.

—Well Known Broker

Greenwich Village

A BLACK side street, which would be an alley anywhere else in town, four or five steps down to a grilled door, a touch on a button, an inquiring face, and, if you are recognized, you gain access to the best onion soup in New York, the second-best antipastos and all the accessories to a regular meal.

Everybody knows everybody else, and the proper caper is to drop over to a friend's table, consume a few orders of something and leave him to settle. Still, as somebody else is at the same time doing the same thing at your table, everything is evened up, more or less.

Sir Lucius O'Connor, who looks like a United States Senator and is the most genial and courteous café proprietor in the United States, is going to move upstairs and turn his place into a private club. Which will be a great blow to those who used to lug their friends around to Sir Lucius's to point out the bar that John Masfield used to scrub when he had a job as porter there.

Greenwich Village cognoscenti are not cognoscenting as heavily as usual these days, many of them being engaged in European tours. There is money in this art game, after all.

The Washington Square North home of Banker Shattuck has been opened again after lying deserted since the celebrated holdup, and is a favorite point of interest for the sightseeing busses. When the ballyhooer forgets the location of the Shattuck home he points to the residence of Rodman Wanamaker as the scene of the crime.

The corner of Charles Street and Seventh Avenue is a favorite spot for old-timers who love to shed tears over the vanished glory of the stage. On one side, Anna Held, daughter of the Anna Held, sells gowns, knickknacks and what-have-you, while opposite her, Mabel Taliaferro, of "Polly of the Circus" fame, retails antiques.

Padlocked doors, flanked with huge signs announcing that "this place has been closed for violation of the prohibition law," are becoming a rare sight south of Fourteenth. The Village is getting either better or more cautious.

Spring has arrived. The tintype man, who wears his black hair in a braid, is back on the job on Washington Place.

—Charles Street

A Young Man-About-Town

I HAVE never worn a green collar or a brown derby. However, there is no shade I have not employed in socks.

I seldom lunch before noon or breakfast later than 3 P. M.

I know of no restaurant in the city where I consider the charges insufficient.

I have driven in every brand of taxi, but, as yet, have had no casualties.

The more I see of musical revues, the more am I attracted to tragedy.

I have never attended the moving pictures without falling asleep.

Ever so often, I decide to leave town and take a trip around the world. However, the next morning I laugh at the idea.

I am acquainted with no fewer than seventy-three bootleggers, one of whom admits that his gin is synthetic.

I know of nothing quite as depressing as the average town club on a Sunday afternoon in summer.

I have never felt elated on near-beer.

I have never gone out to dinner without the young lady next to me announcing that I reminded her so much of someone.

Nevertheless, I am still hoping.

—Charles G. Shatt

## A Wall Street Mystery

My interest has always been vastly intrigued (if I may be permitted that expression of my own devising) by what goes on below the deadline of little old New York (another of my own).

By this I refer to that region commonly known as the financial section—or to put it bluntly—Wall Street. Not that I am entirely ignorant of proceedings and procedure there. When I read that “the market opened strong,” I know what that means. I have experienced similar phenomena both in jackpots and cheese. Or when I observe that “the shorts covered,” I realize—from the bottom of my soul, I realize—what that means. You see, I was once a short who *didn't* cover. Though I lost the money, I have the knowledge; and nothing, nothing, can take it from me.

But what has been puzzling me now these many moons is the matter of opening and closing the books on a bond issue. Just how are they opened and closed?

It is, let us say, a crisp morning in February, and all the “Street” is agog with realization that to-day the books will open for subscription to \$2,000,000,000 worth of Bangkok bonds. I can readily picture the scene: In the center of the Stock Exchange, on mahogany tables, lie the books. To the north-east stretch the public, fountain pens in hand, kept in single file by a bronze inscription reading “Line Forms on the Right.” So far, so good.

But right here I stick. How do the books get opened? Is there a flourish of trumpets—a veritable fanfaronade—preliminary to the ceremony? Or a shower of rose leaves? Or is a bottle of champagne smashed on one of the books by J. P. Morgan's pretty niece from Sauk Center? And *who* opens them? Are they opened electrically by a button pressed in the White House? Or is pomp and circumstance dispensed with by letting a couple of handy office boys do the job? Or—most beautiful and touching of all—are they opened by the mother of some prominent member of the Stock Exchange? I can almost see her, in her kerchief and black silk, tripping daintily forward, a little awed, a little timorous, but curtsying bravely to the assembled financiers and public as she turns back the cover of each great tome. As he watches this, no matter how oft repeated, there must always come a lump into the throat of the most hard-boiled broker or a surreptitious tear to his eyelashes. Of course, I don't know, but I somehow can't help hoping that is the way the books are opened.

At any rate they get opened. And after a while they have to be closed. Sometimes it takes days, other times hours and in one recent case the books were closed *only one minute after they opened*. That seems hardly credible. But there are the facts, right in the papers.

Yet not a word, not a syllable, in the papers about the opening or closing beyond the bare facts. Surely here is a topic worthy of winged words from some financial scribe. The governors of the Stock Exchange should encourage publicity about this.—*Ettaoin Shrdlu*

## The Age of Skepticism

“Big business—?” sneered my friend, as we walked down lower Broadway: “why, it's all Bunk! Sham, I tell you: a part in the Play for half-witted actors who have the gift of looking self-important!”

And a block further on: “God? Religion? Ethics?” he said contemptuously; “what for? Who needs them? These things are only crutches for the lame minds of the common herd. Any thinking child can see their fallacious bases! One does as one pleases.

“Furthermore,” he added, severely, lifting eyebrows at a fat woman who elbowed past; “you can say what you want about the probable advancement of the race—but I doubt it. People like that—” he said, indicating the oblivious back of the fat woman, “have not the capacity for being uplifted.”

“Absolutely all-silk socks!” shrieked a street vendor at our elbow: “Guaranteed or your money back! Only twenty-five cents: one quarter of a dollar a pair! Who gets these absolutely all-silk, marv'lous, silk socks?”

My friend gripped my elbow, and we came to a halt.

“All silk?” he queried, cocking his head at the vendor.

“'Bsolutely!” replied that individual. My friend reached in his waistcoat pocket.

“After all,” he murmured, as we walked off with the socks: “they may really be silk, you know!”

—*Joseph Moncure March*

## The Weather-Vain

Even here in New York is the spectacle of women out of style. While in the provinces—dear me! I wonder what they think out there this Air Mail thing is for. I am organizing a fashion bureau, like the weather bureau. Manned and womanned by competent Parisian style forecasters, it will send out daily fashion reports like this.

TIGHTER AND SHORTER

Two inches farther from ground than yesterday; snug on hips.

UNSETTLED

Precipitation of late snow and early straw hats.

CLEAR AND LIGHTER

Stockings to look as little like any as possible.

SCANT AND COLDER

Cut evening gowns décollete, but leave base for corsage bouquets.

—*Araminta*

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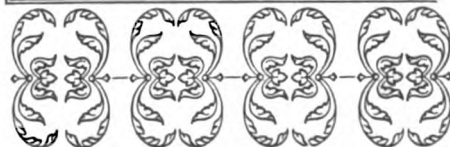
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## Fottings About Town

By Busybody

One of New York's prominent golfers told this story the other afternoon at the Westchester-Biltmore:

"I had a four for a win at the twelfth, but—"

\* \* \*

F. P. A. pulled a good one the other day when a friend invited him to lunch over the telephone.

"I don't take lunch," replied Adams. Then he rang off.

\* \* \*

Richard Simon, one of the publishers of the cross word puzzle books, had luncheon with "Busybody" a week ago Thursday. After the meal we said, "This is on me." "No," said Simon, "it's on me." And it was.

\* \* \*

People are deriving a good deal of amusement from the big sign on R. H. Macy & Co.'s store front. The sign reads: R. H. Macy & Co.

\* \* \*

Of 22 girls who agreed not to bob their hair for a prize of \$5, 17 couldn't stand the strain and bobbed it. Yet they call Americans money grabbers.

\* \* \*

Coughing and sneezing by the audience at some of our theatres frequently grows so loud as to drown out the actors. At some of the shows it is suspected that this is being done by the press agents.

◆◆◆

## Highlights

Push, jostle, heads lowered to charge through, taxis grind brakes before the lighted lobby. First night crowd, greeting, talking, laughing; heavy perfume, shawls, white shoulders. "Curtain rising; seats, please; cur-tain about to rise. . ."

Slowly saunter down aisles, pausing to greet each other. The *Sun* flits in with a smile for everyone. The *Times* is more ponderous and takes off its overcoat and muffler. Opera-glasses bent on boxes; audience studies itself quite frankly, while the play proceeds on stage neglected and nervous. Dark forms lumber down the aisles toward seats; entire row rises to attention, clutching to hold coats where laps used to be; tardy arrival mutters apologies, clambering over knees and running his coat along the backs of necks in the row ahead. . . . Talking, whispering, pointing. . . "huh? That's Heywood just come in. . . late? Sure; always. . ." ". . . I think's her name. She's always with. . ." "Wonder is that Bob Benchley with the beard? . . ." "Him? no, *his* hair's red. . . there goes

George Jean out; didn't realize the first act was so near over. . ."

Applause, curtain, lights; intermission. Audience exits; lobby, cigarettes, merrily to roll a log. . . ". . . good column this morning. By the way, my new novel. . ." "My dear, I want you to meet. . ." "maybe you don't remember me, Mr. Woolcott, my name is. . ." ". . . hel-lo, Frank" ". . . yeh, that's F.P.A., sure I know him, I know him a long time, only I guess he's busy tonight. . ." Groups; central lion laughs, circle laughs around him; echoes ripple out through lobby, widening circles like a stone dropped into water. . . "what did he say?" "I dunno; 'yes, we have no Ben-Ami' or something. . ." ". . . aha, ha. . ." Big fish ignore little fish, little fish ignore minnows from out-of-town papers, minnows ignore balcony. . . "Cur-tain!"

Third act, final perfunctory applause, long procession up aisles, craning necks, halting to speak. Western Union offices, typewriters; and the Great American Public makes up its mind on the New Play.

—Corey Ford

◆◆◆

## Merely a Suggestion

A recent telephone conversation:

"Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals speaking."

"This is THE NEW YORKER. We should like to know if your organization has jurisdiction over live poultry transported daily through the streets of New York."

"Yes, sir; it has."

"You limit the number of chickens or geese to the crate?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you manage that?"

"We have inspectors at the ferries. They make sure that the crates are not overcrowded."

"You keep a close watch on this traffic?"

"We do."

"Thank you. Much obliged for the information."

"You're quite welcome."

Suggestion: Turn the transit problem over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—A. H. F.

◆◆◆

## Literary Fashion Note

I called the moon Minerva's shield  
The mist, Aurora's breath;  
The stars, the eyes of Argus;  
And I nearly starved to death.

I called the moon a slut, a scab,  
A nickel in the slot;  
The mist, a dish-rag; stars, a rash—  
And looka the car I've got!

*Keeping Up With Palm Beach  
East Side Smart Set Stage Gala Hunt Too*

A SPECIAL dispatch to the New York Times recently revealed "Palm Beach Astir Over 'Treasure Hunting,'" with the following details:

Until early this morning sixty of this colony's foremost society folk explored golf courses, country clubs, private homes and art galleries, seeking to unravel the clues that led to the buried treasure.

The clues were distributed by Miss Helen Crockett and Captain Alastair Macintosh. The first clue, written in the form of a riddle, read, "Found in marriages, cuffs and trees." Beneath was an intricate problem in figures, the answer of which was computed as 2.

This led the hunters to the second hole of the Everglades Club golf links, where the second clue was found secreted in a sand bucket. "Where young men go wrong in Paris," it read. This led to the Club de Montmartre, where the next clue was found. It was written on a piece of paper cut in the shape of a T and read, "O you natural." The hunt led to the seventh tee of the Palm Beach Country Club links, where the fourth clue was secreted in a bottle. It contained a piece of paper. . . .

Among those who participated in the hunt were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Diana Cooper, Mrs. Joshua S. Cosden, Charles Munn, Rodman Wanamaker, Harold S. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Howard, Henry C. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Lytle Hull and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Boardman.

This news roused keen interest on the East Side, making a special impression on "Hangnail" Hogan at a session of the "Fried Egg Dancing & Recreation Club" on Rivington Street.

"We shouldn't orter let that bunch of bayrum-basted bozos hog a spiel like that all alone," he observed to Sadie ("Cough-drop") Keegan between dances. "You said the very mouthful I can't," agreed Sadie, snapping her two-ounce pick-me-up of chewing gum.

So, aided by "Slithery Pete" Boloney, and Daisy ("Pie Face") Plottschnitz, they arranged a "treasure hunt" the following night. "Snowbird" Maguffin and Bessie ("Cupid's Bow") Wart handed out the first clue: "Found in herds of cattle, in business talk, and where there's a traffic crossing." Below was a picture of Chatham Square. "Cock-eyed" Coogan quickly diagnosed the answer as "Bull," and the hunt located the next clue in the pocket of a Chatham Square policeman.

It read, "Where everybody has gone wrong in New York." As "Red the Butch"—who knows his New York—said, that must be where the East Side Subway and Forty-second Street shuttle join at Grand Central. Sure enough, near a green line was the third paper, cut bottle-shape, and reading "O you synthetic." At once all guessed—the biggest gin bootlegger in town. Right again. The clue under his doormat was in code: "Moss—more moss—most moss." It was up to "Highbrow" Scrimweg (he got the name for crowning a cop with a dictionary). Once fired from the Tribune for stealing

postage stamps, and knowing that paper, without hesitation he led the gay merry makers to the Herald Tribune.

There the next clue ran, "Where everybody wants something for nothing." Minnie ("Pink Tights") Moosh surmised Joe Leblang's. But all the second-story men in the crowd insisted it must be Wall Street; and rightly, for close to the Stock Exchange was the last clue, urging the blithesome hunters to "seek the home of the man who is most at home when he's away, and when he really is home is nuts." "Hylan!" they chorused, and the dash for City Hall began. Elizabeth ("Liz") Snoggins and Jim ("Goose-flesh") Joplin were the lucky winners, receiving as prizes lady's and gent's season pass to the Rivington Street Redhot Riveters' Dancing Academy.

This impromptu "treasure hunt" proved one of the gayest social events among the Younger Set on the East Side. George ("Shirty") Gonfalon echoed the feelings of all when he said: "Wot d' hell's d' use o' goink all d' way t' Perm Beach wen we c'n play all d' same games right here in N' Yark?"

Besides those mentioned, others participating in the hunt were the Duke and Duchess of Bayonne, Lady Bungstarter, Mr. and Mrs. Badjer Game, Charles ("Snitch") Triggett, Frederic ("Flea-tamer Fred") Godolphin, Vladimir ("One-lung") Dimitrioff, Henry ("Hoosegow") Steinivan, Frank ("Grunter") Pestivelt, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler ("Smokehouse") Troggins, and Mr. and Mrs. William ("Hunky") Dory.

—Leonard Hatch



*Omnia Vanitas*

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May He Rest In Pieces.

—Edmund J. Kiefer



As a revised motto for flappers we suggest—and we hereby demand credit in case the line is used as a movie subtitle—"And a little child shall mislead them."



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We Do  
This Evening?

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# BOOKS



"ARROWSMITH" was misrepresented by rumors that flew ahead of it, and continues to be in some of the early reviews. It isn't a picture of a doctor done by keeping one in captivity, and it isn't merely a reportorial satire on a profession, or a huge stocking-up and display with special knowledge. It includes them both, but is primarily something fifty times as interesting: the whole spectacle of the upstream career of a simon-pure scientist, an unsocial man whose relentless compulsion and passion is honest research, against all the currents of worldly wisdom and sandbar of stupidity encounterable in America.

He happens to be a bacteriologist beginning as a doctor because Sinclair Lewis knew most about doctors and bacteriologists, and because their doings run to a richer drama than other scientists'. He passes through early stages, as G. P. in a prairie village and health director of a miniature Zenith, that give Lewis chances for raking over types of shyster medicos, and for taking a few holidays from the business in hand and going on what sometimes seem rather trivial Gopher- and Babbitt-hunts.

But those stages, to Arrowsmith, are hack work, at which he cant stick. Whenever he decides to stick, and thinks he will, the Success boys irritate him out of it. He can only be happy at truly independent investigation; at that he can stick almost like his master, the mildly mad genius Gottlieb. It is less of a virtue of his than the fixed law of him. To it he sacrifices everything, including his wife Leora—the one entirely "sympathetic" character Lewis has done at any length, also one of the best ones. He is loaded with most social handicaps, but let off from making a bad youthful marriage.

We are hearing, from judges worth heeding, that "Arrowsmith" (*Harcourt, Brace*) is good, but not as good as "Babbitt." We are all for "Babbitt," but by no means sure this isn't considerably better. It is as to universality, and it is as to depth, or depths. It is more imperfect and is harder labor, but that, to us, proves nothing. At all events, it actually is that often false-alarmed scarce article, a great American novel and an event in American letters.

Ostensibly, Jules Romain's "Lucienne" (*Boni & Liveright*) is a lamblike though somewhat psychologized recital, by a young piano teacher, concerning her pupils, the Barbelenet girls, their stodgy Mama, their good-hearted Papa, and the buoyant young fellow whom both of them love

and Mama has marked down for the elder, but who falls in love with the teacher and she with him. All about as disturbing as "L'abbe Constantin"—until you are made most uncomfortable with Lucienne's neurotic anxieties, made intuitive through the quiverings of the antennae of her spirit as they feel of the others in the story, and finally transfigured in the authentic, not the idyllic, way with her. You then discover that you have in your hands a subtle and haunting book, two-thirds of which is written between the lines.

We told ourself we disliked Lucienne before the transfiguration—and our memories made us do penance by re-reading the first part twice. Watch for the beautiful incident, unique so far as we know, of the striking of the clocks at midnight.

If the Lady in Stuart P. Sherman's "My Dear Cornelia" is imaginary, and the professor who has loved her in vain these twenty years and who argues, or attempts to argue, essential chastity, sex-y novelists, the bringing up of girls, prohibition and other burning questions with her is not the author's self but his artficed spokesman, then "My Dear Cornelia" (*Atlantic Monthly Press*) is, must be, a very gentle and playful and delicate showing-up of a well-known species of childish prig no longer worth the trouble, because it has been shown up so many times and is now, thank goodness, of no consequence and soon to be extinct.

That is the view of the book we prefer to take. For if those two persons were real, and their talks were records, it would be necessary to tell the recorder a few of the brutal facts he already knows about his divinity, and to observe that disappointed affections kept alive twenty years and then aired are not only sentimental but insanitary.

We occasionally agree with the professor when he isn't being lovelorn, and we always enjoy his writing, even when his ideas or his friends' are so familiar that a colored porter could state them in his sleep.

As bright and sharp a burlesque as has made us chortle in a tricolored moon is "The Burning Shame of America," purporting to be a handbook for platform campaigners against nicotine. If that viper isn't "stomped out" in jig time, the fault won't be Richard J. Walsh's or George Illian's, the latter the illustrator, whose title page alone is worth whatever the booklet's price may be. The publisher is the William Edwin Rudge Co.



"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Noticed in this issue.  
 LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Noticed in this issue.  
 THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Anybody who wouldn't like this novel must be in trade.  
 GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). A missionary marries a Hot-tentot girl. Hence the tragic issue.  
 THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason (*Doran*) and THE CASE, by Freeman Wills Croft (*Seltzer*). Elementary, Watson, but marvellous, Holmes.  
 SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*). Ford hates so many kinds of people that you like his novel out of sympathy.  
 SEGELFLOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Time and change in a north Norway seaport. One of this great novelist's nearly-best.  
 THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). As populous with good Jewish characters as Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday.  
 A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). The interiors of things Kipling used to show us the outsides of.

SHORT STORIES

TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four, by an author we frequently hear favorably mentioned.  
 THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (*Huebsch*). Sixteen, by sixteen authors from Petronius Arbitr down. The incidental music by Miss Newman.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). A large labor of love, well done. Amy puts in a defense of Fanny Brawne, possibly on account of Fanny's name.  
 A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (*Huebsch*). Who would have thought this nice man could have written that awful "Many Marriages?"  
 WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Three-year-old-son jingles, better—Be calm, Stevensonians—than "A Child's Garden."  
 WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Beni*). Inspires a conviction that illiteracy ought not to be discouraged.  
 MARRACKA, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). Selma Lagerlof's childhood. She must have been a duck of a little kid.

HISTORY

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). Seven Decisive Battles, by the former champ who fit 'em.

"What's in a Name?"

- Lil
- Lillie
- Lillian
- Miss Lillian
- Miss Clarkson
- Lillie Clarkson
- Lillian Clarkson
- Miss Lillian Clarkson
- Mrs. W. Glastonbury Jones
- Mrs. W. G. Jones
- Mrs. Jones
- Lillian Jones
- Lillie Jones
- Mrs. Clarkson Jones
- Mrs. Lillian Clarkson Jones
- La Duchesse de la Rochemartel-Latour
- Lil.—C. G. S.

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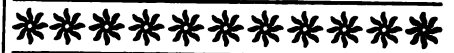
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—Heywood Brown—New York World



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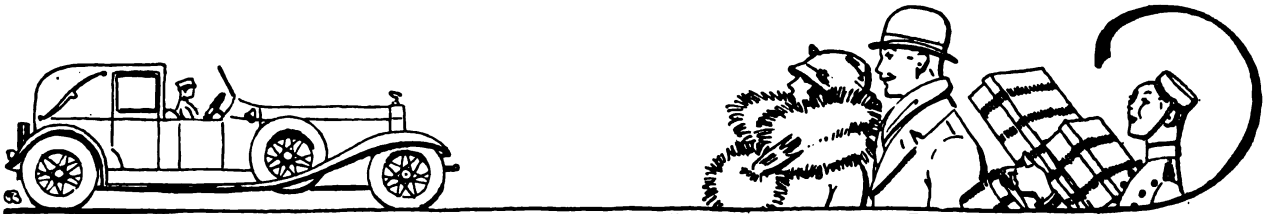
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*Lid-Lifting in Lifts*

"A GENTLEMAN will remove his hat or cap immediately upon entering a hotel or café elevator if there are ladies already in the elevator," rules a late Book of Etiquette but I heard different.

Bold fellow that I am, I dare to disagree. According to my only resolution for the New Year, from now on until naughty word in four letters becomes frigid, in seven letters, no he-man with a Badger haircut, no fellow Rotarian, no Suthun gennelman, no haberdashery salesman, sporting his watch-chain diagonally; no rough diamond from the open spaces with a fuzzy benny clasped close to his chest, is going to bully me with a nasty look, a pointed wise-crack or otherwise into removing my natty, 1925 model from what I most always call my bean even if the bally old lift is crowded with members of the pretty fair sex. No sir.

And furthermore, I refuse to be shamed into making such removal by any pitying "How-ill-bred-he-is" stares from fusty, old dowagers who still wear pompadours, or by any brazen "How-dare-you?" slants from flip flappers, or by any haughty, imperious glances from Southern Belles from Cohoes and other points below the Mason and Dixon line. You hear me.

Some fine day or night, one of Nature's Noblemen, who feels that he knows what is due a lady from a gentleman, may jam my head-piece down over my ears for failing to observe the rules of Elevator Etiquette. Let it come. I'll welcome the violence. There must always be martyrs in high causes.—*Ambrose Glutz*



It is reported that the Clean Language League, or whatever its name is, is to change the old slogan of "Pike's Peak or Bust!" into "Pike's Peak or Torso!"

\* \* \*

What this country really needs is fewer people to tell this country what this country really needs.

\* \* \*

What with *Life* and *Liberty* prominent on the newsstands, our suggestion to enterprising publishers is that they get out a magazine called the *Pursuit of Happiness*.

\* \* \*

This is entered as a rebuque:  
My Mother's an old lady who  
Lives in Dubuque.—*H. R. M.*

\* \* \*

The *Sun* is running a series of "Tales of the Old World." Hard luck stories, undoubtedly.

\* \* \*

It all depends on your attitude toward the drama whether Broadway is the Great Right Way or the Great Blight Way.



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for  
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *The Ordeal of Michael Arlen*

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

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

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

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

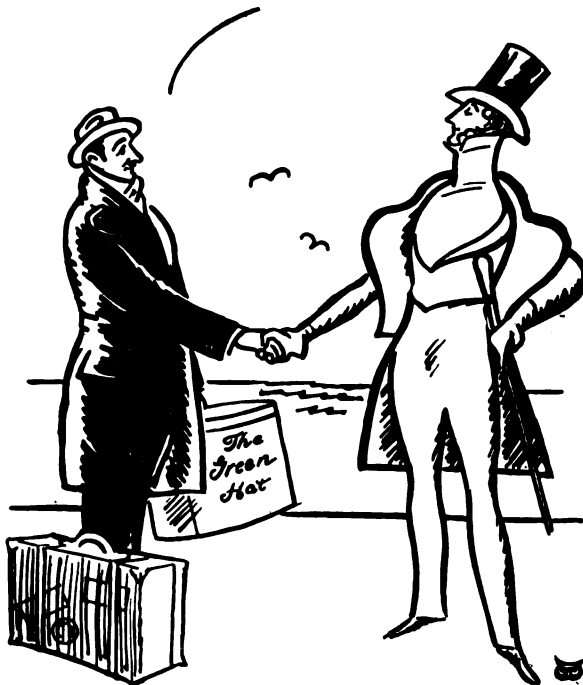
de Wolfe, by the way, has been very kind to Mr. Arlen, as indeed she is to most people, and the business of meeting her all over again in New York must have seemed particularly curious to him since it was not so long ago that he met her in Rome.)

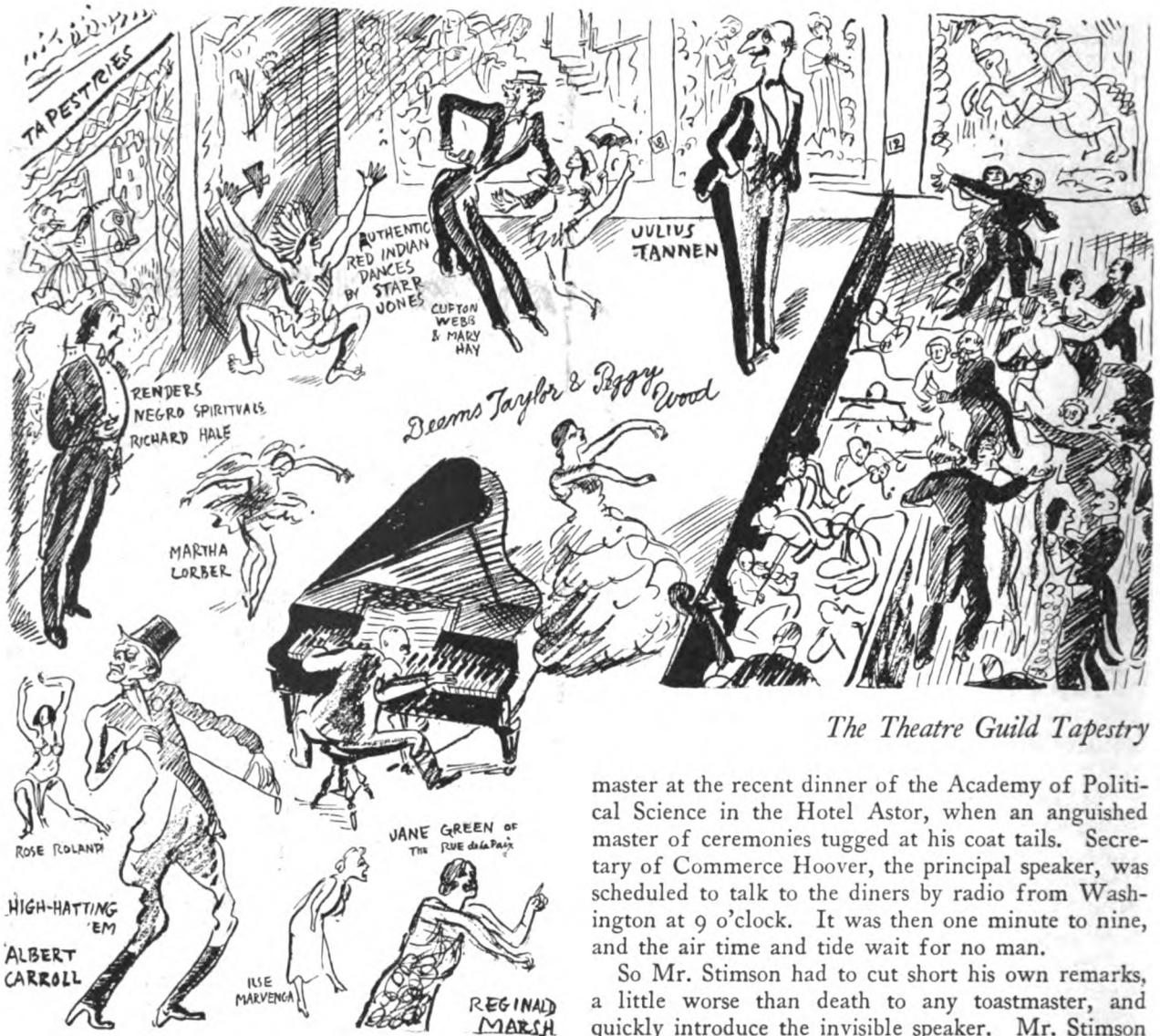
This issue of THE NEW YORKER, unfortunately, goes to press too early to permit a detailed account of Mr. Arlen's attendance at a costume party given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, for which Jesse Lasky gracefully supplied him with a gypsy costume by having a handsome suiting of le Valentino's cut down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

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

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

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





*The Theatre Guild Tapestry*

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

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

### *Pour le Cheese Sandwich*

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

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

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

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

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



### Ball at the Hotel Commodore

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**T**HE head chef, Oscar Katzjen, formerly of the Savoy, Larue's, and the Café Schwarzenberg, was, during the late war, kept in hiding by a group

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### *The Dutch Treat Treats*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

However. . . .

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

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

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

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

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





### *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*

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

**T**HE Eminent Clubman left his club recently at three o'clock in the morning and waited grimly for a taxicab to take him home. It was raining and whole bucketsfull of life-giving water poured off his hat and into his ears as he thought carefully of the \$300 bet he had recklessly made in the belief that the man next to the dealer was bluffing. A red-flagged taxi approached, one of the thirty-cent a mile kind, but he waved it away angrily. The deluge was filling his shoes and pneumonia germs were scouting cheer-

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

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



# OF ALL THINGS



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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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



*The New Yorker*

# ⌚ THE HOUR GLASS ⌚

## The Lady of Art

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



Fannie Hurst

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

## She Went, Singing



Miss Ruth Chatterton

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

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

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

## The Harbinger



Dexter Fellowes

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

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

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

## Hail to the Chief!

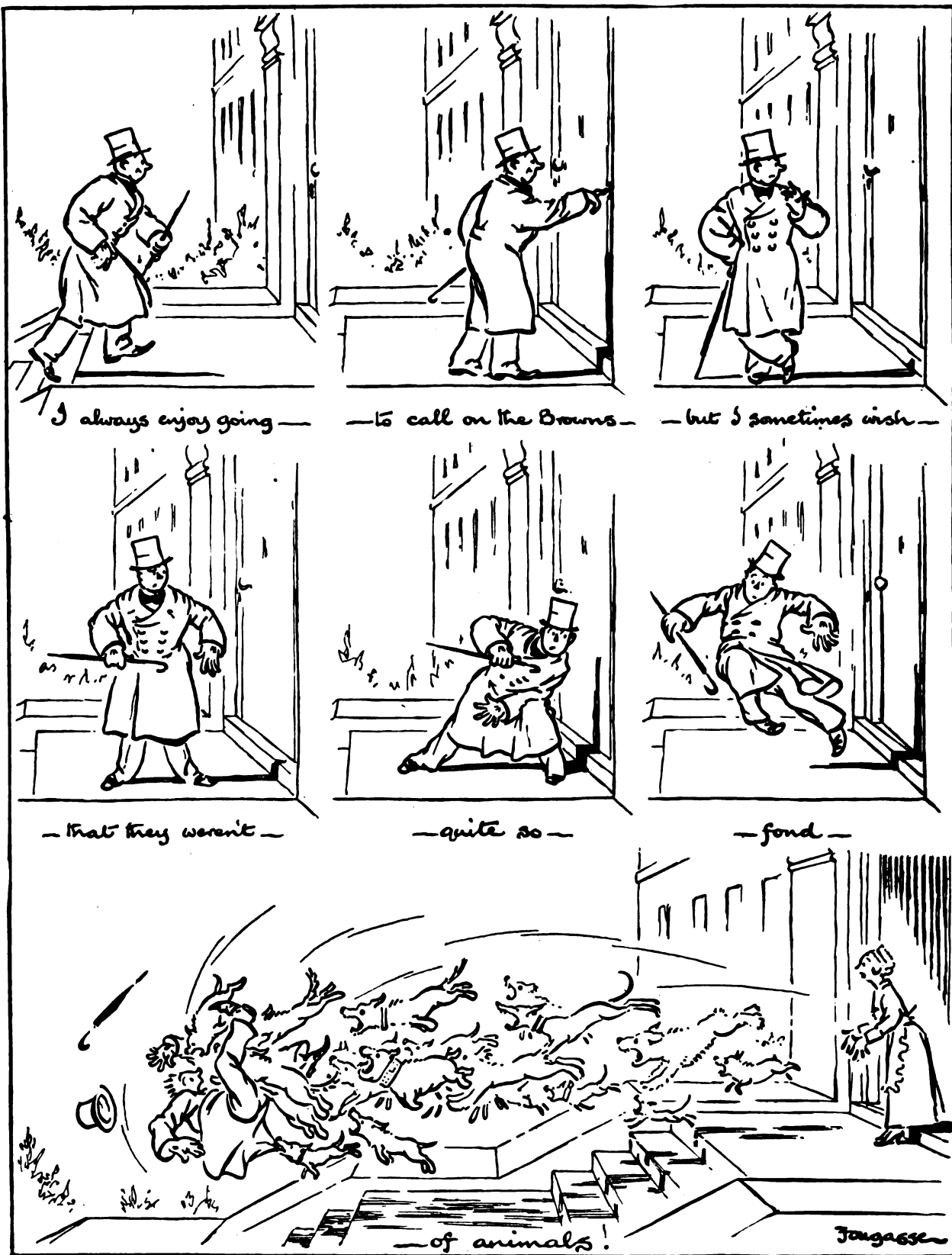
Before ever Mayor John F. Hylan had a City department to his name, in 1909, General Bingham, then Police Commissioner, publicly appraised an obscure Police Lieutenant as "the smartest man on the police force," adding, "but he ought to be watched. That man will pretty nearly own the police force yet."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



Richard E. Enright

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

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



I always enjoy going — — to call on the Browns — — but I sometimes wish —

— that they weren't — — quite so — — fond —

— of animals! —

Jougasse

*Cave Canem*



RENDEVOUS

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

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

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





## Mister Muggsy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



John McGraw

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

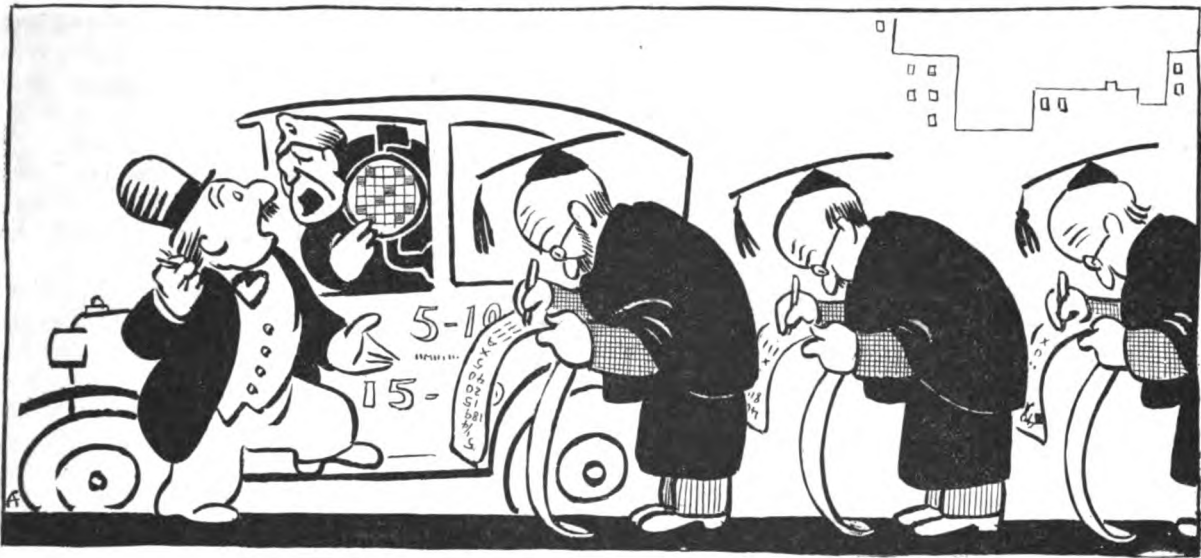
Since he took charge of the ailing Giants in 1902 he has won nine league pennants and three world championships. Muggsy McGraw was a great ball player and John J. McGraw has been—and is—a great manager. He is easy to hate, this short, fat, gray-haired man with a beefy, heavy-jawed face and slitty little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

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

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

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





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

## TEN, TWENTY, THIRT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

answer to one of the great problems of the age!

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

"Must you go there?" he asks.

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

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

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

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

"Why, I never said no such

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

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

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

Well, one word leads to another.

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

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

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

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

"He can't!"

"He can!"

"He can not!"

"Can too!"

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

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

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



## IN OUR MIDST

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Damrosches entertained at dinner last Thursday night.

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

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

### Light Women

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

—*Virginia Woods Mackall*

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO get around to happier things, probably it is no news to you by this time that "The Fall Guy," at the Eltinge Theatre, is an elegant show. James Gleason, long one of this department's favorite actors, is now firmly enthroned as one of this department's favorite playwrights. In collaboration with Richard Tabor, another actor, he wrote "Is Zat So?"—and yet they say good titles are important!—and now with George Abbot, also another actor, he has written "The Fall Guy." Since these two comedies have appeared, we haven't been talking quite so glibly as we did in the old days, on the subject of the Thespian mind—if, as we used to add coquettishly, any.

So as we were saying, "The

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### The New Play

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

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

### And They Do Say—

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sick?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Don't Say You Weren't Warned

The National City Company advertises in the Fifth Avenue buses:

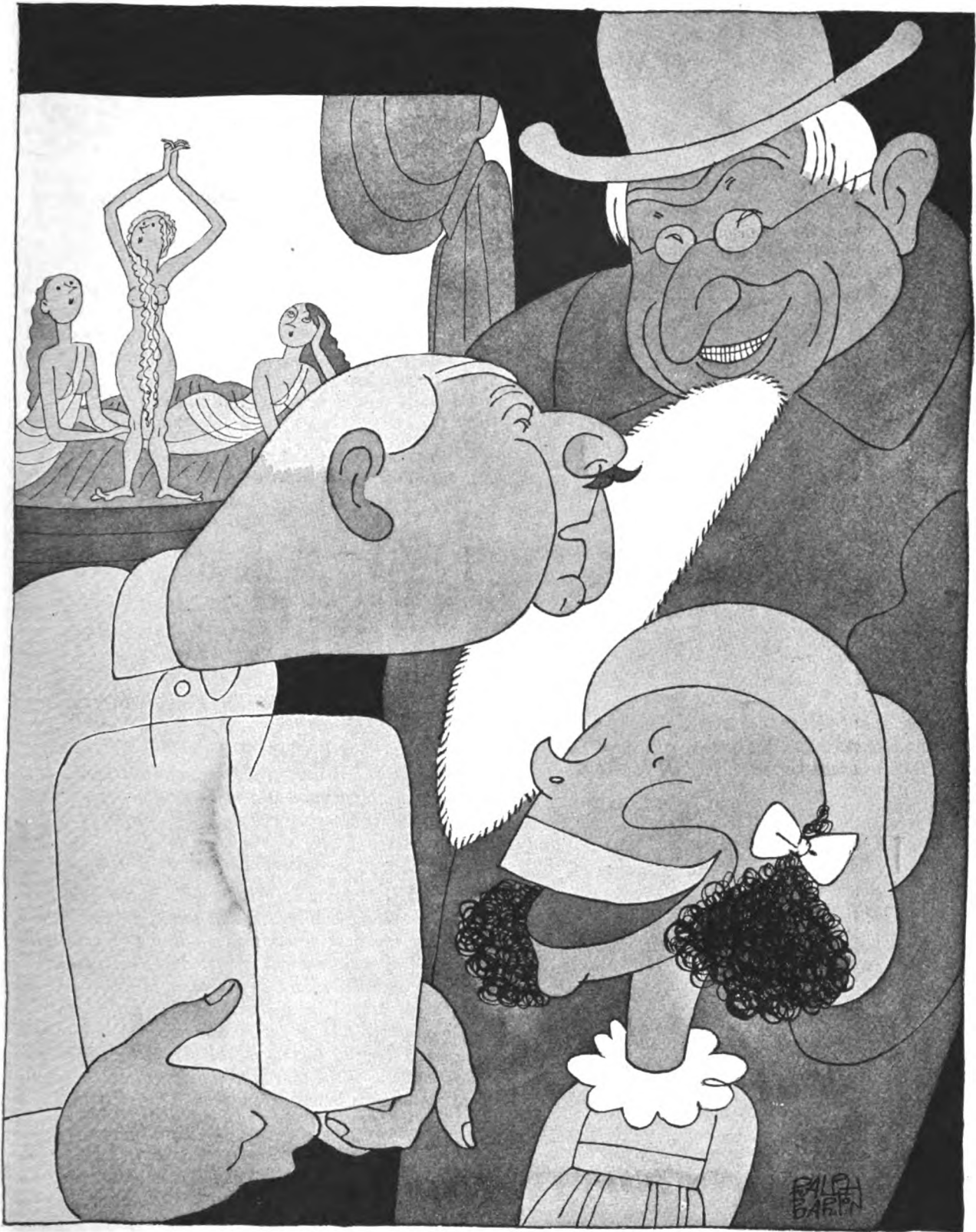
"Ignorance is free and costly. Our knowledge of well-secured bond issues is yours for the asking."

### The Spread of Culture

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

—Newspaper Advertisements





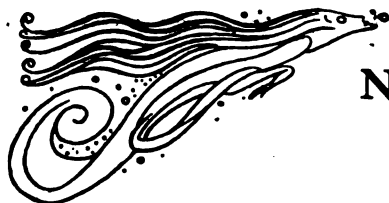
**GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GUFFAW**  
*A New Edition of the Follies that is Really New*

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

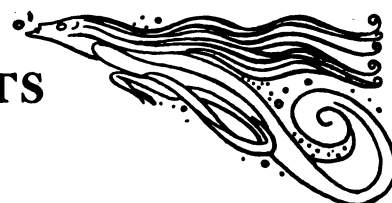
In the latest edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Mr. W. C. Fields does more with a cake of ice than Eve could accomplish in these strange days with a bushel of Newton pippins and Mr.

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

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



## THE NEW ENGLAND POETS SEE A GHOST



*Robert Frost*

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

*Amanda Benjamin Hall*

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

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

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

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

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

*Mark Van Doren*

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

*Amy Lowell*

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

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

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







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

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

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

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

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

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



John Noble

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Lyrics from the Pekinese



XVI.

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

XVII

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

XVIII.

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

—Arthur Guiterman

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador Theatre

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

### SILENCE—National Theatre

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

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre

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

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre

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

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

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

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

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

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre

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

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre

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

### PROCESSIONAL—Forty-ninth Street Theatre

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

### THE WILD DUCK—Forty-eighth Street Theatre

A fine revival of a great play.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre

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

### THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

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

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre

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

### PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre

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

## MOVING PICTURES

### THE LAST LAUGH—

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

### GREED—

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

## MUSIC

### FRIEDA HEMPEL—Carnegie Hall

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



### AMY EVANS—Aeolian Hall

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

### JOSEF HOFMANN—Carnegie Hall

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

### ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Metropolitan Opera House

Sunday afternoon, March 29. Still going strong!

### ISA KREMER—Carnegie Hall

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

### LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Times Square Theatre

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

### BENIAMINO GIGLI—Carnegie Hall

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

### AT THE METROPOLITAN

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

### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

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

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

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

## ART

### SEVEN AMERICANS—Anderson Galleries

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

### HENRI MATISSE—Weyhe Galleries

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

### ALL AMERICAN TEAM—New Gallery

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

### A. SHELDON PENNOYER—Atnalle Galleries

Portraits and landscapes by one of our promising painters.

### FRANK GALSWORTHY—Ehrlich Gallery

Exhibition of English Garden and flower painting.

## OTHER EVENTS

### COLONIAL PAGEANT—Town Hall

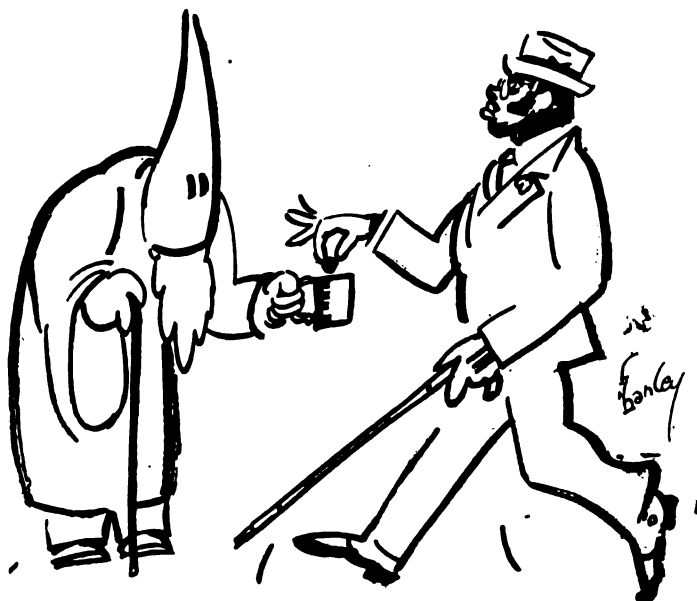
Thursday afternoon, March 26. Under auspices of the Historical committee of Town Hall for the benefit of the Yorkville Free Dispensary. Members of old Knickerbocker families taking part.

### THE CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

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

### "TEMPLE TOPICS OF 1925"—Waldorf-Astoria

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



*The Last Ku Kluxer*

## CHAIN DAMNS JEBBIE, HYLAN AND GUMM CO. ARE LINKED

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

"ALL BUNK!" SAYS HIZZONER, IRATE

(Special to THE NEW YORKER)

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

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

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

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

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

Yesterday the Mayor spelled out the following statement:

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

Shown this statement, Harcourt Y. Jeebie said:

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

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

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

"The whole thing is bunk!

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

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

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

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

—Baron Ireland



### *Amateur*

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

### The Optimist

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

# "Save New York Movement" Sweeps Country

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

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



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

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

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

## CALIFORNIANS GREATLY AROUSED

(By Special Delivery to THE NEW YORKER)

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

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

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

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

## KEYSTONE STATE SHARES APPREHENSION

(By Long-Distance Shouts to THE NEW YORKER)

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

## CHICAGO IN UGLY MOOD

(By Wig-Wag to THE NEW YORKER)

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

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

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

## EARL CARROLL GETS INTO CONTROVERSY

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

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



*The Raw Material and the Finished Goods*

### The Innocents at the Theatre

*(The curtain has descended on the first act.)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—C. Knapp

### Tickets, Please

Department stores to sell railroad tickets.

—News Item

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

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

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

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

Lady: "C. O. D.?"

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

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

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

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

Salesman: "How about a Philadelphia local?"

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

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

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

## NEW YORK, ETC.

*Points West*

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Quid

*Boston Notes*

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

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

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

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

Harvard's failure to honor the Four

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

*Architectural Doings*

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

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



Snake-Charmer Assisting the Fire Department

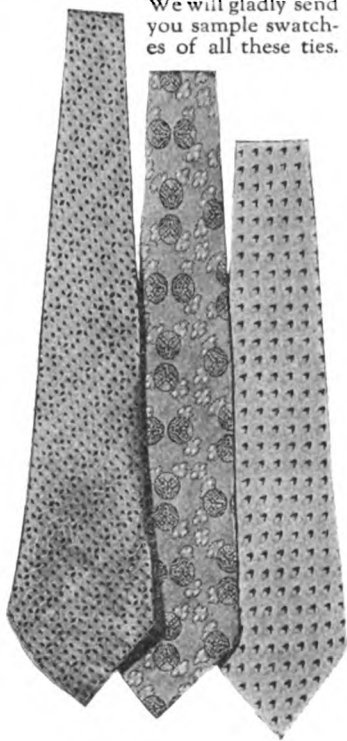


now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

—R. W. S.



### Washington

**T**HE story is coming to light of the time the Dutch legation asked the newspaper correspondents to a party in honor of themselves. Which was wholly regular, because it is a diplomat's business to keep on the good side of the newspaper boys. But the Kingdom of the Netherlands maintains one of the quieter of the diplomatic establishments. Slow, you might say. So there was talk around the Press Club as to just how large the turnout would be.

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

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

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

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

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

Sixteenth Street at 7 o'clock A. M.

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

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

Groans from Mr. Clark.

"But it's the President!"

Mr. Clark at the door.

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

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

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

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

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

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



### A Southern Point

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

### The Last of The Borgias

THE last of the Borgias was at work in his secret laboratory in the depths of a mouldy and otherwise deserted building. At times he would pause to listen for the tread of footsteps on the stone paving flags high overhead; but anon would return to his alembics and crucibles, perhaps to throw a fresh fagot on the failing fire, or to stir with an iron ladle the foul and deadly mixture that bubbled unceasingly in the great retort swung over the glowing coals.

He was a man in the prime of life, black browed and swarthy, with sharp, cruel teeth and eyes as malignant as the eyes of the spiders that watched him from the walls and ceiling of his subterranean

work room; and the ruddy firelight cast his features into high relief and caused his shadow to assume gigantic proportions as he moved about his ill-omened and occult business.

Oftimes he muttered a formula that was old when men first discovered the powers of spells and incantations, and again made cabalistic motions above the noxious brew, testing and retesting its potency as he hummed a song of hate and vengeance once sung by his ancestors among the rocky fastness of the Abruzzi. The song over, he took a flagon of amber crystal from a dusty corner, laved it in clear water and filled it with the liquid he had distilled from the mixture in the huge retort.

"Sancta Maria! I make-a da best hooch in Noo'York!" said Tony Di Borgia.

### Secrets of the Theatre

AN automobile off-stage, if it is supposed to be a Rolls-Royce, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine\* in full blast. (Cf. the automobile off-stage in "Dancing Mothers.")

An automobile off-stage, if it is supposed to be a Ford, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine in full blast. (Cf. the automobile off-stage in "They Knew What They Wanted.")

A motorcycle off-stage, if it is supposed to be the kind the army had, is represented by a sound apparently emanating from a threshing machine in full blast. (Cf. the motorcycle off-stage in "What Price Glory.")—R. S.

\* For the benefit of readers who are city-bred, a threshing machine in full blast makes exactly the same kind of noise as is made by an automobile off-stage.

### In Re Joke

THE NEW YORKER:

Dear Sir:—If you ever buy jokes, I can send you some corkers. I make them all up myself, and if you pay right we can do some business together.

Somebody gave me your address and said you were always on the lookout for good stuff, so I will break the ice by sending along my first one.

I will look for it in your next issue, and of course, if you run it, I will expect you to pay my regular price which is a dollar a joke, no joke. The joke is as follows:

#### The Optimist

Johnny: What's an optimist, Pop?

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

This is a golf joke, but maybe you will run it anyway.—Wallace Cox

P.S.—It is just as good the other way around.

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## What Shall We Do This Evening?

**T**HE staff of **THE NEW YORKER** attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

**THE NEW YORKER**'s "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through **THE NEW YORKER** is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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Dept. C.



**L**AURENCE STALLINGS is back in New York, his four weeks' combined vacation-from-the-World-and-invasion-of-the-movies having ended. King Vidor, the director, made the journey to Manhattan with Stallings and they spent the cross country hours working out details of a movie script.

Stallings made his trip to Hollywood because the movies wanted "What Price Glory." Then the Metro powers—that be got a bit cold to the war drama and Stallings suggested a brand new story.

Everyone seems to like this new story and it will be produced by Vidor. It will have a cynical slant upon war, as might be expected. (Admiral Plunkett, please note). Or, as they diplomatically say in Hollywood, it will deal with heroism rather than patriotism. In reality, it is the story of a Southern boy, something of a drifter, who enlists—and comes back from the front worse than ever, his remnants of morale broken down by the war. Both Stallings and Vidor say the film will tell all this relentlessly. There will be no glamor of war. The nearest the hero comes to the heights is cleaning out a barnyard in France.

This Vidor, by the way, is one of the few highly promising young American directors. He has been revealing promise since he made a singularly fine—and unsuccessful—picture called "The Jack Knife Man." In those days he was a film adventurer on his own. He lost his money and turned to commercial promoters just as the Hollywood business men began to feel like turning to Art. So Vidor is being given more and more latitude at the Metro studios.

Vidor is going to do the Stallings script, which will be interesting food for study when it reaches Kansas and the hinterland.

Richard Barthelmess is in Cuba now, having completed "Soul-Fire" with a Florida key acting the rôle of a South Sea isle. Barthelmess is going to do the Belasco-Osborne comedy of a gob, "Shore Leave," next and the Navy has invited the young star to be its guest upon the battleship New York.

Speaking of Barthelmess reminds us of another young star, once his rival and highly popular but now far from the top of the histrionic heap. This star has been trying to do a comeback for some time and seemed on the verge of stepping up a slip-

pery rung or two when his producer died suddenly. Now he has signed with a small company to do his old style of stories. Meanwhile he has been skating along the edge of bankruptcy with even his car in hock.

Alas, his bathing pool, once so populated with celluloid luminaries, is deserted. Hollywood won't return until it is sure he is going to be successful again. There are too many other pools, anyway.

### *Cut Out the Favoritism*

**I** THINK it's unfair. I know it's unfair. Here we New Yorkers have been song-plugging for dear old Dixie ever since Alabammy was invented, but everybody seems to think geography has gone bankrupt north of the Mason-Dixon line. And Mammy! Aren't there any other female relatives who need publicity? So I've written a song, and I'm going to get Al Jolson to sing it if I have to use lethal weapons:

Way up yonder in VER-mont State,  
Where the frost comes early and lingers late,

Where sometimes the residents  
Turn into Presidents,

And maple trees are chuck full of sap:  
I want to be there 'mid the mountains Green,

I want to be there and drive an ox team,  
I just wanta huddle,  
I just wanta cuddle,

In my dear old great-aunt's lap.

O my Green-Mountain, queen-mountain,  
old Great Aunt;

Take—your—place—no—other—one—  
can't!

I could eat your doughnuts,—I could eat  
your pie,

I could drink your cider till the clouds  
roll by.

I love to hear you sing with the loud  
pedal on;

I love your "Gosh!" an' your "Wal, I  
swan!"

I used to talk too much, but you made me  
what I am,

And now I do my chores as silent as a  
clam.

I remember how you fed me when I was  
a little chap,

And explained to me that icicles are better  
food than pap.

I was always good at lovin', but you learnt  
me how to hate,—

Way up yonder in VER-mont State!

—Etsain Shrdls

The Hunt

An Episode in the Motorized Millennium

It was early in the morning—the late milkmen were still about—that the huntsmen in their scarlet cars assembled at a downtown rendezvous. The city was quiet, its streets deserted as usual. But that was no indication that a good day's sport was not in store. It was just the fine weather to catch a strong, fast pedestrian away from his lair.

Soon the Master of Motorcycles rode up with his snorting, popping pack. They fairly quivered to be off. He must indeed be an agile jay-walker who could double back on them or shake them off his trail once the view halloo was given.

The Master of the Hunt blew a blast on an old fashioned automobile horn. Claxons echoed him in a mighty chorus. With a grinding of gears, they were off.

Back from the van came the well known hunting cry, "Tally ho!" A crafty old pedestrian had been viewed trying to sneak across the street. The music of the pack rose. Every huntsman stepped on his gas. "Tally ho!" they shouted; likewise, "Allay-ooop!"

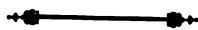
It was a great run. Such a foxy, determined pedestrian was seldom started, for the city had nearly been hunted out before true motoring sportsmen had established game laws. Up alley, down lane he dashed. He hurdled stoops and benches. He shyly tried to elude his pursuers by lurking for a time on sidewalks and safety isles, but the minute he stepped off they were at his heels. Never was such a ruse as his lope through a small park where many of the huntsmen came a cropper when their mounts refused trees.

Just as the motorcycles were upon him, he dived down a subway entrance.

"Gone to earth!" the huntsmen groaned.

But recovering their spirits, they shouted after the gallant pedestrian:

"Well run, old fox! Get you next time!"—Fairfax Downey



Jottings About Town

By Busybody

Living has become so expensive that many a man is wondering how he's going to raise the rent for his other apartment.



Certain stores on Broadway are selling theatre tickets for many plays at reduced prices to those who give the secret password.



A good many automobiles of foreign make are running up and down Fifth Avenue.



Bessie Glotz, of the Bronx, visited the permanent waver's Tuesday.

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# BOOKS



SO far as we know Franz Molnar's writings, he is, from "The Devil" on, as incorrigible a stunt performer as the deified O. Henry—and a very much bigger and better one. Of an ingenious idea, smart characterization, and the kinds of pathos and cynical humor that always go together, he makes a firework. We have yet to see one we won't sit up for.

You may say he has more cleverness than solid sincerity. So he has. When we are sitting up, we want an entertainer to be clever and let who will be solidly sincere, which except for a Class A talent means, be dull.

"Prisoners" (*Bobbs-Merrill*), the first of his novels to come out over here in translation, is less stunty than his well known plays. Yet this is it: a correct young barrister, duly engaged to a sweet and sheltered infant, gets as his maiden client a diversely experienced shopgirl, who loves him and robbed the shop's till to make a hit with him. Her love is indomitable. It entwines him from her cell until she has him, in spite of his fiancée, several other people, and himself.

How capitably this goes off! How good the characters are!—right down to Miss Bella, the chorine and Mr. Kore the shopkeeper, briefly sketched. The only thing the matter with "Prisoners" is that you finish it in an hour.

Meade Minnegerode's "Lives and Times" (*Putnam*) is hereby recommended with enthusiasm. He is a young American player of the Lytton Strachey game, and a good one. If he keeps on playing it, he may come nearer to Strachey's special mastery, that wonderful simplification that looks so innocent and is so deep, and he may get more of his restraint and finesse in side remarks, but we hope he doesn't lose his own delight in color and atmosphere. His subjects are Jumel, General Eaton of Barbary adventures, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet. Our favorites are the last two, and we liked the Eaton least, or perhaps it suffered from a really unfair comparison with Strachey's Gordon. Anyhow, this is the life, at the indoor sport of historical portraiture.

What makes Elmer Davis's yarns worth while from any point of view is that they are the dear old serializable, screenable stuff, de-bunked. His "The Keys of the City" (*McBride*) has components, neatly assembled, as familiar as yellow taxis. But

the worthy in it don't triumph by right of virtue—they just happen to, everything is agreeably suffused with a dry humor, and despite some over-writing the story is good entertainment.

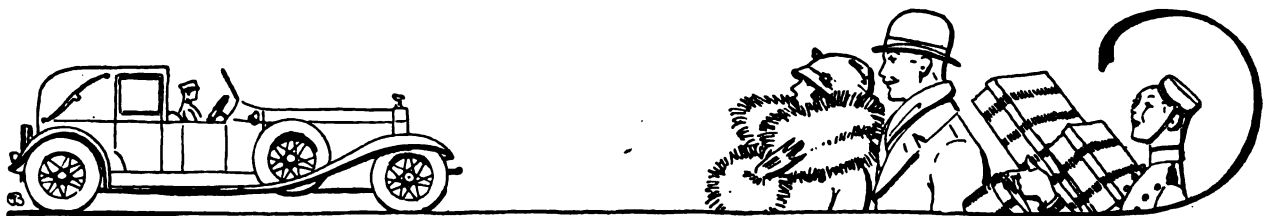
As a little lad, we promised our pastor never to comment on any book that we hadn't read through. Little lads are so rash. About half way through A. Hamilton Gibbs's novel "Soundings" we found out what John Farrar means by praising its emotional quality—for at that point feeling, syrupy but genuine, does pour down its pages and sluice its characters along. But except for the dear old dominie's crayon likeness hanging over us, we shouldn't have reached that point.

When the presumably intelligent brothers Gibbs, bar Philip, muse on purity and the blindness of virtue—for the former of which, by the way, we have due respect—the fictional product seems to be an idiot asylum in a vacuum. The inmates of this one think in soliloquies, and one of them, the girl, at nineteen says, "Dad, I'm old enough to have a child, aren't I?" And that's not the half of it. An honest human problem is met with and amiably sidestepped. Grant Overton calls this one of the year's important novels. We didn't find out what *he* means. Some stern person ought to ask him.

A wretched piece of business writing, though a stimulus to fiction, is "Form 1040, Individual Income Tax Return," by Andrew W. Mellon (Happy Home Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.) Probably Secretary Mellon himself didn't write it, for all these little things by big business men are written by Samuel Crowther. But Samuel's style as a rule is notably clear. He can do better than this blank production's hoop-snake ambiguities. Next time, he must.

Herbert S. Gorman's "Gold by Gold" could be dismissed cavalierly by saying that unless you can read James Joyce and abstruse D. H. Lawrence you can't read half of it, and that if you can, there is no special reason why you should. Gorman splashes away with borrowed comets' tails and a gorgeous palette of his own, and here and there does achieve beauty. He is suffering from the steeping in "Ulysses" that resulted in his good book on Joyce.





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*Inspiration*

FOR many years the Poet had starved in his garret, emaciated and pale, but producing the sheer, shimmering visions that had won him Fame at last. Now he had arrived! He had been asked to appear before the Lady's Guild. "Speak to us," they had written, "speak on inspiration!"

"Whence comes inspiration?" he asked as he mounted the platform. "Whence come these spots of color that dance before my eyes? Whence the color of the rose, the breath of the orchid, the sheer svelt of the pansy? Ah, whence indeed? Inspiration," he sighed, "comes from within."

"But isn't he homely, though!" whispered the ladies. "His face is blotched, his eyes are yellow and jaundiced, and his complexion is distinctly unpleasant. We won't ask him again."

"It was indeed my sorry complexion," concluded the Poet when they did not applaud. "I shall go to a doctor and he shall make me beautiful."

So he went to a doctor, who examined him and told him that his liver had been out of order. And he gave him some pills to improve his complexion.

Six months later the doctor met the Poet on the street. He was delivering butter and eggs.

"Well, did I cure your liver?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," sighed the Poet, "and now I can't write any more poems."

—Corey Ford

*A Waitress in Child's*

Heavy, yet carrying it with a certain light grace,

Like a brewery truck on wire wheels;  
Faint flush that seems a bit too steady, and hair that glows a bit too golden,  
Yet a pair of blue eyes that are frank and cannot be altered.

Heavy yellowish beads, capable hips, short white skirt, sullen low black shoes . . .

And you bend above me suddenly to catch my order,

And just as suddenly I cease smiling and analyzing you,

And start, and stammer an order I do not want, and mop my face when your blue eyes have left me.

Representative Stalker of our native State is still trying to get jail sentences for all prohibition law violators. But who would be left then to bring in the cake and cigarettes on visiting day?

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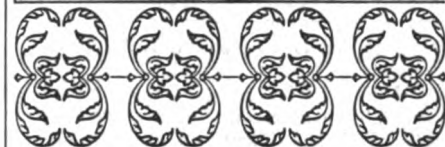
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# SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

## ITS CAUSES AND HOW IT CAN BE CURED

By Robert W. Beatty

A SHORT time ago I was interviewing (on a matter of business) the President of one of the biggest business concerns in the Middle West. In the course of our talk there was a timid knock on the door. Responding to the President's, "Come in," the door was slowly opened, and a gray head came into view.

This gray head belonged to a man who (I learned later) had been employed by the firm for over thirty years. He took up a matter of business with the President, answering promptly every question put to him, but in a peculiarly timid manner. When he left the room, the President said to me:

"There's a beautiful example of a man gone wrong; I've always been as sweet as molasses to him, but he acts as if I were going to bite his head off. That man could easily earn \$20,000 a year; he could be one of the best known men in this part of the country; but he will never amount to anything because he is so confoundedly self-conscious.

"It's what's wrong with most people," he reflected. "They are too self-conscious. They are afraid of everything and everybody—yes, even of themselves. There isn't a man or woman living who cannot think thoughts worth fortunes. But they lack the spark of self-confidence which makes the difference between the DOER and the DREAMER.

"That man who was just in here really knows more about this business than I do. His judgment is better than mine. But he couldn't run this business for a month because he's so confoundedly busy thinking what others are saying or thinking about him, that he misses the main point of getting things for himself. I sympathize with him deeply, because when I was young, I was very much that way myself. But I made myself get over it. I realized that all the ambition in the world—all the knowledge in the world—can't help a man if he is everlastingly apologetic, shy, self-conscious."

How true that comment is! Wherever you go, confidence almost always counts more than ability. The self-conscious man can never do himself justice. Before superiors in business, he quails; with prospective customers he is vanquished by the first "No"; in the presence of strangers he retires into a shell; in the homes of cultured people he is embarrassed by the slightest word; and sometimes in the presence of one of the opposite sex, he makes the proverbial ass of himself.

But what can be done about Self-Consciousness? What is it? Can it be cured? James Alexander, an eminent English psychologist, in a remarkable work called "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," points out not only that it CAN be cured, but shows exactly HOW, no matter how deep-rooted the trouble.

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“The decorations are very curious,” he said. “Have you ever seen a lift with a roof like that before?”

“What’s the matter with it?”

“It is covered with some sort of berry.”

“So it is,” she said, reflecting, “Grapes.”

“It looks to me,” he said, “like mistletoe.”

“Those berries are grapes,” she said, firmly, looking at him.

~ ~

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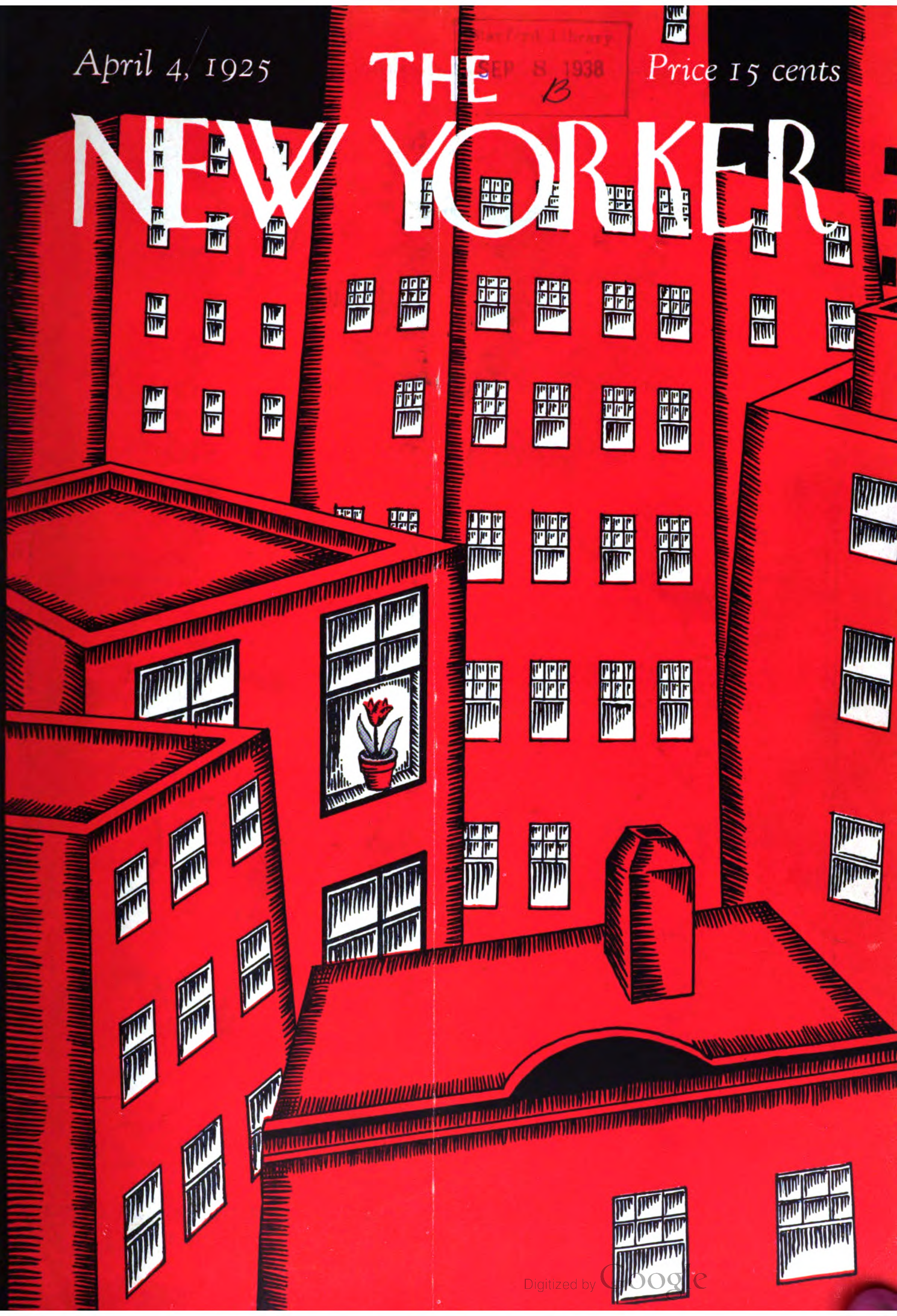
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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Gypsies at the Ritz

MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, as all the world, figuring on the guest list alone, should know, recently gave a party at the Hotel Ritz. It was, as parties have gotten into the habit of being, in honor of Ambassador Moore, and they do say that when the Ambassador sailed for his Spanish post the following day there was a sharp downward movement in the quotations of string bands and Pierrot costumes.

A few weeks ago Condé Nast staged a pageant of the New York theatrical and literary world—whimsically calling it a small housewarming—at which it was observed of Ambassador Moore that he never rose from a chair without scattering to the winds a dozen or more ingénues, who had been draping themselves around him, and that just before departing, as the result of a vigorous brushing by a salaried attendant, no fewer than eight musical comedy stars were dislodged from folds in his dinner jacket.

This time, at Mrs. Hearst's, that is, all the guests were gypsies. Not really gypsies, of course, but dressed like gypsies. This is clear from an examination of the guest list, which shows such names as Prince Habil Lotfallah, the Grand Duke Boris and Senator Copeland, and everyone knows they're not gypsies.

As was to be expected, the New York *American* and the New York *Mirror* scored beats on the occasion, both papers appearing on the streets early in the evening, before the party had begun, with full ac-

counts of the night's festivities. As a reward for this display of enterprise, it is assumed, the *American* and the *Mirror* will be allowed to exercise a similar efficiency on future occasions.

"Under Joseph Urban's magic wand," the *American* had it, "the famous Crystal Room was transformed into a gypsy camp, nestled away in a forest of pine trees. Gayly colored streamers were attached to the trees and an imitation gypsy fire added a picturesque touch. A full moon shone from the far end of the forest and in a gypsy wagon stationed near the entrance to the tent two palmists told fortunes, while an organ-grinder and the inevitable monkey wandered among the guests, all of whom were in fancy dress."

The name of the author of the *American's* piece should be made public and broadcast. O! the bitter cynicism, and O! the glorious venom of the man! "The inevitable monkey," he writes, and thereby he achieves in three words what lesser and cheaper authors could scarcely hint at in three thousand.

There was a cabaret, a hired one, and they do say that there was a wistful look in the eyes of W. C. Fields as he gazed at his distinguished audience and allowed his thoughts to play with the wealth of juggable material that confronted him.

"Supper was served following the cabaret," said the *Mirror*, "and early in the morning the social gypsies wished Ambassador Moore bon voyage at a breakfast of scrambled eggs, hot waffles and coffee, served on the imitation grass that lined the edges of



Follow the Swallow Back Home

the ball room."

The *Mirror*, too, it will be seen, has its morose and brilliant commentator. "Social gypsies," he writes. "Social gypsies," indeed!

But it was a highly successful and entertaining party, and Ambassador Moore did sail the following morning.

### *Second Cabin Passage*

**P**AAVO NURMI, back home, is a worker in one of the building trades of his native land. He is, you gather, no millionaire. He came to the United States as the guest of the Finnish-American Athletic Club, and he came, since that was the form of transport provided, by second cabin. The Finns are thrifty people, even when they emigrate to America and form athletic clubs.

Since his arrival here Nurmi has been a great money maker for native athletic clubs. He ran once under auspices of his hosts, the Finnish-Americans, and thereafter for whatever organizations could persuade or manoeuvre him into signing an entry blank. His amazing performances and the flood of publicity they commanded have proved a financial blessing for clubs everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard. Every time he has appeared he has been the magnet which has attracted packed houses. The rivalry for his—may one say services in connection with amateur sport?—services, then, has been so great that on the Pacific Coast they are saying even more nasty things than usual about the East because Nurmi has not run out there.

Experts in such matters estimate that Nurmi has attracted between seventy-five and one hundred thousand dollars into various armories and such-like barns since he came here.

Yet, the ways of our rulers of amateur sports being what they are, the man has lived as the guest and at the expense of a distant family connection—in the none-too-palatial residence of an apartment house superintendent in the Bronx—save when he has been

traveling from city to city to compete in various races. For the payment of his railroad fares and hotel bills outside New York, the beneficent A. A. U. is assessing each club benefiting by his services one hundred dollars, the resulting fund being administered by A. A. U. officials. The club usually profits through Nurmi's appearance several thousand dollars more than usual, so this cost item is nominal if ever one was. But some of them are said to have yielded with ill, almost deathly ill grace.

From the fund amassed by the assessment of the clubs, the A. A. U. expects to pay Mr. Nurmi's return passage. It has not been decided yet whether he will be packed back second cabin, as he came, or first. But if Mr. Nurmi has anything to say about it, he will push off our shores in the royal suite of some Cunarder. His is not a grasping soul, but as the recipient of our very amateur hospitality and as a student at last of the profits he has earned for his hosts, he is quite likely to balk at taking passage on par with maiden school teachers vacationing out of Dubuque.

And, maybe, someone has whispered into his ear that our native athletic lights would scorn any such meagre traveling allowances as have been granted him. Indeed, it is said that it costs more to bring some of them from Chicago to New York than it did to transport Nurmi, second cabin, from Finland to our hospitable shores.

**T**HERE are certain polite amenities that seem to be necessary for the proper enjoyment of those who pay their pennies to patronize sport. If a prize fighter accidentally slips and falls without being hit, his opponent gracefully extends his gloved paws as a sort of elegant acknowledgment that he is taking no undue credit for the spill of his opponent. This always brings a generous round of applause from the pop-eyed spectators who are pleased to note that the gallant gladiator didn't kick his adversary in the face.

It sometimes happens that a boxer doesn't hear the bell and caresses his opponent's jaw with a swishing



uppercut or a stabbing jab when he should have been walking toward his corner. The noble recipient of this little attention, if the blow is not too severe, or if he happens to be winning at the time, claims no foul, but again extends his gloves in that curious handshake of the professional fighter. He shows the wide, wide world what should be expected of the better classes, and from diabetic ringside seat holders to the broken-arched, squint-eyed hero in the gallery there comes a patter of approval and the endorsement to the nearest friend or stranger that that guy's a sport all right.

It takes thirty-four laps for a five thousand meter



KELLEY,  
RUE DE LA PAIX

race on the track at Madison Square Garden. The two greatest long distance runners of the age were entered in the K. C. meet, and they are not friends. Nurmi took the lead and held it, and as lap after lap was reeled off in world's record time, Ritola dropped farther and farther behind. When seventy-five yards separated the two great runners, Nurmi stopped and with a look of agony on his face doubled up as one will in a cramp. His legs were all right but his physiology was all wrong. What happened to him has caused swimmers to drown, and the pain was like the one that caused Corbett to writhe on the canvas while completely conscious, unable to get up and rend the freckled Fitzsimmons.

Here was the glorious opportunity, and Ritola never saw it. Nurmi's agony seventy-five yards away sent an electric energy into the other Finn's legs. Despondent and beaten, he became exalted and pounded

around the wooden track with all of the spirit of one mowing down a big field of brilliant competitors. He won the race.

The twelve thousand spectators, one imagines, would have anticipated the tearing down of old Madison Square Garden by ripping a few shingles off the ancient roof with an explosion of approval for a knightly deed if Ritola had covered the seventy yards to his opponent and then, keeping pace with him, left the track at the same moment that Nurmi was helped off by his trainers. Ho-hum!

WITH the publicity flourishes that attend every movement of this erratic family, the Richard Bennetts are definitely being divorced and the separation agreement specifies that Mrs. Bennett is to have the two other children. At the same time it is announced that Maurice is to dance with Barbara.

Maurice, not too inconsolable after the sudden marriage of his former partner, Leonora Hughes, began holding daily seances at the Club Lido, in

the ball room."

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*All Dressed Up*

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It is hard to explain this sudden change, for the Biltmore offers exactly the same inducements as before and the Plaza has moved along in the same way for several years. Of course, when the new ball room and the Terraced Room were added to the Fifty-ninth Street hotel, interest in it was accelerated, so far as dinners and elaborate parties were concerned, but the tea room remains as was. It is merely one of those problems.

search of a blonde who could learn to step out with him as gracefully as she could receive her \$1,750 weekly cheque. (Members of the Junior League were offered \$1,800, but there were no takers.) To the Lido then came girls with unspeakable ankles, gross tonnages of several hundred pounds, and faces like Quasimodo—a lurid collection for New York, the city of beautiful women. Maurice was prostrated with woe, until Barbara Bennett chanced upon the scene. Voila! Maurice must sail on Saturday for France; Barbara was dark, lovely-looking, and covetous of her sister Connie's flair for publicity.

Amid loud fanfares and the blowing of trumpets, Maurice introduced Barbara as his new partner, and was guiding her expertly about the floor of the Lido when her mother came upon the scene. Vigorous shushing from Maurice as Mrs. Bennett aptly said, "How wonderful! Can this be true?" and more shushing before the answer, "Mrs. Bennett, it is true." So Barbara has been transported to Paris, and El Fey club, temporarily, knows her no more.

ASK seven taxpayers sampling their after-lunch toothpicks in front of a drug store window and watching the lady demonstrate the virtues of the No-Ink Fountain Pen, "Who is the greatest thinker in the United States?"

Five of them will answer with ease and spontaneity, "Arthur Brisbane." (On a rainy afternoon, the number will be increased to six.)

Mr. Brisbane's status as a thinker is one which inspires snorts of derision in the bosoms of the nation's most important thinkers. Nevertheless, there is a singularly engaging quality about Mr. Brisbane's thinking, a certain sorrowful leit motif in his thoughts, an almost droll wistfulness that has a decided charm.

For instance, after the Hearst newspapers, which Mr. Brisbane helps direct, have devoted weeks to inflaming the masses with curiosity and excitement over a Dempsey-Firpo fight, Mr. Brisbane, writing from the ringside, places his finger to his brow and says how ridiculous is the spectacle of two subnormal brutes punching each other in the head.

Mr. Brisbane's attitude toward other national and international events is similarly depressing. Following the hysterical hullabaloo caused by the approach of a Republican or Democratic National Convention—a hullabaloo which the Hearst papers do more than their share in contributing—Mr. Brisbane seats himself again at the ringside and writes deflatingly of the entire show.

His column in the Hearst papers is filled continually with references to the Unimportance of Events, the Meaninglessness of Politics, Conventions, Calamities, etc. Wistfully, Mr. Brisbane contrasts the little skyrocket excitements of the day with the History of Man.

In one day's column, recently, there were references, half of them inaccurate, to the French Revolution, to the Cro-Magnons, to the grave distances of the stars, and to the vanished civilizations of Babylon, Nineveh and Troy. Contrasted to these profound and

epic matters, the contemporary disturbances upon which Mr. Brisbane commented grew puny and even unreal.

The technique which animates Mr. Brisbane's thinking is both philosophic and impressive. Mr. Brisbane, in fact, when his style grows lucid and his point clear, is reminiscent of Anatole France. He breathes forth day after day, under astonishing handicaps, an adroit "tut tut," a curious "tut tut," whose far-fetched calm startles the millions of nerve-harried Hearst subscribers who follow his words.

The secret of the matter is obviously that Mr. Brisbane himself suffers from a Hearst hangover. The crazed excitements he has directed, the Jabberwockian hysterias his employer's newspapers have assisted from time to time in creating, have acted inversely upon Mr. Brisbane's soul.

For a generation the Hearst press has led in whipping the masses into the species of sterile but dervish-like enthusiasms which has come to be known as Public Opinion. His gazettes, stretching from Atlanta to San Francisco, have stressed the importance of fugitive and trivial happenings beyond the dreams of yesterday's journalistic Barnums. They have developed into an art the business of inflating salacious details, superficial gestures and the endlessly unvarying buncombe of Public Characters into seven column headline news; with the result that the mind of the average newspaper reader has been reduced, if reduction were possible, to a St. Vitus dance of fevered and chaotic nonsense. And Mr. Brisbane is the hangover.

His daily column is a gentle and amiable give away of the headline screams which enliven the remainder of the papers for which he writes. Calmly, and with the aid of seventeen sets of encyclopediæ, Mr. Brisbane repudiates from day to day the Importance of News. At times he even moralizes.

His moralizings are frequently succinct and civilized. And frequently they degenerate into a loose mumble, as if it were too dangerous to make oneself understood on some topics. On the whole, however, his moralizings tower splendidly over the moralizings of Dr. Frank Crane, Bruce Barton and such.

To the taxpayers turning from the acrobatic squallings of the headlines to the hangover weariness of Mr. Brisbane, the latter becomes in a very startling manner a great thinker, a tonic. His remarks soothe the frazzled nerves

of the Hearst readers and give them a vicarious sense of cynicism without endangering the comparative emptiness of their heads.

For Mr. Brisbane's thinking does not consist of saying that the fetiches which the press dangles before its customers are wrong or questionable, but merely that they are, compared to something else to be found in an encyclopedia, unimportant.

Mr. Brisbane is Mr. Hearst's Buddha Complex.

THE herding tendency is now hard at work on the afternoon tea crowds. No one—American scientists are obviously shiftless—has ever figured





*All Dressed Up*

out exactly what makes for the popularity of a tea room, but it is certainly true that an unseen shepherd herds the entire flock to a new place almost before its existence has been noised about.

A woman from St. Louis, who comes to New York about every other year, like a copy of the *Dial*, arrived in New York recently. On her last visit, the Biltmore had been the place to go for tea, so quite naturally she arranged a party there for the day after her arrival.

The tea party was had there, to be sure, but it did not take her long to discover that its popularity was on

the wane and that the Plaza is now the place for real two-fisted tea drinking.

It is hard to explain this sudden change, for the Biltmore offers exactly the same inducements as before and the Plaza has moved along in the same way for several years. Of course, when the new ball room and the Terraced Room were added to the Fifty-ninth Street hotel, interest in it was accelerated, so far as dinners and elaborate parties were concerned, but the tea room remains as was. It is merely one of those problems.



# OF ALL THINGS



AS THE NEW YORKER enters upon its seventh week it acknowledges with pleasure the many letters received from its Lifelong Subscribers.

\* \* \*

Our greeting to Spring and the Barnum-Ringling circus—welcome to our publicity.

\* \* \*

As we understand the Warren controversy, the Senate had the legal right to reject a cabinet appointment, but it is not considered the elegant thing to do. The Senate stands by the Constitution and the White House falls by the Book of Etiquette.

\* \* \*

Of course, if the Key to the City fits those famous padlocks, that would be something else again.

\* \* \*

At the hour of going to press our lack of excitement over the Dennistoun divorce case was practically intense. Nobody could be less agog. Besides, this foreign scandal takes newspaper space that should be devoted to wholesome American themes, like the money squabbles of the Gould family.

\* \* \*

More interesting to us were the stories of Mr. Quackenbush's declaration that the subway might be bankrupted if made to lengthen the station platforms, the Wall Street piece about the decline in I. R. T. stocks and Mr. Quackenbush's subsequent statement *re* bankruptcy. This offered a restless mind an opportunity to surmise what went on in the offices of the I. R. T., in Mr. Quackenbush's office and in the publicity office, and the laugh Mayor Hylan (we presume) had with his son-in-law.

\* \* \*

We saw Mr. Hedley once, the only Interest we have ever met. Prior to this we had always felt a little safer with Mayor Hylan in town. Since then we have not felt concern. Mr. Hedley seemed to be merely a good natured, middle-aged business man, somewhat worried, and we felt like patting him on the head and saying, "There, there, don't fret; your little old subway may come out all right after all." Of course, it may not have been one of his carnivorous days.

\* \* \*

If Mr. Charles Beecher Warren will get in touch with our Mr. Banton he may find lucrative employment as a dramatic tone lifter. His experience as a

refiner, a liability in Washington, would be an asset here.

\* \* \*

We believe in a Book Censorship, but we don't seem to tune in with the earnest believers who want to prevent the publication of "objectionable" books. It is our notion that any book which contains anything new, in subject, style or treatment, will be objectionable to somebody; and, if it doesn't contain something new, we don't see the sense of spoiling so much paper. In the interest of our spruce forests, we favor the publication of nothing but objectionable books.

\* \* \*

According to Mrs. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs: "The club women of the country hope to awaken their sisters to the necessity of restoring the old fashioned home." But the most prominent feature of the o.f. home was mother—who, in those days,

was not at the women's club.

\* \* \*

Our bet is that Mr. Dawes's campaign to cure the Senate of loquaciousness will make an amusing item in some 1950 paper under the title, "Twenty-five Years Ago."

\* \* \*

"The dread period of 1908 to 1920," writes Jay E. House in the *Evening Post*, "was that of governmental bunk."

We see that—and raise it five years.

\* \* \*

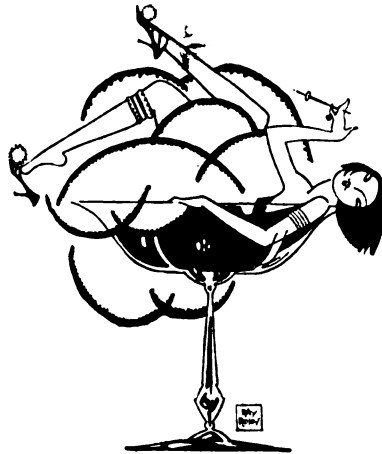
The Turks are said to be mobilizing a hundred thousand men in an effort to affect the Mosul boundary decision but, despite this display of force, we have every confidence that right and justice and Christian civilization will prevail and the British will get the oil.

\* \* \*

Among the dangers which the Roosevelt-Cherrie party will face in the Himalayan region are man-eating tigers. It is consoling to reflect that Kermit understands the ways of these beasts and that Theodore was eaten by one no longer ago than last November.

\* \* \*

It is increasingly evident, since the Prince of Wales is packing up for a new journey, that the British Empire is ruled by a man whose son never settles.



*The New Yorker*

# THE HOUR GLASS

## Vice-Al

THERE is a measure of Seymour Lowman in what he does between Legislative sessions. In Elmira, where he resides, the Lieutenant-Governor of this State occupies himself with the related industries of legal practice and building contracting.

He has been a provincial political leader for many years: chairman of a Republican County Committee; thrice member of the Legislature, and driest of the dries, which adhesion to the Anti-Saloon League was responsible for his nomination last Fall, a sponge being needed to mop up the wetness of T. R. 2's record.

He is grey, the Hon. Seymour Lowman, as befits a man of 56 years, and he peers benevolently at one from behind gold-rimmed spectacles, which help to make him the ideal type for the rôle of Yankee grandfather. Yet at 56 he is just becoming known to the people of the greatest city of his State; and not so favorably known, for he has been fighting a thankless and losing battle for his party throughout the Legislative session just ended. One cannot always have his regularity and his popularity, as Mr. Lowman discovered when he opposed a reduction of the income tax, taking his stand in the interests of up-State counties. For the work, he drew on himself an editorial rebuke from the *Herald Tribune*, the first administered to a Republican statesman by that journal in many days.

## The Puzzling von Phul

IMAGINE the blow to the Hellenic Shipbuilders' Board of Trade if Helen hadn't had that sort of face. One thousand ship contracts unlet. Then you may consider what manner of hurt the cross word industry would have suffered had its official champion been a lady who didn't photograph well. The disease might have struggled along, but it never could have become epidemic.

Fortunately, or unfortunately (we wouldn't dare take Simon & Shuster's opinion about this), Ruth von Phul, who sets bogey each day for one newspaper's puzzle and who supplies another with its daily allotment of horizontals and verticals, is a person of distinct charm, both of appearance and of manner. She is the sort of vivacious young lady one would not look to see going through life with Noah Webster in one hand and the wrong Roget in the other. She is in her early twenties. She is married, the wife of a civil engineer, and somehow she knows how to spell despite a college education. She contracted the cross-word puzzle illness while loyally attending boresome baseball games with Mr. von Phul.

Our National Pastime has much to answer for; and Ruth von Phul's cross-word addiction is not the least count in the indictment.

## It Does Happen

SIX months ago he was just Jim Gleason, another good guy trying to get by; an actor of parts too scattered for comfort; an incident of the Rialto.

Now he is Mr. James Gleason, playwright, co-author of two successful comedies, currently prosperous—"Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy" with an income bringing great joy, but which will prove burdensome along about February, 1926. Quite a leap in six months; quite a leap. And the jump preceding, from a sergeantcy in the Old Army to an actor of however few parts, was no inconsiderable stride, either.

The man has portrayed himself faithfully in the rôle he plays, that of the shrewd, slangy, semi-roughneck fight manager in "Is Zat So?". He is what he himself would call "a square shooter." He does the best he can for everyone, including himself.

At present he is not impressed by his new eminence, being too busy enjoying the sudden good fortune come to him after thirty-odd years of lean living. One hopes he will never get to the point of taking his work too seriously; and probably he won't. Whatever else it did, the Old Army bred sergeants with level heads.

## An Artist of Color

HIS mother, they say, was a slave. With no disrespect, one hopes this is not the glowing invention of some press agent. For there could be no finer justice than the fact of a son of slavery having risen to the front rank of artistry among the peoples.

Roland Hayes, whether the slave story be true or no, is the son of America's South, whose gifts to art to-day are chiefly those made by its negro children. He was poor, of course. In 1905 he was a molder in

a stove factory in Chattanooga and a choir singer there. Through infinite sacrifice he acquired a musical education. At one time during his student days he was a waiter at the distinguished Pendennis Club in Louisville. His serving there has added to its lustre.

It was inevitable, for one of his race, that real recognition would have to come abroad before he would be accepted at home. Europe gave him this. He enjoyed three years of triumph on the Continent, rising to the glory of a "command" performance in Buckingham Palace. After that, this democratic land could do no less than hail him as one of talent. He has even been accepted by the South and in West Virginia, a year or so ago, he sang before the first "mixed" audience assembled there since the Civil War. A great accomplishment, truly, before which his present Carnegie Hall successes seem trivial and lustreless.



Seymour Lowman



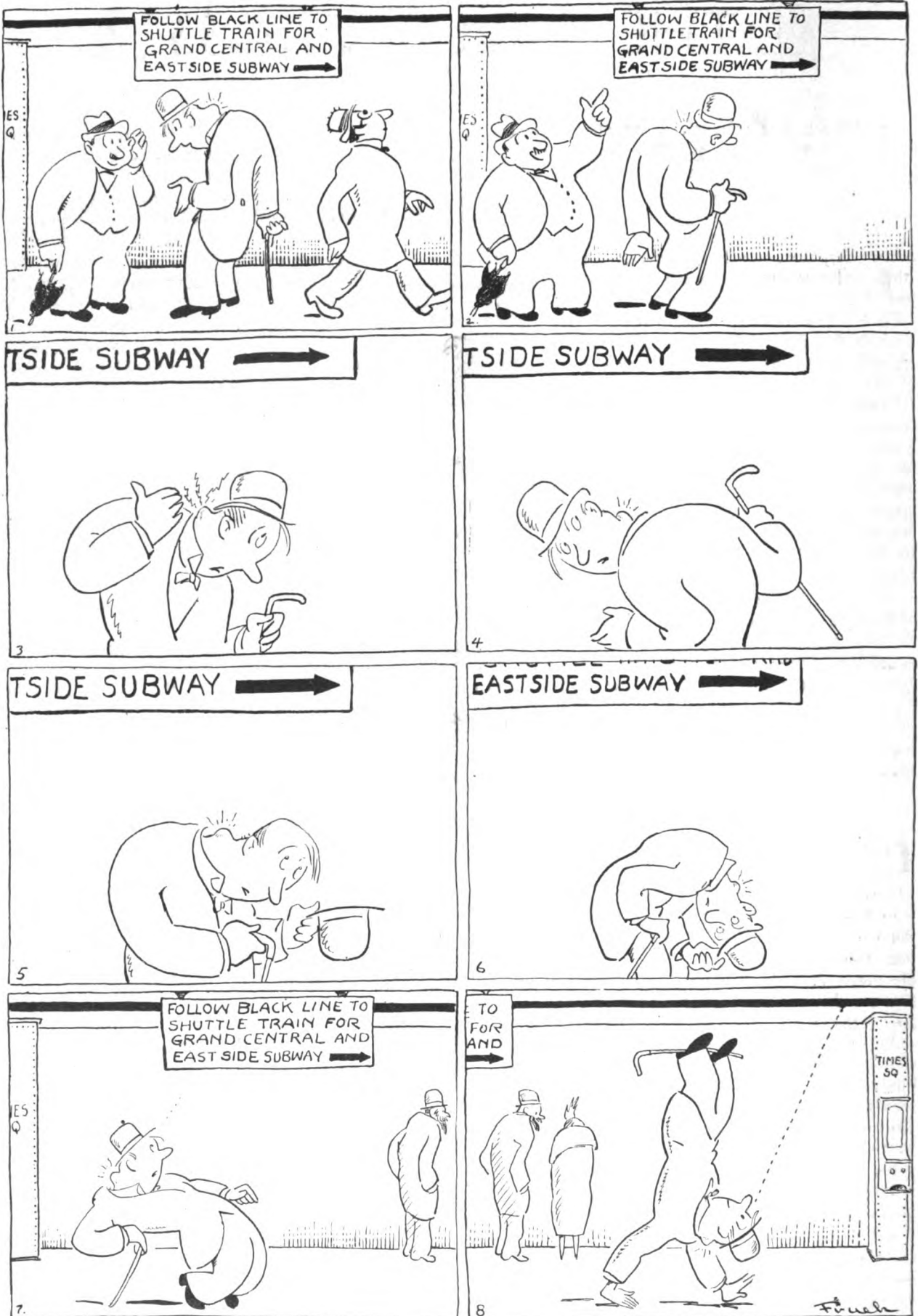
Ruth von Phul



James Gleason



Roland Hayes



A Man, A Boil and A Subway



## A Gentleman with Two Cauliflower Ears

YOU may have caught a noteworthy omission during the critical period when certain distinguished and distinguished looking gentlemen of the armed forces of the United States came so near busting one or more blood vessels in the course of the intemperate reproaches they levelled at "What Price Glory?" This gap accounts for the fact that the resolution of censure was not unanimous, though passed under the unit rule with none but admirals and generals voting. The tally stands: against the play—the Army, the Navy; not voting—the Marine Corps.

The reason the tally stands so is that when the storm broke the Marine Corps generals consulted with a captain who had the gumption to insist that the play was all right. By this means I introduce to you John H. Craige, a gentleman with two cauliflower ears, captain and publicity magi of the U. S. Marine Corps. The heavy end of a publicity man's art sometimes is knowing when to keep his client out of print. Captain Craige knew that time and in a delicate situation maintained the Marine Corps traditional high average for sapient self-advertising.

The Captain has been preserved to us, thus to serve well his corps and his country, by reason of the fact that some twenty years ago a trial jury in Colorado declined to hang him for murder. In point of fact the jury declined to do anything with the defendant, Craige, except to acquit him with applause. In those days the subject of our sketch was not a Marine but a miner, who played a little poker on the side. While thus employed one evening it became necessary for him to diminish the activities of a fellow sportsman, who having introduced a fifth ace into the game, sought to eliminate the principal eye-witnesses.

When the trial was over Jack Craige decided that gambling sometimes led to other things which might (conceivably) get an innocent man into trouble, so he decided to go to Alaska and pursue his calling as a miner undisturbed by the allurements of the world. In Alaska he found an abundance of snow, but no gold to speak of. Still, the fact that he could recite the Episcopal burial service made him popular at funerals, and his track experience at college helped out when he forsook mining in favor of mushing the Chilcoot trail.

So the year passed pleasantly enough. He came

back to the States and went to dealing faro for Tex Rickard at Goldfield. Gambling was all right if you made a business of it, it seemed. It's the amateurs who get into trouble. Besides Jack had a theory about faro. You take an ordinary pack of fifty-two cards—

But there is scarcely time to go into that here, for when America began to assemble its athletes to raid the Olympic games in 1908, Mr. Craige, though a professional gambler, was an amateur athlete. He was the amateur middleweight boxing champion of the Atlantic Division. When the games were over at London he went over to the Balkans where a war was going on, with the intention of siding with the Serbs. The war petered out before he got there, though, and Mr. Craige had just the fare to Paris, providing he worked his passage through the Mediterranean. This was simple enough because (did I tell you?) Craige is a sailor, having run off to seek a career on



Captain John H. Craige

the sea when he was fourteen years old.

He got to Paris on Saturday and wanted to eat, but relinquished his last fifty centime piece in exchange for a copy of *Le Sport*. This excellent journal imparted the information that a three-round boxing match was a part of every Saturday evening's entertainment at the Cirque de Paris: M. Quelquechose, the current French champion, met all comers, and any who stayed three rounds won fifty francs.

That night at the Cirque de Paris there was some commotion at the stage door because an American exponent of la boxe insisted on getting in without a ticket. But Jack—for it was indeed he—got in and met M. Quelquechose in the ring. The fight lasted not three rounds but three seconds. Next Saturday night it lasted only two seconds. M. Craige became the champion of France. He fought twice a week. He acquired a French manager and was getting rich.

"Ah, next Saturday night I have the grand fight for you. A fellow countryman. What you call a colored American."

"What's his name?" inquired M. Carpentier's predecessor.

"Monsieur Sam McVey."

This was on Wednesday. M. Craige asked his manager to witness the fact that he had a severe cold. On Friday the state of M. Craige's health necessitated his departure for Nice. On Saturday M. Sam

McVey became the acclaimed champion of France.

In time the undefeated ex-champion found employment on the rewrite desk of the *Evening World*. Have I neglected to mention that Mr. Craige was by profession a journalist? He was, and he was once city editor of Mr. Munsey's *Philadelphia Times*. Craige threw up a \$12,000 publicity job and lined up with God and the Marines when the war came.

When they put the stock inquiry about previous military experience Craige made some passing allusion to the Guatemalan, Nicaraguan and Honduran armies. Did I leave that out, too? It is too bad if I did, because Senor Craige has served attractively on the field of honor under those flags. He still carries a Guatemalan bullet around with him.

So they made him a captain of Marines and when he got back from France General Lejeune took him for aide-de-camp and the director of publicity of the corps. In these capacities the captain whisks about between Washington, Haiti, the Pacific Coast, the Broadway shows and other strong points on the far-flung Marine horizon.

Have I omitted to state that the captain comes from an old Rittenhouse Square family in Philadelphia and is related to the Biddles? That he has the manners of a cavalier? That he sometimes wears a dinner coat and a dress suit both in the same evening and

also wears both to perfection? It is only too true.

His quarters in Washington are an untidy litter of books, boxing gloves, elephant guns, fencing paraphernalia, chemical formulas and pictures. The captain is a connoisseur of the arts and last winter astonished a lady from du Pont Circle who asked him to tea to tell about his I. W. W. days with Big Bill Haywood. Jack opened up and talked for an hour on Hogarth, innocently preempting the topic of a gentleman who had been imported all the way from New York for that very purpose.

Last night your correspondent dropped in on Jack to do a cross word puzzle, but was regaled instead with a lecture on Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Which was sufficiently confusing to suit the needs of the moment.

Wherefore, is it any wonder that by silence the Marine Corps gives consent to the best piece of Marine propaganda since Chateau-Thierry—the same which is now in exercise at the Plymouth Theatre?

In May the captain retires as aide to General Lejeune to join the Gendarmerie de Haiti and will wear a plume in his hat, but he will remain the same old Jack who still regards himself as possessing only one small claim to distinction. That is the fact that he one time gave President Harding a chew of tobacco.

—*Quid*

## Lithographs

WHEN it snows in the city,  
(The streets are clean and dry in a week or less),  
I sit in the Queen Anne Room  
Of my hundred dollar a week suite,  
And think how it used to snow out there  
In Montana before I sold the sheep  
And came to Wall Street,  
And cocktails,  
And dinner clothes.  
When Spring comes in the city  
(You discover it by the thermometer)  
I try to remember Spring on the ranch—  
Compare roll-your-own cigarettes  
And Corona-Coronas,  
Grass in Montana and no grass  
On Broadway.  
Used to punch sheep for a living—  
Now I punch  
Buzzers.

You can't see the stars at night  
In New York City—  
There is too much glare in the streets.  
If some one called me Bill now,  
I wouldn't even turn around;  
And every time I get in my limousine  
I want to throw my leg  
Over the fender.  
When it's summer in the city I remember  
That I haven't seen a bee  
For thirteen years—  
And out in Montana  
They are still carrying honey to my old hive  
Behind the big barn.  
Tickers and financial pages,  
Telephones and brokers:  
All in thirteen years.  
Lord! I'm glad I sold those ornery sheep!

—*Young Knick.*





## FEZ AND THE DARK AGE

NOT so long ago I was reclining on a divan in the ancient Moorish city of Fez. The palace in which I was a guest looked like Al-Hambra, although the wealthy Arab who owned it had built it himself not thirty years ago. The walls were a maze of lace-like wood and creamy arabesques. The ceiling was intricate with gems. At my feet burned a brasier of scented charcoals. An Ethiopian slave girl, silent and slight, kept taking from my hand the half empty cup and filling it afresh with herb-spiced tea.



Beside me were three noblemen of Islam: mine host, his son who was an exquisite youth adept at composing verse in classic Arabic, and a philosopher from Tunis. As we chatted and sipped our ceremonial cups, a song came from across the inner court whose roof was the clear sky of Africa. It was a muffled harmony of many women's voices—the hidden word of the *Harim*.

"Tell us about America," said the young poet.

"We know enough about America," explained his father, "to be eager to know more."

"Your country is not strange to us here," said the Tunisian. "Of course there are no *cinemas* in ancient cities like Fez-el-Bali. But in the European quarters of many African towns, there are theatres. And when we go to theatre, it is to see America."

"What a romantic world is yours!" exclaimed the poet, clapping his hands twice. A second slave girl glided into the room, heard the low Arabic command and disappeared. There was a shuffling of bare feet on the cold tiled floor outside. And now a minor music drifted in. The voices were dry and quiet like the strings that accompanied them.

"It is hard," the poet went on, "hard to know that America is *real*. Were it not that motion pictures are photography, one might doubt that such perfection could exist—in our age—in our drab world."

"Photographs cannot lie," said the Tunisian.

"Your wondrous women! So noble, so pure. We know them all. We know Mary Pickford. We have beheld the immaculate countenance of Gloria Swanson."

"If Moslem women were so chaste of soul, their faces might not need veils," observed the father.

"You perhaps require the Law of the Prophet less than we do," remarked the Tunisian, a most broad-minded follower of Mohammed.

"Ah, it is not so!" returned the poet. "Is it not rather, that in America they do obey his laws? They work—all the men work. All the women make good wives. There is no drinking of wine."

"Yours is a happy world," said the Tunisian. He wrapped his burnoose about him and sipped his tea. "It is hard for us to know that it is real." The song of the

slave girls ceased. Once again the plaintive murmur of the *Harim* warmed the cool night air of the patio.

Mine host went on: "We know even the streets of your cities—the clean, high *soukhs* of New York, Chicago, San Francisco. We know Fifth Avenue where everybody lives. What a long street it must be! And no dirt, no smoke, no poverty! One thinks of the gardens of Allah underneath which flow waters. . . ."

"But, father," said the serious young poet, "America is not like Paradise. Thou forgettest that Paradise has no struggle. In America there is struggle. Americans are human." He turned to me. "I have followed the drama of your American life. I understand a little. You must not think that we idealize—that because our world is so dull, we make a romance about America. We know, for instance, that American wives are sometimes tempted."

"Ah," said the Tunisian, "but they do not fall. They err a little way; then, before it is too late, they come back to their home."

"There are bad men in your stoney mountains. Brigands like among the Berbers of our Rif."

"Do they not reform, ere they die?" said the Tunisian. "Do they not often end their days as officers of the law?"

"You have a social conflict," remarked the father who was a *Cherif*, a true descendant of Mohammed. "The men of your lower classes seem at times to have strange notions of what they call their 'rights.'"

The philosopher answered: "There are evil men everywhere, and idle women—even in New York. But you have noticed, my brother, that the princes and nobles of America have solved this problem of the social conflict. They have solved it with justice. If a man of the lower classes is a great mechanic or craftsman, or a great counter of money, he is admitted to the upper class. Often, he receives the master's daughter in marriage."

"Your aristocracy," said the poet, "like the one originated by the Prophet, is based on merit. The wise become the rich; the noble becomes the master."

There was a pause in which I asked a question:

"Has not this original aristocracy of the Prophet lasted? Have evil changes come upon Islam?"

The Cherif spoke: "Islam has wandered far from the laws of Al Koran. We have been rewarded with the curse of idleness and corruption: with the Curse whose name is the European."

"Perhaps you do not know how Islam is heartened in his downcast state by the pictures of America," said the man from Tunis. "You have seen our cities from Egypt to the western sea. Reality for us is poverty, chaos, slavery. But though we are feeble, we are better than the Barbarians



from Europe whom the Prophet has sent to scourge us, as a curse upon us. We know these men and women from Paris and London. The men drink, cheat, gamble, lie. The women commit adultery. If they taught us something better than greed and craftiness, we could have understood more easily why the Prophet's curse took this form—why he sent these people to enslave us.

"But as the old saying is: 'Eat deep enough into the gall and you will find a reason.' We understand. The invasion of France and England and Spain has brought along with it the pictures of America. America's message of blessing has been sent us through this curse. Had we heard of America through the mouths of the European, we should not have believed. We should have looked on New York and on Gloria

Swanson as romantic myths. But photographs do not lie."

"Take back to your country our thanks," said the old Cherif. "We have been heartened by you. We will endeavor to emulate you. Since you do not break the law against strong drink, we shall strive to obey it. Since your women are free and yet pure, we shall strive (as the Prophet commanded) to free ours. Since all your cities are clean, and all your laborers and artisans and farmers rich, we shall be generous, too."

The eyes of the young poet gleamed.

"To this I dedicate my life! Some day Fez-el-Bali shall be like New York!"

He clapped his hands: a slave girl glided in, bringing fresh-incensed brasiers.—*Search-Light*

## STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

FROM time immemorial, New York has been famous for its art. "Time immemorial" means as long as folks can remember. New Yorkers never could remember very long.

Art was invented in Greenwich Village.

Greenwich Village was invented by a real estate agent. His tenants all belonged to the bourgeoisie, and they kicked like steers whenever the roof leaked or the radiators froze up.

"What this town needs," he said, "is an Artistic Temperament."

So he assembled some bank clerks and underwear salesmen, and pointed them out to each other as Typical Bohemians. He called this process "Seeing the Village" and upon those who saw the village three times, he conferred the title of "Old Villager." This gave the wearer the right to rent a studio with a stuffed-up fireplace, beautifully situated above a Chinese laundry.

Putting up with these inconveniences soon developed radicalism and the artistic temperament, both of which were greatly appreciated by the business leaders of the burg.

It had been customary, also, for families to hang on to their furniture and move it with them from place to place, but with the advent of the artistic temperament, they got to throwing it out the window instead. The dealers then picked it up, and sold the



*He Pointed Out Typical Bohemians*

broken pieces to newcomers who were going in for art.

Greenwich Village was said to be unconventional. The rest of the city thought this was naughty, so the Village became popular. Regular New Yorkers pretended to like the conventions. That was before they had one. But when one at last came to the city, New York changed its mind.

The convention soon became chronic, but New York eventually got rid of it by threatening to tear the building down.

Robert Edmond Jones was another of the great Mythical Characters of this era. He was known as the Ruler of the World, but only at home.

The next most prominent peak in New York's skyline was known as the Woolworth Building. It was a sort of Memorial Temple built to commemorate the glories of the five and ten cent stores. There were said to be ten thousand of these stores in the city; and there is an ancient legend that beer was once five cents and hard liquor ten. Whether these are the stores which the Temple commemorated is not definitely known, but the temple was built in the shape of a bung-starter.

Emperor Volstead captured New York in the early part of the twentieth century. Sudden death was no longer cheap. It cost sixty cents a shot.

### Those Prejudiced Critics

The change of scene in the last act (of "Siegfried") which nearly cost Mr. Taucher his life, or at least some permanent injury, was well contrived.

—The Times

### Blood is Thicker, Isn't It?

We read that certain Eskimos make their wives chew seal-skin in order to soften it. This is what the Americans call "putting the moth in mother."

—Punch

### Soft for the Page Boys

Frank Wawak, Jr., and William Wawak, of the Bilhuber Wawak Co., are in the market, stopping at the Hotel Prince George.

—Daily News Record



IT'S a pretty sad thing to see people you've known and loved grow gray and old-timers before their time. And yet it's happened twice this season, both times at Dillingham openings of Barrie revivals, and about the only reason this piece is being written is to fix things so it won't happen again.

This department has never seen Maude Adams. (Add the circumstance that Maude Adams has never seen this department, either, and you've got a pretty good start for a play. Miss Adams, see, is this department's aunt and has written that she's coming to New York to pay that visit she's been threatening for twenty years and particularly to see this department's new and snappy bride that it's been writing her about. But, alas, this department has no bride and only said it had one so it could get a larger monthly allowance out of Aunt Maude, who's rich as blazes. What to do? Just then the bell rings. It's a little milliner, who's come to the wrong apartment by mistake.)

This department, in case you've forgotten, has never seen Maude Adams. But it does know that statistics prove that the young women of the town are much more beautiful than they were twenty years ago, that there are five papers in New York with more good writing to the column than there were in ten issues of the old *Sun*, (which was the *Columbia Spectator* of its time), and that most of the old men about town had to be driven to the Hoffman House at cocktail hour with a whip, and it is not going to have its lobby conversations made ineffectual by the doctrine that the sun of theatrical charm set at about the time it was fighting Irish boys on the lower East Side.

Thus, the other evening at the Globe, a large part of the first-night audience put in its time watching how well Ruth Chatterton was playing the rôle of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," a rôle that the program foolishly called *Lady Babbie*. The result, of course, was that Miss Chatterton had about as much chance of getting a favorable response as this department has of getting a smile out of the boys at the Union League Club, who read their Benchley like a Bible and denounce imitations.

For the record—this, mind you, is a statement of fact, not of opinion—Miss Chatterton was pretty good, and this is a department that can distinguish very

well between the woman and the actress. She was a little arch in her charm, to be sure, but the spectacle of her occasional flagrant reaches for wistfulness was puny compared to the massive gropings in the same direction by the distinguished author of her play.

"The Little Minister," as a play, is pretty poor stuff, and it's a bit of a shame that it wasn't produced under a nom de plume, so that some of the ink-stained wretches could have had a dandy time writing about a plot that would blow up any time any character went sane and told who *Babbie's* father really was. And then that delightful second act scene—it must run close to fifteen minutes—in which *Babbie* and her father discuss the mysterious gypsy woman, and only you and *Babbie* know that she's the gypsy. And on top of that, as if your cup of joy weren't already full to overflowing, there's that cute device by which the old Lord forbids the marriage of *Gavin* and *Babbie* but insists upon the marriage of *Gavin* and the gypsy woman, all because he doesn't know, the old silly, that *Babbie* is the gypsy woman.

Ralph Forbes, a young English actor who came to America about three months after "I'll Say She Is" opened, does handsomely as little *Gavin*. In the race for wistfulness, he leaves Barrie far behind. And the rest of the cast gives some excellent performances of some musical comedy characters Barrie thought up.

THE theatre, too, gets its Veldt-Schmerz in the Spring. It wasn't so long ago that "Cape Smoke" opened and "White Cargo" has been playing in Judge Knox's court room and a number of other theatres forever. So what does a new organization called "The Stagers" do but produce "The Blue Peter," and the curtain rises and shows you the White Man's Burden drinking Tom Collines against an indigo background. But, although David Hunter, the hero, goes back home to get married, he can never get the call of Algeria out of his blood. He argues with his wife about it for three acts, but the married men in the audience are pathetically aware of a Christmas tree standing in his parlor from the very beginning and he might just as well have saved his breath; you can't argue with a woman, they're all alike. He'll find that

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### The New Plays

THE LITTLE MINISTER. At the *Globe*. A fair production of a poor play. Subject of next week's debate: Was Lincoln a Greater President than Maude Adams?

THE BLUE PETER. At the *Fifty-Second Street*. The Stagers' first production. But the Guild's first production was "Bonds of Interest." There is a group of distinguished patrons.

EVE'S LEAVES. At *Wallack's*. A new play by Harry Chapman Ford.

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out. And if you think he went back to Algeria after all, that shows how much you know.

"The Stagers," unless proper precautions are taken in time, seem likely to grow up into another Theatre Guild, and then there'll be two tapestry balls each Winter. However, they have still to catch their Helen Westley.

In the present production, Warren William, Margaret Vonnegut, George Riddell and Mary Kennedy give good, though obvious, performances. Margaret Wycherly is all right as an actress, too, but she plays one of those white-haired mothers who sit around patiently and say, "My dear, life goes on just the same," in a sweet voice, that should be saved for convicts on the morning of their walk to the electric chair.

### *And They Do Say—*

THE Friars Club, a few nights ago, tendered a dinner in honor of Governor Al Smith, and people who had just about recovered from last season's vapors were treated anew to an attack of "The Sidewalks of New York." But Governor Smith is a properly popular person and so there were no objections. In fact, everything was most harmonious, and the occasion seems likely to go down into history, for the largest part, as the locale of another Louis Mann story.

Mr. Mann is, without contradiction, the greatest actor in the world. So valuable and important a person is he, indeed, that a few weeks ago, when he angrily left the cast of an ungrateful play, the management, though it had but two more performances to live, went to the expense of inserting a large ad in the *Times* that read: "A HOWLING SUCCESS, without LOUIS MANN."

But to return to Mr. Mann. Something was said, or perhaps unsaid, at the dinner that gave him offense. The receipt of offense is to Mr. Mann not the occasion for the birth of a secret. He muttered, growled, murmured and complained, loudly and with an increasing volume of tone. He was, it was finally gleaned, going to resign from the Friars Club, at whose dinner table he was now feasting. When, it was asked? As soon as ever he finished his dinner, answered Mr. Mann, his rage decreasing no bit.

MR. ZIEGFELD, readers of the dramatic pages in newspapers are aware, is always sending telegrams. But it is a bit malicious for Mr. Ziegfeld's own offices to spread the report, as they do, that Mr. Ziegfeld saved 180 lives at the recent fire in Palm Beach by sending to the occupants of 180 rooms in the burning Breakers the following telegram:

"Come down at once the hotel is burning. When in New York see the Ziegfeld Follies and Leon Errol in 'Louie the 14th.' 'Louie the 14th' cost over two

hundred thousand dollars to produce. Present Follies is funniest ever, say all critics. How are you?"

THIS is about to be what most people would regard as the record of a not particularly handsome bit of behavior. And yet the person it concerns will like as not be indignant that his name is not mentioned, his ideas of publicity being what they are.

A few weeks ago, then, there was a tragic death of the wife of a composer who had written two or three tunes for one of the town's most prominent musical successes. The papers, the following day, in reporting the sad event, said that she was the wife of the man who had written the music for the show in question, an excusable error, since newspapers are not required to be thoroughly acquainted with all the inner authorships of scores.

A week later, in California, the man who had written most of the music—barring the two or three tunes to which reference has been made—received the New York papers. He read, as a slight detail of stories dealing with a tragic death, where it was said that another was composer of the score, and not part-composer. Whereupon he hastened to the telegraph office and demanded of his New York producer that efforts be made to induce the newspapers to publish corrections.

DRAMATIC criticism, it is no secret, is of all sorts. It was, thus, Percy Hammond who, in April, 1917, said tersely of a play, "C'est le guerre." And it was Ashton Stevens, as reported by Mr. Hammond, who said maliciously of a revue known as "Round the Town" that the show ran late but the audience early. And it was William Winter who wrote forever and ever of plays that didn't run quite so long.

But a new piece of criticism has come along that has made the remarks of the past so much waste effort. Unfortunately, it is of little consequence unless it is uttered in the hearing of John V. A. Weaver, husband of Peggy Wood and author of "In American" and other books of verse. At the time of going to press, Mr. Weaver had heard it nineteen times and was getting a bit tired of it.

It follows:

A number of theatrical men were discussing the Actors' Theatre choice of Miss Wood as successor to Miss Cornell in the rôle of *Candida*. For the most part, it was believed that Miss Wood would fill the rôle admirably.

There was one dissenter, who kept muttering to himself. Finally he was prevailed upon to formulate the reasons for his dissent.

"Well," he said, "you're out of your mind. She's not the type, for one thing, that a young poet would fall in love with."





### THE ACTORS' THEATRE'S THIRD KNOCK-OUT

*Bring Your Lunch and Remain in Your Seats to See "The Wild Duck"*

**A** THUMB-NAIL sketch of Miss Laurette Taylor drawn by one who, though absent in Europe during Miss Taylor's appearances at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre in special mat-

inees of "Pierrot the Prodigal," saw Miss Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart" some years ago and Miss Patterson in "Pierrot the Prodigal" in 1916 and remembers both pleasantly.—R. B.

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador

A masterpiece of modern comedy, with Richard Bird as *Marchbanks* and Peggy Wood as *Candida*.

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth

It took the American stage 150 years to learn how to do a job as good as this noble play about toughs in agony.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

An experience whereby the younger generation can rediscover that Ibsen was a middling good playwright.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

The comedy which gave the critics something else to be monotonous about besides "The First Year."

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth

An early Molnarism with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt happily inaugurating the most promising partnership since Abercrombie & Fitch.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord and others in a good, earthy, hearty retelling of Paolo and Francesca's little difficulty—this time with a San Francisco waitress as the heroine.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Ernest Truex having the time of his youngish life in a comedy that is as ornery, as filling and as popular as a stack of wheats.

### PIERROT THE PRODIGAL—The Forty-eighth Street

Special matinees of a winning French pantomime with Laurette Taylor extraordinarily fine as a mute but far from inglorious Pierrot.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

The nearest thing to "Lightnin'" since "Lightnin'."

### SILENCE—National

H. B. Warner and John Wray in a melodrama about a con man with ideals.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

A farce about the Florence of the Medicis written as if it were yesterday, with Joseph Schildkraut making the faces, Frank Morgan making the hit and Edwin Justus Mayer making the beds.

### PROCESSIONAL—The Forty-ninth Street

A motley play, confusingly reviewed as though it reeked with hidden meanings, whereas it is chiefly full of mere excitement and beauty.

### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

The fourth of these extravaganzas with Irving Berlin writing a stirring score and then playing absolutely safe in casting it.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

George Gershwin's music with a lot of youth, good looks and Astaires thrown in.

### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

The most popular musical comedy of the year, thus proving once more that the public is not such a fool as it looks.

### BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Shubert

This, the best of American expressionist plays, has just returned to town, after a peculiarly successful tour in the Dubuques. If you haven't seen it, the more fool you.

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

By far the funniest of the Follies, what with W. C. Fields and W. C. Fields.

### LOUIE THE FOURTEENTH—Cosmopolitan

A wonderful production, full of colors and motion, and Leon Errol. He does his old stuff, but to Errol is human.



## MOVING PICTURES

### THE LAST LAUGH—

Germany contributes another landmark to the advance of the motion picture drama. Should be seen by everyone. Yorkville Casino, Eighty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, April 1, 2, 3 and 4.

### GREED—

Von Stroheim's interesting adventure in shifting Frank Norris's "McTeague" to the screen. State Theatre, Brooklyn, March 31. Newlaw Theatre, Second Avenue and Second Street, April 1, 2, 3, 4.

"The Goose Hangs High" will be shown beginning April 26 in all Loew Theatres.

## MUSIC

### WANDA LANDOWSKA—Aeolian Hall

Evening, March 31. The best of old music for harpsichord and piano by a genius, with Mengelberg conducting.

### MYRA HESS—Aeolian Hall

Evening, April 1. No fooling—here's a wham of a pianist.

### JASCHA HEIFETZ—Carnegie Hall

Afternoon, April 5. Last chance to hear the only Yesh.

### JOHN McCORMACK—Carnegie Hall

Evening, April 5. Eat your supper in Carnegie and stay for one of the really great.

## WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

*Philharmonic*, Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, evening, April 1 (soloist: Yolanda Mero); evening, April 2, afternoon, April 3, (soloist: Germaine Tailleferre). Metropolitan Opera House, afternoon, April 5, (soloists: Sundelius and Cahier).

*New York Symphony*, Damrosch conducting: Carnegie Hall, afternoon, April 2, evening, April 3, (soloist: Rachmaninoff). Aeolian Hall, afternoon April 5, (soloist: Lawrence Tibbett).

*Friends of Music*, Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, afternoon, April 5.

## AT THE METROPOLITAN

Afternoon, April 1, *Aida*; evening, April 1, *Faust*; evening, April 2, *La Juive*; evening, April 3, *Tristan und Isolde*; afternoon, April 4, *L'Oracolo and Coq d'Or*; evening, April 4, *Carmen*.

## ART

### ANNUAL SHOW—National Academy

One hundredth exhibition of National Academy of Design with blue ribbons and runners-up. Opens April 1.

### HENRI MATISSE—Weyhe Galleries

Drawings, lithographs and etchings of the great master at prices in reach of all.

### LEON KROLL—Rehn Galleries

Sixteen interesting paintings by one of the Woodstock school. Careful and cautious.

### GEORGE BELLOWS—Frederick Keppel Gallery

Exhibition of lithographs and drawings by an artist who had more sense of life than any American working at it.

### YOUNG MODERNS—Dudensing Galleries

Colorful stuff of Art Students League painters; modernism after it has been to school.

## OTHER EVENTS

### THE CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

Annual engagement. Last season in historic Garden.

### RAINBOW BALL—Ritz-Carlton

April 3. Annual ball for the benefit of the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children.

### RUTH ST. DENIS—Carnegie Hall

Afternoon and evening, March 31. With Ted Shawn in new program of dances.



**A**MERICAN music insists on making itself heard, although it was our intention to expound the beauties of the revival of "Pelleas et Melisande" at the Metropolitan and to convince the subscribers that Lawrence Gilman is not the only musical commentator who can be moved to prose by Debussy's opera. Yet, we have had another effort at the Great American Opera in the near past and an American orchestral work has been performed with such success that its critic-composer was compelled to traverse 220 yards or thereabouts up and down the aisles of Carnegie Hall, from row W to the platform and back, to acknowledge a series of spontaneous ovations. Why not, as the car cards have it, patronize your neighborhood composer?

The critic-composer, as the prescient have suspected, was Deems Taylor whose "Through the Looking Glass" suite had three consecutive performances by the Philharmonic Orchestra under direction of Mr. Mengelberg. This sequence of five sketches probably holds the New York record among American works for the greatest number of performances in the last few years. It was played first in its chamber music orchestra form by the New York Chamber Music Society, and repeated in its long pants by Mr. Damrosch with the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mr. Barlow with the American-National Orchestra, Mr. Reiner with the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Stadium Concerts, and now again by Mr. Mengelberg.

Almost all of the Western orchestras have produced Mr. Taylor's composition, and these performances, along with the radio broadcasting of the first of the three Philharmonic hearings under Mr. Mengelberg, probably have made it known to music lovers throughout the land.

The highest praise that could be awarded to "Through the Looking Glass" would be that it is worthy of its theme; and that praise is awarded freely. Here are "dreaming eyes of wonder" and even those who consider nationalism in music to be merely one of those things may confess to a little thrill of pride over Deems Taylor's "love-gift of a fairy tale." Mr. Mengelberg conducted the music as though the composer never had written an unkind word about him.

Would that we might continue in this vein touchin' on and pertainin' to Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Garden of Mystery," an opera in one act and three curtain drops, fashioned after Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" by Nelle Richmond Eberhart! This piece, written some fourteen years ago, was brought to Carnegie Hall as the feature of an All American evening in aid of the Association of Music School Settlements. There was a cast of five native singers, a home grown orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow, four indigenous dancers from the Noyes School of Rhythm, and stage setting supplied courteously by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mr. Cadman's work had not been in progress for more than ten minutes before it became reasonably obvious that no history was being made. The psychological story is undramatic and Mr. Cadman's ear-filling but uneventful music does not compensate for the lack of interest in the fable. Of the singers, only Yvonne de Treville salvaged her rôle, and of the orchestra, nothing fearfully enthusiastic may be reported. Mr. Barlow dispensed rhythmic indications and cues manfully and musically against discouraging odds, and the rather fashionable audience departed early and often. In view of the strange idiom of the text, the lack of diction on the part of the vocalists may be set down as an asset.



Dusolina Giannini

This is Bach year. Harold Samuel, that brilliant and stimulating pianist from England, seems to have started the revival with two Bach programs which not only drew, but delighted audiences. There have been few piano or violin recitals which have not indulged in a little Bach slapping, and even singers have braved the difficulties of the old master's vocal writing. The annual Lenten performance of the St. John Passion by the Friends of Music made more friends of Bach, and soon we are to have the St. Matthew Passion under Mr. Mengelberg's auspices. The large advance sale for the St. John Passion and the St. Matthew Passion is attributed by some observers to the popular belief that these titles refer to film productions.

The fortieth anniversary of Walter Damrosch as a conductor was celebrated Friday last, and THE NEW YORKER takes pleasure in congratulating this remarkable young man not only on his achievements but on the bright future which is certain to be his.



WE never tire of Matisse. An exhibition of his paintings early in the fall was the most inspiring thing we had seen in a long while. The current exhibition, ending Saturday, April 4, at the Weyhe Gallery is of his drawings, lithographs and etchings. There are some twenty drawings, a like number of lithographs and thirty etchings. And all of them are so moderately priced that you wonder why the whole lot is not gold starred. The lithographs are as low as twenty-five dollars with some exceptional studies among them.

For us Matisse can do more with a line than any artist now working at it. A few lines and he has the head of a girl as exciting and as full of movement as a dozen of your good academicians. From time to time we have urged on you the virtues of being an art patron in a modest way. Seek out the Weyhe Gallery, on Lexington Avenue above Sixty-first Street, and you can get something from a master for the price of a covert charge.

A second visit to the seven Americans at the Steiglitz exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, finds us with little change for our first enthusiasms. Perhaps we have faltered a little on O'Keeffe. At first sight her color forms arrest you and hold you in awe; she is a colorist with few rivals. Perhaps it is that her painting is a bit too clever. The slickness aids your eye in sliding over the compositions, as one slides over new ice. Whereas in the pictures of Marsden Hartley the uncouthness gives you something to fasten on.

The Grand Royal Asininity Prize was won recently and we doubt if it will ever be won away from the victors—the Willard Metcalf executors. It would be only fair however, if the holders, in perpetuity, would pass the pewter cup around, so that all the nice, pollyana editors in town could hold a leg of it for awhile. They would be charmed by the silver lining.

About the time we decide to

pull out all our hair over the disgraceful state of affairs, we calm down and decide that it is not so important. Time, after all, may not much care that the three executors met and decided to destroy fourteen of Metcalf's paintings that "would not be of any value to his reputation." The executors announce proudly that they have already burned a dozen canvases; things done in the earlier Metcalf manner. The formula is simple; the more burned, the fewer left—the fewer left, the higher the price. Why stop at a mere dozen paintings and fourteen?

That will hardly make a nick in the Metcalfs extant. If the executors can devise some way to burn all of the Metcalfs except two, those two will bring a pretty figure! And after all, isn't that the purpose of art—a high selling price?

We devoutly hope that by some freak of circumstance one of those pictures got away. That some janitor misplaced a canvas or even pilfered it from the studio.

That some ten years from now it will be discovered. And we hope that the picture will be one that Metcalf did in some idle hour not filled with bitterness. Something playful and happy that he brushed out because it filled an inward longing and expressed a mood. Something he wanted to paint: not something he felt he must paint because Mr. Milch had already written \$4,000 on a price tag and was 'phoning that the last Berkshire landscape was two hours overdue. If the Gods (not the executors) let such a one survive, it will doubtless go down to posterity as the "good Metcalf."

For your betting odds are 100 to 1 that the things destroyed will be the things that should have been kept.

The weak spot in all this rancor is that the artist's will suggests that his best pictures be kept, the others destroyed. What God had he painted for these last years, and with what a troubled soul, that he died uncertain of his own handiwork, assigning to a legal testamentary decisions he dare not face in life?



## Lyrics from the Pekinese

### XIX

"G. BORGLUM, the carver of  
cliffs,

And his former abettors  
Should bury their orgulous tiffs,  
Extraditions and letters.  
Those chivalrous Southrons should say,  
And their tone should be gentle,  
'Dear Gutzon, it's only our way;  
We are so temp'rmantal!  
Go back to your Jacksons and Lees,'"  
Said the small Pekinese.

### XX

"Great authors of various brands—  
Psychologic, romantic,  
Are trooping in polyglot bands  
From across the Atlantic  
To lecture and read for a spell,  
If we're properly humble;  
A few of them talk pretty well  
Though a lot of them mumble;  
But all of them get the bawbees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

### XXI

"Those senators, angry because  
Of a well-deserved scolding,  
Derided the late Mr. Dawes  
In a rhyme of their molding.  
Such lines!—the sub-basement of  
verse!  
Why, to class them as doggerel  
Would libel a dog; they are worse;  
They are sheer demagogerel;  
Who dares to compare them with  
these!"  
Growled the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



## THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY JUROR

**M**INE is a sad story. A few months ago I was a happy man. I was rich, successful and respected; I had a beautiful and devoted wife and three lovely children. In fact, I had everything in life that a man could wish for. Now, alas, all that is past. I am broken, desolate,—ruined.

I was on my way home from my office one evening when a paper fluttered through the window of my limousine. I picked it up idly and glanced at it. "Be in the lobby of the Ritz at ten o'clock to-night," I read. "Wear a purple orchid in your buttonhole." I examined the note carefully; it was written on expensive, scented note paper. There was no signature. Naturally I was puzzled and a bit disturbed. In a moment of reckless curiosity I decided to keep the appointment and to say nothing to my wife.

At five minutes of ten that night I stood in the lobby of the Ritz wearing a purple orchid. Promptly at the minute of ten a beautiful young woman in evening dress approached me. She was tall, blonde and stately. "You are wise," she whispered in my ear. "Follow me." As we reached the street I saw a magnificent Rolls-Royce waiting at the door for us. I tried to discover the license number, but the strange young woman pushed me into the limousine.

"You must be blindfolded," my companion said as I tried to speak. "Ask no questions at this time. You are a brave man. All will be well."

As we sped through the streets she fastened a silken bandage about my eyes. I had a curious presentiment of danger, but I decided recklessly that having gone so far I might as well see the thing through. Would that I had pushed open the door and plunged from the speeding car. At the worst I might have been killed. We must have traveled a great distance for I could hear the noise of the city gradually subside as we approached what I imagine must have been Westchester. The car stopped suddenly and we stepped



*Wife: I'm not angry, I'm only terribly hurt!*

out on a gravel path. My companion took me by the hand and led me into the house.

The bandage was whisked from my eyes. I stood in a long room dimly lighted by candles. Along the walls, on low wooden benches, sat about twenty men garbed in long red robes. Their faces were concealed by heavy, red masks. At one end of the room was a table upon which lay an open Bible, an American Flag and a book that I later learned was a copy of "Peter Pan" by J. M. Barrie. At the table sat a man dressed like his companions, only his robe was a more brilliant red, and on his breast in gold embroidery gleamed a large letter F. He rapped thrice with a gavel and all rose. The man at the table spoke.

"I am the foreman of the play jury," he said, "and these men you see about you are the jury that has been sworn to purge New York of indecent plays."

"Yea verily," the jury intoned in chorus.

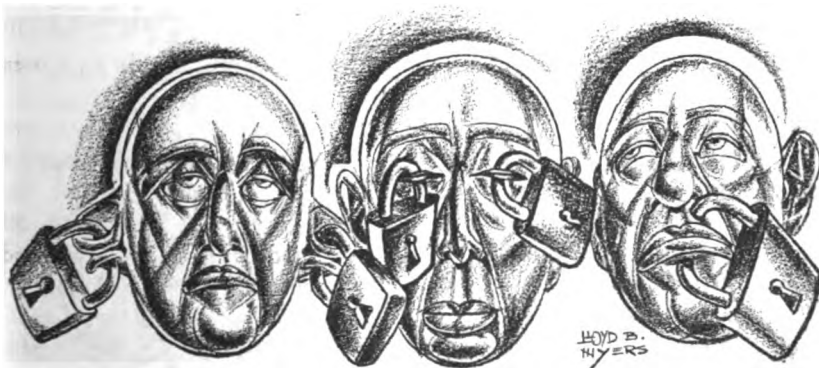
"You have been chosen to become one of us because of your probity, your honesty, your respectability. Are you ready to take the sacred oath?"

"I am," I responded weakly.

"Then raise your right hand and repeat slowly after me the oath of office I dictate:

By the blood of Lee and Jake  
I this solemn promise make:  
In the name of Dave Belasco  
I will crush out all tobasco.  
In the sacred name of Brady  
I'll delete each painted lady.  
Dramas fragrant, pure and clean  
Sprinkle them with Listerine."

I repeated after him. It seemed the wisest thing to do under the circumstances. After the foreman had administered the oath and pledged me to the utmost secrecy, he gave me a list of the plays I was to see, instructed me as to my du-



*The Play Jury*



*Early Traffic Jam—the Disobedient Horse*

ties, and permitted me to depart. I left, obediently.

The next day after trying vainly to purchase seats at the respective box offices for the thirteen plays on my list, I placed a mortgage on my home and pawned my wife's jewelry which I had stolen from the bureau. I thus managed to raise enough money to buy rather good seats from a speculator.

And now comes the sad part of my tale. Being pledged by secrecy and bound by the solemn oath I had taken, of course I could not explain my repeated absences, night after night, to my wife. We had always been an affectionate and loving couple, so you can imagine my horror—it was upon my return from witnessing "What Price Glory"—to find myself calling her a "son of a baboon" and similar offensive epithets when she asked me where I had been. The little woman cried herself to sleep that night while I lay awake, horrified at the depths of degradation to which already I had sunk.

My business associates began to look askance at me as my conversation gradually became tinged with the colorful flavor of the underworld and the disreputable scenes with which I was rapidly becoming acquainted through my official duties. A chance remark that I let drop, the morning after I had seen "Ladies of the Evening", caused my associates to call a hurried meeting of the board of directors of my company. When I left the office that evening I was out of a job.

But there was no time for my dear wife to commis-

serate with me that night. I had barely time to tell her what occurred as I was hurrying into my evening clothes to reach "The Harem" in time to see the opening scene.

"You haven't taken me to theatre in months," she said tearfully.

"I know it, dear," I said. "I'll be able to explain all, if you'll only be patient——"

"Patient! Patient! That's all I've been doing. Sitting home here alone night after night while you go gadding about, heaven knows where. I suppose you're going alone?"

"Absolutely alone," I replied.

"A likely story. Do you expect me to believe that there isn't some other woman with you every night at those rotten——"

"My dear," I protested.

"Who is the creature?" she cried.

"She can't be much good to pick out the sort of plays you've been taking her to. What's her name?"

I lost my temper and applied a term to her that I had learned the previous night at "A Good Bad Woman." I stalked angrily out of the room, leaving my wife lying in a faint across the chaise lounge.

It is hardly fair, I suppose, to blame Eugene O'Neill entirely for what finally happened. Possibly if I had seen "Desire Under the Elms" before I had become entirely contaminated by my nightly contact

with vice and sin I might have emerged from the experience with only a few scars upon my moral sense. I would have been debased and degraded, to be sure, but I might have concealed it from the world. But it was too late; I had gone too far.

I reeled out of the Earl Carroll Theatre and hailed a taxicab. It was one of the expensive kind, one with a red meter, but in my recklessness I did not care. The fumes of the O'Neill play were still in my head. The rest of my story is too familiar to be repeated here. You doubtless read in the newspapers how I strangled my wife and children as they lay asleep that night. I am now in the Tombs awaiting trial for murder. I have just mailed my resignation from the play jury.

—Newman Levy



*A Gust of Wind on Mulberry Street*

## With Our Contributors

IT is not generally known that Frances Willard, whose "Forty Ways of Committing Arson" have become an American staple, is the daughter of a former American Ambassador to Germany. It was while she was in the company of her father abroad that she took advantage of her opportunity for the studies that have restored the lost art of needle-work to American womanhood.



weeks ago he received from Professor Twidgett, by overland post, the copy of the rare Tauchnitz edition of "Tarzan of the Apes" which he had lent him a few years ago.

Herman P. Twig (author of "The Three Essential Polo Sticks") is a linotyper on the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) *Times-Leader*. . . . Reuben Solomonson (author of "Fun on a Houseboat") is the well known English poet and essayist. . . . Susan B. Anthony Togo (author of "Are Oysters Scallops?") is sergeant-at-arms of the Rhinecliff Thanatopsis Club.



THE Editor recently received a charming letter from Amos L. Twidgett, author of "The Law of Diminishing Returns and How to Make the Secret Ballot Fool-Proof." Prof. Twidgett, whose quaint old Dutch cottage in Phoenix, Arizona, is the gathering place for many

New Yorkers who have formed the habit of dropping in upon him and his hospitable Frau for Sunday afternoon tea, has just completed the fourth volume of a trilogy written around Sinclair Lewis.

"Cut off from civilization, as I am here," writes Professor Twidgett, "and thus barred from the New York Public Library and other great collections, I am wondering if you will let me appeal to your readers through your columns. 'Free Air' is the only book by Mr. Lewis that I have been able to find, but I feel that this most active man must have written others. If any of your readers know of other Lewis opera--and would be willing to send me photostatic copies of their treasures--my gratitude will know no bounds."

The Editor can assure suspicious readers of the absolute honesty of Professor Twidgett. Only two

Guy Bolton is Michael Arlen. So's your old man.

"The Life-Story of Joseph Glensch" (winner of the third heat in the three hundred yard dash at the Schurz Turn-Fest at Pelham Bay in July, 1923) was obtained for this magazine only after vigorous competition with the sporting editor of the *New York World*.



When Gilbert Seldes (author of "The Discovery of McIntyre and Heath, Minstrels of Promise") (*Vanity Fair*, February, 1925) was in Berlin recently, he ran across an interesting and little known brochure, called, according to the title page, "Faust, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe." Mr.

Seldes will introduce this work to the world soon, after he has finished his promised piece on "Why this conspiracy of neglect of Al Jolson?"

### Journalistic Jingles

*The Country Press*

"Butch" Muller caught two dozen perch.

"Bud" Sawyer had a toothache Monday.

The Men's Club of the M. E. Church will hold a festival on Sunday.

Cy Perkins bought a brand-new car.

Doc Jordan's drugstore's swamped with orders.

Ted Snyder's golf is hitting par.

The Widow Kline has two more boarders.

Jud Spink in heavy bail was held;  
He choked his wife, and more's the pity.

Sue Smithers had her hair marcelled  
The latest style in Kansas City!

The Ladies Philanthropic League  
Will entertain the social workers.

Mae Truelson married "Red" McTeague,  
The ace of Henning's soda-jerkers.

The village choir, composed of males,  
Will broadcast from the local station.

Get in on Stanley's Rummage Sales.

(Advt.) Use Pinkle's Pills for Mastication.

—Max Lief



*The Artist Who Wanted It Right*

### Plots

*Not Used by the Saturday Evening Post*

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who got a job with an advertising firm. After he had been there about a year, he rode down in the elevator with the boss' daughter, but he didn't know who she was, and he never saw her again. Then one day he overheard a conversation between two members of a rival firm, and gained some valuable information, but he thought it was none of his business, and never said anything about it. Two years later he thought he had a great idea, and took it to the head of the firm, who remarked that if that was all he had learned about advertising in three years, perhaps he had better transfer his attentions to toe-dancing. And fired him.

*Not Used by Winchell Smith.*

Once upon a time there was a crook who decided to go straight, and went back to his old home town,

where he found his aged father running the drug store, and making a terrible mess of it. So he took it over and ran it himself and in six months things were messier than ever, so he burnt the drug store, but unfortunately forgot to pay the insurance first. So then he became the minister's right hand man, and four weeks later returned to the city, taking with him the minister's wife and the funds for the new church, neither of which lasted very long in New York.

*Not Used by George Tyler*

Once upon a time there was a young girl who lived in the country and had a rotten time. She was not at all pretty and not awfully bright. She didn't know how to dress or how to talk, in fact she didn't know much of anything except that she loved Aloysius, the soda clerk. Who was cold to her. So she told her rich aunt about it and the rich aunt took her up to the city and bought her some lovely clothes and had her hair shingled, and taught her how to make up. And when it was all done she looked worse than ever, and the soda clerk took one look at her and married the rich aunt.

*—Patricia Collinge*

### The Fairer Sex

THE *Daily News-Record* celebrates "Count Erde's" arrival in Hollywood:

He had chosen gray and red as color notes and carried them through his entire costume. His suit tailored by Larsen, of Paris, was gray, with double stripes of dull red, set about three-quarters of an inch apart. With neither pocket flaps nor vent, his jacket was slightly shaped to follow the lines of his body, and was cut in a single-breasted, two-button model with wide peaked lapels.

His attached silk collar, which he wore plain with basket-weave tie in a gray and red zig-zag pattern, was pale gray with a darker quarter-inch stripe around the middle, with fine dull red stripes on either side. His trousers were cut medium width and did not quite hide pale gray silk socks.

### This Week's Award

To the matutinal announcer for WOR, who broadcast the following upon the ether: "I have an announcement to make. Yesterday afternoon a tornado swept through Southern Illinois, killing nearly a thousand people and wounding nearly twice that many. The next selection, by the 'Early Bird Orchestra,' will be 'I'll See You in My Dreams.'"

## NEW YORK, ETC.

*Under the Palm Trees*

AFTER Anna Fitziu had gone to all the trouble of having pictures of herself taken at Palm Beach (stills and movies) it was a bit disappointing to see them come out as "Anna Case." Well, anyway, they are both sopranos.

Visitors to Miami this season have had the opportunity to hear William Jennings Bryan orate, free of charge, on the advantages of Coral Gables. It may be that The Commoner will become The Realtor.

Heifetz does not go so well in Jacksonville, because the audience insists that a violinist's first duty is to smile. Not long ago, however, a local newspaper manager heard Jascha play "Indian Love Call" at a party, and the next day the paper carried front page information that the boy was human after all.

It was in Jacksonville also that Cyrus H. K. Curtis got a terrible bawling out from a new traffic cop, when he unwittingly jay-walked a street crossing. The mayor, after trying frantically to reach Mr. Curtis, got a boat which

brought him within speaking distance of the publisher's yacht. The water was a little rough, but the mayor managed to shout his apologies, which were vociferously accepted, Mr. Curtis finally bringing his whole family on deck for a regular orgy of democratic good feeling. At the time of going to press, the cop was still on the job.

Somebody asked the secretary of the Orlando Chamber of Commerce where that inland metropolis got its name. The secretary referred the questioner to Shakespeare's "As You Like It," which contains a character named *Orlando*. He also mentioned that the leading woman's club of the town was called the "*Rosalind*."

Yes, but there are lots of other *Orlandos* in the world, Mr. Secretary. And what about Winter Park, only six miles away?

The Daytona Auditorium runs the largest Forum in the world. People really listen to the speakers and ask intelligent questions afterward. The acoustics are next to those of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. You can hear a ten-penny nail drop in any part of the Daytona Auditorium.

St. Petersburg advertises its own Williams Park as a great place to renew one's youth in such "outdoor games as chess, checkers and dominoes." This is the scene of Ring Lardner's "Golden Honeymoon."—S. S.

*Points West*

THEY are known to their respective natives as Meffis, Louaville, Indunoplis, Suttlewis and Noo Wolyuns (with Nawlins as a lowbrow but strictly indigenous variant).

The reputed Klan bank and the acknowledged Knights of Columbus bank look each other in the face from opposite sides of the street in Indianapolis and every policeman wears as his badge of office the six-pointed star of Israel.

The present intellectual pastime in the Middle West is the resurrection of the McGuffey series of readers. McGuffey clubs are being organized, composed of ancient students of the doctor's famous textbooks, and the books themselves are commanding fancy prices from folks who wouldn't bid \$1.65 for a first folio Shakespeare. Dr. McGuffey was the man but for



VISITOR: *Who's the old boy going out?*

MEMBER: *He's had tough luck. His wife ran away about a year ago. Then he lost a ball in the rough and that seemed too much for him.*

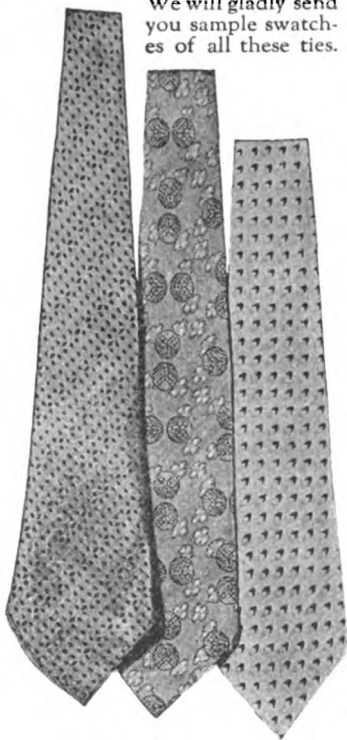


now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

**B**UT if you can't shop in the West End, at least you can come to *Cruger's*, which is "Just Like London."

We have just received a shipment of stunning new English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English Gum Twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks promise to be more popular than ever. These may be had for \$1.00.

We will gladly send you sample swatches of all these ties.



**CRUGER'S**  
INC.  
Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York  
Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Ritz

whom we would never have heard of Spartacus.

You know you are in the Middle West when you begin to find the second-hand furniture emporia outnumbering the chain drugstores ten to one. The belt extends north and south from St. Paul to Louisville. Thus has the pioneer blazed his trail from the Alleghanies out across the Father of Waters—with chiffoniers, breakfast sets, and vacuum cleaners.

That portion of Illinois which lies south of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is known as Egypt. The fact that the city of Cairo (pronounced Kay-ro) is at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers may have something to with it. So may the fertility and flatness of the land. So may the Indian mounds, sheltering perchance the dust of red aboriginal equivalents of Seniferu or Tut-ank-Ahmen. But the real Egypt enjoys one advantage. It has no Herrin.

Bellefontaine is the name of a reasonably important railroad junction town in western Ohio. The Pullman porter will announce it as Bell Fountain, which is not an Africanism, for every Nordic Bellefontainer is in accord. But smile not, O East. In your own Maine they pronounce Calais as though it were a rough spot at the base of a finger.—Wx

*Washington*

**T**HIS department has been accused of ruthlessness. If this were true on all occasions we should not omit from this item the name of the congressman who has been directed to see that the daughter of one of his constituents is rushed by a sorority at a certain swell Eastern school. But this congressman is an able legislator and we shall not add to his humiliation. The exacting constituent is a power among the voters and his demand in this instance is a glittering example of how those of his ilk enhance the prestige of the statesmen of their making.

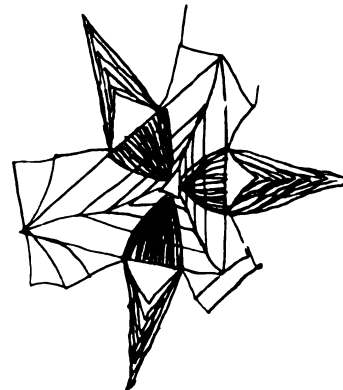
The best slogan is one which people will read, commend—and disregard. "Coolidge and Economy." "Coolidge and a Business Administration." Those were good slogans, but not the best ones. They were good because they tickled Big Business which straightway helped put Cal over; and that was their prime purpose. But the catch is that the people have taken those slogans seriously. They are economizing. They are not buying as they should—considering the flush times. The national trade associations

have all the dope. Business is distressed and Mr. Coolidge is being pressed to shush the economy racket and tactfully encourage his countrymen to circulate a little more jack. Watch the "interpretive" financial writers a month hence.

Should the President acquiesce, the matter must be delicately handled so no one will catch on. It might be announced at the White House that Mrs. Coolidge has given her last year's diamonds away to the Campfire Girls and bought new ones twice as big. Or the President himself could show himself in a new Spring suit and hat. These are only suggestions, understand. The latter one may be too radical.

What a Cabinet Member Thinks About—with apologies to Briggs. . . .

We do not know what the Honorable Harlan F. Stone had on his mind at the last cabinet meeting he attended as a member, but this is the picture which appeared on his memorandum pad after the session:



The late President Harding's fondness for the simple-seeming though deceptive game of hearts is responsible for the somewhat national renaissance of that pastime. Harding liked to play it and during his front porch campaign at Marion in 1920 he used to take on the newspaper boys stationed there. These itinerants broadcast the game.

When President, Mr. Harding used to like to slip the cares of office and stroll over to the National Press Club. Once he found two or three of the old Marion front porch correspondents in a hearts game and he sat in. Also in the game were two reporters who though known to the President were not of the old, 1920 Marion crowd. Mr. Harding played for an hour, checked in a score which at a penny a point reckoned about seventy-six cents, and walked off jingling his winnings.

The heavy loser—say forty-one cents—was a well known correspondent who had sat at the President's left. This conscientious card player bestows as much thought

on a penny hearts game as he does on table stakes poker.

"Lucky for Harding that you birds (indicating the two non-Marion veterans) were in the game," he fumed, when the Executive was out of ear-shot. "I'd have called him. Know what he was doing all evening? Passing me the queen of spades and then leading for it. It ain't ethical."—*Quid*

*Boston Again*

BOSTON is overrun with dramatic shows, among them Ed. Wynn, Eddie Cantor, and Chauve Souris. It also has been overrun with lone wolves, or a lone wolf, who makes the Hearst headline every afternoon by assaulting one of the ladies of the Back Bay, and to prove his versatility occasionally one of the ladies from the Front Bay. He is to be called "His Highness, The Bey."

Censor Casey made the ladies of our troupe drape their legs with fleshings. I haven't heard so much leg conversation in years and I don't wonder that it was around Boston that the Battle of Legsington was fought.

There is a statue of Paul Revere on the Common, but none of his horse. This is an affront to American horsemanship and should be corrected. Everybody remembers Man O'War, but who remembers the jockey?

The expression Butter and Eggs Man hasn't taken hold here. The local gag is, "A couple of heels from Lynn."  
—*Julius H. Marx*

*Spring at Columbia*

RESEARCH has revealed that students of the "Early Eighties" evinced their disapproval of an unpopular professor by booing and pelting him with soft putty during the lecture. *Spectator*, the daily paper, speaks wistfully of the passing of "he-men."

The attitude toward Mark Van Doren's poetry is revealed by the difficulty the local book store is having in persuading any of the campus literati to review his new book of verses.

The senior class alleviated the usual monotony of a senior questionnaire by casting an overwhelming vote in favor of marriage for money as opposed to marriage for love.

Professor Irwin Edman of the Philosophy Department at Columbia University

was mistaken for a freshman and captured by the sophomores during the Interclass Dinner Week. This is the third time such a mistake has occurred and Professor Edman announces that, to avoid future embarrassment, he is going to grow a mustache.

ON THE CAMPUS

The gradual changing of fraternity pins from the vest to the shirt. . . . The ol' clo's man offering cutthroat rates for discarded overcoats. . . . The scores of students that cut classes to stroll along the Drive. . . . The restless crackle of newspapers in the back rows of the class rooms. . . . The listlessly staring students seated by the open windows. . . . The faint pud pud of sprinters on the South Field track and the familiar crack of baseball practice. . . . A warm sun on the library dome and the spluttering fountains that splatter and sprinkle the passers-by with every breeze. . . . On 113th Street the stoops of fraternity houses crowded with men that ogle the passing women. . . . On the Drive students, book in hand, making a pretense of studying. . . . Students that have abandoned the pretense and climb atop the busses bound for lower New York.—*T. H. W.*

*Porto Rico Notes*

IT is not raining rain for the local boosters, it is raining "liquid sunshine." [It is rain.]


A deal of merriment was caused at the last meeting of the Porto Rico Rotarians when Secretary Bill announced that he had received a letter from Secretary Gus of the Duluth Rotary asking for some samples of Porto Rican postage stamps. On motion of Vice President Joe it was voted to send the Duluth brother two U. S. two cent stamps, the same being in vogue here.

"Guagua" is the native term for auto-bus. As San Juan's streets are as narrow as Boston's and the native horses diminutive and as slow-moving as a fifty-cent bottle of near-beer, there are numerous accidents caused by guaguas running up the backs of two-wheeled carts.

Steps are about to be taken, however. *El Mundo* recently printed a fearless editorial on the subject right next to "Educacion de lé Pappa," San Juan's interpretation of "Bringing up Father," and was congratulated by the traffic committee of the Rotarians for keeping up its tradition of attacking "wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."—*McAlister Coleman*

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### Pick-ups Here and There

"TELL me," I asked General Sir Arthur Williston-Mendes, who arrived on the Berengaria, last Saturday, "What do you call those odd-looking head-dresses the natives wear in the Sudan?"

The general took a long puff at his cigar and reflected for several seconds before he answered.

"I really haven't the least idea," he said.

"Do you know," I questioned Paul Rochemont, head designer of Meuret Freres, the famous Paris dressmaking establishment, "what the next shade will be in women's stockings?"

"No," he replied, quite simply, "I do not."

Only yesterday, I ran into former Commissioner Gleason on Park Avenue, and we discoursed at length upon the traffic problem.

"What would you suggest," I queried, "to improve the situation?"

"I can't think of a thing," was his good-natured retort.

I was lunching, the other day, with H. Brenton Colly, managing director of the Simsborough Steel and Iron Plant, and during our conversation, I inquired, "How's business, these days?"

"Oh, so, so," he responded—C. G. S.

### The Ticking Titanic Struggle

"TELL us a story, daddy," clamored the kiddies, laying aside their poker chips. "Tell us about the Big War." In a moment, the dear little tots had filled their pocket flasks and climbed to my knees. Slowly, I started:

"Early in the winter of 1930 the Great War struck New York. The opening gun was back-fired by the Heliotrope hordes who announced a rate war to the finish. Early on the day of the ultimatum their lurid, price-slashing cabs dashed through the streets, picking up and picking off innocent pedestrians.

"A day later the Carmine Armies mobilized and by the afternoon had the lead on their adversaries by about two hundred meters. Not to be outdone by the Carmines and Heliotropes, the Purple forces slashed their rate to 2 cents for the first three miles and 1/8 cent for every additional kill-o-meter. Three hours later and the Mauve Motors, Inc. offered transportation at 1 cent for the first ten miles with free medical and surgical attendance

when necessary. Overnight, the independent armies changed their colors to approximate the appearance of the competing forces, with the result that four out of every five pedestrians went color blind.

"Well, dears, an enterprising syndicate in Philadelphia rushed 10,000 pure White taxicabs to New York and charged \$25 the first mile, and a second mortgage on your home for each succeeding mile. Thousands of color-blind New Yorkers used the White cabs, thinking they were Heliotrope or Purple and in a month the city went bankrupt, while the White cab owner became a multi-millionaire. The Federal Government then took a hand and fleets of airplanes dropped bombs on every taxicab in New York, irrespective of color or creed. It took some time, but the inhabitants gradually regained their sense of color perception and all lived more or less happily ever after."

"But, daddy, what did you do in the Great War?"

"Children, your daddy was in the Optical Corps. Sometimes I worked for days at a stretch taking color blind men, women and children to their homes. Oh, the agony I witnessed when men embraced ladies with golden hair, thinking they were brunettes.

"Now daddy must see the radio moving pictures and its nearly 2 A.M., so you'd better run off to bed, as all kiddies should retire early so they will grow up to be nice, strong movie actors. Good night."

—A. L. L.

### How to Use a Paper Towel

**PURCHASE** a thesaurus, a pair of non-skid chains, a diving suit and a revolver. Load the latter and enter the washroom. Wash your face thoroughly. The attendant will hand you a paper towel. Start with the lower left end of the towel and apply it to your chin. Slowly draw its entire surface over your face, *once*. Now, attach the non-skid chains and repeat the operation, being sure to close your eyes.

At this juncture, the towel will commence to shed and crumple into small bits. These will fall down your neck. Now put on the diving suit, but leave the face exposed. Continue with what is left of the towel. When you feel the first bit of stray paper entering your nostril, count one hundred, whistle cheerfully "Deep River" at the same time opening your thesaurus to synonyms for "damn." Go down the list, repeating each word slowly and distinctly. By this time you are ready for the final step.

Go to the office of the paper towel manufacturer. Dash past the office boy and shoot the manufacturer. Some prefer a knife for this, but a good pistol is better.

—A. L. L.



THE current film plays aren't so much. The film version of Zoe Akins's "Declasse" was not as badly wrecked in the movie hopper as the local critics implied. Yes, they saved the last of the mad Varicks from death for the sake of the Old Lady of Dubuque, but what of it? The lovely Corinne Griffith is *Lady Helen Haden*, who was played on the stage by Ethel Barrymore, and she is highly satisfying to the eyes. There are moments when she acts, too.

We can recall no other recent silver screen effort worthy of comment.

Michael Arlen is to receive \$50,000 from Messrs. Zukor and Lasky for creating two original stories, at least one of which is to be jelled into celluloid with Pola Negri as its star.

Arlen hasn't started work yet, but the \$50,000 is already his. The danger of depending upon a stylist for a screen story has not occurred to those esteemed high lords of the cinema. Perhaps it will—later. Still, Arlen may turn out a couple of winners.

After all, why should we worry about Arlen's possibilities as a celluloid fictionist? All is indeed well in flimdom right now. Will Hays has announced that plain, ordinary folks can send in suggestions about how to improve the films. In fact, these suggestions will get exactly the same consideration as would ones from such authorities as ourselves. (You can guess what that is.) But to continue with the things to cheer us up. Jack Dempsey and his bride, Estelle Taylor, are to go into films together. Erte, the French designer, is to lend chic to Hollywood. Fatty Arbuckle is Cupid's victim again. Murnau, the man who made "The Last Laugh" in Germany, is to be brought to this country to direct for William Fox.

There have been few film efforts of interest hereabouts recently. We still look forward to the coming presentation of the German made "Siegfried" and the forthcoming tribal epic filmed during the last two years in the South Seas by Robert J. Flaherty. Flaherty did "Nanook of the North."

The prize of the month for changing movie titles goes to William Fox for shifting "The Man Without a Country" to "As No Man Has Loved." We understand that the Fox organization spent two weeks trying to evolve a title including the word *passion* but finally had to fall back upon *love*. All of which reveals the soul trying problems of a film producer.

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"As satisfying a thing as the theatre has to offer."  
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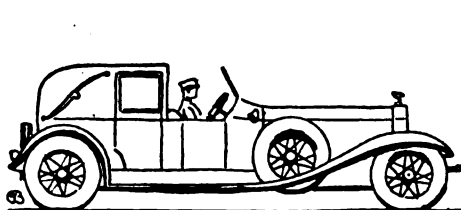
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100 Years Ago

(From the New York Evening Post, 1824-1825)

COMMON COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Monday, November 22—  
Cash account—Receipts for  
the past two weeks.....\$46,457.64  
Expenditures for the same  
period ..... 46,297.31  
\$160.33

The chamberlain of the city reported that one of the incorporated institutions of the 1st ward refused to pay the tax levied on it. Subject referred to finance committee.

A resolution was passed, ordering a salary of \$800 per annum to be paid to Mr. Martling, the keeper of the City-Hall, commencing at the time he entered upon his duties.

A resolution was passed allowing the street inspectors twelve and one-half cents per diem in addition to their present salary.

\* \* \*

JACKSON SUPPER—On Saturday evening last, a number of gentlemen in Elizabeth-Town, N. J., friendly to the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson as our next President, partook of an elegant supper, prepared for the occasion, at the City Tavern. After supper, they drank the following toasts:

General Andrew Jackson—The hero of New Orleans, and man of the people, who never turned his back upon the enemy, nor his coat to John Quincy Adams—Who has twisted and turned, and turned and twisted, to become the man of the people, may such an one never become the people's man.

The State of New Jersey—True to the principles of self-government, could she prove untrue to the man who bled to defend them.

The Friends of Mr. Clay in the Legislature of New York—who have done evil (we think) that good may come. Give us, gentlemen, the effect of your ethics, but retain the moral yourselves.

\* \* \*

FIREMEN TAKE NOTICE—The office of chief engineer having become vacant, and it being of the highest importance to obtain for this station a person who will unite the common interest of the department, the Firemen of this city are therefore particularly requested to attend a meeting at Dooley's Long Room, on Thursday Evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of obtaining a general suffrage of the Firemen, and of petitioning the honorable the Common Council to appoint the person who may be their choice.

N. B.—It is presumed that none but Firemen will attend.



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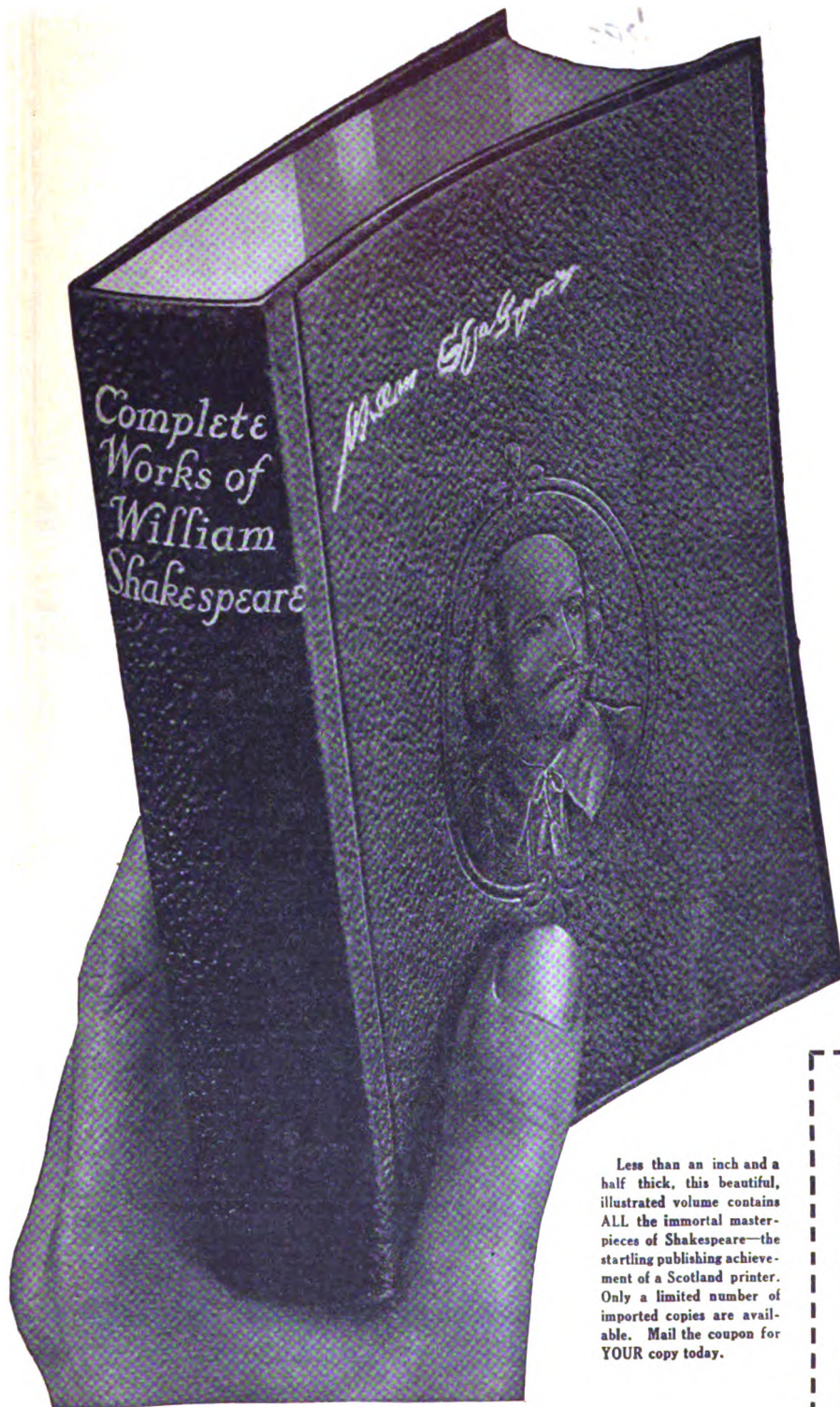
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## New Yorkers



Alexander  
Woollcott

This is the eventful chronicle of one whom an immigrant ship deposited on these shores when he was four years old and who became, before he was thirty, the master of folk song for his new land. It is the story of one who was a vagrant night hawk on the Bowery when most boys are in grammar school and who wrote his first song when, at the age of nineteen, he was serving the drinks in a notorious Chinatown saloon. Untaught, a creative ignoramus, he can neither read nor transcribe a note of music, but it was given to him to weave such melodies and to fashion such rhythms as know no frontier.

They have carried his name around the world. Irving Berlin's own story is a microcosm of the country whose folk songs he has written; it repeats and carries on the undying romance of America. And though he himself is not yet thirty-seven years old, his genius found its voice so early that already material for a reflective biography is at hand. It has been set down in this book by a neighbor of his on Broadway—Alexander Woollcott, who is a dramatic critic but knows better. *And*, it is a gorgeous book, beautifully written and beautifully made.

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20 million whittlers quit whittling. 20 million adopted Eversharp.

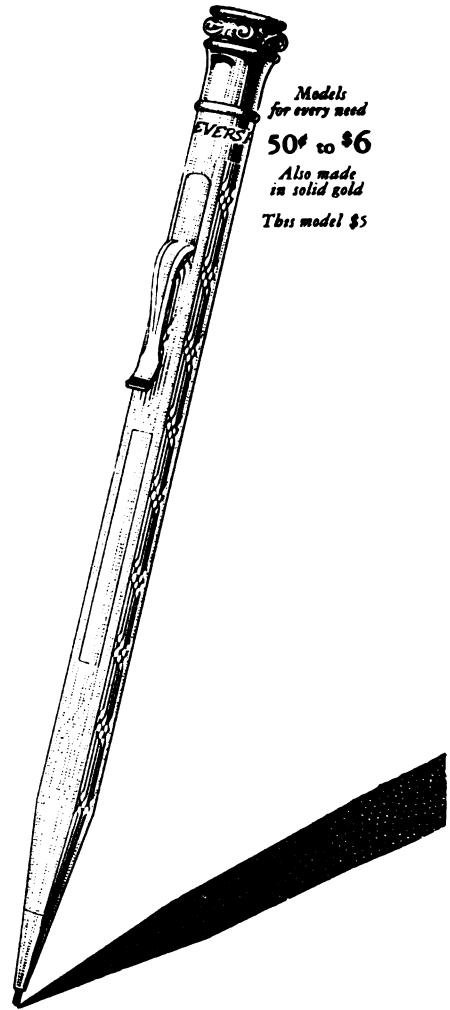
Now the new perfected Eversharp is winning a few million more users. Because it is *ever sharp*. Never clogs. Reloads in a second. It is beautiful and dependable as a fine watch.

Commercial Eversharps sell at \$1 and less. Gold-filled or sterling models in keeping with the other personal articles of successful men and women—\$3 to \$6. Other models up to \$45.

Eversharp is matched by Wahl Pen. Together they constitute the most efficient and effective writing set you can buy.

One of the thirty thousand dealers selling Eversharp and Wahl Pen is near you.

Models  
for every need  
50¢ to \$6  
Also made  
in solid gold  
This model \$5



Gold or silver filled  
or sterling  
\$3 to \$10  
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in solid gold  
This model \$8



## The New WAHL EVERSHARP PERFECTED



Red Top Leads are  
the smoothest qual-  
ity—perfect in size,  
and economical.  
Made in black  
(7 grades), red,  
blue, green, yel-  
low, purple copy-  
ing. At all dealers.

### And now the break-proof smooth writing pen

The story of the cracked fountain pen and its broken cap is being told less and less often.

Wahl Pen resists the stoutest fist and comes unscathed through a lifetime of carelessness.

It is made of metal. Which is logical. For the pen barrel and cap are a protection for the rubber ink sac and vital pen parts, just as a watch case is guardian of the works.

Wahl Pen is gold or silver, which is also according to the watchmaker's experience.

The thin metal walls of the Wahl Pen barrel are strong as steel and allow space for a much larger ink sac.

Wahl nibs write with ivory-like smoothness and their iridium tips cannot be excelled in wearing quality.

Wahl Pen is not only serviceable, but beautiful, as a fine personal article should be. It is made in designs to match Eversharp.

Your dealer will help you select a model to suit your hand and preference.

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *The White House Rumor*

WHILE three eminent psychoanalysts and a select committee of the American Institute for Psychological Research, expressly commissioned by THE NEW YORKER, are formulating their report on "Rumors, Their Cause and Cure, if Any," this gazette will open up the subject in a preliminary way with a terse history of National Rumor No. 1 of the current time.

This is the story that the stork is drooping its wings above the White House. It has been in circulation for about two months and has spread throughout the country. It is still going full tilt and a thousand persons this very day doubtless were let in on the whispered secret that "Yes, the Coolidges are going to have a baby. This Summer. That is why Mrs. Goodhue (Mrs. Coolidge's mother) is staying at the White House, and why the presidential family is leaving Washington early this Summer to go to the place they have taken at Swampscott."

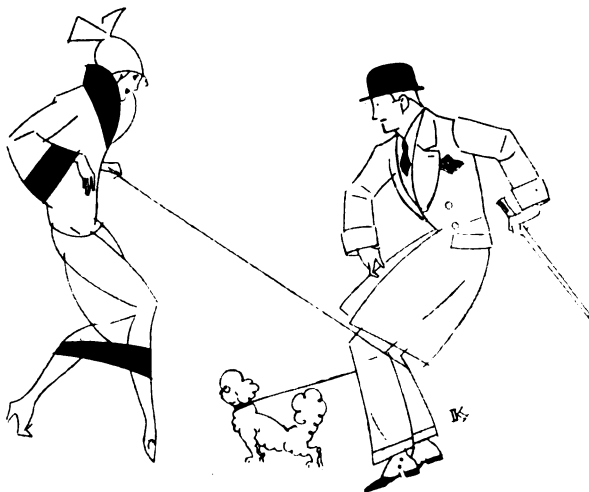
While this robust progress continues for the moment, this particular rumor has passed its prime. This is true because the rumor isn't. Which, of course, (as will be more fully set forth in the expert reports) is no valid reason for killing off a rumor. But in this instance Ted Clark, the personal secretary of the President, has brought the word straight from the White House that the report is unfounded. That word is bound to filter about and slay a certain number of the brisk spreaders of the contrary news. It is all over Washington, for instance, already and it is seeping about in New York. In Washington not to know that

there is *not* to be a White House baby is to mark one as hopelessly behindhand on the spot news as two weeks ago not to have had knowledge that there *was* to be a new White House baby. Of course, the Clark denial will not slay all of the rumor circulators, but it will somewhat stay the impetuous sweep of their advance. Only time, which fulfills so many requirements, will bring the perfect refutation.

Mr. Clark did not speak until the report had been published—twice. Previously he had been besieged and besought for an authentic word or tip. But he said nothing. At times, Clark can be as silent as his boss. He refused to confirm or deny. Anybody knows what the effect of that was bound to be. For rumoring purposes it confirmed.

Three weeks ago Mr. Hearst's *Washington Herald*, in a society note, printed the intimation of an arrival of the stork "in the very highest official circles." That caused a flurry among the Washington newspapermen. Their home offices had been wiring for the facts. In the home offices forehanded editors began getting up "A" copy" on previous White House babies, and the like, in readiness for use when the Coolidge story should break. It broke last week, when the majestic but entertaining *Chicago Tribune* and its diverting offspring, the *Daily News* of New York, printed an announcement of the expected arrival.

Then Mr. Clark unsealed his lips to the White House correspondent of the Associated Press, and asked him to send out a confidential memorandum to editors saying that the published accounts were without foundation. This the obliging and quasi-official A.P. has done.





"The D. T.'s. of 1925"

asked Alice Longworth. So this young reporter, who wouldn't have known Mrs. Longworth if she had walked into his office, called her up on the telephone and asked her.

"It certainly is true," she said.

**T**HIS, it is well known, is an age of specialization. There are, thus, specialists in Long Island guest rooms.

"What," a client recently asked of a prominent architect, with whom he was going over plans for his new Syosset home, "would you suggest in the way of guest rooms?"

The architect is a conservative person, who earns great fees by reason of the unqualified faith his clients put in him.

"Well," he said, "some of the younger and more radical architects build wings for the guest rooms and arrange for railroad sidings to be alongside them. However, I've been in the profession for thirty years and I don't think you can do better than banging shutters, defective plumbing and electric light sockets that are in the wrong places where they're not burned out. If you've got an early train Monday morning, your guests will catch it, I give you my word."

### *Mystery in Gramercy Park*

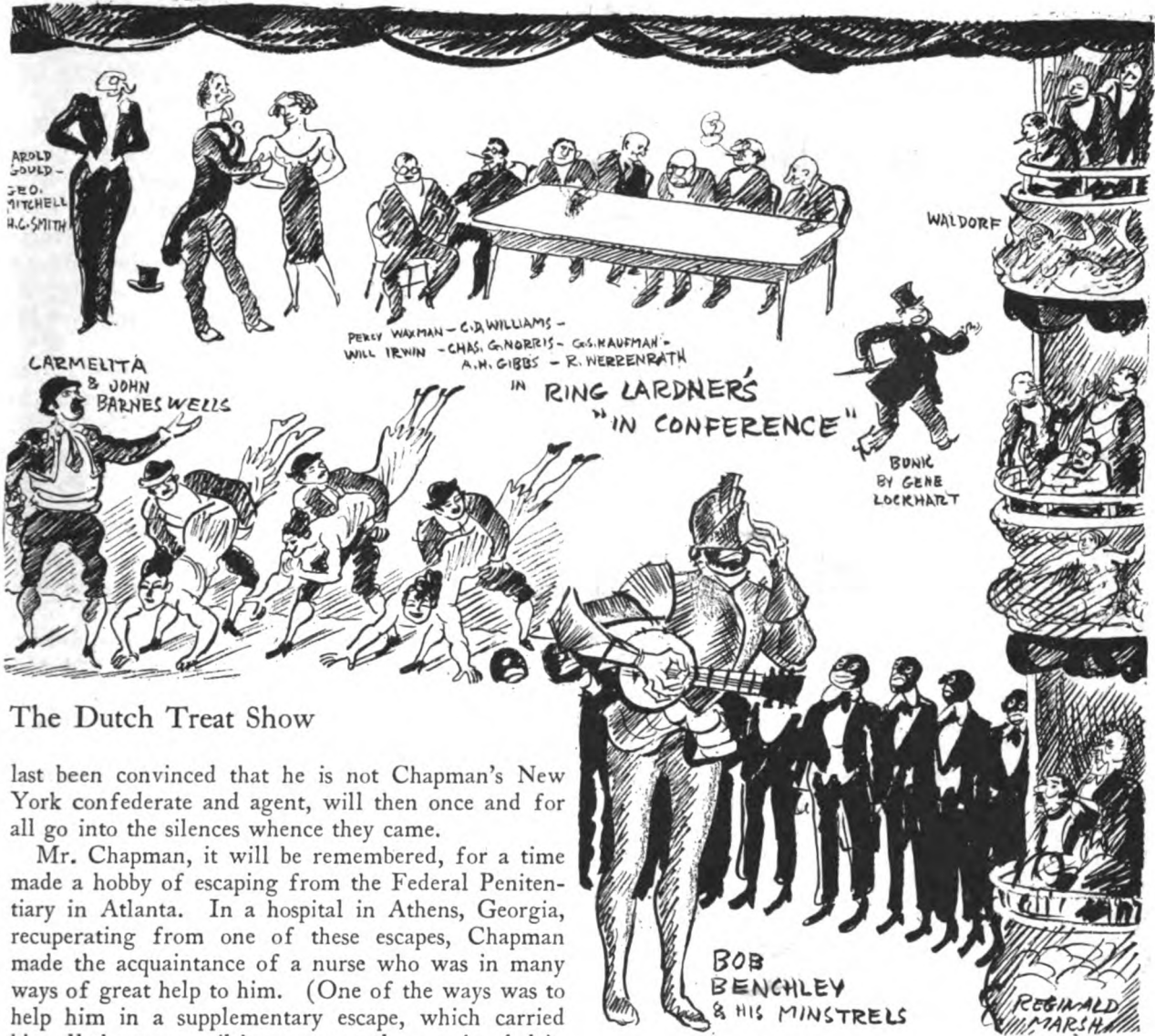
How the rumor started nobody knows. The ablest reporters in Washington, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fè wrought diligently to trace the thing, but small success rewarded their toil. Besides blaming the ladies they have accomplished next to nothing. They say the story started in—to invent a phrase—the highest social circles of the capital. And the tremendous personal popularity of Mrs. Coolidge with all ranks gave it wings and wings and wings.

While disillusionment may not come to some of our outlying sections for some time, the job has been done as far as Washington is concerned. There is an element of pathos in that part of it. Because Washington, most of all, needs a good, stimulating rumor to make life supportable.

**H**AVING paid tribute to the diligent, if empty, efforts of the reporters, there is time to wonder where one unnamed young journalist on the tabloid *Washington Daily News* was during the long spell of uncertainty.

Last year Washington went through a similar period in which Mrs. Longworth was the central figure. Was it true? Was it true? It seemed as if everybody had asked everybody else, but nobody had

**A**MONG those who will be, to say the least, pleased when there is published a complete roster of the true pals and intimates of Gerald Chapman, currently an exhibit for a Hartford, Conn., holiday, is Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, editor of *Life*. Perhaps, muses Mr. Sherwood, the flat-footed gentlemen who for ten months have shadowed him and who are even now engaged in reluctantly pretending that they have at



The Dutch Treat Show

last been convinced that he is not Chapman's New York confederate and agent, will then once and for all go into the silences whence they came.

Mr. Chapman, it will be remembered, for a time made a hobby of escaping from the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. In a hospital in Athens, Georgia, recuperating from one of these escapes, Chapman made the acquaintance of a nurse who was in many ways of great help to him. (One of the ways was to help him in a supplementary escape, which carried him all the way until he was recently apprehended in Muncie, Indiana.) In return for her generous courtesies, Chapman informed her that if ever she desired to get in touch with him again, she had but to write to him care of Robert E. Sherwood, Players' Club, New York.

When, soon thereafter, Mr. Chapman went his way, the nurse was bit by bit induced to tell all, including the New York address Chapman had given her. Detectives, as every one knows, are a shrewd lot and so they did not, as might have been expected, approach the only Robert E. Sherwood who was a member of the Players' Club—the Robert E. Sherwood, of *Life*—and ask him what it was all about. Instead, they devoted the ensuing ten months to shadowing him. A merry chase, one assumes, he led them, and it would be interesting indeed to get their impressions of the cold winter nights they spent on storm-swept corners while Sherwood was hard at work in the town's parlors playing parchesi or making ink-pot out of point in some hard-fought match at anagrams or merrily supplying his unprotected queen of spades to an unfortunate friend in some dollar a point game of hearts.

**A**FTER ten months the detectives succumbed. Perhaps their expense accounts were becoming too high. Perhaps they were detailed to an investiga-

tion of the possible complicity of President Coolidge in the Wall Street bomb explosion. At all events, they approached Sherwood, acquainted him with their weird facts, and were, of course, immediately convinced of the absurdity of the manner in which they had spent ten months of their lives.

The Players' Club is in Gramercy Park and it is known that Chapman lived not far from it for some time. And so the authorities have decided that through some confederate, some one who could gain access to its letter boxes, Chapman has been receiving mail addressed to him care of its members.

Nevertheless, human nature being what it is, a lot of people are having what they call fun by calling Sherwood up and asking for the real inside facts of the Becker case and who killed Nan Patterson.

*A Marquise at Home*

**G**LORIA SWANSON is back with her titled husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Cou-draie. A day or so after her arrival, she journeyed over to the Famous Players' Astoria studio, accompanied, of course, by the marquis. The reception was a touching one.

Attracted by advance announcements, a large crowd

had gathered in front of the studio. The whole studio force was assembled on the steps and four policemen struggled to keep a lane open for Gloria's car.

Suddenly the cry went up, "Here she is!" The crowd surged forward, the quartet of police officers labored with might and main, and a smart foreign car slipped up to the steps.

Out stepped a dapper chap. "The marquis!" gasped the assembled stenographers in one breath. News cameras clicked. Cheers shook the studio. Bushels of confetti were tossed into midair.

When the air cleared it developed that the dapper chap was James R. Quirk, editor of *Photoplay*.

When Gloria and the marquis did appear a few seconds later, it was an anti-climax. Still, it was prettily done. The marquis looked pleasantly democratic, Gloria burst into tears and everyone cheered all over again.

The marquis is tall, smartly garbed and speaks excellent English.

There is, as was inevitable, a little story of the trip over from Paris. Gloria and the marquis had been pursued daily by curious passengers and finally the star decided to grace a ship's concert. Ranged alongside were some friends of the old lady in Dubuque. Gloria's nose tilted a bit in midair.

The marquis leaned close to his stellar wife. "Don't be a snob, Gloria," he said.

**A**TMOSPHERE restaurants, which for some time have just managed to survive, are becoming a boomerang to the people who served as the inspiration for them. The other night at the Samarkand, the most recent and most Russian of our restaurants, further atmosphere was lent by a party which included the Princess Matchabelli and Princess Ghika.

The room was heavy with incense, and Slav musicians were strumming on strange exotic instruments. And still the proprietor was not content. He had yet another touch, one that is reserved for occasions extraordinaires. He ordered that the place be saturated with orange flower water, and the waiter, impressed with the importance of the occasion, became a little too literal in the neighborhood of the distinguished guests.

Princess Matchabelli is lamenting, if princesses lament, the ruination of a first class order of fish.

### *Mr. Dempsey and the Chess Game*

**N**OW that the Horse Show is fast passing into the pages of Barnes's High School History of the United States, Society never sees itself en masse except on the occasion of a heavyweight championship prize fight. If things were done as they were in older and fairer times, some Ward McAllister of the moment would introduce Mr. William Harrison Dempsey, known under the *nom de boxe* of Jack, whenever he appeared in a ring for combat or for gain.



Unfortunately, the question of Mr. Dempsey's appearance this Summer is still a vexed one. It may be that the heated spell will furnish nothing more exciting than some new systems of bidding.

This is not Mr. Dempsey's fault. He would oblige most willingly and furnish Society with a fair share of thrills, in return for his customary fee of half a million dollars for such services. But various matters at the moment forbid his exhibiting his lithe form and awesome scowl for the edification of ladies of our better families and the discouragement of his opponent, logically—since he means the most money—Mr. Harry Wills.

Mr. Dempsey is nothing more nor less than the victim of a stalemate arrived at by conflicting financial and political powers. For three years now, Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Wills have promised to attract gate receipts of one and one-half millions, when, as, and if they meet in contest. The amount of stake is so large that a long duel has been fought for the privilege of participating in the profits, which will be enormous, even after the gladiators have collected their fees.

First, some years back, Mr. Rickard seemed to have everything arranged for this match. He had Mr. Dempsey's signature to a contract. He had a large bowl in Jersey City, ample in size for the accommodation of one and one-half millions worth of spectators. But the political situation in that State forbade a fight between a negro and a fair-skinned brother.

**S**O Mr. Rickard cast about for a site in New York large enough for the holding of this great attraction and convenient enough for week-end parties to run down from Newport and Bar Harbor for the occasion. The genial Tex found himself out-manoeuvred here, for persons with strong, if subtle, political strength calmly appropriated the boxing privileges of the two baseball stadia unto themselves or their representatives.

This situation continued until there was a change in the political complexion of the legislature at Albany. Thereupon, persons of his political persuasion being in power, Mr. Rickard was able to acquire control of one baseball stadium for boxing this Summer. He seemed at last to have triumphed. Nothing completely remained but to print the tickets for the Dempsey-Wills match and wait for the deluge of letters from our front families, piteously appealing for reservations.

So the condition remained for about twenty-four hours. Then there was a sudden and unexpected shift in the make-up of the State Boxing Commission, which had not changed political complexion for some time. So soon thereafter as was legal, that body announced that Mr. Dempsey was suspended from appearing in this State and everything was right back where it started.

So Society can have no reunion at a Dempsey-Wills match this Summer, unless the conflicting interests conclude a peace; or, unless — h a p p y





thought!—a third party gains political control of the State and all that pertains thereto, including the profits to be gathered by promoting a million and one-half dollars worth of boxing match.

**B**BROADCAST your bread upon the air and it shall return buttered. So, at least, believe the sponsors of a Forty-fourth Street supper club.

Business being what it sometimes is in supper clubs, the gentry behind the club decided to enliven a Sabbath evening and gain some free advertising betimes by broadcasting a special program. Some of Broadway's singers-at-leisure were recruited hastily and the waiters were instructed to clash their calloused palms feverishly at the conclusion of each number.

These thunders of applause were heard by many, but by none so interested as the proprietors of rival supper clubs, who dispatched couriers to investigate whence this enormous and presumably spendthrift clientele.

The spies, acting the rôles of good scouts, each ordered elaborately. Their contributions constituted most of the evening's receipts, but they made it a profitable evening at that.



## The RUMRUNNER'S SISTER-IN-LAW

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR

**M**R. STATLER, every one knows, has issued an ultimatum on the amounts to tip, and all New York, even the lordly headwaiter and captain, has enrolled under the banner. All, that is, except one brave New Yorker, who has his own original way of circumventing the new evil. When he comes into one of the last-word hostelrys on Park Avenue and finds the unctious official bowing him out because there are only reserved tables to be had, he does not slip his hand into his trouser pocket for a crinkly bill. Instead, he marches out to the telephone in the foyer, calls up the proprietor and makes official complaint. How many captains and generals he has been the cause of discharging he does not know, and how many dinners he has gone without rather than surrender cannot be ascertained. But for him, at least, there is never a reserved table in Mayfair or beyond.

that is a most vital force in the lives it has touched. And from the observation of one observer it has touched diverse circles, indeed.

The head of the movement is A. E. Orage, a disciple of Gurdjieff, who took New York by storm last year. Orage has classes in which he intensifies the soul for \$10 a month. The afore-mentioned observer has come across his influence at breakfast in Chicago and at a class in Orange, New Jersey. There was, too, a class at the home of a well known author and a luncheon class led by an editor of repute. At the most unusual places and times he hears of this curious infiltration. A little dancing teacher in Greenwich Village says she is taking a course at \$10 a month that she may learn enough of the movement and vibration of life to impart the something that she feels within her.

**A**NY study of the spread of early religions is bound to be associated with wonder at the mechanism that made it possible for the doctrines of Mohammed and Christ to spread so rapidly. Yet there is a manifestation in New York to-day of a movement going on, unbeknown to those it has not yet touched, and

**A**CERTAIN angular dowager, whose name appears frequently in the society columns, recently approached the manager of one of the fashionable Park Avenue restaurants with the request that he give her a cut rate price, suggesting a fifty percent reduction as agreeable to her. In return, she pointed out,

with considerable truth, the luncheons she gave would be mentioned in the society columns of the newspapers, and she would, in addition, bring any number of her friends to his place for luncheons and dinners, and many of them might be expected to become full paying patrons.

The manager, unwilling to offend any recognized envoy of the haute monde, promised to consider the matter as he bowed his visitor out. He immediately called up a friend, whose dictum on social matters he had come to regard as final.

"Who is this Mrs. ——— and what can she do for us socially?" he said.

His friend laughed. "Well," he said, "she is in the Social Register and knows a good many prominent persons, but at the apartment house where she lives she has a reputation for stealing the milk bottles off the dumb waiter."

ONE of the wealthy 'patronesses of the arts has had her portrait painted several times, by various hands. A sculptor or two has impressed her features on the unresisting clay, and bronze replicas of herself have been shown at loan exhibitions.

But a speaking likeness and a three-dimensional nose have not satisfied this lady's yearning for immortality. At present she is on her yacht on a trip around the world. Among her guests is a novelist with a unique commission. He is to study the lady at close range for a period of three months, gathering material the while to limn the perfect portrait in fictional form. The financial consideration is highly satisfactory and a subsidized publisher is eagerly awaiting the manuscript.

When the lady returns, it is understood, she will have herself made into an illustrated song, and then all will be over.



*One of Our Clubs on the Avenue Arranges Its Spring Window Display*



## OF ALL THINGS



ONLY a little while ago Wall Street needed four-wheel brakes and now it is demanding stock absorbers.

\* \* \*

Dr. Norman Haire told the Birth Control Conference the other day that the time will come when defective babies will be killed at birth. We still feel, however, that it is more humane to let them grow up to be readers of the tabloid newspaper.

\* \* \*

Since Harvard has inherited a share of the business of the late Artemas Ward, including the penny-in-the-slot machines in the Interborough stations, the gum-chewing subway deb may be regarded as an unconscious supporter of the higher education.

\* \* \*

The sharp note from Peru about President Coolidge's T a c n a - A r i c a award may result, says the *Washington Post*, in "serious difficulties between America and Peru if not in actual war between Peru and Chile." Making two wars grow where none grew before is a considerable achievement for an arbitrator.

\* \* \*

It is our April First conviction that Mayor Hylan uses the four costly city autos to take Comptroller Craig out joyriding.

\* \* \*

After consuming several acres of reading matter about the victory of Governor Smith over the Republican legislature we have come to the conclusion that the one immovable thing in this world of change is the Al in Albany.

\* \* \*

A firm of interior decorators has sued the telephone company for \$25,000 for omitting its name from the directory. The right answer for such a complaint is, "'scuse it, please."

\* \* \*

Harry Daugherty is going to tell his side of the story in a big thick book which is first to be run as a serial. It will be our duty as a public misinformer to read this work eagerly as it appears—and gosh, how we dread it!

\* \* \*

It is now pretty generally accepted by scientists that the mastodon dug up at Dyckman Street was waiting for a Broadway local.

\* \* \*

After burning with public ceremony 365,000,000 lire in paper currency,

the Italian government announced the postponement of further proposed bonfires of this character. Pending, we understand, investigation of the report that an American \$2 bill was cremated by mistake.

\* \* \*

Ziegfeld promises that nothing will be presented in his new theatre to which we cannot bring our daughters. Or we can check our daughters at the *Cosmopolitan* and hurry over to the Follies.

\* \* \*

Our drama, it now appears, is being not only cauterized, but daughterized.



Archeologists have dug up six copper cents and a chariot wheel in ancient Utica. In their sinister campaign against a five-cent fare the Interests apparently will stop at nothing.

\* \* \*

Had the find been made at Carthage, whose American name-sake is in Missouri, the real end of this propaganda would have been less obvious. But Utica can connote only Utica, New York, whither the train of suggestion leads inevitably—

\* \* \*

But Mayor Hylan can confound this master move yet. Let him admit the authenticity of the discovery—which, of course, was nothing but a plant—and put its authors on the defensive. Suppose Utica did have a six-cent fare. The Traction Ring was in the saddle. That was 2,000 years ago. We have progressed since then. And see what a six-cent fare did to Utica.

What shape are Utica's municipal affairs in now? You have to take a steam shovel to find out.

\* \* \*

Almost certainly, in that final reckoning to come, the most important news item of 1925 will be found to have had nothing to do with Presidents, Senates, Baseball, Lois Meredith or Gerald Chapman. It will be Henry Fisher, of No. 200 West Ninety-third Street, who will be remembered after everything else is but faint lavender, and the name of Fisher, if there is still a shred of justice left to the business of historical appraisal, will be coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln, naturally, freely and on a plane of complete equality, as having served their country well.

For it was Fisher who on the day of March 29 was seated in the New York Hippodrome near a man and two women—husband, wife and mother-in-law, it later developed—among whom the pretty game of spelling out the film sub-titles was just getting under way. Fisher protested, and then protested again. His vis-a-vis, one Alfanso Iannuzzi, of No. 15 West 100th Street, drew a knife and stabbed Fisher twice in the chest. And still Fisher protested. As Iannuzzi was being locked up for the night in the West Forty-seventh Street station, Fisher was still protesting.

All honor to Fisher. His wounds, one is pleased to be able to report, are slight and he has already recovered. But, O! they are sweet wounds, and O! they are glad wounds,—and while men are prepared to be stabbed, nay, to be shot, nay, to be tortured and to die a thousand deaths, for such causes as his, America is still America and the holocaust of a hundred battlefields has not been in vain.

THE NEW YORKER is in doubt as to the proper course for it to take in this affair. There is some talk of a public subscription to be gathered with which to erect statues to Fisher in the lobby of every movie theatre in the country. There is further talk of setting aside seven days in every year, to be known as Fisher Week, during which the murder of sub-title readers shall be considered a pardonable misdemeanor. . . . THE NEW YORKER invites suggestions from its readers.

*The New Yorker*



Dr. Christian F. Reisner



Margaret Kennedy



Jacob Ruppert



## THE HOUR GLASS

### The Sudden Nymph

**T**HERE she was, a perfectly normal, slim English girl, surrounded by primroses and curates and all the horticultural products of a good English home.

And then she went and did it. Wrote a novel, no less. And some frightful ass published it and actually paid her royalties. No end silly. Still, it wasn't so bad. The family might have survived the shock—good old county family, and that sort—but Margaret Kennedy packed off to London and set herself up to regular writing.

She produced, as her second novel, what the civilized world has come to glory in—"The Constant Nymph." All the bigwigs of London went wild over it. Distinguished men of letters quarrelled for the privilege of reviewing the book and of saying nice things about it in print. The craze spread across the Atlantic. New York caught the fever. The world began to talk about Margaret Kennedy. Not out of her twenties, she became famous almost overnight.

A fair achievement, you may say, and you will have the world in agreement with you; the world, excepting such denizens of it as are members of Miss Kennedy's immediate family. They, it is said, do not approve. Indeed, they disapprove no end. And as soon as dear old Uncle George—he was in the Guards you know—runs into the girl in London, he shall tell her what's what. He shall bid her pack her kit and trundle back to her family. He shall make stop this infernal nonsense of being talked about.

### The Colonel is Jake

**B**ASEBALL reporters cured him of his early aristocratic tendencies. In the days when he was merely the chief of the Ruppert clan—and breweries—and one of our largest operators in real estate, he went in for such "county family" pastime as breeding blue ribbon St. Bernards. Awed retainers addressed him formally then as the Colonel.

Presently the amiable Captain Houston persuaded him to venture upon ownership of a baseball club. On first meeting the baseball writers hailed him, in easy camaraderie, as "Jake." For a moment there was such a chill in the air as would make one of the St. Bernards think himself back in the Swiss Alps. Then Col. Ruppert smiled. The "Jake" tickled him. He has, as the experts have it, been Jake ever since.

A quiet, friendly, brisk man is Col. Ruppert, with a way of biting his words off—quite what one would

expect from the wearer of so trimly clipped a mustache. He is one of the richest bachelors in the land, which may explain his reticence, approaching shyness betimes. He takes his baseball very seriously; to the extreme point of suffering mental anguish whenever his team loses, even though the gate receipts for the occasion may have been—as they frequently are—enormous.

A rare man, indeed, in professional baseball, liking the game for the game's sake; and a thorough sportsman. Oh, well, there is always something, or someone, about which, or whom, the most worldly-wise is a bit naive.

### A Doctor of Churches

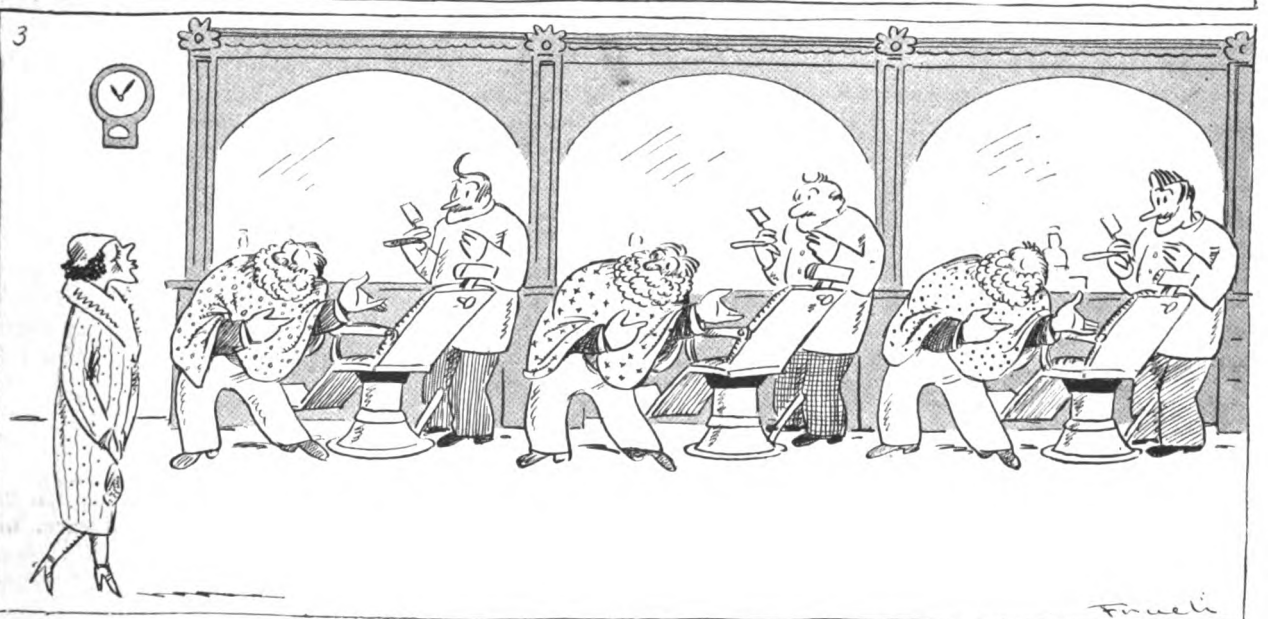
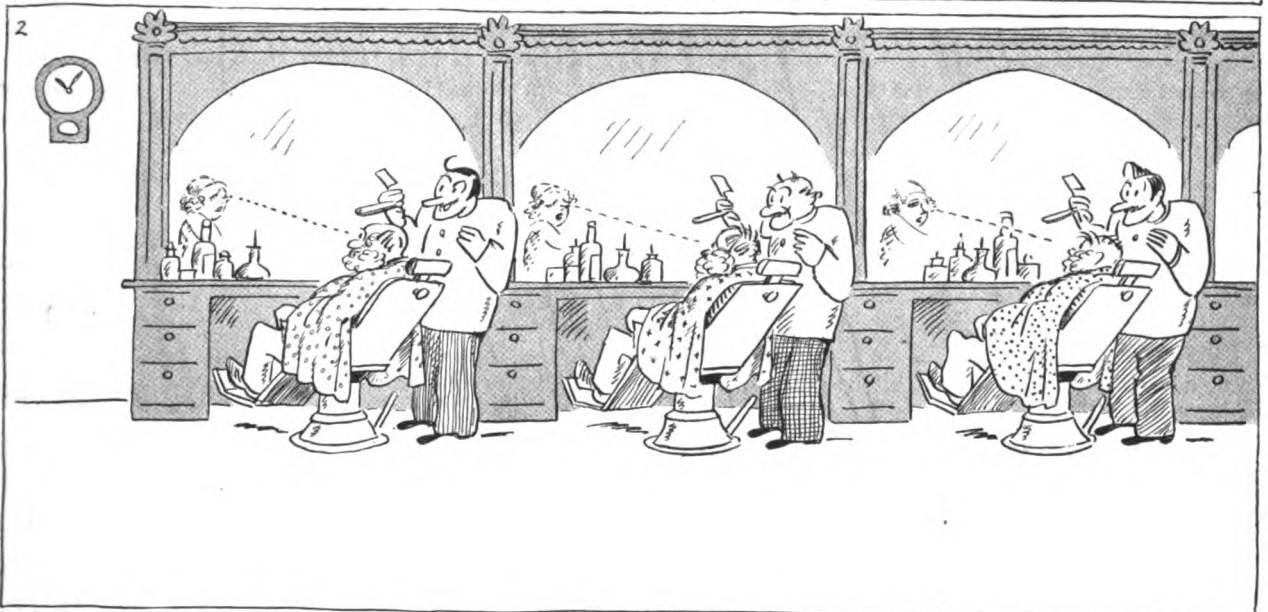
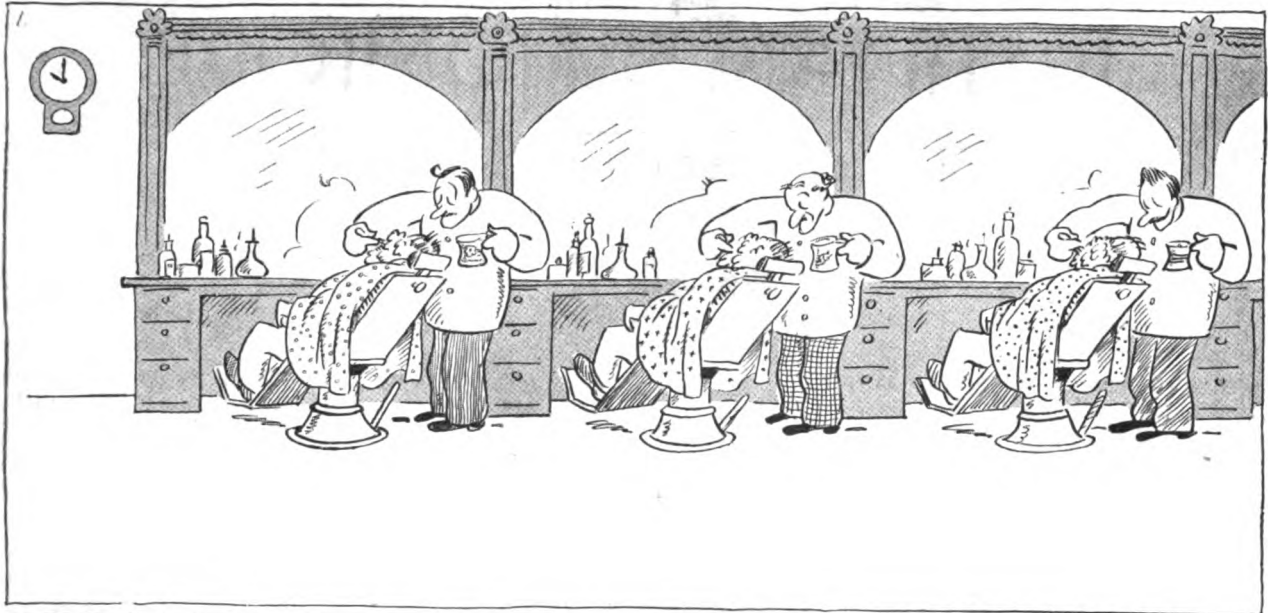
**D**R. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER is a leader among the school of modern divines which has discovered that, besides time and tide, newspaper presses wait for no man. Accordingly, his sermons are as liberally sprinkled with excerpts from the late editions of the dailies as they are with Scriptural passages.

During his New York pastorate he has contributed to the spiritual life of the city such inspiring messages as were contained in: praise of the Amherst trustees who showed Dr. Meiklejohn the way out; denunciation of a department store for selling hip pocket flasks which, of course, were intended to carry milk; protests against the quaint pastime of betting on a race as a means to improve the breed of the horse; condemnation of Senators Borah and La Follette upon occasion; appeals for support for t. r. (I mean t. r., not T. R.); and, after election, laudation of Al Smith as a godly man.

If the Dr. were not a Reverend, one might be pardoned deeming him an opportunist. After all, it is only one step from the divine to the ridiculous.

Yet, he does accomplish things. If the way to grace is through church attendance, he has put many people on the right road. Wherever he goes, he revivifies his congregations. He has the tenacity of purpose one would expect from his descent—Pennsylvania German—and some of the intolerance one looks for in his birthplace, Kansas.

Now he proposes building a skyscraper church on Washington Heights. Most likely he will carry his plans to fruition. For one thing, he is a good business man; as witness his recent energetic defense of young John D.'s views in the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy.



CHIVALRY

# JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

**M**URDER has always seemed to me a vastly over-rated convention, and the reason for this, I think, is that most murders are consummated without the proper provocation. For instance, a man's wife is unfaithful to him. He kills her. An epigram would have been much better. We used to get a dollar apiece for them in the old days—the kind beginning: "All women are . . ." or, "Most married men think . . ."

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"Oh, professor, won't you play 'Humoresque'?"

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By and by, he became greatly interested in Robert Ingersoll, through his magazines, and he began to talk of him to his flock. It was finally decided that Mr. Higgins should write and ask Mr. Ingersoll if he would come way up there and speak for them. This Mr. Higgins did, though he was a little frightened by his boldness. But back came a letter from Robert Ingersoll, saying he would be glad to come, and setting a Sunday in late November. Mr. Higgins then hired the town hall—which was the school house too—and everybody waited for the great day.

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ments. It was not long before Mr. Higgins had word from his priest that he could not have Robert Ingersoll there to speak. Mr. Higgins replied with some heat that he had hired the hall, and that anybody in this country could speak anywhere, about anything.

After this drawing of the issue, both sides waited. The day came, dull and cold, and Mr. Ingersoll arrived. He dined with the Higgins family and they set out for the hall. There, outside, they found a great churning of people. The door to the hall was closed and barred, and a constable stood in front of it. The little Margaret stood back with her mother, watching her father and wondering what he would do. Finally she saw her father turn and address the crowd:

"We cannot hear Mr. Ingersoll in this town," he said, "because they have closed even the streets to us. But the town isn't very big. Those of you who will walk with me to the end of it can hear Mr. Ingersoll."

So Mr. Higgins stepped beside Mr. Ingersoll, and they began a strange sort of procession. The two men walked first, and behind them came Margaret and her mother, and a few neighbors. Then, slowly, those who were not afraid straggled after, and those who were afraid stayed behind. The little train finally numbered about two hundred, and they walked in the wind, under the gray sky, leaving the houses farther and farther behind. After about three miles, they came upon a little hill, with a lone shorn oak on the side of it, and under that Mr. Higgins stopped, introduced Mr. Ingersoll, and Mr. Ingersoll spoke.

"So you see," said Margaret Sanger, "I have always known that when they said they could stop us from speaking, they were wrong."

Of course, in any fairness, there is a little more to it than that. Of all the little faithful adventurers who stood under that gray sky and heard Ingersoll's serene and rounded voice roll out, only Margaret Sanger became a crusader, and only she ever lived to speak on and on, no matter what the difficulties might be.

But the two other things needed, besides the restor-

ing remembrance of Ingersoll under the knotted black limb of the oak tree, Margaret Sanger had—and got. She had the capacity to throw her own creative dream of perfection out on the world—in other words, she was a born fanatic. She had a belief in Birth Control by which it seemed to her to represent a gigantic advance over all the former behavior of the human race. She has always believed that it would cure the ills of home, of war, of most of the tangles and tragedies of all human relationships.

She has shored up that great emotional conviction with rational fact, with a prodigious fund of exact information. She is, by far, now and from the beginning, the ablest and the most effective friend that the cause of Birth Control has ever had. To see her, one is astounded at her youth, at her prettiness, her gentleness, her mild, soft voice. One is reminded of Botticelli's Judith—a gentle spring-like maid who treads the hills as if she danced—but who is attended by a maid upon whose shoulders is the severed head of Holofernes. This flame of Mrs. Sanger's, within her fragile container, is thus the second important factor in her.

The third—I will not try to place it in the order of its merit. But, early in her life, she found herself with the certainty that nothing could stop her from pleading her cause, and she had the great cause to plead. Then she discovered that when she stood on a platform, her enemy came from within. She was nervous and timid before a great number of people. She couldn't find her voice. Then there came one of those monumental trifles by which sometimes the whole of history is changed. She found herself about to address her first audience in England. She was shivering in the wings. An old Scotsman of great experience came up to her and said:

"You mustn't worry. After all, the hall is warm, and the chairs are comfortable, and they don't really expect much of you." Now, just before every speech she makes—and Margaret Sanger makes hundreds and hundreds of them every year—she says to herself: "They don't expect much of me," and so—she speaks.

## Lyrics from the Pekinese

XXII.

"OUR eminent newspaper stars,  
Both cartoonists and japers,  
Have taken to puffing cigars  
For the ads. in the papers;  
And soon, through their kindness of  
heart,  
They'll appear as the praisers  
Of perfumes, cravats that are smart  
And delectable razors  
In poems of pure journalese,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XXIII.

"The Nation or City or State,  
When a brewer is bad, locks  
His Mephistophelean gate  
With retributive padlocks;  
And Virtue cries, 'Heaven be thanked!'  
When the obdurate scorners  
Of Law is so thoroughly spanked  
And stood up in the corner.  
Still, where there are locks there are  
keys,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XXIV.

"Old Winter's ice-armor is cleft  
And his rigor relaxes;  
But no one has anything left  
After dodging his taxes.  
Goloshes, the dealer displays  
With assorted umbrellas;  
The Juvenile dreams of his Mays,  
Esmeraldas, Luellas  
And such inexpressible Shes,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



**T**HERE'S not much use writing this piece, because by the time you will have read it, you will already have run down to the Greenwich Village Theatre to see "Love For Love" in your capacity as a play juror.

This latest contribution to the stage from Messrs. Macgowan and Jones seems destined to become another one of those columnist holidays. The Congreve classic was presented last Tuesday night and by Wednesday morning there were clarion calls from the editorial page of a nameless newspaper, with counter blasts from Mr. Broun, who still insists he likes his obscenity plain and unvarnished. True, the editorial page had not yet seen the Congreve play and just happened to double lead its leading editorial that morning. But it sensed something coming, knowing it was April Fool's day and that the terrible fat boy across the hall would be leaving bent pins around for the old men to sit on.

However, perhaps you want to hear about the play. This department does not go in for literary effects in its reviews, hoping to make you feel that it was on the spot when Congreve wrote the thing back in the 1690s. A venerable critic tells you all about that in a \$200 footnote in the program. Of course, it's well to remember that "Love For Love" does not go in for Golden plots or Belasco morals. It is just one of those old-fashioned affairs where men and women get together in a drawing room and tell the same jokes they tell when they are segregated. Except that in those pre-cross-word-puzzle and pre-Freudian days they didn't go in for symbols so much, but called all those things by their right names. And a lot more names they had for them, too, in 1692.

What with the money and experience the Provincetown boys got from Mr. Banton and that newspaper ballyhooing "You-know Under The Elms," they have made a swell job of this production. All of the pin-show atmosphere is lacking and a lot of actors have crept into the cast somehow. They're all good. Ed-

gar Stehli, Noel Tearle, Stanley Howlett, E. J. Ballentine and Cecil Clovelly carry the load. And then there are Adrienne Morrison and Helen Freeman, among the women.

The costumes are from the master, Robert Edmund Jones; as to whether or not they're authentic, we'll hear later from Mr. Stallings. You may not like the show: there are a couple of lines where there's no bridegroom talk at all. But we thought it was a great evening's entertainment. Only one man was asleep, and he was an author.

**T**HIS department knows now how Sir Arthur Conan Doyle feels when he's seen a couple of good ghosts and has tried to tell his friends about them and they just laugh heartlessly and go on their doubting way. Any time Sir Arthur wants a good audience, that will listen to his most improbable tales by the hour, in return for a simple arrangement to change sides when he's through, this department is prepared to meet him anywhere he says and bring along its memories of "Bringing Up Father," at the Lyric. This department will supply the lunch.

The kind of people there are in New York simply won't believe you when you tell them about it, and so, before you know it, word is passing around the clubs that this department has fallen into evil alcoholic ways.

In "Bringing up Father," then, *Father* is left alone on stage for a moment, whereupon the house lights are turned on, *Father* comes very well down stage, and says:

"I was at a party in Scotland recently and all the guests were called upon to tell stories. First came an old Hibernian, who got up and said:

"'It seems there were a couple of Irishmen, Pat and Mike, and they were walking along the street one day. "Be jabbers," said Pat, "and phwhat, begorra, is thot now?"'

"'Bringing Up Father's" big society dance, exquisites may be

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### The New Plays

**OSTRICHES.** *At the Comedy. This is a play about the Younger Generation, of all things. With liberal intermissions, it runs about an hour and a half. Some people, on the opening night, allowed themselves a more liberal intermission and cut the running time down to twenty minutes.*

**BRINGING UP FATHER.** *At the Lyric. You won't believe this, even after you've seen it. But it's clean—you can take your great, great, grandmother to it. She'll probably recognize it.*

**LOVE FOR LOVE.** *At The Greenwich Village. A revival of a three century old obscenity, showing that outside the radio and hat check boys there hasn't been much change in human nature. A great evening if you can get in before the play jurors.*

**THE DUNCE BOY.** *At Daly's Sixty-third Street. A new play by Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sun-Up" and "The Shame Woman," and the second production of the Art Theatre's first season.*

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glad to know, goes on at 9:32 nightly. After a lengthy preamble, in which it is explained that a sample of the dernier New York terpsichorean cri is about to be exhibited, a couple which made its last public appearance at the racket of the Francis X. Sullivan Marching Club at Scheffel Halle on November 7, 1897, marches valiantly on stage and does its stuff. The effect simply can not be described—but a fellow in E-2 who had gone through the Baltimore Fire said that all evening he had a feeling as if he were passing through some vaguely familiar reaction.

Go to see "Bringing Up Father," at all costs, and write in and tell this department that there really is such a show and that this department hasn't had that old attack of temporary insanity all over again.

### *And They Do Say—*

**G**ILBERT MILLER, who sits in the seat of Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, has had a singularly uncomfortable season. The Frohman plays have prospered well enough and he has borne up splendidly under the misadventures in the theatre which have been his father's portion this year. But in lesser matters he has had his own distresses.

For instance, he is only just recovering from the affliction of having had a pot of boiling coffee poured over his blameless head. His man servant was approaching him with this potion on a recent morning when, as he neared the august person of Mr. Miller, he stumbled and upset the entire contents on the boss. The boss was in considerable agony in consequence and the burns confined him to his quarters for several days, yet his first ejaculations of displeasure were accompanied by one characteristic observation.

"That," he cried out to the heavens, "is the first cup of really hot coffee I have been able to get since I came to America."

**T**HEN Mr. Miller had a troubled period at and after a vast dinner given here this Winter in

the interests of certain Jewish charities. They began passing the hat shortly after the dessert was reached and in the emotion of the moment Mr. Miller so far forgot himself as to subscribe \$500. He did this after the cronies seated near him had pointed out that he owed that amenity to his associates in the high councils of the Famous Players. Furthermore, all present were craftily incited to largesse by the circumstance that Harry Reichenbach, who was the publicity man of the occasion and who was collecting the pledges as they came in from the scattered tables, was himself from time to time pledging large sums. These handsome offers would be read aloud from the head table and then, when they would come back to Mr. Reichenbach, he would take the precaution to tear his own pledges into undecipherable fragments. A similar courtesy was not extended the \$500 pledge made by so reluctant a Gentile as Mr. Miller and just as he was learning to bear the thought next day, he was rendered delirious by receiving a telegram which read something like this:

GILBERT MILLER  
EMPIRE THEATRE

HEARTY THANKS FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION OF \$50000 TO JEWISH CHARITIES WHAT NEW YORK NEEDS IS MORE JEWS LIKE YOU

FELIX M WARBURG

After Mr. Miller had suffered acutely for about a day from the disastrous prospect which this telegram opened, it was thought best to reassure him by explaining that the message had really come from that playful magnate, Walter Wanger. But he is not permitted to forget his day of dolor, for Ray Goetz thoughtfully observed it by subscribing to thirty-eight Yiddish publications in Mr. Miller's name.

**A**ND yet there are Broadwayites who are puzzled by his great Nostalgia for London.

## Lithographs

### The Billposter

**L**IFE'S a lousy three-sheet—  
Sometime in the night he came around  
And stuck it there,  
See, the paste is hardly dry.  
"Creation, Incorporated, Presents,"  
(Incorporated—that's so you can not sue  
If the show goes bankrupt)

"LIFE

A thrilling, Rousing Drama,  
In Three Acts and Fourteen Scenes  
With an Incomparable Supporting Cast,  
Now Playing."  
Sometime the type is different,  
Or the colors, red and blue on white,  
Or black on yellow;  
Sometime the show is different:  
Tragedy, comedy, phantasy,

Spectacle, pantomime;  
Sometimes there's nothing but the prologue,  
But always there's the litho,  
A young girl dancing,  
Pink and warm as life,  
That makes your blood run up,  
Or some other lying ballyhoo  
To make your fingers count your coins  
And pay your bottom cent  
To see the show.  
And when the sun has faded out the colors,  
Or wind and rain have washed it down,  
He'll come along and paste you up another,  
Because he knows the world's all full of boobs,  
Awaitin' for the next attraction—  
Young ones rolling their eyes—hotly hoping,  
Middle-aged rolling their tongues—as if tasting,  
Old ones rolling their heads—in sad recollection.

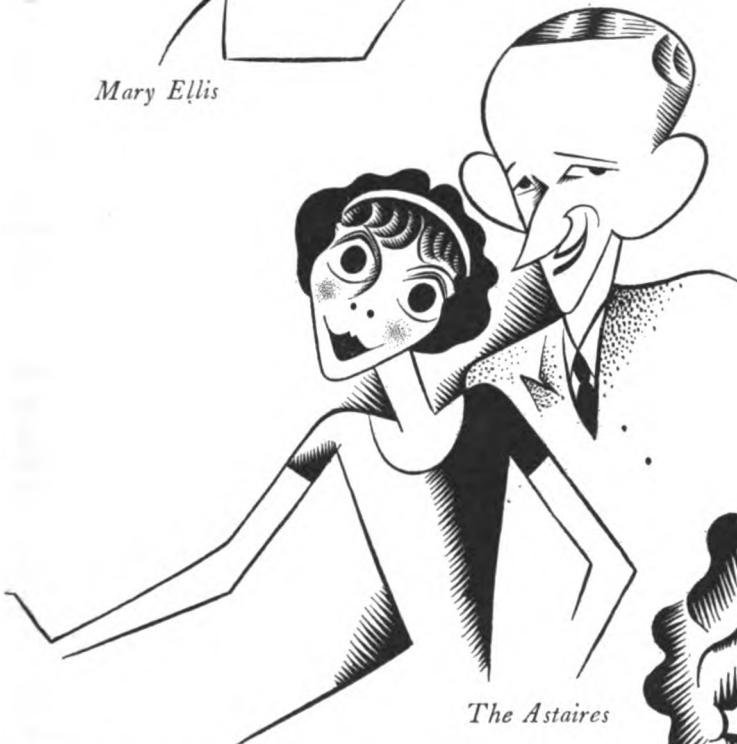
—Murdock Pemberton



Mary Ellis



Lillian Gish



The Astaires



Fanny Brice

THERE is, it will be seen, a note of pathos about all the faces Mr. Covarrubias has chosen to reproduce herewith. Mary Ellis, perhaps, is wondering how long it will be before her hostesses at informal little parties cease having the score of "Rose-Marie" strewn carelessly about all available pianos. Miss Gish, of course, has lately been rehearsing a new rôle, under the direction of Max D. Steuer, and is just a little tired, not only of Colonel Duell. The Astaires, one imagines, are suffering under the obligation to be eternally cute, and are praying for some good, mean rôles. And Miss Brice, to be sure, must be wishing that some time or other some producer or other will set her at work doing something different.

*Mr. Covarrubias Looks at the Players*



READERS of the *Evening Graphic* have been regaled in the last fortnight with a new serial which may have competed seriously with "Wife or Stenographer—Which?" and "Apples of Eden," two engrossing *Graphic* tobecontinués. The new True Story was "What's the Matter with the Metropolitan Opera House?" and the answer seemed to be that it was not All Right. After a few preliminary aspersions on Mr. Gatti's fluency in English and like detriments to the proper management of an opera house, the articles retailed a chain of stories, most of them familiar to the musical cognoscenti, of the ill fortune of American singers on Broadway between Thirty-ninth Street and Fortieth Street.

That there have been injustices wrought on our songsters is no news, and the *Graphic's* somewhat naive chronicle is unlikely to bring about earthquakes. It's easy to attack the Met and there is ample material for diatribes, but anyone who wishes to espouse the cause of the American opera singer must consider three questions:

1. Where can the American artist get operatic training?
2. How receptive is the press to the American opera singer?
3. How does the paying public support the native artist?

And these questions the *Graphic* overlooked.

For several seasons, new display pieces for violin or piano with orchestra were out of style, but in this year of grace notes, the concerto has returned with flourishes and ruffles, the flourishes, in this case, belonging to the violin concerto of Samuel Gardner and the ruffles to the piano concerto of Germaine Tailleferre. Mr. Gardner's work was produced by Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Orchestra, and Mlle. Tailleferre's creation was heard first under auspices of Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra and a week later under direction of Mr. Mengelberg, who, in passing, is establishing for himself a new mark in the performance of unfamiliar music.

The Gardner concerto, played brilliantly by the composer, will not displace the Brahms concerto or even the Tschaiakowsky concerto, but it is worth any half dozen concerti by Vieuxtemps or Wieniawski. It is sound, sturdy music, well-fashioned and grateful for the fiddle. The only novelty in it is the introduction of a saxophone, played at the Philharmonic performance by so illustrious a virtuoso as Nathan Glantz. The cadenza in the first movement is as good a cadenza as any concerto

can boast, and the whole thing comes off with plenty of gusto. Probably we shall hear more of Mr. Gardner.

Several weeks ago, this department hailed Mlle. Tailleferre as one of the ornaments of the concert stage, and there is no reason now to modify this verdict. Her concerto, however, is more questionable matter. Excellently played, at its first hearing, by a great pianist, Alfred Cortot, with a fine accompaniment by Mr. Stokowski and his band, it went as flat as a radio contralto. Like most of the French moderns, Mlle. Tailleferre has become convinced that Bach was not so bad after all and has plumped several contrapuntal patches into her work. Mlle. Tailleferre's natural manner of writing tends to delicacy and harmonic suggestion, and the Bach transfusion turned feminism into effeminacy. The slow movement, the most individual, is gracefully pensive, but the general effect of the concerto is negative, which is a pity, for if there is one musician whom it would be a pleasure to eulogize unreservedly it is Germaine Tailleferre.

Gigli's song recital in Carnegie Hall last week was great sport. The most heavy-handed audience of the year was parked all over the auditorium and several hundred were imprisoned behind Ellis Islandish railings on the stage. The program was of little account, for Signor Gigli disregarded it, but he sang what his audience wanted and he might be singing yet were it not that the Carnegie Hall leases place a time limit on musicales. There was not too much Art and a great deal of good singing, to which Beatrice Mack, a splendid assisting artist, contributed.

The program announced the concert as Gigli's last appearance of the season, but do not be deceived about that!

The appointment of Messrs. Dohnanyi and Goossens as conductors of the State Symphony Orchestra for next season promises a turn in the affairs of that hapless body. Mr. Dohnanyi, at his one appearance this season, proved himself to be much the best conductor that this orchestra ever has faced, and the single apparition of Mr. Goossens at one of the fiestas of the International Composers' Guild, indicated that here was a conductor who knew his business.

(Our account of Mr. Dohnanyi's concert was crowded out in the make-up, so you'll have to take our word for it that we called the turn on him!)



# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador

Shaw's excellent comedy excellently revived, with Peggy Wood as Candida and Richard Bird as Marchbanks.

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

The best of all war plays, and even better than that.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

A gorgeous performance of a play that's as lively and entertaining as if it weren't written by the legendary Ibsen.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

A really great American comedy.

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth

Here is perfect casting of an entertaining play. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are at their best.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord as a San Francisco waitress, eager to do right but not quite sure how. Richard Bennett with a lame leg and an Italian accent.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another play in the American language by James Gleason. Hilarious, without a drawing room to its name.

### PIERROT THE PRODIGAL—The Forty-eighth Street

Laurette Taylor as the eternal lover, in this charming, wistful pantomime. Special matinees, on Mondays and Thursdays.

### IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

All about a couple of guys who put it across. In the American language, and funnier than can be imagined.

### SILENCE—National

Here you are, if you care for your crook drama, and of course you do. H. B. Warner and district attorneys.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

Up in Bennie's room. A lot of beds in old Florence, with old Cellini in most of them. Joseph Schildkraut as Cellini, with gestures.

### PROCESSIONAL—The Forty-ninth Street

A bit of everything, including arguments from those who have seen it. Full of hidden meanings to some and full of frank entertainment and beauty to others.

### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

The fourth of Berlin's own revues. An excellent score and the comedy in the hands of people who know what to do with it.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

The Astaires, George Gershwin, Adele Astaire, George Gershwin and Geddes scenery, in the order named.

### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

The stage version of the tunes you've been hearing on the radio and in cabarets. Handsomely mounted and even more handsomely sung, chiefly by Mary Ellis.

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

W. C. Fields and Will Rogers, in the funniest of the Follies.

### LOUIE FOURTEENTH—Cosmopolitan

Mr. Ziegfeld spending money all over the place and peculiarly enough, buying a lot of beauty with it.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GRASS—Criterion

The migration of a tribe in quest of pasture, told with a great deal of cinematographic effect.

### THE LAST LAUGH—

Still recommended as the best thing of the screen year. Washington Theatre, 129th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, April 9, 10, 11.

### THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH—

A pleasant slant upon American home life, presented by the merry James Cruze. Starting a tour of the local Loew Theatres April 26.



## MUSIC

### ORATORIO SOCIETY—Carnegie Hall

Wednesday evening, April 8. Franck's "Beatitudes," sung by Stoessel's gifted songsters and a good group of soloists.

### MAX ROSEN—Carnegie Hall

Friday evening, April 10. An ex-wonder-child who has turned out to be a first-rate fiddler.

### GUIOMAR NOVAES—Town Hall

Saturday afternoon, April 11. The best of women pianists playing Chopin.

### WILLIAM BACHAUS—Aeolian Hall

Saturday afternoon, April 11. Another Chopin recital by another great pianist. Commute between Town and Aeolian this afternoon.

### DE PACHMANN—Carnegie Hall

Monday evening, April 13. His farewell recital, and maybe it is!

### BETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Folean Hall

Monday evening, April 13. Heifetz, Levitski and a lot of the boys cutting up in chamber music.

## AT THE METROPOLITAN

Wednesday evening, April 8, *Freischuetz*; Thursday afternoon, April 9, *Faust*; Friday afternoon, April 10, *Parsifal*. (Others not yet announced at press time.)

## WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

*Boston Symphony Orchestra*, Koussevitzky conducting. Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, April 9; Saturday afternoon, April 11.

*Philharmonic*, Mengelberg conducting. Bach's St. Matthew Passion at Carnegie Hall, Saturday evening, April 11, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday evening, April 14.

*Philadelphia Orchestra*, Stokowski conducting. Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, April 14.

## ART

### ANNUAL SHOW—National Academy

One hundredth exhibition of National Academy of Design. A lot for your money and no shell men around.

### GEORGE BELLOWS—Frederick Keppel Gallery

Lithographs and drawings by one of America's best artists, covering all phases of life, Hogarthian to Doc Cranian.

### MAURICE BECKER—Neumann's Print Room

Mexican portraits and water colors by a rather ruthless artist who would rather be right than pretty.

### EDWARD BRUCE—Scott & Fowles

Poetic interpretations of nature by a gifted workman, mixing a bit of opium with his color.

### VELASQUE AND MURILLO—Ehrich Galleries

Original masters for the benefit of the Building Fund of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

## OTHER EVENTS

### JUNIOR LEAGUE BENEFIT—Bonwit Teller & Co.

Wednesday, April 8. Members of Junior League to take over Department Store and run it, ten percent of sales to go to Shelter Home for Babies.

### BENEFIT BRIDGE PARTY—Aboard the Berengaria

Monday, April 13, 3 P. M. National Women's Committee of George Washington-Sulgrave Institution, to raise funds for maintenance of Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of Washington family in England.

### BACHELOR BELLES FROLIC—Plaza Hotel

Monday, April 13, 8:30 P. M. Amateur performance for benefit of New York Foundling Hospital.

### BUTTERFLY BALL—Ritz-Carlton

Tuesday evening, April 14. In aid of the Hospital and Rest House at Inwood, N. Y. Cabaret entertainment at midnight.

### THE CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

Advertised as bigger and grander. A more or less limited engagement.

### BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium

Tuesday, April 14. Official opening of season. Washington plays New York.



NOTHING of the past week proved as exciting as the exhibition of the lithographs and drawings of George Bellows at Frederick Keppel & Co. The show is a fine record of a wide and fluent genius. Here we have lithographs of all of his canvases with hundreds of other subjects that he worked solely for his stone. It is an amazing array both as to mood and matter. Any one doubting the greatness of Bellows has only to view one of his shows. Surely no graphic artist of our time has had such a sense of life, such sympathy with it and such gifts for making it articulate. No phase of life seems to have escaped his conceptions.

He is artist to your tea-time stroller on Fifth Avenue and your night prowler on Tenth Street. He found humor in everything and his satire was never too bitter. Of all his stuff we would find fault perhaps with the war drawing. To us it seems a bit sublimated, a bit rotarian; as if the hysteria of the one-hundred percenters of 1918 had become surrogate for the artist.

But that is a small point; the rest of his short life he was the clear-eyed, unbefuddled chronicler of the passing show, enjoying it and putting it down with a gusto and enjoyment that we nowadays seldom see. The show will remain until the twenty-fifth. By all means see it; you will doubtless remain to buy.

Across the street is another sunlight-on-the-grass painter—Karl Anderson at Durand-Ruel. There is more poet in Anderson, though, and he gets off the grass now and then to take a fling at phantasy. The exhibit covers a number of years and shows that the painter is moving and toward a freer expression of himself.

No need to mourn for art! Davies, poetic painter of virgins in cool forests beside deep lakes, took a few months off and toured the chateau country of France, making water color sketches the while. He exhibited one hundred and twelve of them at Feragil's recently. Thirty sold in the first half hour of the sale, society patrons waiting outside the doors for the exhibit to open much as they do when there are bargains in hats. At the end of the first day seventy-two had been disposed of. Most of the remainder found owners during the week.

What another mind can do with the same country is shown by the Maurice Becker show at the Neumann Print Room. Here we have the Mexican scene, close-ups for the most part, with the emphasis going to strength rather than beauty. Picture buying being what it is in this country—mainly a by-product of the interior decorator's art—we wonder if there is much sale in the savage stuff. Certainly not among the bourgeoisie who want their cows and sunlight and cherry trees abloom. Personally we would rather have the Becker head of the peon than half a dozen rural scenes by one of the best of the old guard on that same block. Somehow it seems to have more content. And as we've said before, it's what you have to say, not how you say it.

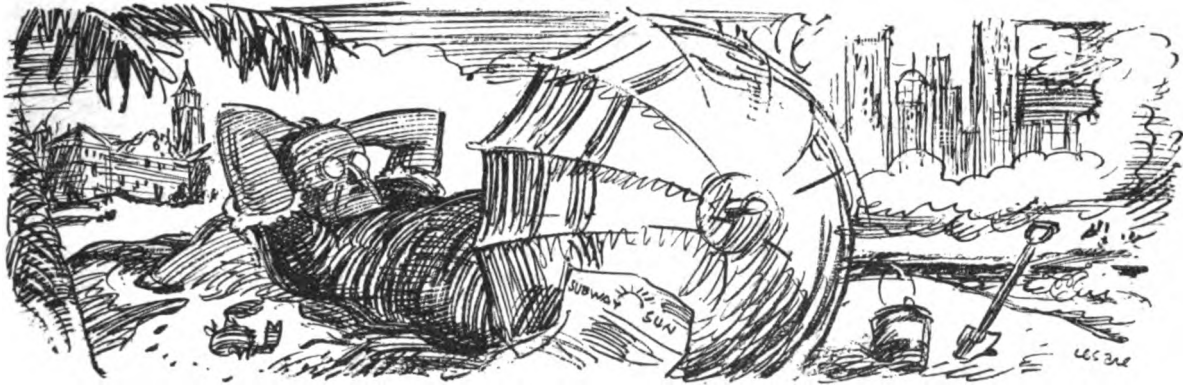


Georgia O'Keeffe

Criticism should be written in the Galleries. Half a block away one is liable to forget just what it was all about. We seem to have seen the name, Daniel Garber, N.A., every year since we have known that art was art. It always seemed to be connected with blue ribbons and prizes. Perhaps the N.A. awed us. Anyway he has fifteen nice paintings at the William Macbeth Galleries. All the labels are familiar and warranted not to frighten you—"Mending," "Farm Lane," "Morning On The River," you know the rest. Some like 'em sweet, some like 'em bold. If you're not like us, you'll like Mr. Garber. Every one to his taste.

Another show of great interest is the exhibition of California landscapes of Edward Bruce, now on view at the Scott & Fowles Galleries. This artist has a technique we often see among the moderns (Class D & E) but when used by them it is seldom so meticulously brushed. The canvases of Bruce have all the smoothness and lustre of a Maxfield Parrish calendar advertising electric bulbs. The artist has a sense of rhythm, rather than design, making his pictures things that would be easy to live with. There is great repose in them, as well as beauty. "The Valley of Horace" is starred in a room by itself: as being the best or the largest we do not know. To us "The Valley Road" held the greatest imagination and offered by far the best opportunity for the artist's manner. He is the poet here as he is in "Green Shadows" and some of the pictures of walnut trees. If you like color and poetry see these restful tapestries of hills and trees.





*They Think a Mayor Is Put in Office to Administer Affairs of the City*

## LIMITATIONS OF INTELLECTUALS

*By the Professor*

NEW YORK is a most sophisticated city. It is fastidious, aesthetic. It is open to criticism, perhaps, as to its morals and its business methods, but you've got to hand it to the metropolis for its insistence upon good taste. It elects and re-elects John F. Hylan for Mayor. Its choice in literature is the illustrated *News*. Its favorite play is "Abie's Irish Rose." The explanation of all this is found in every Fifth Avenue bus. It is because we love nice things.

There is a group, known as the Intelligentsia, who reach a different verdict. They explain it by saying that New York is moron by a two-thirds majority. The explanation is too easy. The Intelligentsia are like that. They have an easy explanation for everything. Other people have to struggle to find the answers to the questions that are troubling them, but the Intelligentsia have the answers all on tap. Other people have to think. The Intelligentsia have completed their thinking long ago.

But there are great disadvantages in knowing so much. Take their explanation, for instance, of Hylan, the *News* and "Abie's Irish Rose," and compare it with mine. Their explanation completely satisfies. Mine doesn't. And explanations that completely satisfy are bad things to monkey with.

Hasn't it turned out that way in politics? Hylan could have been beaten long ago, if his opponents hadn't known so much. They knew exactly how to beat him, and they were completely satisfied with what they knew. Hylan didn't know how to get elected. It is doubtful if he knew what a Mayor was for. He had to think. He had to find his way. He said and did absurd things. But there were compensations. The other side was perfectly satisfied with its complete understanding of the situation, but Hylan was satisfied with the election returns.

This illustrates the aestheticism of New York—its sense of harmony and good taste. The people didn't know what a Mayor was for, and they instinctively recognized the inappropriateness of giving the job to someone who did.

I am not an Intellectual, and I don't pretend to know what a Mayor is for, but I am certainly not satisfied with the Intellectual explanations. They think

a Mayor is put in office to administer the affairs of the city. I suspect that he is put in office for the same reason that anyone else is put in office—because the voters feel something the way they think he feels and they find it possible to tune in on his emotional reactions.

A man who has just been run down by a taxi is not much interested in traffic regulation. He may be interested in it, on general principles, but it is foolish to broach the subject to him just then. What he wants at that particular moment is to punch one particular chauffeur's nose and anyone who can deliver the goods may rely upon his vote, no matter what office he happens to be running for.

If he has just been mauled in the subway, it amounts to the same thing. He feels like cursing the Interborough, not like going into an academic study of the rapid transit problem. Hylan may fail as a builder of subways, but he is a wonderful success when it comes to meeting this immediate emotional need. He fits the situation perfectly. Nicely—that's the word. We want Hylan because we love nice things.

Who knows what a newspaper is for? The *Times* does, surely, and the *World*, and the *Herald Tribune* and the *Sun*. The illustrated *News* doesn't. It never did. But the readers of newspapers never knew either and when those who knew and those who didn't know went into a race to get a million circulation, which one landed the million and left the wise ones marking time?

I said that I am not an Intellectual. But I have been exposed. I was just about to complete my thinking, in fact, when it occurred to me that I hadn't seen "Abie's Irish Rose". I didn't go the first night and after what the critics said about it, I decided to let it pass without a look. But I attended the eleven hundred and sixty-fifth performance; and my mind is all confusion once more. I am thinking again. "Abie's Irish Rose" will make anybody but an Intellectual think.

It made me think, for one thing, that religion is still a serious problem in the minds of most New Yorkers. I had almost concluded that it wasn't, so many people had begun to discuss it seriously and any-

thing that people can discuss seriously is no longer a serious question. The deep things of the soul are too sacred for discussion. They must not be mentioned, except in reverential platitudes and in ribald jokes.

Marriage, for instance. When I was a young man, marriage was almost uniformly too serious for serious discussion. The comic papers, however, lived on it. Fifty-one percent of their jokes were guffaws about marriage, and the other forty-nine percent were usually related to it. Marriage isn't so sacred to-day and people are beginning to think about it. Consequently, the old jokes on marriage are falling flat.

But religious and racial differences are still valid. The Catholics and the orthodox Jews, at least, do not recognize these things as subjects for discussion. Only an Intellectual would think of writing a serious drama about a New York Irish girl marrying a Jewish boy, and if such a play didn't raise a riot it would be because it didn't attract sufficient notice for anybody to worry about.

But "Abie's Irish Rose" is different. It's perfectly

safe because it is utterly farcical. Nobody cares any more about what it says than the average voter cares about Mayor Hylan's program. It's all old, reliable stuff, too. Miss Nichols wasn't going to take any chances with a new set of jokes. So there's nothing confusing about it. The whole audience knows exactly when to laugh—an Irishman getting peeved at orange decorations, or Mrs. Cohen being asked to watch the ham. The typical old stage Jew is resurrected for the occasion, with all the old gags about economy and price tags.

It is inevitable, of course, that the characters occasionally touch upon the theme of the play. But they do it in perfect taste, considering how sacred the theme is. The Irishman is interested in wanting to knock somebody's block off, and the Jew in the question of the expense involved. Every line that might be taken seriously is immediately redeemed by ancient horseplay. This is exquisite taste, and New Yorkers have shown their appreciation. Because they love nice things.

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## When Nights Are Bold

**F**OR humor in honest-to-God dancing there is nothing in town to compare with the performance of Mary Hay and Clifton Webb at Ciro's. His novel entrance is sheer artistry, and they both have a delightful sense of comedy.

\* \* \*

The best display room for hosiery is the Rue de la Paix—the dance floor being elevated about a foot above the area for tables. That feature makes it worth a visit after an evening of heavy drama; but the real note is Isham Jones's orchestra. His dance time is more rapid than that of the other restaurant orchestras and he varies the mood of his selections.

\* \* \*

The Club Borgo has a good cuisine and is a pleasant place. The decorations are attractive and an air of exclusiveness is created by the small space. But the music doesn't seem particularly fit for dancing.

\* \* \*

Welsh rarebit has always been in bad odor, and it is comforting to report that one smells it less and less frequently around midnight supper tables. The almost universal demand for scrambled eggs and sausages has made the atmosphere of the dancing clubs tolerable.

The Club Mirador is one of the best ventilated places, despite the fact that it is in a basement. Moss and Fontana are superb and give the best exhibition of ballroom dancing in these parts. Miss Moss studied for the ballet and danced in Adelaide Genée's company a few years. This has given her dancing a brilliant technique and flavor.

\* \* \*

The tone of the hat-check-attendant's "Thank you" is about the same for a dime as a dollar. The checking and dressing room concession for most of the smart places is owned by one company. The attendants get salaries and the company gets the fat tips you hand out for the smile of the check girl.

\* \* \*

Edythe Baker and Billy Reardon are packing the Club Lido every evening. About a quarter of one each evening they put on a great show with their dancing and her piano solo. She is easily the best jazz solo performer of the stage and their personalities bring a distinguished crowd night after night. Only the other night the throng was so great that a Duke and his Duchess were relegated to a table, three from the kitchen.—*Tophat*



# See Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for Nothing

**T**HE time of year is approaching when you and yours will be wanting to get out of doors. Nature is calling. Soon the days will grow longer and the skies will be brighter and brighter and then it will be ho! for that Mediterranean Cruise and ho! for that long-planned trip to the Far Ends of the Earth.



*The River Common, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

**THE NEW YORKER** has completed plans whereby it will be able to provide for a pleasant and a happy vacation for ten of its readers. These ten, for a lot of reasons, will be chosen by a contest, open to all.

Any subscriber bringing in five hundred subscriptions—the copies to be sent either to himself or to his friends—will be allowed one vote. Those entrants who achieve twenty votes, or ten thousand subscriptions, will be considered enrolled in the contest. The contest will close Jan. 19, 1928, and the ten entrants having the most votes to their credit will be officially declared the lucky winners. **THE NEW YORKER**, however, reserves the right to call off the contest if the first five winners average less than three hundred votes apiece.

**THE NEW YORKER's** tour, under proper chaperonage, will be to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and return. Leaving the D. L. & W. Station in Hoboken or Newark or somewhere, the tourists will pass through the Pocono Mountains to Scranton, Pa., where cars of the Laurel Line will be waiting, or will arrive soon, to speed them to the Diamond City. The return trip will be vice versa.

While in Wilkes-Barre, the tourists will be entertained royally at railroad stations. **THE NEW YORKER** has perfected a method by which accommodations in dusty, stuffy hotel rooms have been rendered unnecessary, for the return trip will be undertaken at once. Members of the trip will be required to spend absolutely no money, except for railroad tickets.

For those who desire it, there will be separate jaunts to Easton and Schickshinny, under trained guides.

Come to Wilkes-Barre in Lotus Time! Get busy now and start collecting subscriptions. Don't wait until you see your friends packing up for the Trip. Get busy now! Wilkes-Barre knocks but once at every man's door! Subscribe now to **THE NEW YORKER** for further details.

## What the Public Wants

**M**ANUFACTURERS of phonograph records, in order to meet successfully competition of the radio, have but to make discs which will give the effect of "distance," that quality which the radio fan prizes most. To date, laboratory habit has been to discard all records which were not perfect reproductions. This is a grave error. Record catalogs should contain such entries as the following:

Dance Record (Fox Trot), "Those Indigo Blues," made by the Fire Department Amateur Band of Central City, Alaska. A perfect imitation of distance on the radio, uneven, blurred, sometimes fading out entirely. Terrible for dancing.

Vocal Record, "Sweet Marie." One of the popular static series by the Shipping Room Male Quartet of the Enterprise Nail Co., Dankton, Ohio. A great favorite with fans,

nothing could possibly be worse.

Spoken record, "Summary of Weather Forecasts for the Year 1924," an address by W. J. Zoos, companion record to "The Technical Side of the Patent Office Reports," by the same orator. A triumph; not only dull and fearfully uninteresting, but in many places wholly unintelligible.

Harmonica Solo, "Over the Ripples," by Aguinaldo Gonzales, Manila, Philippine Islands. Should be in the cabinet of every radio enthusiast. Perfect "distance." Except for a stray note here and there, cannot be heard at all.

It should be stressed that with such records in his cabinet, the radio-phonograph fan would be wholly independent of atmospheric conditions. He could be sure of getting the most unsatisfactory results at a moment's notice.—A. H. F.

## Journalistic Jingles

### *The Personal Column*

OSCAR, come home, dear; please don't act so ritzy; You can still play your saxophone; heartbroken; **FRITZL.**

GEEGEE, I'll be at the Grand Central Station; In a blue dress of the latest creation; 6.30 at Info Desk; sorry; no money; O.K. for tickets; bring Woozkins; **BUNNY.**

MY WIFE, Maria Simpkin Betts, Having left my bed and board, I shall not be responsible for her debts, For she went of her own accord.

**ROSCOE G. BETTS.**

WILL THE PERSON OR PERSONS who saw an old lady Struck by a truck of the coal firm of Grady, Communicate now, for it's certain to play, With Lawyer Margolis, Duane near Broadway.

THE WHEREABOUTS of Herman Kling Who left his home one day last spring, Is wanted by Police Chief Blotch; He stole his father's case of Scotch.

WANTED FOR ADOPTION—a baby girl, With laughing eyes and golden curl; Though she be of low descent, I'll Take her, but she must be Gentle!

—Max Lief



Knickerbocker History—Primary Election for Burgomaster

**COP IS COPPED  
COPPING COPPERS**

Band Quiz Ordered As Graft  
Pinch Bares Gum Gag Plot

**“BUNK!” DECLARES MAYOR**

Fresh light was cast to-day upon the alleged issuance of exclusive franchises for placing chewing gum machines on the three East River bridges when Arlington Jeebie, a policeman attached to the Central Park Vice Squad, pleaded not guilty to a charge of grand larceny brought by Patrolman Arthur Jeebie of the Jeebie Avenue Police Station, who arrested Jeebie when he found him at 2 a.m. on the Mall violently shaking the gum machines and collecting the pennies as they dropped out.

Arraigned before Magistrate Jeebie in Jefferson Market Court, Jeebie said that a year ago, by order of Mayor Hylan, one hundred machines were placed by the Chuen Gumm Company at intervals of a foot around the bandstand on the Mall, so that by dropping in pennies, pushing the rods, tearing

the paper wrappers and champing the teeth enough noise could be made to drown out the orchestra, whose conductor, Goldberg W. Jeebie, had got on the mayor's bad books by refusing to permit the Hylan photograph to appear on the programs of his concerts, as they were financed by a millionaire philanthropist said to be Kozmansky & Feinsilber, Inc., who wished his name withheld in order to avoid publicity like Kelly did.

Questioned by the Magistrate, Jeebie asserted that gangs of hoodlums were furnished with thousands of pennies by the mayor's secret publicity committee to gag the band in the manner described.

“Protests filed at the mayor's office by indignant citizens were contemptuously ignored,” Jeebie declared. “The mayor told Conductor Jeebie that if he didn't like the way the audiences acted he could get a better band.”

Pressed for details, Jeebie alleged that political influence had forced his transfer to the Central Park Vice Squad. He was assigned, he said, to patrol the pond in a motor boat and keep the model yachts sailed by children from bumping into each other and scratching their paint.

“This, however, was mere camouflage for my real duties,” Jeebie added. “These were to collect the pennies from the Mall bandstand gum machines at the end of the day and return them to the Mayor's Secret Publicity Committee. It was while thus engaged that I was arrested.”

When Jeebie's statement was submitted to Mayor Hylan the mayor's only remark was, “The whole story is a farrago of lies and a potpourri of bunk hashed up by the predatory traction barons, who are on the job as usual trying to defame me in the eyes of the people because of my exposure of their attempts to gouge the people by a five-cent fare. When all the cards are on the table this anonymous philanthropist will be found to be merely another name for the Interborough whose efforts to gouge the people for a five-cent fare I have exposed time and again. Jeebie's whole story is bunk.”

It was learned late this morning that the machines were placed on the Mall by the Chuen Gumm Company, the same Chinese firm which, it is asserted, has obtained the exclusive franchise for the East River bridges. Officials of the company declined to comment upon Jeebie's statement beyond stating that it was bunk.

—Baron Ireland

**Do You Know That—**

(Strange and Curious Fact Gathered from All Corners of the World.)

You cannot buy a package of Camels on Fifth Avenue from Forty-third Street to Eighty-second Street, and nobody knows how much further.

**The Optimist**

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



The Elevator Man's Day Off

## NEW YORK, ETC.

*Midtown Stuff*

THE sign, "Tables Reserved for Ladies," is not as frequently seen in this town as formerly. To be sure, it was never *vogue* at the Waldorf or the Savarin, but would the little restaurateur have neglected it? Never. "Tables Reserved for Ladies" was as essential to his window as "Teas, Coffees and Spices" on a grocer's wagon.

There are a few such signs left, but not many. Of those which remain, some of the letters are missing, and it is nobody's care to replace them. Once upon a time, perhaps, the sign was good business. "Ladies" were timid, shrinking, like Thackeray's Amelia Sedley, fearful of mingling with men in the noonday scramble for food. Up and down, up and down, they walked in agony, seeking the eating place where tables were reserved for them. And now? Picture Myrtle and Mae, who "light up" after luncheon and swap "office dirt" over coffee cups of armor plate—picture Myrtle and Mae in tortured search for "Tables Reserved for Ladies."

On the Broadway side of the Opera, there were drawn up in a row three (3) hansom cabs with cabbies to match. Three! And three, when they're hansoms, is a crowd indeed. The cop at the Thirty-ninth Street corner regarded them without surprise, however. "Last night," he said, "I see a swell party, young folks with society writ all over 'em, I see 'em dismiss their chauffeur and the big family car and hop into two of these here hansoms and drive off after the Opera."

Let the hansoms hang on. When there's only one public hansom left, he will become a New York fad with a waiting list, and he and his horse will live in clover preferred. He will be as much in vogue as a "little theatre" with only two seats.

The whistle at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street blew definitely. The pedestrian reconsidered his step from the curb and kept to the walk. Traffic surged from west to east, from east to west. Heavy traffic. To have dodged across would have been impossible. And

then the panhandler came up, blithely. "Boss, could you spare me the price of a cup of coffee?!" Always coffee. What coffee drunkards they are, these panhandlers! And yet there was no sign of twitching nerves; he all but fox-trotted on his crutches. What price coffee forthcoming, the panhandler worked the rest of the waiting crowd, and with good results. There was no running away from him. In front, the traffic barred. In back, the crowd blocked. It was a perfect approach. His public was mustered for him, every five minutes, by the traffic cop.

Like the former Kaiser, who sat at ease in his camp chair and shot pheasants when his game-beaters drove them from cover. Many are the advantages of traffic control.

Some time, even if you haven't a stiff neck, make believe that you have, and walk along Broadway. With your head at that angle, you can see the upper stories of some of the new business buildings on the opposite side, stories which, with your neck at a normal slant, never would cross your vision. For whom are these gold-lettered signs on the windows painted; windows ten, twelve, fifteen and more stories in air? Not for pedestrians, surely. Not for the occupants of closed motor or trolley cars. For whom, then? For people across Broadway who have sim-

ilar signs of their own? For low-flying aircraft? For window cleaners who are learning English? For the man with a stiff neck?—A. H. F.

*Out Dubuque Way*

CAN any gourmet call to mind a dish that originated west of Pittsburgh? "Chicken à la King—Chicago!" some bright little pupil cries—and the capital K is correct. But one entrée does not make a menu.

The nearest thing to a native dish in the Middle West is chili con carne, a delicacy which reaches its apotheosis in Kansas City. The humble frankfurter (or sausage, frankfurter style, as the Pure Food and Drugs Act insists on calling it) is another Western staple whose foreign and Eastern origin is acknowledged, for it is known throughout trans-Appalachian territory as a wienie or hot Coney Island.

The curiosity of an Eastern guest at the Spink Arms Hotel in Indianapolis was piqued recently when he found Russian steak listed on the menu.

"What," he inquired of the waitress, "is Russian steak?"

"Oh, that's just Swiss steak," she answered.

Swiss steak is the nearest thing to an indigenous dish in Indiana. It is a cut three or four inches thick, which is first fried in orthodox fashion and then fricasseed and basted until it is about as thoroughly cooked as a piece of terra cotta. Why it is called Swiss steak deponent sayeth not.

The Middle West may be weak on native dishes, but assuredly it is the home of the slogan. Here are some random samples:

## ST. LOUIS

L. D. Meyer Ice and Fuel Co.: "We Have a Trade that Quality Made."

Ginsburg, Tailors and Cleaners: "We Clean, Press—You Pay Less."

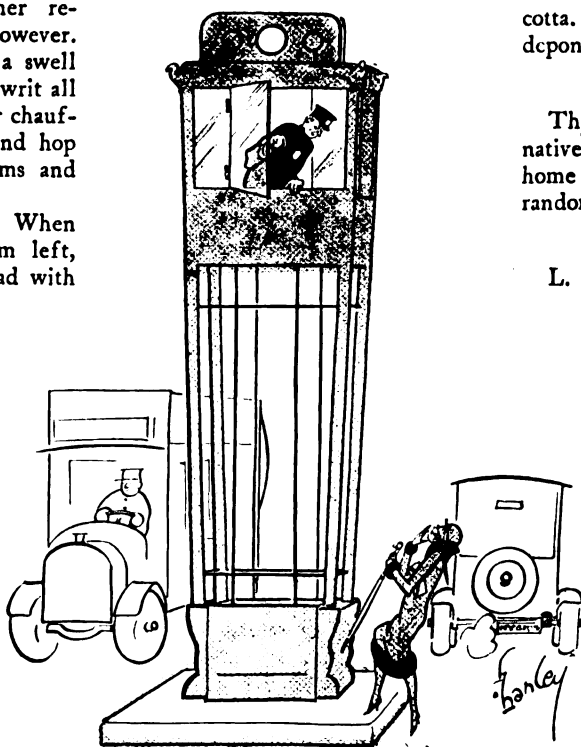
## CINCINNATI

J. H. Andriot, Chimney Expert: "We Make It Hot for You."

Nestle Permanent Wave Shoppe: "Beautiful Women Made More Beautiful."

## DETROIT

Farber Family Wash Laundry: "Not the Oldest



## HIE TOPPER!

**T**HAT'S what they are; the new topcoats are top-high—and decidedly different.

Shades of springtime—tones of soft colors, wonderfully blended, and the models they all ask for.

Box-coats 46 to 50 inches in length. For the long or short of it, as it were—and they FIT!

Fly-front or button through, to suit your own particular taste. A splendid variety of imported cloths to choose from.

Prices sensible at \$32.50 to \$42.50.

**AINSLIGH** INC.  
ENGLISH CLOTHES

920 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK ROOM 1102  
Meet Your Friends at Ainsleigh

## THE NEW YORKER



THE NEW YORKER is published every Tuesday in New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street. H. W. ROSE, president; R. H. FLEISCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, secretary and treasurer.

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—Just the Best.”

John H. Reisdorf, Chiropractor: “The Healing Hand.”

### KANSAS CITY

Kansas City Bedding Co: “Patronize Us and Rest Easy.”

The Bookman Library: “Three Cents a Day Keeps Boredom Away.”

Louisville, which only the Ohio River keeps from being part of the Middle West, marks the northern boundary of the Jim Crow system of transportation. As elsewhere in the South, Louisville street cars have their “This Section White Passengers, and “This Section Colored Passengers” signs.

A Chinese boarded a Louisville car. . . . Yes, chromatically, of course, but—Wx.

### Advertising Notes

PLAY juries can indulge in a good deal of witlessness without even tying advertising censorship. For years, the *Saturday Evening Post* has barred cigarette advertising. At one time, even the word cigarette in the line “cigarette and pipe tobacco” was removed before the Prince Albert toppy-red tin was pictured in the *S. E. P.* How much that bit of lettering would have influenced readers to walk a mile seems negligible. Certainly, less than the fiction illustrations in the same magazine, after the manner of Raleigh or Preston, depicting the masculine ideal, cigarette in hand, smoking out the facts.

If theatrical producers want to learn what real censorship is, let them try advertising women’s underwear. The *New York Times* has been known to drop the advertising of an underwear manufacturer because he declined to place a bit of furniture in front of the model, or in some other way reveal less of the lady in question. And compared with some of the bathing beauties in the rotogravure section, this same model might have been dressed for skiing. This particular manufacturer received a letter from the Vice Commission pointing out the injurious effect such advertising had on the youth of the country. Interestingly enough, the readers who protest to the publication are almost invariably men and no one is addressing them at all.—M. H.

### The Great Open Spaces

GOVERNOR HANNA wanted to spend \$5,000 to collect accounts of Dakota frontier incidents and characters.

Rightly done this would have been a contribution of permanent value to our literature. But the State legislature declined to allow such an extravagance. That body has, however, passed an act making it a misdemeanor to smoke in a restaurant in North Dakota. This prohibition law is observed.

It is also contrary to statute in North Dakota to sell cigarettes, so a deck of Lucky Strikes costs twenty cents. Scotch is \$105 a case which, considering the proximity of the Canadian line, is unreasonable.—M. J.

### Macon, Ga.

THE season’s first straw hat appeared on the streets of Macon March 24, 10 A. M., Eastern Standard time. It was worn by a gentleman from Ty Ty, Ga., who had come here as delegate to the convention of the Woodmen of the World. Ty Ty put up a vigorous fight for the 1926 convention, but was beaten by Brunswick, which had sent two straw hats to the meeting.

The Chamber of Commerce has been staging a drive for funds which started out at a disadvantage.

Miss Eugenie Dennis, celebrated psychic from the Middle West, who has received 800,000 letters from admirers during the last three years, was questioned by an upstanding civic club member as to the probable outcome of the campaign. She announced that she “saw” \$2,800 to \$3,100 as the amount which would be raised. The Chamber was setting out for \$50,000, but Miss Dennis had not been reading the newspapers.

Business men have been unsuccessful in their effort to keep the local bill posting company from erecting signs advertising Miami.

The Lions’ Club of Columbus, Ga., has challenged the Lions’ Club of Macon to a baseball game, in order, as the secretary of the former organization sensibly phrased it, “to put the old State of Georgia on the map.” Rand-McNally please notice.

The Real Estate Board is advertising the city by placing circulars each morning before the tents of tin-canners at the Tourist Camp. These circulars read, “Good Morning.” The Board has also constructed tables to be placed under the trees on the camp grounds. A checker board is painted on the top of each table.

Citizens are planning to Do Something because the commission which has charge of building the New City Auditorium, in listing the Abstractions about the structure's cornices, placed Religion in the most inaccessible and unnoticeable spot. This is construed as an anti-Southern tendency.

Burden Smith & Co. has petitioned city council for use of the small auditorium for staging a Buster Brown demonstration. Buster Brown was a character in the comic supplements of the year 1900.  
—Mason Dixon

*Quebec and Neighborhood*

WE were prepared to find Quebec something like the *vieux carre* of New Orleans—or perhaps Montreal—an American town with a shadowy French past. It isn't so. It is a French town with a shadowy and discouraged Anglo-American future, so discouraged that it is the despair of visiting Kiwanians. On the Rue Couronne one hears less English than on the Rue du Rivoli, Paris. The spoken French of Quebec is surprisingly pure, despite the fact that a native is a "K'becker." The French in Montreal is not so good.

Driving from Montreal to Quebec we planned to spend the night at Three Rivers. The name sounded so remote and frontierry. When we got there we saw, in the order named, a street car, a Woolworth store and a cafeteria—and drove on. Three Rivers is an "American" boom lumber town.

Three days snowed in at a farm house in the Laurentide Mountains, thirty-five miles north of Quebec, which is as far as one can get in an automobile. Grandmere was crooning to the baby the air of "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More." A radio in the house, we concluded, because grandmere had only travelled as far as Quebec twice in her life. But there was no radio. How long had madame known that tune? She had always known it? Did she know the words? *Certainment.* Translated, they have nothing to do with the weather.

The odd part of this is that the "Ain't Goin' to Rain No More" seems to be an old Southern negro melody we have heard as long as we can remember.

Madame, who is past seventy, also sang "Turkey in the Straw" and insisted that she had heard her mother sing it. French words, of course. She finally consented to sing them slow enough for us to write them down. They are French all right. They ought to be suppressed.—*Quid*

*Vaudeville Talk*

VAUDE: How far is the post office from here?

Vill: Do you want to mail a letter or a postal?

Va: A letter.

Vi: Well, it's a half a mile.

Va: Suppose I wanted to mail a postal?

Vi: You couldn't, the post office burnt down this morning.

Va: You're a pretty fresh fellow, aren't you?

Vi: Oh, I get my share of women.

Va: How many shares do you hold?

Vi: Just one share at a time.

Va: What is your opinion of the women of this generation?

Vi: I don't know. All those I have been out with have been of the last generation.

Va: You don't seem to get me.

Vi: I don't want you, I don't even want your opinion.

Va: Well, why did you ask me for my opinion?

Vi: Well, I didn't think you had one.

Va: Is there any other post office around here except the one that burnt down?

Vi: Yes, there's one about a mile up the other way.

Va: Is it open now?

Vi: I don't think so; you see they tore it down when they built the one that burnt down to-day.—*Julius H. Marx*

*Jottings About Town*

*By Busybody*

SEVERAL plays are going to be produced here pretty soon, if you believe everything you see in the theatrical columns of the newspapers.

\* \* \*

Several citizens were present at the last meeting of the Board of Estimate.

\* \* \*

Quite nobby are the suitings appearing on some of our better Fifth Avenue young men.

\* \* \*

Inspection of the marriage registers of several of our churches indicates the existence of a strong connubial sentiment among our younger set.

\* \* \*

Czszlaz Zzzrski and Mrs. Zzzrski arrived from Europe yesterday after a tour including Ellis Island.

\* \* \*

The Laban Pettigrews of Five Corners, Kas., are in town for a vacation necessitated by two-dollar wheat.

\* \* \*

Heard in the Subway.


Passenger: Is this Canal Street?

Guard: Yes.

Passenger gets off.

FINE SHOES *AA* SINCE 1857

SHOES that add grace to the Spring costume—Parisian in their simplicity, American in their fit and finish.



\$15

Step-in Pump of light tan calfskin, alligator-trimmed

ANDREW ALEXANDER  
548 Fifth Avenue  
Above 45th Street

That Heavenly Look On The Cover . .

. . Was without doubt inspired by a vision of the rarely beautiful neckwear at BURNS.

Ties . . in endless, colorful abundance.

Fifth Avenue style and quality—off the Avenue prices.



Ombre stripe tie of Pussy-willow silk—lined with crepe silk. Hand tailored.

\$2.50



Fashionable Shepherd check tie of fine silk twill. Hand tailored.

\$2.00

“Burns”

Distinctive Wearables For Men  
4 West 43rd Street

Also operating  
THE COLLEGE SHOP  
Broadway at 113th Street



## What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

THE NEW YORKER's "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

For five dollars THE NEW YORKER will report to you at weekly intervals for a year.

Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER  
(\$2.50 for six months)

NAME.....

STREET AND NO.....

CITY AND STATE.....

THE NEW YORKER,  
25 West 45th Street, New York City,  
Dept. C.

# BOOKS

A FRIEND of ours thinks we owe Ford Madox Ford an apology. It seems like a fighting insult, but he explains. "You," he says, "know nothing of the society pictured in 'Some Do Not . . .,' or of how it behaved in wartime. I do; and Ford's portrayals are lenient."

It wasn't his portrayals that gravelled us, but his very ugly general view of life. For aught we cared, the English people he wrote about so well were indeed all the nasty things they called each other in his pages. However, the front page lawsuit news from London these last few weeks has lent so much color to our friend's opinion that our listing of "Some Do Not . . ." is revised as follows: "The truest and tenderest story of an English home since 'Enoch Arden.'" And Gosh knows we have steadily recommended it!

Here is a novel we like, yet do not recommend: "Mr. Godly Beside Himself," by Gerald Bullett (*Boni & Liveright*). Its beginning misled us; we took it for the usual pitiful thing about the old fool husband who romanticizes the stenographer. Instead, it is really a ground-and-lofty, stardust-bespangled fantasia—and phantasy, too, in the wish-fulfillment sense—into which you can read pretty much what you please, although you would do better just to read it as a humorous fairy tale, and let meanings occur to you afterward.

We don't recommend it because, in the multitudes who hang on our recommendations, there must be so many everyday folks it isn't for. We should hate to run across Thomas W. Lamont in a directors' meeting and have him say reproachfully, "John D., I have been deceived in you. I got 'Mr. Godly' at the library, and . . ."

Do you like both James Stephens and Stella Benson? If you do, you might like this. Not that it has a great deal in common with either.

Emil Fuchs's "With Pencil, Brush and Chisel: The Life of an Artist" (*Putnam*) is a large volume rather sumptuously and elaborately made, with many illustrations, some tipped in, and with tipped-in facsimiles of notes from Queen Alexandra. Fuchs is probably the best artist who was ever much received in the Guelph-Wetwin-Windsor households. He sat around the tables at Sandringham and sketched Edward and his guests playing bridge. He was sent for by Queen Victoria, de-

signed a medal for her, was summoned to Osborne to sketch her as she lay dead—and while so engaged was told by Wilhelm II how to do it.

We respect his career and admire his accomplishments more than we enjoy his account of them—although we have concluded that its somewhat too humble and poli-tenor is due mainly to his inexperience as a writer and his use of an acquired language.

It can always be said for Louis Joseph Vance that he makes his story move. But Lord, what stories! The new one takes a flyer in psycho-pathology and pseudo-spiritism. "The Road to En-Dor" is populated mainly with hysterics, affording dandy chances to ring out, wild bells, wild changes on multiple personality, shell shock, automatic writing, trances and fairs. We are no prude about the fact that those things have been worked hard. You can tell us the one about the girl with a small foot and snooty sisters, and if you tell it well we shall be as pleased as Christopher Robin Milne. Whether Vance tells his tale well is perhaps for his devotees to say. Among its other elements are a Puritanic father with an obsession that his son isn't his—hence all the tears, and one of those dear country doctors who save the day with medical miracles.

"The Story of Wilbur the Hat" (*Boni & Liveright*) is Hendrik van Loon fooling casually and amiably with the Dante scheme, and getting in a fanciful review of human achievement and satire on grooved-mindedness and materialism. There is hardly a fresh idea between its covers—and we loved it, which is more than we have his more ambitious "The Stories" of this and that. His drawings, full page with colors, are highly effective.

Another thing we loved, this rather shamefacedly, is, "The 8:45—Extracts From the Diary of John Skinner, a Commuter," by Robert M. Gay (*Atlantic Monthly Press*). It is just what it sounds like, done by a nice bright young man. But it jumped in our lap, turned around three times, and stayed until we finished it.

We hear of a new May Sinclair, out some time. Only death shall prevent our reporting on anything of May Sinclair's, even if we have to go the length of buying it.






Romain Rolland's  
Superb New Novel

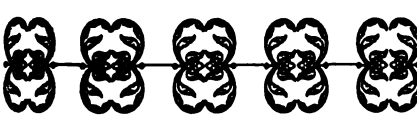
**ANNETTE  
and SYLVIE**

Translated by  
Ben Ray Redman



As compelling a study of a woman's inner-self as the author's masterpiece "Jean Christophe" was of a man. **\$2.50**


**Henry Holt & Company**  
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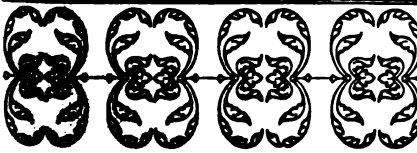
**THE  
HOLLIDAY  
BOOKSHOP**

10 WEST 47th STREET

*Current English  
Books*



Telephone:  
**BRYANT 8527**



**"Tell Me a Book to Read"**  
*Some of the Season's Novels We Think  
Best Worth While*

**ARROWSMITH**, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience in America. Lewis's best novel.

**SEGELFOSS TOWN**, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Thackeray, in his heaven on his sofa, reading novels, is having a grand time with this.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH**, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Du Maurier, on his cot, is re-reading this one. Daudet likes it, too.

**GOD'S STEPCHILDREN**, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Harriet Beecher Stowe is patiently trying to figure this out. She doesn't know what to make of the real mulattoes, quadroons, etc.

**LUCIENNE**, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Our connection with heaven has just been cut off—but a lot of them must be thinking well of this.

**PRISONERS**, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). As novelist also, Molnar puts on a good show.

**SOME DO NOT . . .**, by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*). Re-noticed in this issue.

**THE MATRIARCH**, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Bravura orchestral performance of a Jewish genealogy.

**SHORT STORIES**

**TALES OF HEARSAY**, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). You might begin Conrad by reading these four, and go on to "A Set of Six."

**BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS**

**MARBACKA**, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). It left us uncertain that we were not a little boy at Marbacka when she was a little girl.

**JOHN KEATS**, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes that pretty well exhaust the subject, but refresh the reader.

**LIVES AND TIMES**, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). If you must have your historical characters in glass cases, keep away from it.

**THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN**, by Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). What he is like and how he came to be, made painless for snifty intellects and pleasurable to you.

**WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Verse: wee kid stuff, that makes most other wee kid stuff look sickly.

**WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST** (*A. & C. Boni*). As much of him as he can put on paper.

**THE ROAR OF THE CROWD**, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). Corbett from the time he licked Choynski on the barge to the last time he tackled Jeffries, and in boyhood. His own book.



**Just a Real Good Car**

Auto Runs Over Boy's Head, But Will Live.  
—Headline in Hudson (N. J.) *Dispatch*

**Puritan Passions**

The Retail Milliners' Association of New England, in convention, was addressed by Miss Mary Silver on "The Evil Influences of the Immoral Motion Picture on the Mind of the Creator of the Beautiful in Millinery and Gowns."

—*Millinery Trade Review*

**A Southpaw Compliment**

Pershing Guest of Dawes at Luncheon—Vice-president goes to Chicago to-day to rest up.  
—Newspaper headline



It's a side street that doesn't work both ways.



**"Oh, to be  
in England"**—

now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

**BUT** if you can't shop in the West End, at least you can come to *Cruger's*, which is "Just Like London."

We have just received a shipment of stunning new English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English Gum Twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks promise to be more popular than ever. These may be had for \$1.00.

We will gladly send you sample swatches of all these ties.



**CRUGER'S  
INC.**  
Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York  
Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Ritz



### For Mid-Season and Summer~

The ever essential and style appealing scarf and neckpiece is now recognized as an indispensable article of miladi's wardrobe.

We are now showing a most interesting assortment of scarfs in all Fashion's favored Furs.

"It pays to buy  
where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.  
Furriers Exclusively  
Fifth Ave. Between 35<sup>th</sup> & 36<sup>th</sup> Sts. New York

A-JEK-L  
Furs

## THE SKY-LINE

TO read the story in a popular periodical or a daily newspaper relative to the opening or proposed plans of a new building, one might well wonder just what the architect had to do with the project. The article usually starts off by telling how many stories high it is or is to be, the number of square feet to each floor and the names of those who have already taken space. Then it tells something of its construction: the kind of stone used in the façade, the material used for ornamentation, and the general character of the design. This is followed by the name of the renting agent, the name of the general contractor, and often the names of some of the more important sub-contractors. The article closes with the name of the architect as a sort of "Amen." We declare that this is all wrong. The designer of the building deserves much more credit than is usually allotted him. He should be put in first place, and kept there.

A new structure has just sprung up on lower Fifth Avenue which attracts attention by the fact that it stops abruptly after reaching eight or nine floors. We assume more are to come, but it may be that the architects, Carrere & Hastings, are introducing a new idea in finishing a building to replace the old-time projecting cornice. We refer to the MacMillan Company building, in case you don't get down that way often and have not yet seen it. If you have seen it, though, you need not be told about it, that's certain. Come to think of it, perhaps the instalment idea has hit the building line, and the other stories will not be added till the next payment is due.

Speaking of lower Fifth Avenue, it has recently been announced that the old Brevoort Mansion at Ninth Street is to give way to a new apartment house. This old edifice has lasted longer than most of its neighbors, being now in its ninety-seventh (we think) year. This is not, as many seem to think, the Brevoort Hotel, which is across the street, and which took its name from the mansion opposite. The passing of these landmarks brings a tear to our eye, although only for an instant, for in a day or two, it seems, we are proudly calling attention to the new structure which stands in its stead.

A glance at some of the more prominent of the new buildings which line our important thoroughfares reveals a decided classic influence in our architectural designing. Of course, in adapting it to our modern requirements, our modern materials and our modern methods of construction, to say nothing of our set-back laws, we may have found the problem some-

what larger than we anticipated. But the influence is there, just the same, and cannot be concealed. The new store which Starrett & Van Vleck recently designed for Saks & Co. on Fifth Avenue is a masterpiece in department store architecture, although we do feel that the classic is almost too prominent in such a purely American institution as this. However, we are not going to criticize it, for it is good, and Greece and Rome never had any set-back laws to contend with, anyhow.

Yet there is a dignity about these classic adaptations which is fitting to many of our modern buildings. Look at the new Steinway Hall on West Fifty-seventh Street, for example. Its impressive dignity is most fitting. It seems to embody everything we expect Steinway to stand for—grand and upright. And the architects, Warren & Wetmore, those old scholars of the French school of design, are certainly to be congratulated. They have done a good job, and we doubt if any one could have solved the identical problem better. We like the sculptured ornament, the well-proportioned urns and, especially, the semi-circular overdoor panel. Architecture and sculpture, two allied arts, have long been separated and anything to bring about closer relationship between them will be well received.

But we must not depend on this classic influence too strongly, for our originality will suffer if we do. We hear too much of the styles and periods as it is. We often wonder, and we have cause to, if we really do possess any originality. Why not close up the old books; we have learned our lesson from them. Let us now do our own creating, profiting by the knowledge that the designs of the old masters have taught us. We surely will not admit that we are not capable of making our own designs. In fact, we see occasionally suggestions of sparkling originality of which we may well be proud, with great possibilities in its future development. You have not seen it, you say? Well, stroll over to Lexington Avenue and look at the Shelton Hotel first, and then we will talk more about it anon.

—R. W. S.

### Suggestions for the Subway "Sun"

The Interborough Railroad had no grade crossing accidents in 1924.

It is the only railroad that has dancing lights.

It has no upper berths.

It uses the simplest time table in the world—a train is always just pulling out as you get to the platform.

Its trains are the most popular in the world, a sure sign of excellence.—B. B.

*Speaking of Publicity*

**H**ISTORY is a record of those things which got publicity at the time they happened.

Wellington is given credit for winning the battle of Waterloo, and Bluecher, who was really responsible for Napoleon's defeat, had to be satisfied with having a style of shoe named for him.

La Fayette is the hero of a twentieth century slogan, while another distinguished foreigner, also active in the American Revolution, is known to-day chiefly by the town of Steubenville.

Shakespeare hangs on to the literary front page because every school teacher for over two centuries has acted as his voluntary press agent.

Ask anybody off-hand about America's leading poets, and he may waver between Eddie Guest and Walt Mason, but he is not likely to mention Edwin Arlington Robinson.

The men and the things that are remembered are those which chanced to have a touch of individual color, or else the deliberate co-operation of some exploitative genius. Nowadays it doesn't matter so much what you do as how many people get to know your name.—S. S.

*When Greek Meets Greek*

(A Modern Negotiation)

CHARACTERS: A couple of Greeks.

SCENE: A fruit-soda-delicatessen store.

FIRST GREEK: What it is you want for how much the apples?

SECOND GREEK: How much you want it is the apples?

FIRST GREEK: What it is how much you say?

SECOND GREEK: Ver' fine apples. You betcha.

FIRST GREEK: What how much it is they are?

SECOND GREEK: You lika the apples?

FIRST GREEK: To buy how much you want?

SECOND GREEK: I sell it is ver' cheap the apples.

FIRST GREEK: You say what how much it is.

SECOND GREEK: The apples I only sell the ver' best.

FIRST GREEK: And what they are for how much you ask?

SECOND GREEK: It is you want the apples, no?

FIRST GREEK: Aw, forget the apples. Give me a doz' orange.—H. I.

If the National Biscuit Company would pay a dainty compliment to New York, it will put on the local market a brand called Safe Crackers. Something hard on the outside, but with a rich, choice filling.

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 tre. Mats. 2:35, | Mats. Wed. & Sat.  
 Wed. & Sat. Eve- | at 2:30. Evenings  
 ning: 8:35. | 8:30.  
 ¶ Laurette Taylor in "Pierrot the Prodigal."  
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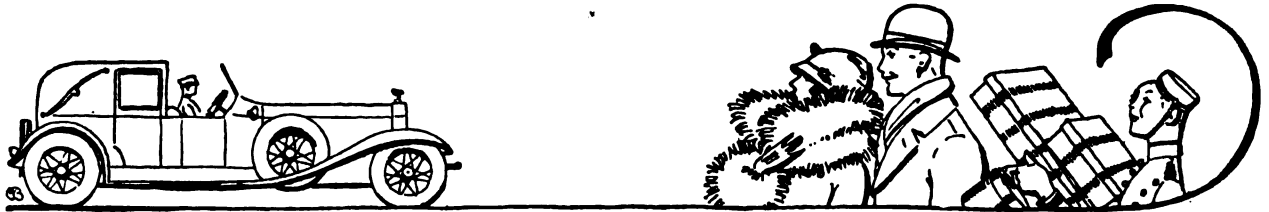
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**"GRASS,"** the motion picture record of tribal migrations in quest of pasturage on the lonely fringe of Persia, is at the Criterion Theatre. In many ways this is an extraordinary thing, for a tribe struggled with its cattle and its possessions over rivers and across the snow covered Zardeh Kuk Pass—to pastures new.

We admit that these people lose our sympathy because they struggle on sans shoes and in scanty clothing for some forty days through the snows of the pass. Even a primitive tribesman ought to have more sense. Still, in "Grass," there is some of that spirit which, in the dim past, must have led migratory tribes to push on and on. A record of this trip, by the way, has just been published by Putnam's.

If the producers want an electric light line from us, here it is: "GO TO GRASS, SAYS THE NEW YORKER!"

Texas Guinan, Hard Hearted Hannah and all the gals of El Fey Club moved over to the Famous Players' Astoria studios the other day to lend the right color to Alan Dwan's production, "Night Life in New York." Texas presided, as she does nightly; won a hand for Hannah and all the girls—and received \$2,500 for her pains.

Thus, unless the censors cut the scenes, Kansas, Iowa and other inland points can glimpse how Manhattan spends its evenings when it isn't trying to get Havana or Oakland on the radio.

It now seems definite that F. W. Murnau, who galvanized the stagnant photoplay into a flash of life with his "The Last Laugh," is coming to direct William Fox. At first we were a bit skeptical. We lost our last shred of faith when Sam Goldwyn said he was going to bring Freud to America. When Sam did come—with Vilma Banky, the pretty Viennese actress, on his arm—our faith toppled.

Murnau will be our most distinguished screen newcomer since Ernst Lubitsch came over. We can still recall the frigid way Hollywood looked upon Lubitsch, who is now considered a regular Californian.

Mickey Neilan went out to look Lubitsch over. The German wore the typically stiff Berlin suit of frugal after-war vintage.

"Who made those clothes?" someone asked Mickey.

"Must have been designed by Krupp," responded Neilan, getting back in his Stutz.



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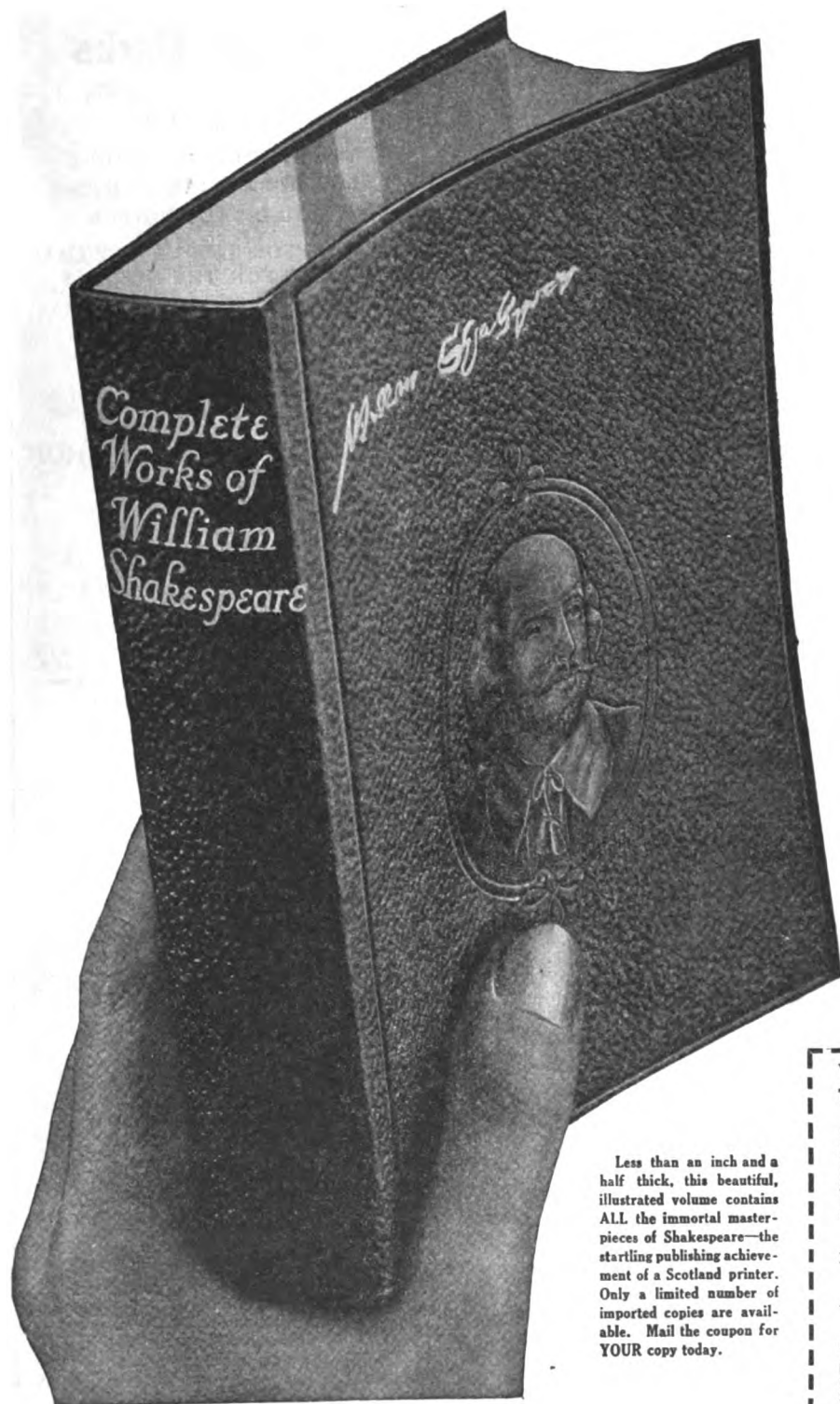
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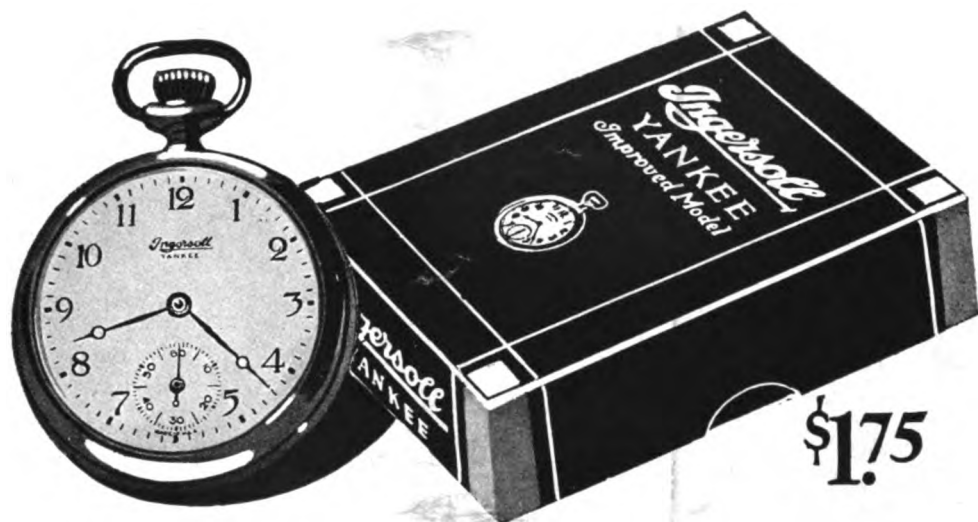
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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Our National Hero

A NICE New York lady with fluffy hair cried into her teacup when her afternoon paper announced that Gerald Chapman was to be hanged for murder. She said almost any woman could love this ratty little man, whose known history is a catalogue of the more reprehensible crimes, whose probable use for the women he knows is the cadet's and who, when he looks into any human face, does so with startling eyes of a blow-torch blue in which is the expression of humble hatred found in a small animal at bay.

New York men, too, showed a sympathy for the justly sentenced killer. It was a sympathy so frank and general that editors of New York newspapers, analyzing it, have unanimously chosen to console the reading public with hopeful predictions that Chapman, before the June day on which his neck is to be broken, will find a way to escape from the death yard in the prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut.

Every reason for this popular sympathy for the anti-social Mr. Chapman will be given—except the true one, which is that killing a cop is not quite generally regarded as murder.

New York would be satisfied if, for beating an armed New Britain constable to the draw, the State of Connecticut had imposed on Chapman a good sized fine accompanied, perhaps, by a severe reprimand from the bench.

The Hartford jury which convicted Chapman could have taken the popular point of view and could legally have chosen any one of three penalties less than the one of death.

Their reasons for not doing so were founded in things having little to do with the guilt or innocence of Chapman. The verdict was a fair one, but it was

reached by judicial processes that were unobjective from start to finish.

You do not have to go so far as Dubuque to find a definite hatred of New York and things from New York. In Connecticut there is a very lively detestation of the loud and happy neighbor down the Sound. People from New York, to mention only one Connecticut grievance, rush through the tidy little Yankee State in week-end automobile parties, which break the Sabbath and the speed laws. This breeds no great affection.

State Prosecutor Hugh Alcorn, when he got Chapman away from a Federal prison and delivered him over to Connecticut justice, gave his fellow townsmen a brilliant opportunity to rebuke, in the person of one of its most famous citizens, the Babylon beyond the Boundary.

Of that opportunity, Alcorn and congratulating brother puritans proceeded to take full advantage. The Hon. Newell Jennings, who presided over the trial, had been Alcorn's assistant in the prosecutor's office until, mainly through Alcorn's influence, he was promoted to the bench. In any panel of veniremen, there were sure to be many men who, during Alcorn's eighteen years of State office and Hartford practice, had made with him some litigious contact teaching them either to respect or fear his great local power.

Alcorn, who is allowed by law to continue private practice while in public office, handles thousands of suits against the great insurance companies of Hartford and every one of the fat judgments he has gotten has made a dozen supporters.

Alcorn further improved his chances by preparing a good circumstantial case and clinched victory when he begged the jury to protect New England against the bloody outlander who had dared to intrude with



his criminal projects into the puritan peace of their countryside—yes, “even into the shadow of the humble birthplace of our beloved president.”

It was perhaps the prosecutor's specious reference to Mr. Coolidge which finally reduced Chapman's chances to zero. But other things helped.

On the bench, Judge Jennings took a great dislike to the New York newspapermen who crowded the press space in his court and, after the manner of their kind, made it untidy. The shingled female representative of a Manhattan picture paper disturbed his sense of the fitness of august things. He allowed it to be understood that he would watch her closely for any sign of levity. The young lady showed none. She, too, cried bitterly when sentence on Chapman was pronounced.

**W**HEN the verdict was given, the jury celebrated the Connecticut triumph with an appropriate ceremony. Congratulated by the judge and informed that they could eat one more meal at the expense of the State, they each achieved the herculean feat of consuming \$5 worth of food at a Hartford hotel, the lunch ending on two helpings of pie all around.

It may not please us of New York that the circumstances which made virtuous Alcorn champion of Connecticut also made infamous Gerald the knight of Manhattan. We may regret that our colors are so

often carried abroad by the Nicky Arnsteins. . . .

But the thought of Chapman's worthy conduct under legal fire should be some consolation to our civic pride.

In the days before he took the stand to state his own case in language which shamed the grammar of his questioners, Chapman, the illiterate, read Conrad's "Lord Jim." He may have been struck by the similarity of his plight to that of Jim, trying to explain to the Admiralty justice the inexplicable.

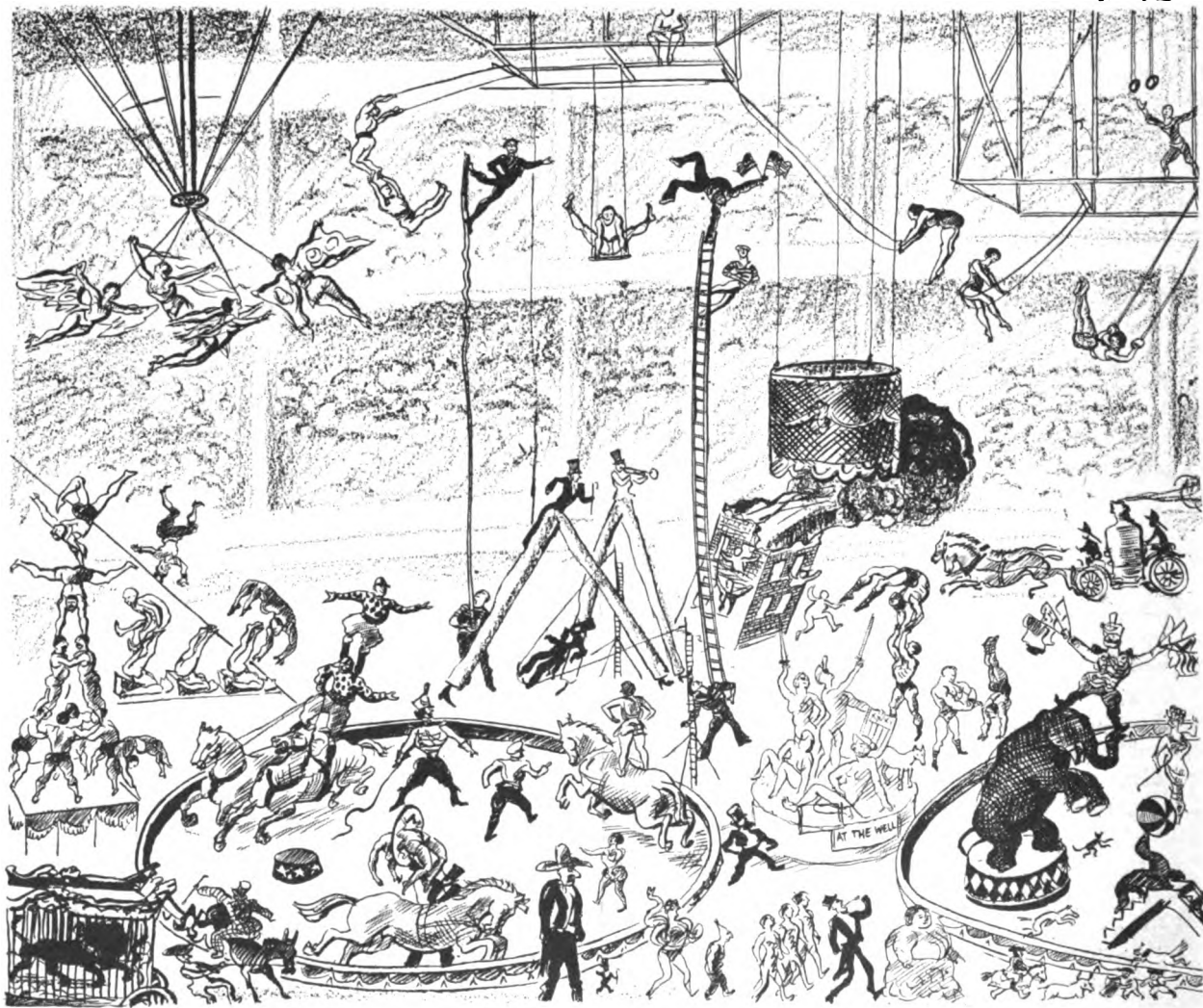
He, too, had to tell of things that none could understand. Why a man must steal because he has been a thief, why he must kill because he is hunted and why he must end on a gallows things begun in a reform school—this he understood, but could not relate.

One felt that, with each eloquent word he spoke, he became more unintelligible to twelve proper men; with each good sentence he formed he was more disliked by twelve indifferent parsers.

They will hang our New York bad man, quite rightly.

**O**NE thing is hard to believe about Gerald Chapman. And that is Chapman's more than movie-star eagerness to pose for the press photographers in profile, close-up, with his lawyers, his beloved Conrad books, and his favorite cigar stubs.

There was the dismal day, thus, when Chapman



*Lay-dees and-d Gent-tel-men-nm, I Now*

was arrested in New York with "Dutch" Anderson and a few others for the million-dollar postal robbery. Manacled to a detective, Chapman strode out of Police Headquarters after being properly fingerprinted, and ran into the omnipresent photographers.

He balked at posing, trying to shield his face with his straw hat. The photographers pleaded with the detectives to urge Chapman to look at the pretty birdie, lest they fail to catch the last edition.

"I won't do it," said Chapman, quite meekly.

"You won't, hey!" declared his braceleted companion. "Why, you (here insert a line from a current play) if you don't look right at that camera, I'll plant this fist in your (another line) jaw!"

And that's how Chapman learned to pose.

### Mr. Hearst Retires

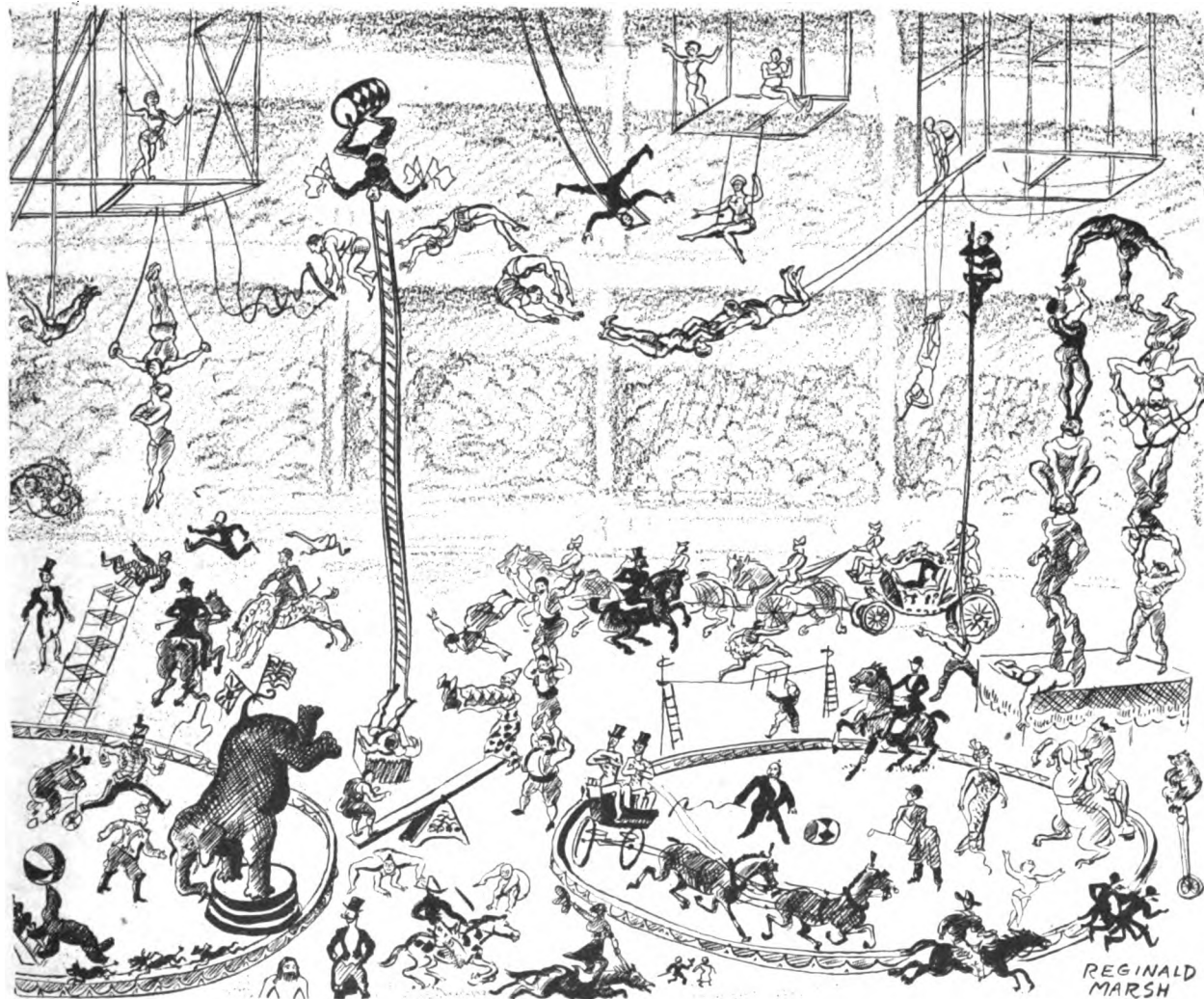
**W**ILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is slipping into retirement.

The handwriting has long been on the wall. As yet the retirement is not absolute and it will not be absolute, in all probability, until this world knows Hearst as a name only. But the master, nevertheless, is definitely passing out of the active picture in the Hearst publications.

Last fall Mr. Hearst went to his ranch at San Simeon, California. At the time it was said around

his offices and among his executives that he was to spend a month or two in the West. The month or two grew into three months. Then it was said that he would be back in New York by Christmas, or in January at the latest. In December he sent for Joseph Moore, official holder of the Hearst money bags. Moore went West and talked with his boss. When he returned, and overnight, *Hearst's International Magazine* was no more. It was consolidated, retaining the best features of both, with *Cosmopolitan*. And then Hearst's name disappeared from the mast head of the *New York American*, and Moore's appeared instead, as president of the organization.

These two incidents may seem trivial. First, a magazine consolidation, which was good business, for *Hearst's* was taking circulation away from *Cosmopolitan*, and second, the Hearst name dropping out of the *New York American*. But for many years it had been understood that, come what might, Hearst wanted his name on the magazine covers, no matter if he lost thousands of dollars thereby. *Hearst's International* was expected to exist as long as Hearst survived this orbit. It was the sacred thirty-five cent pieces of writing with the Hearst name on the label. Then, too, he had Norman Hapgood as editor, and under Hapgood's regime, *Hearst's International* went to a circulation figure of 500,000 and more—for the first time in its history.



Direct Yo' Kind At-ten-n-shun-nn—

The New York *American* has always been the paper that Hearst has personally directed. When he lived in New York, every edition, as it rolled from the presses, was sent to his Riverside Drive apartment, and later to the Ritz, by office boy. He would remake the editions, from time to time, by telephone. The *American* was the one Hearst paper that Hearst ran himself. That he was not very successful with it in a financial way has an obvious cause—every man he tired of elsewhere he assigned to the *American*, and some heavy salaries were and still are carried on its pay rolls. And now his name has been dropped from that paper. He asked Norman Hapgood to become editor of the *American* after the consolidation of *Hearst's* and *Cosmopolitan*, but Hapgood refused the title. Now Hapgood occupies a little office in the *American* building in William Street—the kind of office spoken of as a dungeon in the Hearst service.

**H**EARST has informed those close to him that from now on he intends to spend most of his time in California. He has been there continuously since last Fall, (a long visit for the nervous Mr. Hearst), and he intends to stay there. Trips will probably be made East, of course, but they will be short trips, and more for inspection than anything else. Just now when he wants any of his editors he sends for them. This does not displease them, for they achieve thereby a trip to California, and a week or two at San Simeon. Then back they come to their posts in the East, Middle West or South.

The real, active Hearst management has been left to the aforesaid Moore, who now runs the magazines and newspapers. Ray Long and Arthur Brisbane handle the editorial end for these two branches of the Hearst organization. The Hearst motion picture interests, save for the news reel, are now being disposed of, along with Marion Davies's contracts. The movies have been a far from profitable field for the publisher.

It was only a few years ago that Hearst started to enlarge his string of papers. Seattle, Baltimore, Fort Worth and San Antonio publications were added to his already extensive possessions. There have been no recent acquisitions, however, and the various Hearst papers have been told to keep expenses down and save and make money. A reign of economy and efficiency is setting in.

Mrs. Hearst, it is said, will remain in New York, where she has been giving large parties this season. The Riverside Drive apartments of the Hearsts were remodeled and redecorated more than a year ago, but Hearst has not lived there since. When work first started, he moved to the Ritz, leaving it only for California.

Mr. Hearst retires to San Simeon and its vast acres, with only the expense accounts of his editors whom he

sends for to worry about. He is not a young man,—he is sixty-two,—and he feels that his time to play has arrived. . . .

### *Tea and Things*

**T**HE most recent British conspiracy against the hurly-burly of American business life has terminated with the departure of Sir Charles Higham. This sleekly attired, pudgy Englishman, regarded as the foremost advertising man in his country, is determined that we shall no longer be denied an understanding of the blessings of tea. Sir Charles is a tea missionary, and he doesn't care whose tea is drunk, providing it is British tea.

A missionary should be a good fellow, and the jolly group that nightly congregated around Sir Charles's table in the smoking room of the Leviathan west bound had no reason to be disappointed in the good fellowship of their host. He didn't carry his enthusiasm for tea to the point where more animating fluids were excluded. During this voyage

across, however, Sir Charles experienced twenty-four hours of acute unpopularity.

As is customary, the pool speculators congregated to vote on the high and low numbers to be auctioned off. The Leviathan had been making good time: 616 knots the first day, 600 the second and 601 the third, but with a rougher sea and some head wind there was some belief among the smoking room sea dogs that the next day's run would not go beyond 590. At any rate, there were strong arguments advanced to have the numbers from 591 to 610 auctioned off, but Sir Charles insisted that the numbers be 595 to 614. He had the advantage of organization for, while the others who urged a lower starting number for the pool were scattered, Sir Charles had many friends.

Whether the suspicion was just or unjust, there was a disturbed feeling among those outside the Sir Charles circle that the whole scheme had been cut and dried. It had all the appearance of a low Yankee trick. Naturally, the bidding would be keenest for "low field" which means, as all good smoking room sailors know, that if the ship's run is less than the number of knots indicated by the lowest number in the auction, the bidder in of "low field" will win the pot. And, as it was generally believed that it was a part of Sir Charles's plan to obtain "low field," the bidding for all of the numbers was light, but they forced him up to \$250 for his "low field" ticket.

There were no sad faces the following day at noon when the ship's run was posted and it was found that 598 had won. The winner, who was not a member of the Sir Charles circle, collected his profits, which included Sir Charles's \$250 and the other minor amounts which he had bid in on unlucky numbers. At this point, the Englishman was unpopular.



It was announced that Sir Charles would be the pool auctioneer for the next day's run. He made a gallant come-back. He not only proved to be a suave and humorous merchandiser of numbers, but whenever he came to one of his own he forced the bidding to such an extent that when he was compelled to buy he bought at a higher figure than was warranted by previous sales. Yesterday was forgotten, and Sir Charles again presided at his popular tea table.

**Y**OU may, if you have ten dollars and receive an invitation, become a member of the Embassy Club of New York, and so become eligible to attend the nightly functions of the Embassy Club of London should you run over for the season this Summer. It might, however, be better to postpone your trip across until next year, because then the Prince will have returned from South Africa.

Invitations are being sent these gay Spring mornings to a carefully selected list of persons; that is to say, to most persons owning town residences not situated in Brownsville or the Bronx. They are put

out over some impressive names, including that of the affable Messmore Kendall. There are, to be sure, others—thus, Lawrence S. Butler, Frank Hitchcock, Alexander Duer Irving, Robert McBride, Walter S. Andrews Jr., Bradford Norman, Jr., Paul Phelan, William M. Sullivan, Daniel J. Wagstaff and J. Lorimer Worden.

The Embassy Club has acquired for its home the building at 695 Fifth Avenue, which is being done over to furnish the members with card rooms, mah jongg rooms (although this last seems a waste of space); a beauty parlor, if that is what is meant by the *salon de beauté*; suites for private affairs and various dining rooms. Luncheon, tea, dinner and supper will be served, with music designed to inspire those energetic movements known at present as dancing.

When the Embassy Club opens formally, it is believed that Mr. Michael Arlen will be invited to attend, if he survives Hollywood. When he writes his inevitable novel of New York's charming people, it is hoped, he will do as well by the local exquisites as he did by the Trevors and Shelmerdenes of London; remembering, of course, that what is a drink in London is an adventure in New York.





Ida Tarbell



Frederick J. Groehl

# THE HOUR GLASS



Lewis E. Lawes



Helen Westley

## Priestess of a Dead Era

**T**HOSE were brave days when the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst was abroad in the city; when the Big Stick as yet was unfashioned; when Robert M. La Follette, the young governor of a State strangely called Wisconsin, spoke of John D. Rockefeller as "the greatest criminal of the age"; when, in other words, Ida Minerva Tarbell had published her amazing history of the Standard Oil Company. It was the dawn of the muck-raking era, that wild decade when McClure, and Hampton, and Ridgway unloosed the hounds of the monthly press and boosted circulations to unheard-of totals. It was a great, mad time, now as dead as the Pharaohs—or the type of journal it prospered.

The High Priestess of the Age was Ida Tarbell, first great woman journalist, and the most able.

She was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and she lived through her girlhood in the Bradford oil district, watching the bitter and hopeless struggles of independents against organization. Her father, once a schoolteacher, was among those forced under by the merciless methods of the time. For that hurt, his daughter's later book was ample, if unmeant, revenge.

She has reached now the age delicately referred to as matronly: a bit worn; a bit more tolerant, if ever she was intolerant, who dealt so strongly in truths; perhaps a trifle disillusioned about the capacity of the American people for sustained indignation. As to this last, none can be sure. We shall know when her present work is completed. For surely a *Life of E. H. Gary* by Ida Tarbell cannot be other than a surrender or a brave rallying about her shot-torn banner.

## The Guild's Helen

**T**HIS Helen bids fair to launch a thousand plays, as now she has launched a theatre; surely more important than a like number of wooden ships.

Her career is one of the few which has been a triumph of ability over publicity; perhaps one should say, over lack of publicity. She has gained eminence not by taking milk baths, nor by announcing her devotion to her dear public, but by doing a job of work in every rôle assigned to her.

She is not a person of aggressive charm. Nobody really charming is. She is not a person of aggressive anything. She merely contributes keen intelligence to the problems arising, and lets them go at that. The result is that they go very well.

She fell in first with the Washington Square Players and, when the Theatre Guild arose from the war wreckage of the former, she was at hand. There

have been guest stars and fine players, but none who trod the Garrick boards has been so consistently fine as Helen Westley.

## A Man of Sense

**O**NE is struck by a recurring feature of the public utterances of Major Lewis E. Lawes, thirty-ninth warden of Sing Sing Prison—that of denial. He seems to be forever denying: that teaching prisoners trades will lead to more criminality; that recreation implies coddling; that any number of indignant citizens know what they are talking about. What one gathers from the many stands the man has been forced to make is that he is a person of sound common sense. This impression, one learns, is correct.

He has been associated with prisons, in official capacities, for twenty-odd years; and the records of his administrations show sanity. No undue harshness; no false sentimentality. Just plain, humane fairness. It is a large achievement for any man to have attained and held through a score of years.

## For the Defense

**T**HERE may be more money for the legal giant who sits in the coolth of corporation councils, but his brother of the criminal branch surely stands longer and more brilliantly in the warm light that beats about the defendant.

Frederick J. Groehl has been basking in that light since soon after he was admitted to practice at the bar. He was an assistant under two district attorneys—Whitman and Perkins—sharing with the former the great moments of the Becker trials; the periodical investigations of police inspectors' doings; the wire tapping prosecutions which flared sporadically.

For a time he was a magistrate and, after that, whatever is the legal equivalent to medicine's general practitioner. But the lure of the criminal court drew him, and he returned; this time to stand for the defense. He was counsel for our national hero, Gerald Chapman, when that slim young man was tried for the audacious mail truck robbery, at which time he tried to prove that his client possessed purity even beyond Ivory Soap's high percentage. With his later works, in the Hartford murder trial, the country has been made more than familiar.

From the public's standpoint, this last endeavor may be the pinnacle of Mr. Groehl's career. Even his colleagues may be a bit envious of it. Not every lawyer's summation receives as much space in the papers as a President's message. But, then, not every defendant is a Gerald Chapman.



**M**ODOM never forgets a customer nor remembers a patron—except, of course, long enough to send him a bill. She carries in her keen mind knowledge ample for the enrichment of every divorce lawyer in New York, Reno and Paris, but none spills over. Her ledgers are all of the looseleaf variety, one sheet to an account. Subpoena servers who have penetrated sometimes to the secluded office of *Maison Soirée* have been met by *Modom's* bland smile—and

failure. Their chagrin has not been lessened by their noting the black embers, such as burned papers make, in the fireplace.

The secrets of *Maison Soirée* are, you see, as inviolate as those of the confessional; and, like them, concerned chiefly with the most popular sin.

She has tact to give away, has *Modom*. She knows instinctively, if not by previous dealings, whether to refer to the young lady escorted by the distinguished elderly gentleman as "*Modom*," in which event she is addressed direct and it is she who is flattered, or "*M'sieu's ward*," in which instance it is the holder of the check book who receives the fairest smiles and the more subtle compliments.

You may not, of course, know *Modom*. Many estimable ladies and gentlemen do not. In fact, it is almost a mark of esteem not to enjoy her acquaintance. But you must know *Maison Soirée*, that charming four-story building whose limestone exterior makes such a shining place for it amid the brownstone dwellings which crowd on either side, toward and away from the Avenue. For *Modom* is *couturier* to the most expensively and expansively dressed ladies of New York, and *Maison Soirée* is her place of business. Perhaps one might say "Her Temple," if one remembers while saying it that certain period in Alexandria when temples were devoted to priestesses heavenly of beauty, if not of heart.

Call it Her Temple, then. Its furnishings—so rich, so chaste, so lovely—will not belie the choice.

It is the Hour of Service—four o'clock. Elderly gentlemen of affairs are free from the calls of business and may be persuaded now to drop off at *Maison Soirée* on their way to an afternoon cocktail in one of those cute, little apartments where they are so often not at home.

Let us enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, that long *salon* which takes up nearly the entire second floor. There are deep, comfortable couches about and heavily upholstered chairs, such as elderly gentlemen appreciate. At the far end is a dais, rich hangings falling apart to permit emergence of the models who walk to and fro with the peculiar, undulating stride of their type



## MODOM

and disappear whence they came. They never smile, these models. *Modom* insists that they never smile. A model who ceases to be a model never returns as a customer to the place where she was employed. Human nature is thus strange.

It is four o'clock and *Modom* is officiating as high priestess.

"*M'sieu* will observe how well would the draping of that gown become the figure of his ward," she murmurs. Or, "I appeal to *M'sieu* if the Nile green would not be

lovely for the blonde hair and the fair coloring of *M'sieu's ward*." Or, "*M'selle* may be thankful to have a guardian of such taste as *M'sieu*."

The wishes of *M'sieu's* blonde ward are noted duly and sympathetically, and deferred to, but it is to *M'sieu* himself that *Modom* bends her best efforts. She knows where is the sales resistance.

Presently *M'sieu* makes plain, masculine signs indicating a wish to converse privily with *Modom*. That is to say, he half rises from his chair several times. He beats a soundless tattoo on the deep rug. His eyes roam the ceiling.

*Modom* interprets correctly. She purrs: "If *M'selle* would be so good as to accompany my assistant to the fitting room."

There are several coughs and clearings of throat before *M'sieu* delivers himself of what is on his mind.

"Want my ward well-dressed. Smart," he announces, gruffly. "Put her in your hands. Give her credit for—"

"For," *Modom* prompts.

"Five thousand."

"*M'sieu* is generous."

This done, *M'sieu* unbends. The preliminary part of the business always is somewhat of a trial for him. He is relieved to have it over with.

"Good-looking, isn't she?" he asks, genially.

"*Très*," *Modom* cordially agrees. "The most beautiful of all *M'sieu's* beautiful wards."

There is one bit more to the ceremony. *Modom* suavely detaches herself and proceeds to the fitting room. *M'sieu's* ward is waiting, all eagerness.

"How much?" she demands.

"Five," *Modom* informs her, tersely.

"The usual arrangement?" bargains *M'sieu's* ward, her voice ringing hard now in contrast to the cooing softness that permeated it when she was in the *salon*, within hearing of Her Guardian.

"Two thousand cash; two thousand credit," *Modom* purrs.

"I'll call for the check in the morning," says the most beautiful of all *M'sieu's* beautiful wards.

"About noon," murmurs *Modom*, and buses her-

self with suggestions about the fitting.

And now the ceremony is done. M'sieu and M'sieu's blonde ward have departed for that deferred cocktail in the cute, little apartment. *Modom* has time to relax from the rôle of High Priestess and speak casually to her assistant.

"Poor girl. It was time to find a guardian and get

some new clothes," she murmurs.

"Pretty shabby, she was," comments the fitter.

"Shabby?" echoes *Modom*, and smiles, for she is about to permit herself a familiar pun. "She looked positively unkept."

"Well, she isn't any longer," observes the assistant. Fitters are so matter-of-fact.

—James Kevin McGuinness

## THE SACRED WHITE COW

IT is high time that journalism should be placed, by a law or laws, if necessary, upon an honest basis. As a newspaper reader I have for many years been pondering upon a Campaign to emancipate the nation from the menace of the Sacred White Cow—a menace which the press with its blunt disregard for the finer honesties of expression is daily increasing.

I do not refer so much to the reports of fires, stabbings, bankruptcies, drunkenness, infidelities and other items of vast public interest. It is that the part of the press devoted to the quotations and opinions from Prominent Citizens on burning moral issues that stands in crying need of reform.

A law making it a criminal offence to quote anybody in the newspapers unless his or her picture is published at the top of the column with a full and authoritative phrenological chart of the lady or gentleman doing the talking underneath would strike a vital blow at the present state of affairs. In addition, a photograph of the person responsible for the writing of the article, printed in a conspicuous place together with a short biography and the findings of a Binet test or a stomach analysis in bold type would be another forward step.

Hardly an edition of a daily newspaper appears that does not strikingly reveal the necessity for such reform. One is continually being confronted with statements from Prominent People that the modern girl is going to hell fast, that modern fashions are reducing our country to a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah, that the present reign of lawlessness is caused by dancing, late hours, disregard for home and mother and so on.

I have never understood why the newspapers pay any attention to the remarks of these Prominent Citizens who, obviously, are trying to forget they are suffering from hardening of the arteries by immersing themselves in prayers for the world's salvation. Neither have I been able to understand why the editors of these same newspapers send out their reporters to interview only the weak, the doddering and the infirm when seeking opinions on burning Moral Issues.

There is in New York and every other town a distinct and accredited colony of Sacred White Cows whose chief diversion it is to totter into print with answers to such riddles as "is the theatre an incubator of sin?" and "should we have war with China?"

Whenever anything happens involving a mooted question of morality—which, by our own count, is every fourteen minutes—one of these White Cows is

wakened, even if the public crisis has arisen after ten p.m., and lured away from his hot water bag long enough to express himself over the bedside telephone, his sentiments being heralded as Public Opinion.

Occasionally, some citizen in full possession of his teeth, hair and other glories, by dint of intrigue, bribery and diligent personal application, succeeds in prying into the newspaper columns with an Opinion. The results are always as startling as they are refreshing. But thanks to the great majority of Prominent Moral Authorities, who are always being coaxed into airing their headaches and liver troubles in the press, the newspapers sound like a daily bulletin from an infirmary ward.

One sees the headline "There is Too Much Noise, Says Prominent Banker," yet nowhere in the story is there a hint that the Authority is suffering from chemical headaches and a touch of dropsy.

"There Is Too Much Immoral Dancing, Says Prominent Social Worker," a full length photograph of whom revealing the unfortunate blight of a club foot would enable the reader to go a long way in determining for himself the truth of the matter. But the photograph, in the absence of any law, is omitted.

"Spooning Should Be Stopped, Claims Prominent Minister." But where is the photograph showing him returning the Galvanic Electric Belt to the New Life Association as useless?

"Our Young People Are Steeped in Depravity, Announces Prominent Financier," and instead of a sworn and testified-to photograph of this authority being gently wheeled through the park by his nurse we are betrayed by a cabinet photo, vintage of 1883.

I merely sketch some of the innumerable difficulties confronting the honest newspaper reader in his efforts to arrive at a true valuation of life. It is extremely probable that there will be some difficulty in putting the Campaign I have suggested for the rehabilitation of Journalism over the Top. The newspapers no doubt feel that there would be small chance to drum up any circulation out of attacks on the Immorality of our times if the Authorities who are continually pointing with alarm against wine, woman and song, were revealed as they are.

Faced with such an eventuality, the only hope for the public lies in the drastic gesture of repealing the present iniquitous law which makes it compulsory for citizens of whatever age or belief to read the columns of the newspapers from end to end before finishing their coffee.—Ben Hecht



# PROFILES

291

HE dresses like a business man; he looks like a Bedouin. In his letters he signs himself with a number. And if you were to tell him that this is a characteristic of the inhabitants of Sing Sing, he would say: "Well, why not? Perhaps we have more than that in common."

In Europe, they know him perhaps more widely than here as Alfred Stieglitz, the first and supreme master of the photograph. He has been invited to live in Germany where, they assure him, "they can use him." Last year a crony of Albert Einstein came over and begged him to join their little group since in spirit and in work he was one of them already. But Stieglitz will never leave America. He loves his land too bitterly and too well. Where else could he hope to receive such copious draughts of unrecognition? Where else find such occasion to suffer creatively and loudly?

Of course, 291 was once the number of the house on Fifth Avenue where Stieglitz opened the Photo-Secession Gallery twenty years ago. Here, our good citizens and critics had their first chance to howl at Cézanne, sneer at Matisse, gasp at Picasso, turn away from Rodin. Here our native art patrons, faced by a gray-haired, exquisite-lipped seer who never was silent and who, talking wildly of himself, seemed miraculously to be revealing all the world, were made for the first time to feel that their purchases of Rembrandt and Reynolds were not so smart as they had thought. They were amazed at being forced to look at native atrocities signed Marin, Dove, Walkowitz, Weber, Hartley—which at the end they bought at European figures.

Then came the war. In the deluge of general progress, the gallery at 291 dwindled and disappeared. Even the old building had to give way for a modern structure. Stieglitz recalled that he had been a photographer of parts before the times conspired to make him chief prophet to the Philistines and a furnisher of food, roofs and spiritual nurture to a large proportion of the American artists who since have become famous even among the Philistines. He began once more to turn his camera upon the faces of men, the bodies of women, upon the skies and the trees. He saw deep; he made his camera see deep. Issued forth that procession of inscrutable records which artists and scientists agree to accept as unprece-

ented marvels: for they are mere sincere, mechanical equivalents of natural scenes and stuffs and yet possess the plastic qualities, the compositional depth of works of art.



Alfred Stieglitz

These are phases of the man: his pictures, his marketing and boosting (of course without a fee) of the pictures of others, his perpetual personal care of the makers of pictures. But Stieglitz has another activity which is constant—and essential. He talks. He has talked for thirty years. His photographs are marvels; his educational influence on the cultural *milieu* has been far greater than that of twenty preachers and professors. But all this is as naught compared to the prophetic and Homeric nature of his talk.

Once, long ago before the Gallery of 291, in the days when Stieglitz was putting photography "on the map", he went to London purposely to talk to Bernard Shaw who had said some silly things on the subject. He caught cold on the

channel and when he arrived at his hotel, he had lost his voice. He was lunching with Shaw on the morrow. He wired, breaking his engagement and left England at once. Unable to talk to Shaw, he did not wish to see him: he did not wish to hear Shaw talk to him.

This anecdote reveals much of Alfred Stieglitz, and of his ruthless self-direction. The most monomaniac money magnate is a loafer and wool gatherer in the business of earning, compared with the intensity of Stieglitz in his business of *seeking*. Quite literally this man is devoting *all his life* to a quest of the truth. Not a tithe of it, mind you: not what is left over after filling his belly, after getting on in the world, after serving his friends, after loving his family. **ALL HIS LIFE.** Eating, sleeping, friendship, work and play have no reality for this man, save insofar as they serve him in his quest. He has helped more persons than is required by any church: but he does not care about persons. He has launched the art of a new century in a new world: but he does not care about art. He is hunting the truth. And like a vigilant bug whose antennæ are forever vibrant before it, so the voice of Stieglitz, which never tires, never subsides—which is his instrument of contact with the raw materials of life—the people whom he meets—from whom he extracts his spiritual food.

You will see now why Stieglitz's talk differs from

that of other men; and why, being unable to talk to Shaw, he did not care to see him. Stieglitz will talk to you for two hours. At the end whereof, you may be exhausted: but he *knows you*. His words have agglutinated you, digested you, swallowed you. If you let Stieglitz talk to you for a year, you will have become wholly part of Stieglitz.

You will now understand the true purpose of his exhibitions—the old ones at 291 Fifth Avenue or the more recent at the Anderson Galleries. It is true that when Stieglitz gives a Show, the best of America or Europe is likely to be on the walls. This is because the best is bait for the best people. And Stieglitz wants the best people to come to his shows, so that he can talk to the best people—so that he can stimulate the best people; turn them into his own spiritual food. Innocent art lovers complain.

"We come here to admire these things," they say, "and the noisy old man talks so much we can't see the pictures."

They do not understand. Stieglitz does not care whether they see the pictures or no: *he* wants to see *them*. And his eyes are words, his digestive apparatus is words: with his words he "eats 'em alive."

The failure to understand this simple metaphysical fact explains the sentimental gloss which for many years our young adventurers in the arts have been

writing about Stieglitz. It is true that he used to have a table at the old Holland House where any hungry artist was sure at least of a lunch; it is true that Arthur Dove, John Marin, Abraham Walkowitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Weber, Marsden Hartley, etc., etc., were fathered by this man; and it is true that he will show to any visitor at any hour his own photographs—a true *Divina Commedia*, ranging from the Inferno of his early pictures of the city, through the Purgatory of his portraits of friends, to the Paradise—the latest set of studies of cloud, sun, mist, ethereal space that hold a divinity and an infinity of vision. But all of these are means to the Stieglitzian end. He is hunting, feeling, for the truth. His friends and the art of all the ages are to him what mice and monkeys are to the vivisectioning scientist.

His life is a dynamic gesture, as of Life itself, trying to find out what Life is. Can you imagine God moving a finger over His own Body in an effort of self-understanding? That slightly metaphysical image is the closest symbol I can get for Stieglitz. He himself is such a finger. Not his mind, not his will—his very physical life is Search. And that unfaltering voice which has worn out so many of his friends is his essential feature: moving forever forward into the Mystery, seeking, testing, enveloping, passing. . . .

—Search-light

## Metropolitan Monotypes

*It takes all kinds*

*To make a town like ours.*

**T**HERE is, for instance, the Man Who Comes Here on Business. The first thing he asks for When he steps off the Twentieth Century Is the address of a good bootlegger, Because he had room in his bag For only one bottle. If the bottle happens to be Scotch, He shares it freely with all-comers; If it happens to be rye, He shares it with those whom he likes well; If it happens to be Bourbon, He doesn't mention it at all, But consumes it in the strictest privacy. The Man Who Is Here on Business Eats great big oysters every meal, And whatever other sea food is handy, Explaining that he doesn't get it at home. He overtips the waiters outrageously, And wants to know if fifty cents isn't about right

For the nice little cloakroom girl.

He is always asking if a woman at the next table Isn't Gloria Swanson or Peggy Joyce.

His associates at this end of the wire

Are expected to produce instantly

Tickets for all the \$8.80-\$11.10 shows—

Tickets for which he insists on paying, of course; What's an expense account among assistant sales managers?

Unaccustomed themselves to such prodigality,

The poor associates strive to please

And sit up later and drink more in three days

Than in a dozen week-ends.

Departing after many telegrams and long distance calls,

He tells them that if he lived in New York

He would never get a thing done.

Neither, the poor devils think, would they.

*It takes all kinds*

*To make a town like ours.*

—Baird Leonard



NORMAN



"**R**UIN," by Hatcher Hughes, is a good folk play. According to what that means to you, you will or will not continue reading this notice. Either way, it will all be the same a hundred years from now.

Mr. Hughes, it will be remembered, particularly by those who look it up in the *World Almanac*, won the Pulitzer Prize last year with his "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." "Ruin," the new play, has this similarity with "Hell-Bent" that it deals largely with the same sort of people and that it, too, is characterized throughout by unforcedly true dialogue, actual, unselected and racy as the soil from which it springs. There is, in this case, a bit of a plot on which to drape the talk—a young woman, hitherto held in a warm but distant admiration by the swains of the county, suddenly becomes the subject of insistent and intensive adoration once the ice is broken on those chaste lips by the forward kiss of an errant outlander. But the plot is not so much and the piece might as well have called it a performance an hour before its final curtain actually fell, without damage to any save those who wanted to hear some more language.

There was a typical Provincetown Playhouse production. That is, the director had been at some pains to think up something that would harmonize with the hard wooden benches on which this department annually spends the evenings of a week of its life. And if the Provincetown Playhouse wants to draw up a contract turning its Macdougall Street Schauspielhaus over to a restaurateur, a mortician or a public relations council, this department will agree to provide a high-class lawyer to make the necessary arrangements at its own expense.

**T**HE same sporting offer goes double for Daly's Sixty-third Street Theatre, with a special bribe for any one who gets Sixty-third Street, between Broadway and Central Park West, officially declared a no-way street. This time it's "The Dunce Boy" that has brought on this department's old attack of Schrecklichkeit.

The hero of "The Dunce Boy"

is mad and so is this department, for having gone to it. If you interrupt to say that the hero is not mad, but is just an idiot, this department still insists that the rest of the sentence can stand as written.

Gareth Hughes is that hero and he does his best to make idiocy a capital offense. For one thing, he talks like an Indian in a caption by Cecil B. DeMille. Second, from whatever angle you look at him, he is always standing in profile. And he jumps around so much that a lot of people refused to believe in the script's intimation of the pre-natal influence of the sound of the nearby saw mill and went around spreading the report that his mother had been scared by a pogo stick.

There is enough good writing in the play to warrant an insistence that Lulu Vollmer, the author, keep on writing, but first she should take a good long rest. Afterward, maybe, her characters would resemble human beings whose lives are influenced by the things going on inside of them.

There is a saw mill, as has been intimated, in the play, and it comes in pretty handy, too, for the idiot boy kills himself on it for a final curtain. But it all goes to show how the American theatre has advanced and become more delicate and less obvious in the last twenty years. In "Blue Jeans," the circular saw was on stage, but now it is off toward the star's dressing room.

### The New Plays

**THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.** *At the Forty-eighth Street. A revival of Charles Rann Kennedy's play.*

**RUIN.** *At the Provincetown. Thar's gold in them thar South Carolina mountains, for Hatcher Hughes.*

**THE DUNCE BOY.** *At Daly's Sixty-third Street. Starts late and is over early, but neither one enough.*

**THE MIKADO.** *At the Forty-fourth Street. A pretentious representation of a little thing of Gilbert and Sullivan's.*

**THE BACKSLAPPER.** *At the Hudson. A backslapper, in case you don't know, is a good deal of a show-off, the producers hope.*

**WILD BIRDS.** *At the Cherry Lane. A New York production of a play that aroused great interest in the West not so long ago.*

"**E**VE'S LEAVES," which was at Wallack's the night it opened, but which has since closed, was, if memory serves, all about a male dressmaker who achieved his hellish designs on the young women of Rye, New York, by tempting them with fashionable apparel which they did not have the money to buy. As part of his plan, he carried the apparel around with him, in a big card-board box. Upon such rare occasions as he was spurned, he packed his lures back into the box and went to call at the next address.

About ten minutes before the fall of the final curtain, the heroine, who had come to her moral senses and refused payment in kind after she had run through \$52,000 worth of the male

modiste's stock, started making mysterious cracks to her husband. He was, she announced, to buy him the finest in the market.

Well, there was a lot of argument, but it came out that she meant a bassinet.

"You could," he said, "have knocked me over with a feather."

### And They Do Say—

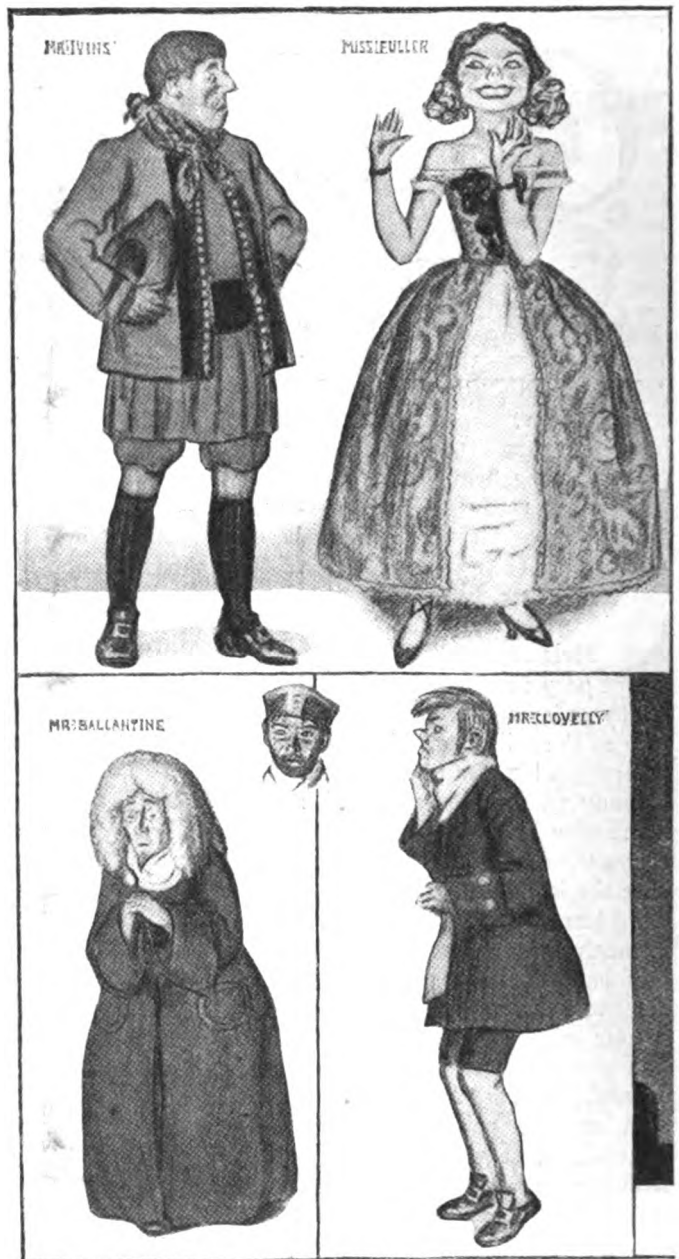
THE recent death of Frank Fogarty revived, as the ensuing anecdote is in part designed to show, the interesting topic of how easy it is for the authorship of a *mot* to become a matter of dispute in a very short time. Thus, as an ink-stained wretch was about to chronicle Mr. Fogarty's most celebrated line, he was told by a friend that it was not Mr. Fogarty's at all, but Loney Haskell's. Whereupon another friend insisted that it was not Mr. Haskell's at all but Jim Thornton's, and so before anyone could say Jack Robinson pen and ink were fetched and an inquiry to *Variety* to settle a bet between A and B was on its way. (C and D have since submitted the names of Willie Collier and Wilton Lackaye.)

At all events, about ten years ago Fogarty or Collier or Lackaye or Haskell or Thornton, henceforth to be known as Boop, was on the program at Hammerstein's Victoria. Boop, however, was somewhat in the shadow, for the headline offering was that of two young women who had the week before achieved the front pages of the nation's papers by shooting the litigious Mr. Stokes in the Hotel Ansonia.

Came then the afternoon of the girls' debut. They could not dance, sing, act, swing on the trapeze or imitate bird calls and their stage presence was worse. They left the stage in a chilly silence.

Mr. Boop followed them on.

"If they want another week," he announced, "they'll have to shoot another man."



### SIDE STREET TRAGEDIES

For twelve years Aunt Annie Abingwell  
Went on a trip to New York,  
From her home in Oshkosh, Maryland,  
Once at Easter and once in September,  
Preparing for it carefully  
By dressing herself in gorgeous  
Silk lingerie  
She never thought of wearing  
Any other time.  
She did this, she explained,  
So if ever she fainted  
Right on Broadway  
She might not be ashamed.  
And on her last trip  
She did faint.  
But the policeman revived her  
Without undoing  
Any of her clothes.

Mr. William Smitherby,  
Who had the sun-parlor  
On the second floor,

Had just about decided  
He ought to take a wife,  
And with this end in view  
Cherished a magazine  
Which had an advertisement  
Of a marrying bureau  
To which you sent your picture  
And six dollars  
And they did the rest.  
An excellent scheme,  
He confided to Mrs. Walsh,  
His boarding house lady,  
But he wasn't quite sure  
It was worth the six dollars.

Young Horace Emery  
Felt a thrill of pride  
When Mrs. Heddonfield on the train  
Kissed him good-bye  
And went off to Reno  
To get rid of her husband  
So she could marry him.

"I'll write you the news!"  
She chirped from the platform.  
And a month later  
The good word arrived.  
She had got her decree  
And married the judge.

The point about Miss Clarke  
Was how young she remained  
Though every one knew  
She was forty-six or more.  
Years of contact with children  
Is what kept her young.  
And when the other day  
She announced her engagement  
To the assistant principal  
All the girls were glad  
And asked her how soon  
She expected to be married.  
"Oh, there isn't any hurry,"  
Said Miss Clarke, brightly.  
"I've got loads of time!"

—William Weer



“LOVE FOR LOVE”

HERE are some of the actors who are doing Mr. Congreve’s “Love for Love” very acceptably at the Greenwich Village Theatre. In the center picture, Mr. Howlett is trying to make Miss Freeman do something she doesn’t want to do. In the upper left, Miss Fuller, with great eclat, is calling Mr. Ivins a big, ugly sea cow.



**Is Mr. Coolidge a “Perpetual Benefactor”?**

I have the great honor to notify you that you have been elected a member of the Valley Forge Historical Society. I hope that you can accept this election and thus be united with us in our work for the Nation.

President Wilson and President Harding were both members of our Society, and President Coolidge has just accepted membership in it. This record of three Presidents of the United States within less than six years establishes the national character of this organization and certifies to the work which we are doing for the Nation.

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The ratings and degrees of payment are: Perpetual Benefactor, \$5,000; Life Benefactor, \$1,000; Perpetual Patron, \$200; Life Patron, \$50; Active Member, \$5; Associate Member, \$1.

—Form letter now current.

**Probably a Hollywood Gathering**

In one hour and 47 minutes spent with this new book she became the best informed woman in the room.

—From an ad

**Maybe He Took a Snapshot of Them**

Francis X. Bushman devoted considerable time during an extended trip to Egypt to study of an engineering work that has since

baffled the world, that of the construction of the Pyramids.

—From a press sheet.

**Lead, Kindly Kleigs!**

To the thousands of young men and women who seek fame and fortune in motion pictures; to the millions all over the world who find pleasure and happiness in screen entertainments; and to that splendid company of artists who found the motion picture a toy and made it an art, we dedicate this school.

—Jesse Lasky, speaking of our newest institution, a motion picture university.

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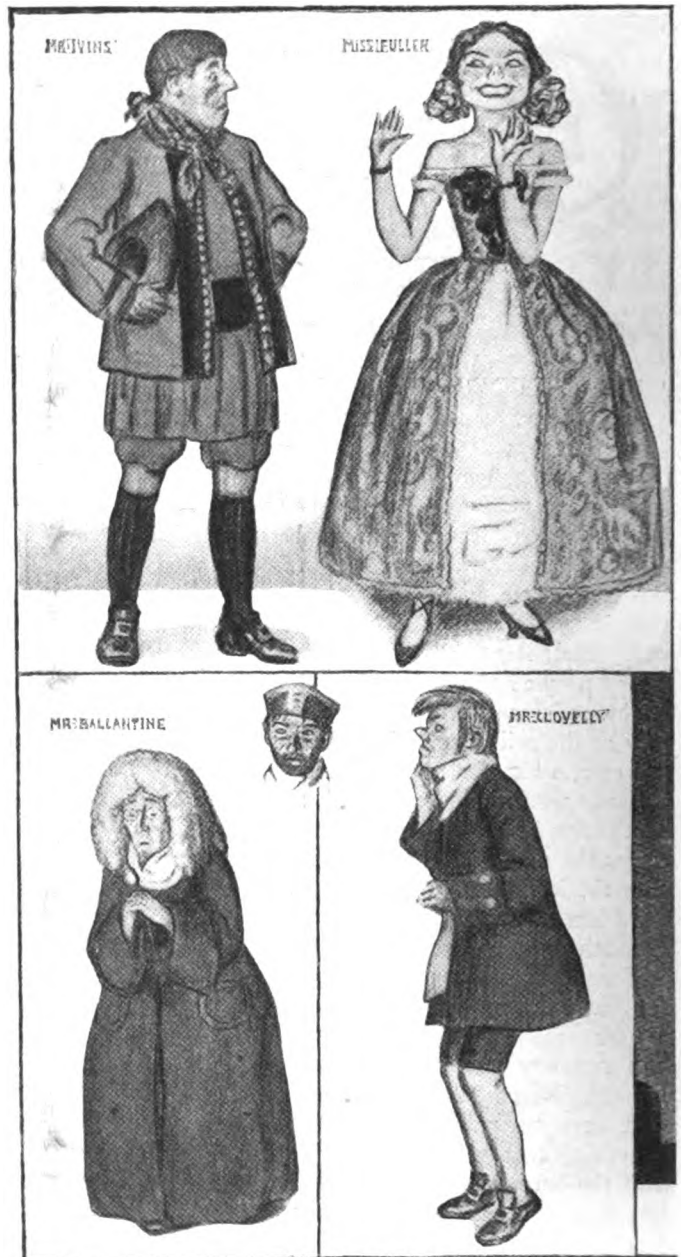
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WAY down East on Grand Street, where liveried chauffeurs sing "What'll I Do" while they wait for the close of the performance at the Neighborhood Playhouse, you may see one of the most striking and entertaining musical spectacles that has crept into this town since Hector fought Achilles. Its name is "Sooner and Later," its scenario writer is Irene Lewisohn, its composer is Emerson Whithorne and its interpreters are the singularly gifted mimes who have drifted into the Neighborhood neighborhood from Broadway, Barnard College and even Grand Street.

As anything musical that takes place below Thirty-fourth Street is pabulum for dramatic critics only, we refer you to the annotator of the stage for a feuilletton on the theatrical merits of the new Neighborhood presentation. Venturing for a few score words on forbidden ground, we add that Miss Lewisohn's Dance Satire in three parts "pictures in music, movement and color a fantastic slant on three states of existence," the primitive, the contemporary urban civilization and a future crystallized state resulting from the mechanical trend of our age.

Each part has two scenes indicating the "characteristic work rhythms" and the relaxation of its era. Of these, the first is exciting, the second brilliant, and the third, barring a gorgeous episode acted by Thomas Wilfred's Clavilux to radio speech, a little short of successful. The weakness of the third part may, however, have been remedied since the opening performances.

Mr. Whithorne's music calls for four stringed instruments, flute, trumpet, trombone, bassoon, oboe, clarinet, piano and an assortment of percussion devices. This twelve piece orchestra, composed of some of our best ensemble players, does full justice to the composer's magnificent scoring. The primitive episode naturally suggests comparison with Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," (which, by the way, this department doesn't regard very worshipfully), and approximates with a dozen players what Stravinsky drives out with a hundred. A succession of cross rhythms, beaten on a tom-tom from the stage, hurled from the orchestra under the stage and roared by a chorus, creates, by the most sophisticated methods, a violently elemental effect. If the music were a trifle more frenetic it would be a masterpiece; but we're not sure that it isn't a masterpiece.

The mechanical age is accompanied by a tick-tock rhythm in the orchestra, interspersed with some of

the most glowing jazz ever contrived. Satires on the "Follies" and the black-and-tan supper clubs bring the section to a dazzling conclusion. Pundits will be glad to learn that the two jazz *leit-motifs* are "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and that glacial triumph, "Hard Hearted Hannah."

Howard Barlow, having outlived performances with the League of Composers and "The Garden of Mystery," manages his hidden orchestra skilfully and directs the action from his dungeon under the stage by some ingenious periscopic doodadde.

It would be ungracious to hold forth on "Sooner and Later" without dropping a tribute for "The Legend of the Dance," the Medieval Interlude by Agnes Morgan with music by Lily Hyland which prefaces the major work. Miss Morgan is the concocter of the illustrious "Grand Street Follies" and this riant (we thank Lawrence Gilman for the word) handling of miracle play material is delightful diversion. It has the amateurish flavor which makes the "Grand Street Follies" so disarming and yet it is put together with a shrewd eye for effectiveness. Miss Hyland's music, unpretentiously antique, fits the action admirably, and there is some capital pantomiming, especially by Anne Schmidt, who also appears briefly as an ironic shoulder-shaker in "Sooner and Later."

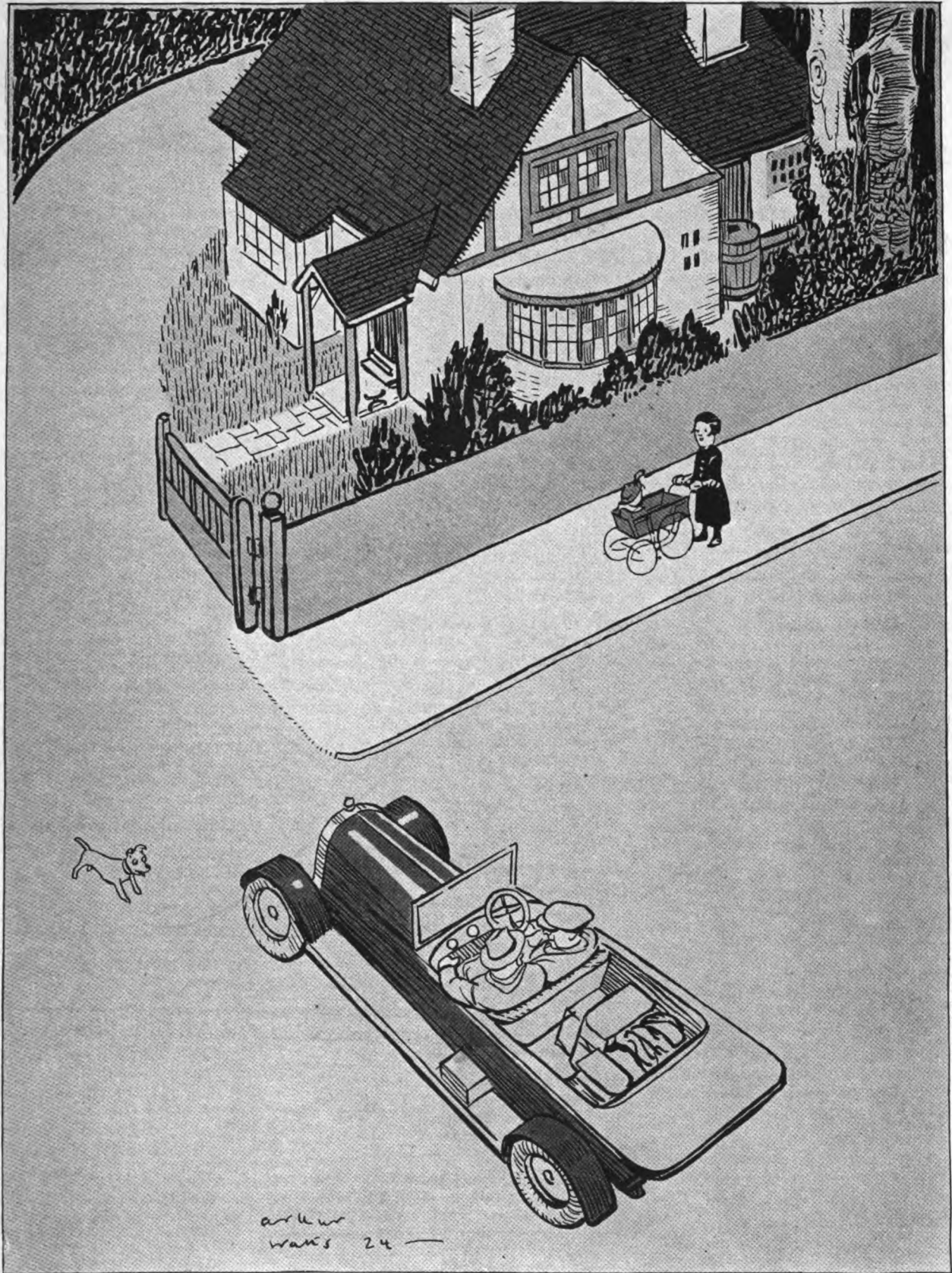


Emerson Whithorne

There were tragic overtones in the return of Berta Morena, one of the most famous German sopranos, to the Metropolitan Opera stage, in "Die Gotterdaemmerung." Her visit to this country, it is said, was made possible by the industry and generosity of New York friends, and her voice showed only too obviously the marks of years and the trials of wartime. Yet, in spite of these handicaps and the terrors of what was virtually a first night, Mme.

Morena proved that she was still a great Wagnerian singer of the "grand style," and a *Brunnhilde* who was not completely blotted out by the great, grisly *Hagen* of Michael Bohnen.

Mme. Morena was announced originally to appear in "Tristan und Isolde," but another visitation on the unfortunate Mr. Taucher compelled a sudden change of opera. But can it be possible that the Metropolitan Opera Company has at its disposal only one Tristan?



GUEST (who has been invited for a week-end at his host's country COTTAGE): *And very nice too!*  
HOST: *Damn it, man! That's only the lodge.*



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

### THE THEATRE

#### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth

If you can see only one play in New York this Spring, it should be this one.

#### CANDIDA—Ambassador

The indestructible Shaw comedy fully realized by Richard Bird, Peggy Wood, Ernest Cossart and others.

#### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

A sensitive and intelligent production, of a universal tragedy.

#### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord giving once more the best performance of the year—this time in a cheerful play.

#### PIERROT THE PRODIGAL—The Forty-eighth Street

Laurette Taylor doing herself proud on odd afternoons in April.

#### PROCESSIONAL—Garrick

This unclassifiable pageant of the American scene is as native as Lardner, as exciting as a prize fight and as contemporary as yesterday morning.

#### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Smut with lace at the sleeves—a Seventeenth Century masterpiece zealously performed by a mediocre cast.

#### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

There are persons who do not relish this comedy, but one does not care to know them socially.

#### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

Every one describes this as the funniest play in town. Please note that it is also singularly moving.

#### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A good, sturdy comedy that releases Ernest Truex from the obligation to pretend that he's just out of high school.

#### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

A mirthful and disorderly farce about the Florentine goldsmith who liked to kiss (to put it mildly) and tell.

#### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in an old Molnar comedy just brought to life again. And how?

#### SILENCE—National

An engrossing vintage melodrama, heavily implicating H. B. Warner and proving that you do not need to teach an old dog new tricks.

#### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

The Astaires who do some dancing and what they fondly consider singing to some Gershwin music.

#### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

Irving Berlin crammed his fourth revue with melody and good looks and unexperimental talent.

#### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

The most successful musical comedy of the season and, oddly enough, also the best.

#### PUZZLES OF 1925—Fulton

Elsie Janis, now thoroughly demobilized, in the only current revue that has the brisk, light Charlot gaiety.

#### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

Along about the eighth month, this revue suddenly became a good one, what with W. C. Fields and other injections.

#### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

This extravaganza cost a veritable fortune to produce and yet it is quite entertaining.

### ART

#### ANNUAL SHOW—National Academy

A safe and sane exhibition of art as our grandfathers understood it and as our museums bought it.

#### EDWARD BRUCE—Scott & Fowles

First show of a painter that warms our heart. See him while he is still a poet and commercial.

#### JOSEPH STELLA—Dudensing

A mixed exhibit of a remarkable genius; some magnificent, some not so good, but all exciting.

#### AMERICANS—Montross Galleries

Pleasant show at the new home with some high lights by Walt Kuhn, Varnum Poor and Bertram Hartman.

#### U. S. & EUROPEANS—Brooklyn Museum

Exhibition of water colors by Americans and Europeans, also oil and pastel including stuff by Count Louis Sparre, of Stockholm, no less.

### MUSIC

#### ELMAN QUARTET—Town Hall

Wednesday Evening, April 15. One of the last chances of the season for chamber music fanciers.

#### BANKS GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall

Wednesday Evening, April 15. Paying tellers, receiving tellers and other admirable persons in a program of choral music. A good musical investment.

#### SOPHIE BRASLAU—Carnegie Hall

Thursday Evening, April 16. New York's best contralto (and one of the best anywhere) in her only recital of the season.

#### GIGLI ET AL.—Town Hall

Thursday Evening, April 16. Gigli's only concert wasn't his only appearance, as previously suggested. Here he is again, with several friends, in a program devoted chiefly to the works of Ernest de Curtis, the Italian balladist.

#### HARVARD GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall

Saturday Evening, April 18. A glee club without a stein on the table. Even Yale men will like this program.

#### MYRA HESS—Carnegie Hall

Sunday Evening, April 19. Another appearance of this charming pianist, this time in a program for the New York Music Schools Settlement.

#### WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

*Philharmonic*, Mengelberg conducting. Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday Evening, April 14. (Last concert of season.)

*Philadelphia*, Stokowski conducting. Carnegie Hall, Tuesday Evening, April 14. (Last concert of season.)

#### AT THE METROPOLITAN

Wednesday afternoon, April 15, *Boris Godunoff*; Wednesday evening, April 15, *Traviata*; Thursday evening, April 16, *Der Freischutz*; Friday evening, April 17, *Aida*; Saturday afternoon, April 18, *Boheme*; Saturday evening, April 18, *Il Trovatore*.

### MOVING PICTURES

#### GRASS—Criterion

The motion picture camera follows a primitive tribe upon its migration in search of pasturage on the desolate edge of Persia.

### OTHER EVENTS

#### BUTTERFLY BALL—Ritz-Carlton

Tuesday evening, April 14. In aid of the Hospital and Rest House at Inwood. Cabaret entertainment at midnight.

#### BENEFIT CABARET—Home of Mrs. Vincent Astor, 840 Fifth Avenue

Tuesday evening, April 14, 11 P. M. Broadway stars in performance to aid Children's Clinic of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association.

#### CINDERELLA BALL—Plaza

Wednesday evening, April 15. Given by the Victory Club. Special entertainment.

#### SPRING BALL—Lorraine

Thursday evening, April 16. Benefit dance for the Body and Soul Medical and Mental Clinic. Entertainment at midnight.

#### BLIND PLAYERS—Imperial Theatre

Sunday evening, April 19. Annual benefit performance. They will present "From Far Japan."

#### ARCHITECTURAL EXPOSITION—Grand Central Palace

Opening Monday, April 20, continuing to May 2. Exhibition of architecture and the allied arts, under direction of the American Institute of Architects and the Architectural League of New York.

#### WALL STREET FOLLIES—Waldorf-Astoria

Monday evening, April 20. Musical Comedy for the benefit of the Broad Street Hospital and the needy of the financial district.

#### HOTEL ASSOCIATION DINNER DANCE—Commodore

Tuesday evening, April 21. Third Annual Dinner Dance of Association, proceeds to go to association relief fund. Professional entertainment at midnight.



WE believe it was Augustus Johns who, standing in front of a Stella, pronounced that young man the only artist in America. Perhaps it wasn't Augustus Johns and perhaps he didn't say only. But it was Stella; that we're sure of. And whether or not you agree, it is your plain duty to visit the Dudensing Galleries this week or next and view the remarkable show of Joseph Stella. It is an amazing exhibition of some six or eight canvases, but what the show lacks in numbers it makes up in fireworks. Any one of four of them would be a life's work for the average painter. Perhaps you will not like Stella but before you cast your vote you would do well to make several visits.

To some he is, an acquired taste. The present show does not begin to touch the wide range of this painter, but confines itself to large decorative canvases, such as "Venus Rising from the Sea" and his "Tree of Life." The former has just come from the studio after many months of labor and is heralded by young Dudensing as the life work, the masterpiece. Personally, we much prefer the "Tree of Life," to us a perfect symphony. The new work while containing as much detail is not up to the other in imagination and conception. And now and then we feel the color gauche. And as for his Venus—well we just don't like her.

Why Stella, of all painters, refuses to idealize the human form we cannot understand. If he insists on even his fish being things of beauty, why not his women? An interesting analytical study could be made of Stella and his interpretation of the female form. There is a spot of fear there that to us mars an otherwise perfect execution.

If you are familiar with only the portraits or charcoals of Stella you will be dumbfounded by his large creative achievements. The show is worth several visits.

Someone up on Fifty-seventh Street heard about the Independents and how they always got into the paper. You can imagine the council of the National Academy saying "Ho hum, I suppose we must have a naughty title put on a picture." So a large canvas was brought out and a title affixed: "Adam and Eve Walking on Montauk Point." The papers did print it, and the cartoonists got ideas from it and the paragraphers made their obeisance. But that's that. There was nothing in the picture to live up to the promise or humor of the title.

A smug show is this hundredth exhibition of the National Academy of Design. A weary round through the three rooms with little to reward you. (That is, if you feel as we do). Of course, you may like repre-

sentative painting and if you do the Academy will delight your eye. This group will show you how serious the inroads upon the field of the camera have become. There are vases that look like vases ought to look and green fields that are as green as any tube of emerald can make them.

If you care for the heaven that always seems to be working itself up through the crust of convention, here is a good rule to follow at the Fifty-seventh Street parade. Look high up on the walls and in the dark corners. Chances are that there you will find the despised offerings; and chances are that you will think them good. "Drapery and Fruit" by William Meyerowitz and "The White Pitcher" by Elizabeth Paxton are a couple tucked away. And "Life and Still Life" by Robert Brackman may have been relegated to the south room on the general hanging principle or put there to tone up the rest of the room.

If we had our life to live over again we would ask for the boon of being able to write just what we mean—no more, no less. Perhaps though, that is impossible, the mind being what it is in the way of a storehouse of apperceptions, preconceptions and prejudices. Several complaints reaching this department about our Metcalf piece stress things we did not say, or at least did not intend. The piece was intended to berate a viewpoint on art—call it commercialism, economic pressure, or what you will. We have always had the greatest admiration for Metcalf and thought his canvases the best of the kind being painted in America. But as long as painters paint to sell, their product will depend in some measure on that fact.

The rest of the article expressed merely a humble viewpoint; Metcalf cannot possibly be touched by anything we wrote. But as long as we live we shall hold to the theory that the artist himself is the only one fit to say whether a picture is successful or not: for to us success is the measure of his ability to express what his emotions urge him to express on his canvas. No other person, or executors, can possibly be the judge. We had a long talk with Metcalf a year ago; he told us then he was bitter—bitter about commercials, bitter about moderns, bitter about young women students who thought they could paint. We can only apologize for the rest by repeating we are a bad writer.

Our frail effort, however, seems to have been not without its virtue for it has brought forth a statement from one of the Metcalf executors explaining the situation. The executors have destroyed and contemplate the destruction only of such miscellany as some early sketches, life drawings made in school, etc.—a program much less bloodthirsty than that suggested in the published statements of Mr. Milch of the Milch galleries.

# AROUND THE CLOCK

**I**F this fad for "hat dances" doesn't pass soon all our cabaret gents will be as bald as Maurice. Any barber or book of etiquette will warn you against wearing your hat while dancing, but the practice has its merits.

Frisco does wonders with that old derby, which is as much a part of his performance as the spark-sputtering cigar. He is holding forth these nights almost continually at the Back Stage Club during the later hours. As host he is entertaining and intimate, thus keeping in tone with the place, for the dance floor is hardly larger than a bridge table, and the decorations are theatrical scenery and props against a red brick wall, across which wise cracks are scrawled. The menu is enlivened by quaint legends, such as:

"Our kitchen open to inspection—try to get in."

"We do not cater to basket parties."

A basket party is practically what Billy Seeman, a frequenter, had at Barney Gallant's a couple of bad nights ago. Instead of ordering as usual he walked in carrying ginger ale, sandwiches, hard boiled eggs and all the fixings in paper bags. He received the customary attention and Barney presented a bill for wear and tear on silverware, \$5; use of table, \$25; listening to orchestra, \$35; strain on waiters' nerves, \$13; etc.; total, \$181. Billy gave the waiter a dollar bill in payment of the check and received back \$1.12 change.

Richard Barthelmess found himself a little in advance of the Spring season when he suddenly felt the urge for a fiacre at Childs's restaurant of a recent morning. It seemed, at that time, that nothing but a horse would do for his conveyance homeward. A waiter was summoned, and ordered to find a horse with a hansom attached. His lack of success was rewarded by Mr. Barthelmess's caustic remark, "My good man, that is why you will always be a waiter at Childs's."

You have to keep posted on padlockings in the newspapers to save spending your evenings going about town looking for a restaurant that is open. Each day brings new victims of Buckner's spies, but a mushroom-like rise of new places keeps up the supply. It can't take much planning to create many of the smaller clubs, for they are evidently the product of the informal conjunction of a back parlor and a pot of paint.

Some of the restaurants, however, have been well

decorated by real architects and artists. A great deal has thus been spent on the commendable murals of the Rue de la Paix and the Lido-Venice. The supper dances at the latter place are enjoying a popularity usually associated with the dinner hour at the Captain's tables. The music and food are good, and the atmosphere is rather more rarified than anywhere west of the Avenue.



Frisco

Barbara Bennett's voyage to Europe was punctuated by strenuous rehearsals with Maurice, her dancing partner, who afforded onlookers great amusement by his repeated exhortations—"One, two, three, four—remember you are dancing with the great Maurice—one, two, three, four—remember you are to be, through me, the toast of Paris—one, two, three, four."

The high water mark in supper restaurant salaries is being paid by the Club Trocadero, to Adele and Fred Astaire, now gracing the boards of the Liberty Theatre in "Lady Be Good." The figure, let it be known, is no less than \$6,000 a week!

The Colony, at Madison Avenue and Sixty-first Street, remains the gayest "smart" dinner restaurant in town. Each night it is packed to the coat-room with a dazzling-gowned, dinner-jacketed crowd of festive diners. Yet one goes not merely to see, or to be seen, for the cuisine at the Colony is as perfect as that of any Paris resort. Its prices are, of course, sky high (Astrakhan caviar at \$2.50 a portion and English sole at \$3), but people will pay them.

Not the least of the bothersome attributes of the night club is the circumstance that there is never anything but one of those 60-cent or dollar or something a mile taxi to be had immediately outside.

Now, hansom cabs are everywhere, especially near the Plaza, in the evening. And every round-the-towner knows Mississippi, the cheerful negro who pilots a cab down Broadway at theatre hour, and takes his clients riding through the Park to inhale what is too often necessary fresh air before the dancing clubs open.

Haven't the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess got a home; or where do they change their clothes between restaurants?—*Tophat.*



# OF ALL THINGS



THE high water mark of risibility in news will never be much above the story that Osborne Wood has turned his back upon the gambling life and entered Florida real estate.



Al Smith has blossomed out in a shirt embroidered with posies. Is this, we wonder, a new shirt, or something he picked up in the recent game with the Republican leaders? What is the condition of Mr. Lowman's wardrobe, if any?



"Every American city has a color peculiar to itself," says John Sloan. Tin Pan Alley's, of course, is blue.



Doheny has sold out to the Standard Oil. It is not clear from the accounts whether any cabinet officers are included in the bill of sale.



John W. Davis has resumed his former position as president of the English Speaking Union, but his successful opponent is still the toast of the Deaf and Dumb Club.



The story goes that Comptroller Craig has refused to O. K. a bill for forty cases of liquid ink eradicator for the office of the Commissioner of Accounts. Mr. Hirshfield was probably going to use it to erase damaging facts from our Glorious Past.



Economics is a subject that was always easy for us. What keeps rents up in New York is the upkeep of the vacant apartments and they are vacant because of the upkeep of the rents.



Richard Washburn Child urges that each member of the cabinet be given a bonus of \$100 for every public dinner engagement he refuses. THE NEW YORKER will agree to do this work at a lower figure and save the government money. There are some dinners that it will stay away from free.

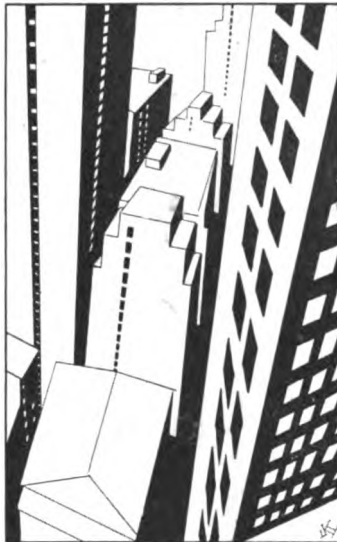


The other day Bishop Wilson warned the young preachers at Kingston against the pitfalls of "isms" and made an eloquent plea for Methodism, evangelism, fundamentalism and optimism. An "ism" is something the other fellow believes in.

According to the Enright report there are more murders in New York than ten years ago, but there is less crime. It looks as though Mr. Enright had really hit upon a big idea, to wit, the solution of the crime problem.



An electric hobby horse for the Prince of Wales has been installed aboard the "Repulse." Before long,



it is hoped, WXYZ will have completed arrangements for broadcasting a race between the Prince and the President.



In Baltimore, private radio sets have been declared to be a failure because of interference by the naval station at Annapolis. Suggested civic slogan for Annapolis: The City with a Future.



Mr. Hylan should have known better. Be sure, your Honor, your Sinnotts will find you out.



The attempt by many prominent Southern and Western Democrats to read New York out of the Democratic party, it will have been noted, came immediately upon the heels of the first publication of THE NEW YORKER's clarion call to all honest citizens to keep the 1928 Democratic Convention out of New York City, if necessary by forming a living barricade of the bodies of all the first-born men-children. At all events, anxious citizens may be sure THE NEW YORKER is watching every move of the enemy and is prepared to answer for its failure with its life.

It now seems that THE NEW YORKER has really only scratched the surface of an idea, which is rapidly developing into a nation-wide movement to keep the 1928 Democratic Convention out of the United States and all its territorial possessions. As might have been expected, however, the first fly in this delicious ointment comes from Los Angeles. There is, thus, the following disheartening telegram allegedly from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce:

"LOS ANGELES WILL RELIEVE NEW YORK RESPONSIBILITY NINETEEN TWENTY EIGHT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION STOP MOVIES WILL SUBSCRIBE ONE MILLEION TO CAMPAIGN FUND IF DELEGATES WILL WEAR TOGAS AND SIT IN COLISEUM DURING FILMING OF EXTRA SUPER SPECTACLE CALLED THE BEDS OF ROME STOP WILL POST CASH GUARANTEE THAT ONLY REPUBLICANS WILL BE FED TO LIONS STOP CECIL B DEMILLE PERSONALLY ASSURES EVERY DELEGATE A BED STOP BUSES LEAVE FOR TIA JUANA EVERY THREE MINUTES STOP NINE OCLOCK CURFEW WILL BE SUSPENDED STOP MAYOR WILL PRESENT CORKSCREW OF CITY STOP USE EVERY EFFORT AS WE HAVE PLANS TO TAKE CENSUS DURING CONVENTION WEEK TO OFFSET SAN FRANCISCO POPULATION GROWTH STOP YOURS FOR DEPOPULATION OF THE MIDWEST."

The message, to be sure, was sent collect.

A letter from a person signing himself "Whoof" has been received with some admirable suggestions for the defense of our beloved city. Among other things, he recommends that a Bull be issued making it a high crime for a citizen to tell any stranger where Madison Square Garden is situated, thus making it more difficult for the delegates to get to their convention hall. The slight difficulty with this suggestion is that it would probably require the issuance of a prior Bull to acquaint the citizens themselves with the location of Madison Square Garden.

In the meantime, the city can sleep soundly, certain of the fact that THE NEW YORKER is on guard. A slogan is being perfected for propaganda use—it will probably be something like "Remember the First Hundred Ballots."

*The New Yorker*

# JIM ANNOUNCING

*The radio, it is known, is developing a real school of American humor. Thus:*

**G**OOD EVENING, laz-en-gemmun of my invisible radio audience. This is station WCAN broadcasting direct from the annex of the main Cafeteria of the Hotel Hokum, Crown Centre, Oklazona, JIM announcing. I am 31 years old, married, two ch—, pardon me just a moment, my mistake. Ha! Ha!

The very wunnerful program we are about to broadcast this evening is made possible through the courtesy of the Universal Hide and Tallow Co. (the skin I'd hate to touch) who pay us \$78 per minute and darn glad to get the chance. The very wunnerful array of talented artists assembled here to entertain you this evening are really the rankest kind of amateurs who are tickled to death to work for nuthin' if they can get their names in the paper. In fact the Universal has gone to an awful lot of trouble and expense to get 'em here, as they pay for their lunch after the program.

The first number on this very wunnerful program will be a solo by Miss Eva Ganderhook, little known universally and recognized as one of the leading exponents of Grand Opera. Unfortunately, Snippy Eva, as she is affectionately nicknamed around this very wunnerful studio here, has a slight attack of bronchitis or something which causes her to kinda slip up on the high notes, but you out there in the dark ain't supposed to know much about classical stuff anyhow. The fact is, it's an educational process in these days of jazz, cigarette smokin', drinkin' and hell raisin' in general. The wonder is that there's enough sober musicians around to play anything else but jazz.

At this point I wish to announce that I have just received a long distance call from Phila, Pa., for a request number by Miss Eva entitled, "If I Don't See You Again, That's Too Soon." This very touching ballad was written by a Mexican Indian way back

in the days of the French and Indian war. He was shot the day after he wrote this song. It will, nevertheless, go down through the ages as one of the most wunnerful lil' old songs ever wrote. Which reminds me that we have a bushel and a half of telegrams of congratulations which I'll read if it

from the milk of discontented goats. Now come right over here to the microphone, Eva. Gawd bless her, Gawd bless our radio audience, Gawd bless everybody.

Just a moment, laz-en-gemmun, I regret to state that our time limit is now exceeded and it will be impossible to continue with this very wunnerful program as it is now just 10:29 daylight saving time. We are now signing off until tomorrow morning. Be sure to tune in at 5:30 A. M. Elgin time for the late morning setting-up exercise.

Just between you and me, laz - en - gemmun, this here now Jim Scroggins, the athletic leader, don't really go through all those kicking exercises himself every morning. That jingling you hear is not money rattling around in his pockets, it's his wife jangling the keys when she opens the cellar door to go down and shovel coal in the furnace while that faker of a Jim lies in bed and hollers his orders over the phone. Gets paid for it too.

Applause cards don't cost much. JIM announcing. I am 31 years old, married, two ch—— click —



*"Lookit, Pete, who ever saw a pen yard look like that!  
It's a dirty shame what them movie birds  
puts over on the public!"*

takes all night.

Great Scott—there's another telephone call, please stand by just a few minutes.

Well, anyway as I was saying this very, very charming little girl here will sing you a few very wunnerful lil' songs pretty soon. Now lil' Eva stands just 6 feet 10 inches in her bathing suit and is a favorite of the studio here, where, I assure you, we have some very wunnerful times. (For Heaven's sake, Charlie, get down off that grand piano.)

Well, this very lovely little girl will now sing as soon as the piano player, Pete Crowbar, arrives. Pete, or "Crow-neck", as he is familiarly known in our little circle of accomplished artists, was born in Switzerland where that very delicious Swiss cheese is made

goodnight.—H. L. B.

## The Constant Jay

Oh, will a day, I wonder, ever be  
When S. Jay Kaufman does not write  
to me!

Some days he just solicits information  
Regarding where I'm going next vacation.

Some days he asks me (absolutely solemn)

To lay my work aside and write his column.

Some days he wants ten dollars, bucks or beans,

To help the starving Middle-Europeans.

I count that day a flop on land or sea  
When S. Jay Kaufman does not write  
to me!

—Ring Lardner, Great Neck, N. Y.



This Week's Award

THE Interest press has been so rough on Mayor Hylan's book about the progress of the human race during His Honor's seven years at the City Hall that selected readings from this work will be broadcast from WNYC, the municipal station, in order, His Honor explains, to "bring the essential facts to the attention of the people."

That any such need should exist is a little hard to understand, considering the prominence given the Mayor's volume by the Hearst papers. But we have His Honor's word for it, which is enough for us. Our concern now is that the broadcasters do not bungle the job. First, they must master the essential facts, so they will stand out as sharp and clear as a bug silhouetted against the surface of a pan of milk. Then they must bring them to the attention of the people—with accuracy.

We submit:

"John F. Hylan is the greatest mayor New York has ever had for seven years. Some of his accomplishments:

"Transit Situation Improved. Train service resumed between Moscow and Leningrad, and a new Cleveland depot.

"Return of Prosperity. Great real estate boom in Florida where His Honor spends much time perfecting the crawl stroke, an outstanding accomplishment of the Hylan administration.

"Boost New York Publicity Campaign. Total eclipse of the sun brought to Manhattan in the face of unscrupulous opposition of upstate interests and the solar system. The Stillman case. Civic Virtue statue unveiled. The bobbed haired bandit.

"The Children's Friend. Mayor Hylan's playgrounds are well known, but it never has been brought out how much the children get to use them. Because of the Mayor's firm stand against more school buildings thousands of kiddies can play most of the time.

"Encouragement of Arts and Sciences. Unveiling of statue of Civic Virtue. Francis Carco wins Prix du Roman in Paris. Bones of a mastodon dug up in the Bronx. 'Abie's Irish Rose' a success despite conspiracy of critics on Interest newspapers.

"Public Improvements. Civic Virtue statue unveiled. Lakes-to-Gulf waterway furthered. *Evening Graphic* and *Evening Bulletin* established. Old Palmer House Hotel in Chicago gives way to modern steel structure. Municipal ferryboat John F. Hylan launched. Franchet d'Esperely made a marshal of France. Tipping abolished at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. Bones of a mastodon dug up in the Bronx.

"Suppression of Crime. Gangster shot on crowded street while whistling

'The Sidewalks of New York.'

In the foregoing it has been necessary, for broadcasting purposes, to depart slightly from the original text of His Honor's book, but the spirit is preserved. His Honor's speeches and writings have been criticised as dull and inaccurate. Such criticism is the mark of the uninformed. However inaccurate, His Honor's utterances are never dull—or are they as inaccurate as they might be, because the Mayor does not write them himself? So in presenting the foregoing as His Honor's own we are only trying to follow another excellent Hylan precedent—which gives us writers jobs.—*Quid*



A Step Forward

THE advertising man takes over the VERNAL account:

A Million a Day

If the new 1925 crocuses were not the most remarkable VALUE in the field, they wouldn't be appearing at the rate of a million a day.

Nothing satisfies like a good crocus!

\* \* \*

New Beauty of Tone

in 1925 Song Sparrow

Into every one of this season's song sparrows has been built the famous VERNAL tone. Look for the distinguishing white mark on the breast.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Vander Regibilt Gives Her Nose This Exquisite Treat

"I smelled the new 1925 daffodil to-day. It is surely the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Now, I wouldn't smell anything else."

\* \* \*

There's Health in the Subway Ride

When the VERNAL smell of warm Mother Earth permeates the air, where can you better appreciate it than RIGHT DOWN IN the earth itself? The subway takes you there. *Bite more dust!*

\* \* \*

The Lawn's Most Intimate Problem

This lawn was beautiful, attractive—seemingly had everything in its favor. Yet it was shunned. Finally its closest neighbor told it about VERNAL osmosis. (Medical term for fertilizer.)

\* \* \*

Stamina

There's smartness in its long, low lines—this new VERNAL angle worm. A smoothness and flexibility never before equalled in any other worm.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE.

—E. B. W.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE CLUB OFFERS NOW

THE cost of an annual subscription to THE NEW YORKER—now it can be told—is Five Dollars. THE NEW YORKER, however, has arranged for combination offers—club offers, as they are also known—by which the canny subscriber can reduce the cost of his subscription to Five Dollars.

There is, first, Group A, or Group A, as it shall henceforth be called.

THE NEW YORKER	
(One year) .....	\$ 5.00
Harper's Weekly (Life-time) .....	.00
Total Cost .....	\$5.00
Cost under Group A Club Offer .....	5.00
Saving .....	\$19.63

There is, second, Group B, or Group B, as it shall henceforth be called.

THE NEW YORKER	
(One year) .....	\$ 5.00
"Shakespeare's Complete Works" .....	2.50
Total Cost .....	\$ 7.50
Cost Under Group B Club Offer (Without "Shakespeare's Complete Works") .....	5.00

Saving .....

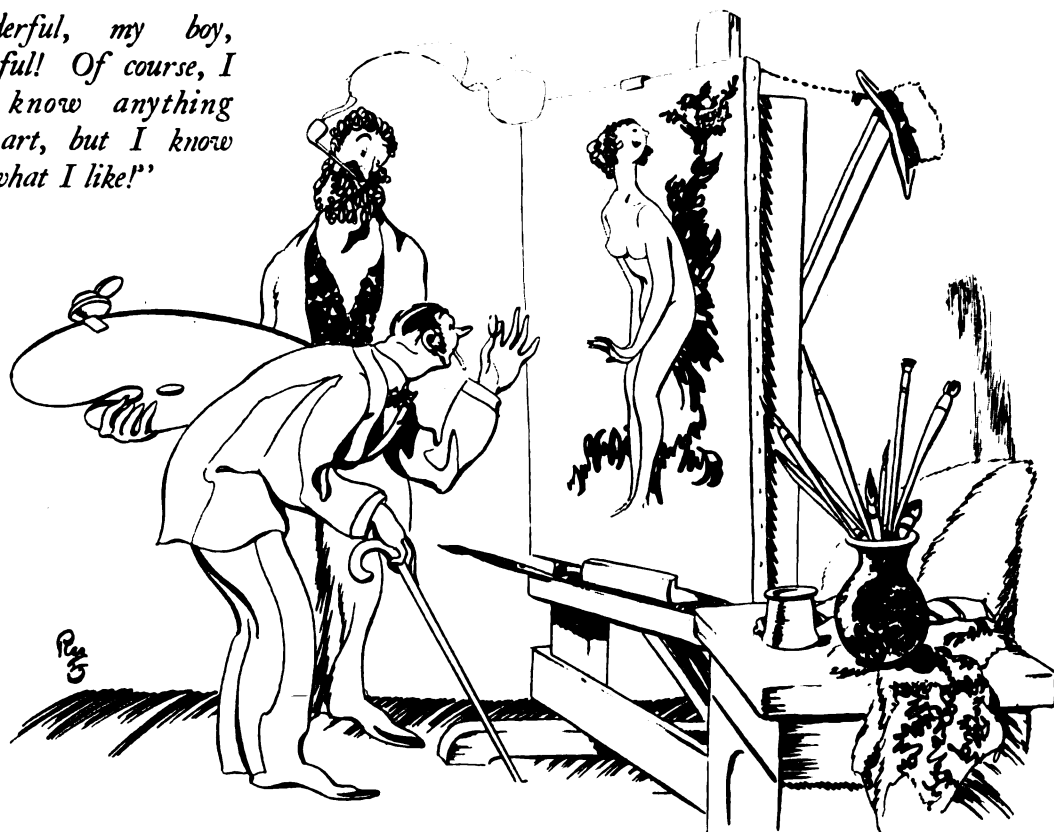
\$ 2.50  
The saving is even greater if, in Group B, "The Life of John Keats," which costs \$10, is not ordered, in place of not ordering "Shakespeare's Complete Works," which costs \$2.50.

There is, third and last, Group C, or Group C, as it shall henceforth be called.

THE NEW YORKER	
(Three Years) .....	\$15.00
THE NEW YORKER	
(One Year) .....	5.00
Total Cost .....	\$20.00
Cost Under Group C Club Offer (One Year) .....	5.00
Saving .....	\$ 2.50

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO THE NEW YORKER

"Wonderful, my boy, wonderful! Of course, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like!"



### Familiar Portraits

**NITWITLEY, FREDDIE**—Plays bridge so much, he is known as "the rubber plant." Smokes three-for-a-dime "La Ropas." A nice boy. Will never cause any earthquakes.

**LA POUPEE, ZOE**—Changes the color of her hair regularly once a week. A high-stepper. Speaks French with a Swedish accent and wears Spanish mantillas. Looks Austrian, but says she is Italian. Born in Duluth.

**BLUFFLETON, MRS. ROLAND**—Goes in for breathing exercises, jade earrings, and slumming parties. Always knows all about the latest divorce. Likes shopping, but never buys anything. A decoration rather than an attribute.

**SCHMULTZ, AL**—Never known to go to bed before 3 A. M. An all-night hawk. Knows the first name of every head waiter in town. Also the telephone numbers of most of the coatroom girls. Improves as the night progresses. Not so hot in the daytime.

**HAZELWICKES, BETTY**—Just adores Michael Arlen and alligator pear salad. A live wire. Always knows the latest dance dives and where to get the Real Thing. Tells you that you look just like the first man she ever loved. Uses lavender stationery.

**PHILLBLOTT, OSCAR**—Great on statistics and fishing anecdotes. Has just discovered the cross word puzzle. Three cocktails and he tells all. Pretty heavy going.

**TIMPKINS, ESMERALDA**—Has that dreamy look, but it doesn't mean a thing. Likes to tell fortunes and play charades. Recites Kipling. A hand holder.

**SMITH, JOHN**—A quiet, dignified man. Director of seventeen banks and president of nine railroad companies. Owns half a dozen Rolls-Royces and a couple of steam yachts. Formerly in the liquid merchandise industry.—C. G. S.



### Confessional

**I** HAVE never gone swimming in the Central Park reservoir, I am not acquainted with the doorman at the Hotel Commodore, and I have occasionally missed a Follies opening night. I do not know the middle name of the second headwaiter at the Prince George, nor what they call those long black cigars at Del Pezzo's.

I am unable to produce offhand a list of all the different taxi-cab companies, nor do I recall a single restaurant in the entire city where it is possible to obtain a really well-cooked table d'hôte dinner for twenty-five cents. I have never tipped a waiter more than ninety per cent. of the bill.

I have ridden in the subway at all hours but have never arrived at a play later than the middle of the last act. Once and only once have I climbed the Statue of Liberty, and have not the slightest desire to repeat the performance. I have never seen the ichthyosaurus at the Zoo.

I have heard as many as seven languages during a single stroll through the lobby of the Hotel Astor. I have never spent a whole night upon a Madison Square bench.

In all the town I know of no drug store where I really enjoy waiting more than three-quarters of an hour for a dilatory damsel. As yet, I have avoided falling into any of the larger street excavations. I once attended eleven moving picture emporiums in a single day.

I have been told the address of a certain uptown café that is said to be a strictly temperance resort.

### The Optimist

**Pop:** A man who thinks he can make it in par.

**Johnny:** What is an optimist, Pop?

### Little Brother to Napoleon of Industry

About the man (Lawrence Tibbett) in appearance and bearing there is a rugged simplicity and there is rugged strength underlying his gentleness. Perhaps the best description of him was that of the "Abraham Lincoln of Song."

—From a concert folder

# NEW YORK, ETC.

## Sutton Place Notes

EVERYBODY seems to be getting along lovely with everybody else in Sutton Place. Nobody wants to sell, it seems, except a Miss Ford who never has occupied the house she remodeled on the corner of Fifty-eighth Street, the key position in the group. Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer will soon be moving into her house which is right on the edge of the river, and is the last of the original brown stones. It used to be a boarding house.

What the lady janitors and honest working men's wives along First Avenue want to know is—why such nutty chimneys? But you know what furnaces and drafts are in a windy place like a river bank.

Sightseers are numerous, the great game with local visitors being to make their friends think they know which house is Mrs. Vanderbilt's. The game with sightseers from out of town is to bet which house Chauncey Olcott lives in. If in automobiles, they stop their motors in hope of overhearing Chauncey running the scales or warbling "Mother Macree." The women from Minneapolis just never can forget how he has opened the winter season at the Met back home and every State Fair Week for years and years.

The game for pedestrians is to count the red and white checks in Elisabeth Marbury's and Elsie De Wolfe's kitchen gingham curtains before being billeted over the head by the Sutton Square private policeman.

A great many dog fights have been noticed on the Sutton Place—Fifty-seventh Street corner, it being a favorite promenade of the husbands of rooming house keepers in Fifty-eighth Street, out to give the poodles, etc., an airing. The reason is the great real estate boom. How can the R.H.K.'s husbands be expected to tear their dogs from each others' throats, when

they have so much to talk about? All the houses up and down the street are being bought up and who knows when their wives' rooming houses will be sold out over their heads and they will have to go to work?—Peggy

Bill Johnstone and wife of East Orange are now speaking again, sufficient time having elapsed since the Dutch Treat show.

Tony Sarg, who is a regular on the 8.24 from Brick Church station, had words with the ash man the other morning and barely caught the 8.37.

## Life in the Oranges

ONE of our residents is telling a little story of home strategy. His severest critic had unjust suspicions, it seems, about some of the times he stayed in New York at a business dinner and came out on the last train, or via Newark and a yellow taxi. One night last week she lay down on the little cot downstairs he occupies when much detained. He came in just before the milk hour, saw his wife asleep, slipped upstairs and into the big four poster. A short time later the furnace man's racket woke her. She went up to the room to be confronted by her husband who awoke to ask her in divorce tones, "Where madam, may I ask, have you been all night?"

There was a big game of polo here a short spell back. It was between the Rotary Club and those sporty Kiwanians. The game was played desperately on kiddie kars, with brooms for mallets. After a hard struggle the Kiwanians won in the sixth chukker. The picture of the two teams, as run in the *East Orange Record*, was an inspiration to all Kiwanians everywhere.

Mayor Martens of East Orange was one of a crowd of seven or nine people who attended a giant testimonial dinner to Adrian Chamberlain. That night the folks in Washington asked four of his staff to resign. Adrian is under considerable fire, if you ask us.

There is a little trouble up in a home near Hutton Park. It happened like this. A man dropped in to see another man and his wife. The wife was in and her husband would be back from the drug store in a few minutes. All of a sudden the wife's nose started to bleed. The visitor rushed to the door and, as his mother years before had taught him, dropped the cold key down the back of the lady's evening dress. Just then the husband drove up in the car and tried to get in. The visitor then realized that, in his excitement, he had locked the only door in the room and thrown the key down the wife's neck. Every time he tells the story to the husband, which has been several, it gets harder to believe.



The Popular Song Writers Look Up a Few New Names to Get Sentimental About

The robins are all out and the mint in Fred

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Cross's julep patch is just starting to put forth leaves. The tulips are not doing so well.—*Jersey*

### Prohibition at Princeton

THE typical quiet and refinement of the Club Kingston was rudely interrupted last week by the entrance of several non-members who disclosed themselves as hirelings of the government. Indignation ran high, but nothing incriminating was found, and the club has relapsed into its usual profound and aristocratic calm.

President Hibben has written a letter to the *Daily Princetonian* commending the conduct of those in attendance at the Junior Prom, and it would seem that the decorum of the affair has almost convinced the wives of the faculty that some of the students may be gentlemen. The only person who deserves personal mention is the girl in silver who checked a quart of Scotch with her cloak. Her audacity was not greatly appreciated by any but the University proctors, who are also the official University confiscators.

—*Tiger*

### Havana Happenings

GENERAL Enoch Crowder is a concern to the house committee of the American Club. He walks through the dining room to the bar with his hat on. The old timers say this is the first time anyone has dared to do such a thing. But the General is the Ambassador, and what to do?

General Machado, newly elected President, recently announced that he "hoped," during his term of office, to cut graft down "to the scale that it exists in the United States."

Bootlegging these days from Cuba is quite simple. If you want to get into the business the British consulate will help you incorporate and then clear you for Bermuda or Pierre Miquelon. It's a profitable game, and no need to hide your loading.

Next to booze running, alien smuggling is the largest industry, winter and summer. After letting it get away from him, Uncle Sam has at last got interested, and has had two immigration sleuths living with the smugglers. It is expected that Washington will now administer a reprimand to Cuba for not doing more to discourage the trade.—*Gyp*

### And At Night? Ask Cincy Matrons

The wholesale buying staff of the Cincinnati offices of Alms & Doepk Co. is in New York . . . operating during the day at the local offices of the concern.

—*Daily News Record*



## For Mid-Season and Summer—

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# SPORTS



SOMETHING has been put over on Tex Rickard and right when that eagle-eyed impresario was looking, too. Jimmy De Forest, an inveterate cigar smoker and a man of courage and hope (evidenced by the fact that he tried to teach Firpo to box), has signed up Tom Gibbons and Gene Tunney for a fight at the Polo Grounds, June 12. This is the second best fight any boxing enthusiast could look forward to, excelled only by a meeting between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills.

Of course, if Gibbons and Tunney weren't contenders for the heavyweight championship it wouldn't make much difference to folks outside of Dubuque and away from the East Side if they fought or not. But Gibbons is the cagiest boxer in the business, a shrewd infighter; he stayed fifteen rounds with Dempsey at the Shelby ballyhoo. Tunney, the country's light-heavyweight champion, is a straight-away hitter with hulk, weight, reach and skill. And the winner will some day face Dempsey, if the champion doesn't get Kleig eyes.

This Gibbons-Tunney fight would pack any space, if for no other reason than that heavyweight fights have a reputation of being the only real thing this modern boxing business has to offer. That's so, even if it isn't true. Why, only a few days ago at one of the subway-circuit boxing clubs, a leather-pusher named Pepper Martin (many pounds short of the heavyweight limit) had to be disqualified for biting his opponent's ear. And that went, even when he showed he had only a couple of molars and they didn't click.

It doesn't take much imagination to see the pride on Ugo Frigerio's face as he stamps through the walking races arranged for him in the Middle West. He has been vindicated. He has proved he is a great walker. He didn't sail back to Italy last Saturday, crestfallen and disappointed, shocked at himself. He cancelled the sailing and went off through America on a barnstorming tour, perhaps even to the Coast.

Frigerio was nearly broken when Willie Plant, America's greatest walker, beat him—him, the Olympic champion—time after time. The races were too short, Frigerio protested, but there must have been a lurking fear in his heart that perhaps they weren't too short, perhaps Plant could beat him at any distance.

Three times after Plant first beat him, Frigerio engaged passage to return to Italy, only to be dissuaded by his friends. Then

victory! A long race, 10,000 metres long, in which Frigerio proudly walked Plant into the ground. Victory and nine world's records in a single great evening!

No wonder Frigerio cabled to Mussolini!

Vincent Richards, Olympic champion and ranking No. 2 on America's list of tennis stars, is getting fat. Evidently he isn't worrying, because he smilingly turned down a chance for a lot of exercise just a week or so ago when he declined to defend his title as national indoor champion.

As a result, Jean Borotra, a spectacular and temperamental French star who, when he plays, wears a tam-o'-shanter on the style of Charlie Bryan's skull cap, had little difficulty in winning the championship.

It's too bad Vinnie didn't play because a meeting between Borotra and him would probably have proved fairly interesting. The last time these two met unsocially, at Wimbledon not quite a year ago, Borotra gave our young hero an artistic trimming. Indeed, one of the sets went at love, like this: 6-4; 4-6; 6-0; 6-3.

Sounds a bit like a "Ho, hum" from Vinnie.

Motion pictures of the New York Giants on their training tour through the South show that there's still a lot of kidding going on among the boys.

Rowing ought to be a greatly rejuvenated sport this year. Leader has Yale well out in front. Cornell hopes to revive the famous Courtney tradition with Pop Lueder, one of the Old Man's most fiery pupils. Columbia expects great things of Fred Miller, now that he's had a year to get acquainted. And Jim Rice and Joe Wright have already shown that together they make Pennsylvania a fine coach.

Jess Sweetser evidently doesn't know what to do with business when it interferes with pleasure. He didn't have time to tend to his golf last year and as a result had to be dropped in the new handicap list of the Metropolitan Golf Association from scratch to one stroke, where he is now paired with Bill Reekie. Here's hoping for a soft summer!

◆◆◆◆◆  
**When in Rome**

Pope Pius escaped possible injury when the horses drawing his carriage ran away. The Pope had not entered the carriage at the time.  
—International News Cable.

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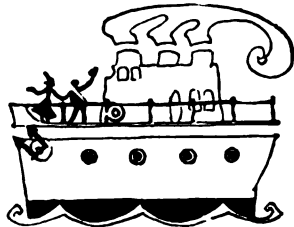


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# BOOKS



A BOOKS column's function, assuming that it has one, must be to hit off the books in a way that will help people judge if they want to read them. That is often hard to do in small compass, and sometimes very disagreeable. A case of the latter comes up with Philip Gibbs's "The Reckless Lady." This novel presents no difficulty; we know what ought to be said and we could say it in one word; at mildest, our plain duty is to muse for a short paragraph on the brevity of life and the cathedral beauty of spruce forests. But it happens that we so much admire Sir Philip as a journalist that we never can do our plain duty by his fiction.

"The Reckless Lady" (*Doran*) is a mixture of a bad Frances Hodgson Burnett plot, a pallid stock company of leading characters, some discussions of the post-war state of the world by people who degenerate into personified editorials, a few almost startling moments when the author forgets what he is doing and sets down a little real human life as he has seen it and reflected on it, and a culmination in which he either confuses himself with another novelist or else cheerfully undertakes to round off the perfect, mutually interpretive, Anglo-American story that everybody will be sure to welcome—since his English heroine becomes Mrs. Edward P. Hillier of Grand Rapids, which community he then assumes to sketch along "Main Street" lines.

A difficult case is Floyd Dell's "This Mad Ideal" (*Knopf*). Here the question is less of the execution, which is all right, than of how you feel about Dell's special kind of restive view of things, which in this novel seems to us an immature one. Judith Valentine is a New England product, "queer" daughter of a "queer" mother, the queerness of both consisting in preferring white hyacinths to flesh-pots—a figure, by the way, that exactly hits off the quality of their preference. Judith's own struggle toward her "mad ideal" of beauty is via poetry. She sends her young man to Boston to make his struggle as a painter, rather than marry him to the real estate business—for marriage ends everything. She next, with remarkable composure, dallies with and denies an expert lover, and finally she heads for New York in pursuit of her dream.

Over all this Dell broods with an all but maternal tenderness. He doesn't precisely sentimentalize it, but he makes it

a great deal simpler than such experience ever is. His sympathy with Judith ignores any deeper reason for her conduct—also the homely but important fact that there are middle courses between hyacinths on an empty stomach and real estate.

There is a large, thorough, quasi-official Life of Edward VII to his accession, written by Sir Sidney Lee and published by Macmillan. It looked like a hard winter; we opened it, and it proved unexpectedly readable. It does not revise one's outline notion of Edward, and doesn't try to. It details his activities in public affairs and his diplomacy's great services, which, even while Queen Victoria was alive and sitting on him, amounted to much more than most Americans can have known.

It acknowledges, in general terms, that he was—well, what a hearty prince of his lineage naturally would have been, after such a rearing as he had. It makes short work of famous stories, the Mordaunt case and Tranby Croft; we always did think the latter too gaudy to be true. It wantonly throws out the different story, echoed by Strachey, of Edward in middle life sweating big drops before going in to excuse himself to his mother for lateness at a dinner.

The part we found most interesting is about the Kaiser. Of course that is not dispassionate, but it is documented impressively. If it's right, it settles all question of the Kaiser's mental status. He wasn't insane, he was simply the prize ass of Christendom.

When writing "A King in the Making," Genevieve Parkhurst, so the blurb says, "received the friendly coöperation of those who were in a position to provide her with authoritative data." That means she was given ten pails of officialized anecdotes and photographs. All are in her long and lovely opus on H. R. H. Oh, well. The girls will just eat it up, and who are we to rush to the rail?

There is actually a detective story, entitled "The Long Green Gaze," whose reader helps the sleuths by solving several crossword puzzles. Heigho! We've done that part of it.

We used to like some of Benjamin De Casseres's cosmic poetry. But don't you go saying we told you to read his "Mirrors of New York."

By the author  
of THE FOG

# DRAG

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**WILLIAM  
DUDLEY  
PELLEY**

*The Saturday Review of Literature* says: "Not since Samuel Butler wrote 'The Way of All Flesh' has so fierce an indictment of marriage appeared in the English language. 'Drag' is a piece of fine literature . . . a book which will amuse the man in the street; unlike many such books, it will excite the interest of the man in the study for its bold and unsentimental exposure of the central tragedy of a woman-ridden age."

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- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience in this country. Lewis's best novel.
- PRISONERS, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A Wrong 'Un takes a Right 'Un's young man away by sheer force of her love for him.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. R. Stern (*Knopf*). Enough characters for a five-foot shelf of fiction, and all of them well handled.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Three girls with "nerves," from which the one who tells the story escapes upon falling in love.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). On the strength of this, we would walk to England to read young Miss Kennedy's next.
- SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). You live, for a few hours, in the town as it undergoes a social change.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Four generations of the consequences of a cracked missionary's union with a Hottentot.

SHORT STORIES

TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four of them. We like even the comic one, which everybody isn't liking.

GENERAL

- WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). The season's best humorous book.
- WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Verse, concerned with Christopher Robin Milne, aged three, who sometimes calls his dormouse Terrible James.
- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). George Moore has just cut Keats dead, but this fine Life of him should console him.
- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Jumel, General Eaton, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet, engagingly considered as having, in their times, lived.
- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). From Russia to Cherry Street to Nigger Mike's in Chinatown, and on down to date. Pleasant reading.
- THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). Gentleman Jim always was quite a man, and his book is quite a book.

Local Observations

ACUTE observers who have watched the frequent feeding of the pigeons in front of the Public Library and elsewhere say it looks like a season for good crops.

\* \* \*

Recent research running into late hours in the streets of New York has cast doubt on the long accepted theory that the piratical ensign was a white skull and crossbones on a black field. It seems now it must have been a white flag on a black taximeter.

\* \* \*

The reason Fifth Avenue busses now come in brown as well as green is that those of the former shade are imported from Chicago. Chicagoans explain that in their metropolis things usually are done up brown.

—F. D.

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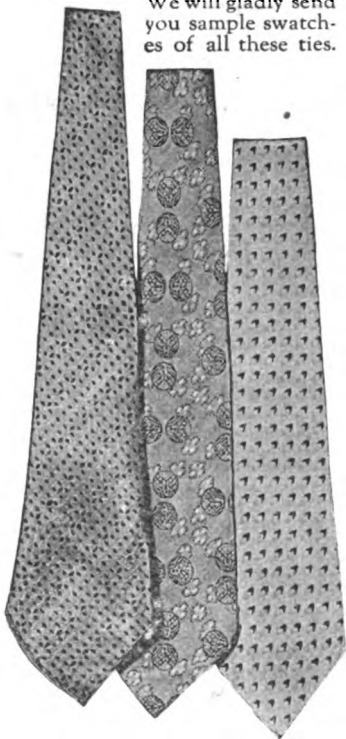
“Oh, to be  
in England”—

now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower “girls”—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

**B**UT if you can't shop in the West End, at least you can come to *Cruger's*, which is “Just Like London.”

We have just received a shipment of stunning new English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English Gum Twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks promise to be more popular than ever. These may be had for \$1.00.

We will gladly send you sample swatches of all these ties.



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Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York  
Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner  
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*After Dinner Diversion*

**A**NEW and fascinating game has appeared. The idea is to guess the name of a magazine, given only the last lines of a story contained in an issue.

Here are some examples:

A light breeze sprang up the next morning, and we cleared without further mishap, but there's one port I shall never put into again, with my own ship or anybody else's—never.

Pieces of sliced prunes may be used to furnish a novel effect by using them instead of almonds in the birthday cake.

“Why,” he laughed, “you see the cause of it all was the most trivial thing imaginable—simply Rathingsone's inordinate craving for egg-nog.”

“Dearest,” he said, “I love you now not because of where or even what you *have* been, but for what you will mean to me in the future.”

“Sandy,” she said softly, and he raised his head at the sound of his old nick-name, unused these eventful years, “I, at least, always felt that when you came to the parting of the ways, the left road was the right—” with a little smile of impishness—“and wasn't I—” but the rest was muffled as he gained her side.

The answers: *Adventure, The Delineator, Detective Story, I Confess, Saturday Evening Post.*—W. G. H.

*How to Cross Columbus Circle*

**Y**OU have been sculling in Central Park with a friend of yours, we shall say, and you're pining away for a buttercake at Child's just across the Circle. To get to Child's you should board an east-bound Fifty-ninth Street crosstown car, making sure it is not a Richmond Hill car. When it reaches Third Avenue get off and walk one block east and take the Second Avenue “L” to South Ferry. You now change to a Ninth Avenue “L”, which will eventually stop at Fifty-ninth Street. Get off and walk a long block east—and there you are.—C. C.

*Lullaby*

*for a Padlockout*

Padlock-abye, *Bébé*,  
Cheese it, the Cop—  
We cannot get in here,  
We are Estopped!

But I've a Back-Pocket,  
And on it a Nip—  
No Buckner can lock it,  
We'll drink from the Hip!

—C. B. E.



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100 Years Ago

(From the New York Evening Post, 1825).

**ACCIDENT**—A large crowd of spectators assembled at Cortlandt Street dock at about 12 o'clock this day, under the expectation of witnessing the landing of the pirates which arrived here yesterday in the British brig Rifleman. A boat, with the U. S. Marshall, was seen to put off from the brig, in the North River, with a number of persons in her and pull in for the dock. The crowd, anxious to see the pirates, pressed forward on to the bridge of stairs which leads up from the water to the dock, and just as the Marshall and the boat's crew stepped out of the boat on to the stairs, down the whole went in a moment and precipitated upwards of fifty persons into the river where the water was over their heads. Assistance being ready at hand, all, it is believed, were saved, though there were two or three hats recovered which they cannot find owners for.

\* \* \*

**HORTICULTURE**—We have received by the politeness of Mr. Niblo this forenoon, two remarkably fine cauliflowers, weighing the one seven and the other eight pounds.

\* \* \*

CORSETS

Mrs. Bowen respectfully informs the ladies of New York, and her friends generally, that in consequence of the opening of Beekman street, she has removed her corset establishment and circulating library, to No. 36 Maiden Lane, where she respectfully solicits a continuation of their kind patronage.

\* \* \*

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD

Strayed away from the subscriber, a small black cow, with a white face, supposed to have gone on the town, and was last seen at the junction of Pump and Mott streets. Any person returning the said cow uninjured and in a milking condition shall receive the above reward and all reasonable charges. W. D. Potts

\* \* \*

Rooms to let in Liberty Street, within 5 minutes walk of the Coffee House, suitable for one or two single gentlemen. A line addressed to A.B. at this office will be attended to.

\* \* \*

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"THE DOVE" by Willard Mack		
<b>Lenore Ulric</b>	<b>Belasco</b>	W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
in "THE HAREM" supported by William Courtenay		
"LADIES OF THE EVENING"	<b>Lyceum</b>	W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

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<b>CANDIDA</b> [ Ambassador Theatre. Mats. 2:35, Wed. & Sat. Evenings 8:35.	<b>The Wild Duck</b> [ 48th St. Theatre. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30. Evenings 8:30.
[ Laurette Taylor in "Pierrot the Prodigal." Matinees Monday & Thursday 2:45, at 48th Street Theatre.	
<b>THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE</b> [ Special Mats. Tuesday & Friday at 2:30. 48th St. Theatre.	

**RITZ** 48th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats Wed., Sat., 2:30

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A Medieval Interlude by Agnes Morgan.  
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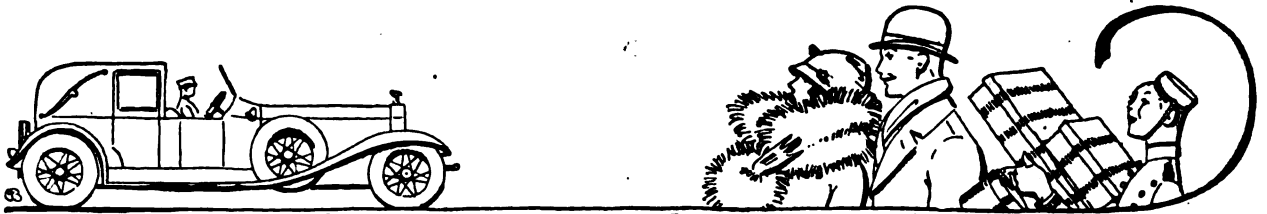
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YEARS ago they said the films were in their infancy. Some of them still are. Witness the recent "The Heart of a Siren," starring Barbara La Marr.

This belongs to the Theda Bara period of celluloid development. Miss La Marr plays a voluptuous vampire who wanders about Europe in clinging white evening gowns (no matter what the hour of the day) with massive white hats and a tall walking stick as added paraphernalia. She makes a flashing entrance into a Continental hotel at the opening of the film. A worried looking chap, sitting at a side table, tosses a rose to her feet. She crushes it beneath her slippers and the gent forthwith shoots himself. This, la-a-dies and gentlemen, is Isabella Echevaria, the super-siren. She trifles with men's affections right in front of the camera. Indeed, they are as putty in her bejeweled hands until she meets a young, worldly, and penniless Englishman. Then she loses her heart and the usual great cinema regeneration takes place on the spot.

Madame Elinor Glyn's latest screen effort, "Man and Maid," is just a boob shocker. The madame draws the conclusion that a woman can do three things to a man—elevate him, degrade him or bore him to death. We quote the lady herself in this bit of moral philosophy. The hero of "Man and Maid" is an invalid English officer and author. The woman who would elevate him is the daughter of a proud family reduced to working as his secretary. The lady who would degrade him is the passionate wife of a brother officer. The other gal is a Parisian flapper. Even though the hero is played by the usually villainous Lew Cody the right woman wins.

The story, actually rather luke-warm compared to some of the hectic Glyn output, is done better than it deserves. Here we mean to imply more than the mere fact that it has been filmed.

Pola Negri's vibrant quality is lost again in another picture, her newest, "The Charmer." Herein another simple peasant dancer, the charmer of a small inn in Spain, is discovered by an impresario and imported to the New York stage. Instantly two Americans fall in love with her, one the weakling scion of an old Manhattan family and the other his Irish chauffeur. The dancer marries the chauffeur, but not until the plot gets fearfully involved and a lot of terrible comedy—involving the old expedient of introducing simple folk at a smart society affair—is introduced. This is a dull picture, with Miss Negri interesting only at times.



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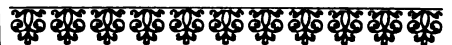
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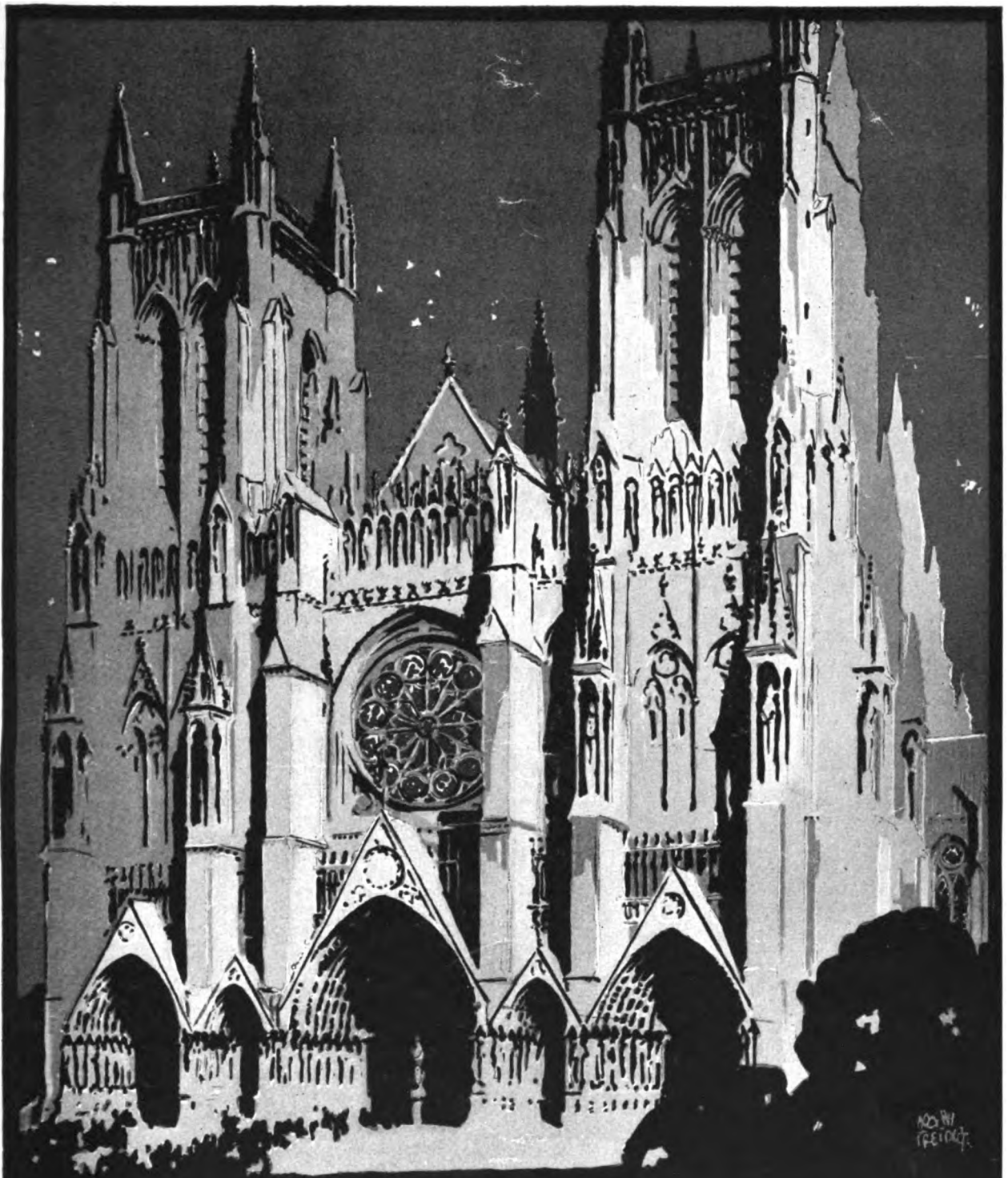
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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Gloria Is Dined

**N**OW Gloria Swanson has had her banquet, as per the growing custom for the more famous mimes of the screen. Indeed, banqueting stars has become so well established a ritual in high church movie circles that, for all the layman knows, players' contracts may specify, in addition to other perquisites and emoluments, so many hundreds of pounds of caviar, to be served publicly each month.

Banquets are given upon a star's departure and upon return, and each succeeding one must be bigger and better than ever; better meaning more expensive. If not, Miss Swanson, for example, is likely to say something cutting to her employers about Pola Negri's having been honored with more *paté de fois gras* than was lavished on one who is a great box office attraction and a Marquise to boot. Fortunately this disaster has been avoided thus far. Nor are these affairs confined to the distaff element. Even such an expert with the pistol as Tom Mix felt that his presence should be made known by a dinner when he reached New York.

True, this cowpuncher, who sets fashion by wearing wine-colored evening clothes and white overcoats trimmed with brown leather for morning wear, did not elect to outdo Pola Negri. His was a modest affair held in the Hotel Astor, at which, however, Mrs. Mix was able to display the discomforts of being wealthy by having such an armful of glistening bracelets as made necessary treatment by a masseuse of muscles lamed by bearing such weight of jewels.

These dinners seldom get much more than mere mention in the newspapers. The speeches are unimportant and, as a rule, full of banalities. It might be concluded that the affairs are tendered as measures of defense by shrewd gentlemen of the motion pic-

ture industry anxious to avoid unprofitable rivalries.

Pola Negri, the beautiful Pole, who rather likes the idea of a "beeg hed," otherwise, a close-up, on the screen, recently arrived here from California en route to Europe. Her employers arranged the obligatory bon-voyage banquet. It was held in the Ritz-Carlton, and among the many guests was Mr. Arlen, who had been but a few days in this country. Miss Negri triumphed and Jesse L. Lasky was able to announce that Mr. Arlen would write special stories as her screen vehicles. Miss Negri may well have felt that here was a compliment which even the illustrious Gloria could not achieve.

Well-known ladies and gentlemen appeared at the dinner and afterward for the dance. It was a brilliant gathering with plenty of room for all and everything. There was reason to believe that even the newly-made Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray could not expect anything better as her welcome to her native land.



**M**ISS SWANSON is in the happy position of having a contract for one more year with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, whose officials are greatly concerned lest Cecil B. DeMille wear from them their popular actress. With true aristocracy, Miss Swanson is avoiding unpleasant discussion of a renewal of her contract and obviously flirting mildly with more than one rival magnate who might be willing to give her \$15,000 or more a week. So Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky decided that Miss Swanson should have no complaint to make about her welcome home dinner. They elected to hold the banquet and dance at the Park Lane, where special rooms were engaged for the 300 guests.

Miss Swanson, one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauty graduates, was signally honored when she entered the room. The lights were turned off as she



gized Thomas Meighan, a great drawing card, who has not arrived or departed for some time, and therefore has not been honored with a banquet. Bebe Daniels sat and looked as if she thought her turn ought to come some near day.

Miss Negri will return soon from her European trip. It remains to be seen what will be done for her in the way of a "welcome home" affair. It is difficult to imagine what can be done, except possibly to have every guest's name stamped in platinum on the invitations, dress the waiters in specially designed livery and summon the high of the land to attend the salaam.

**E**LABORATE dinners are, as one might expect, confined largely to motion picture spheres nowadays. They are not being done much in any of the intimate circles which compose our large and loosely joined Society. Occasionally, of course, there are such affairs as was that given lately by Senor Simon I. Patino, a leading citizen of Cochobamba, Bolivia. Eighty guests dined. Eight thousand dollars.

Senor Patino owns the tin mines in his native land, and Bolivian officials admit most cordially that his income is larger than the government's revenues. He has a home in Paris, one in Nice and one in Biarritz. He follows, with equal zest, the sunshine and the fashion. At this writing he is with his family at the Plaza. There are Senora Patino, two daughters, three

took her seat; a spotlight was thrown on her shingled head, and the orchestra struck up her new national anthem, "La Marseillaise." It was highly dramatic. On went the dinner, obviously with the intention of convincing Gloria that she was a stronger favorite with the company than any other. Girls in Marie Antoinette costumes wended their way among the tables, passing around Napoleonic paper hats, singularly appropriate for the gentlemen who wore them.

Mr. Zukor praised Gloria, and Marion Green sang lyrics introducing girls dressed in the rôles played by the versatile star. Tactfully, also, Mr. Zukor eulo-

sons and a battalion of secretaries and servants. They have a fine view of the Park and a hotel bill which one patriotic New Yorker has suggested should be included among this city's exhibits at the Philadelphia sesqui-centennial.

### *Prohibition Threatens—Again*

**O**UR Prohibition Authority predicts that this Spring and Summer will tell the story of liquor smuggling. If the Coast Guard, as expanded and with longer daylight for observation, cannot stop the



flow of Scotch now, it cannot hope to do so unless it is able to build a fence along the entire coast. Admiral Billard, the chief of this service, admits encountering difficulty in recruiting the kind of men he wants; and he wants 1,000 more. Human nature is frail and large operators can afford to offer rewards far above Government pay, all for a little blindness.

This campaign, now in its first stages, has not as yet affected the supply of liquor available in town. Scotch is plentiful, and fairly reasonable in price. Quotations vary little from fifty dollars a case, up or down.

Indeed, so ample is the present supply that some petty bootleggers are adopting various subtleties of approach to overcome sales resistance. The most popular pose is that of a steward on a liner. Very obliging liners these are, too, permitting their stewards to remain about New York to take orders, postponing sailings on an hour's notice to allow deliveries of needed case goods; generally adapting themselves to the whims of the local drinker. The theory seems to be that customers will be impressed with the genuineness of liquor if it is offered by one seemingly a steward on some Atlantic liner.

**O**UR Prohibition Authority advises, since we are becoming a city of Scotch drinkers, that the best way to assure excellence is to buy only new brands.



*Spring in Central Park*

Once a label becomes established the quality of whisky behind it falls amazingly. But first shipments from abroad usually are good and reasonably aged. This, of course, is an old trick in many businesses. It makes a market.

One of the most successful of the great liquor importers, now richly retired, always bought from different sources every time he visited Scotland. He sought out small and comparatively unknown distilleries in the north of Scotland, took over their entire stocks, and never went to any of them a second time. Whoever followed him was certain to get nothing but

green whisky, the canny Scot devising a special article for overseas business just as soon as he discovered what it was all about. Which proves the Scots deserve their title of "the Yankees of Europe."

This eminent captain of industry informed our Prohibition Authority that his last advices showed the export center for Scotch shifting from England to Hamburg. He advanced a reason, but his explanation was so involved in the mazes of international banking and credit practices that our Prohibition Authority found himself way beyond his depth in cable drafts.

**T**HIS retired liquor importer told our Prohibition Authority a tale of the early days of the smuggling industry, when hearts were gay, profits were high and foreign distillers were trustful.

A gay blade known on the Jersey Coast as the Yale Boy, finding himself flush by some freak of the capricious dice, engaged passage to England, where, shortly, he ran out of funds. The first rumors of the huge profits being made in whisky smuggling ventures were current then among London offices of distilling concerns and among ship brokers. Timidly approaching some of these, the Yale Boy, to his surprise, found a whisky merchant and a ships' agent eager to fit him out with case goods, schooner and crew, profits to be split among the three. It seemed too good to be true, but the Yale Boy sailed eventually and, after three months lying off the New Jersey Coast, disposed of his cargo. He went ashore one night, taking with him all cash, and never returned. Credit immediately went to pot in the rum industry.

Thereafter the Yale Boy lived elegantly at an historic hotel in town, having many motors, a genuinely titled lady and every other refinement of luxurious existence. His riches lasted only a year, such was his penchant for cards, so he found it necessary to repeat his former deal. The second time he chose Hamburg as his scene of operations and again put the thing across.

The rum industry at large is greatly interested in the Yale Boy's present finances. It is wondering now how soon, and where, he will strike a third time.

### *The King's Pajamas*

**T**HEY were pink and they positively set the exclusive social circles of Asheville and Biltmore, N. C., agog, for the pajamas in question belonged to King Babe Ruth himself.

In Asheville it was, as all the world knows now, that the King first swooned away. The fourth breakfast porterhouse and a rough train ride had upset His Majesty. Doctors were called. Consultations held. It was decided that the indisposed monarch must be sent home to New York. Then came the question of moving him from the hotel to the train. It was suggested that it might be better for His Majesty if he were carried out on a stretcher. The King was not adverse and, between pin o chle hands, so expressed himself. A stretcher was ordered held until His Majesty should tire of cards.

But what of the royal raiment? The King had no pajamas. Being a democratic monarch he frowns on unwonted luxuries. A messenger was despatched to obtain the going out outfit, the King specifying that it must be pink. Search in every store in Asheville disclosed only one pair of pink pajamas in the city.

They were size 42. The King measured a goodly 48. In the end the messenger had to take the small size. By discarding the trousers altogether and splitting the coat up the back, they were made to do, the King being cautioned to stay quiet on the stretcher.

**T**HE Bronxville Golf Club has decided to go stag. After the first of May, no crepe-soled sport shoes will tread lightly on the fairways, nor will French heels bite into delicately-cultured putting greens. From this date and forevermore, ladies are barred. They may approach no closer to the Colonial Hunt estate in Mount Vernon, which is the Bronxville Golf Club's home, than fifty feet from any and every boundary.

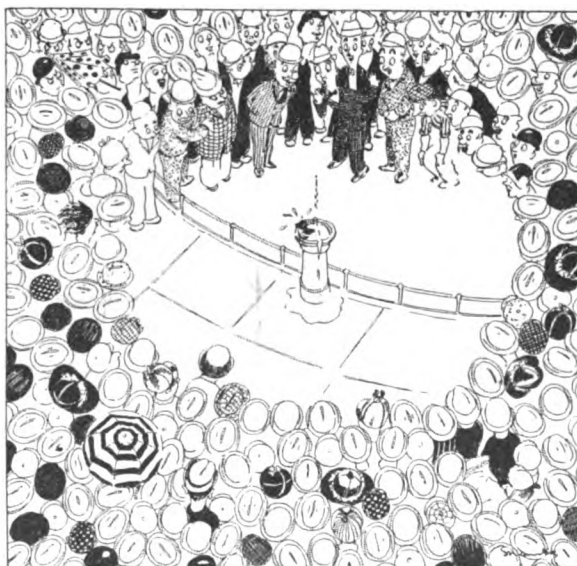
This ruling was made after much propaganda among the club members by Mr. Jesse Winburn, who has fought a long and determined campaign to restore the Ancient and Royal Game to its pristine masculine splendor. Mr. Winburn, as one may have gathered, takes his sport seriously. When he voyages to Bermuda and Winter golf, he packs along his private professional. He lent the French Olympic Committee 1,000,000 francs, without interest, to make possible the Paris Olympiad. He is a retired advertising man and is wealthy. He is an enthusiast for a game which breeds nothing but enthusiasts; so much so that when he presented to the Metropolitan Ravenstyn's "Portrait of a Gentleman," he had himself photographed standing beside the masterpiece, wearing his most expressive plus fours.

**E**DNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S burlesque garden of protest recently attracted much notice in the daily press, but nowhere was mention made of her house, just around the corner from the Cherry Lane Theatre, which has the additional distinction of being the smallest house in New York. It has exactly twelve feet of street frontage, such was the haphazard way in which the early realtors divided older sections of town.

### *A Landmark Goes*

**N**EW YORKERS treat their city's landmarks with amazing indifference, although this attitude may not be so amazing when it is recalled that so many come here in maturity, with their best memories already pledged elsewhere. Ten years make a passable tradition here; and a man who remembers the horse cars rumbling east on Twenty-eighth Street and west on Twenty-ninth deems himself an old resident. The really venerable landmarks and traditions, grounded in the city's history, suffer neglect by this condition.

The announcement that the Brevoort Mansion was





*One That Mayor Hylan Hasn't Thought of Yet*

to be torn down gave evidence of how little the city knows about its historic spots. Newspaper accounts spoke of the building as "one of the city's landmarks," whereupon the average New Yorker took it for granted that the Brevoort Hotel was to be demolished. So widespread was this misconception that the hotel management issued an official denial. The Brevoort Mansion is directly across the street from the hotel; a huge, brownstone pile, of stern aspect. It looks like a mausoleum. Of those who pass it every day on bustops, perhaps one in a thousand knows it for what it is; a rare survivor from the days when young Commodore Vanderbilt was experimenting with some mad

steam railway and everyone wondered why Jacob Astor so consistently courted disaster by investing heavily in rural real estate.

SO few landmarks remain undisturbed that some of us sentimentalists are moved to rejoicing because the Hotel Brevoort is saved. It is, of all hostleries in the city, richest in memories. One cannot even walk through the thin, inadequate lobby without encountering some reminder of older glories. Such a commonplace rite as checking one's coat leads one directly to the wall whereon hangs framed the menu of the banquet served on the occasion of the visit of that Prince

of Wales who became King Edward VII. They ate richly then, one reflects with a sigh; and turning to the accompanying gorgeous wine list, one is moved almost to tears.

Another early menu has a printed request that patrons and guests of the hotels will please to order on Saturday evening whatever wines are desired for Sunday's dinner, the law of those quaint times having had scruples about liquor selling on the Sabbath.

THE increasing number of brown buses seen on the Avenue wakes a fear that some dictate of business has decreed the ultimate vanishing of the green bus. It is to be hoped that this is not a definite policy, for sentiment surely would counsel against such a change.

Green was the color of the first buses on Fifth Avenue, when they were drawn by sturdy grey horses; when prancingly proud teams made a gay clatter as

they led shining private carriages abroad each fine afternoon.

That was when the tallyho started for Grand Central each afternoon from in front of the old Holland House, now an office building, part of whose ground floor is devoted to a cafeteria. Six horses drew it, memory says, although possibly there were only four. The blades of town mounted the coach, having first stopped at the bar to try that new, invidious drink, the cocktail. The coachman gathered his many reins with fine dexterity and a footman heralded the start with a ringing blast on a long, straight, silver trumpet, through which he blew at intervals during the trip. People stood about, waiting for the tallyho to start. It was an event in the life of the city.

Then the buses were green. Now they are being changed to brown, in all likelihood at the order of someone who would have to think long to recall where the Holland House was; if he could recall it at all.



## THE HOUR GLASS



### The Perfect Type

NATURE also imitates the comic weeklies. Anyway, it did in the case of Ring Lardner, whose thin, solemn face fits perfectly into the popular conception of what a humorist should look like. A Broadway manager would hesitate long before choosing between His Ringship and Cal Coolidge for the rôle of a writing fellow who lives by tickling, in print, the risibilities of his fellows.

That air of elegant detachment affixed on all Lardnerian photographs is not, as may be supposed, the stamp of deep and anguished contemplation of the state of mankind. More likely it owes its presence to the woeful decline in baseball as played at present.

Of Mr. Lardner, when he is not sitting unknowing in Gilbert Seldes's clinic, these are the common attributes: he is addicted to close harmonies, being esteemed among sports writers the leading authority on the acoustics of every bathroom of every hotel in the big leagues; he plays a game of golf of which it is kindest to say nothing; he knows good beer when, as, and if he gets it; his works are published by the House of Scribner, but old-time umpires still call him by his front name; he does fair to middling at poker, and middling to fair at bridge.

He has, to be as terse as possible, most of the virtues which are deemed vices by the bush leaguers and golden honeymooners of whom he writes.

### Vinnie

LATELY, one hears that Vincent Richards has decided to devote his life to the writing of insurance; his life outside of tennis, that is, if any.

Before the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association grew positively nasty about amateurism, Mr. Richards aspired to the mantle of Arthur Brisbane; or, possibly, even that of Grantland Rice. For a short time he served as tennis expert for the *Evening Mail*, before consolidation set it. Incident thereto, a tale:

There was a tennis tournament in progress at Sea Gate and Mr. Richards was assigned to cover it. A feverish sports' editor, watching the stars come out on successive final editions, wailed in anguish when no word came from the distinguished cub. No word ever came; not that evening, anyway, despite Sea Gate's telephonic proximity to the *Mail* office. The paper's completest complete final went to press with a scant and hastily fabricated report of the tournament. Two days later the sports' editor opened a letter and Mr. Richards's neatly typed news account unfolded before his horrified gaze.

Mr. Richards, they say, is like that. It may be indolence. It may be a superb indifference. It may be, and most likely it is, amazing concentration upon tennis, which some people irreverently look upon

as the merest of pastimes.

He was, as everyone remembers, an early discovery of Bill Tilden's. The amazingly brilliant champion spent long hours teaching Vinnie the game, working patiently, being to him the polish needed for supremacy. They were doubles' partners for a long time. Then they split. It was said that Richards did not relish the rôle of junior partner.

Tennis is to Vinnie a career. Before scoffing at such *naïveté*, compare the amount of newspaper space devoted to all the presidents of all the insurance companies of all the world with that allotted even the humblest member of a Davis Cup defense team.



Ring Lardner



Vincent Richards

# A PROCESS OF LAW

## The Lady:

I'M so glad you're taking a personal interest in this robbery, Mr. District Attorney, because everyone says you're *so* clever and I'm sure—yes, I'll answer your questions. Muriel Lestrangle. I'm an actress, yes. Well, not just at present. You see, Ziggy told me not to accept anything until I heard from him. Three years ago, I guess; or maybe four. I was in the third road company of "The Lame Duck." In the chorus, but I could of been starred only—you know how it is, Mr. District Attorney. A good girl hasn't much chanct in this town. Oh, him? He's my Friend. We're going to be married when he gets his divorce. Well, we haven't set a date yet. His wife's an invalid, and of course he can't just leave her flat. Six months ago. No, we didn't flirt. I was sitting in the hotel lobby and he come in, and he looked just like the man I was waiting for, so I talked to him. I was so embarrassed by my mistake, but he was that nice, so we became real good friends. Just real good friends. Well, we come home from a supper club night before last. It was four in the morning, I think. And when we stepped off of the elevator, a rough man pushed a



pistol in my face when I was opening my apartment door, and made Mr. Gresh put his hands up, and he took all my jewels. I don't know what they're worth, but I guess at least fifty thousand. Well, not exactly. Mr. Gresh let me wear them and he said they'd be my wedding present when we got married. I was that frightened. Very well, Mr. District Attorney. I'll wait outside. I'm so glad you're investigating this personally. Everyone says you're *so* clever.



## The Elevator Operator:

Yes, suh! Ah runs t'elevator nights in th' Onyx Ahms. Ah took Mis' Lestrangle an' her fren' up about fo' in th' mornin', an' 'bout ten minutes later she telephones me to come up, that she's been robbed. So Ah called th' police, an' thass' all Ah know, suh. Didn't see nothin'. No, suh! Didn't see nothin'. Yes, suh, Ah'll wait outside.

## The Man:

Have a cigar, Mr. District Attorney? Well, you don't mind if I smoke, do you? John Gresh. President of the Gresh Tobacco Co. Yes, I'm married. Oh, well, you know how those things go. You're a man, aren't you? I met her about six months ago. Picked her up in the lobby of the Gaylord. Or, maybe, she picked me up. I'm not sure. I don't see where my personal affairs have anything to do with

this. If the questioning is to be along such lines, I'll have to refuse to answer unless my attorney is present. You're not going to bulldoze me, you know. I'm not friendless in this town. You might look over the list of campaign contributions to your party last Fall and see my name down for five thousand. That's what I thought. Well, I'm a good fellow, too, so let's talk this thing over rationally. I don't want publicity about this affair. No, I didn't exactly give her the jewels. I let her wear them. You know how crazy that sort of woman is about diamonds. I let her wear them. Part of the game. No, I won't discuss my relations with her. I can't see the need. The condition should be obvious to a man of your experience with the world. I don't care to put a value on the jewels. They were not insured. All I want is to have this thing dropped. No, no trial, or anything. I won't press a complaint, nor appear as a witness. Let him go, if you've caught him. Tell him to run along, with my com-

pliments. Well, I'm glad you see it in that light, Mr. District Attorney. I'd always heard you were a good fellow. Drop me a line when you're running for office again, and I'll come through with a regular contribution to the fund. I'm a good fellow, too. Good day. Pleased to have met you.

## The Thief:

All right. I know you got me. I'll talk. This dame comes to me. Sure, I know her. She used to sling hash down on Nint' Avenoo. Ol' sweetheart of mine. She comes an' tells me she's got a heavy sugar poppa that gives her a lot of sparklers to wear, an' she wants to raise some dough on 'em, but she's afraid to hock 'em because she's got to wear 'em when th' butter-an'-eggs guy takes her out. So she frames it fer me to do a stick-up. We're to split on what I get on 'em, an' th' sugar daddy won't be sore, on account of thinkin' she's been robbed. So I go through with it, an' cop th' jewels. An' they turn out to be paste. Yes, paste. Fakes. Not a bit of real ice in th' lot. I couldn't get more than a century note for all of 'em. Here's th' hock tickets. You can see fer yourself. All paste. Say, maybe that sugar daddy didn't know nothin'! An' Muriel thinkin' he was a sucker! Say, it give me a swell laugh. Sure, I'll stay away from th' butter-an'-eggs guy. I don't wonder he don't want to prosecute, handin' Muriel all that paste. Say, he don't know nothin', does he?



—James Kevin McGuinness

# Lithographs

## *A Comedian*

MY father used to say:  
 "The only place man does not care for gold  
 Is in his name."  
 So he changed ours, when I was young,  
 Working as a butcher's boy  
 In a little Kansas town.  
 Before then I had lots of friends  
 But after that they turned on me,  
 Following me in gangs  
 Singing a silly song:  
 Shame, shame, to change your name,  
 Change your heart and change your nose.  
 So I ran away and joined a minstrel troupe. . . .

For twenty years I trouped  
 Learning many things,  
 Always working toward the Promised Land,  
 And then they took me,  
 Called me their own,  
 And managers the length of Broadway  
 Knew I was a shooting star  
 To hitch a wagon to;  
 My name put on a show  
 Was just like putting Sterling on to silver.  
 I grew rich, married, reared children,  
 Bought houses, apartments, buildings,  
 And never tipped a nickel. . . .

My father used to say:  
 "Beware Jehovah's wrath."  
 For ten years there had never been such storms;  
 The track was covered, and our train was stalled.  
 Three days saw our food run out,  
 The chorus girls grew panicky,  
 And wept and cursed the snow.  
 Then I locked the Pullman doors,  
 Got down on my knees  
 And lifted up my soul in prayer.  
 I did not pray aloud  
 For I called upon my father's God:

Promising him my life, my service,  
 Even my fortune if he stayed his wrath.  
 And all night long I went among the girls  
 Comforting them,  
 Kneeling with them in the aisle in prayer.  
 Toward morning, a warm rain came,  
 By night a wrecking crew had reached us from the  
 town.  
 I straightway gave a thousand dollars  
 To the nearest Baptist church.  
 Who was to know?—there was no synagogue.

My father used to say:  
 "Once chosen, keep to the road."  
 So every year, the churches get my tithe.  
 And what I give to them  
 I more than make again,  
 Every time I preach the purity of the stage,  
 From coast to coast  
 The papers print my picture  
 And everything I say.  
 And so I preach it often.  
 And live it too—  
 I have no shady jokes,  
 Or talk of sex, in my good plays.  
 The girls are always virgins,  
 And you'd be surprised to find  
 How nice that makes the chorus.  
 And just to prove  
 I live by what I preach  
 I bring my daughter on—  
 Scarce budding into girlhood,  
 Clothed in silken tights,  
 A lovely, lithesome thing,  
 Warming the hearts of mothers, fathers. . . .

As my father used to say:  
 "Blessed are the pure in heart,  
 "They shall inherit the earth."

—*Murdock Pemberton*

## Backstage

THE jumble of ropes and coils  
 that clutter the flooring. . . .  
 The soft treading stage hands that  
 silently lash and strain. . . . The  
 motley group of "supers" that lean half  
 out the stage door dragging a last puff  
 from a short-lived cigarette. . . .  
 The old doorman, jaws clamped on  
 frayed cigar stub, whose warning hand  
 heralds approaching danger. . . .  
 Danger in a blue uniform that stays  
 to have a smoke with the boys, tolerant,  
 condescending. . . . "Fifteen minutes  
 before curtain." . . .

The old "Shakesperian" cast for  
 comedy, who stands pensive and aloof  
 in the memory that is his. . . . Be-

fore a mirror the leading lady gives  
 her hair a final deft pat pat and tries  
 to be pleasant with the underlings.  
 . . . The "heavy" who has a friendly  
 smile and reassuring "put it across  
 to-night, old man" for all. . . .  
 The mincing ingenue peeking through  
 the curtain in search of friends in the  
 audience. . . . The motherly  
 "mother" who borrows a "jucky" for  
 "just one drag." . . . The self-  
 appointed Equity enthusiast who de-  
 mands, "In good standing? Dues paid  
 up?" . . . "Five minutes before  
 curtain." . . . "Five minutes!" . . .  
 Persistent, the Detroit stock actor re-  
 counts vivid stories of one night stands

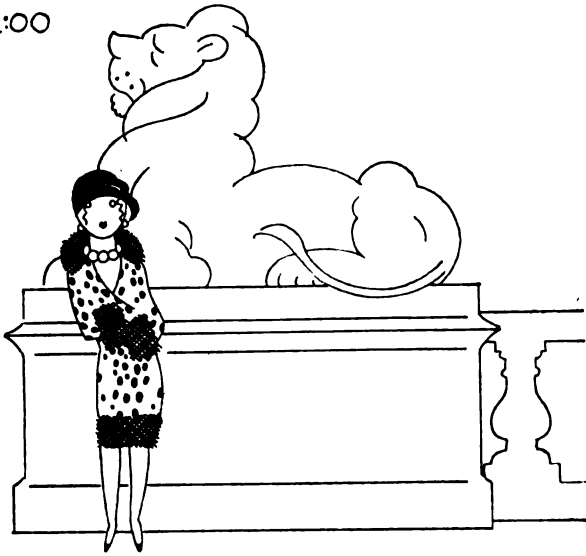
in Kansas. . . . The college boy  
 who does a "walk on" and worries  
 about his make-up. . . . The time-  
 ravished matron who steps metamor-  
 phosed from the dressing room, almost  
 attractive. . . . Effervescent, the  
 flesh and pink tinted juvenile gets in  
 the stage hands' way and is bawled out  
 unceremoniously. . . .

The chronically frantic stage man-  
 ager who pleads, in a suppressed snarl,  
 "On the set for act one—Everybody  
 on the set, please—PLEASE!" . . .  
 The last stage hand lumbers off stage.  
 . . . Upstairs doors slam and French  
 heels cling clong down iron stairs.

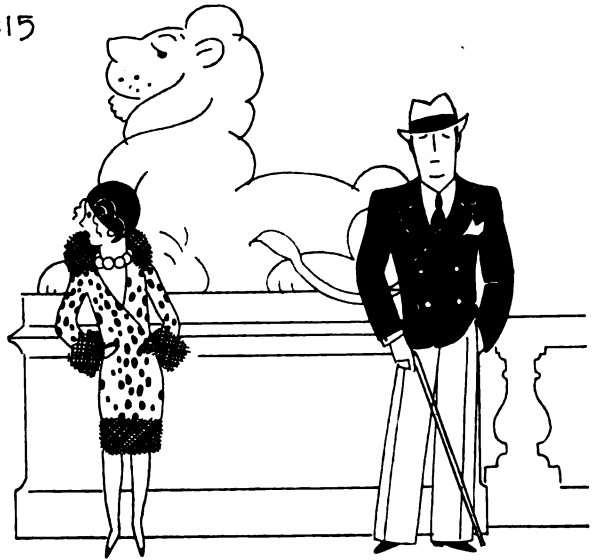
—*T. H. W.*

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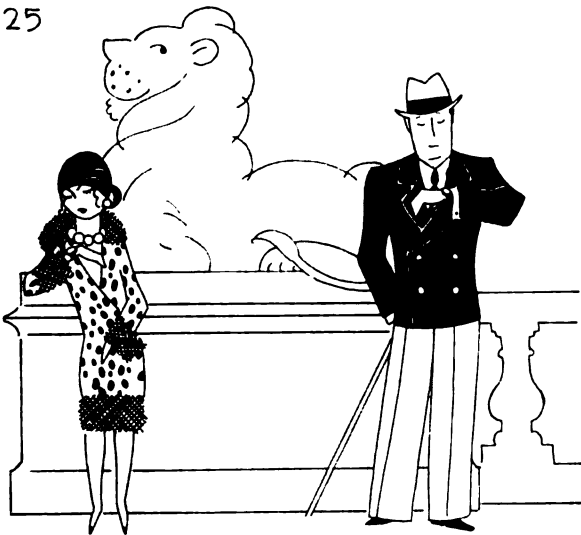
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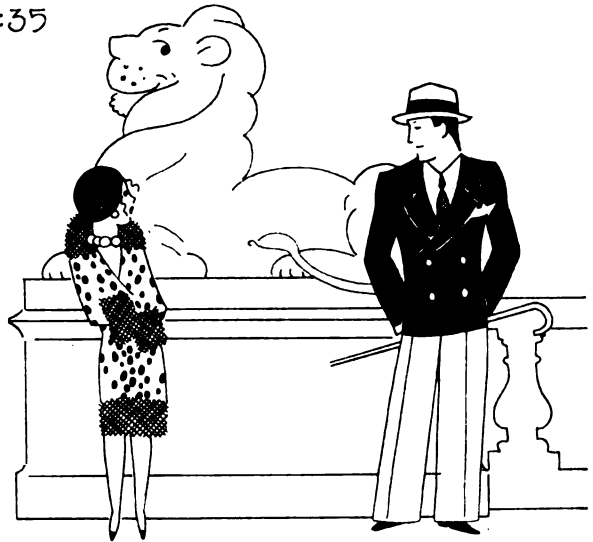
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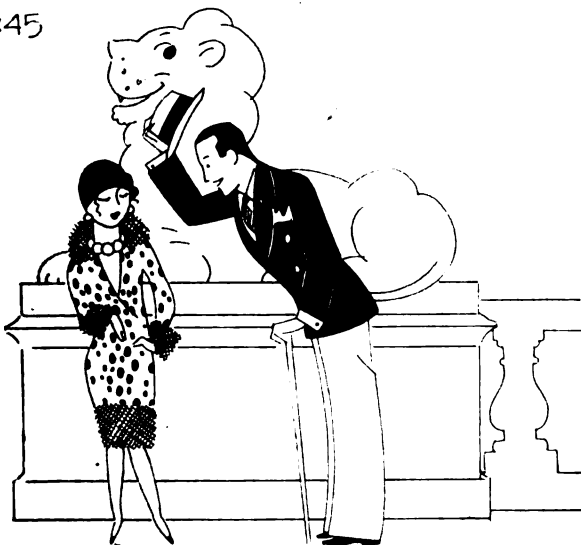
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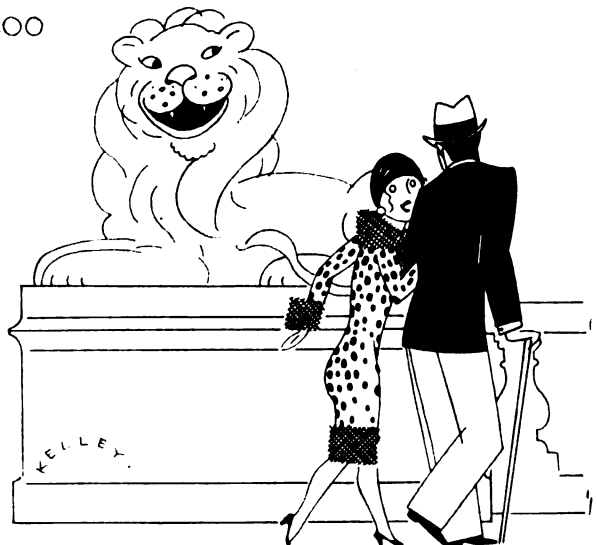
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## GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*A Spring Revival at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre*

**S**HOWING a few of the tensest moments in "The Servant in the House," which the Actors' Theatre is presenting at special matinees.

In the upper left hand corner Miss Helen Chandler's tearful sweetness is beginning to melt the stony hearted Mr. Hassell. To the

right, Mr. Sauter is telling Miss Violet Kemble Cooper about the lie he is living. Miss Cooper simply won't believe him.

In the lower half of the picture we have with us Mr. Cordoba as Manson, and a scene in the Vicar's household during one of those family upheavals.





**T**HIS department, here and now, breaks down and admits that it is a department that has just seen "The Mikado" for the first time. Other departments, if they wish, can pretend that they inherited eleven productions of "The Mikado," including the Savoy opening, from their fathers or their rich Uncle George. But this department is anything if not truthful.

And so, not being bothered by the fact that the third chorus man from the right in the fourth number in the first act had his hair combed in the middle, (instead of to the left, for which there is the iron-clad precedent of Gilbert's own direction in the matter), this department had a pretty good time. It knows about lyrics, and so it can testify that Gilbert's are good. It knows little about music, but the tunes appealed to it, and so that's all right. The book it found a bit labored, to be sure, but then it has its doubts about how its own stuff will read forty years from now.

Lupino Lane is very comic as *Koko* and don't let anybody tell you he's not. Marguerite Namara is nice to look at and sings her part as if it didn't bother her much. William Danforth, without whose appearance in the cast it seems impossible, perhaps even by law, to give performances of the piece, is a good comic *Mikado*, with real unction in the delivery of smart lyrics. Tom Burke is *Yum-Yum*, which would be our son of a millionaire whom the heroine mistakes for a floor-walker until nearly eleven p. m. And the rest of the cast does its chores well and easily.

The Shuberts have provided a first class production, including ever so many chorus men. It does seem a bit queer to those of us who have spent much time around Co-

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### The New Plays

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA.** *At the Guild. The play is, by general agreement, one of the finest comedies in the English language and the Guild has assembled the best cast available for its interpretation.*

**THE FOUR-FLUSHER.** *At the Apollo. The hero is in the shoe business and one suspects the producer rather wishes he were in the shoe business too.*

**MISMATES.** *At the Times Square. If you're in town from Dubuque, on your annual visit, don't go to see this unless you can't get tickets to "Abie's Irish Rose."*

**PRINCESS IDA.** *At the Shubert. Another Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, with better music and less comedy than there is in their more familiar works.*

**TELL ME MORE.** *At the Gaiety. A musical comedy by the authors of "Lady Be Good," of which the important meaning is that here is another Gerhswin score. Interesting comedians and the usual hysterical dancing chorus.*

**MERCENARY MARY.** *At the Longacre. A Summer musical comedy, with much to laugh at and more to look at.*

**TAPS.** *At the Broadhurst. If there is a heart in your bosom, you should like this play.*

**THE SAPPHIRE RING.** *At the Selwyn. The eternal Hungarian triangle, with an eye to a Schnitzler treatment.*

**O NIGHTINGALE.** *At the Forty-ninth Street. This has to do with a young woman from the country seeking a place on the city's stage, but amazingly enough she doesn't get it.*

**THRILLS.** *At the Comedy. It will, says the author, who also wrote "The Tantrum," appeal more to women than to men.*

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lumbia University to see so many Japs and not even one carrying a tennis racquet, but you get used to it.

**M**AYBE Mr. Selwyn was right. (This department, of course, means Mr. Edgar Selwyn, who recently said in London that the critics should be abolished, and not his brother, Mr. Arch Selwyn, whose turn it was last year to say in London that he was coming right back to America and the Shuberts had better look out, because he was going to bust them wide open.)

Perhaps Mr. Edgar Selwyn felt that the critics of most of the important papers in the city would lose such ability as they had in writing about such an exciting and promising play as last week's "Wild Birds." There has not in many months been a play that carried with it such evidences of competent earnestness, of shrewd observation into the things inside that make the human race human, of sympathetic understanding of the torture of a soul, as there are to be found in "Wild Birds." And most of the critics, as aforesaid, muffed it completely and thought they were watching a freshman in English A-1 play Eugene O'Neill.

It is all very depressing. To be sure, the play was produced in the Cherry Lane Playhouse, and it is possible to get better dramatic effects by putting on your sister's picture hat and playing you're Lillian Russell for the company in the parlor than it is to get made up and act all over the Cherry Lane stage. The stage is so small and cramped, in fact, that for dramatic purposes the author is frequently defeated by the obvious belief of the audience that the lover going off stage to the left must

have met the wronged husband entering the stage from the right.

Ever and again, it is evident, the names of obscure and unimportant people are frequently dragged into the light because years and years ago they wrote the first piece calling attention to a Shaw or a Hauptmann or an Ibsen or any of the lesser but still solemn figures of the drama. Which leads this department to the hope that it, too, will live, if only as a footnote in the record of the literary career of this Dan Titheroh, who has written the amazing first play that gave most of the critics a chance to prove what a shrewd observer is Mr. Edgar Selwyn.

**I**F this department had only three hours in which to learn the true character of anyone who was to mean anything to its life, it would take the subject to see "Taps," at the Broadhurst Theatre. "Taps" is a cheap, rubber-stamped, snivelling play, that affronts the intelligence and the finer critical faculties at every moment of its existence. And so, if this department's guest didn't weep frequently and give evident signs at regular intervals of Weltschmerz and didn't spend the next two or three days in a gentle depression, devoted to constant thoughts of those wonderful days when life was beautiful, this department would take him and push him ruthlessly into the nearest river.

The ability to enjoy a play like "Taps" should be a part of the equipment of every civilized person, like the ability to sob hysterically when the Kapelle in the Biergarten on June nights plays "Glow Worm" and "Violets" and "The Blue Danube." In it is glamour, not the glamour of the glorious past, but the even greater glamour of what never was. In it are those happy maudlin elements that bring tears when the Prince leaves *Kaethe*, though the intellect announces sternly that he would never have met her to start with. And in it is the color and ritual of that German army that started so bravely for Paris and ended its long march four years later, that part of it that was left, listening to an address on Tempelhofer Feld from a Socialist President who warned it to be prepared to fight its brothers.

In it, too, are Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick, but they are not even in the same class of dramatic appeal as the aforementioned items. And there is good work by Ullrich Haupt and Egon Brecher.

### *And They Do Say—*

**G**EORGE M. COHAN'S autobiography, felicitously called "Twenty Years on Broadway—and the Years it Took to Get There," has been published and is now accumulating its store of (a) perfunctory and (b) denunciatory reviews. Many who have read it and who know little else of the magnetic

Cohan are much puzzled by it. The man, they say, is inexplicable, and nothing that he does is much related to what has gone before, save as it is in direct contradiction to it.

Wherefore it seems apposite to exhume one of the least-known but best-documented of the Cohan stories. A close study of it will go far in making up the correct picture of him that will be painted in those years to come in which he is so surely to stand forth as one of the greatest figures in the American theatre.

Mr. Cohan, then, was the aggressive partner in the firm of Cohan & Harris and, in addition, a constant frequenter of the Friars' Club. Arrived at the club late one night, he was informed that an actor in one of the Cohan & Harris productions had just left the building, after a pleasant half hour monologue on such disagreeable attributes of Mr. Cohan as he could remember or invent.

Mr. Cohan was still red with rage when he appeared in the offices of Cohan & Harris the following morning.

"Sam," he said to Mr. Harris, his straight man, "did you hear what that guy said about me last night?"

Mr. Harris indicated that the report had reached his ears.

"Well," said Mr. Cohan, "I've stood all I'm going to stand from him. I've given orders to the elevator starter that he's not to be allowed in the building. I won't have him around, any place at all."

Mr. Cohan paused, for the most dire pronouncement of all.

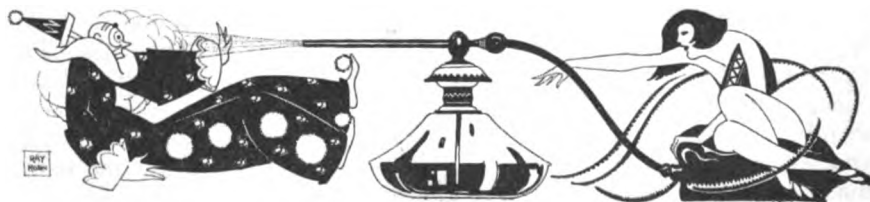
"I've decided, Sam," he said, "that we won't employ him any more. He's not to get a job in any of our shows again—unless, of course, we absolutely need him."

**M**ISS LENORE ULRIC and Mr. David Belasco are not on speaking terms nor have they been these many weeks.

Mr. Belasco, it seems, was of the opinion last Summer that just a dandy occupation for Miss Ulric would be to keep right on playing in "Kiki," for which the theatre goers of the Hinterland were in a most receptive state of box office mind. Miss Ulric, on the other hand, was of the opinion that three years of "Kiki," two in New York and one on the road, were enough. Miss Ulric, after a good deal of argument, made her point.

Whereupon, in selecting a new play for Miss Ulric, Mr. Belasco picked one that met not at all with her favor. Miss Ulric protested vigorously at being required to appear in "The Harem." Mr. Belasco, after a good deal of argument, made his point.

And so, one thing has led to another and all of them put together to a situation in which Miss Ulric's sole recognition of her employer's existence has been an acceptance of her weekly wage.





## The Celluloid Prince

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has travelled from Hollywood to New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest, Monte Carlo, back again to Berlin, Paris, London and New York, and by the time this appears will be ensconced again in Hollywood—all in a few weeks. This cyclonic speed is his everyday pace. In the wreckage along his path are to be found a formidable number of tragic and amusing incidents that will serve to enlarge the annals of that mongrel industry—the motion picture business. Newly-made stars, a blackened eye in Atlantic City, a score of disappointed blondes who saw themselves the Mary Pickfords of the future, ten scores of cowed underlings, five enemies as against one friend, and bon mots by the bushel.

In Warsaw, Poland, where he was born in 1882, he must have discovered that the rule of life, in order to live, is not to let live. This philosophy, humanized by a democracy like ours, means outstripping the other fellow by any means possible that does not land one in jail. He came to this country when he was fourteen years old, and for years was cradled in a factory and fed by a soda fountain. Nevertheless, he developed and eventually became that promising hero of mercantile America—a salesman. Once a good salesman (and we can take Mr. Goldwyn's own word for it that he was an A-number-One-100 per cent plus salesman), anything is possible.

About ten years ago he saw a picture show and saw himself a millionaire simultaneously. He took his vision to Jesse Lasky, his brother-in-law, who was a vaudeville man at that time. And the story of his spectacular achievements is detailed in his own book. And like most of the other fairy stories of American life, from a glovemaker Sam Goldwyn became a great Prince of the Movies—all in a few years.

Now he has a valet and dresses and looks like a gentleman, but to hear him speak is a shock. He shouts in a vocabulary of ten words—words used by a prize fighter who has gone into the cloak and suit business and upon whose nodular toes an expressman has let fall a half ton case of goods. If after an interview you are a bit raw, he won't know it. If you are all in he will look at you in astonishment and ask, "Wat's the matter?" On the other hand, if you happen to be that fortunate type of person who has a vocabulary of only five words and can shout louder

than he can, you win. The wolf becomes a lamb and will look at you with the dumb eyes of the beast driven to the shambles.



Samuel Goldwyn

Almost everyone in the picture world has at one time or another worked for him. He has never been known to praise a man who has slaved for him except for the purpose of publicity. There is nothing he likes better than to be photographed holding on to the arm of a celebrity.

He suspects an employee of loafing before the employee is conscious of it himself. In one of his offices at Culver City he saw a man sitting at a desk biting a pencil. Twice, thrice, he walked past the opened door, but the man still gnawed viciously. He went in and questioned him. "What are you here?"

"A writer."

"Then why don't you write?" he thundered.

Nevertheless, Sam Goldwyn is a great man. Every one agrees about that. His insensitiveness to the feelings of others is a trait often found in genius. To be under his command even temporarily is said to be hell, to meet him as an equal is refreshing after the surfeit of over-educated, clever young men with nothing to say who seem to fill the world at present. When one encounters him in more gentle mood one meets a naïve and simple man with the imagination and prevision that have aspects of genius. It is almost painful to see him groping, struggling, bludgeoning his way to clarity, agonizing over ideas he feels but cannot express, a man struggling with his own greatness, a man whose night school education is inferior to his destiny—much like the industry of which he is so eminent a member. There are so many stupid people in the movies who cannot see beyond their noses, narrow-minded and timid little men, that Mr. Goldwyn stands out from among them a dramatic figure—an inspired buccaneer.

Although he is a man without a background, without education, with a mind and temperament that suffer from lack of discipline, by sheer urge of some divine spark within him, he was able to build up that colossal enterprise at Culver City.

After he had helped to vivify the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation he parted unfriendly company with them and went into the production of pictures on his own, organizing the Goldwyn Picture Corporation.

He built studios and magnificent offices for this enterprise outside Hollywood. The architecture was in the best Stephen Merritt style and it was to that city of mausoleums that the Eminent Authors made their pilgrimages as to Mecca, to return the richer for it, but not in sackcloth and ashes.

As an individual achievement the Culver City project placed him at the head of the motion picture industry for a time. As was to be expected, his stone city became a *Golem* bigger than himself and threatened to annihilate him. Here his shrewdness helped him. He got from under the stone edifice he had built with his own flesh and blood and began all over again.

In the matter of pictures he has the master's instinct for reaching at the heart of humanity, but he often loses his way. His own intuitions are crystal clear, but with a mind incapable of deduction he has no confidence in his own convictions and will swallow verbatim the logic of others. Thus he will make up his mind and change it simultaneously, and since like all geniuses his intuitions are his best bets, he is, so to speak, his own worst enemy.

He has an instinctive love for beauty. Next to his acquisitiveness, this is the strongest impulse of his nature. He once tried to convince Edna Ferber that his interests were the other way round, but his nature got the better of him. He was heard to say with great earnestness, "Miss Ferber, I would rather make a great, artistic picture than—than—than eat a good meal!" And when he tried the same line of persuasion upon George Bernard Shaw with a view to a forthcoming contract, Shaw replied, "We can never agree, Mr. Goldwyn, because your ideals are those of an artist and mine those of a business man."

Due in a large extent to the energy, vision and courage of Samuel Goldwyn, the motion picture industry has reached the point of artistic development where Mr. Shaw is now willing to entrust the children of his brain to the artists of the celluloid—that is to say, for much *mezumeh*. When this change of heart was pointed out to Mr. Goldwyn he wasn't interested for a nickel, he said, and went on almost

wistfully, "I spent a whole day once with Mr. Shaw and he got more out of me than I got out of him."

As an example of his instinctive genius for picking winners is his recent discovery of Countess Vilma Bankey. The story is that he was having trouble with his passport at Budapest. A Jew who travels in that country now takes his life in his hands. Let it be set down that Mr. Goldwyn is never afraid to enter where angels fear to tread. While railroad officials were chastising this Chosen, the train pulled out. Between trains he saw the beautiful Vilma Bankey. Even though she might not be a Countess he felt he had to have her in pictures, and before the next train arrived her stardom was determined, not in heaven but by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. She is in New York now, a beautiful, charming creature, and those who have seen her screen tests say Sam has put it over again.

But like all men who know only the half of it, he thinks he knows it all and is teaching her to speak English. Hearing this, a member of the Goldwyn *verein* commented that when the lessons are completed Miss Bankey will be speaking a loud Hungarian.

He laps up personal glorification, but he is suspicious of the bearer of gifts, for that is being paid in coin of his own making. The novel or play he does not want is worth nothing, but if he wants it he will pay an author beyond its worth, and having a nose for publicity, he will then let all the world know about it.

He has the gambler's love for taking a chance. He met Michael Arlen in London and told him he was interested in one of his novels, but since the two are brothers under the skin, a bargain was slow in the making. They met again at Monte Carlo. "Let's throw for the story, Mike," challenged Sam, but the English Armenian refused to take it up.

Sam Goldwyn's characteristics—his mental makeup, his viewpoint, his manners, his background, his lack of traditions—are so typical of the motion picture industry with its conceits, its gropings, its courage, its exciting achievements—that he stands out of all the people in it as the symbol, the epitome of the movies, and heir apparent to its great future achievements.



## Lyrics from the Pekinese

XXV.

"I'M greatly concerned for the fate  
Of the New Generation;  
Fulfilling some riotous date  
Is their sole occupation;  
They gamble, they shimmy, they drink  
Till the Dawn-bird is crowing;  
They scorn admonition; they think  
They are frightfully knowing.  
My puppies were never like these!"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XXVI.

"The ambient ether is tense  
And is still growing tenser;  
In every penumbra we sense  
A detective or censor;  
Just what we may see in a play  
Or a book they decide on;  
Whatever we do or we say  
We are gawked at and spied on  
Like goldfish or pink chimpanzees!"  
Said the small Pekinese.

XXVII.

"Dear Magyars and Slavs of all brands  
From Caucasia to Norway,  
Abandon the feuds of your lands  
As you enter our doorway!  
We've plenty of problems right here  
To engross your dissensions,  
With politics fresh every year,  
Democratic conventions  
And sociological sprees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

Arthur Guiterman



**A** WEEK in the art galleries, picked at random, may bring you a sense of elation or despair. Gradually the seeker after painting in its fluid state must come to agreement with himself as to preferences and prejudices. Perhaps there is not too much to be said in favor of an open mind; a closed mind running on a single track will doubtless bring its owner more peace and more real enjoyment.

Pick then, your galleries and make the rounds. Four or five will do you, whatever cult you trail after. And keep to these favored haunts if you wish to avoid nausea and red before the eyes. For you can find nothing in the other fellow's camp, except stuff to froth over. Your gallery reflects the dealer's taste and desires as definitely as does the shop reflect the madame's taste in robe et manteau.

Our list has narrowed down to a half dozen and only duty and a reportorial sense can hereafter lure us off the chosen path. This last week we added the Daniel Gallery. The exhibition was the first show of Niles Spencer, a young man out of Providence, who has lived it down better than any one we know. It is told that one of the Providence Museum directors, happening into the gallery, finally became aware of the fact that this same Spencer was the little boy who had to be scolded every day in the Providence art school because he would not use a rule and compass. The old man looked at the strange forms on the wall and sadly shook his head.

"Even in those days we knew he was a Bolshevik," the director confided.

Judged by one view of his first show we would say Niles Spencer will be a great painter. We have seen few Americans who organized their composition so well, or who were so successful in the execution. There is not a brush stroke, or a jot of paint that has not been considered. Yet the canvases have a beautiful simplicity and a rapid movement. "Still Life" and "The Steeple" are as stunning as some of Matisse; and Matisse is one of our weaknesses. "City Roofs" is Marin stood right side up and the "Portuguese Boy" shows what Spencer can do with the figure. The Providence museum could buy a canvas of the home town boy for \$75 now, but will probably wait two generations and pay \$7,500.

For strange are the workings of Providence.

Another of our favorite bar rooms is Weyhe. This week they have gone in for some sort of justification for Brooklyn, via Vincent Canade. Numerous self-portraits of Canade are in the show, so you do not have to speculate on the author of these tragic windows. Perhaps if you were forty and had lived in Brooklyn since you were six you, too, would pour your soul out in paint the color of cinder paths after rain. Canade has accepted the home town as one of God's mysteries and has felt it his duty to be truthful about it. His canvases are as Brooklyn as the mayor. He is relentless and seldom gives you a happy view. Some of his drawings are more cheerful. Especially good are some of the pastel street scenes in which he makes beautiful patterns in black and white. Canade has something to say, undoubtedly, but feels that beauty is superfluous.



Joseph Stella

Let's get it all over at once, we can imagine the Ainslie genius saying. Accordingly, he went out into the wilds and brought forth enough artists to fill all his rooms—four in number. There are snow pictures by Birge Harrison, landscapes by Marni Ayres Davis, a little of everything by C. J. Stephens and what you will by Helena Sturtevant. If you had stopped just off the elevator and looked only at the Davis collection, your mood might not be so savage. Here is a young painter with enough abandon to forget eventually she has won a prize. She has a swing about her and a casualness that is refreshing.

Miss Stephens will never be the painter-laureate of the Lucy Stone League. It is whispered that she wants you to think she is a man. She wields a massive brush and now and then paints something she feels instead of a memory of something Mr. Chase once admired. One of these, we believe it was the "Ice Cream Parlor," we liked intensely. It bore a direct relation to the artist and was out of her. Miss, pardon us, C. J. Stephens has a kind habit of explaining all her pictures with a fifty word sub-title, in case you don't understand her intent.

And as for Helena Sturtevant, we hope you missed it. There are no picture juries extant, such as the play juries to guard us against untoward things. Miss Sturtevant goes all the way from Tivoli to the eclipse of 125th Street, and she misses little by the wayside.

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

A war play, for a change, about men at war and not ping-pong.

### CANDIDA—Ambassador

Peggy Wood as Candida and Richard Bird as Marchbanks in the season's most interesting revival.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

Ibsen, fresh audiences are learning nightly, wrote very interesting and actable plays, once you scrape off his commentators.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

A Theatre Guild production, with Pauline Lord at her very best. Desire Under the Grape Vines.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Congreve, with a snort or two in the general direction of the Play Jury. A fair revival of a vital play.

### THE SHOW OFF—Playhouse

The other side of the "Abie's Irish Rose" Medal, or There Is Hope for America Yet.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

An exceedingly low-brow play, but arrangements have been made whereby you can check your pretenses at the door.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Ring Lardner might have written this, the lazy you-know.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

Cellini—how he lived and loved. More of his love than of his life, with the background Florence, the Hollywood of the Renaissance.

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth

Alfred Lunt in a good job of fooling his wife into thinking he's really a Russian guardsman, his bitter rival. Lynn Fontanne in a better job of fooling Alfred into thinking she's fooled. Scenario by Molnar.

### SILENCE—National

Big Moments of Big Crooks—you've been seeing melodramas like this for years and with luck you'll keep right at it forever. H. B. Warner as always.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

The Astaires and the rest of the cast winning half the battle by convincing you they're having a good time, too. Musik von Georg Gershwin.

### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

Irving Berlin's music is new and charming, but you could drop into the theatre tonight, if you've been out hunting llamas for three years, and never be reminded you'd been away.

### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

Mr. Arthur Hammerstein is profiting handsomely from his peculiar discovery that the public will patronize a comic, well-mounted and well-sung operetta.

## PUZZLES OF 1925—Fulton

Elsie Janis in her own revue and providing most of the entertainment. But then, she's on stage most of the time.

## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest of the Follies, chiefly on account of W. C. Fields, but Mr. Ziegfeld had to kill "The Comic Supplement" to do it.

## LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

Leon Errol, and if not, some one else in his place, could be funnier, but the production could scarcely be more gorgeous.



Adolph Menjou

## MUSIC

### THE AUER CONCERT—Carnegie Hall

Tuesday evening, April 28. Gabrilowitsch, Heifetz, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff and Zimbalist in a program in honor of Leopold Auer's eightieth birthday. A high priced attraction, but worth the money, any way you look at it.

### ROYAL DADMUN—Aeolian Hall

Tuesday evening, April 28. One of our best baritones improving a Spring evening.

## ART

### VINCENT CANADE—Weyhe Gallery

A record of thirty years lived in Brooklyn. Dour and sincere.

### HENRI & HAWTHORNE—Macbeth Galleries

Irish and Spanish types by Henri and Bermuda water colors by Hawthorne.

### YARNALL ABBOTT—Ainslie Gallery

Painting and sketches in oil and tempera.

### C. ZANON—The New Gallery

First show in this country of a brilliant Italian, working in the modern method.

## U. S. & EUROPEANS—Brooklyn Museum

Exhibition of water colors by Americans and Europeans, also oil and pastel including stuff by Count Louis Sparre, of Stockholm, no less.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GRASS—Criterion

Remarkable film panorama of a primitive Persian tribe on its migration in search of food.

### MADAME SANS-GENE

The picturesque Gloria Swanson as the Napoleonic lady of historical romance. Color—and real Parisian backgrounds.

### ROMOLA—Capitol

George Eliot's chaotic novel told with rare photographic beauty but dull results.

## OTHER EVENTS

### HOTEL ASSOCIATION DINNER DANCE—Commodore

Tuesday evening, April 21. Third Annual Dinner Dance of Association, proceeds to go to association relief fund. Entertainment at midnight.

### SHAKESPEAREAN CELEBRATION—Pennsylvania

Thursday, April 23, 1 o'clock. Luncheon of the New York Chapter of the English Speaking Union in honor of Shakespeare's birthday anniversary. Dr. John H. Finley to preside.

### HASTY PUDDING SHOW—Plaza

Friday and Saturday evenings, April 24 and 25. Harvard undergraduates will present "Laugh It Off," at the seventy-ninth annual production of Hasty Pudding Club.

### MILITARY BALL AND PAGEANT—U. S. S. Illinois

Friday evening, April 24. Third annual ball and pageant for the benefit of the disabled veterans of the world war, on board the U. S. S. Illinois, North River, foot of Ninety-sixth Street. Amateur cabaret at midnight.

### UNITED HUNTS SPRING MEET—Belmont Park

Saturday afternoon, April 25. Opening of the thoroughbred racing season of Metropolitan district.

### TREASURE HUNT—Plaza, starting point

Saturday, April 25, 2 P. M. For the benefit of Hope Farm.

### TESTIMONIAL TO GENERAL PERSHING—Hippodrome

Saturday, April 25. Midnight. Under auspices of American Legion. United States Army Band to take part.

### CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

All week.

### TREASURE HUNT—Sherry's, starting point

Monday, April 27, 8:30 P. M. For the benefit of Hope Farm.



SOMETHING equivalent to the boxing commission will have to be created in the orchestral world, especially in New York. Music may have charms (does that line end with "beast" or "breast"?) of a pacific nature, but there is a first-rate rough and tumble scrap for subscribers under way between the Philharmonic, New York Symphony and State Symphony Orchestras. The champion in this battle royal cannot be named at this time, but you and me, both, probably will be the winners, for a rare line-up of conductorial talent is promised for next season.

The Philharmonic, having experimented with Mr. Furtwaengler, and found him good, has installed him in place of Mr. Van Hoogstraten to share the year with Mr. Mengelberg. There will be an interregnum, in which the redoubtable Arturo Toscanini will desert his strange occupation of completing unfinished operas and appear for the first time in town at the head of an orchestra which is neither an overworked operatic band nor a scratch assembly. Henry Hadley will appear briefly as sponsor for American works, and Igor Stravinsky, presumably, will stay in Europe.

Our next oldest orchestra, the New York Symphony, upon hearing of these innovations, desisted for a moment from celebrating anniversaries, of which the Symphony Society seems to have as many as the Brooklyn baseball team has "holiday" double headers, and tossed into the ring a new name—that of Otto Klemperer, who, by no tremendously subtle agencies, is announced as competition for Mr. Furtwaengler. This visitor succeeds Bruno Walter, a fine musician who never quite impressed the New York public. Mr. Walter now finds himself elected to the club, headed by Pierre Monteux, of those who met with indifference while they were here and were bewailed when they left. And what, will somebody please inform us, has become of Vladimir Golschmann?

The Philharmonic, having solved a difficult problem presented by the musical union by raising admission prices slightly, the New York Symphony achieved a *coup*, at least on paper, by moving into Mecca Temple and reducing rates. Mr. Damrosch apparently cannot resist the temptation to dedicate new music halls, and if anybody builds a newer edifice in the next year, the Symphony Society probably will move again. This year the Symphony played Sunday matinees in Aeolian Hall; next year in Mecca Temple; the following year—sic transit gloria Sunday!

But if there is going to be a fight, the State Sym-

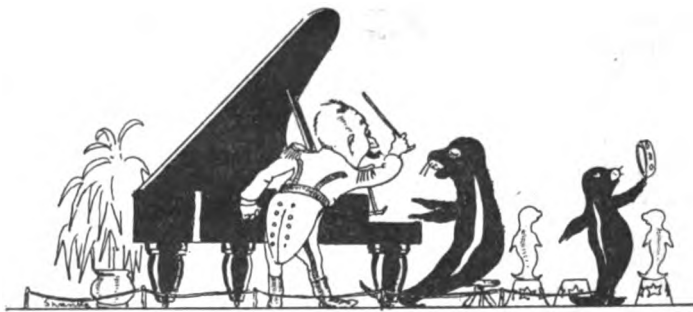
phony, which has youth if not beauty, is not standing apart. Ignatz Waghalter, that conscientious time-beater, no longer will perplex critics who cannot understand why he is here. In his stead come Ernst von Dohnanyi and Eugene Goossens, distinctly colorful leaders who will inject into the faltering State a little aggressiveness. There is talk of special concerts at which manuscript works will be tried out and all manner of interesting stuff—but of this you will hear more from your chatterbox only when the State Symphony resembles more closely that barbershop where the promise is performed.

And, as though the fighting among home talent were not warm enough, Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians will continue to fret the attaches of Carnegie Hall by drawing in more standees than there is shoe space, and Mr. Koussevitzky and his resurrected Bostonians will resume their onslaughts. There will be visits from Mr. Reiner and his Cincinnati boys, Mr. Gabilowitsch and the Detroit Tigers—in fact, cities from both leagues will be represented generously.

THE NEW YORKER welcomes the bellicosity of the orchestras, for many will go to see what all the shootin' is for and stay to hear the music.

May we suggest, as radio announcers hint, that you look at your appointment books, pads, calendars or what have you, and make a note of the concert in honor of Leopold Auer at Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, April 28th? Much could be said of Professor Auer's long, honorable and valuable life in music (this concert commemorates his eightieth birthday) but we feel that it hardly is necessary to labor the theme. Let us tempt you by telling you that Jascha Heifetz, Efrem Zimbalist and Professor Auer will play fiddle and that Ossip Gabilowitsch, Joseph Hoffmann and Serge Rachmaninoff will act as assisting pianists. Mr. Zimbalist also will appear at the piano, spelling Mr. Heifetz's regular accompanist, and, if enough of you write to Mr. Heifetz, perhaps he will play a piano solo. If he doesn't play "Fascinating Rhythm" he will be depriving the public of a treat in jazz pianism.

Gerard Hekking, French-Dutch 'cellist, who made his debut with the Philharmonic, shattered one of the silliest traditions of the concert stage at his first appearance. Recalled by the audience, he acknowledged the compliment without dragging back his instrument.



# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



*The Balalaika*

along. The reputed \$6,000 a week is practically sworn to, incidentally.

All their dances are new and full of their characteristic clowning. The proximity of the audience gives them greater opportunities for comedy than on the stage, and by the time they reached their third and funniest dance on the opening night the crowd was rocking. They have a deft touch and create delightfully absurd illusions with a twist of the neck or a crook of the elbow. Their zest and apparent enjoyment captivates the audience early and enthusiasm increases with each dance. Mrs. Astaire, their mother, whose white hair and youthful figure attracted attention to her as one of the most beautiful women at the opening, may yearn for her children to do more "beautiful" dances, but she concedes that their humorous pantomime gives them a unique standing.

The usual first nighters were present with a large number of Fred and Adele's social friends, who did not let Holy Week interfere. Michael Arlen provided interest and speculation to the party by bringing Bessie Love.

Monty Steele tried to grab a ring-side table belonging to somebody else and didn't get away with it. The Harry Cushings, Mrs. Hearst, Phil Plant with Judy Smith, Walter Wanger with Justine Johnstone and all the powers of Famous Players, Herb Weston with Mary Floyd-Jones, Walter Catlett, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Kitty Bache and Colonel William Hayward helped to pack the Trocadero to much more than a comfortable capacity.

The room has not been redecorated since Maurice and Hughes left and (to offer an humble suggestion) it's time those dolls were yanked down from the rafters. Silk dolls have been successfully allocated in every boudoir in France and America, so the fad may now be considered *passé* even in Dubuque.

The front of smartness and popularity put on by some of the night clubs is ridiculous. The grasping doormen frequently insist that without a reservation

WITH new blue notes from Emil Coleman and a blaze of lights, Fred and Adele Astaire are stepping forth at the Trocadero for the first time as supper club performers. They have been repeatedly sought as ballroom entertainers by various interests, but they didn't give in until the present offer came

you cannot be admitted. After considerable palaver and telephoning the headwaiter from the drug store on the corner, you enter to find only six or eight tables occupied, these by a dreary group of bracelet buyers from the oil fields.

The evening dress regulation is a fluctuating affair depending entirely upon the current popularity of a restaurant. To enter the favorite "gay lobster palaces" two months ago it was necessary to be attired correctly for the evening, but at present the standard has been so lowered in some that a goose-neck sweater would cause no remonstrances from the captain—and, possibly, no comment from the patrons, who seem rather accustomed to that sort of thing.

People actually stop talking and clattering the crockery in the Russian Bear long enough to listen to the music. That is a relief after the din of the more pretentious evening resorts further west and uptown. The balalaika orchestra gives the true fire and melancholy of Slavic music, which has been attempted less fortunately in other Russian inns with the usual instruments of American orchestras.

The shirts of the players and a couple of barbaric panels are the only national decorations in the place. In fact, the setting is thoroughly unattractive, but the excellent Russian food and the orchestra make you count that of minor importance.

The clientele is largely Russian; and it has not had its informality and low prices spoiled by the crowding in of the show-off group from Broadway and the Village. With pleasant companions you can sit chatting after dinner until one o'clock, drinking Russian tea and listening to native music played by artists on the proper instruments. For an evening when you

don't care to dress and the world seems jazz-bound you can go there to converse and brood to the accompaniment of delightful, moody music.—*Tophat*



*Fred and Adele Astaire*

I've never found that being clever  
Demanded any work whatever;  
But painfully I soothe and lull  
My wit, and toil at seeming dull.

My dullness is the Height of Art.  
'Tis merely Nature when I'm smart.

—*Arthur Guiterman*





# OF ALL THINGS



IN accepting the nomination for President of Germany, Hindenberg came out with a bold, ringing keynote message dodging all the important issues. It must have sounded like old home week to visiting Americans.



The director of our public library is distressed about the way the puzzle fans wear out the dictionaries. A mah jong company, he should be advised, died last week in horrible agony.



According to Professor Shaw of New York University, men are becoming womanish, and he cites such proofs as purple bathrobes, lilac pajamas and silk slippers. An even better example would be the widespread effeminate habit of smoking cigarettes.



A Pennsylvania woman has left her husband one dollar out of an estate of \$455,000. What, we wonder, was the matter with that dollar?



Taxi drivers are now under the control of the police department and one hopes that yeggs and gunmen will pardon inattention and bad service while the cops are getting the hang of their new duties.



THE NEW YORKER has an idea. Universities have exchange professors. Why should not cities have exchange mayors?

Many residents of Boston, it is no secret, would rather have anybody for mayor than Mr. Curley. There is equally reliable information to the effect that many residents of New York would rather have anybody for mayor than Mr. Hylan. Would not it be to the interests of the Citizens of Both Cities to exchange mayors for a while, and see whether they like it?

Mr. Hylan could shriek "Liar" at the Boston city fathers, and tell how in New York he brought about the five-cent fare, which is a dime in Boston. And Mr. Curley could take a fling in the ring at Mr. Craig. The idea has possibilities. THE NEW YORKER wonders. . . .



Great inventions, as is well known, almost always are made at one and the same time at places far apart by two different men, whose heirs and assigns then proceed to clutter up the courts for centuries with disgusting suits having to do with money.

The Democrats are planning to hold a national convention at which candidate talk will not be permitted and all differences will be sunk for the good of the party. This is what you might call an unconvention.



It has been estimated that Nurmi's legs are worth five million dollars apiece to Finland. It is reports like this that cause needless suffering in our musical comedy circles.



Frankly, the traction squabble is too much for us. The *Times* prints a Swiss traveler's account of Assabat, the subterranean city in the Sahara desert. Had we foreseen this development in the war of wits between Mayor Hylan and the Interests, we previously should not have advised His Honor so unqualifiedly how to circumvent the foes of the five cent fare who sent agents to ancient Utica to dig up six copper cents and a chariot wheel.



His Honor can take care of himself. Clearly that Swiss traveler was none other than a faithful emissary of His Honor, commissioned to show New Yorkers what this town will come to if the subway extension advocates have their wish.



The published word pictures of Assabat are uninviting. Everything is subway. The whole town is under-

ground, a monument to the rapaciousness of the Interests. It probably costs a nickel just to walk up the street.



New York must be saved the fate of Assabat, which four hundred years ago only needed a Hylan-Bey, a people's champion with the same affectionate regard for the Sahara sunshine that His Honor has for Palm Beach.



But we are slightly consoled by the fact that the Interest-bidden *Times* fell for it and, thinking it had a beat on the *American*, put the story on page one.



Indirect reference is being had in the preceding paragraph to the circumstance that a subscriber in Brooklyn was about to write a letter to THE NEW YORKER a few weeks ago on the menace of a nation that reads its film captions aloud when he saw a piece on the same subject in this department. The piece, it will be remembered, dealt with the distinguished services of one Fisher who had remonstrated with a caption reader at the Hippodrome, nor ceased his remonstrations though the caption reader stabbed him.

"To say the least," writes the Brooklyn subscriber temperately, "reading or spelling out loud the movie sub-title is annoying, inconsiderate and most impolite."

Then, having thus stated the case so clearly that no fair-minded person can deny him, he proceeds to a concrete plan:

"I suggest," he suggests, "fighting fire with fire, i. e., (one fears he is a crossword puzzle brother), by passing a law forcing every movie goer to read the titles out loud."

There is an obvious objection to this suggestion. How many movie goers can read? One in five? Two in five? One could easily develop this thought to absurdity.

The situation is critical and THE NEW YORKER invites further suggestions from public spirited citizens. To persons of an inventive mind, it offers the advice that there is a fortune awaiting the man who perfects a device that will automatically set a moving picture theatre afire after the third reading of a caption aloud.

*The New Yorker*

# TOO BAD!

**SCENE**—Tex Rickard's office in the Mashem and Squasem Garden. The walls are hung with pictures of fish. They are all suckers. In one corner stands a bust of Barnum before which burns a candle. On the pedestal of the bust the words "He Said It." In another corner, laid on black velvet under a glass case are a length of lead pipe and a cracked skull, sentimental reminders of a cruder and more meager day. Alongside this exhibit a miniature box office. Above, a sign which reads: "Then and Now." The "Now" is directly above the box office. On Rickard's desk stands a statuette of Jesse James on a horse. Rickard himself, in person, sits before the desk laughing. He laughs and laughs and laughs. He is laughing at the horse. He has many other reasons for laughing but at the moment it is the horse which amuses him.

**RICKARD** (*Wipes his eyes and sighs philosophically*): Ah well! Times change.

(*Speaking of change reminds him of something. He leans forward and writes the following cable*):

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll — Germany. Hereby offer ten million, eight hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars and four cents your end for bout with General Pershing, catch a catch can, to be held on lawn at Mt. Vernon on Washington's Birthday benefit American Legion Fund for erection statues of Trotzky in all American schools.

**TEX RICKARD.**

He calls a boy (Ad Lib), sends the cablegram and begins to laugh once more. He laughs and laughs and laughs. There is a knock. This reminds Rickard of Canon Chase and he stops laughing. The knock is repeated. Rickard stops laughing again. The door is thrown violently open and Rickard draws a gun on the back of an envelope with his fountain pen. It is the same pen with which he drew the check for Jack Dempsey's wages at

Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City. It is inscribed along the barrel as follows: "The riveting machine is mightier than the machine gunner."

A prize fight manager dashes in through the violently opened door. He looks like a man.

**RICKARD**: No!

**P. F. M.**: No what?

**RICKARD**: Whatever it is.

**P. F. M.**: I've found a real champ.

**RICKARD**: No!

**P. F. M.**: He's good to his mother.

**RICKARD**: Trite.

**P. F. M.**: He's good to his father, too, in the bargain.

**RICKARD** (*Puzzled*): His what?

**P. F. M.**: His old man.

**RICKARD**: Oh. (*Intrigued*) I wonder! I wonder!

**P. F. M.**: Cinch. Sure fire. Listen: This guy's got seventeen brothers an' sisters an' he's good to all of 'em. On the level. I got pictures.

**RICKARD** (*Doubtfully*): I don't know—

**P. F. M.**: Wait'll you get this. He's

a native Skandahoovian an' he can't speak a word of English.

**RICKARD** (*Brightening*): No?

**P. F. M.** (*Emphatically*): Not a word!

**RICKARD** (*Doubtful again*): He might learn.

**P. F. M.** (*Derisively*): Learn? Wait'll you see him! He's so dumb he has to stop and think which foot to put where when he walks.

**RICKARD**: Great!

**P. F. M.**: You haven't heard the half of it. He's got a face like a gorilla and he's covered with hair from head to foot.

**RICKARD** (*Ecstatically*): Honest!

**P. F. M.** (*Doubtfully*): He might be. You can't tell about these foreigners. Anyhow he's hairy. An' listen: He don't eat anything but sauerkraut an' ice cream.

**RICKARD** (*More enthusiastic*): Oh boy!

**P. F. M.**: There's more. When he's training he sits in the house all day shootin' craps.

**RICKARD**: What does he do nights?

**P. F. M.** (*Shrugging*): Oh, well! You know these foreigners.

**RICKARD** (*Nodding—Thoughtful*): There's Canon Chase to think of.

**P. F. M.** (*Pleading*): You got to take some chance. An' listen, Tex. I forgot to tell you. This fellow writes all his own stuff.

**RICKARD** (*Incredulous—the skeptic!*): On the level?

**P. F. M.**: On the typewriter, I think. (*He takes samples of manuscripts from his pockets and shows them.*) See? Poetry an' stories of his life an' how he come to be a fighter an' who his people were in the old days an' everything. Did it all himself. Ain't that stuff?

**RICKARD**: You told me he couldn't talk English!

**P. F. M.**: He can't. He only can write it. Ain't he good?

**RICKARD** (*As one inspired*): I'll match him with Dempsey.

**P. F. M.**: Two million for our end.



"Yeh, the night watchman says, 'Say, whatcha doin' to-morrow, kiddo?'—and I says, 'Say what kind of a girl do you t'ink I am!' And him a married man too! I ain't gonna break up no happy home! Not me!"

RICKARD (*Absently*): Sure.  
 P. F. M. (*Rising*): That's settled.  
 You ought to make a couple of billion out of this, Tex.

RICKARD (*Casually*): About that.  
 (*The P. F. M. starts out. As he reaches the door Richard speaks. Evidently an afterthought.*)

RICKARD: By the way, can this thing of yours sock?

P. F. M. (*Puzzled*): Sock?

RICKARD (*Pantomime with his fists*): You know, fight, box, hit. Stuff like that.

P. F. M. (*Comprehending*): Oh. (*A pause*) I dunno. I didn't ask him. Why?

RICKARD (*A shrug*): No matter. I just wondered.

(*P. F. M. exits. Rickard writes Dempsey a telegram offering him his choice of the Bank of England or Andrew Mellon's job for a week for his end. He exits. The statuette of Jesse James jumps off its horse and beats its brains out on the edge of the ink bottle.*)

CURTAIN.

P. S.—They're tearing down the dear old Garden. Ain't it a shame.  
 —William Slavens McNutt

Notes of a Traveling Man

Pittsburgh, Pa. Choked on a chicken bone while eating a sweetbread croquette.

Kansas City, Mo. Found a mushroom in a combination dish marked "with mushrooms".

St. Louis, Mo. Ate a baked apple with only half the core distributed through it.

Chicago, Ill. Misdirected by a man who was probably a stranger himself, but didn't like to admit it.

Buffalo, N. Y. Talked to a man for half an hour without being asked "What's your line?"

N. Y. Central R. R. Heard a new story in the Pullman smoking room.  
 —S. S.

Chastity Begins at Home

I have had considerable experience living out and know what it means to go fifty-fifty. I am somewhat religious and would not tolerate an immoral atmosphere, but at the same time have no objection to wild parties, including a couple of drinks, but know how far to go. I like a good time and am always ready to do my bit where friendly relations are concerned.

—Excerpt from a reply to an advertisement for a roommate.

We did our best and if we could have had a better team we would have won, but we hadn't.

—Statement by college relay team

EARN \$50,000 THE FIRST DAY



Read what J. H. K., now of Montreal, has to say:

"Before I took up bank messengering I was struggling along on my salary of \$20,000 a year as a credit manager, trying to make both ends meet. Then I read one of your ads and started to think. I took the course. My first day I earned \$67,000, my second day I earned \$58,650 in United States Steel Preferred (which I was canny enough to hold for its recent rise), and the third day a friend let me in on the Eighth National Bank service and I made a cool hundred thousand. Since my fourth day I have been travelling and have gotten to see many interesting and out-of-the-way places that I would otherwise never have seen."

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Our graduates have secured positions with some of the leading houses in the country. Our courses in the forging of recommendations practically assures a position anywhere you want. Learn while you earn!

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"Before I took your course I was like a child in arms. I was always going to Canada with non-negotiable securities. After taking your course, I was able to distinguish between cash and notes and between gilt-edged bonds and non-negotiable paper at a distance of sixty feet."

You read about our graduates every day. Why not subscribe to a course now? It is only a question of time before bank messengers will be eliminated and the advancing tide of business efficiency will sweep a system of sending securities by open letter or carrier pigeon into its place. Get in the swim. Sign the coupon.

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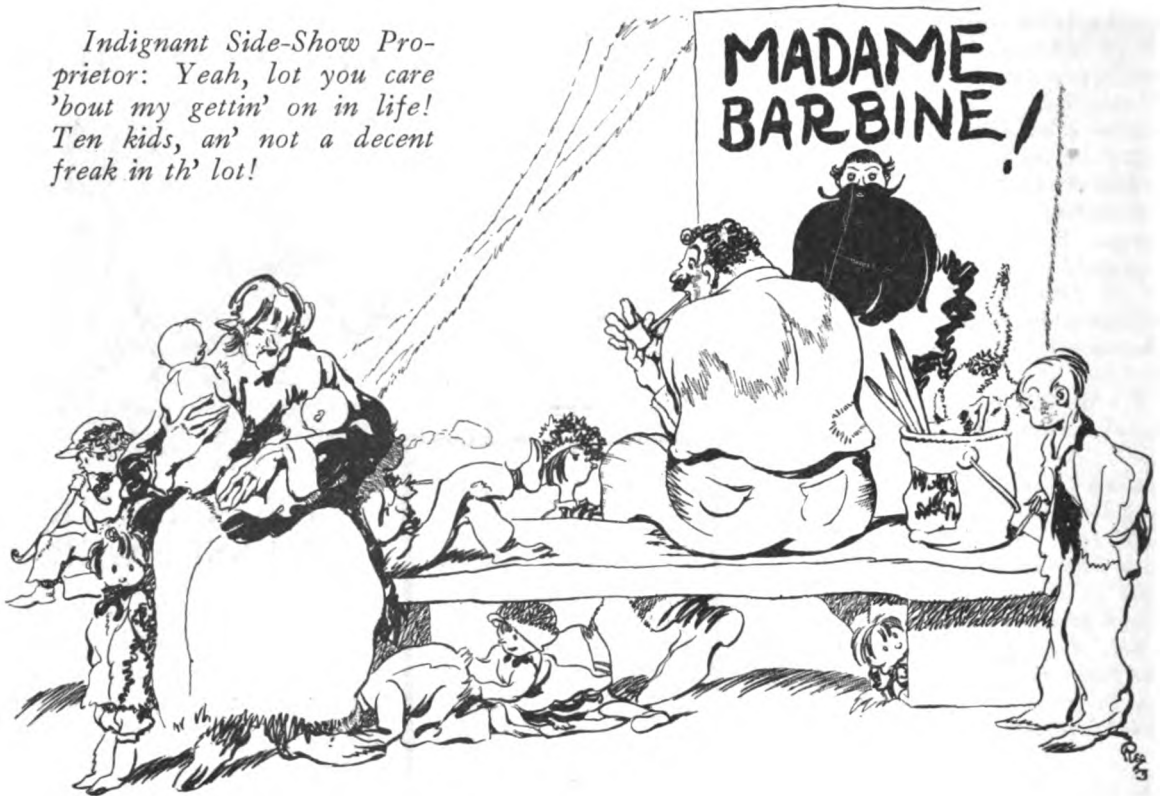
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Kindly send me a sample copy of the course indicated below. If I take the course, I promise to send the first \$1,000 Liberty Bond I pick up in my business.

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- Wall Street Messengering (Fancy, with revolver instruction and knock-out drops)..... Address.....
- Constructing an Alibi..... City.....
- How to Read Foreign Time Tables..... State.....
- What Countries Have Extradition Treaties? .....
- Life of Nicky Arnstein.....

Or send the above coupon and five dollars to 25 West Forty-fifth Street and receive THE NEW YORKER for one year.

*Indignant Side-Show Proprietor: Yeah, lot you care 'bout my gettin' on in life! Ten kids, an' not a decent freak in th' lot!*



### Sweetest Li'l Husbands

*(Several youngish matrons have been playing bridge. The final rubber is over and the third round of Orange Blossoms has been served and consumed.)*

"That was *certainly* a corker. But do you know if Jerry ever thought or even suspected that I told a story, the slightest bit off color, I'm sure he'd just simply disown me."

"My dear, that's *exactly* what Seward would do. He's just a great, big, clean-minded kid and it would be absolutely tragic for me if he ever heard ME tell one. I'm positively ashamed of myself sometimes."

"I know, and Davis is just the same way. You may not believe it, but he has never once since we've been married told me a story or a joke that could be called even risqué."

"Well of course Lindsay is just too funny for words about such matters. I've laughed at him and called him an old Aunt Annie, but somehow I'm honestly glad he feels that way. He actually takes an *instant* dislike to any woman he hears telling a questionable story."

One of the members strangles a bit, while the others hasten to testify as to the mental sweetness of their husbands. More Orange Blossoms are absorbed. And then—

"I'll say that last one was wicked. Two-thirds gin and the other third—GIN. OH, MY DEARS, here is a peach,

and I nearly forgot to tell you. Have any of you heard about the fellow who said he was waiting for a train? You HAVEN'T? My dears, it's a whiz. Now please stop me if it's old. . . ."

And eventually comes twilight.  
—C. Knapp

### Pick-ups Here and There

Martin W. Tilbury, vice-president of the Consolidated Lumber Mills, is an eager wrestling fan these days.

"What did you think of the Stecher-Gardini bout?" we asked him, yesterday.

"I didn't see it," he replied.

Herbert C. Brockerman, of the L. W. & C. Railroad, dropped in the office the other afternoon.

"How's your wife?" we asked.

"I'm not married," was his reply.

We had mistaken him for J. Edgar Harborock, of the J. Edgar Harborock Hardware Co.

For the first time in many months we ran into Dudley P. Garretson, general supervisor of the International Products Association, the other morning.

"How are things abroad?" we queried.

"Don't know," he retorted; "haven't been there."

### The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

## INQUISITIVE IKE

*Every Week He Asks Some Damn Fool Question*

### THE QUESTION

What do you think of Vincent Astor's new Easter hat?

### THE PLACE

In the coat room of the Central Park Casino.

### THE ANSWERS

Louis Lutz, pancake inspector: "I see no reason for the wave of optimism which has swept over the country."

Billy McDougall, President of the Red Flannel Chest Comfy Company: "Got back about 5 A. M., me driving the horse and the cab man inside."

Calvin Smith, retired corset manufacturer: "I refuse to commit myself."

Stanley B. Hootch, inventor of novelties: "Easter Day is a great national festival."

Thumley Rug, banker and bunker: "I remember meeting Mr. Astor's aunt in the late eighties."

### One Once Wondered

One wondered why one wonderfully blundered;

One wondered why one married, why one sundered;

One wondered why it lightened when it thundered; One wondered.

# NEW YORK, ETC.

## Washington

MR. SARGENT, the new Attorney General, and President Coolidge were school boys together. When the former made his first call at the White House as a Cabinet member the President remarked: "Well, got your hair cut, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the New England country lawyer. "I thought I looked too much like a Senator."

"That isn't being very smart," replied Coolidge. "If it hadn't been for what the Senate did for you you wouldn't be here. If it hadn't been for what it did for Warren you wouldn't be here, either. Warren is the man who ought to get his hair cut."

Some time later the President chuckled and observed:

"That will last Sargent for a while. I'll bet he doesn't go near a barber shop for a month."

Sargent is the best "character" we have had in the Cabinet since Jo Daniels. When he got off the train in Washington the reception committee saw him wave the red caps aside and tote his own battered suit case. Also he carried his rubbers, wrapped in a newspaper, under his arm.

Already Mr. Sargent has done something significant. He was slipped in as Attorney General when Wayne Wheeler and the Anti-Saloon League weren't looking and the boss of the drys is still smarting from his telegram the other day to a jazzed-up prohibi-

tion enforcement affair at Louisville. Sargent simply wired that he meant to enforce all of the laws. He didn't particularize. But he added the word "dispassionately."

Dispassionately? Carramba! Mr. Wheeler is not the man to appreciate that there are worse forms of lese majeste than telling the most powerful lobby in the world to go to hell!

Everett Sanders is the secretary to the President. Everett Watkins is the correspondent for the *Terre Haute Star*, published in Sanders's home town. Watkins eulogized Sanders at length in a front page piece for the reading of the home folks.

It was a glowing paean of Sanders's progress from Main Street to the White House. It even upset the *Star's* composers who crimped Mr. Sanders's political career by making the by-line read: "By Everett Sanders."

More propaganda regarding the C. Coolidge taciturnity and thrift as related by David H. Blair, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Scene: The President's office. Messenger entering with an envelope, containing the executive's monthly pay check. The messenger has been told to get a statement of some kind acknowledging the check—perhaps an utterance of historical import.

"Thank you," from the President, not looking up.

A pause, the President still not looking up.

"But I was told—er—er—told to see if you wanted to say anything, sir—something—"

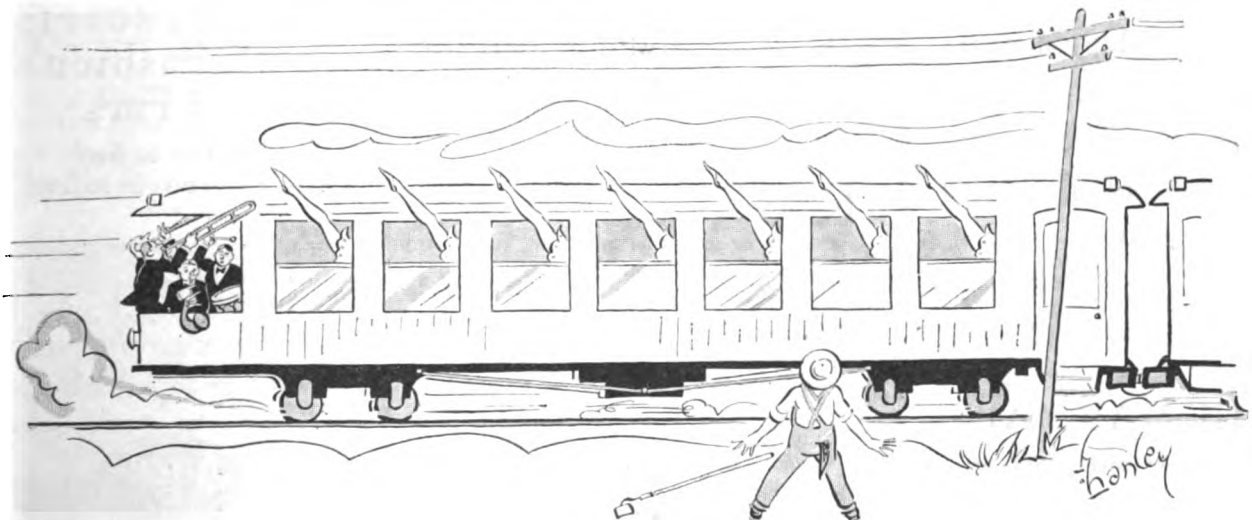
"Yes," fingering the billet doux for \$6,250. "Come again."—*Pell Mell*

## Points West

THEODORE DREISER'S brother Paul, one of the heroes of "Twelve Men," wrote "The Banks of the Wabash," and the song, and the fact that a railroad was named after the Wabash, have served to implant that river more firmly in the public mind than it could ever have hoped for on a purely topographical basis. Yet, as rivers go, the Wabash is a fairly momentous phenomenon. It rises in Ohio, flows westward across Indiana almost to the Illinois line, then turns south and below Terre Haute becomes itself the Illinois line. It is two hundred miles longer than the Hudson, and Paul Dreiser put a sob in every mile.

There is a truly plaintive *Sehnsucht nach der Heimat* swing to "The Banks of the Wabash" that Tin Pan Alley has tried in vain to reproduce in the hundreds of take-me-back lyrics that were inspired by it. And it is the Hoosier national anthem. You can hear it any day in the populous Guaranty Cafeteria in Indianapolis, where a colored singing orchestra plasters it with pathos by request.

Big Monon Creek—not to be confused with the "Monon's rill" of "The Lady of the Lake"—is a tributary to the Wabash via the Tippecanoe. The Monon Route, known to the Interstate Commerce Commission as the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railway, runs not far away, and a few miles on the



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other side of the tracks, at Brook, Indiana, lives Farmer George Ade. Farmer Ade has written a little piece telling how good the Monon is and that road's officials have reproduced it on the dining car menu. Mr. Ade is correct—the Monon is good. It sells coffee hot from the pot in its coaches. New Haven and New York Central systems please copy.

When Los Angelians die and go to heaven they are halted at the gate until inquiries aimed at detecting the founder of the cafeteria have been completed. So far, our railroad dining services have eluded the insidious tentacles of the self-service monster. The spectacle of a party of sight-seeing school teachers teetering down the car aisle and attempting to balance plates of cream of tomato soup would be too horrible.—*Terry Hutt*

### South of Fourteenth

**F**OR those who have difficulty in finding their way through the Village, Mabel Taliafero has posted a map in her shop window. The only difficulty now lies in finding one's way as far as Mabel's.

A recent conscientious census of one of the tables at the Moon revealed one food produce broker, one bank clerk, (female), one man who writes pieces for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, one bootlegger, one private secretary to some sort of a president, one conductor of a fishing and hunting column, one movie actress (extra) and one actor temporarily at leisure.

Somebody ought to start a school for the bootblacks of Washington Square. One of them approached an occupant of a bench, performed a shine, pocketed the reward and strolled away. He wandered back in ten minutes and demanded "Shine?" The recently-shined customer indicated refusal. "Ya need it bad," volunteered the youth.

Incidentally, in Washington Square, a shine still costs a nickel and a "rub" two cents.—*Charles Street*

### VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

**R**ESPONSIVE to *Wx's* favor of last week implying that the only passable native west-of-Pittsburgh dish is chicken a la King (King's restaurant, Chicago) would submit that in New Orleans, San Antonio and San Francisco alone there are more bang-up indigenous eats than from Smithfield Street east—right on.

—*Hot Tamale*, Enid, Okla.

In the Middle West, the expression quoted by Julius Marx, "a couple of heels from Lynn," is not getting by at all, but "a couple of sacks from Minneapolis" is popular.—*J. V.*, New York



### For Mid-Season and Summer—

The ever essential and style appealing scarf and neckpiece is now recognized as an indispensable article of miladi's wardrobe.

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## SPORTS



ANOTHER baseball season is on and that old story about the dying grandmother is once more being trundled out. With it, on the opening day here when the World's Champions from Washington met the Yankees, came a smattering of people who know a thing or two, a lot of salesmen (who know more), a big delegation from the East Side, and some Rotarians from Dubuque.

Proceedings began with the usual fanfare, a brass band, a flag-raising, a parade of gawky ballplayers, peanuts and pop, and Louis Mann. The papers reprinted all their stuff from last year and the year before and got quite excited over whether the New York Giants would repeat in the National League and whether the Yanks could beat out Detroit and Washington in the American.

The World's Champions brought with them their amusing pantomimics, Altrack and Schacht, whose antics have real humor. Indeed, these two clowns have proved such a success at this business of entertaining the public in the yawning baseball parks that it is a wonder some enterprising magnate like Charlie Ebbets of Brooklyn, who has known for years that the sporting industry is only in its infancy, hasn't taken the next step.

Why not a few tightrope walkers before batting practice, a song and dance between innings, a balloon ascension in the seventh, and a dumb (or dumber) act with the band playing "Hearts and Flowers" as the crowd starts for the gate?

We shall soon see just how good these shiny new dimes of John D. Rockefeller's are. Glenna Collett has one for a talisman and has taken it abroad with her for her matches in quest of the ladies' championship of Great Britain. If it can bring her that dream crown of the female golfing world, then John D.'s mail ought to jump a few points.

Miss Collett has a job ahead of her. Few Americans have made much of a success in British golf tournaments on their first try. Walter Hagen, whose record of two firsts and a second in three years running is the best of recent years, was a flivver at his initial attempt. So were Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans and others. Indeed, none of the American women champions who tried the British title tournament had much success, neither Alexa Sterling, Marion Hollins nor Edith Cummings.

Still, Miss Collett has the golf to win.

She is the best woman golfer developed in this country—a long and straight driver, a good iron player, an indomitable little fighter. And yet she has everything against her, tradition, the winds and tricks of Troon—the famous Scotch course at which the championship is to be played May 18—and a group of fine women golfers from England, Joyce Wethered, Cecil Leitch, Mrs. Alan McBeth, Joy Winn and others.

Here's to you, Glenna!

The difficulty of arranging heavyweight boxing matches can be appreciated now that a picture has been printed showing Charley Weinert and Harry Wills, fighters, Billy McCarney and Paddy Mullins, managers, and Jimmy De Forest and Jack Fugazy, promoters, with a bottle of Silver King table water in front of them. Shades of Bob Vernon and his magnums of popping Pommery!

Wills and Weinert will meet at the Polo Grounds in June, just a short time after the bout between Tommy Gibbons and Gene Tunney, which means that a fairly accurate line on heavyweight contenders soon will be available. Likewise, it ought to help to dispel the Harry Wills myth, which is rapidly climbing into the Cal Coolidge class.

Wills has been terribly noisy about a fight with Jack Dempsey and has been so hard on the champion's trail that he's fought hardly anybody else. True, he took on Bartley Madden and Luis Angel Firpo, but he isn't bragging about it; he had brittle hands in those bouts, or some such alibi. Wills may be the stalking Black Panther he is pictured, and then again he may just be a ham-what-am whose only chance to collect lies in getting into the ring with Dempsey and letting the future take care of itself.

An American Army polo team left New York recently for a series with a British Army four for the military polo championship of the world. The Americans are likely to have their difficulties, for the British Army contains most of Britain's polo players (excepting, of course, Lacey and Traill), and these gentleman won't be quite as cocksure as they were when they played here two years ago and lost. Still, the Americans have Jingles Wilson and Louie Beard (a couple of major suits) and may be counted on to give the Britons a few rubbings.

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**MAY SINCLAIR'S** "The Rector of Wyck" is a contrast to her "A Cure of Souls." This clergyman is a genuine Christian altruist, ruled by devotion, forbearance and self-sacrifice. He gives himself with both hands to discouraging parish work. He burdens his slender means with a wastrel brother and the brother's family. His son and daughter live on him years after coming of age, without complaint from him.

Miss Sinclair's ulterior motive or thesis (she usually has one, nowadays) appears to be to show you what such altruism costs, by showing, with due sympathy for everyone concerned, the long-drawn pity of the existence to which it subjects him and, especially, his wife, and by studying its psychological consequences to their children. The latter is the thing on which she is most intent. Although her imagination has returned from its psycho-sexual adventures in this world and the next, the parent complex business is still on her mind.

The story's point of view is the wife's. She begins as quite a girl, with some intellectual independence and aspiration, which go under in marriage and the drudgery of the parish and the home. The son, the favorite child, reacting as he, at least, sees it to his father's and mother's goodness, falls into an inherited tendency to the alcohol "escape." The daughter's reaction is more interesting. She develops into a cool, tough-minded, selfish realist, with a passion for scientific social work, at which she is a driving success. This disagreeable young person is by all odds the novel's best character. She fairly walks away with it whenever she appears.

We were less impressed with the frustration of the mother's intellect, and considerably less with the implicit theories about the children, than we were with the decidedly moving story at face value. We should call "The Rector of Wyck" (Macmillan) not first-rate but good second-rate May Sinclair, which means that we think you can't afford to miss it.

The three Sitwells have been advanced over here in a way that made us loath to read them. It sounded like more Aldous Huxleys, of whom, although glad there is one, we find one sufficient. But Osbert Sitwell, on the strength of "Triple Fugue" (Doran) is something quite different and infinitely more to our taste.

The title story is a satire of short novel length, hitting at a thousand things in

post-war England, but chiefly at a certain type of fashionable pseudo-clever man, so standard that you can smash specimens up and assemble one out of the fragments. Beware of skimming through this; it would look labored, partly because Sitwell is leisurely and digressive in the extreme; and partly because you, not being English, would perhaps be a little at sea among his allusions. The rest of the volume is character-portrait short stories, which we preferred, particularly "Low Tide," "The Machine Breaks Down"—a caricature of an old conversationalist left over from the 1890's—and a capital shocker, "The Greeting."

Between Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," of which we are very fond, and "The Old Flame" by A. P. Herbert, of *Punch* and of that strikingly original mild nightmare, "The House By the River," there is a general family resemblance. But "The Old Flame" (Doubleday, Page) is a credit to the family. Its flirtations of the married Mr. Robin Moon with Phyllis are better than Mr. Carter's with the affianced Dolly; they are equally sparkling, and under the sparkle are depths, with a quality that suggests a choice talent laughing off a poignant experience. We enjoyed them more than we had any foolery of their kind since heaven knew when.

All this leads up naturally to "John L. Sullivan," (*Boni & Liveright*) by R. F. Dibble, who has the shrewdness to stand back from his subject and let it appeal for itself—for instance, as a piece of Americana. John L. in his prime scared opponents stiff before he struck a blow. Dempsey must be a languid exquisite compared to him. He aged into a sometimes amusing, often tiresome old walrus of a temperance lecturer.

These lives of yesterday's prize fighters are splendid. There should be more of them. Why not a psychograph of Kid McCoy, from the pen of Gamaliel Bradford?

The biggest ten thousand words of information that we have read lately is "Callinicus" (Dutton), the common sense of gas warfare, set forth by J. B. S. Haldane, an eminent biochemist who should know all about it. His lecture is for laymen, and is as plain as Mother Goose and as interesting as a Bernard Shaw preface.



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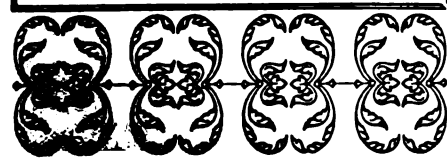

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Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience in this country. Lewis's best novel.
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). Noticed in this issue.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Noticed in this issue.
- SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). A panorama of human nature as displayed in the north of Norway—or anywhere else.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). The romance of an unmoral family "circus" of artists in a moral world.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Three nice but diversely morbid girls in love with a fine young man; the psychology of it, admirably rendered.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Gaily and successfully chronicles a numerous family of merchant Jews.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Sombrely and successfully chronicles the descendants of a white man and a Hottentot.

### SHORT STORIES

- TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Noticed in this issue.
- TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). The tales are four.

### GENERAL

- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Jumel, General Eaton, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet, dug up and brought to life in their surroundings.
- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). At least as good as "What'll I Do?," and longer.
- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). In every way the biggest biography of a season of their vogue.
- WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Verse. The elfin Christopher Robin is the author's three- or four-year-old son.
- WILL ROGERS'S ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). A valuable reference work on Romance philology.
- THE BURNING SHAME OF AMERICA, by Richard J. Walsh; illustrations by George Illian (*W. E. Rudge Co.*) Kicks the halos off the anti-tobaccoists.

## The Garbage Collector

AFTER FANNY HURST

Rumble, rumble, rumble. Iron wheels over cobble stones. Cans, cans, cans! Dump, dump! A rippling rhythm like gurgling brooks. Decayed cabbages! Potato peelings! Egg shells, smells, onion skins, bones, bones—chicken bones, fish bones, beef bones—rinds, sour milk, mouldy bread. God! Grease on your elbows. Grease on your pants—grease, grease! God!

Rumble, rumble. Cans, cans. Tomato cans, sardine cans, cans! Old pancakes, pie crust, mush, sour gravy. Drenched in smells! A bunch of faded violets—violets! Violets on a river bank in spring! Violets in a garbage can! God! Drenched in smells. Celery tops, stale cheese, violets. God!—N. C.



# What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

THE NEW YORKER's "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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*Speaking of Europe*

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"No, we didn't visit the Louvre, but the Shullings went one afternoon, and told us all about it.

"Yes, Brussels was so interesting. We saw the Fitzplasters, and the Bluffgordons, and the Hemingnits, and the Fluffingtons. Oh, I adore Brussels.

"Well, you see, Fred doesn't speak a word of Spanish, so all the time we were in Madrid we stayed right in our rooms.

"You'd have loved Milan. Willie Kipplewaite and his wife were such fun.

"And I must tell you about Vienna. I was so excited. The very afternoon we arrived there, who should we run right into but Jack and Dorothy!

"Oh, of course, we went to The Hague. I remember perfectly, now. That was the place where we met the Gildermuffs.

"No, we decided not to 'do' Switzerland. We didn't know a soul who was going there.

"Tell you about Budapest? Well, I'm afraid the only thing I really remember about it was that the Stuffleighs were there at the same time as ourselves."

—C. G. S.

*The Subway Sun*

SPRING and fine out-door weather are here. Take the "L" and Subway to get away from city crowds.

We are happy to announce a material increase in service. Two new cars have been added to the West Side Line during rush hours.

Fares on the street railway in Cedarville, Mo., have been raised from eight cents to nine cents.

The Arctic Fleet will be in the North river all week. Take a trip on the world's safest railroad and see the nation's first line of defense.

R. Bloom rides from Ninety-sixth Street to Spring Street on the local every morning. "It really doesn't take much longer," he says.

Service was halted on the entire system from 8:30 to 9:30 o'clock Friday morning of last week, due to a fuse blowing out. Accidents will happen, is what we say.

PERSONAL—Will the young lady who rode from Fourteenth Street to Christopher Street about 2 o'clock Sunday morning communicate with the undersigned? The young lady wore a bunch of violets. Box R-391 (Advt.).—Van D.



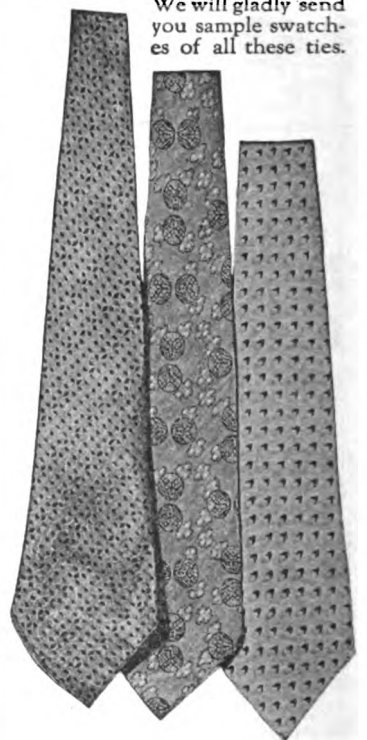
"Oh, to be in England"—

now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

BUT if you can't shop in the West End, at least you can come to Cruger's, which is "Just Like London."

We have just received a shipment of stunning new English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English Gum Twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks promise to be more popular than ever. These may be had for \$1.00.

We will gladly send you sample swatches of all these ties.



**CRUGER'S**  
INC.  
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*A Few Truthful Social Items of a Fashionable Resort*

MRS. W. ALLINGTON BOTTS entertained at dinner last night at Tumbling Towers. The ladies' conversation dealt entirely with the Tilkinson divorce scandal, and the men (who said anything at all) discussed the closing Wall Street quotations.

Mr. Harry Kripley is in town on a three-day cut-up.

Mr. Creighton Tevistairs is at the Paymore Inn on a large bootlegging negotiation.

Miss Elaine Leamingby appeared at the Casino this afternoon in a last year's hat and a very much faded tea-gown. Mrs. Henderson Smythe wore her usual old black get-up.

The Flower Show this month is expected to be one of the deadliest bores imaginable.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Insley Morrissey are here for the season with their daughter Ida. This is the eleventh year they have unsuccessfully endeavored to marry her off.

The customary gossip lunches at the Golf Club will be continued. Financially, the Club is on the rocks.

Mrs. Parkleigh Evarts is having as guests for a few days the H. P. Boringtons. Mr. Evarts has refused to remain in the house while they are there, and has departed for town.

Mrs. I. Jingleton entertained at bridge last evening. Everybody present argued each point.

The musicale at Mrs. F. Lenox Parby's put the entire assembly to sleep.

*Noises You Don't Hear Any More*

THE squealing of the gas jet, especially in the hall, late at night when the pressure got strong.

The hand organ playing the "Wearing of the Green" (refrain only).

The beer kegs, on their way from the truck to the cellar, bumping on the sidewalk.

The throb of the steam fire engine pumping at a fire. They used to shake all over, but the new engines are quiet and stand still.

The clash of the gates on the "L" trains, too, will be a thing of the past as soon as they get the rest of the trains installed with pneumatic doors.

—Well Known Broker

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in "THE DOVE" by Willard Mack  
E'way, 40 St. Eves. at 8:30  
Mata. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

**Lenore Ulric** **Belasco**  
in "THE HAREM" supported by William Courtenay  
W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30  
Mata. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

"LADIES OF THE EVENING"  
**Lyceum**  
W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30  
Mata. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

—ACTORS' THEATRE PLAYS—  
**CANDIDA**  
¶ Ambassador Theatre. Mats. 2:35, Wed. & Sat. Evenings 8:35.

**THE WILD DUCK**  
¶ 48th St. Theatre. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30. Evenings 8:30.

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ARTHUR HOPKINS presents  
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**What Price Glory**  
Plymouth, 45th St., W. of B'way  
Eve. 8:30. Mata. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

**BIJOU THEATRE** 45th Street W. of B'way  
Eves. 8:30. Mata. Wed. and Sat., 2:30  
**NIGHT HAWK**  
With **MARY NEWCOMB**

**Playhouse** 48 St., E. of B'y. Bry. 2628 Eves. 8:30. Mata. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
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**They Knew** WHAT THEY WANTED  
with RICHARD BENNETT and PAULINE LORD  
**KLAW** West 45th St. Eves. 8:30.  
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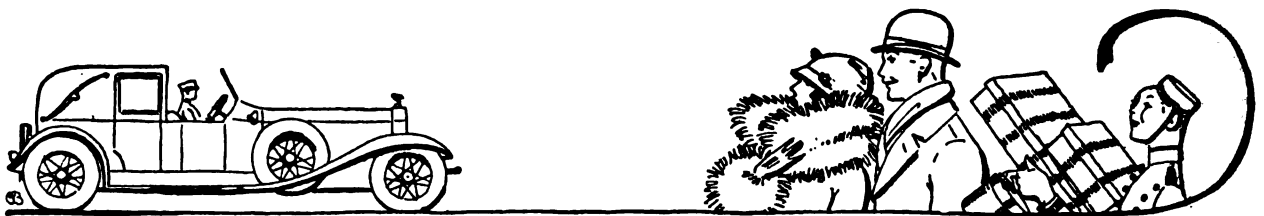
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## WHERE TO SHOP

### IT IS SAID—CONFIDENTIALLY—

by some of the smartest New Yorkers, that many of the shops listed on this page are the ones chiefly responsible for that very smartness! And you will well believe it, too, once you have investigated the cleverness and courtesy of these little *maisons*—for they are specialists in the felicities of the New York manner.

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<b>WHY NOT ERADICATE THAT DOUBLE CHIN?</b> The only scientifically correct treatment. No straps or exercises. 10 minutes daily. Inquire today. Benj. McCabe, Ph.G. 69 East 87th Street	<b>Gowns Bought</b>	<b>Silverware Hospital</b>
<b>Books</b>	<b>Mme. NAFTAL, Bryant 0670;</b> will buy your misfit or slightly used street and afternoon dresses, suits, wraps, furs, etc. Highest cash value. Prompt service to out-of-town patrons. 69 W. 45th St. N. Y. C.	Old Silverware Repaired, Refinished and Replated All Work Guaranteed Equal to New. <b>FRED. KUEHNE, Silvermith and Electro Plater</b> Est. 1856 88 John Street Beekman 523
<b>THE HOLIDAY BOOKSHOP, 10 W. 47th St.</b> CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS TEL. BRYANT 8527	<b>Hair and Scalp Treatment</b>	<b>Tea Rooms</b>
	<b>WALDEYER &amp; BETTS</b> —Scalp Specialists. Expert advice and scientific treatment of hair and scalp. 665 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 43 Rue Godot de Mauroy, Paris	<b>THE SPINNING WHEEL</b> 12 West 47th Street, Bryant 0912 Cafeteria Service, 11-2:30 p. m. Dinner or a la Carte Service, 5:30-7:30 p. m. Afternoon Tea



THAT young director, King Vidor, has just come to the front with another exceedingly commendable film play, an adaptation of Lawrence Rising's novel, "Proud Flesh." The use of the word adaptation is a bit ambiguous, perhaps. Mr. Vidor has taken the Rising study of the mating of a laborer and a daughter of aristocracy and twisted it into a light, spirited and delightful comedy.

Let your fears rest. Mr. Vidor has not inserted slapstick. He has converted a serious thing into pointed satire. "Proud Flesh" is the story of the love of a San Francisco plumbing contractor for the fair scion of an old Spanish family. There is a serenading Castilian dandy who ought to win the senorita by all the rules—but he doesn't. La Borel likes her Pat O'Malley despite his derby, his acetylene torch and his direct Irish methods of lovemaking. To our way of thinking, "Proud Flesh" is the best light comedy the screen has yet revealed.

To turn from "Proud Flesh" to the current celluloid adaptation of Channing Pollock's "The Fool" is to turn from sprightly comedy to heavy handed hokum. "The Fool" on the stage always seemed to us to be bromidic preaching with a crafty eye upon the box office.

Such as it is, "The Fool" could have been told with much more screen effectiveness. Harry Millarde might just as well have set up his camera on the stage and photographed the play.

Just as King Vidor seems a highly interesting director, so does George Fitzmaurice seem an exceedingly garish wielder of the megaphone. "His Supreme Moment," his recent effort based upon May Edginton's "World Without End," wanders into the ridiculous. A \$2,000-a-week stage star falls in love with a penniless South American prospector. He asks her to marry him and go into the Brazilian jungle. She says she will go—but she won't marry him, not for a year, anyway. But they do all this according to Kansas and Will Hays. They do the year as brother and sister! Just movie.

The Henry King adaptation of George Eliot's "Romola," the expensive effort which led the producer, Charles Duell, Jr., and its star, Lillian Gish, to the courtroom recently, is on view this week at the Capitol. It is a beautiful and tiresome thing. Miss Gish never does much more than drop a book in the whole stretch.



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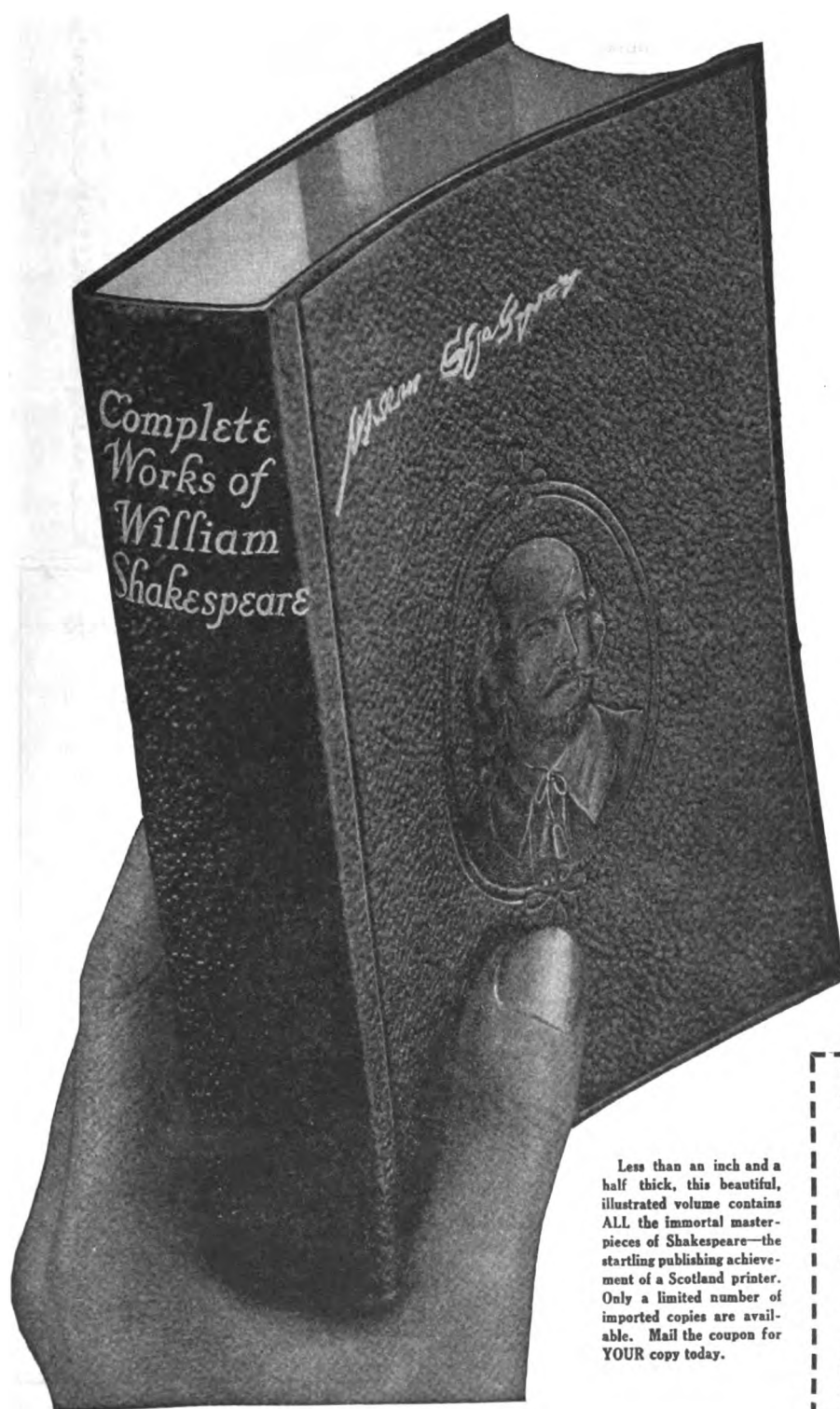
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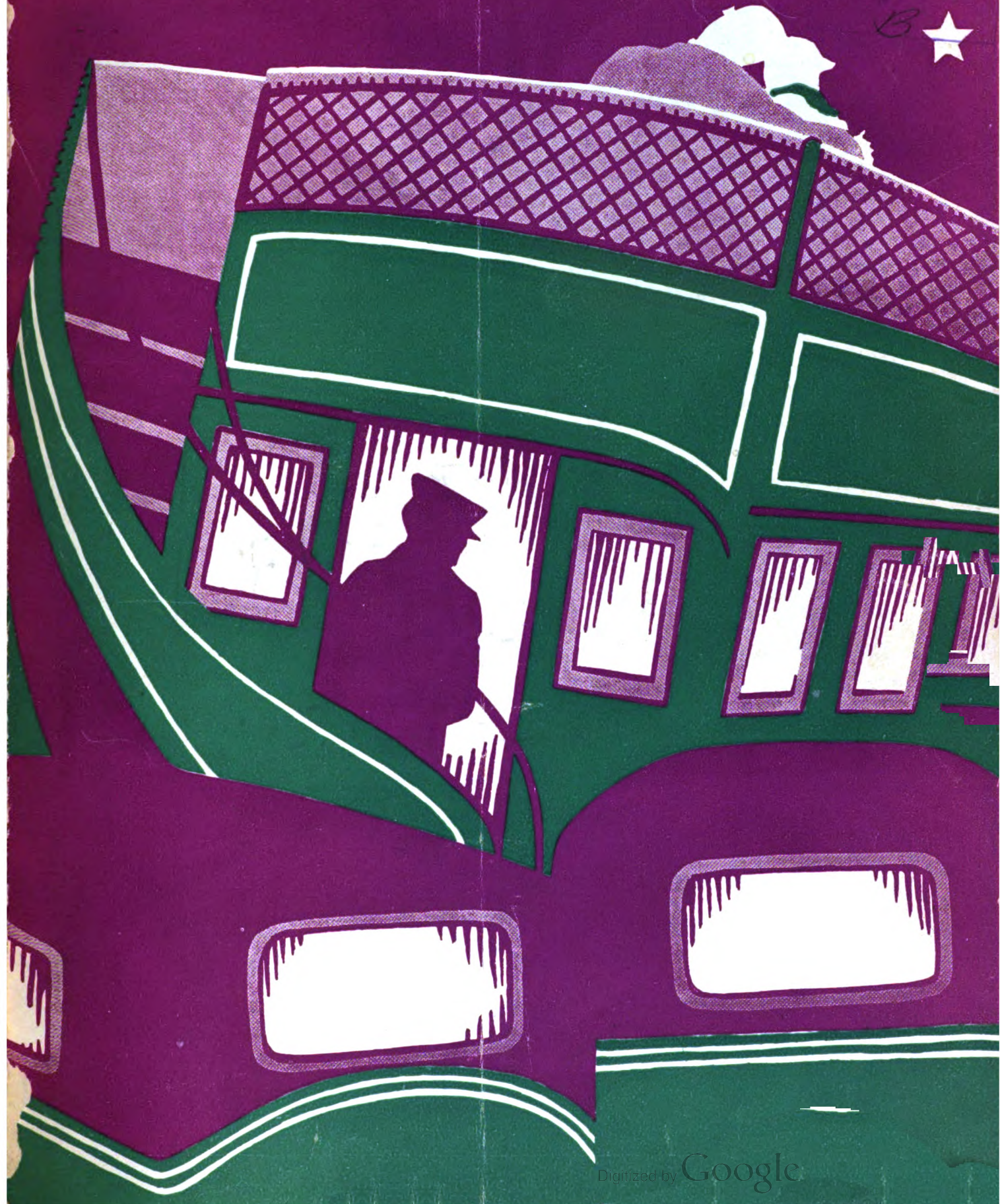
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Knickerbocker Function*

NEW YORK is no longer the beginning and ending of all things social, but rather a midway. It has become a transfer point for Society's comings and goings. At the moment the city is having—or, if it pleases more, enjoying—one of its seasonal influxes. Those who have come North with Spring's rustling shade are pausing here while their servants make ready country homes in Tuxedo, Newport, or Long Island. Or, else, they are making brief stays before taking passage for Europe.

Town houses, as such, are disappearing rapidly, although such persistently wealthy families as the Astors, the Whitneys, the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers still maintain elaborate establishments and the Marshall Fields, ignoring the present trend, are going so far as to build. They purchased lately a lot running through from Sixty-ninth to Seventieth Street, just off the Avenue. Clarence H. Mackay spends most of his time on his great country estate at Roslyn, although he also keeps his town house at 3 East Seventy-fifth Street open through the year; but, then, he must need a refuge against the weeks when the Prince of Wales and the English polo team are having a bit of a lark on Long Island.

For these eminent examples of fidelity to the old order, there are hundreds of others, equally important to such Society as we have to-day, who have relinquished their town houses in favor of apartments. The Sutton Place colony is an example of this trend toward smaller places in the city, which involve less responsibility and smaller staffs of servants. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Lorillard Cammann, Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer were among the pioneers in this development as an exclusive retreat of what was not

long ago just another frowsy street overlooking the East River.

Society, such as The Mrs. Astor and Ward McAllister knew, had vanished before the war. The automobile, which placed most country homes within an hour's drive of New York, did much to doom the town establishment. Post-war conditions, with the new-rich everywhere, servants difficult to keep and a general letting-down of bars that were partly broken anyway, dealt the finishing stroke to what the motor had begun. There is no longer a compact Society. Instead we have a number of groups, loosely allied. Perhaps one might take a leaf from Mr. Wilson's diplomacy and term them associated, rather than allied.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S place on the Drive is the supreme example of what used to be. Its owner keeps a suite at the Ritz for his stays in town and Mrs. Schwab reigns contentedly over their palatial residence in Loretta, Pennsylvania. Yet a full staff of servants is always on duty in the great gray pile with the quaint statue of a steel puddler on the lawn; and every night lights blink at the Hudson against the coming of a master who drops in perhaps half a dozen times a year. Small wonder Mr. Schwab was reputed willing to part with his place, particularly since a mere scribbler of short stories lately has bought an imposing residence on the adjoining block. But even in steel families Madame seems to have the power of veto.

WHERE once they danced; where once they sang—which means the ballroom of the Astor mansion at 840 Fifth Avenue—all that is needed is an information booth to complete its latter-day resemblance to Grand Central Station. It is being thrown open to all sorts of assemblages, under cover of those charities which cover a multitude of social

sins. The Vincent Astors usually are elsewhere when such events take place, but as Will Rogers remarked on one such occasion, "Well, it sure is good to be in the Astors' house, even if we did have to wait to get in until they got out."

In the days when Mrs. William Astor ruled the now outworn Four Hundred, 840 Fifth Avenue was built with a partition, which divided the place into two houses, the northern half being occupied by her son, John Jacob Astor. Following his divorce from his first wife the partition was torn down.

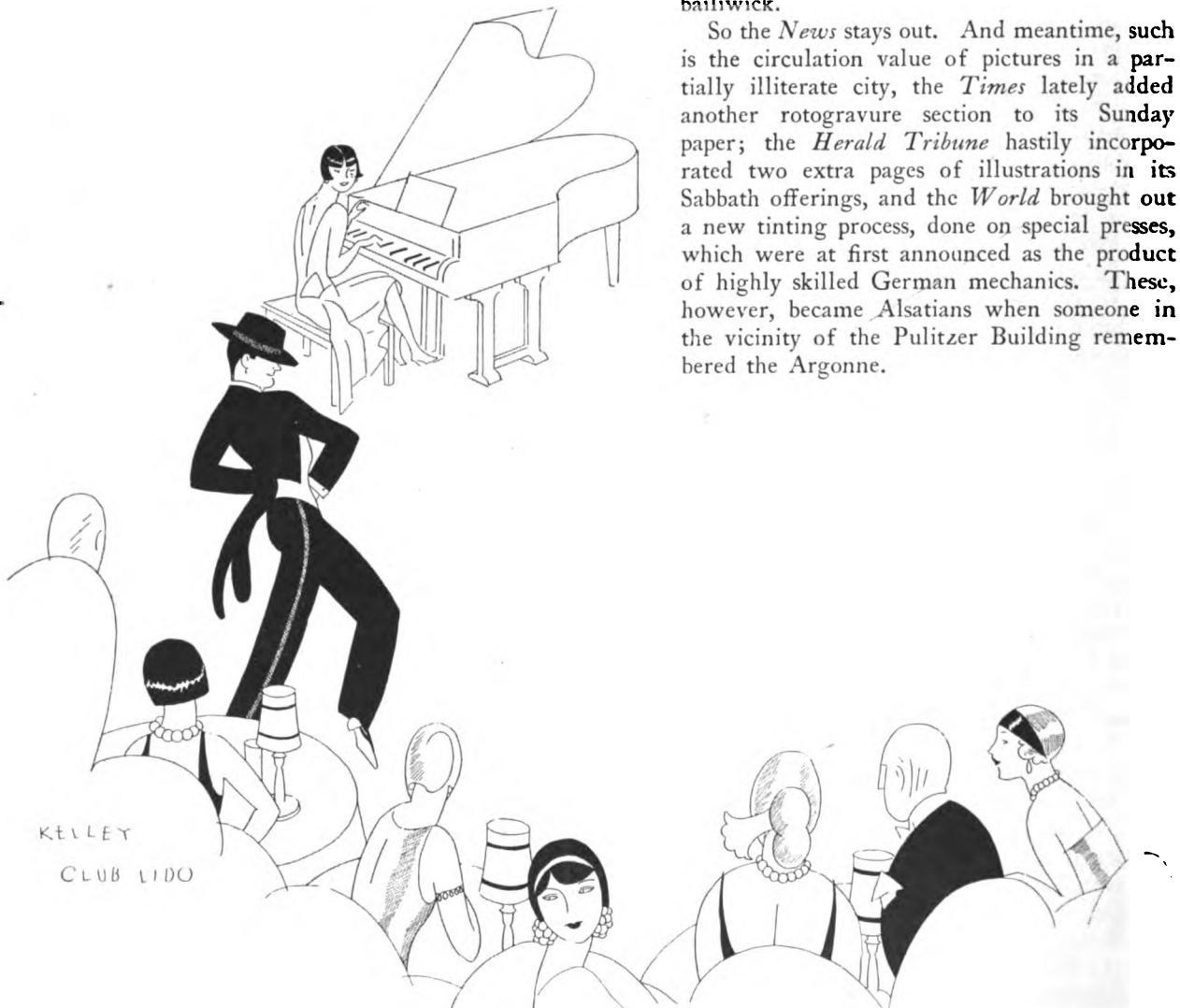
The ballroom is also the picture gallery. About it hang the paintings which Mrs. Astor brought from the family's old residence at Thirty-fourth Street and the Avenue when that struture was torn down to make way for the building of the Waldorf-Astoria. They were poorly hung then, so say the experts. They are poorly hung now. But this makes little difference to those who flock to the ballroom at \$10 each for some charity. Report has it that most of the visitors are more interested in the dining room than in the scene of so many brilliant cotillions, of Ward McAllister's arrogance toward dowagers and of Mrs. William Astor's imperial rule of a society arbitrarily exclusive. These later visitors, again quoting Will Rogers, may well subscribe to his wish that they might be permitted to send some picture postal cards from 840 Fifth Avenue before leaving.

### *The Very Associated Press*

THE Waldorf-Astoria through most of last week was devoted to the doings of newspaper publishers and the Associated Press, in convention assembled, plus the Vice-President of the United States, whose name will be recalled by those who know their Addison Sims as Charles G. Dawes.

The main business transacted was the annual rejection of the New York *Daily News* for membership in the Associated Press. Local publishers felt that the *News*, having hogged circulation greatly, might well stay out in the cold. The Associated Press is not quite the benevolent institution some people suppose after reading editorials about it in member journals. It is a close, though non-profit making, corporation, a franchise in which has been appraised as worth more than one million dollars in this town. A four-fifths vote of the corporation, composed of the 1,200 members, is needed to admit an outland newspaper to orthodoxy. It is rarely forthcoming. Even Mr. Hearst has not been able to command it for such of his journals as are not in the fold. There is no reason why a Chicago publisher, for instance, should vote to assist a competitor in the Boston field, when next year he may need all the Boston votes available to stave off a threat in his own bailiwick.

So the *News* stays out. And meantime, such is the circulation value of pictures in a partially illiterate city, the *Times* lately added another rotogravure section to its Sunday paper; the *Herald Tribune* hastily incorporated two extra pages of illustrations in its Sabbath offerings, and the *World* brought out a new tinting process, done on special presses, which were at first announced as the product of highly skilled German mechanics. These, however, became Alsatians when someone in the vicinity of the Pulitzer Building remembered the Argonne.



**L**ORD LINGERIE is careless Washington's nom de politics for Frank W. Stearns, the Boston dry goods merchant, who, years ago, sat in the gallery of the Massachusetts legislature and discerned in the youthful form of Calvin Coolidge the wherewithal for a President.

When Mr. Coolidge did become President, and Mr. Stearns also moved into the White House, unofficial Washington observers said here was a man who represented a devilish combination of the most inscrutable qualities of Mark Hanna and Colonel House. They acted on that assumption, thus, unknowing, terrifying his Lordship.

Ah, the contrast to the Honorable Harry Daugherty, mentor and maker of the late President Harding. The oftener one came to Harry for a White House favor, the deeper ran the current of gossip that Harry, not Warren, was the Man—and the more expansive grew the chest of the gentleman who is now practicing law somewhat obscurely in Columbus, Ohio.

The self-same atmosphere in which Mr. Daugherty thrived sent cold shivers down the spine of Frank Stearns. So Lord Lingerie effaced himself from the White House scene for a while.

About this time, to the deep chagrin of the President, a White House secret seeped out. It was about Mr. Coolidge's exploits on his electrical Mazeppa. Mr. Stearns was blamed in a published account. He had gossiped, and the President, so to speak, had kind of made it unhandy for him around the Executive Mansion, and so his Lordship had gone away.

Mr. Stearns, of course, had done no such thing. He was still around. To establish this beyond doubt he reappeared in the open and for a solid week rarely left his seat in the foyer of Mr. Coolidge's private office. There, where all the world passed to and fro, his portly figure was a substantial refutation of the rascally tale. But his Lordship's heart was not in this display. He stuck his week out and off to Europe he fled, by way of New York, like a witness wanted in the Teapot Dome case.

**W**ASHINGTON is furnishing more than its share of diverting gossip these days, although what is to follow really owes its point to New York. A young lawyer in town, who resides among the other literati of the Village, received a telephone call from a friend in a predicament. The predicament was lack of liquor. The friend was entertaining a Washingtonian acquaintance who was in need of Scotch succor.

"Come right over," the lawyer invited cordially.

The Washingtonian was introduced as "Mr. Green." The evening passed merrily. So did the Scotch. Mr. Green proved to be a most affable gentleman and when he took his departure he was more than affable; much more.

Consider some time having passed. The young lawyer was despatched to Washington with papers needed by the senior member of his firm, who was appearing as courtesy counsel in a Congressional hearing. He arrived at the Capitol and sought the proper Committee room. On entrance the young lawyer nearly collapsed, for the statesman acting as chairman of the committee was none other than his late companion in flasks—"Mr. Green."

P. S.—The young lawyer knows "Mr. Green's" real name now.

**M**R. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN's plans still engage the attentions of a portion of our citizenry, who seem to be taking sides. One faction holds stoutly to the belief that Mr. Nathan will not commit a novel nor compose a motion picture, saying that he has merely re-arranged certain editorial matters with Mr. Henry L. Mencken. Promise is made, thus, that in future Mr. Nathan will contribute double his present allotment of words to the *American Mercury*. Some of this group even go so far as to quote a contract between Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken, which is said to forbid either to marry under pain of excommunication and forfeiture of \$50,000. The latter would be the more severe pain, one imagines.



### *A Native Opera Impends*

DEEMS TAYLOR, it develops, is to write an opera, upon direct commission, for the Metropolitan Opera House. And to that end, it is understood, he may free himself for a year from the burden of daily musical criticism, part of the time to be spent abroad in the throes of composition. He will, however, continue to be associated with the *World*.

There are those who have deduced that Gatti's announcement that he had "commissioned an American composer to write an opera expressly for the Metropolitan" did not point directly at Taylor. For it is known that Ernest Schelling has also been asked to compose an opera to a libretto by Arthur Train, the invitation or suggestion coming from Otto H. Kahn, who has not been unknown to appear as a synonym for the Metropolitan. Originally, "Rain" was to have served as the basis for the Train libretto, but the Messrs. Schelling and Train have decided to do an operatic version of "The Fifth Gospel" instead. Until recently, these gentlemen had looked upon Bulgaria as a place sufficiently remote for them to work undisturbed, but recent correspondences from the Balkans may lead them to change their minds.

The basis for the Taylor work has not been revealed. At various times this year, Mr. Taylor was reported as engaged in transforming "Janice Meredith" into an opera, deriving some of his material from the score he had written for the movies. Possibly this is the work to which Gatti's announcement refers. And possibly two American operas are to be produced at the Metropolitan season after next. Mr. Taylor, moreover, is to compose a symphony; and is finishing the score of an operetta for which William Le Baron did the book.

To those who know Taylor even slightly, it comes as no surprise to learn that he is capable of the composition of an opera. Taylor can do anything, and has done most things. He has a vast musical knowledge, he is an expert writer, both in the abstract and on all manner of subjects requiring detailed information, and he has a mechanical skill that is the envy of his friends. Beginning with an ability to drive a nail straight, he progresses directly to the skilful construction of a cathedral and an artesian well.

Perhaps, on the night of his opera's opening at the Metropolitan, he will devote a few moments of silent reverie to the production, fifteen years ago, of his "The Echo," a college varsity show, on Broadway, for a run of one consecutive week.

OUR Expert on Corrections put in quite a busy week. He journeyed to the wilds of the Village and measured Edna St. Vincent Millay's house, which

is still the smallest in town. He found its frontage was only nine feet, whereas it was here stated a week ago that this dimension was twelve feet. The discovery seemed to upset our Expert on Corrections.

AT Barney's the other evening a group doing the Village found its combined finances inadequate for the bill presented. The head waiter was summoned. Would he honor a personal check? From whom? From a Mr. Milton. The head waiter would summon the proprietor.

Would Barney honor a personal check? Well, Barney did not know Mr. Milton, and, of course, one understood—nothing personal intended, but—Ah, but again, but—Mr. Milton was the fiance of Miss Abby Rockefeller, and if needs be Miss Rockefeller was present to identify him.

Oh, well, Mr. Milton, in that case. But why bother to write a check? If it would be more convenient just sign the bill and it can be forwarded at the regular date for payment. Not at all, Mr. Milton. You're welcome, sir; most welcome.



SO closely allied have London and New York become that a millionaire from Wisconsin who became famous

in London a few weeks ago made a sudden business jaunt back to find his local associates chuckling over an incident of his British sojourn.

The millionaire was showing a countryman about the town house he has taken in London.

"We shall look at the library a little later," said he. "There is a man in there fixing my radio now."

The doors to the library parted. A man came out carrying a kit of tools. It was Signor Marconi.

### *John Singer Sargent*

OF the many anecdotes published after the death of John Singer Sargent, the one touching upon George Bellows seemed to show best the gauge of the man. In refusing a commission to paint the portrait of an eager applicant, Sargent recommended George Bellows. Those who follow art along her devious ways and are aware how far apart the various paths take travelers in that field, know the magnificence of Sargent's suggestion. Doctors will tell you that only in the medical profession does jealousy exist in its pure form; cloak and suit men will tell you the same thing. And as for the stage and musicians! Perhaps some apothegm can be devised to the effect that jealousy exists in pure form only in the human race. But that leaves out dogs and cats. However, the episode of the orthodox artist, busy with the portraits of kings and princes, sending a prospective customer to a painter in the other camp, will always remain a shining ex-



*The Liberal Modernists Open Their Own Speakeasy*

ample of artistic integrity. Doubtless Sargent knew dozens of his friends he could have recommended, but he preferred to maintain his honesty and singled out the one American he thought capable of executing the particular task.

We wish there were more stories of why Sargent preferred England to America. Perhaps he had the same stuff in his aristocratic veins that was in the veins of the Adams men and Henry James. And, too, there is an undeniable lure about this business of painting royalty with all its emoluments and trappings. Whenever he painted he held to a high artistic integrity, refusing to paint when the subject did not interest him, and always painting what was in the face of the sitter rather than following the prevalent and successful method of lopping off some ten or twenty years. His portraits, for the most part, were more than canvas-deep, going behind the mask to the secret places of the brain.

An acquaintance told of living part of a year in a room near Sargent in the Copley-Plaza, Boston. He managed to arrange his meals so that they might fall in with the master's. Day after day he rode down the

elevator with him and sat at the next table. But he never met Sargent, nor broke through that wall of dignified reserve. This is a poor word, for it was not reserve. The friend reports that at every meal Sargent hastily ordered his food, pushed the silver and dishes from in front of him, and set up some bulky volume which he continued to read. The business of eating was secondary. The book was always one on psychology.

AT the height of his career, Sargent commanded fifty thousand dollars a portrait. This was not a quoted price so much as it was an understanding among prospective sitters about what would be an acceptable fee. Sometimes the sum was greater. There was at least one instance of sixty thousand dollars being paid; and at least another of a like amount being refused because the subject was not deemed suitable.

When Sargent began portrait painting Europe was the only field for the artist. Thither our fashionable and wealthy ones journeyed if they felt the urge upon them to sit before an easel. There seemed to be a belief that the American atmosphere vitiated art.

Maybe it did. Sinclair Lewis has become famous by advancing a theory akin to this.

Now, however, New York is the paradise of every one who can outfit an impressive studio and keep a straight face while making daubs on canvas. Fifteen

hundred dollars is a small charge for a most mediocre portrait. Starving in a garret is not being done nowadays, although there are some art critics who believe that in a great many instances a return of the fashion would be desirable.



William Beebe



Ernestine Schumann-Heink



Albin Oscar Stenroos



## THE HOUR GLASS



### The Hausfrau Contralto

SHE was wise enough to resist the temptation to become just another soprano and so for nearly three decades she has been one of the great, if not THE great contralto. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink possesses a rare share of homely wisdom. She smiles at the memory that once, many years ago, an opera manager in Vienna, dubiously giving her her first engagement, admonished the slim girl before him to eat more and grow fat. She was not above testifying in court that she has scrubbed her own floors and had done the cooking for her brood—a comprehensive one—in the early days. She had no false pride of achievement. There is no need for it.

She is, apart from her career, typically the hausfrau. Despite her American citizenship she cannot be else, either in appearance, or in sympathies. Hausfraus, one must remember, never were Junkers.

For almost half a century she has been before the public, climbing from a piano player in a restaurant, at fifty cents a night, to a contralto whose annual earnings have been as great as \$150,000. Yet she yields—not at all—well, not often—to those attacks of temperament which seem to be the dearest rewards for operatic success.

Now, at sixty-four, she has signed a contract to appear as a guest singer during the next Metropolitan season. And she signed, they say, with all the enthusiasm of a youth fresh from a triumphant *audition*.

### Another Finn

ONE school of reporting says Albin Oscar Stenroos is a woodworker back in his home town, Helsingfors, Finland; another insists that he follows the quaint calling of sewing machine salesman. Such is the thrifty nature of the Finn that it is quite likely he gives part time to each business. The world, caring nothing for essentials, remembers him as the man who won an Olympic Marathon race at the advanced age of forty.

He is thin, of course. His skin has been tanned by the wind and is drawn tight over his high cheek bones. He resembles his celebrated countryman, Paavo Nurmi, in one respect, having in his eyes the deep,

brooding look commonly associated with the dreamer, but more often found in a man with intense fixity of purpose. Stenroos's purpose is the winning of races.

Were our latest visitor an American instead of a Finn, data would be available about the number of sewing machines he sold last year. Since he is not one of us he speaks of such trifling matters as training, diet, physical condition and the need for becoming acclimatized before engaging in competition. He speaks so, through an interpreter, but one needs no gift of his language to know of what he is thinking—of that brave July day when a thin, wiry man of forty raced into the dust of a road beyond Paris the best that all the youth of the world could send against him.

### A Disciple of Science

WHEN, for eleven days, silence hung heavy over Sargasso Sea and no word was heard from the *Arcturus*, newspapers grew agitated, since the ship was equipped with two wireless sending sets. But less simple souls than editors, who knew Professor William Beebe fairly well, only murmured something to the effect that a silent ship gets more space on first pages than one sending daily messages into the ether.

There are such unkind words spoken occasionally about the learned professor, who is forever off to some distant spot on behalf of science as represented by the New York Zoological Society. They do say, those caustic ones, that he has no intention of allowing either Science, or the world at large to forget how much each owes to William Beebe. There has been much talk thus. But this is not what those who have less caustic tongues and who know William Beebe better say. Less brilliant men have been given the benefit of the doubt, and what more natural, too, than chatter about a scientist who is so spectacular as to write popularly and interestingly and well upon matters which one should not write popularly and interestingly and well. His ship, cruising in search of that continent of seaweed long recorded by mariners and Sunday supplements, draws from the deep strange and rare specimens of marine life. And what are caustic tongues to one who can inspect two active volcanoes and a pink polly-wogg that has four eye-teeth?



## THE NEW CONQUISTADORES

SO I went to Florida for a rest. . . . Of course I left all my money there in real estate ventures, and had to return by boat. This is a cheaper way than Pullman, and I soothed my pride by arguing that it would round out my experience. In Miami, Sarasota, St. Augustine and Jacksonville, I had encountered nothing but millionaires. There must be a nether side, an "other half of the world," even in Florida. More modest revelers in sunshine surely must go South by Winter and doubtless I would find these coming North by boat.

I was mistaken. The steamer was crowded. Every cabin and berth were occupied by men and women who, according to admissions obliquely and nonchalantly let fall in talk, were larded with money. Everyone had tried to get a *de luxe* stateroom, alas! and had failed. Everyone, moreover, was traveling by boat because of a tender love of the sea. There was not much wind; but a good portion of our company were sick. Nor do I recall any gazing at the ocean, save on one or two instances when porpoises were sighted. Perhaps there was more sea to the voyage than the pampered landowners had bargained for. It is true that from beginning to end the boat was utterly surrounded.

And besides, there was too much of an intellectual, cultural, public-spirited nature to discuss on board for any childish pleasure in salt water. These were men and women on a holiday. Yet, everybody knows that the athletic mind finds rest, not in lazing but in a simple change of the topic of cerebration. These men and women had gone South ostensibly in quest of sunshine, alligators, golf and bathing. Their alert minds had soon discovered that Florida to-day was the very apex of American progress, the cynosure of all live American eyes, the ideal of every purse possessed of the creative impulse to increase and multiply. What more inevitable than that, returning to their estates in Kalamazoo, Newark and the Bronx, they should discuss and discuss?

We were foregathered in the smoking room.

"They are sure doing wonders down there in Florida." A heavy Elk spoke with gleaming eyes. His chest was deep and so was his voice. It was strange how two-dimensional those eyes seemed.

As the four others of us round the table nodded and sipped our near beer and chewed at our cigars, I became aware of a strange presence overhead. The smoking room was fitted out vaguely after the fashion of an old English inn. In the ceiling were open rafters clouded in smoke. And here, straight above us, through the darkling mist, I saw another group of men gathered like us about an oaken table.

At first I thought that there must be a mirror in the beams, catching our group through the haze; for these men above were placed like us. But as my vision cleared, I saw that they were different after all. They were clad in steel coats of mail; swords swanked angularly at their sides; they wore flaring boots; armored gauntlets were drawn off, and freed the harsh-haired fists of *conquistadores* clasping silver goblets filled with ruby wine.

My neighbor answered—a weasel fellow, all grey, whose nose seemed in a perpetual tremor of scenting and searching:

"Why, Jacksonville's population alone has doubled in ten years!"

—*Tell the Padre that we have made another hundred converts,* came from the smoke-veiled rafters.

"They got 268 manufacturing plants that can turn out \$50,000,000 worth of goods a year."

—*Our first stone building at San Augustin is a school for the Indian.*

"You know that filling-in of marsh waterfront at Sarasota cost the Ringling Brothers about \$10,000. They sold it at \$13,500 the acre."

—*The new Cathedral was built by Christian natives. We have sent the deed of the property as a gift to the University of Salamanca.*

"Miami has a transient population of 90,000.

That's what pays . . . the transients."

And over my head the echo:—*We are being urged to marry with the Indian if need be, and to settle. Are these men not the hidalgos of a great land? Has not Don Francisco called them the equal of the Spaniards?*

"Fifteen thousand hotels in Florida," the Elk eyes glowed.

—*A Mission in the Everglades at last!* was the refrain.

"The whole thing is stupendous," came the shrill voice from the grey man at my side. "It's the greatest land rush in the history of the U. S. A."

"Which means, in the history of the world," said a surgeon who operated in lots on the side. He was a man burly and sinuous. There was in him something of the otter and a good deal of the boar. "Why, compared to this, the great movements of history—the gold rush into California, the dash to the Klondike, the opening of the Middle West and the Northwest with Harriman and Hill, were puny."

He was an eloquent as well as learned speaker. And as each glorious instance rolled from his soft mouth, there came an echo mysteriously transformed by the smoky rafters. . . .

—*Movements of history . . . passage of the children of Israel across the Red Sea . . . the quest of the Holy Grail . . . Crusades . . . Columbus.* . . .

"But it ain't business only!" I protested.

"You bet not," said the Elk. "Come to Florida and see the nation at play." He quoted the great line without hesitation.

I saw our nation at play. Motoring . . . movies . . . lot-jugglings . . . motoring . . . walnut chocolate fudge sundaes and bad booze . . . motoring . . . boosting, boasting . . . motoring. . . .

Overhead clinked silver goblets. The conquistadores were humming a *Malagueña*. From the mist about them came the glow of mellow vineyards yield-

ing sunny wines, and of women dancing. There was a glimpse of a bull fight, cruel, ruthless, yet beautiful and subtle. Sword-play glinted. And hard lips told tales of sport.

Said our Elk: "I dropped in on the Yankees at St. Petersburg. Those boys clear a fortune even out of training."

The tale of sport from overhead was different. Honor and love were counters; the players risked life and joyously won death.

"Not alone a nation at play," exclaimed the surgeon. "Florida is a Frontier with all the culture of the capitals. Here is a whole State being opened up, with the best accommodations! For modern improvements, New York's got nothing on it."

"And they ain't forgot religion," added the grey man with the tremulous nose. "They just put up a church in DeLand, cost \$300,000. You bet I bought all the lots I could in a town like that. Where they spend money on a church, they're going to stick. A swell church means business."

—*Our Mission was builded by volunteers from the old Settlements elsewhere. They were not paid, of course; but we had to shoot many infidel natives who did not understand why we wanted to build so fair a church in a land that was not ours. Yes, many were killed and some were tortured. There is no room for infidels. We let the gold go home to buy more splendor for our Gracious Queen.*

"Well," cried I, emptying my mug of legal beer, "Florida is certainly a hum-dinging first class show of American progress."

"It's enough to make you proud," said the Elk.

"—and rich," smiled the sly surgeon.

"Why, in Jacksonville every guy in town's got to wear a big button—and if he don't, you just bet he gets into trouble. It's yellow and on it is printed in red (those are old Spain's colors, you know): **WE ARE BELIEVERS IN JACKSONVILLE.**"

—*We are believers in God*, came clearly from above.—*Search-light*

## Metropolitan Monotypes

**I***T takes all kinds  
To make a town like ours.*

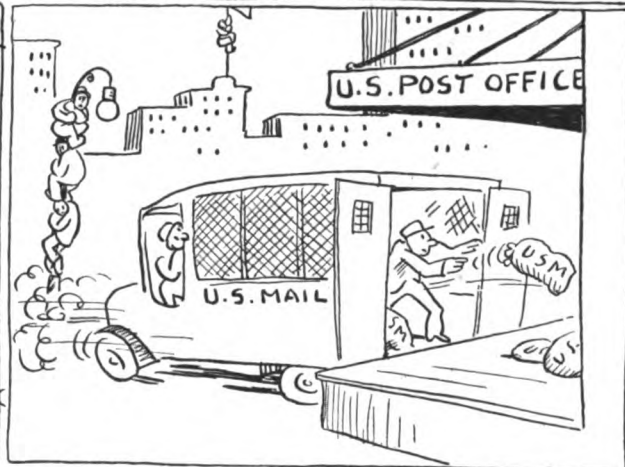
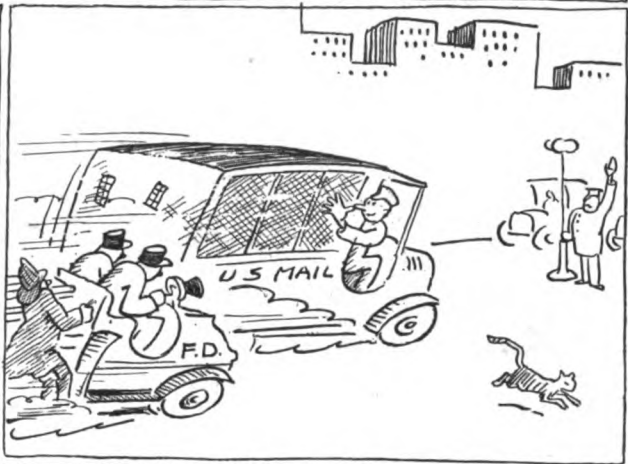
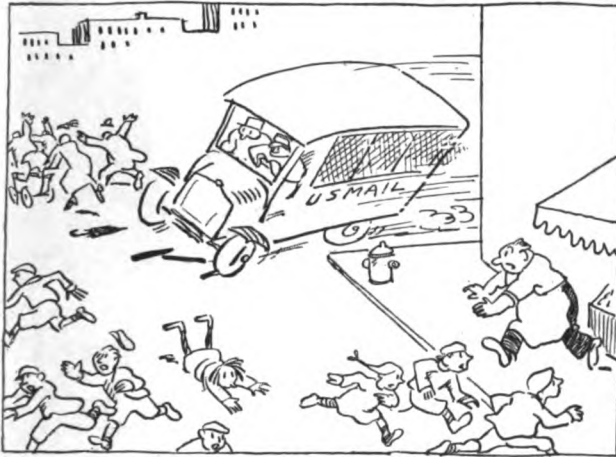
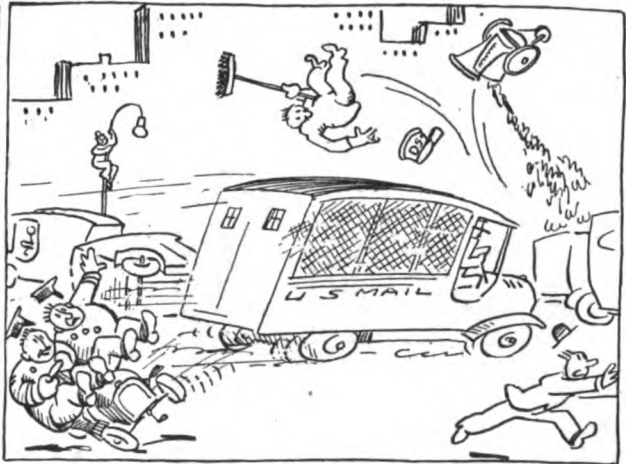
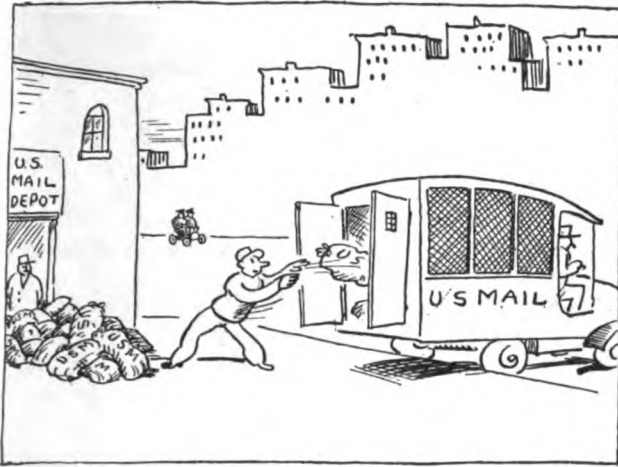
There is, for instance, the Woman on a Diet.  
Don't talk to *her!*  
She has tried everything to get thin—  
Rolling on the floor, electric massage,  
Running round the reservoir, daily dozens,  
Swallowing dangerous drugs and bacilli,  
She has even tried to develop a secret sorrow—  
And she knows now that there is only one way to  
reduce  
And that is not to eat.  
If she happens to be counting her calories,  
She brings her mathematics to Sherry's or Pierre's,  
Asking the waiter to chip off a lump of sugar  
Or to remove three spears of asparagus from her plate.  
If she is on milk and baked potatoes,

She believes firmly that the combination produces a  
chemical reaction  
Which will gradually melt her too, too solid flesh.  
But whatever she happens to be doing,  
Nothing can stop her from talking about it—  
Why should she eat lamb chops and pineapple in si-  
lence  
When everybody else at the table  
Is tucking away several sauce-swathed courses?  
Her friends, of course, make it a little hard for her  
By telling her always that *one* English muffin  
Or *one* Tom Collins won't do any harm.  
It is to be marked that the woman on a diet  
Never breaks it except when she is with you.  
The flatterer!

*It takes all kinds  
To make a town like ours.*

—Baird Leonard





"The Mail Must Go Through"



GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*Mercenary Mary and Associates, Material the Tired Business Man Can Find at the Longacre*

UPPER row, beginning left, Miss Margaret Irving, once of the Ziegfeld Follies, looking almost as glorified as in the days gone by; Mr. Sam Hearn and Miss Madeleine Fairbanks. Center, a brief segment of the chorus, registering sex appeal; Mr. Frank Kingdon and

Mr. Hearn again. Down lower, Miss Winnie Baldwin, as "Mary," and Mr. Ailen Kearns about to be compromised; Mr. Louis Simon (above) and Miss Irving again (below). Miss Nellie Breen as a musical comedy maid in a sprightly pose.—W. E. H.



AND now, with the blinds drawn, the transoms sealed and the keyholes stuffed with paper, to a little *lèse-majesté*.

Mr. Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," as done by the Theatre Guild, provides just a moderately entertaining evening. One—this department, to be exact—is conscious of being in the presence neither of a great play nor of a particularly high-grade production.

Shaw, it seems, strikes upon one note all the way through this play. The ancients, he shouts again and again, did not know they were ancients and, in consequence, behaved not unlike human beings. Of a play dealing with human beings, however, it is not unreasonable to demand that it be intrinsically interesting and have other merits than its demonstration that even ancient Romans weren't always writing commentaries. In "Caesar and Cleopatra," this demand is for the most part unanswered.

Only two characters are completely free of the stout string which Mr. Shaw regulates—these are *Ftataetea*, played by Helen Westley, and *Britannus*, played by Henry Travers. In both cases are there gorgeous performances. Miss Westley's rôle, too, calls to mind the fact that one of the play's comic effects is a Columbia burlesque inability by *Caesar* and *Rufio*, after months of practice, to pronounce the name of *Ftataetea* correctly.

Miss Hayes probably does as well by the rôle of *Cleopatra* as is possible. Hers is a difficult assignment, for Shaw has not so much written a rôle for *Cleopatra* as he has written a five-act reminder that *Cleopatra* was not always playing around with asps. Shaw's *Cleopatra* is a naïve, innocent, unspoiled child who has, unfortunately, nothing else to do but to impress her audience with her character. The result is bound to be a little cloying, but it seems fair to assume that another actress would have made it even more than a little cloying.

Lionel Atwill is not *Caesar*, unless the assumption is granted that Shaw is trying to prove that *Caesar*, after all, was only the Elbert Gary-Tex Rickard of his time. (There are those who say, probably correctly, that Mr. Atwill was the best actor available for the part, but it nevertheless remains true that if Eddie Foy, say, were the only actor left in the world, he would still be a pretty poor *Hamlet*.) Mr. Atwill has an engaging air of good-natured tolerance, which is apposite in his treatment of Cleo-

patra, but which is a good deal damaging when it is applied to his own *Caesar*. He is at its best in his rôle's heroic moments, which are not its important moments.

The scenic designs, by Frederick Jones, are truly beautiful. Mr. Jones has provided settings that give the appropriate background of empire to Mr. Shaw's proceedings. They are vast, spacious and breathtaking.

Mr. Moeller's direction is not inspired. In particular, he seems to have forgotten to remind his Egyptians, courtiers, hand-maidens, townspeople, etc., that they are not being called upon to play supers who come to life when the magic cue is uttered. And there is a general dragging air to the playing that is a not particularly charitable contribution to scenes that are slow-paced and on one note even without that.

In addition to all of which, this department, to do a thorough job, wishes to enter its protest against a production in which the two most prominent players were obviously uncertain of their lines as late as the tenth public performance of the play.

THIS department, it has been proved after a bitter battle, is only human. Thus, last week, at a moment when its mind was occupied with higher things, it allowed to be printed a sentence which said that Tom Burke is *Yum-Yum* in the current "Mikado."

The error, fair-minded people are unanimously agreed, was not a grievous one. There is a current "Mikado," and Tom Burke and a character called *Yum-Yum* are both in it. At its worst, the statement that Tom Burke is *Yum-Yum*—and not *Nanki-Poo*—is less an error than a thousand human things this department sees daily and allows to remain uncorrected.

The two hundred vultures, calling themselves friends, who kept this department's phone busy the day last week's NEW YORKER appeared with their corrections of the *Yum-Yum* item, may be assured that this department adulterates its deep contempt of them only with the slight water of gratitude at its discovery thereby of a great body of hitherto unsuspected readers.

THIS department's advice to its readers, whose existence has now been established beyond

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### The New Plays

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS. *At the Lyric. Reviewed in this issue. At its best in the lobby.*

THREE DOORS. *At the Lenox Little Theatre. A nice place to visit for those with an incurable Provincetown-Playhouse-Daly's Sixty-third-Street-Theatre neurosis.*

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all dispute, is to go at once to the Lyric Theatre, where "Aloma of the South Seas" is playing. The lobby of the Lyric is full of fascinating pictures, of a good old South Sea sort. Of course, if some particular visitor happens to have done much lounging around the Place de l'Opera and is on good terms with the sidewalk salesmen there, he probably won't see much he hasn't seen before. But so few of us can afford to travel that the chances are the exhibit in the Lyric lobby will be an eye-opener.

This department's further advice, once the reader has made his study of the lobby, is not to enter the theatre, for only the show is playing there. The "Ziegfeld Follies" and "The Fall Guy," however, are across the street, or again there is a nearby subway which can be used for getting home to a good night's sleep.

### *And They Do Say—*

**R**OBERT MILTON is one of the best known of the stage directors. Perhaps he has always had a good press agent. Perhaps his great variety of experience with good plays has brought him fame. He is well liked by actors despite the habit he has of Ritzing them a bit when rehearsals are under way. He is not superior to them in the ordinary way; on the contrary one of his best stunts is to have lunch sent in during the four weeks of rehearsals, and to eat luncheon with the company on the stage. And he calls some of his players "children."

It is not until the last rehearsals that he has to don his bullet proof vest. At that time, his nerves a little frayed, he begins to smooth away the corners, and sandpaper the rougher spots. It was on such an occasion he turned to an actor with the admonition:

"That tone is wrong. Don't snap it out that way. Make it smooth and round—round like a pear."

The tired actor gazed at Milton in dismay. Finally a light of inspiration hit him. He inquired innocently:

"Which end of the pear?"

**A**MUSING incidents, despite the popular belief, do transpire in actors' clubs.

A few weeks ago, then, a gentleman who is not a member of one of the largest of the aforesaid clubs, arrived at the club after theatre with a friend who is a member. The friend proceeded to provide his friend with a guest card and then the two entered upon a happy and leisurely consumption of liquids they had brought with them.

Sometime during the night the friend fell by the wayside, but not the guest. Dawn found him as

chipper as ever, still seated in the chair which he had assumed upon arrival, and still methodically drinking away. By noon the news had spread around town and members who hadn't been in the club for years wandered in to feast their eyes upon the iron guest.

By the middle of the afternoon enterprising members of the club were organizing sightseeing parties, with the guest as the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey and everything else of interest combined.

Such actors as were playing anywhere tore themselves away from the club regretfully and went about their evening's business. And when they returned, after theatre, they found the distinguished guest changed no whit, still drinking, still completely sober and conscious.

Whereupon, exactly at the second that marked the end of his first twenty-four hours in that one position, one of the club's most whimsical young men approached and addressed him.

"Sir," he said, "your twenty-four hours are up. But do not be alarmed—I have taken the liberty of taking out a card for another twenty-four hours in your name."

It was exactly thirteen hours thereafter that the gentleman left the club with steady tread and entered his automobile, which had been parked right outside the door all this time.

An insensitive policeman approached and muttered about the parking law. Whereupon the gentleman answered briefly, to the extent that he knew his rights and was familiar with the provision that allowed him to park for the twenty minutes he had been absent, and went on his way.

**T**HERE was some talk of the "Miracle" playing Chicago and by one of those odd coincidences that happen to stage folk, when Morris Gest and his party arrived in Chicago, most of the newspaper men were at the station to meet him. Recovering from his surprise, Mr. Gest led the interviewers to a hotel.

One of the members of the party had been busy with the "Miracle" in Cleveland and he was tired from any late rehearsals. Whereupon he hit upon the plan of playing a little game: he told himself that he would listen to everything Mr. Gest said and the first time he told the truth, he would call it a day and succumb to sleep.

By the time the one hour interview was over the friend was still awake. Then they went to the room they were to occupy. Turning to his companion the great impresario said: "You look tired."

With a sigh the friend sank on the bed, asleep.





## Sam Drebin

ONE of the things of which I am frankly proud is the fact that Sam Drebin, the Fighting Jew, who died under such unbelievably pat ironic circumstances in Los Angeles recently, was my friend. I am a little proud that I had the good sense to like Sam as well as I did and a lot proud that he enjoyed knocking around with me.

Sam was a fiction character fleshed. He was born of a story book and lived true to his fiction ancestry to the finish. About twenty-seven years ago he arrived in the United States, a Russian Jew immigrant, sans money, friends or English vocabulary. It so happened that he met a recruiting sergeant before he found a tailor in need of an apprentice and in consequence went into the U. S. Army instead of a Ghetto workshop.

He looked like an emotional button-hole worker, but he fought like a calm fiend. The unexpected quality of his conduct under fire immediately won him high unofficial rank with his outfit, and for the first time in his life Sam Drebin, the harried, cringing, Russian Jew immigrant, tasted the flavor of respect. Hardboiled old sergeants picked him out to take along on hazardous scouting trips in the field and did him the greater honor of picking him out thereafter to take along on hazardous hell-raising trips in town.

Sam belonged. He was one of the gang. When men who knew him called him a little sawed off ———, they did it in a tone that gave Sam the right to hold up his head and step high. And when men who didn't know him called him that same name in another tone they gave Sam the chance to express himself in his own newly acquired way, a way which was comparable in effect to the work of a large, mad wildcat in angry action.

He fought through the Philippine affair and the Boxer business in China and, when his hitch was done, came back to the United States and went into the business of being a soldier of fortune in a serious way. He was an officer with General Lee Christmas in a Honduras revolution, ran a machine gun for poor little Madero, fought with the red-flaggers under De la Huerta and won himself a high place in the fickle favor of Pancho Villa when that crude, dread, child-

ish Napoleon of the desert 'dobes was sitting pretty in Juarez.

For a time Sam was Pancho's purchasing agent, which was no inconsiderable job in the days when Villa was at the peak of his power. A strange pair in a strange situation. One an illiterate Mexican peon and the other a Russian Jew immigrant, both holding down their respective dangerous jobs by the force of the guns on their hips and the power of the raw courage that was in their hearts.

All in all, Sam fought with a dozen or more armies and took part in no one knows how many dangerous minor expeditions that never got far enough to break into print. He scouted for Pershing when the American Army went into Mexico to see if any one down there knew a fellow by the name of Villa. Given the chance, Sam would have shot his old boss, Pancho, shot him regretfully and efficiently, but he was satisfied at the failure of the expedition. Personally, he liked Villa.

After that Sam more or less settled in El Paso and made money in oil. When America declared war in the Spring of 1917, he owned a beautiful home in the border city and wealth to the extent of some two hundred thousand dollars. I think he enlisted as a private the day war was declared. Maybe it was the next day. Certainly not later. He was the most passionate patriot I have ever known. There was

a true Nathan Hale quality to his love of country. There was in him a hot, sacrificial lust to serve the land that had taken him in and given him the chance to be one of the gang.

Fighting for other nations was Sam's pleasure and business. Fighting for America was his passion. Sam's nationalistic sentiment was the truth of which all the blah and blat and gaseous gabble of the hysterical one hundred percenters is the counterfeit.

Sam's slant on life and death when he was playing war was peculiar—and appalling—to the average citizen mind. Example: Thirty-sixth Division (Texas-Oklahoma National Guard), in action in France. First big engagement. Advancing. Sam a sergeant, old and wise in the ways of war, leading a bunch of green youngsters in the job of working out a number



of machine gun nests. Several of the outfit killed capturing the first nest. At the last possible moment the German machine gunners stopped working their weapons and kameraded.

At Sam's side was a young Texas rider, a slim, hot-headed eighteen-year-old kid. A pair of his buddies had been knocked off in the advance. The men who had fired the shots that killed them stood there before him, their hands in the air. The kid was sobbing, hysterical with a complex emotion of mingled fear, sorrow and bloodlust. He lunged at one of the German gunners with his bayonet. Sam Drebin's thick right arm swept him back.

"Sam, these lousy ——— killed Pete an' Tony," the kid sobbed, wildly struggling to break through. "Lemme have 'em, Sam. Please! Lemme have one!"

Sam considered the kid's request. A short, black, stout, bowlegged immigrant who would have been more in conventional character gesticulating alongside a Hester Street pushcart than leading warriors on a battlefield, rubbed his chin and considered the kid's request.

According to Sam's understanding of the rules of the game the men who were attempting to surrender were not, technically, entitled to the privilege. They had worked their guns to the last moment. In consequence their lives were forfeit. To Sam's mind they were in the position of a bridge player who lays a tentative finger on a card in the dummy and then decides to play something else. If the card player's adversaries decide to be snooty about the matter he can be compelled to play the card he first touched. So with the machine gunners. They were technically subject to slaughter. The kid was demanding the technically just due. Sam sighed regretfully, dropped his arm and nodded.

"All right," he said. "Take vun."

The kid took one and lunged at another. Sam

yanked him back.

"They killed Pete an' Tony," the kid repeated. "Lemme have 'em."

Sam shook his head in a firm negative. He had given the boy his personal technical due and his peculiar conscience was clear.

"Now, now, now," he soothed him. "Vun's enough. Let's be gentlemen."

Sam came home from France redecored and broke. I don't know the details of the disaster. Some of his townsmen, who ought to know, have told me that some of the fortunate flatfooted brigade, who stayed home to soothe the wives and solace the widows, found time on the side to take Sam for his entire fortune. Sounds plausible. Anyhow, some one took him and the immediately subsequent years were none too happy. The wild war business was played out.

He tried a number of tamer occupations and failed. People began to speak of him—behind his back—as poor old Sam. Sometimes he was purposely forgotten when the call went out for a wild party at which he would have been the central figure only a little while back. Men on the border in New York, Washington and San Francisco, who had once been glad to honor Sam when he appeared now found it convenient

to be busy or not in when they heard that he was in town. The hero warrior had become just an old ex-soldier, in the day when ex-soldiers following the Great War were something of a drug on the market. His day was over. The twilight was not pleasant.

And then he met the death that he had dodged so daringly and gallantly on so many battlefields, met it in the stuffy quiet of a doctor's office when an assistant gave him medicine from the wrong bottle. The American Legion furnished a grand funeral and then messed matters up by rowing with the rabbi about the Jewish service. A story book figure to the last!

—William Slavens McNutt



XXVII

"We elderkins always contrive  
An excuse for the circus,  
Though rings to the number of five  
Correspondingly irk us.  
But lost to our turbulent town  
The resplendent parade is;  
Evanished the tent where the clown  
And the loveliest ladies  
Performed on the flying trapeze!"  
Sighed the small Pekinese.

## Lyrics from the Pekinese

XXIX

"One isn't, when hunting a train  
In the echoing subway,  
Expecting a rose-petalled lane  
Nor a carpeted club-way;  
But how does an innocent find  
What he sought when he started,  
Through layers of tunnels that wind  
Labyrinthine, uncharted?—  
And, oh, what a horrible squeeze!"  
Said the small Pekinese.



XXX

"Let radio-fanciers groan!  
For our resonant Mayor  
Is making the ether his own  
Propaganda conveyer.  
Imagine impending campaigns  
With verbose Democratic  
Republican Interests and Brains  
All debating with Static  
From hundreds of XPQZ's!"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



THIS is the month of Maying, which means that our music editors are engrossed in statistical presentations of Brooklyn performances of "La Forza del Destino" and consideration of the artists who sang the Second Flower Maiden in "Parsifal." Why not—but we cannot resist it. Here goes!

The music season just ended (according to metropolitan dailies, music and soft voices die about the 28th of April) brought to us at least one new music critic of importance, Ernest Newman of the *Evening Post*, as well as numerous excellent performances by favorites of other years. Mr. Newman, who may or may not be with us next Fall, came with a high reputation and established himself as one of the most impertinent scribes who ever intimated that not every production at the Metropolitan was wonderful. He got off to a false start by wasting about a column on the alleged superfluity of oboe tone in the Philadelphia Orchestra, but he found himself when he made a monkey of "Jenufa."

It is no secret that he was a bad boy to the Metropolitan, at one time driving Signor Gatti to the despairing promise that "if Mr. Newman can name a better German tenor than we have, I'll engage him!" His disrespect for local idols sometimes carried him to unkind sportiveness, and he smuggled by the customs officials prejudices which might well have been confiscated, but he managed to avoid the routine writing which is the worst feature of New York music reviewing and he held forth with sure knowledge, humor and sound prose style. Some of his Saturday specials had more aesthetics than interest, but his day-to-day commentary was swell.

Another newcomer was Herbert F. Peyser, who shared with Pitts Sanborn the space which the *Telegram-Mail* grants to music. Mr. Peyser has for years enlivened deadly trade papers and he has pinch hit occasionally, but this was his first full year as a daily reviewer. With Mr. Sanborn he formed a Mencken-Nathan alliance, the pair expressing similar opinions on almost everything and varying in style approximately to the same degree as Henry L. and George Jean. Mr. Peyser won the year's award for the most brutal denunciations of beginners and displayed a delightful lack of toleration for mediocrity. One may differ—

and we do—with Mr. Peyser on a score of matters, but one respects him also for his forthrightness. There is no "she seemed to please" vagueness in his copy. With Mr. Peyser, a performer is rotten or he isn't. All of which applies equally to the senior partner, Mr. Sanborn.

Lawrence Gilman, writing too infrequently in the *Herald Tribune*, contributed more antiquarian information than any three other critics, but this department would gladly take the history for granted and have more of Mr. Gilman's judgments. Any reviewer who can evolve the statement that Mme. Leginska accompanied a singer more skilfully than as a conductor she did an orchestra should cover more concerts, and leave research to duller men.

Deems Taylor's fascinating critical appearances diminished as the year went on, but if the *World* had to suffer so that Mr. Taylor could compose music, we are content. And if his newspaper affiliation smoothed the way for the production of his music, so much more goes to the credit of journalism.



Ernest Newman

W. J. Henderson of the *Sun* and Olin Downes of the *Times* continue to write with gusto and appreciation. Mr. Henderson has inherited the title of "dean of New York critics," but he is a bright, vivacious dean whose years of service have not diminished his love for his job and whose verdicts reflect the man himself—wise, vastly learned, kindly, hospitable to the new, and extraordinarily sane. Criticism is safe while the dean is Mr. Henderson. Mr. Downes, now acclimated to New York, carries on well the traditions of Richard Aldrich, who, in turn, pops up occasionally to review a concert by Wanda Landowsky or as "Sylvanus Urban," an indignant letter writer who ravages the music staff of the *Times*.

Two excellent critics buried in newspapers which seem to regard music as of no great moment, are Frank Warren of the *Evening World* and Irving Weil of the *Journal*. Mr. Warren writes amiably, but if he were to put into print some of his oral comments he would be a sensation. Mr. Weil, long with the *Journal*, is permitted to place a modest "I. W." at the conclusion of his screeds. This department disagrees violently with Mr. Weil on plenty of subjects, but his approach is so fresh and sometimes so nasty that he deserves more publicity. And the boy can write!

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

If you haven't seen this show, you shouldn't be allowed to vote.

### CANDIDA—Ambassador

Peggy Wood and Richard Bird at the head of an excellent cast in an excellent revival of an excellent play.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

A visit to this play will go far to kill that old aversion to Ibsen you've been carrying around with you since Nazimova.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

The magnificent Pauline Lord, in an American play by the Theatre Guild.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Just a little thing of Congreve's, showing, in its dialogue, that a lot of words we think are new are really quite old.

### THE SHOW OFF—Playhouse

There's hope for the American theatre yet, with plays like this passing their five hundredth performance.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-Sixth Street

New York, in word and picture. An excellent representation of familiar American types. You must discover James Gleason.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A good deal, in nature, like "Is Zat So?", but more serious and thus less real.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

Cellini after office hours. They say there's still a lot of red paint in Florence, applied by Cellini and a Medici. Joseph Schildkraut is the star and Frank Morgan is the attraction in this show.

### THE GUARDSMAN—Garrick

A Molnar play, dealing with a wife and a husband who are restless, of all things. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are just about perfect in it.

### SILENCE—National

A crook play, and you needn't pretend you don't like them. H. B. Warner as the district attorney or something.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A good prediction is that people will be drooling about this show ten years from now as they now drool about what went on at the Princess Theatre ten years ago. A Gershwin score.

### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

The fourth of the Irving Berlin series, containing all the virtues of the past and in part the same examples. Irving Berlin's music is starred.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

First class music, acceptable comedy and an unusual prima donna, Mary Ellis, to wit. And superbly set.

### PUZZLES OF 1925—Fulton

Elsie Janis and Elsie Janis, in the order named. With Jimmy Hussey in some amusing moments.

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

W. C. Fields, the funniest man in New York, and Will Rogers, also the funniest man in New York, are both in it.

### LOUIE THE 14TH—Coamopolitan

The most gorgeously mounted production Ziegfeld has ever made, which is a tip to those in the know. A typical amount of Ziegfeld comedy, which is another tip to those in the know.

### THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

An elaborate revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan favorite. Well-sung, well-acted and well-mounted.

### WILD BIRDS—Cherry Lane

The most unusual first play of recent years. A finely-written tragedy of adolescence.

### TAPS—Broadhurst

Sentimental heroics of the old German army. Good acting by Lionel Barrymore and Ulrich Haupt.

### PRINCESS IDA—Shubert

Another Gilbert and Sullivan revival, with excellent music excellently sung.

### CEASER AND CLEOPATRA—Gulld

Here it is, after years of announcement and expectancy.

## SPORTS

### OPENING OF LOCAL RACING SEASON—Jamaica Race Track

Beginning April 29.

## MUSIC

### AUER CONCERT—Carnegie Hall

Tuesday evening, April 28. Ossip, Jascha, Josef, Serge and Efrem do honor to Prof. Leopold Auer. By all means hear Messrs. Gabrilowitsch, Heifetz, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff and Zimbalist.

### ROYAL DADMUN—Aeolian Hall

Tuesday evening, April 28. Just real good baritone singing.

### INTERNATIONAL CONCERT—Town Hall

Wednesday evening, April 29. A mixed concert with such excellent artists as Nina Morgana, Ignace Hilsberg and the New York String Quartet.

### CARMELA PONSELLE—Carnegie Hall

Monday evening, May 4. Rosa's gifted sister on her own.

## ART

**ROCKWELL KENT—Wildenstein Galleries**  
Terra del Fuego pictures by a gifted American artist; his footnote to his art worth the trip alone.

**WILLIAM STUHR—Kingore Galleries**  
Landscapes, marines and flower studies of a Danish painter shown for the first time in this country.

**PARIS MODERNS—Dudenasing Galleries**  
An important showing of the left wing of French painters, including Matisse, Braque, Laurencin, Derain, Utrillo and Segonzac.

**RAEBURN—Knodler Galleries**  
Loan exhibition of the portraits of Raeburn.

**ASTON KNIGHT—John Levy Galleries**  
Landscapes of great charm by a capable English painter.

## MOVING PICTURES

**GRASS—Criterion**  
The old tribal migratory urge as it still exists on the fringe of Persia. A vivid film panorama.

**MADAME SANS-GENE—Rivoli**  
Beautiful and authentic backgrounds, an in-and-out performance by our own Marquise and a fair to middlin' film.

**PROUD FLESH—**  
King Vidor's light and graceful comedy. Loew's Lincoln Square, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28, 29; Loew's Murray Hill, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, Thursday, April 30.

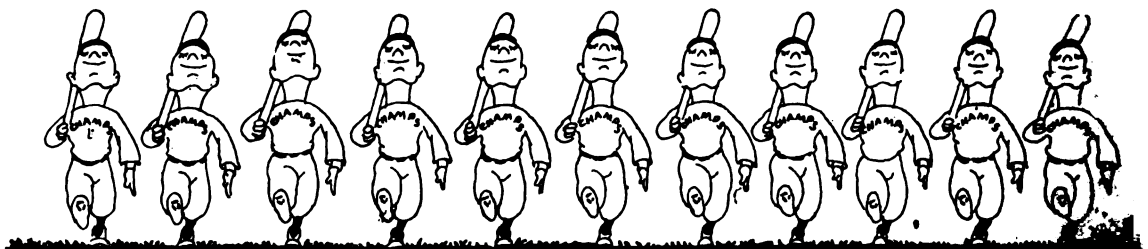
## OTHER EVENTS

**YORKTOWN BANQUET—Hotel Roosevelt**  
Thursday evening, April 30. The Yorktown organizations will commemorate inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States. General Pershing and Major General Lejeune will speak.

**JUNIOR REPUBLICANS DANCE—Park Lane**  
Friday evening, May 1. Dance of Junior committee of Republican Committee of One Hundred for benefit of its political work.

**GARDNER SCHOOL PLAY—Plaza**  
Friday evening, May 1, at 8:30 o'clock. Pupils of Gardner School to present "The Clinging Vine." Proceeds to go to Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

**MAY DAY REVEL—Biltmore**  
Friday evening, May 1. Costume dance for the benefit of the Dr. Mary Halton Endowment for Girls.







THE interesting things of the week, or so it seemed to us, were Zanon and Rockwell Kent—an Italian who went to Switzerland and an American who went to Terra del Fuego for inspiration for their brushes.

We shall talk about Zanon first as his exhibit, under the auspices of Marie Sterner at the New Gallery, closes this week end. Working on fine canvas, or even silk, with his colors greatly diluted, Zanon has worked out a way of painting not often favored. Its closest relative, within our memory, was the work of Gregorief. Despite the thinning of the colors the artist achieves a great brilliance and crispness when he wants it. In every thing he does there is beauty of line and movement and some poetry. His arrangements are not conventional and sometimes spectacular. A decorative panel of pines we felt a stunning picture and realized with an economy of painting. The "Festival" and "Planters," two of the brilliant pieces, are joyous to look at and perhaps find more popular favor with patrons who like their art wrapped up neatly. Zanon, reputed by the catalogue to be popular abroad, is showing here for the first time. He is well worth a visit.



John Singer Sargent  
Born 1856—Died 1925

In a foreword showing admirable self-control, Rockwell Kent writes of his Terra del Fuego pictures now on view at Wildensteins, that his paintings "mean nothing." Keeping that in mind, he says, will aid the observer to better enjoyment of the show. All he asks of his pictures is that they convey "some of the elation of self-forgetfulness" of the artist who travelled seven thousand miles to paint them. The exhibit numbers sixteen studies of the mountains in all their moods and phases. Taken by itself, a Rockwell Kent is a marvelous thing. A room full of them, somehow, gives us a sense of chill. Whether there is not enough variety in sixteen aspects of snow-covered mountains, or whether there is something soporific in the rhythms of his ocean lines, we don't know. Away from them we have a blurred memory of the lot: a sort of composite picture of all of them, except "Grey Weather" and "Dome Mountains" which made their distinct imprints on our mind. Kent speaks of the "grand austerities" of the mountains. He has put it all down, beautifully and emotionally, if not with great variety. Even if you are one of the dissenters, you will probably reconsider when you see this show. These canvases come nearer the popular conception of drawing room pictures.

Fifteen of the recent paintings by Robert Henri are being shown at the William Macbeth Galleries. Henri is one of those institutions like the constitution of the United States. Say what you will about it, it still stands and is respected by the many. We recall a very, very old academician who thought the art of true painting stopped at Sargent and that all bolshevism in art started with Henri. Dear, dear, if the old man went about much and could see what a wild thing the dear young wanton had grown into by now! But this is neither here nor there; just an attempted alibi to avoid saying what we think about Henri and his present exhibit. Ten years ago we thought he was the greatest living American painter; and we are still very much afraid of ourselves of ten years ago.

The Ainslie Gallery shook itself all over and took a chaser; until the end of the month the Gallery is showing the work of Yarnall Abbott, a painter from down Philadelphia way, who is prolific and gay and never dull. To our way of thinking, Abbott

has travelled only half the distance he expects to go: his technic is modern enough but his subjects are still of the conservative representative school. Perhaps the shadow of William Penn and the *Saturday Evening Post* sits too much on his soul. We should like to see him let his fancy run as wild as his palette and then we would doubtless have a singing picture.

As it is, Abbott gets a deal of beauty and decorative force out of commonplace things—the backyard of a tavern and a Greek fruit stand.

His pictures in tempera have unusual brilliance, due no doubt to his trick medium. We have heard somewhere that he has contrived something that lays flat on the brush, made of syrup of figs, milk and pigment. Or maybe that is what our doctor told us to take for a cold. Anyway, Abbott's pictures in tempera are almost as brilliant as those in oil and we can't see why he changes from one to the other.

Dudensing, has been talking about two events all winter: Joseph Stella and the show of French moderns. He is just finishing his Stella exhibit and is now resting his voice for the great Paris show. The names are promising: Matisse, Laurencin, Derain, Braque, Utrillo and Segonzac. Matisse had an excellent showing in the Fall, but the others are not seen much about. The opening is promised for the first.

# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

THE Club Alabam is still intensifying its minstrel atmosphere, but a high-yellow in orchid satin overalls doesn't make a Dixieland for us. There is a great sameness about these negro shows and few individual performances stand out in your memory. Johnny Hudgins is at the Alabam and as funny as ever, but the rest of the outfit automatically catalogues itself under "fast moving brown skin." If you are interested in gold teeth, you'll find some dressy sets there.

Army officers sometimes get reduced a hundred numbers for a misdemeanor and in the same way the Three Hundred Club seems to have been reduced from the Four Hundred Club after its padlocking of last year. The decorations and Gus at the door are the same, but the address is different. The Three Hundred Club may stay open very late, but we found it too dull to care.

The matter of a name must be very important to the Embassy Club and the Embassy Club of New York. You might almost think the honor of a Baby Guy was at stake. Two groups of exclusive and semi-exclusive persons are fighting for the right to call their supper club "The Embassy." They have succeeded in having their names in the newspapers and their molehills exposed to public ridicule, so it is to be hoped that the situation will be settled.

The plan is for a real club with members and not a restaurant garnished with that name. Before the war the Club de Vingt was organized and run delightfully according to a similar plan, but later on it was thrown open and became the haunt of vacationing collegians. During that second period it was rivalled by only the Plaza Grill in its Scott Fitzgeraldism. Those were the good old days when the world was horrified at the tales of girls checking their corsets in the dressing rooms. That reminds us that we have not been conscious of dancing with more than one corset since the beginning of the Synthetic Era.

It has always been fashionable to attend opening nights, but the really new and swagger thing is to be present on closing nights. The restaurants are sending out announcements that they are to be padlocked and accepting reservations for the gala evening before the doleful event. These affairs are characterized by much levity and the air of a localized New Year's Eve.

The closings of El Fey and the Colony were the

most boisterous events of the week. Gaiety increased as the hours before morning decreased, and intermingling of groups went on until all the guests were joined in one big party. The clubs are to remain closed one month, so we hope to have recovered from the closings in time for the reopenings. Bigger and better closings!

The wearing of so much fake jewelry is taking an advantage of the unsophisticated gunmen, who hang about to spot prospects leaving the night haunts. Much of the stuff is obvious; and the most naïve crook could guess that these big pearls, looking like bladders full of milk, are Mme. Chanel's product. A lot of women who can afford the real thing are littering themselves with artificial stones and combinations of both. Real and fake jewel bracelets are getting more numerous and broader every month. Fannie Ward and Mrs. Tom Mix are among our most extensive jewel wearers. Their bracelets are so abundant that the elbow joint is about the only place where flesh is visible.



Johnny Hudgins

new and worthy venture. We soon got over our high-hat attitude for we found masses of people making overtures to have the head waiters seat them in either of the already crowded dining rooms. Ben Bernie's orchestra plays in the grill; and its radio popularity brings out of town visitors to hear it "in person."

All the hotels where the orchestra is broadcast are doing excellent business in feeding radio fans. They never hear of the night clubs, which are more to the New Yorker's taste, and we may be thankful for that, as they are sufficiently packed under prevailing conditions. The crowding at some of the clubs is beyond all propriety, especially on Saturday nights. Diminutive tables are constantly added to the congested space and the number of persons forces dancing to be less and less mobile. Dance steps are impossible and a tottering lurch becomes the pattern of your movements. Many of these people never ride in the subway, so doubtless they don't mind getting their quota of physical contact at four dollars per cover.—*Tophat*

Suggested slogan for rum-runners: "Happiness in Every Box."



# OF ALL THINGS



THE lure of the forbidden continues strong in this unregenerate community and the demand for bootleg Bishop Brown is keen. St. Marks has already accepted the padlock.

\* \* \*

"Bishop Manning has not appealed to principles, but to canons," said Dr. Guthrie. The rector, however, was wise enough to let Bishop Brown be the canon fodder.

\* \* \*

The Harvard *Lampoon* should be severely dealt with. One might have forgiven the jibes at Washington and the Statue of Liberty, but joshing the *Literary Digest* is a blow at the sacred institution of the straw vote.

\* \* \*

The attitude of the new French government toward the proposed disarmament conference is now becoming clear. France will positively not come to Coolidge's party, but if she does come nobody can make her have a good time.

\* \* \*

According to astronomers, three comets have appeared which are virtually as good as new. None of them has been run more than eighty-seven billion miles.

At least one of the funny noises you hear in the apartment overhead is possible of identification at this season of the year. It is some long-pent golf hound limbering up with a little putting practice.

\* \* \*

Joe Mendi, the chimpanzee, was a welcome visitor to the City Hall, but the results of the conference were disappointing. The Mayor was not converted to Darwinism nor Joe to Hylanism.

\* \* \*

Experts complain that the art of handwriting is rapidly vanishing before the increasing use of typewriters. Reversion to type.

\* \* \*

A statue of Balto, famous Arctic lead dog, is to be erected in Central Park. Farewell, a long farewell, Balto. Not even the most heroic dog can outlive that guarantee to oblivion.

\* \* \*

The League of Nations is to print a list of the 600 best books published every year. We had no idea there were so many.

\* \* \*

If you want to find the cause of war, says Admiral Fiske, *cherchez la femme*. The old gentleman has evidently con-

fused millinery with military, face powder with gun powder.

\* \* \*

A widespread misconception about that Carnegie-Rockefeller affair should be corrected. It was a wedding, not a merger.

\* \* \*

There ought to be a punctuation mark to express woe. Comic strippers have nothing to put over their characters' heads except "?" and "!" and their style is correspondingly cramped. What this country needs is a melan-colon.

\* \* \*

We are heartily in favor of the Dawes plan—wait a minute, please—for the conservation of conversation. The idea is that the V. P. talks only in the summer and the Senators only in the winter.

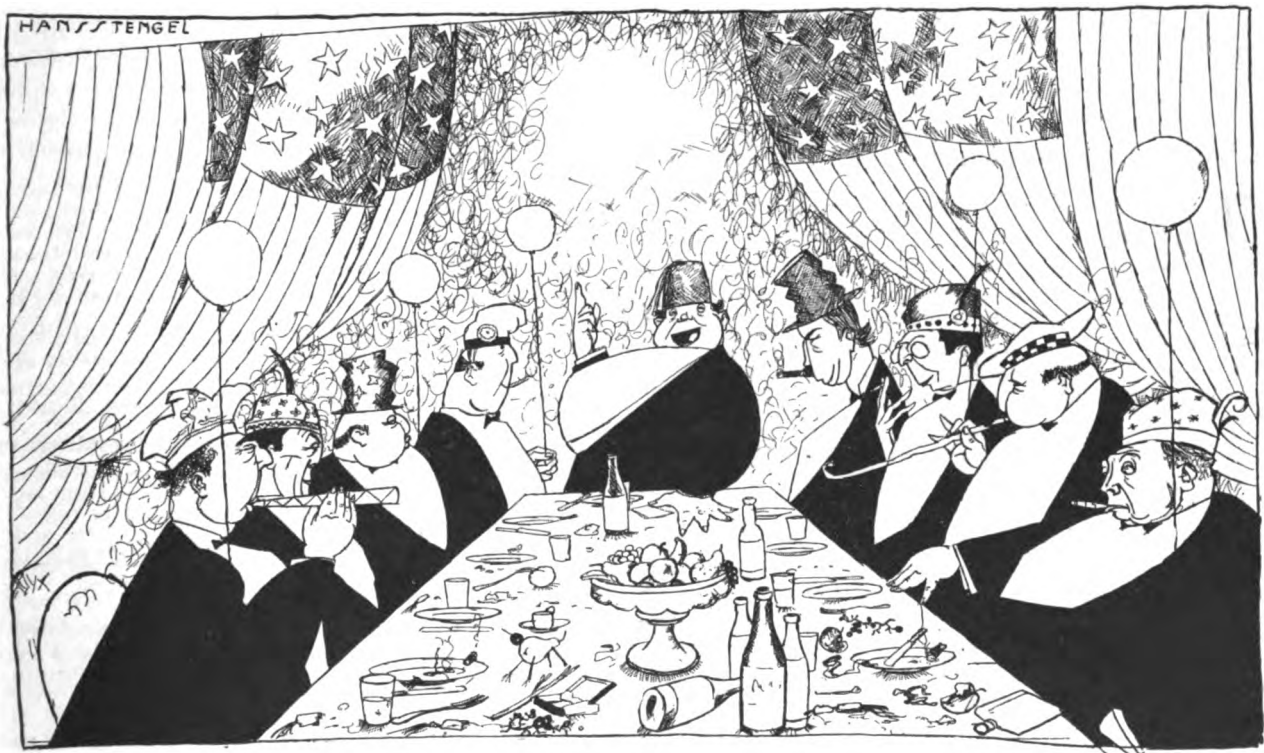
\* \* \*

"Economy Knife Cuts 2,318 Off U. S. Pay Rolls," headlines the *Herald Tribune*. Ain't it the grand and glorious peeling!

\* \* \*

The Schwab firms have been sued by the government for 15 millions on war claims. We hope, however, that the Attorney General will not refer to the defendant as "Bethlehem Steal."

## The Annual Banquet

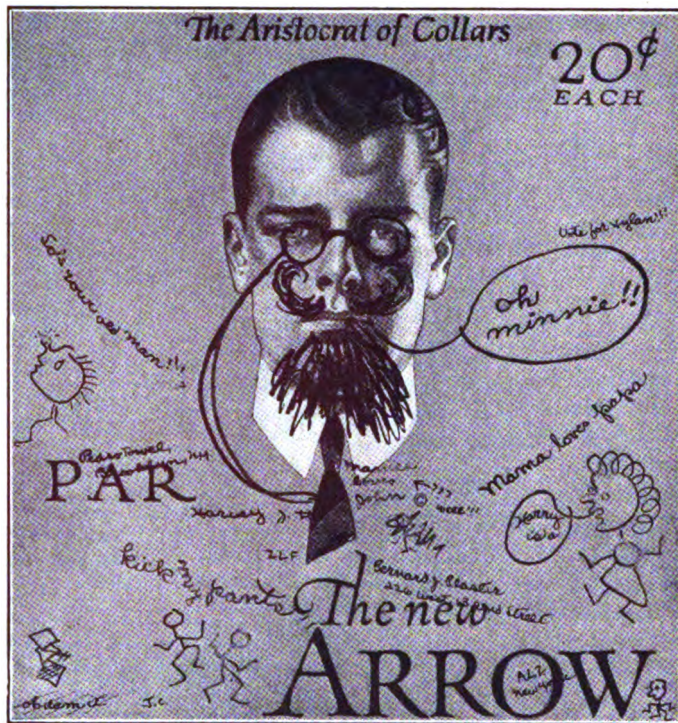


# BEARDING THE LEYENDECKER

*A Study of Creative Art in New York*

I HAVE been making a study of Creative Art in New York, and I am surprised to discover how much of it there really is. I am, in fact, becoming convinced that New Yorkers are among the most artistically-creative peoples on earth. One look at the billboards and posters along the subway platforms, and you cannot but wonder how they get any business done in the city at all, what with fooling around with a pencil and drawing beards on every Arrow Collar Man they see, or else curling moustaches on the Holeproof Girls. Every subway station shows this craving for Expression.

For example, there is a really fine Paris Garter Man on exhibit at Grand Central that you would swear was Abraham Lincoln. Beard and all. It must be admitted that it is strange to have Abraham Lincoln saying "Oh, Minnie!" out of the corner of his mouth but you must make allowances



*An Unusual Arrow Collar Man, Now on Exhibit at the Eighty-sixth Street Station of the West Side Subway, Downtown Platform*

for changing times and customs.

Park Place boasts of one of the most remarkable Kuppenheimers in the city. Not only does it look the image of Chauncey Depew, but for effect he has been given a high silk hat and ear-

apparently Joseph Cohen, 176 Cosmetic Place, Flatbush.

Art is not the only thing New Yorkers go in for. They also have quite a little knack for poetry, as far as that goes, and this is sometimes pretty far.

—Corey Ford

## A Season's Recollection

THE caviar served on pancakes, with whipped cream and butter sauce at the Colony . . . the astonishing assortment of French pastry at Voisin's . . . the piroshki at the Russian Eagle . . . the enormous silver dish cover at the Piccadilly . . . the chocolate profiterole at the Beaux Arts . . . the gnocchi à la Guardi at the Lido-Venice . . . the wiener schnitzel and sauerkraut at the Hofbrau Haus . . . the poached eggs, Arlesienne, at Mouquin's . . . the double lamb chops at the Tavern . . . the macaroni cooked in butter and served with grated cheese at Sardi's . . . the black bean soup in the Hunting Room at the Astor . . . the hors d'oeuvres à la Mayonnaise at the Marguery . . . the filet of sole, vin blanc, at Sherry's . . . the ravioli at Jimmy Kelly's . . . the broccoli at Del Pezzo's . . . the

cream cheese and guava jelly at Mori's, in the Village . . . the mushrooms "sous cloche" at the Brevoort . . . the noisette of venison, Grand Veneur, at the Crillon . . . the waffles and maple syrup at Childs's . . . the lentil soup with frankfooters at Lüchow's . . . the piping hot tea-biscuits at the Mary Elizabeth . . . the preserved pears at the Longchamps . . . the clam chowder at Jack's . . . the Western sandwiches at the Plaza delicatessen store . . . the ministrone at Giolitto's . . . the colossal broiled live lobster, at the Oyster Bay Restaurant in Eighth Avenue . . . the baked potatoes, with butter and paprika, at Jack and Jill's . . . the "special" sandwiches at Reuben's . . . the London broil grill at Keen's chop house . . . the fricaudeau de veau, Bernaise at the Ritz . . . the doughnuts and malted milk at Liggett's . . . The fried hamburger at Joe's Owl.—C. G. S.

## "What the People Want"

After one week of a scheduled experiment of not printing crime news, the *Fayetteville Observer* announces abandonment of the experiment "in response to an overwhelming public sentiment." Editors of the paper said the sentiment of its readers, as determined by a poll, was sixty to one in favor of publishing crime items. The statement added that the week's experiment had had an appreciable effect on the circulation.

—News dispatch

## Our Iron Willed Vice President

Vice President Dawes set out with the intention of making no speeches and held well to his resolve until the armory in Concord was reached.

—*The Herald Tribune*

## What? Again?

Clara Kimball Young left jewelry valued at more than \$75,000 in a taxicab last night.

—News dispatch

## The Optimistic Advertiser

Boarders Wanted, 3d Av., No. —, 2-3 young Irishmen, friends.

—Classified ad in the *World*

Diary of a New Yorker

**A**ROSE early and bathed in Mayor Hylan's water (John F. Hylan, Mayor, Nicholas T. Hayes, Commissioner of Water Supply). Ate a light breakfast of fruit and eggs (Mayor's Department of Public Markets, John F. Hylan, Mayor, Edwin J. O'Malley, Commissioner) and skimmed over the news in my venal newspaper controlled by the traction interests and the Gary-Rockefeller crowd. Read about the three round bout between the Mayor and the Comptroller. No decision.

\* \* \*

Out into the Mayor's (and God's) sunshine, and strolled leisurely through Mayor Hylan's and Borough President Julius Miller's streets to the subway. Purchased another lying corporate-owned newspaper from an old news-dealer, graciously licensed by the Mayor's Department of Licenses (John F. Hylan, Mayor, August Glatzmayer, Commissioner).

Fought my way into a subway express, and offered up a silent blessing to His Honor who has preserved for us this boon of riding for a nickel. Thought, as I hung to a strap, of a slogan for the next mayoralty campaign. Why not "A seat for every parent?"

\* \* \*

Read in my neighbor's illustrated paper of the four automobiles provided for the Mayor by the City. Well, I don't blame him. I wouldn't use the subway either, if I were in his place, after the way the traction gang has treated him.

Out of the subway again into Mayor Hylan's and Borough President Julius Miller's street; across the park (John F. Hylan, Mayor, Francis D. Gallatin, Commissioner) to my office.

Interrupted at my work by sounds of music in the street. Upon inquiry learned that it was the Mayor's Street Cleaning Band (John F. Hylan, Mayor, Alfred A. Taylor, Commissioner) on its way to the Municipal tug, "The John F. Hylan," and informed that they were going down the bay to welcome home some distinguished person,—a prominent editor, I believe.

\* \* \*

Home in the evening after a hard day's work. Read of a hold up on Third Avenue of a jewelry store,—instigated, no doubt, by the Rockefeller-Gary crowd. After dinner turned on the radio and listened to a reading of Mayor Hylan's White Book from Station WNYC, the Mayor's broadcasting station. And so to bed.—*Newman Levy*

**EARN BIG MONEY**  
in your  
**SPARE TIME**

*Gather Subscriptions for*  
**THE NEW YORKER**



Ambrose Blooch of Wall Street earned a three year scholarship at the University of Heidelberg by gathering subscriptions for THE NEW YORKER.

THE NEW YORKER has a proposition for you that will solve that worry as to where the money is coming from for that long-deferred trip to Olean, New York, or that big orchid you've had your eye on these many months.

You can keep right on at your present occupation. THE NEW YORKER's proposition has to do with your spare time, that you would otherwise waste with the wife and the kiddies.

Be a circulation agent for THE NEW YORKER. Pick your own territory and work there exclusively. You'll be surprised how quickly results will develop.



A bonus of a Rolls-Royce has just been awarded Harold W. A. B. Drawkins, who turned in 17 subscriptions during April.

Mrs. Henry Loomis, of the Monday Opera Club made \$11 the first week, just by casual inquiries of grand dukes she knows.

C. C., of Washington, earned \$46 last July and August.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt furnished her home on the proceeds of a few hours a day last February devoted to gathering subscriptions for THE NEW YORKER.

Prince Bibesco regularly averages \$20 a week in the Washington embassies.

There is the matter of renewals, on which commissions are paid just as for new subscriptions. Nearly 12,000 five-year subscriptions to THE NEW YORKER are expiring with the present issue. Some lucky person will get the money for renewing them. Why not you?

Get busy now. Opportunity waits for no man. Sign the coupon and we'll do the rest. Send for more subscription blanks.

Ask us, too, about our proposition whereby you can get a package of Blaine or a Jim-Dandy football for a few hours' work among your neighbors.

Act now!

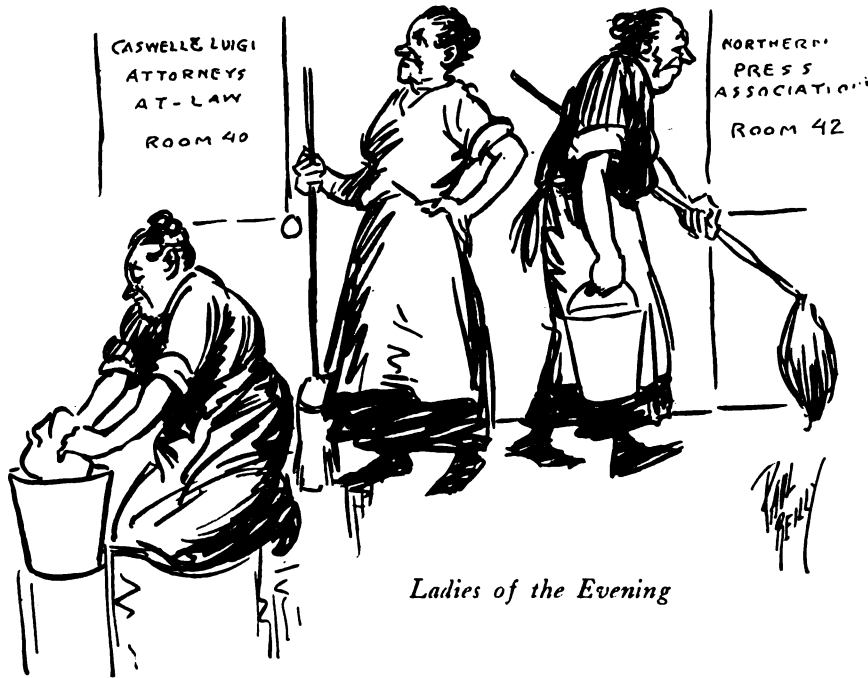
No joke, enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

NAME .....

STREET AND No. ....

CITY AND STATE .....

THE NEW YORKER,  
25 West 45th Street, New  
York City, Dept. C.



Ladies of the Evening

## Where Credit Is Due

The printer fails to deliver the programs and the producer makes good with the firms to whom he had promised program acknowledgments.

**JULIA:** Half-past nine by the clock supplied by the Lawterbury Clock Company, and Jim not here yet. What can be keeping him? (*Goes to window and looks out.*) What a gorgeous day! And how beautiful is the landscape painted by Burbin. On such days I always want Jim with me. (*Marie, the maid enters.*)

**MARIE:** You called me, ma'am?

**JULIA:** Yes, Marie. I am glad to see you are wearing that maid's dress furnished by the Crooks Costume Company. . . . Marie, burn some incense.

**MARIE:** Zantine Company's incense, ma'am?

**JULIA:** Yes. And, in that atmosphere, how can he resist me when I play for him upon my Knare Piano which I use exclusively?

(*Bell rings.*) There is Jim now. Marie, answer please.

(*Marie exits and Jim shortly enters. They exchange the customary "Jim" and "Julia" and embrace.*)

**JIM (finally):** You positively look ravishing to-day, my darling. How do you always manage to be so wonderful?

**JULIA:** I am glad to please you, Jimmy dear. But it is easy to explain.—This dress was designed by Viviat and executed by H. Tahieu. My shoes from I. Hiller. My fan from Tonwit-Beller. My necklace I acknowledge to Biffany. And my head ornament is from the Acme Novelty Company.

**JIM:** How lovely it is to hear you speak, and what sweet things you say. Here are some orchids for you, my love, from Vincenelli's Artificial Flower Shop.

**JULIA:** Thank you, my darling. By the way, you look so wonderful yourself.

**JIM:** You know all my clothes are furnished me by Hack's Clothes Shop. (*They kiss again. A sound is heard in the hall.*)

**JULIA:** Good God! My husband! Hide, Jimmy, hide behind the divan which is here by the courtesy of the Budwig-Howman Company. (*It does not hide him.*) Try the portières, then, which were designed and draped by Rankin Hyman. (*He is too late as Fred, the husband, enters.*)

**FRED:** What does this mean? (*He draws a revolver and shoots Jim.*) Take that, you dirty rascal, from this Hamington Arms Company revolver. (*He is about to shoot his wife, when Marie enters with their babe in arms.*) I was about to shoot you, too, my faithless wife, but I'll spare you for the sake of our baby purchased at Warts's Doll Emporium.

CURTAIN.

(Manufactured by the Slaymore Asbestos Co.: Name of theatre incorrectly lettered by the Feable Decalcomaniac Sign Company.)

## The Optimist

**Pop:** A man who thinks he can make it in par.

**Johnny:** What is an optimist, Pop?

## Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

The Mayor seems to be New York's center of traction.

\* \* \*

George Gasket took Minnie Cline for a yachting trip on Central Park Lake Friday. At least, that's what he called it. Minnie says George is a great kiddier.

\* \* \*

Phelim O'Halloran was seen driving his motor car, a 1902 New York Railways streetster, down 8th Avenue Thursday.

\* \* \*

The Society of Independent Laundresses held their weekly exhibition Monday at Meyer's and Harris's back yard galleries, New Rochelle.

\* \* \*

Marbles is the current fad with the Third Avenue jeunesse dorée.

\* \* \*

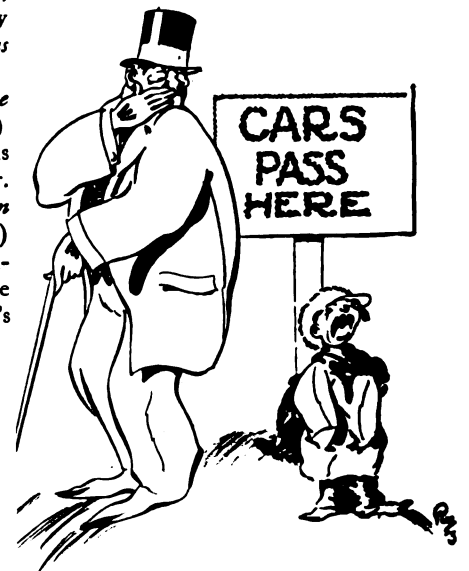
Mr. and Mrs. Fleming W. Pendenis Klotz, of No. 11503 Park Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss May Klotz, by the Silberfarb Flower and Feather Company, of No. 8888 Broadway, as stenographer.

\* \* \*

Many of the local élite are negotiating for Summer board at the more bon ton seaboards.

\* \* \*

Not long ere the Mayor will be switching to the City's open cars.



**Old Gentleman:** Dear, dear, I suppose the child has a wise crack to spring and I should ask him what he's crying about!

# NEW YORK, ETC.

## Progress in Philadelphia

WE are building an art museum, a subway and the first bridge across the Delaware all at the same time. No suggestion of graft about the bridge job yet.

"Simon Called Peter" is playing a return engagement. "Simon" came here for a week or two a while back and Philadelphians, ever appreciative of art, truth and beauty in the drama, attended in droves. Demand exceeded supply—hence the return. The management is said to be not ungrateful to the ministerial association which adopted an indignant resolution denouncing the play.

The Russian influence has at last reached here and we now have the newly opened restaurant, the Russian Eagle, where the intelligentsia hold forth. Bright colored paintings à la Chauve Souris cover the walls. The decorations are by four local Russian artists, Levi, Sabatini, Onaga and Kelly.

We are progressing, too, in journalism. We now have our own tabloid newspaper for the semi-reading public, the *Daily News*, "The People's Pictorial." Incidentally, Cyrus H. K. Curtis henceforth will have to read it or give up the works of his favorite sports writer, one Billy Rocap. Billy

Rocap wrote sports for the *Public Ledger* for years. Suddenly someone started the *Daily News*. Rocap was wooed and won. Several days later Messrs. Curtis and Rocap met on the street.

"What is the matter, Mr. Rocap?" Mr. Curtis asked. "Have you been sick? I haven't seen your articles in the *Ledger* this week. I like your column and always read it."

Mr. Rocap explained. The old question, money, it seemed.

Michael Penha, distinguished first 'cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is through. The story is that Mr. Penha asked for a healthy raise and gave the management until a certain date to decide. Came the date. The management, having recovered from its astonishment, informed Mr. Penha that not only was the raise denied but his services also. Whereupon Mr. Penha smiled sweetly and drew from a pocket a contract calling for 25 weeks with the symphony orchestra in San Francisco at a total remuneration of \$12,000. Only his signature was necessary. P. S. He took the job.

—Bamby.

## A Mid West Metropolis

THE Boul Mich shows plenty of Dunhills but no Alfred Dunhill shop; Peck & Peck tell us what Fifth

Avenue wears—with a mild apology that this is not really Fifth Avenue. The Institute has pale Prendegasts while you have Zuloaga. Hoist with your own petard!

The styles in pastel roadsters tend toward brown woolly yapping dogs that sit with a moist red tongue and a bubble thereon and pant tenderly toward my lady's smart shoulder and cloché hat.

We have a bone to pick with *Wx* for showing his prairie English. Calais in France rhymes with roundelay; but in English-speaking countries it goes better with Alice and chalice. To be sure, students of the language are studying the weird sounds of Southern Illinois. Anyway, *Wx* is in Miss Amy Lowell's class—she accuses Keats of not knowing his stuff—saying *Thalia* should follow with *azalea*—; *messiah* would be more like it.—B. O.

## Macon, Ga.

NEW YORK religion being what it is, readers of THE NEW YORKER must be unfamiliar with the Great Events going forward in Southern Methodism.

For months Georgia has been agitated over the proposed unification—I beg your pardon, Unification—of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,



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and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the North. Even as these notes winged their way to the metropolis, the deacons and the sisters were voting on the proposition that the two branches shall come together in amity and general sessions. A chief argument of the opposition has been the possibility that a negro bishop might acquire seniority in the State.

Pending decision of the problem, Methodists have decreed all roads to heaven temporarily closed.

A monkey owned by the circus which spends the winter in Macon, escaped from its cage last Sunday and scampered through the crowd of women and children. One woman fainted. It was learned she was the circus' lion tamer.

These notes recently recounted how the Macon Real Estate Board had presented the tin-can tourist camp with tables painted with checker-board tops.

The city street cleaning department, not to be outdone, is now collecting crown caps of Coca-Cola and soda bottles. When enough have been accumulated, they will be presented to the tourist camp for use as checker men.

Weston, Conn.

Will Sherwood drove his oxen to Candondale last week to have them shod.

Charley Keene, the popular rural free delivery postman, announces that after April 1 he will deliver the mail in a Ford instead of his w. k. horse and buggy. The march of progress can't be stopped, say we.

Rumor has it that First Selectman Irv Lockwood had to stop repairing the roads as he broke his whiffletree.

Our constable, John Held, Jr., says he hasn't made an arrest since he was elected. He hasn't even seen anything suspicious.

Mrs. Held, who runs the Grindstone Hill Forge, says she won't shoe Stan. Fancher's mules again as they kicked all the extra horse shoes from the ceiling.

Gardens are backward this Spring. Every time any one spades up the ground they turn up so many worms they go fishing.

Since the foregoing items were written John Held, Jr., has been in a Westport Hospital following having his head broken when kicked by his grey plow mare and is leaving for Tangiers, Morocco, for a couple of months.—John Held, Jr.



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## SPORTS



THE present golf season will be the last during which members of Wee Burn Golf Club will play over their original course which, by the way, was the third to be constructed in this country. The links are being moved away from the Boston Post Road; or, rather, to be exact, new holes are being constructed farther back from the heavily travelled highway, and the older ones abandoned to the realtor. In future, the poor wight who drives into the rough will not be subject to the derisive glances and occasional derisive shouts of passing motorists, bound out of Stamford. What can be done about persuading the Wee Burn itself to move inland is not known. Maybe the tiny stream will be ladled by loving hands and carried to some prepared spot on the new course.

Westchester-Biltmore's season was inaugurated, with considerable hearty divotting, by hardy newspaper publishers, who ventured out there on a chill day last week to engage in a tournament which was part of the entertainment program incidental to the American Newspaper Publishers' Convention here. No reporter could be found with hardihood sufficient to record scores. Publishers who can grin good-naturedly at a highly inflated expense account have been known to grow quite peevish over a perfectly accurate card for eighteen holes.

Westchester-Biltmore's two eighteen hole courses will be subject to hard usage this Summer, the list of tournaments scheduled for play there being long enough to break any greens' committee's collective heart. Being conducted on a semi-public plan, however, Westchester-Biltmore expects every blade of grass to do its duty. It is said that some private clubs in the nearby territory have suffered defections of membership since it opened. The high annual cost of membership to the man who plays only occasionally is the reason assigned for most of these resignations.

What a terrible orgy the world has let itself in for. Los Angeles is actually to have the Olympic Games in 1932, if war doesn't break out over the games at Amsterdam in 1928.

Can anyone imagine the sort of stuff that will be sent out over the wires from Los Angeles on that day, for instance,

when Marathon runners, in passionate emulation of the courage and the glory that was Greece, betake their lithesome limbs through the rose-strewn highways and byways of the City of the Angels, bringing the laurel of victory to dear old Finland as the golden orb of day dips into the dancing waters of the Pacific and thousands cheer.

Who was it complained about the romantic school of sport writing? He ain't heard nuthin' yet.

Feminists profess to see the day when women shall be our sporting champions. They don't have to look very far.

Jack Dempsey, the well-known motion picture actor, lost interest in sport (let's see, he was a boxer, wasn't he, one-time Jack the Giant Killer, heavyweight champion of the world?) because of a woman. Estelle Taylor, now Mrs. Dempsey or the little woman, weaned him away. Benny Leonard, champion of all the lightweights, retired because of a woman; his mother told him to. Now Big Munn's got his; he scoffed at women.

Big Munn, if you don't know, recently picked up the burdensome Strangler Lewis and tossed him, like a mewling baby, out of the heavyweight wrestling championship. Munn held the title with quiet dignity acquired at the University of Nebraska along with a Bachelor of Arts degree until he signed to meet Stanislaus Zbyszko.

"Don't go on," advised Mrs. Munn, who, being built like a sparring partner, ought to have some authority, "you know you ain't feeling well." But Big Munn knew better. Zibby was close to sixty, Munn figured, old and decrepit, worn out by a couple of decades of wrestling. They went on.

The new champion, Grandpa Zbyszko, does not happen to be a member of the trust that has made wrestling a ring-around-the-rosie sport for the last few years. He's such a curious figure he may succeed in reviving public interest in this wearisome business of watching two snorting and puffing hulks look fierce and mawl and tug at each other for no apparent reason.

Bill Tilden is so enamoured with the movies he says he will be able to play in only three or four big tournaments this summer. Going great, too.

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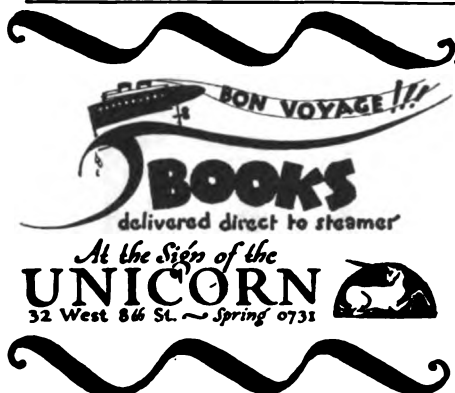
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Mostly Broadway

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VIRGINIA, too, gives fiction one of those regions beloved of realists where the struggling farmers refuse to progress and the broom sedge 'll git ye if ye stay. Dorinda, its most struggling farmer's romantic-minded daughter, dreams of escape—until the doctor's son returns from the great city. "His betrayal of me," she is later to reflect, "was merely an incident" of his weakness. He is soon to take to drink and his unloved wife, who was forced on him, to go insane.

At the time Dorinda feels like killing him, but instead slips away to New York, where an accident relieves her of the child and provides helpful friends. When a fine fellow wants to marry her, he learns she is "through with all that;" it is converting itself into will to make a go of the home farm. While thus engaged, she does accept an amiable local character who has no erotic effect on her; apparently their marriage is nominal, though the point is left obscure. She derives satisfaction from contemptuous indifference to her betrayer, who still loves her, and from succeeding in life as he fails. At last, when she really is "through with all that" and tranquil, she is willing to save him from dying in the poorhouse.

This is Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground," written with her usual conscientiousness and painstaking lucidity in the style that has won her some eminent admirers. On the strength of our outline, it might be an interesting if somewhat inclusively reminiscent novel. Perhaps to many readers it will be. We speak for but one, whom its five hundred pages of a commonplace subjective impersonation, purporting to manifest insight, bored to misery.

How it takes us back!—a book with a gentleman with queue and ruffles, a lady with powder and patches, and a horse pistol, all on its cover. Were you, too, an eager-eyed kid when such covers were rife? The book is Sabatini's "The Carolinian" (Houghton, Mifflin), but it isn't Sabatini at his best, and in fact isn't much of a yarn by any standard. His dashing hero intermittently fades into nonentity; his heroine's father, a Tory—the hero being, of course, a patriot—sets a new and alarming record for virulence of rabies in Tory fathers; the story frankly comes apart in the middle, at the marriage; and two of the crucial episodes are very ill invented and strain plausibility

beyond what even historical romance will stand.

The most successful parts are dramatic disagreements among the patriot leaders, including the headstrong Moultrie and the coldly logical John Rutledge. That kind of scene Sabatini always handles well.

Lestrade is vindicated. Two new English detective stories do honor to Scotland Yard. Neither, however, makes good on a promising beginning. "The Eames-Erskine Case," by A. Fielding, is scrappily written, but it pulls you into an absorbing investigation, by a credible expert, of a credible as well as mysterious murder in a room in a London hotel. Unfortunately, the case is not long in running wild, and the feat of ingenuity that hides the murderer and brings about the climax is desperate.

"A Voice From the Dark" is Eden Phillpotts's. It has an old reliable idea. The horror of a murder done with fright, in the dark, should propel any ramshackle plot; and when the victim is a child, his murderer the person he calls for help, and his avenger a detective who believes that he has listened to his ghost, the possibilities seem limitless. It is remarkable how most of them slip through Phillpotts's fingers.

It will suffice here to recommend warmly, to everyone likely to be interested, Van Wyck Brooks's "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" (Dutton): an admirable study that reasons from its subject's life and works, instead of imposing a theory as Brooks's "Mark Twain" did.

Also to mention two worth-while collections of poems: "An Anthology of Pure Poetry" (Boni & Liveright), edited by George Moore, who talks through his hat about subjectivity and objectivity and Keats but gathers some seventy poems delightful to have in one small volume; and "Poems for Youth" (Dutton), compiled by William Rose Benet—which, despite some specialization, indicated by its title, is the best selective anthology of American poetry we know, and has the best notes on the poets.

The life of that eminent Bostonian, John L. Sullivan, by R. F. Dibble, attributed in this column to a publishing house in New York, was, naturally, brought out instead by a Boston house, Little, Brown & Co.

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**THE RECTOR OF WYCK**, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). The cost, to a clergyman and his family, of his selflessness and forbearance.

**THE OLD FLAME**, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Sad, glad, inspired foolery on the lines of "The Dolly Dialogues."

**THE MATRIARCH**, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). More characters than there are in the Bible's Begat Chapters. Likewise, more interest.

**LUCIENNE**, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). The inside of a nice and nervous girl's idyllic experience of love, set forth with much finesse.

**SEGLFLOSS TOWN**, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The democratization of a Norwegian village. Hamsun's second best novel.

**GOD'S STEPCHILDREN**, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Four generations of what comes of mixing races in South Africa.

**PRISONERS**, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A stylish little comedy—theme, the power of its heroine's love.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH**, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Oh, by this time, you lucky crab, you've read it!

SHORT STORIES

**TRIPLE FUGUE**, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Some choice ironic character stories, with a longer and less interesting satire.

**TALKS OF HEARSAY**, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four of them.

GENERAL

**THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES**, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). Noticed in this issue.

**JOHN KEATS**, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Miss Lowell is a sister of President Lowell of Harvard.

**WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST**, (*A. & C. Boni*). Aw-haw-haw!

**WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Versé, by the father of Christopher Robin, who always goes hoppity, hoppity, hoppity, hoppity, hop.

**THE BURNING SHAME OF AMERICA**, by Richard J. Walsh; illustrations by George Illian (*W. E. Rudge Co.*) This here will learn you how to crusade against the Filthy Weed.

**THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN**, by Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). The modern Orpheus, by the modern Boswell.

**LIVES AND TIMES**, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Four historical characters portrayed a la Strachey, with plenty of color and atmosphere.

*Supper Club Philosophy*

Keep the pikers out.  
There is always room for one table more.  
Nothing succeeds like being upstage.  
The more jammed, the more popular.  
Make 'em wait.  
Always seem to be busy.  
Promise anything.

Four Breakfasts Ruin

When Frank Bruttemesso, a Norwood milkman, found the Roosevelt Common grandstand in Tenafly, N. J., ablaze early yesterday, he extinguished it with four quarts of milk.

—The Herald Tribune



What Shall  
We Do  
This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

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Dept. C.

# Cruger's Column

Following the style of most columnists, we are having someone else do the work for us. This column we are happy to say is written

by

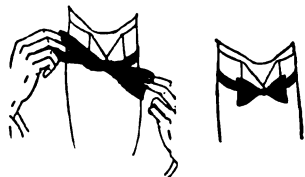
## Alexander Woollcott



"I make it a rule never under any circumstances to go into Cruger's shop because it is too insidious. The shelves and counters are so heaped and festooned with shirts and cravats which you would not (though you usually do) have as a gift, that it is comparatively safe to walk briskly in, buy the humble but essential garters, and walk out unscathed. But, just as it is far easier to diet at a heaping table in an American-Plan Hotel than at the less crowded table craftily presided over by a French chef, so it is impossible to go into so guilefully stocked a shop as Cruger's without making at least an effort to buy everything in it. It should be avoided by those who are weak of will."



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# THE SKY-LINE

OUR critics, among them foreign visitors, have made the tearing down of Madison Square Garden another opportunity to taunt us on our rabid commercialism, lack of artistic appreciation and sentiment. To a certain extent such criticism is deserved. Remember the recent newspaper vote in which a certain building was adjudged the finest in the city because of its tremendous value as an advertising proposition. In the humble opinion of one, this is not the qualification for the "finest" building. A structure can be fine only from an architectural standpoint—its combined practical and artistic value.

A successfully designed building is, first, appropriate to the use to which it is to be put, and, second, is an artistic embodiment of the principles of architecture. Together with these, it must be in keeping with its location and environment. Artistically, Madison Square Garden is a beautiful building, but we consider it probable that, beautiful as it is, and much as New York dislikes to see it go, the Garden will be replaced by a building that, from a combined practical and artistic standpoint, will be a finer bit of New York architecture. The emphasis, understand, is on the New York.

As to the finest building in New York City, our choice is the Shelton Hotel on Lexington Avenue. Mr. Arthur Loomis Harmon is the architect. And now we will tell why we think so. First, artistically. Its design is beautiful. It is a skyscraper which soars into the sky. During the last quarter of a century, we have got in the habit of capping off our buildings with a heavy, projecting cornice molding, which tends to make the structure look much lower than it is.

Beauty can best be found in truth. The Shelton Hotel is something over twenty stories high, and looks every bit of it. Its details are simple, its lines graceful, its ornament interesting. It is a building designed for modern New York, and it looks neither to Italy nor to France for its inspiration and example. Practically, too, the Shelton is a fine building. It was designed as a club hotel, and it represents it well in its design. As an advertising proposition, a really fine building, practically and artistically, will always be valuable. To be able to say that your building is one of the finest in the city, is as much an advertisement as to say that your building is the most striking.

That is what we would say of the American Radiator building. Raymond Hood, the architect of the black and gold building, deserves all the credit for attempting something new and different in the way of materials. We need more

color in our architecture to-day, and the gold terra cotta of the American Radiator building is a step in the right direction. But we cannot credit Mr. Hood with the originality in design that we can Mr. Harmon. The detail of Mr. Hood's design is reminiscent of the Gothic,—it does not especially suggest modern New York.

But if we really thought the Gothic could furnish us with inspiration for a modern New York skyscraper, we do not need to go far to get the effect, for, two blocks away, on Forty-second Street, Mr. Harvey W. Corbett has given us in the Bush Building the finest—we use the word here unhesitatingly—adaptation of the Gothic, as applied to a skyscraper, that it is possible to create.

Despite this we are all for originality. We believe that New York is capable of its own style of architecture. The set-back laws are helping, too. They have assisted to bring out the best in architectural design—that is, original design—that this country has ever produced. Mr. Harmon owes a certain share of his success in the Shelton to the set-back rule. So does Mr. Hood. Mr. Corbett had a more difficult problem, as far as originality is concerned. He could not employ set-backs. Looking around, we see real evidence of a new style. The movement is on foot. It seems now only a question of time before we will be talking of the "American period."

There is a distinct tendency to forget the old styles and periods which have exerted such a tremendous influence on our architectural and decorative designs that they have been a hindrance to originality. Some day our buildings will be *our* buildings. In other words, our designs will express our personality and our individuality.—R. W. S.



### Why Is It When I Plan to Pass a Quiet Evening Alone That—

The telephone rings steadily?

The radio in the next apartment begins its deadly work?

All my "friends" drop in?

I am torn away from the fireside?

I am plied with "very old" Scotch whisky?

I am taken on a round of parties?

I perform juggling feats with the glassware and bric-a-brac?

I arrive home at 5 A. M.?—C. G. S.

Among the most interesting lies we have listened to recently is the one about the man who bought a five-cent New York Sunday paper in New York for five cents.

100 Years Ago

(From the daily papers of 1825)

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT—We have just seen the signatures, upon a sheet of parchment, of one hundred members of the New York Bar, including the leading counselors and practitioners, each pledging his professional services gratis to liberate a debtor from gaol during the year 1825 should hard-hearted creditors and gripping poverty continue to render such services necessary.

\* \* \*

PIRATES—A bill has been reported in Congress from the Committee on Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives, making an appropriation of \$500,000 to provide for the more effective suppression of piracy.

\* \* \*

To LET—The convenient two-story house, No. 6 Rector Street, every way calculated for a small genteel family. Will be rented low. Inquire of W. W. Moulton.

\* \* \*

STAGE ACCIDENT—On the 31st ult. the mail stage from Utica to Sacketts Harbor upset near Louisville, by which accident the shoulder of Miss Foster, of Angerfield, was dislocated and another passenger injured. The cause of this accident was the intoxication of the driver, who fell off his seat, undiscovered by the passengers in the post-coach until the horses had commenced running at full speed.

\* \* \*

BOARDING—Three Gentlemen can be comfortably accommodated, or a Family, with rooms on the first floor of No. 10 Broadway.

\* \* \*

SELF DEFENCE

Wm. Fuller, the celebrated pugilist from London, begs leave to inform the gentlemen of New York and vicinity, that he has re-engaged for a short time a large room at the Shakespeare Hotel, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, for the purpose of giving lessons in the above named manly science, whereat Gentlemen, after a few lessons will be enabled to resist those who may offer violence, and protect themselves against the attack of the ruffian. Terms to be known on application as above.

\* \* \*

THIRD PROOF GIN—100 puncheons will be landed in a few days from ship ident, just arrived from London, for sale by R. Gillespie & W. M'Leod, 110 Front Street.

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They Knew WANTED WHAT THEY

with RICHARD and PAULINE BENNETT LORD KLAU West 45th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

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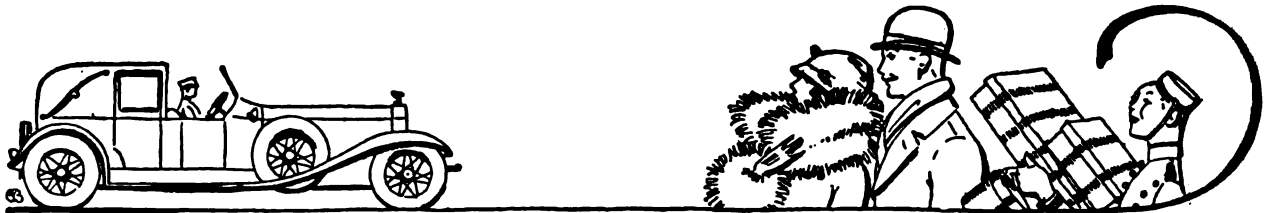
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EVERYTHING was done to put over Gloria Swanson's version of "Madame Sans Gene." The Famous Players staged a lavish advance party at the Park Lane and they gave the film a gala opening at the Rivoli, even going so far as to cover the stairway to the box of the marquis with sweet peas and rose buds. Outside a huge crowd fought for a place to see Gloria and her titled husband.

Actually, these pleasant incidents were far ahead of the film itself. Still, there is color to this tale of a washwoman and vivandière who follows Napoleon through his campaigns and finally comes to be the wife of a field marshal and Duchess of Dantzig.


Miss Swanson is a vivid screen personality, but her performance of the vivandière moves in and out of character. At one moment she is the bluff and direct Catherine Hubscher, at the next she is the sweet and yielding ingenue star. The direction of Leonce Perret is weak, but a great deal of interest lies in the reality of setting. "Sans Gene" was made in France and Fontainebleau serves as the background of many scenes.

Nazimova makes a screen return in "My Son," adapted from the current drama by Martha Stanley. Nazimova is the star but, to our way of thinking, Constance Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett, runs away with the film. "My Son" is the story of a jazzy flapper from New York and the devastation she causes in a fishing village of Portuguese on Cape Cod, the wreckage centering about a boy, Tony Silva. Tony is played fairly well by Jack Pickford but, from the moment Miss Bennett makes her village debut in a brief bathing suit, there's nothing else to the picture.

This girl has unlimited celluloid possibilities, although the screen powers do not seem to believe it yet.

An unusual history lies behind "Free and Equal," unreelied at the Astor the other night for the first time, although it was made by the late Thomas Ince just after Griffith released "The Birth of a Nation." The film was supposed to deal relentlessly with the negro problem, anyway the people behind it lost their nerve and it has been lying on A. H. Wood's shelves for some ten years.

It might just as well have stayed there since it is nothing more or less than a silly and rather distasteful effort. If you have doubts about the advance of pictures (we have 'em, too), look at "Free and Equal." It will help your faith in celluloid progress.



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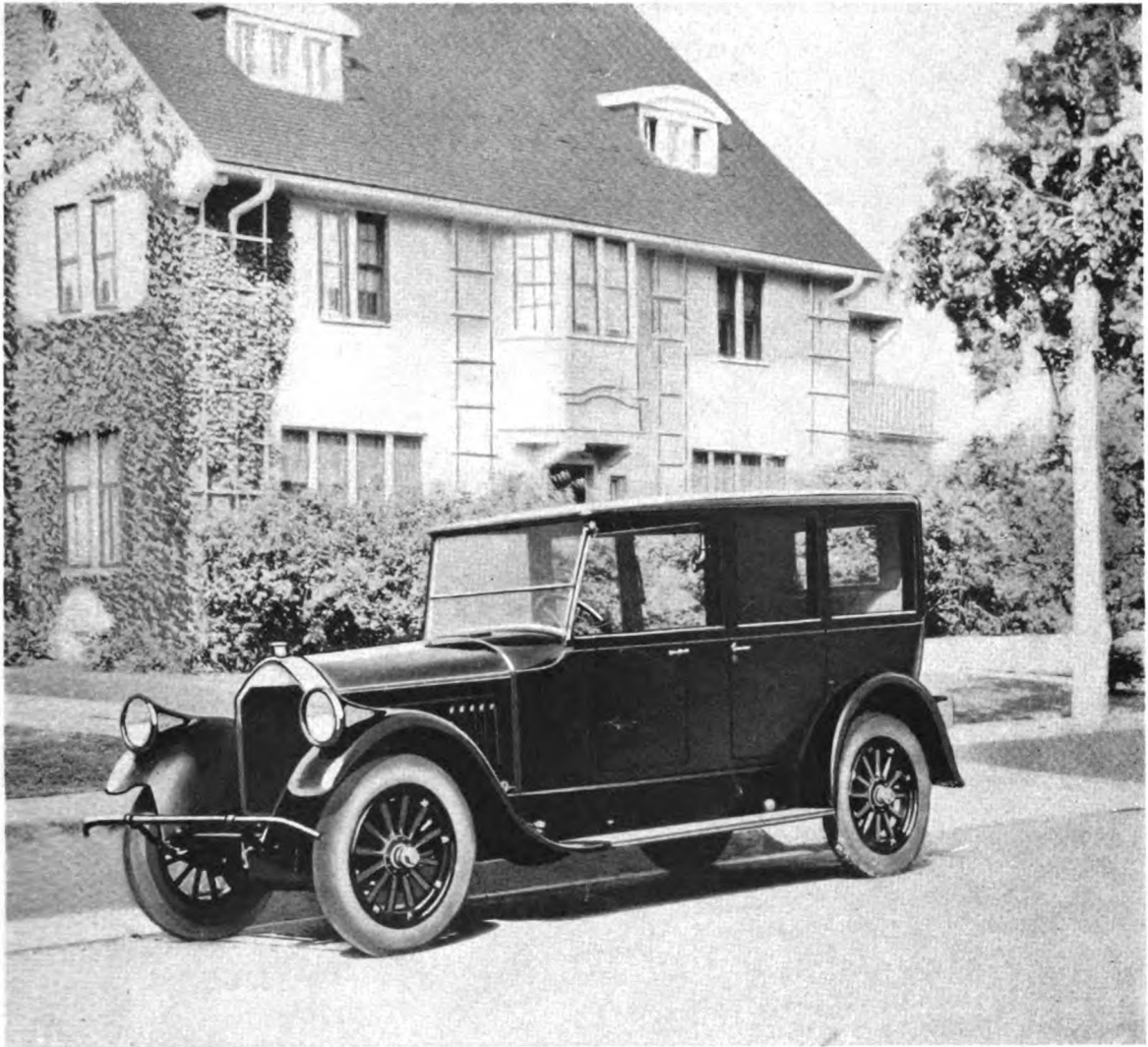
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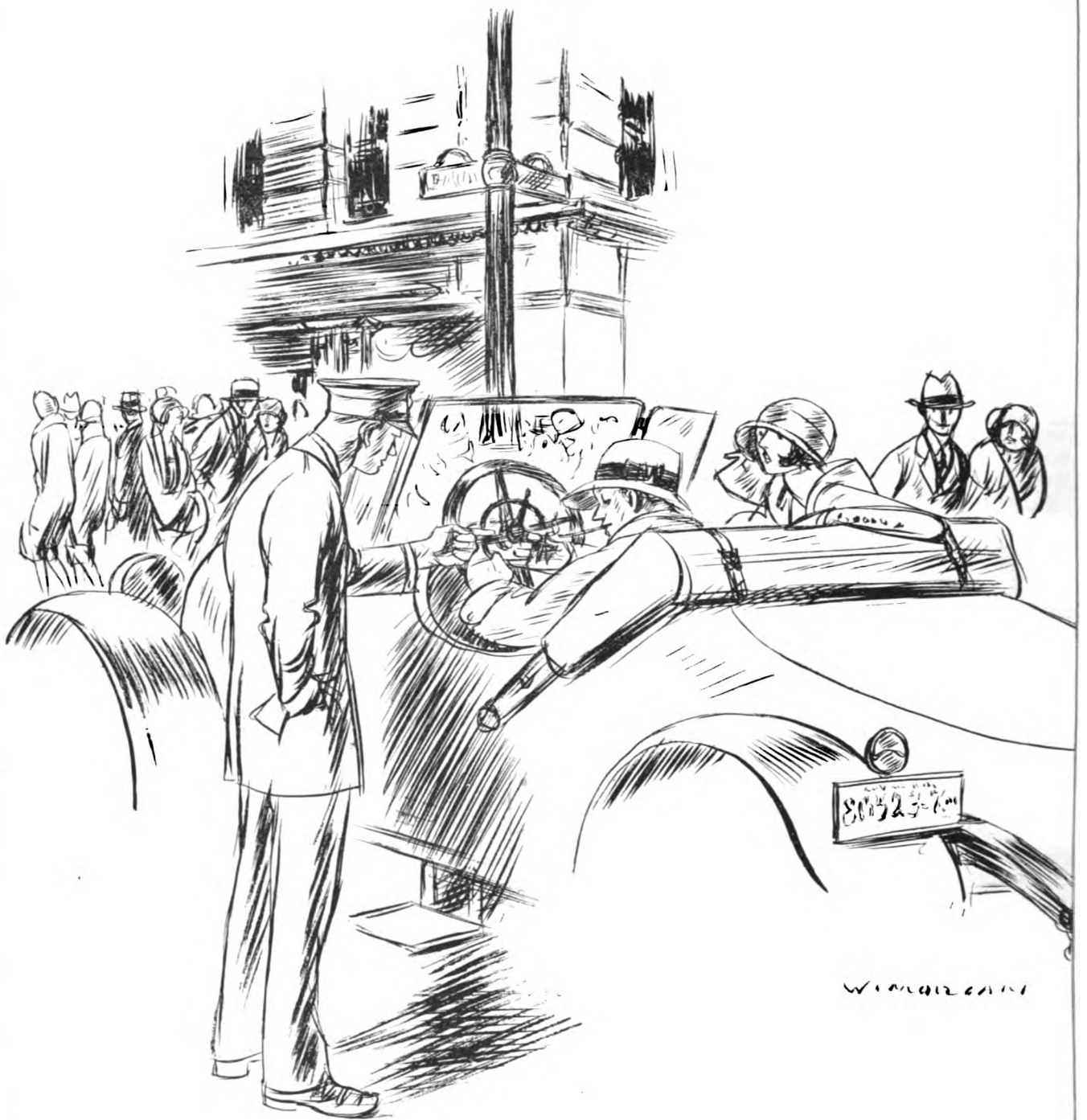
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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

## 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



tingly 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 profit-



### *Elegant America Does Its Duty By*

able run and now "The Poor Nut," his first producing venture, promises even more opulent returns.

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-

priority beyond doubt did Mr. McNutt cease his pleading. Then he sank back with a sigh worthy of a tragedian.

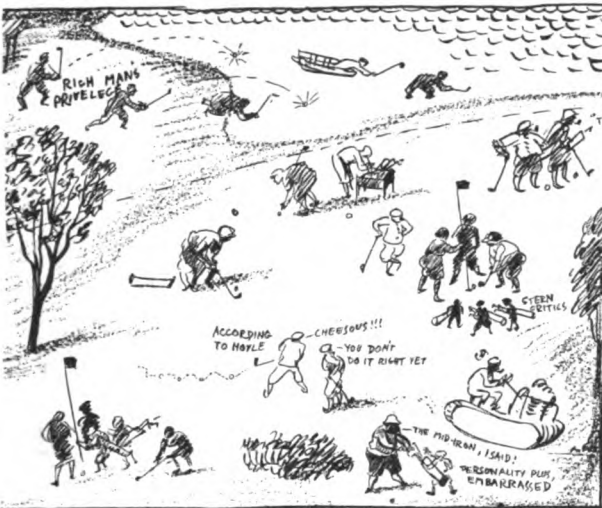
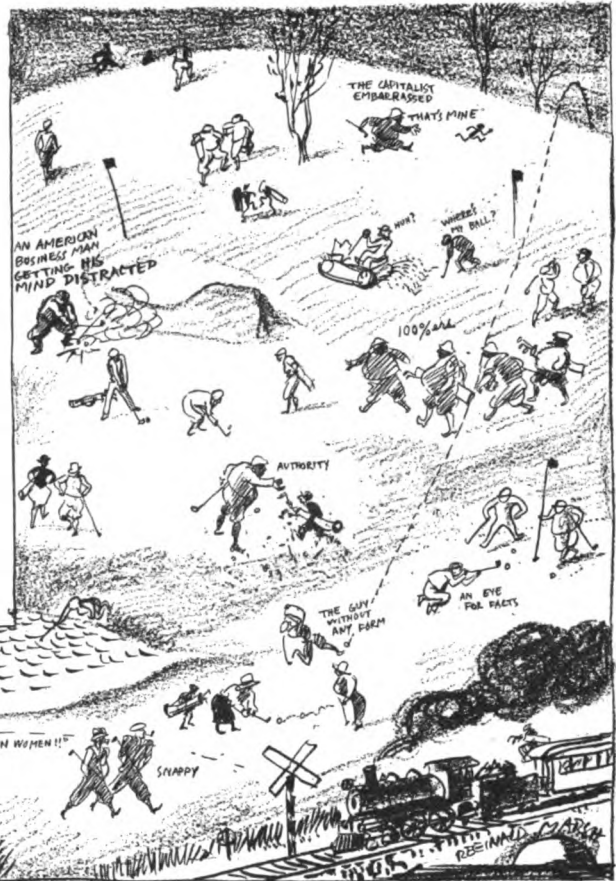
"But why," asked the neighboring reporter, "why all the rooting for Washington?"

"My brother Bill once worked on a Seattle newspaper," Pat explained, thereby establishing a new world's record for throwing the loyalty for distance.

**B**ROTHER 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*

**W**ELL, 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 particu-

larly 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.

**T**HE 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 coming?"

**T**HE 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 chauff-

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 muddled.

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 social 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.

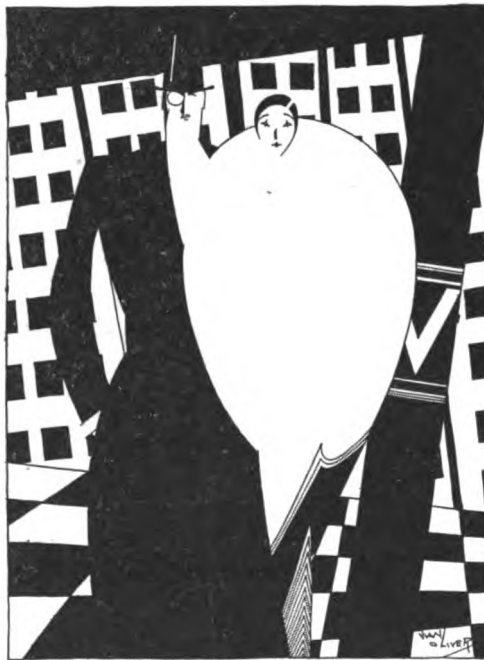
This is a land capable of producing such advice as that given by the editor of the Santa Barbara, Cal.,

*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, sub-leased 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 seem 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 announce-

ments 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 unflinching 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 families?)

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 own-  
ing 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 lead-  
ing hostelrees.

And jolly was the other

(You might say, its brother)

And the best taverns only housed its  
jazzy gaittees.

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 ex-  
clusiver than that?"

—Baron Ireland

# THAT'S NEW YORK

*The item on the theatrical page:*

**M**ARYEBELLE 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 ev-



erything. 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 seprate. 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 Bless 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*

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## STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

**R**ENTS 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.

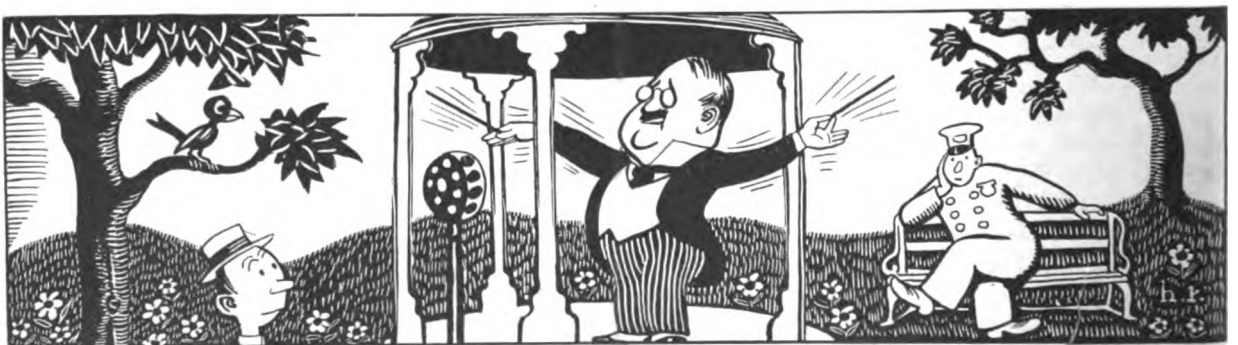
Every few years the Citizen's Union persuaded somebody to run against Hylan, but the names of

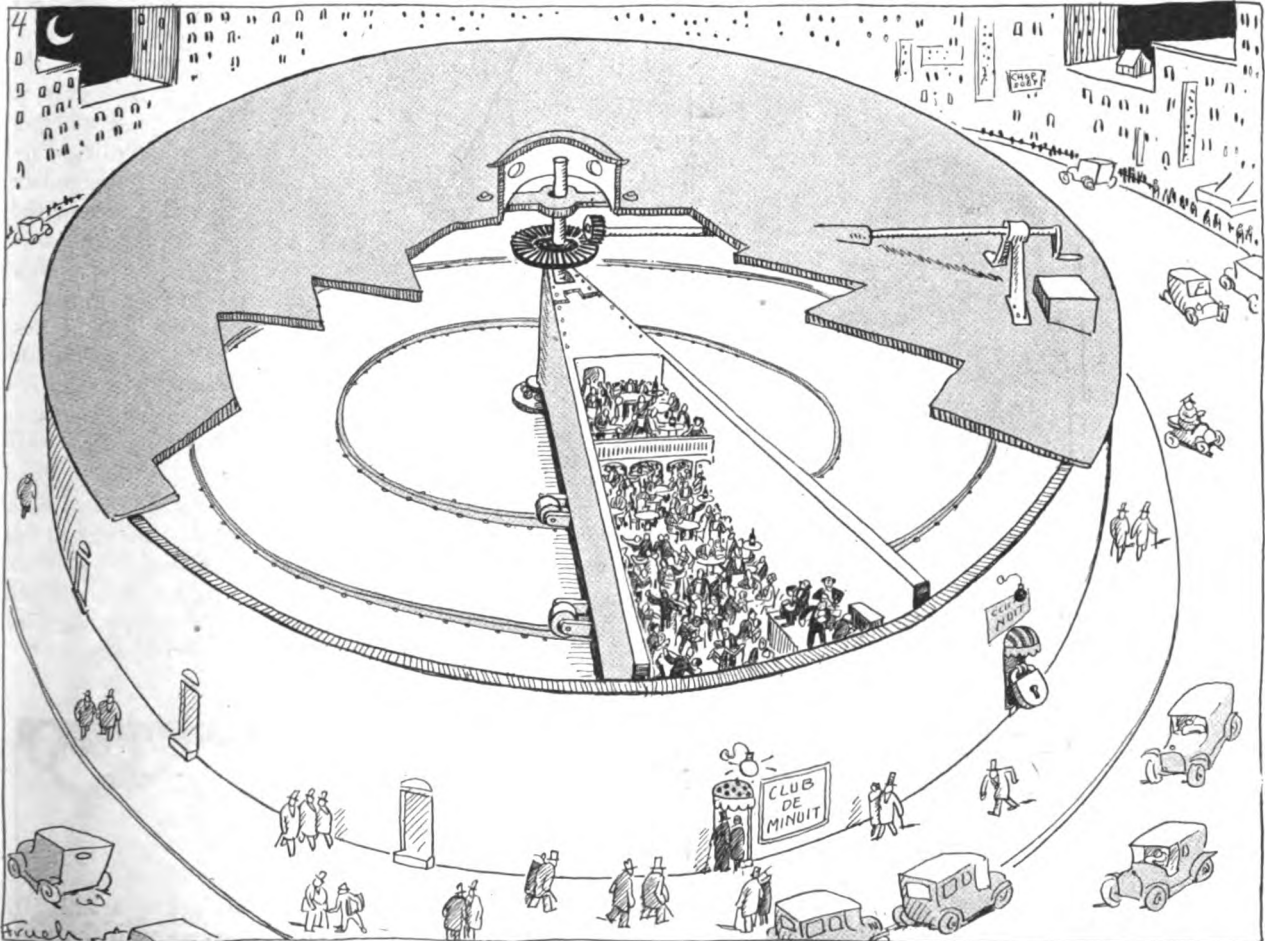
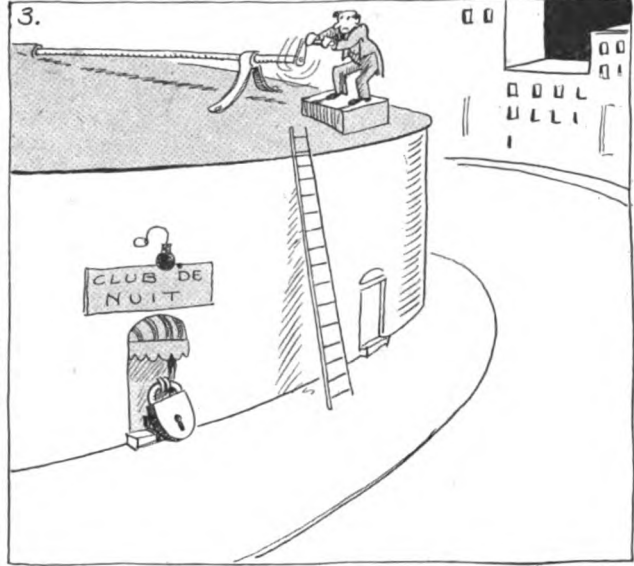
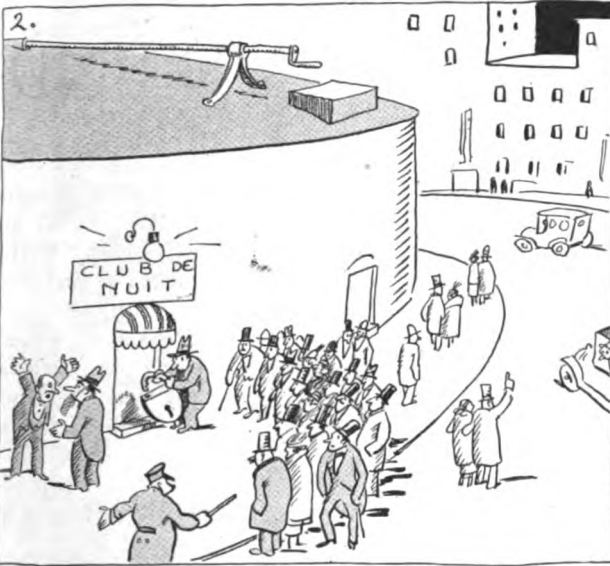
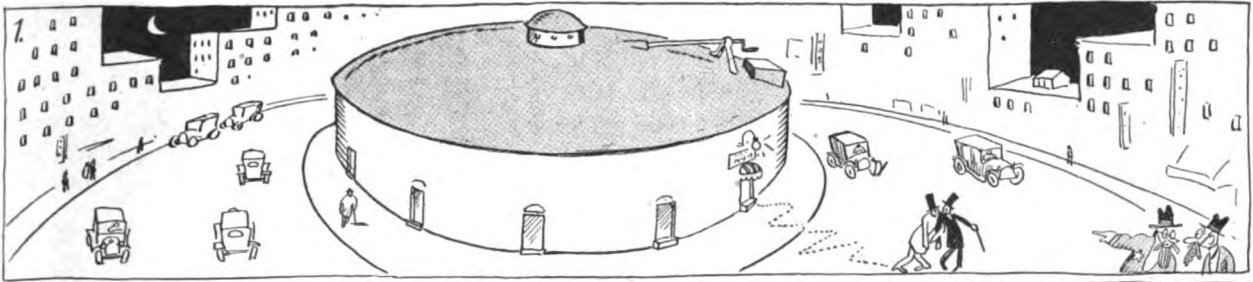
those who ran have not been preserved. Ancient records reveal that Paavo Nurmi was the greatest runner of the age, but Nurmi undoubtedly was Hylan in disguise. Veal, it is said, got him belly-aching terribly; and we know how Hylan acted when any of the papers started a new line of bull.

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.

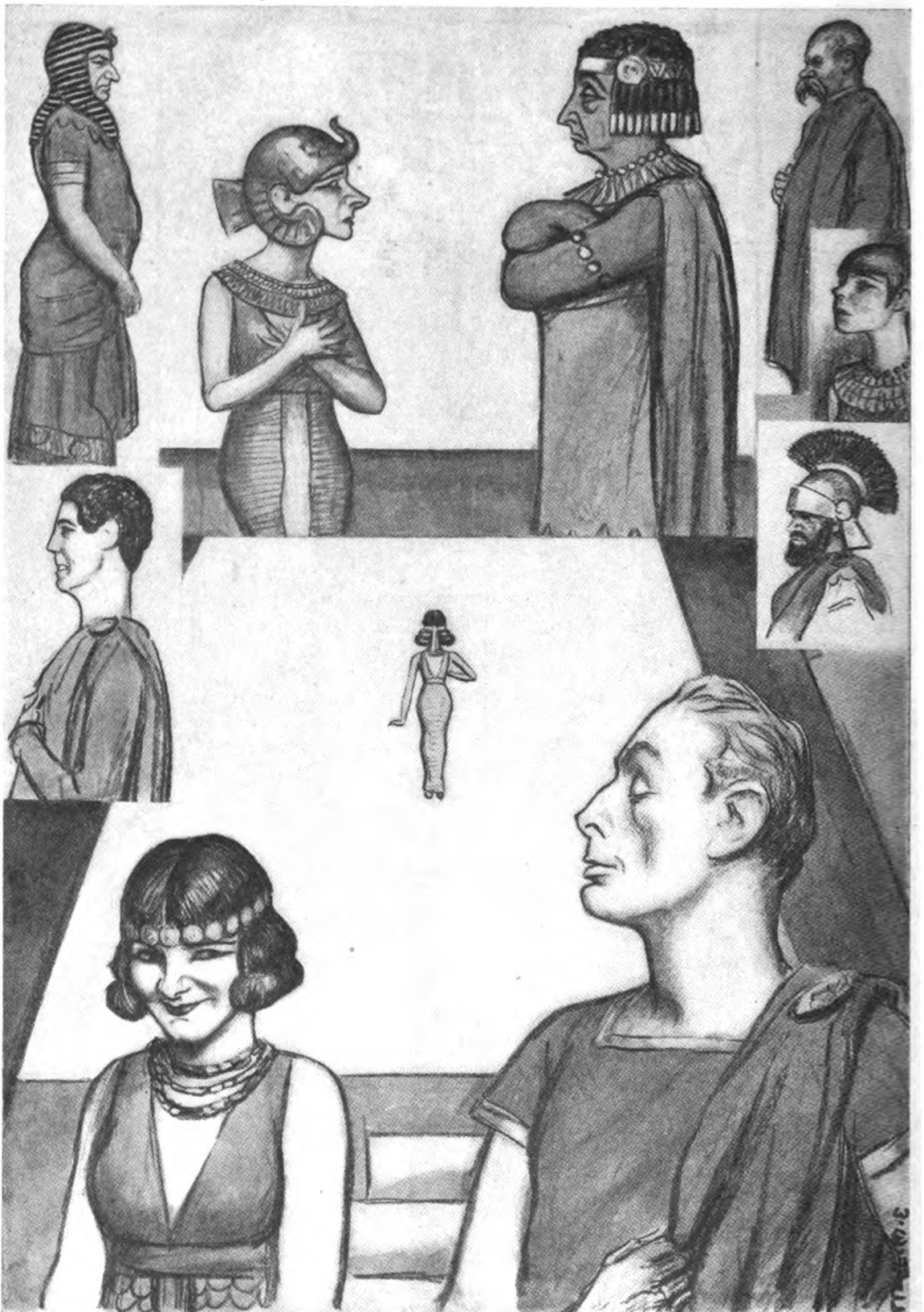
New Yorkers frequently played politics, unless the baseball season was on or there was a show in town. Baseball, of course, was their major interest for the batting average of a ball player was always easy to figure out, while everybody was left to guess whether an office holder was making good or not. 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—*

**W**ILLIAM 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."

**T**HERE 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.

**T**HERE 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."

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 way-lay 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 Roman 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

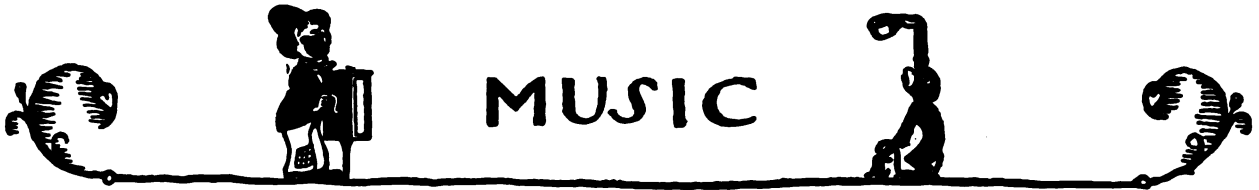
desultory way, since childhood, but had never thought of it as the *Bronx*. Even in Bronxville, only two inhabitants had thought of it as the *Bronx*, and they had kept their hunch to themselves.

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.





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 Absqueeduct, 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 Shakespearian 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 Lieblich and Grena Bennett of the *American* and then space ran short. Let us add, therefore, that Mr. Lieblich 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. Lieblich 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.



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 by-paths 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 Vetoed 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 homicidally 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 jokeman."

\* \* \*

Lieutenant Governor Lowman says up-State farmers will oppose the grade crossing amendments because taxes are already so high that everybody is dependent. 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 tearroom.

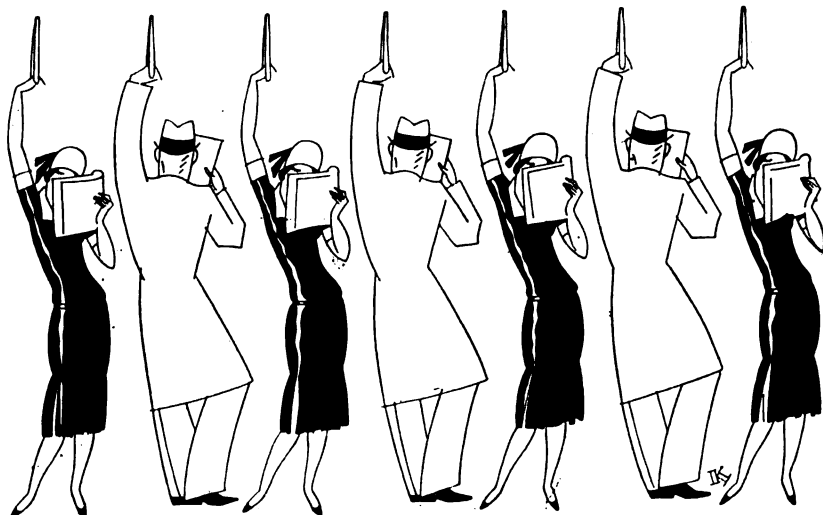
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Motorcycles are now barred from the Yale campus because "several near-sighted professors have been run down by reckless undergraduates." If this conservation measure fails, Connecticut may have to establish a short closed season for professors.

\* \* \*

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

**B**ROADWAY 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 exhilarating 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 sight-seers. 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 "baptisims" 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 fever, 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 Bencheley, 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 realism, 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."

\* \* \*

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."

\* \* \*

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.

\* \* \*

"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:

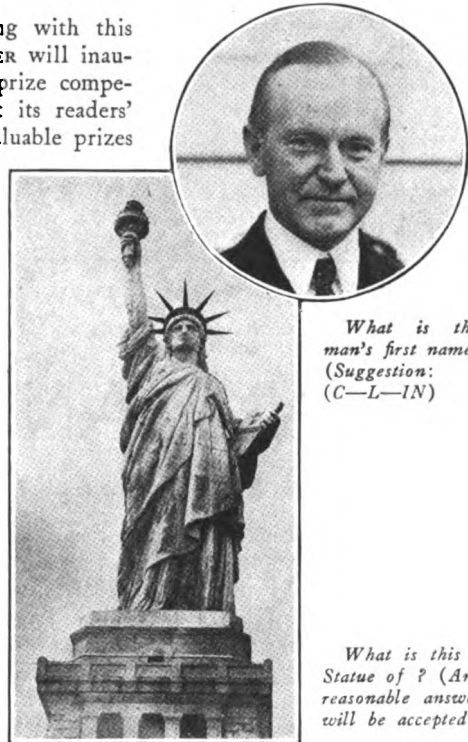
a. New York — is the largest city in the United States.

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.  
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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.

## BL°TTERS: AN ABS°RBING M°DIUM

### *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 tonsillitis. Bad time of year for tonsillitis."

"I know, J. R.," said Mr. Cohen, "it's the climate."

"Bad climate for tonsillitis," 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 Fofty-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 Toheroh.

### 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—Acollan Hall

Thursday evening, May 7. A really great singer, almost unknown in this country. If you miss this concert, don't 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 1

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.




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lines are evident in this two-button model, broad shoulders, narrow hips predominating.

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*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.

\* \* \*

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.

\* \* \*

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.

\* \* \*

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.

\* \* \*

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.



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## 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 disastrous 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 glimpses 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.

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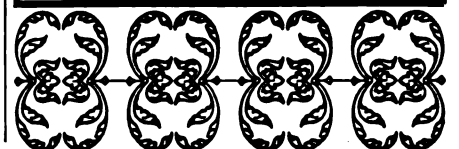
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Otis Skinner, Douglas Fairbanks,  
George Arliss, Henry Miller, Sam  
Harris, The Shuberts, Mark Klaw,  
A. L. Erlanger, and others.

**Admission, \$3 at any Bookstore**



**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" (*Doras*) betokens: The Graf Wolkenheim, a seasoned lover and from his point of view a second Talleyrand, is taking a raucous Jewess as mistress for Talleyrandous 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 paraphrased. 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 hoboese 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*).

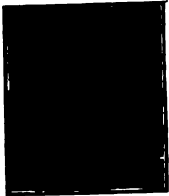
Two interesting volumes of short stories by experienced practitioners, "Overheard" by Stacy Aumonier and "Tongues of Fire" by Algernon Blackwood, will be noticed next week at such length as the season affords. There seems to be a revival of interest in short stories in collections; as an ardent short 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.

# Cruger's Column

Although it is as inappropriate as a Yankee's twang on Bond Street to have the author of "In American" describe a shop as English as Cruger's—nevertheless, we are taking the risk of having this column written

by

John U. A. Weaver



"I always used to be a snappy dresser. Get what I mean? Them pointed up lapels, And silkette socks, and look-me-over ties.

Even I got them hard-boiled, light-blue shirts With collars the same. Get what I mean? Some snap.

"And then, one day I seen this guy Fred Sikes, And somethin' about his clo'es made me start wonderin'. He wasn't flashy—you wouldn't of noticed him Without you looked again—but it was somethin' So sort of quiet, and yet so elegant— Well, I don't know the way to say it right— Him and his clo'es, they fitted— do you get it?

"So then I ast him how he got that way, And he says it was just a English shop That sold the kind of things that was exclusive. 'You don't pay no more', he says, 'But say, It's worth it, ain't it, gettin' that rich look? These ties and socks, now— ain't they the cat's ears?'

"You know—I got to thinkin'. It ain't dash That makes you look swell. It's the sort of meltin' Into your things, and they melt into you. Look what I done already. Pretty good? I'm leearnin' fast. It's worth the difference, I'll tell the knock-kneed world! And I'll do better— I'm stickin' by Cruger's Shop. See what I mean?'

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## "Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

- ARROWSWICH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). It isn't a mere flier 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.
- SEKELFOSS 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 Woolcott (*Putnam*). As we understand it, "Berlin" is a nom de plume of Stravinsky's, and "Woolcott" 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 carcase in each of her sparkling eyes.

—The World



## What Shall We Do This Evening?

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## 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.*

**H**UZZA! 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 provo-

cation. 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 unexpressed 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.

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**THE NEW YORKER**



**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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**THE NEW YORKER**

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## ANNOUNCEMENT

*All issues of THE NEW YORKER succeeding this one will be on sale at newsstands on Fridays, instead of Tuesdays, as was formerly the case. The issue to be dated May 23 (Saturday) will be on sale Friday, May 22.*

### *The Craze for Royalty*

**N**O social set feels satisfied with its activities these democratic days unless it is entertaining, has entertained, or is planning to entertain royalty. Even that secluded section of our native aristocracy which is descended wholly from Colonial governors, and which hitherto has treated mere kings and princes with the formal politeness proper for acknowledging the presence of inferiors, has succumbed to the craze. Quietly, as always, and unwilling to admit that such advances have been made, some of its elders have instituted discreet inquiry as to whether Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, would accept an invitation to visit New York in 1926.

The occasion for the royal visit will be the celebration next year, by descendants of the original New Netherlanders, of that famous real estate deal three hundred years ago, when Manhattan Island was purchased from the Indians for some rum and a few trinkets. No doubt it is fitting that such an historic event be celebrated; and, too, if Her Majesty should come to our shores, she will not find time hanging heavily upon her hands, for she may, if she will, lend dignity to the unveiling of the statue to be erected to the memory of the first white child born on this island, Jan Vigne by name.

But history serves man's purpose still, in this instance socially. Not without some polite elevating of eyebrows did the Social Old Guard witness the kidnapping of the King and Queen of the Belgians, when those monarchs were the guests of a more recent guard of society. Nor were certain of the Knickerbocker dowagers too

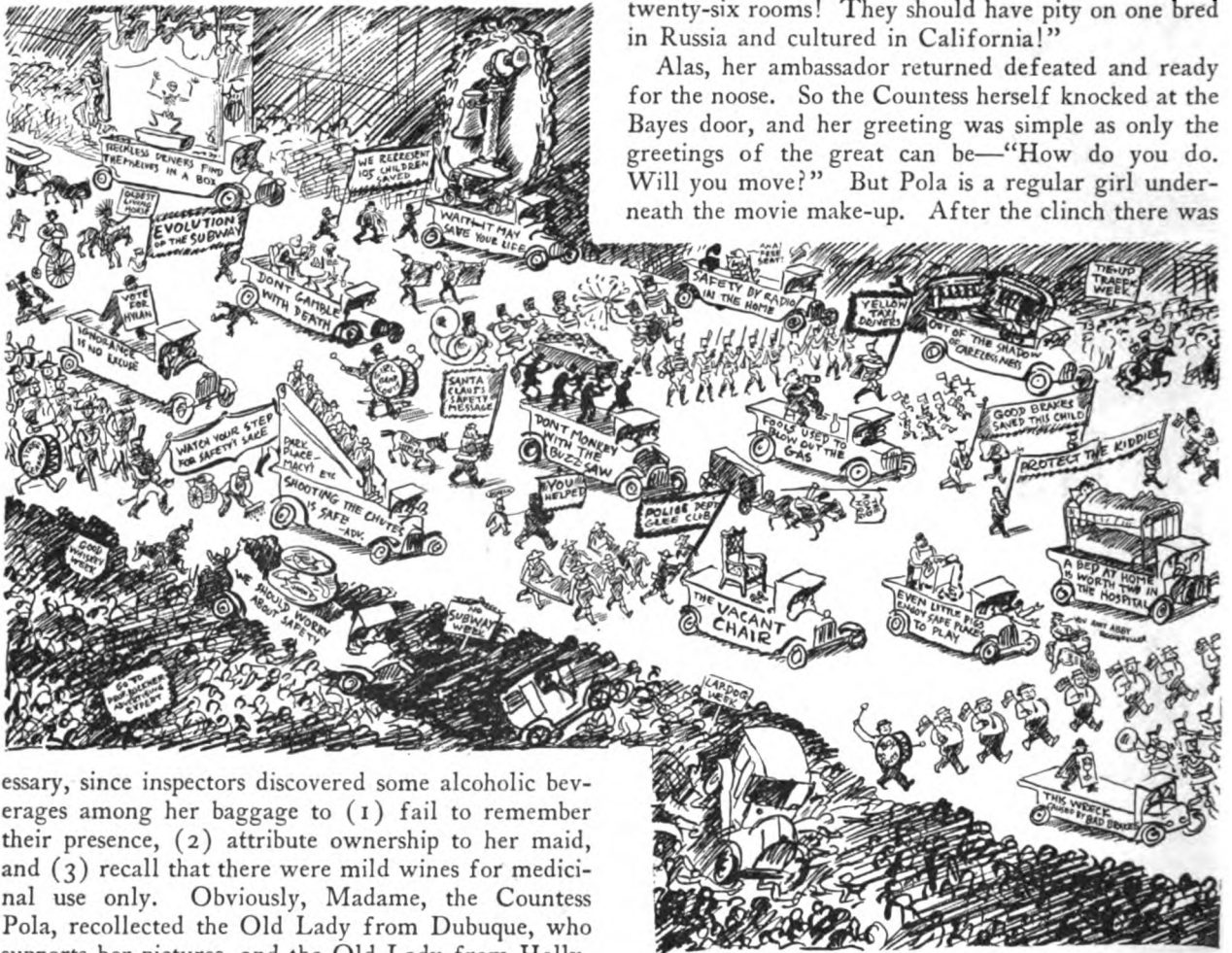
pleased to observe the strange preferences of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, during his sojourn last September on Long Island. It seemed sadly as though H. R. H. had permitted himself to be kidnapped by what, to the long-established order, looked like a suspiciously new set, whose families had been unknown two short centuries ago. As for the Monday Opera Club and the Grand Duchess; they, of course, were ridiculous. Who ever knew the Romanoffs socially? And Her Majesty of Rumania, whose visit still awaits a yielding on the part of the State Department, probably has made some shrewd plans for a matrimonial alliance even before she knows whether she is coming or not.

No, if royalty had become the sudden, inexplicable mode, these would not do. One must insist upon dignity and decorum, especially from royalty. Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was the ideal guest. Her home life is admirable. Her tastes are simple. She drinks tea without needing the extra stimulus of jazz orchestras. She is the sort of majesty Queen Victoria would have approved; and so, if she will voyage here, the descendants of the New Netherlands settlers are willing to yield a point to modern custom and receive her into their homes as an equal.



### *A Queenly Custom*

**A**N amazing confidence in our national sense of humor was revealed by Mr. John Coates, the English tenor, upon arrival, for Mr. Coates frankly noted upon his Customs' declaration possession of two quarts of truly excellent Scotch; quite a different procedure from that followed by Pola Negri who has found it nec-



essary, since inspectors discovered some alcoholic beverages among her baggage to (1) fail to remember their presence, (2) attribute ownership to her maid, and (3) recall that there were mild wines for medicinal use only. Obviously, Madame, the Countess Pola, recollected the Old Lady from Dubuque, who supports her pictures, and the Old Lady from Hollywood, who permits them to be exhibited; or, if you would have the latter more plainly, Mr. Will Hays. The heart of the Great Middle West brooks no trifling by its screen favorites with the Eighteenth Commandment.

Still, since there is little likelihood of Mr. Hays's being our most constant reader, there can be small danger for Madame, the Countess, in recounting here a pleasing custom of her late vacation in Paris. That the inhabitants might not be unaware of the presence of their darling, it was Pola's condescension to drive abroad in the crowded hour of afternoon and to command that the processional of her equipage stop in the middle of a congested thoroughfare. Thereupon she would demand of her footman, chauffeur, or courtier—whosoever her handyman might be—that he fetch her a golden drink in a beautiful goblet.

Out to her carriage the drink would be brought where she would sip daintily while traffic snarled in solid mass from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the *Place de la Concorde*.

At the Ritz-Carlton in Paris, where she sojourned after the arduousness of her social service work, she had engaged for herself an entire floor. Some troublemaker told her that two rooms on that floor were not hers and were occupied by an equally determined woman, Nora Bayes—and her latest husband. Pola could not bear it. She had met the Bayes before. They would understand that she could not possibly live in less than an entire floor. In the language of our own Anzia, "It is to choke in the closeness of

twenty-six rooms! They should have pity on one bred in Russia and cultured in California!"

Alas, her ambassador returned defeated and ready for the noose. So the Countess herself knocked at the Bayes door, and her greeting was simple as only the greetings of the great can be—"How do you do. Will you move?" But Pola is a regular girl underneath the movie make-up. After the clinch there was

a grand and most friendly party that evening.

MESDAMES, the stars of the operas and the screen, are not the only prima donnas about, as Mr. Ray Long might testify if he were less busily engaged with his magazines. These, as may be recalled, are Mr. Hearst's periodicals. They, and in particular the *Cosmopolitan*, trade extensively in the current works of authors who have acquired that highly valuable possession, a name.

Among the first flight of such first flight writers are Mr. Irvin S. Cobb and Mr. Peter B. Kyne, the former of whom is reputed to command from Mr. Hearst's treasury four thousand dollars for each short story he composes. This figure has never been revealed by official communique, but it is the sum accepted as accurate by the upper crust of magazine publishing.

Not so long ago, Mr. Long approached Mr. Kyne on the matter of renewing an expiring agreement to provide Mr. Hearst's magazine readers with his characteristic works. Price was mentioned presently, and casually, as such things are done.

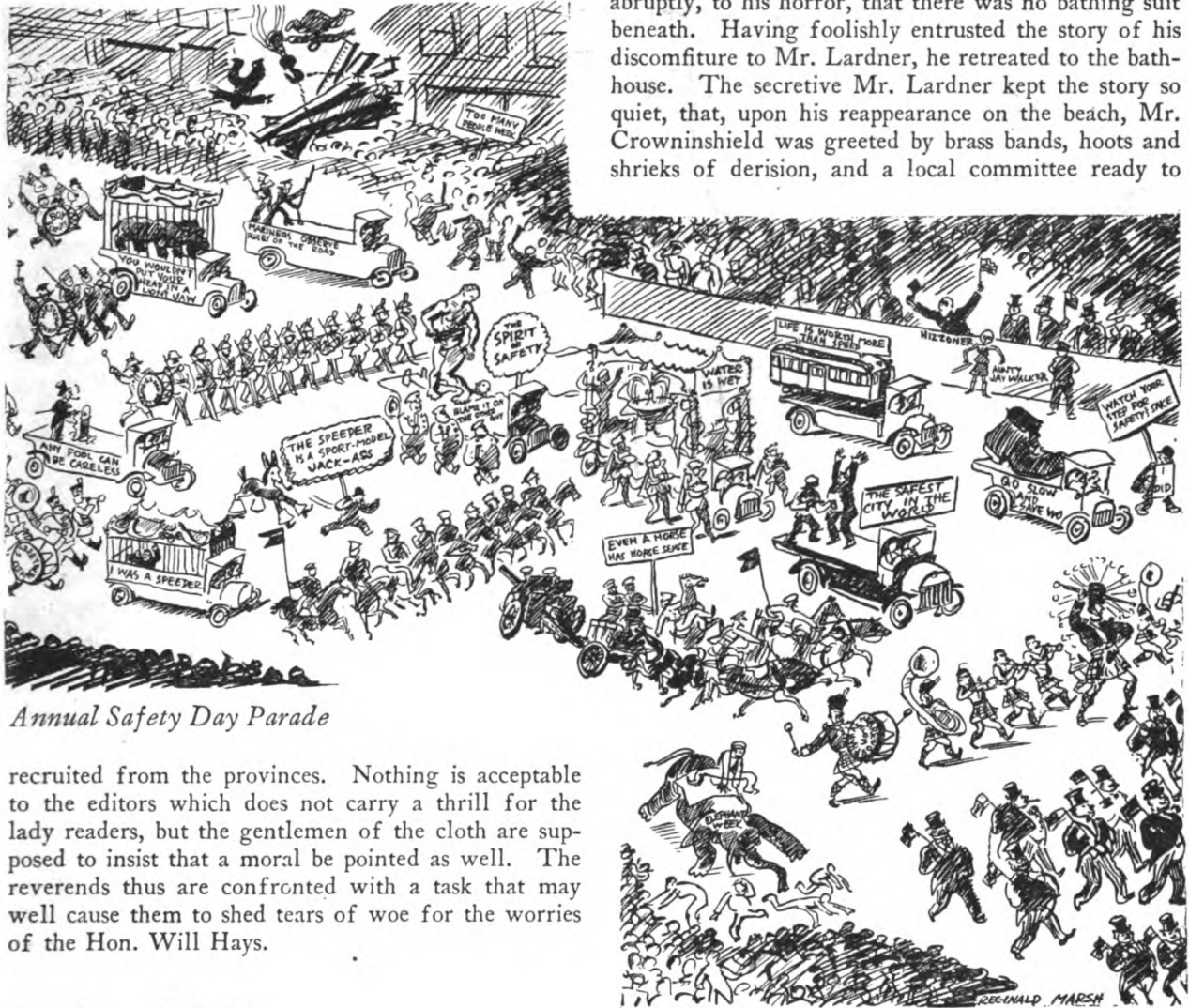
"Forty-one hundred a short story." Thus Mr. Kyne. Mr. Long agreed. "But why the odd figure?" he inquired.

"Got to have more money than Cobb," Mr. Kyne informed him.

*New York Holds Its*

NOT alone in the palatial halls of the glossy monthlies do strange things happen. Even the periodicals with duller sheen own their oddities. One of the journals devoted to fictional true stories, and widely circulated among girls who want to know about life as it isn't has adopted a very nice tongue-in-cheek morality. Every story considered for publication is submitted for approval to a board of ministers

mas. The wise of which occurrence has but now become known. Mr. Ring Lardner had hurriedly summoned Mr. Crowninshield from the enclosure where he was taking a sun bath to join the ladies on the beach. This Mr. Crowninshield obligingly did. After some moments of chit-chat, one of the ladies challenged him to a swim in the Atlantic. He was preparing to divest himself of his bathrobe, when he realized abruptly, to his horror, that there was no bathing suit beneath. Having foolishly entrusted the story of his discomfiture to Mr. Lardner, he retreated to the bath-house. The secretive Mr. Lardner kept the story so quiet, that, upon his reappearance on the beach, Mr. Crowninshield was greeted by brass bands, hoots and shrieks of derision, and a local committee ready to



Annual Safety Day Parade

recruited from the provinces. Nothing is acceptable to the editors which does not carry a thrill for the lady readers, but the gentlemen of the cloth are supposed to insist that a moral be pointed as well. The reverends thus are confronted with a task that may well cause them to shed tears of woe for the worries of the Hon. Will Hays.

*The Glass of Fashion*

JUST as the predicted vogue for bright colors in men's apparel has not yet come into general use, certain idiosyncracies in dress, sponsored by persons of moment, have not been copied by lesser men. Some business men announce to their particular worlds that they have been on a late party the night before by the simple expedient of wearing a stiff-bosomed shirt with their business clothes, but none but Governor Al Smith has had the courage to wear one with golf togs.

The Baron Willy Sebastian Knobloch Droste (creator of dances of Sin, Vice, Horror, Ecstasy, and Death) recently arrived at an exclusive dinner party, perfume and all, without sight of shirt or collar to accompany his Bond Street dress clothes, and discovered the hostess so out of sympathy with this radical departure in attire that he found it best to depart early.

But the palm goes to the urbane Mr. Frank Crowninshield, for a happening during his trip to the Baha-

call to his attention the proprieties deemed essential for observance in Nassau.

At Ciro's, the other night, habitués were electrified by the sight of a *chic*, sheer black lace dress, with the words "Paris—1925" worked into the lace across the back of the neck-line. More constructive uses for this mode are possible, if it ever comes into general use, such as: "Caledonia 07546—Apartment 72" or "At Home, four to six, 5 East 57th street." Thus may fashions for ladies become not only decorative but practical.

THE mantle of Town Wit has not yet passed from the shoulders of Mr. Oliver Herford, although there are numbers of those who bear the courtesy title of Younger Wits ready, if need be, to assume it. But the whimsical Oliver still reigns, even though he does not go abroad so much now and so

wastes his *mots* on mere intimates, instead of distributing them to a broader audience.

Some of his later shafts have been spoken in the market place. Thus, when a friend telephoned to the light of his life, who was out of town, Mr. Herford commented, "His wife and he, apart, are inseparable." Also, to a persistent poet who called inquiring after the whereabouts of a manuscript entrusted to Mr. Herford, he said, sadly, "I'm afraid it must be at the tailor's, being dry-cleaned and pressed."

**G**EORGE LUKS did a characteristic thing when he dashed off a brilliant sketch of himself to illustrate the word study in last week's *NEW YORKER*—and then signed it "Gene Tunney." Signing was not the characteristic act; it was the impulsive, yet masterful sketching.

Mr. Luks has done this before, more elaborately. Frederick James Gregg, the art critic, has two portraits of himself, painted by Mr. Luks. They were both begun impulsively on evenings when conversation dragged; and, having been started, had to be completed.

One could contemplate rather cheerfully the inability to make small talk if only one might be assured of being paid for silence with two canvases by the country's best portrait painter; although Mr. Luks probably would hold that no conversation is worth while which requires effort and that the paintings were merely a reward for refraining from making a reprehensible attempt. Mr. Tunney, whose name was so audaciously appropriated for signature by Mr. Luks, his friend, is none other than the prize fighter whose two distinctions are (a) he can wear plus fours with as little self-consciousness as the Duke of York, and (b) Mr. Leyendecker has not yet persuaded him to pose for Arrow Collar advertisements.

### *It Is Hoped—*

**I**T looks fearfully as though local statesmen were going to get into a quarrel this summer!—a quarrel as to whether Mayor Hylan should or should not have four more years of business as usual at the old Hall—not Tammany, mind you, but City. Those who will uphold the negative of the proposition are various in number and designation. Let any bright little boy or girl say who will uphold the positive.

Some time back it looked as though there was not going to be any considerable quarrel. However, a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream. Tammany is showing its hand, and the hand is seen to be holding something resembling a brick. That is the transcendent question of the moment: is it a brick?

The answer is very important. Because, if the object is a brick, there is going to be a quarrel. If it isn't a brick, you and I might just as well continue to occupy our suburban villas late into November

and not worry about registering or anything.

The men who really have to know what is going on and what is likely to go on are watching Tammany Hall to the exclusion of every other activity. They know that if Tammany hurls the brick it seems to be holding, Mayor Hylan is in for a lively summer and early Fall (which last you may take literally or as a pun according to whether cross word puzzles have or have not corrupted you).

For the one reason, and no other, that Tammany seems to have made up its mind that the world is too small to contain Mayor Hylan at the same time with some other people—including Governor "Al" Smith—political prognosticators of weight cheerfully predict early hostilities.

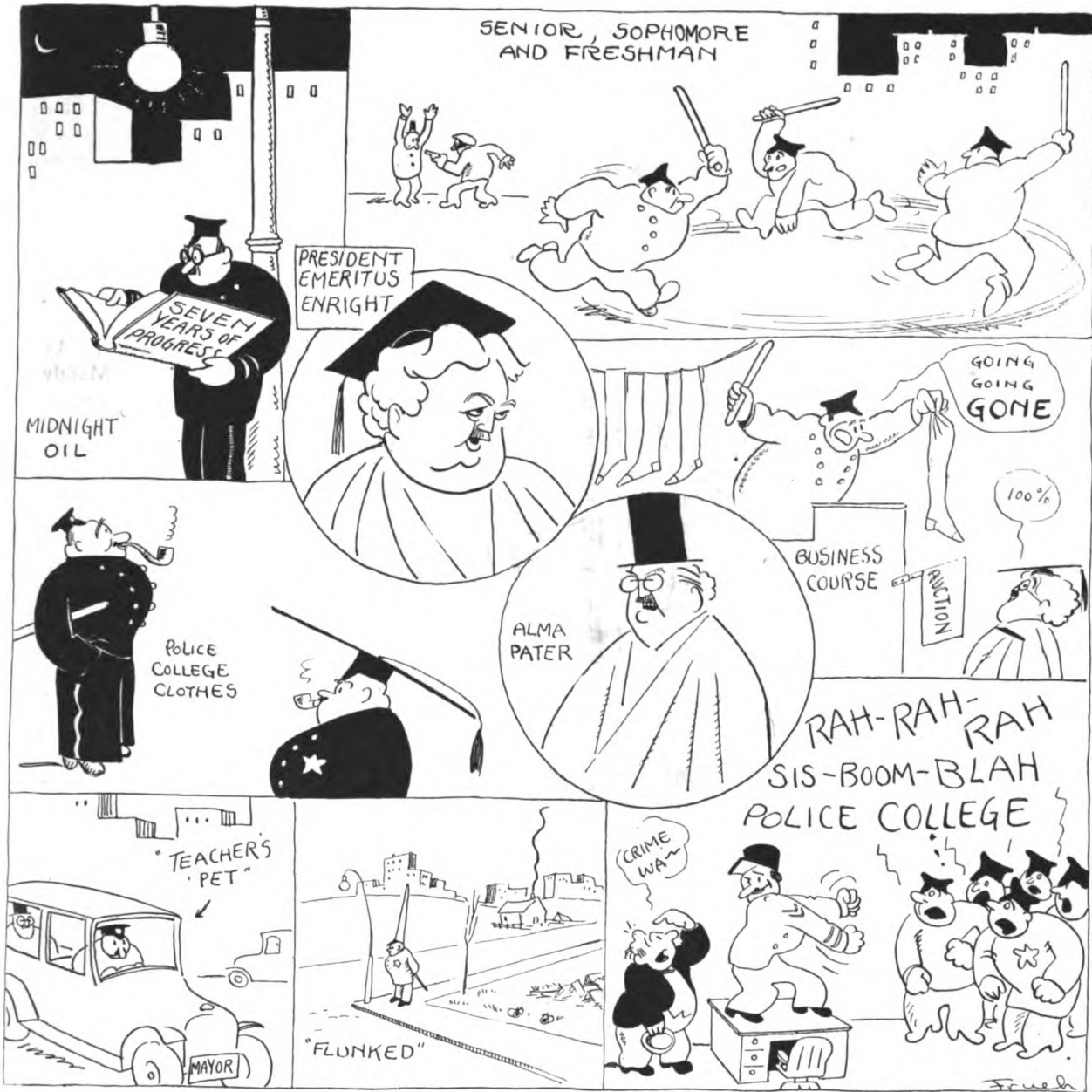
It wouldn't have seemed so six months ago. At that time most of the political sharps would have said, and did say, that nobody could beat Mr. Hylan and nobody would try. But a little quiet investigating has been done and it has been found that the Mayor is beginning to be cheered by the *vox populi* in whispers, or so the Tammany leaders report to the wigwam. Said reports, there is no smallest doubt, cheer the wigwam.



**G**ETTING to any theatre now requires an ingenuity similar to that needed to penetrate the Hampton Maze. For, in addition to the usual traffic restrictions of signals, one-way streets and no turning regulations, a driver is controlled by judgment of the policeman at each intersection. If any block seems too crowded he may direct motors to continue east or west without regard for their ultimate destination. It is not surprising that an exasperated taxicab patron, after touring the theatrical district several times without even approaching his objective, the Republic Theatre, inquired from his driver, "Do you suppose you'll be able to make the theatre before the piece closes its run?"

**T**HE old subscriber element among symphony orchestra audiences is not always easily pleased; and one condition during the late Philharmonic season at Carnegie did not please it at all. This was the occasional rumbling audible to those seated in the western portion of the Hall as Queensboro express trains bore on toward the tunnel. Indeed one very old subscriber coldly inquired if it were true that Mr. Clarence Mackay was going to discharge all his double bass players as soon as the B.-M. T. constructed another subway beneath the building.

Probably it was the same fundamentalist who happened to have a seat near the lemonade stand during a Stadium concert last Summer. The next day he wrote a letter to the management saying that never before had he known that Wagner had scored a part for the cash register.



*Gay Undergraduate Days at the New Police Academy.*

THE American business man—at least, certain of him in New York—has revolted against the term “Babbitt.” He can now wend his way homeward from a hard day in the Street and enter without hesitation into a discussion of literature, and drama other than that of the New Amsterdam Theatre. This revolution has been brought about by an astute young gentleman who furnishes to a selected list of our more affluent business men digests of all the more important novels and plays of the year. An hour a week, they say, keeps one very well posted.

It was inevitable, considering our national gift for utility, that we should have dealers in second-hand culture.

*Other Days*

JOHN DUNSTAN threw the key away upon opening his place thirty-four years ago, which was be-

fore the government dealt so extensively in padlocks. His resort, known to other days as Jack’s and latterly scarcely known at all, was indeed a rallying point for such of our fathers as made a practice of staying up after midnight. Normally, it was given over to the sporting set, but it did enjoy popularity among the ham-and-eggs trade; that is to say, with anybody determined to make one more stop before going home. Jack’s was inevitably the last stand in those innocent times when possession of a flask automatically placed a man under suspicion of leading a double life.

Jack’s employed Irish waiters; partly as a matter of sentiment, partly because, combined into a flying wedge, they were effective in persuading young football gentlemen from New Haven or Princeton to see how lovely was the moon outside. Then, too, there were hints that the Celts’ loyalty to their employer stretched to unreasonable bounds; such, for instance, as including the date, or the check number upon to-

talling a bill. On one occasion long gone, when a gentleman who carried his liquor better than might be expected ventured to call attention to such error, his waiter blandly informed him:

"'Tis natural to make mistakes. That's why we have rubbers on the ends of our pencils."

This reply became thereafter the orthodox explanation among café servitors.

**I**T was not alone through his waiters that John Dunstan was loyal to his race. Almost all his employees were possessors of the brogue in their own right, even the linen girls who tended their duties in some dim recess of the basement.

An older generation of newspaper men, who used to gather about a table presided over by T. A. Dorgan, came to know most of these girls. For, having sat long listening to Tad's newest slang, or Herbert Igoe's ukelele (one of the first in town, by the way) an occasional member would find it necessary to snatch a few hours' sleep before departing for Park Row and an afternoon's work. The hampers of used table linen in the basement made excellent couches and the practice of reclining therein became so general among the journalistic habitués of the place that the girls learned at what hour to awaken the sleepers. So that a man might doze feeling sure he would be called at two o'clock in the afternoon, in time to report for duty.

Except on Sunday mornings, that is; on that holy day the devout Irish maidens caring for the linen would tumble all sleepers out at ten o'clock in the morning, with admonition to "be off with ye to mass for the good of yer souls."

### *In Our Midst*

**M**R. JOHN BARRY-MORE, back from a London season of "Hamlet" and banquets, contemplates the movies again, wearing Le Valentino medal. . . . The award was given him for the best screen acting of the year. . . . The donor is free from the embarrassment of having to accept his own prize. . . . By deed of gift, also. .

Abroad are Mr. Marc Connelly, playwright, and his mother. . . . Cyril Maude, home in Devonshire. . . . Mme. Nazimova, resting, in Paris. . . . Senor Ignacio Zuloaga, having run out of paint. . . . Mr. Adolph Ochs, publisher of a local newspaper whose baseball reporters now sign their articles, and Mrs. Ochs. . . . Mr. William B. Leeds and Mrs. Leeds, who was Princess Xenia of Greece, with their young daughter, visiting various royal relatives here and there. . . . Mr. George Engles, manager of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who will drop in on M.

Ignace Jan Paderewski at his Monges, Switzerland, chateau. . . . Mr. Asa Yoelson, who played part of the mob in "Children of the Ghetto," at the Herald Square Theatre in 1899, on his way around the world. . . . He booked passage as Al Jolson. . . . Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, in Bermuda, with Mrs. Hughes and their daughter, Elizabeth. . . . He will resume practice of law here soon. . . .

Mr. Jascha Heifitz, violinist, became an American citizen last week. He is contemplating changing his name to Calvin Heifitz as a gesture of reverence. Mr. Mischa Elman, also a violinist, will be in San Francisco soon, where Miss Frances Katton is to wear orange blossoms in his honor. . . . One of the W. K. Vanderbilt's lunched lately in Mandy Smith's "Cabin" on Forty-ninth. . . . Solicitous waiter, anxious that chop be just so, and anticipating a rosy vacation out of the reward. . . . Tip, ten cents. . . . Any number of townfolk are trying the new twenty-minute walks indicated by yellow arrows in Mayor Hylan's Central Park. . . . Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Dempsey, nee Jack and Estelle Taylor, were lunchers at the Algonquin, prior to sailing. . . . Only two people mistook him for Gilbert Seldes. . . . Mr. Charles M. Schwab is back after golfing at Asheville. He did not stop in Washington for tea with the Shipping Board. . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan are cruising in native waters. Presently they will steam to the Mediterranean.

Dr. Edmund Devol, one of our leading medicine men, preaches frugal diet for health's sake. . . . The doctor was encountered in the Columbus Circle Childs's one evening. . . . He flushed. . . . He had eaten meat, potatoes, two vegetables, pie, wheat cakes and syrup, and coffee.

Home again is Mr. Marc Klaw, producer, with his bride, Mrs. Blanche Viola Day Harris Klaw, of Sussex, England. . . . Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and daughter, Mrs. George B. Post, Jr., are resting after a vacation spent with Mrs. Gibson's sister, the Viscountess Astor. . . . Squire Heywood Broun, a member of the Actors' Equity Association

has been enjoying a nervous breakdown. . . . The retainers at his country seat, Hale Farm, Stamford, are hoping the Master returns soon. . . . Convalescing under sunny Iowan skies is Jay N. Darling, cartoonist, as well known as "Ding." . . .

Mr. Robert Benchley, who is now abroad, approached the Hotel Shelton an evening before sailing at what is known as an early hour. . . . For one reason or another, many of the Hotel's guests were up and about and many a square of light glowed hospitably in the side of the enormous building. . . . "Ah," said Mr. Benchley, "mother's waiting up for her boy."



*Early New York Highway Commission  
Lays Out a New Street*



## A MOB AND A MACHINE

I WENT up to the opening ball game at the Polo Grounds. A number of thousands of others went along with me. I suppose it may safely be surmised that all of us were there to have a good time. However varied our definitions of what a good time is, all of us, at least, must have had the idea that a good time was to be had at a ball game.

What happened to us, up there, strikes me as pathetic. I am not referring to the particular brand of ball played that afternoon by the Giants or the Braves. It was typical baseball, more or less: and it was the typical scene.

Here was the great Stadium filled with the black human mass. The field is enormous; the stands must be huge to compass the field. The great majority of us were pretty remote from the inner diamond where most of the game takes place. On the periphery of it all were we—we, the great human throng—spread parabola-wise around the field. And in one corner of that field was the tight, shut diamond: and was the machine of players going through its motions.

It would be hard to exaggerate the abyss that separates a ball game at the Polo Grounds from the vast crowds that watch it. We all know the picture of the hungry lad peering at the man in Childs who flips the wheat cakes on the grid inside the window. It seems to me that that boy is less remote from his cakes than we were from our ball game.

Just think of those titanic stands of steel. If they are not wholly filled, their emptiness makes a menacing unlit presence all about, chilling the spectacle of the game. And if they are packed, they form a human mob so great that it is unwieldy. No normal ball game can stir it more than ten seconds out of every hour.

We and the teams, moreover, had so little in common! Good base ball, such as is habitually played by the Major Leagues, is a smooth-running, impersonal affair. As little is left to the discretion of the players on the field, as it is possible to leave them. They are tools, or rather parts of a mechanism run by a "mastermind" who sits on the bench. Batsman and fielder mechanically carry out motions whose plan and purpose are established for them. Even in the ultimate

personal element that remains—the hitting of the ball, the fielding of the ball—the good player is a specialist, a coldly trained performer whose ways are very far removed from the ways of the urban, sedentary throng. The beauty of baseball, indeed, is precisely in its mechanical perfection. It is related to the beauty of a machine, rather than of art.

Far, far away is the crowd. It is not close in any sense, as is the theatre crowd, for instance, close to the actors on the stage. A theatre is a shut, packed unity: crowd and performers are physically knit. And what the physical proximity of audience and stage does not effect, the emotions expressed on the stage supply. Humor, pathos, passion, dancing, music—these are all symbols enacted by the players and immediately current in the lives of every man and woman watching. But the ball game is a machine: by and large, it remains as separate from the mob as might a brilliantly intricate dynamo set out upon the field.

Sitting there, that day, I understood why Babe Ruth—ignoble, fat fellow that he is—deserves his vogue. I understood that a man like the Babe is indeed greater than the National Game. It is such as he who enable the wistful mob to have some sort of contact with the game. For baseball is only clockwork; but the Babe is a boy—moody, clever, tangible and human. He "gets over." One crowd sees the game: another crowd follows it on the scoreboard of Times Square, America reads of it in Kalamazoo and Junktown. All, with a difference only of degree, are separate from this highly organized, privately owned, secretly controlled affair of base ball.

Here comes a player, with whom the crowd can laugh—can identify itself. Moreover, Babe Ruth catapulting the pill into the grandstands is a symbol. There have been subtler batsmen, but all of them, Lajoie, Wagner, Sisler, Cobb, aimed for the base hit which stays *inside* the field. The Babe's home run is an effort on the part of the machine to *connect* with the crowd. When the ball reaches the bleachers, contact is established. The game and the watchers of the game for that instant have the ball in common. Babe Ruth is the demagogue of base ball.

Not only is Babe Ruth greater than the game: such little episodes as the periodic scandals, so deplored by moral managers and punctilious pressmen, are little less than godsend. If they did not crop up from time to time, Judge Landis would do well to invent them. They, too, introduce into the machinery of baseball certain negotiable passions: public responses to bribery, temptation, nobility and vice come to reinforce the old worn response of partisanship—a response difficult to sustain when players are swapped from town to town like cattle. Anything that makes us feel—even if what we feel is only anger—helps the game.

What a hungry, wistful crowd we are, seated in our ascetic seats! The game itself rarely holds us. Most of us, where we are placed, can not spot a ball from a strike, until we see it posted. We cannot tell Bancroft from Marriott at the bat, without looking up the number and consulting our score card. And save for a few tense moments, the game is as static down there as a dead motor on a winter morning.

No wonder we are driven to help ourselves to entertainment!

We call every player by his first name. That helps. It makes him less remote, away down there.

We shout advice to him. Praise. Vituperation. We josh him, we cuss him out. That helps. It makes us, in some wise, participants after all in our great National Sport.

When a ball comes our way, we make the most of it. We shout at a long fly, even if it is caught. We pray for a home run in our particular direction.

But even when the game runs on, smooth and cold

and remote, we can make use of it. It permits us to act like children—or like madmen. That helps, by golly! Where else can we scream ourselves hoarse—about nothing? Where else can we make all the strange, uncivilized noises of which the human throat is capable? We hoot, shout, boo, scream, whistle. We get excited—without consequences. We get profane, abusive, grandiose—without danger of having to pay. Downtown, excitement about much is bad business. Here, corybantic ecstasy about nothing is good form. To hell with the ball game, after all. We can enact lyrical dramas of rage, disgust, beatitude—flinging our jewels of gesture to the empty air, even if the game be a machine and a sell.

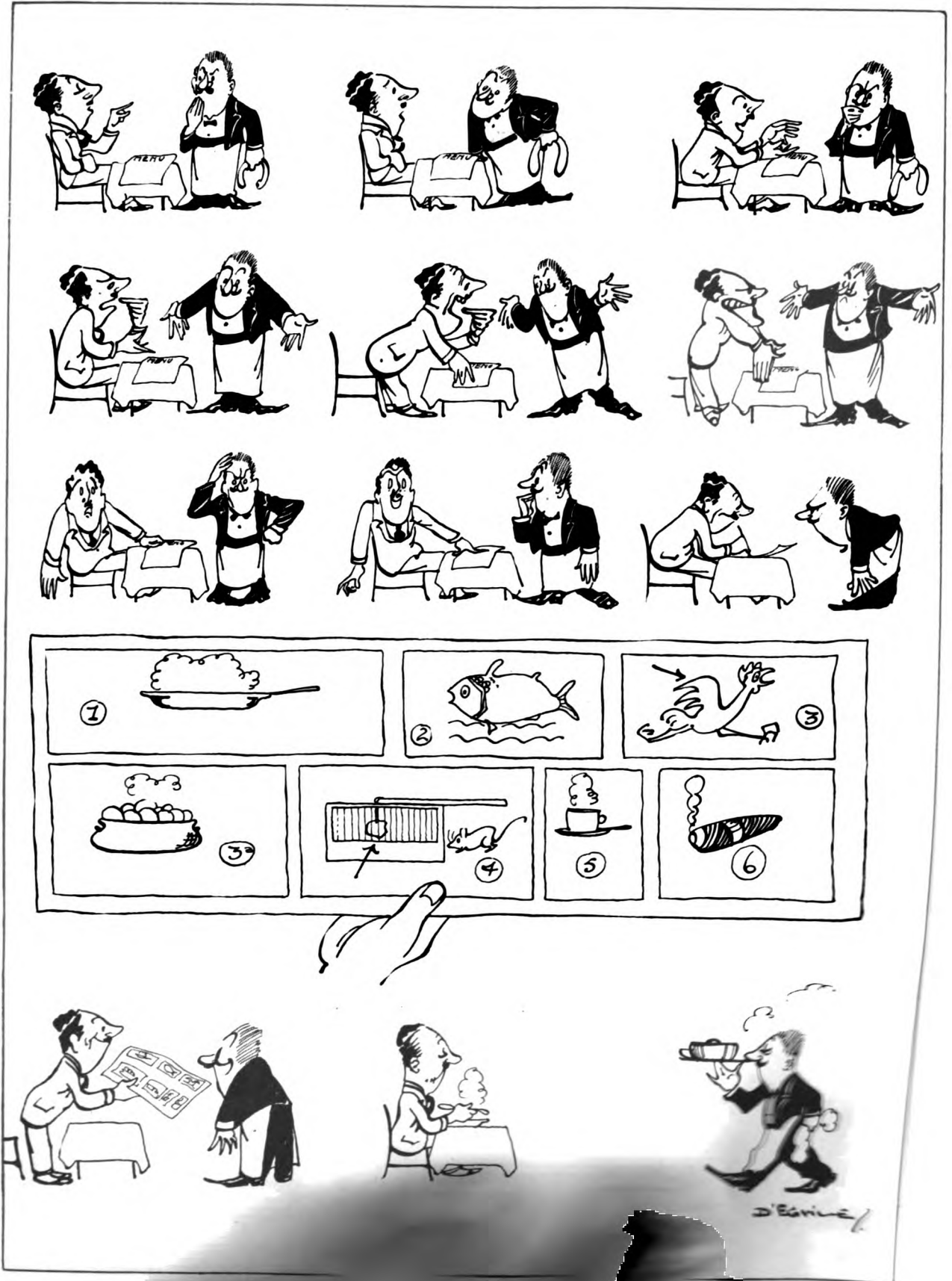
And after an hour and a half of this, we can pack ourselves like grains of sand into a stifled elevated train, and read in the headlines of the paper we have just bought, what a significant national event we have just witnessed. . . .

It is quite true that the old-fashioned humble game was better sport. The bleachers hugged the field. The players were visible: we could see the sweat on them and the look in their eyes. They made more errors, but even in that were they not closer to us? Well, like everything else in our America, the Game's gotten bigger—and that means better. Even sport had to be specialized. It used to be an enjoyable means of moving our own bodies. Not any more. Now, there's a machine that does the moving, while our forty thousand bodies sit packed and rancid in the grandstands. You gotta expect to pay for the privilege of belonging to the most progressive country on earth.—*Searchlight*

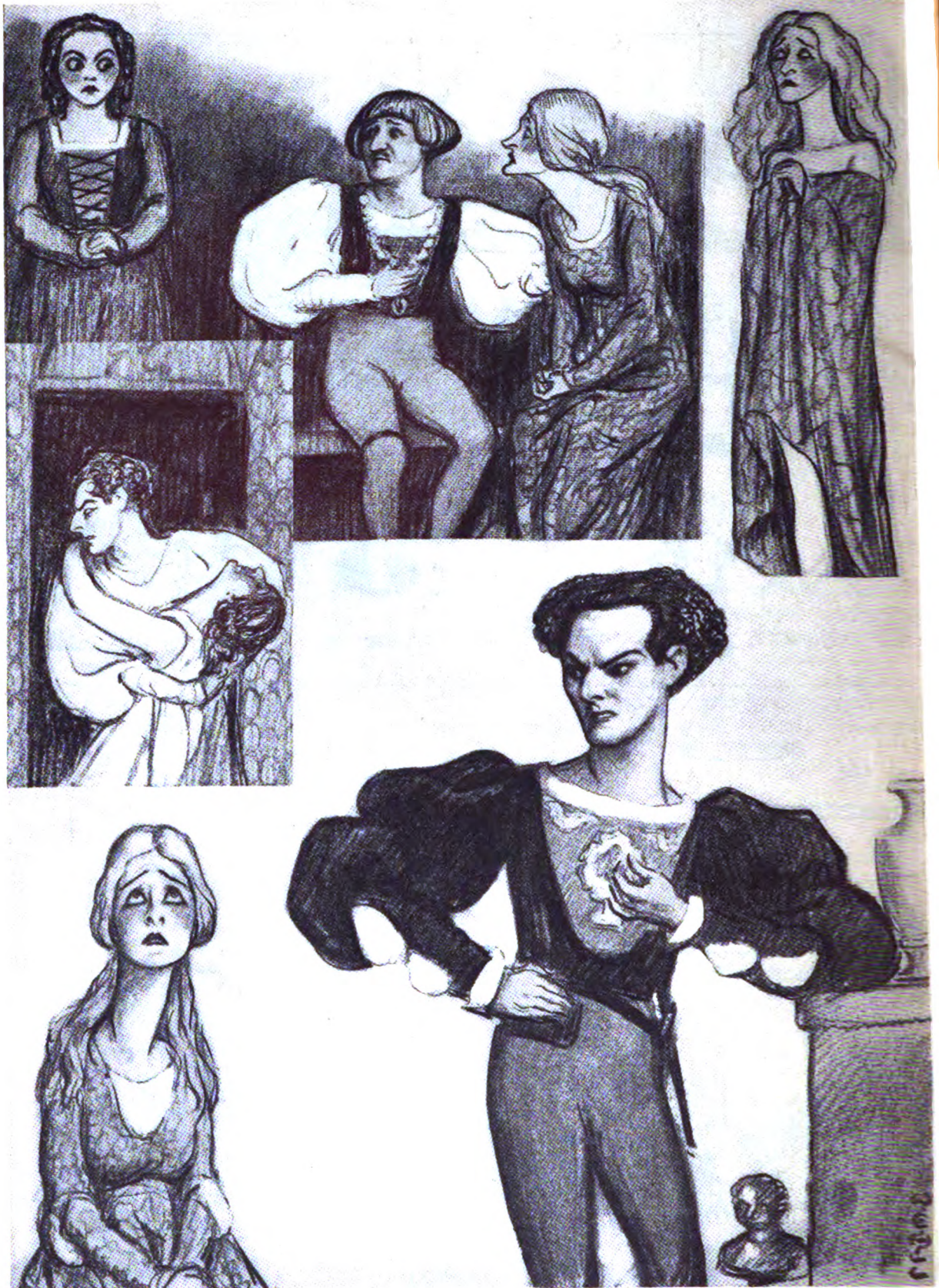


*Beginning Round the World Hiker: Pardon Me, Officer, Which Way is Terra del Fuego?*





ho Couldn't



### GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*Showing, This Week, a Few From "The Firebrand," at the Morosco Theatre*

**I**N the upper left hand corner Miss Alden is in the way of a love scene between Miss Gray and Mr. Morgan. In the upper right, Miss Gray, as *Angela*, is about to sally forth into the cold, though friendly

world. Centre, Miss Bryant and Mr. Schildkraut in the balcony. (Benvenuto is giving the Duchess her due.) Lower half, Mr. Schildkraut and Miss Gray are having harsh words.—*W. E. Hill*



IN reviewing "Rosmersholm" as produced by The Stagers at their Fifty-second Street Theatre last Tuesday, most of the critics spent their time talking about Ibsen's "Wild Duck." So we see no incongruity in taking up our allotted space with a few remarks about the critics. Here was an intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of one of the less vital theses of the Old Man of the North, beautifully set, wisely produced and pretty well acted. And that part of the endeavor received almost no notice from the ink-stained wretches, as compared to the praise they lavished on "The Blue Peter," the first play of The Stagers. All of which proves nothing, except that we are thinking of heading a movement for the adoption of the metric system in theatrical criticism. Metric, because any system would be velvet.

As to "Rosmersholm," this department has always cared less for it than for any other of Ibsen's plays, except, perhaps, "The Lady from the Sea." Not that his theme is outdated, for the conflict of the new against the old and accepted is as vital now as it was when the play was written. In fact, it has been only this last year that the Church, Protestant, has heard about this same thing that bothered Ibsen way up North some forty years ago. But in the unhappy story of Rebecca West, Ibsen uses a smaller canvas; his picture contains fewer figures and hence scantly interest. Here we have only one floundering idea and the wreckage it leaves as it thrashes through life. And so Ibsen's conflict touches too few to make this a play of the general appeal he has contrived in most of his others.

Edward Goodman should be congratulated on his production. He has made great strides in the matter of tempo and general composition since his earlier venture. Of the players, we liked Arthur Hughes, who gave a superb performance; Warren Williams, who was not quite so good with more difficult material, and J. M. Kerrigan, who was as excellent as he always is.

WHAT with one thing and another, this department doesn't get around much. And that is the reason why a statement is about to be made, in an unavoidable tone of discovery, that has probably been an accepted thing around the local boulevards for years.

Burlesque, as practiced by its most important representatives, is

no more. Some time ago a movement to clean up burlesque set in, with the result that all that was essentially burlesque has been carefully and ruthlessly eliminated. Is there a dry eye in the house? . . .

The Summer season at the Columbia burlesque theatre has just been opened with a piece called "O. K." It is, presumably, a good representative type of the kind of entertainment the Columbia wheel has been offering its patrons, and vigorous attempts were made to attract the daily reviewers to it, that they might see for themselves what burlesque really is.

If "O. K.," then, is a fair example, the burlesque show of to-day is just an average musical comedy. Its prices are lower than those asked by the more legitimate theatres, smoking is allowed, and there are more than eight performances weekly. Merely that and nothing more serves to distinguish it from musical comedy, as it is practiced throughout the country.

Even the chorus has gone its way, the far-famed burlesque chorus which was the direct cause of this department's boyhood ambition to get some kind of a life work connected with the theatre. These tired, lethargic, thoroughly draped young women now assembled for the chorus of "O. K." will never be printed on any cigarette cards.

Idealists who wish to keep their illusions are hereby advised to stay away from "O. K." They will scarcely be able to survive the ordeal of a burlesque show in which the joke about the two other fellows from Buffalo has achieved an honored position. Not a parade of the nations in the show—not a scene in which two married men, in a co-educational café, pretend to be waiters, to fool their wives, who have just entered—not a moment in which anyone kicks anyone else—not a scene in which the soubrette keeps her money in her stocking—not a bathing number . . . none of these, but plenty of the joke about the two other fellows from Buffalo.

Refined Burlesque! Bah!

### The New Plays

**ROSMERSHOLM.** *At the Fifty-second Street Theatre. A well-directed and earnest revival of Ibsen's play.*

**FLESH.** *At the Princess Theatre. A little thing, not unmindful of the fact that the box-office line forms at the right for plays that go in for sex.*

A LOT of people are just beginning to find out that they have not been Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts all these years, as they had imagined, but simply Gilbert enthusiasts. How else explain their groans of disappointment at the discovery that the current revival of "Princess Ida," at the Shubert, pleases them little?

In "Princess Ida," there is, by general agreement, some of the

loveliest music Sullivan ever wrote. By even more general agreement, too, there is some of the worst book Gilbert ever wrote. Whereupon the Gilbert and Sullivanites look at it with a stony glare and announce coldly that it is not for them.

"Princess Ida" is being tastefully and gracefully done at the Shubert. Chief among its leading attractions are Tessa Kosta, who thus breaks down this department's firm intention never to approve of anything she does, Bertram Peacock, Robinson Newbold and Rosamond Whiteside.

### *And They Do Say—*

IN an April issue of THE NEW YORKER there was mention of a *mot* credited to Frank Fogarty in reference to Oscar Hammerstein's engagement for his Victoria Theatre of the two girls who had shot W. E. D. Stokes. Whereupon, it now develops, a group of experts met in round table session at the Friars Club immediately upon publication of the issue of THE NEW YORKER in which the badge of authorship was pinned upon Mr. Fogarty and transferred it to the bosom upon which it belongs—that of Jim Thornton, the same who wrote and popularized "Annie Rooney."

And now Loney Haskell, who has also at various times been mentioned as originator of the *mot* in question and who seems to have been a kind of secretary to the round table discussion, contributes the following notes for the guidance of future historians:

"Ethel Conrad and Lillian Graham," writes Mr. Haskell, "were arrested for shooting Colonel Stokes. The wound was a slight one in the ankle. The girls were tried and acquitted, and the notoriety led to an engagement at Hammerstein's."

"Haskell staged a singing act for the girls, who 'opened cold.' The act was a terrible frost and they left the stage without a ripple of applause from the audience. Haskell encountered Thornton in the lobby of the theatre, after the girls had made their dismal failure and inquired of Thornton what he thought of the act. Thornton replied:

"'By golly, they'll have to shoot a couple of men to get next week.'

"Despite the girls' poor showing they drew capacity houses and were retained several weeks. To continue public interest in their engagement, Haskell arranged, as a publicity stunt, for one of the girls to disappear. The papers were filled with all kinds of stories and it was believed the girl had committed suicide. While the excitement was at fever heat, the girl, Ethel Conrad, was found alive and well in Poughkeepsie. Jim Thornton's comment was that any person who went to Poughkeepsie of his own accord deserved to be lost."

Haskell further gives credit to the late Tommy Gray for a line that was used by every vaudeville comedian playing in New York at the time, all claiming it as their own.

Paul Swan, whom Haskell billed as the most beautiful man in the world, opened at Hammerstein's to a record-breaking business. At the first performance, Paul fainted, and the curtain had to be lowered for the next act to go on. There was some doubt as to Swan's appearance for the night show.

Directly after the matinee, Haskell received a wire from Gray, which read as follows:

"Don't think Paul will show up to-night. Just saw him staggering out of Huyler's."

**DIRECTORS**, as well as crops, should be rotated. Or perhaps it is just that the director always looks better in the other fellow's yard. Rumors are floating, or running around, or whatever they do, to the effect that Hassard Short, who produced the first three Music Box Revues, yielding the fourth to John Murray Anderson, is to be recalled to stage the fifth Revue for Irving Berlin's Theatre. The complaint about Short was that he used so many elevators and traps that there was no room for actors and chorus. Then Short put on the Ritz Revue, virtually without an elevator or a trap. Making money in town, it is said the Ritz Revue did well on the road. And John Murray Anderson, says the same rumor, was too independent for the firm of Harris and Berlin, even going so far as to scoff at the perfection of some of Mr. Berlin's song hits.





## A Symbol of Justice

HE must once have been a child. It is inconceivable that he was ever an innocent, ingenuous, helpless child. Surely, if he wanted something which his mother did not choose to give him, he neither wheedled nor wept: he cross-examined her. We know of the infant Mozarts who climbed up the clavier and played, when they were still too small to reach the keyboard on tip-toe. We know of the swaddled Mills and Macaulays parsing Greek at three. In some such similar way, Max Steuer was born a lawyer.

The bar is packed with brilliant counsel. As they manipulate the intricate creaking mechanism of a civil trial, we can observe the wherefore of their prowess. They have trained their voices and their manners; they have studied the virtue of casualness, the pitfall of impassioned partisanship, the eloquence of under-emphasis. We can see them testing the jurors, pulping the witness, manœvering the Justice. The law is a machine and they know how to run it.

With Steuer there is none of this; and the law, instead of a machine, becomes a drama. He is a spirit of the Court House. He is a satyr born to its dark corridors whose crowded life of personal desire never dispels its abiding air of inhumaneness.

He is the genius of legal practice in an age whose law is Acquisition.

So natural is his virtuosity that one wonders if he exists at all, outside the purlieus of the Brief. What have Europe and Israel to do with this embodied sharpness? Is not the old Tweed Court House his one fatherland? Is not Abbott's "Trial Evidence" his Torah? Are not the "Digests" his Talmud? Was he not weaned on precedents, rather than on milk? While his mates were playing hide-and-seek, was he not playing contracts? And did he not ride witnesses, when other lads rode hobbie horses?

The County Court House is a cold and shadowed pile: old without reverence, imposing without nobility. Those yellowing plaster walls, that moldering wood-

work, the perennial attendants, yeomen of Tammany, who bring to the place the odor of stuffy flats over Second Avenue saloons and the sinister hierarchic incantations of the Gas House District, make of the

Court a sort of Temple without a god—a Temple worshipping itself. Nor are the Judges priests. They are of two classes: the Justices who fit and who are not distinguishable from the Court attendants, and the Justices who remain outsiders. Either the spirit of old days in the Anawanda Club creaks heavily up to the judicial swivel chair as the clerk wheezes "Oyez! Oyez!"—or it is a perpetual stranger, clad in black robes, whom the Temple ironically suffers to go on dispensing justice.

The Court House is greater than its Judges, its lawyers, its appellants and respondents. But Steuer is neither less nor greater than the Court House. He is the very spirit of the place. It seems to have been built in order to express him.

When he tries a case, he is a rhythmic essential part of it. One thinks of a principal actor in a play, or of the conductor of a symphony, rather than of the usual clever New York counsel. The case lives in Steuer's head and he expresses it. His will becomes the symbol of its decision;

not by virtue of Right, but by virtue of Substance.

He sits at the long table, a swarthy, ugly man, beside the attorney who has retained him as counsel for the defense. Probably he saw no paper of the litigation, ten days before. Exhibits, documents, briefs lie in huge piles about, almost blocking his vision (for he is short) of the Justice who is outside of all this intricate matter, but who, being but a good lawyer, shows it. Counsel for plaintiff is examining his chief witness. Hour after hour, the ponderous unfolding of facts and figures moves: the witness, prodded and slow, grinds out in words what must be the gist of those thousands of typed pages sleeping on counsel tables. The Justice stirs in his chair, shifting his legs, fighting the doze that weights his eyes. The



Max Steuer

jurors sink back, each into himself: they are twelve mutually repellant irking wills stuck arbitrarily into a box and straining off into a dozen absences. Steuer sits hunched; his nervous fingers subtly betray a semi-instinctive motion of the entire man, absorbing the witness, sifting and transposing a myriad of details. He is learning his case, while it is being tried. Which explains why his own conduct will be dynamic and organic. As the examination draws to an end, Steuer's position is more like a crouch. Until he is on his feet, tense yet controlled, and asking his first question.

Sleep is gone from the eyes of the Justice; the twelve jurors are one, and fixed on him. The dark court room is a sort of study in *chiaroscuro*, with Steuer the central light. He has become the ruthless will of his client, subduing by a sort of mastering rhythm the tangential and recalcitrant wills about him. He may be savage or subtle, passionate or suave, ingratiating or hostile. He has no rule for trial: each trial shapes him and he, in turn, leads it along to his issue. I have seen him charming enough to be approved by Joseph Choate. I have seen him lose his temper, when he adjudged that the effect would be good. I have seen him almost inarticulate with rage against his own client. He has been known deliberately to antagonize the Justice, to draw down upon himself threats of contempt proceedings. In one such case (a damage suit) the jury gave him a verdict so ridiculously high, that the Judge set it aside. He had overplayed his game.

Yet he is at his best, not when he is badgering some enormous magnate, not when he is piercing the defense of some woman with sword-thrusts scabbarded in velvet, but rather in some dry and intricate accounting case, a case in which figures procession through a hundred ledgers, a case with nothing but figures.

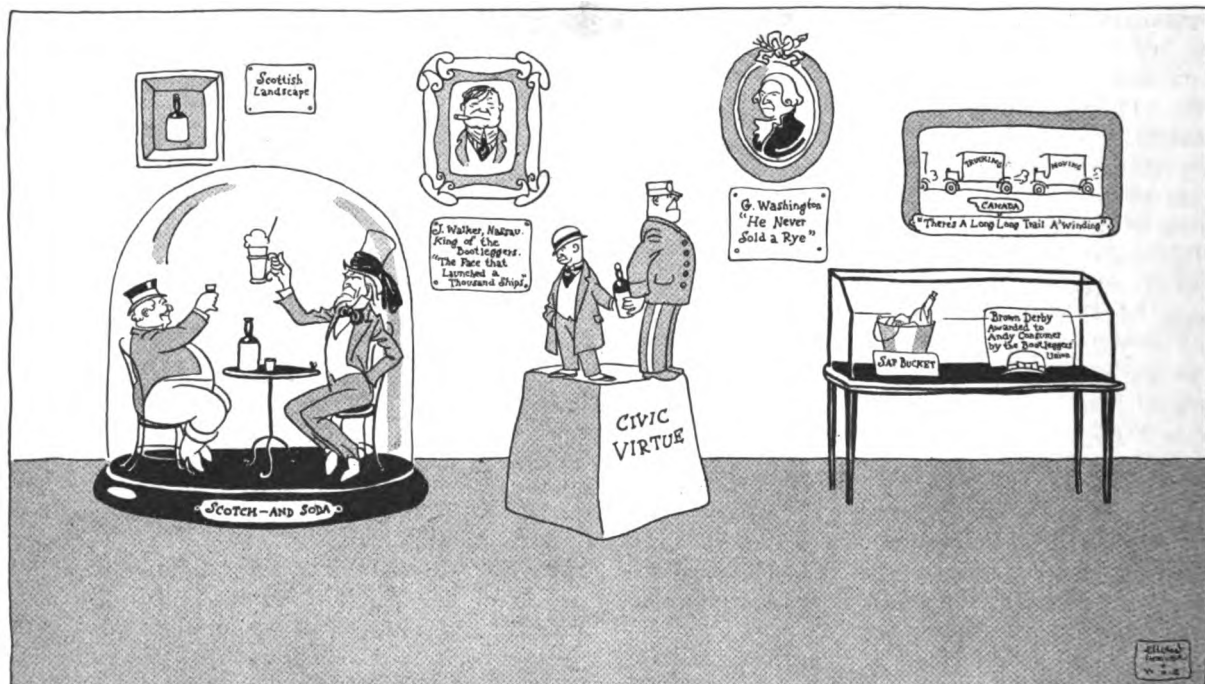
Steuer becomes a sort of worldly Pythagorean. He

is master of numbers, although, it is true, that not beatitude but profit lies at the end of his dance. I recall a contract suit, relative to the building of one of the great bridges across the East River. The crux of the case was the establishment of a strict accounting of costs. For days, Steuer cross-examined the contractor from whom his client strove to recover millions. Before him the great ledgers lay, unopened. Above him sat the witness, a heavy man with quick and cunning eyes. And as the process grew, those eyes became dazed, became amazed, as if they were confronted by some apparition.

Steuer's spirit had become that Bridge. That is why, perhaps, he did not have to read the books before him. He was one with the vast steel structure, spanning the river. The numbers and kinds of rivets, the costs of screws, the stress of cables, the bulk of girders, the problems of wage-shifts and buying were material within him, as if he were the Bridge grown humanly conscious of all its elements.

But of course, if for a week that gigantic bridge—the drama of its plan and its construction—lodged in Steuer's brain, it lodged there with a bias. There is naught in this man of the virtue or of the justice of full knowledge. Nor is he essentially unvirtuous or unjust. He is the lawyer: he is the spirit of partisanship, ruthless, mechanical, passionately cold. And morality is quite outside the matter.

His secret is that he absorbs, intuitively, the *whole* of a case and puts it to the service of a *side*. Most lawyers, retained by one side, express that side only; they battle on even terms with other counsel, expressing their side only. Steuer spans the whole—and *makes it smaller than the part*. In this lies his genius. And in the spiritual limitation of this act he becomes a fitting symbol for the whole legal system, which ironically has the name of justice.—AGNI



Proposed Bootleggers' Wing at the Metropolitan



**A**N appallingly exhaustive summary of the year's concerts, tabulated in the *Herald Tribune* by F. D. Perkins, the Al Munro Elias of music, demonstrates only too plainly that our need is for more and worse symphony orchestras. In the past season we have had the privilege of hearing hundreds of singers and instrumentalists who had no more business on a concert platform than a bath room tenor, but of the few symphonic organizations listed, only one was terrible enough to be encouraging. If all of this seems illimitably mad, let us reassure you that we, like Mayor Hylan, are getting at something; and that something is this: if there ever is to be an American conductor at the head of a first rate orchestra, there will have to be more bands like the one in the excellent illustration on this page.

The agitation for the employment of more native singers and the production of home grown operas at the Metropolitan, usually is followed by indignant demands for the engagement of one of our boys to lead the Philharmonic, the New York Symphony or some other great orchestra. Must we import high-priced aliens while our own talent is condemned to beat time before unsympathetic mirrors? Why is the Philharmonic led chiefly by a Dutchman and a German? Why has the Symphony Society hired a man from Breslau to ease the burdens of Mr. Damrosch? Why is there a Russian in Boston, an Irish Pole in Philadelphia, an Englishman in Rochester, a Hungarian in charge of the newly created Omaha Orchestra? Merely because, as Mr. Mengelberg once said, there are no bush league orchestras in this country.

The one native son associated with any eminent orchestra is Henry Hadley, and Mr. Hadley learned his trade in Europe.

American concert singers can obtain routine in hundreds of minor musicales; American orchestral players can attain passing competence in theatres and cinemas; but the American conductor is all het up with no place to go. Our platform calls for a symphony orchestra in Dubuque, with a personnel of Dubuquers, led by a Dubuquean. We do not suggest that so much musical Dubuquery will bring forth another Stokowski, but the Nikisch of Dubuque will have at least a background for promotion to Syracuse and perhaps even-

tually to the big leagues. And herewith we place the future of the American conductor in the devoted care of the young gentlemen from Dubuque.

One of the most exciting spectacles of the season was the concert given for Professor Leopold Auer by his pupils, Jascha Heifetz and Efrem Zimbalist, with the cooperation of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Josef Hofmann, Serge Rachmaninoff and Paul Stassevitch, who pinch hit for Alexander Siloti. Almost as many persons tried to jimmy into Carnegie Hall as had attempted to enter the free mass meeting for women only on the evening before, and nothing less than the presence of the police frustrated an organized attempt to over-

whelm the redoubtable guardians of the auditorium. A flanking movement through the Carnegie cellar also was repulsed, and the wily Heck brothers barricaded the box-office after selling every last twenty-dollar ticket.

The performance of Professor Auer himself needed no discount for age, although the event exhausted even that amazingly vital gentleman. Incidentally, Professor Auer made ready for his reappearance in public

after a lapse of nearly a decade by allotting several hours daily for two weeks to scales and finger exercises. As we seem to be in danger of pointing another moral, we leave it to you!



*"More and Worse Symphony Orchestras"*

Perhaps it was the publicity that followed the Dutch Treat Club's failure to bestow honorary membership on Paul Robeson that filled the Greenwich Village Theatre for the gifted actor's second recital of negro spirituals, but those who came to gape remained to hear one of the finest concerts of the season. Mr. Robeson is not, in the conventional sense, a vocalist. His voice is beautiful, but its range is short and he favors it with transpositions. Nevertheless, there are few artists who can equal him in getting inside a song and becoming part of it. Lawrence Brown, the accompanist, had parallel billing with Mr. Robeson and he deserved it, not only for his pianism but for his vocal assistance. Perhaps Mr. Brown has started a new custom for accompanists.



IT seemed to us, upon leaving the New Gallery where the Stage Hands of the Provincetown and Greenwich Village Theatres are having their exhibition, that the young men had chosen their designation wisely. In case the unwary might not know they were really stage hands, but nice young boys calling themselves that, Kenneth Macgowan, with a paternal hand, has a foreword in the catalogue explaining the matter. He says, among other things, that all across America young artists have turned from academies to the stage door; "they have symbolized the creative unity of the modern theatre."

All very well, but if they create they are still artists and should not be ashamed to go as such. They add nothing to their stature by pretending they are stage hands. They don't even detract from the stature of a stage hand by their cute little gesture. Still, there is no great use in raving about it; our loved democracy being what it is, caste will always have the supercedence in the American mind. And the young men who work with the interesting Provincetown group, probably know that by advertising their wares as the product of stage hands, they arouse a certain touch of curiosity—or should we say a touch of virility?

And as the boys have played at being stage hands, to get back to our first sentence, so have they played at being Matisse, Picasso, Hartley et al. The exhibit has a tendency to run to one composition—the back-stage side of scenery and costumes. Most of them would be hailed with winks and delight by the husband of the Old Lady from Dubuque. And yet, a room full of back-stage stuff can make you wish for imagination as much as does a room full of vases, jars or fruit. We thought the nearest to realization was Cleon Throckmorton's opus 41 of the rehearsal cycle. When the artists got off the stage and tried the great open spaces they became less representative and, to our way of thinking, better. "The Mound Builders" of Manuel Essman we thought came nearest to being a picture. After all, the boys may not have taken their show as seriously as we did: the announcement carries in the list of patrons those two famous connoisseurs, Morris

Green and A. L. Jones. And so it goes.

Speaking of forewords, whether you read them or not, they serve an admirable purpose. What could be fairer than for the gallery that displays the goods to warn the viewer that what this man has to say is not so much, but ah, just read who he is and what his father's name is. Christian Brinton, perhaps the world's best long distance foreworder, had written the brief for Russell Cheney in his two previous shows. In his third show at the Babcock Gallery, Mr. Cheney goes it alone on a mere list of his paintings.

From the other catalogues we learned that Mr. Cheney had cut out for himself a place midway between the old and the new, bringing a sort of good taste and breeding to the modern spirit and yet getting away from the cobwebs of the academies. We feel it can't be done. Art to us is not the attempt to arrive at some given point, but the irrepressible urging within the individual to give expression. So, when Mr. Cheney starts out to be a pretty modern, or an imaginative academician, he hardly

reaches the junction; the world rushes by on single express tracks. There was a bouquet of flowers which we liked wherein Mr. Cheney seemed to be painting without a foreword.

R. Sloan Bredin has a show at Feragils. To us he is a conscientious painter with a technique that has run before his imagination.

He paints in the heavily pigmented manner, somewhat loosely, and his outdoor things have quiet charm. There is a great school of such painters in America, the product of a passing generation of teachers.

As veneration for this method falls away, and such things do happen with time, we have no doubt that even those schooled in the narrow conception school will find that old bottles are strong enough for new wine.



*Emil Fuchs*





# OF ALL THINGS



**O**UR fellow-townsmen, James M. Beck, is resigning as Solicitor General because of poor eyesight. It should be explained, however, that the poor eyesight was that of Presidents Harding and Coolidge who were unable to see Mr. Beck as Ambassador to London, Supreme Court Justice, or Attorney General.

\* \* \*

Ernest K. Lindley tells the *World* that a favorite diversion of John D. Rockefeller is a game of solitaire played with numbers. John D. playing numbers with himself sounds like that irresistible force meeting the immovable body.

\* \* \*

To the *World* also, goes last week's award for journalistic enterprise. It had a fine sentimental piece about the death of Young Griffio, an old time pugilist, and an even better one the next day taking it all back.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Richard Lynch lauded Coolidge, Mussolini, Caillaux and Hindenburg—all in one sermon. Thereby winning the standing laud jump.

\* \* \*

Albert Payson Terhune's prize collie and literary meal ticket, Explorer, ran away from home. Give a dog a bad name—

\* \* \*

The new German synthetic wood alcohol now being imported is cheap,

odorless and deadly and a fine tippie for those who can't stand movies or radio programs any longer.

\* \* \*

It is reported that Will Rogers's concert tour will bring him \$12,000 a week and chewing gum. This record figure for a concertist is probably due to the fact that he does not try to sing.

\* \* \*

Our personal pain at the demolition of Madison Square Garden would be less acute if we could be assured that it marked the end of six-day bicycle races.

\* \* \*

### Copy is Right

From THE NEW YORKER, May 2: We are heartily in favor of the Dawes plan—wait a minute, please—for the conservation of conversation.

From the *Herald Tribune*, May 4: **The Dawes Plan for the Senate** "Conservation of Conversation."

(Copyright, 1925, by James J. Montague.)

\* \* \*

May finds the Babeless New Yorks sixth in the hearts of the American League and hobnobbing with such shady characters as Boston and Detroit. The Yanks are slumming.

\* \* \*

Free speech fans complain because Roger Baldwin was convicted in Pat-

erson under an obscure statute of 1798. There is no pleasing some people. Surely a law that has never been used is better than one that is all worn out.

\* \* \*

We see too little in the papers about the wife of the Dean of St. Paul's. Is Mrs. Inge a pessimist? How does a Dean's gloom-mate feel about everything?

\* \* \*

It now leaks out that the Battle of Oahu teaches us an expensive lesson. While Hawaii's defenses are weak, our naval and air forces need strengthening and we must do something about the Panama Canal. The umpires have not decided who won but we already know who lost.

\* \* \*

We hear that Indiana now has the best snooping and sniffing law that the righteous have thus far devised. That State is trying to break down the superstition, fostered by Hoosier novelists, that it is possible for human beings to live there.

\* \* \*

If the mayor has his way the municipal campaign is going to be about the Staten Island tunnel. Yet there must be many people who do not lose sleep over whether it is to be a one-tube or two tube set.

\* \* \*

What keeps us sleeping like a top is our lack of anxiety over Dempsey's return to the ring.—Howard Brubaker



Auntie: So Richard is to be your new sweetheart, eh?

Betty: Don't be absurd, Auntie, he's days younger than I am.

# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

THE Lido-Venice managed to celebrate its first birthday just a week before its doors were locked for offence against the prohibition law.

There was a gala dinner, which was pleasant enough, but not exciting. A professional couple garnished the event with an exhibition of dances, Spanish and Apache; and the music for general dancing was of its usual good quality. In order to make sure that all the participants knew that they were having a festive evening the customary crepe paper hats and other similar junk were strewn about. Captain Francesco Guardabassi had a large party of his friends with him. Most of the tables were for ten or more people, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Shonnard; the Carroll Wainwrights; Frank McDermott and his bride; Mr. and Mrs. Wigham; Lady Bathurst; and Dorothea Sharp with Russell Grace D'Oench, whom she is to marry.

Of course nobody in his right mind would choose Saturday night as the best time to step-out in the public dance clubs, but we must admit that despite the crowd it was rather good at Trocadero last Saturday. The Astaires had played their two full performances in "Lady, Be Good" before coming to the Trocadero, but they went leaping around with their college-prom-pep and apparent freshness. That step, in which they very subtly burlesque Moss and Fontana, is really a classic in our opinion.

Leaving the Trocadero about three o'clock we went to the Club Durant. And that is one dizzy place. Keeping your feet still is an effort. In fact, the dancing is almost unanimous when the entertainers are not holding forth. The entertainment is furnished chiefly by three men, who wander around singing, "kidding their act," and haranguing the audience informally and intimately. The wisecracking is good. There are also girls, who sing such as "Onest and true-lee," which ditty seems to be the ruling choice of the cabaret singers all over town.

The dancing at the Club Durant is a caution. Stimulated by the wild music, the dancers give themselves over to self expression and competitive contor-

tions. No clubs stays open any later than this one.

Probably New York will soon take up the new London trick of "night into day" parties. They start with breakfast of fruit, coffee, and the usual dishes at seven in the evening. Tennis and other games, including Scotch highball, are played under electric lights until luncheon is served near midnight. After that they indulge in gambling and dancing until it is time to put on full evening dress for dinner in one of the large hotels about seven o'clock in the morning.

BILL REARDON BOOSTS EDYTHE BAKER



The supper clubs and restaurants that were padlocked for a month are opening up again when we had hardly had time to miss them. Their old clientele has not forgotten them and they are taking up their life right where it was temporarily stopped. The Lido is one of the clubs which seems to hold its patrons consistently. There are certain persons that you always see there, and seldom see at other places of the kind. It may be the performance of Edythe Baker and Bill Reardon, or Eddy Davis's orchestra, the atmosphere, or a combination of all these, which attracts them.

Edythe gave a big party there a few nights ago, then took the crowd to her apartment for supper. The supper she serves is notable for its beans. They are cooked by some nifty recipe in a pan nearly a yard square and accompanied by hot dogs. Among these who ate the beans and sausages were Mr. and Mrs. Freddy Cruger and Bert; the Countess Salm von Hoogstraeten, the Astaires with Abby Rockefeller in tow, Ruth Kresge, the Carter Leidys, Mary Batten, Willy de Rham, Cyril Hatch, and strings of others. They forced Edythe to the piano after she had had time to receive her guests and take a bite of nourishment; and there she stayed, taking turns at entertaining the crowd with Harry Akst and Tommy Lyman, until Fifty-fifth Street was full of sunlight.

Augustus John, Ruth Eastman, Joe Leyendecker, and other artists have studios in the Beaux Arts Building in Fortieth Street facing Bryant Park, but what is far more important is the fact that the Beaux Arts Restaurant is on top of the building. There you can dine with dancing and a dash of cabaret. The food is good; the music is nothing to write home about; and the entertainment is female and squirmy—*Tophat*



## SPORTS



ON Monday Glenna Collett will tee off at Troon in the English Women's Amateur Golf Championship; and by Tuesday evening we should know the worst, or be prepared for the best, since the leading American representative abroad will meet Miss Joyce Wethered in the third round, such having been the perverse luck of the draw. What happens thereafter, like as not, will be an anti-climax.

Miss Collett has made serious preparation for her attempt to win a British title, having been coached last Winter by Walter Hagen in the niceties of play needed for the peculiar conditions on that most difficult of Scotch courses; and surely none is better fitted to advise on the conquest of Troon than the twice-victorious Sir Walter. He laid emphasis on driving a low ball off the tee. With the sea wind sweeping the links, a high ball gets no distance. And, on ordinary straight approach shots, the pitch and run is ruinous. Of course, when a trap has to be carried, one must take a chance, but every time the ball rises, disaster threatens in some sudden gust of wind.

It was by just such attention to local detail that Sir Walter was able to win the British open twice and to win also the deepest respect of all English and Scotch golfers.

Expecting an imposing entry list the U. S. Golf Association provided three places for playing the qualifying rounds for the open championship, from which ninety golfers are to emerge for the final medal test at Worcester: the Lido Country Club at Long Beach, the Onwentsia Club outside of Chicago, and the San Francisco Country Club.

What a hardy lot these golfers are may be gathered from the fact that 267 of them elected to play their

qualifying round at Lido when they might have gone to Onwentsia. Lido has all the characteristics that make English courses so difficult for Americans; sandy soil, ocean breezes, fiendish traps.

Anyone who hasn't attended one of the one-day tournaments held every Tuesday by the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association has no idea what grim death is. You ought to see one of these ambitious ladies setting herself for a drive.

Yet, of course, there are some fine women golfers in this section. Miss Marion Hollins, Metropolitan champion, is easily the best, but she is doing quite a buzzing real estate business on the Coast and is not expected back to defend her title. Miss Maureen Orcutt, of New Jersey, an eighteen year old miss, is, unless inexperience causes defeat, her most likely successor.



## STEEPLECHASE SPECTATORS

*Left to right—Howard W. Maxwell, Helen Maxwell, Harry Tucker, Mrs. Frederick Cruger, Robert S. Gerry.*

SATURDAY will see the running of the Kentucky Derby which, despite the absence from Churchill Downs of such Winter favorites as Stimulus and Master Charlie, will be the usual picturesque event.

It is significant that the Derby barrier is sprung each year with the most promising two-year-olds of the previous season missing.

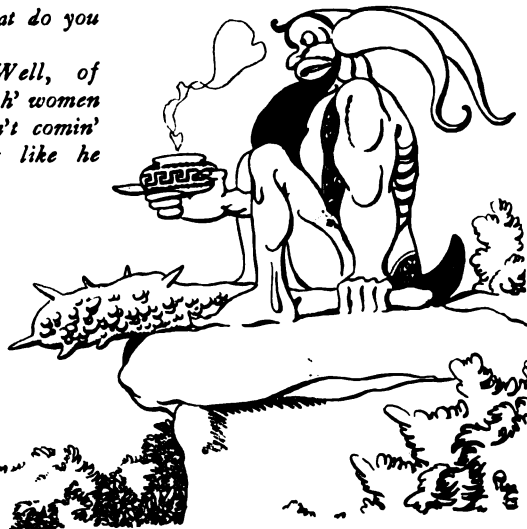
An explanation has been advanced by an able handicapper, as plausible as any. He says that owners of race tracks and associations conducting them, being anxious in the Spring to gain popularity by having new course records established, make sure their tracks are hard;

a hard track being a fast track. This condition works many casualties among three-year-olds not yet toughened to campaigning.

It does seem rather a roundabout way to improve the breed of the horse.

*Prehistoric Jones: What do you think of the new idol?*

*Prehistoric Smith: Well, of course he looks good, an' th' women fall for him, but he ain't comin' across with th' miracles like he oughta.*



## I Hear America Singing

*(As Walt Whitman Would Probably Have Written It If He'd Heard the Present Day Broadcast Advertising.)*

I hear America singing, the varied trios I hear.

The Amalgamated Maraschino Cherry Manufacturing Company has one that plays every other evening at 8:30.

And at nine I get the Little Cut-Up Safety Razor Blade Company's Harmony Four.

Then the American Mothball Growers Association has an ensemble—whatever that is—every Friday.

Which sounds to me strikingly similar to the one the Carbonized Bisected Boiler Works and Subsidiary Companies uses every second Tuesday.

And so it goes. Yes, camerados, America is certainly a swell, cultivated country nowadays.

Judging by the broadcasting, a man has to be able to sing tenor or play at least one musical instrument in order to get his union card.

Yes, I hear America singing.

—Katharine Dayton

## Locale

**A** MAN once went into a restaurant and ordered:

- 1 California orange
- 2 Jersey pork chops
- 3 buckwheat griddle cakes with pure Vermont maple syrup
- 4 slices of toast garnished with country butter
- 5 fingers of Java.

After waiting 55 minutes he got:

- 1 orange by Florida express direct
- 2 well burned Iowa pork chops via the Chicago stock yards
- 3 buckwheat cakes with a thimbleful of syrup made from corn stalks in St. Louis, Mo.

4 hot, heat retaining concrete tiles frescoed with a tasteless chrome yellow fluid under a monogrammed silver cover

5 swallows of pure, distilled, aged in wood chicory extract; for which he paid \$1.45 and enraged the waiter by tipping him only 55 cents.

The proprietor of this establishment, which is very popular because of the high standards always maintained in personnel and victuals, has \$142,637 in the bank and owns 2 theatres. He lives in Greenwich; but, of course, his restaurant is located in a very exclusive section of New York.

—Kelsey Howison

## Solved: The T. B. M.

**W**HAT makes a business man tired? My good friend, Professor Gohnon A. Rampage, slasher of the Gordian knot, hit upon the solution in a most ingenious manner. Gaining entree to the fashionable Hotel Morpheus (peopled exclusively by Tired Business Men and their families), he timed his rounds so that he arrived outside each apartment immediately after the homecoming of the titular head of the house.

The learned research worker was astounded to discover that in eighteen of nineteen suites under surveillance there came in frenzied tones from the living room the identical exclamation: "You make me tired!"

Professor Rampage spent a sleepless night; but the next morning he made bold to question the business men as they were about to leave the hotel. Naively intimating that he was an inquiring reporter, he spared no words:

"As you gentlemen reached the living room of your apartments last evening, I could not help over-hearing each of you exclaim 'You make me tired!' . . . In the interests of humanity, I beg of you, *what* made you tired?"

And in staccato chorus the answer came: "Those pesky women! They insist on covering every light in the house with opaque draperies. A man can't find a lamp where he can read his evening paper in peace!"

—Roswell J. Powers

## From the Diary of a Would-be Pedestrian

**SUNDAY**—Ventured out about noon. Walked around the block three times. Crossed two streets. Returned home safe.

**MONDAY**—Spent twenty minutes out-of-doors. On the same block all the time, of course. Thought of crossing street, but finally decided against it.

**TUESDAY**—Made three safe crossings this morning. Not as good in the afternoon. Hit by a mail truck about 2:30 P. M. No bones broken.

**WEDNESDAY**—Walked seven blocks without an accident. Can't get over it.

**THURSDAY**—Nine blocks to-day, though had to do some lively jumping.

**FRIDAY**—Had progressed almost eleven blocks this afternoon when I was suddenly struck by three taxis and a delivery van. Remember nothing else.

**SATURDAY**—Feel better. In hospital. —C. G. S.

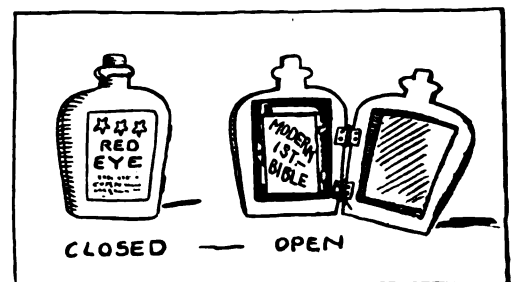
## Modern Identification

Judging by his expensive and stylish attire, he was a man of influence and wealth. Either that or a high pressure salesman or a low pressure salesman or a floorwalker or a pickpocket or a bank clerk or a shipping clerk or a bootlegger or somebody or other.—A. G. L.

## The Hollywoods Are Full of 'Em

American Suits Pola for Mate, If he's Simple.

—The Herald Tribune



CLOSED — OPEN

Surreptitious Religion—by Frueh

*How to Get a Customs Pass*

**O**BTAIN affidavit from family physician that arriving traveler has had the croup and measles, letter from clergyman testifying to moral character, bottle of glycerine, three disguises: German, Irish and Italian.

Go to the Custom House. Stand in line three hours and approach the window, where a youth will refuse to issue passes to meet your party. Here's your chance! Rub glycerine on your cheeks, to simulate tears and produce affidavit from doctor and minister. Then break down and weep. If you meet a tough, calloused clerk, go home and don the three disguises, one over the other.

Return to the Custom House and approach the window again, first as an aged, disillusioned German immigrant. If still unsuccessful, appear next as a whimsical, irresponsible German immigrant. Should the clerk remain firm, step into your Italian disguise and call him "Boss." If even these extreme measures fail, resort to this sure-fire method:

Don't make out any application. Don't stand in line. Just buy a few dime cigars and pass them out to stevedores at the dock.—A. L. L.

*A Real Need*

**U**NLESS I have been grossly misinformed, a nation's songs are truly indicative of what lies nearest its heart, its loves, its needs. From brief but more than sufficient survey, I propose: That the Secret Service be centered on finding out what's become of Sally. That memory courses be made an integral part of public school education, to the end that *no* kind of girl be forgot.

That the Department of Justice take steps to see that in those cases where the desired sweets are unavailable, the sweets actually got be protected so they will not be the objects of pity they now are.

That amiable companions be furnished the young people who are all alone.

That Mr. Burns be placed at once in charge of a corps who will discover where our sweethearts are hiding.

And that the nation's health experts concentrate without further delay on the question of why sweethearts are insufficient, with a view to relieving the condition where it is found to exist.—W. G. H.

**The Optimist**

*Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.*

*Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?*



**"Look, Nell!  
Another \$50 Raise!"**

"And just to think! I owe it all—all to you and to dear old P.O. Box 587, Scranton, Pennsylvania. The entire Twenty-six Dollars a Week!

"Why, Bess, do you remember that forty-one years ago come Whitsuntide, Jim and I were working at the same bench. Poor Jim, he is still there. And look at me. Look at me!

"To-day Vice President Yammer called me in and said: 'Ginsburg, my boy,' he said, 'we have had our eye on you. We knew that in your spare time you studied Swiss Bell Ringing at old I. O. U. You are The Man for The Job.'

"It was you, Judith, and Impunity Silver that put me across! If it hadn't been for Fifteen Minutes a Day and Blisterine, I should be where poor old Jim is now. Ordering chicken salad three times in succession! All I can say is, God bless Foolproof Hosiery and Lockbox 964, Ossining, N. Y."

Why don't *you* increase your earning capacity as did Chauncey Depew, Zanesville, Ohio, quoted above? Glance over the attractive courses listed below, mark an "X" in the square that most appeals to you, and send \$5.

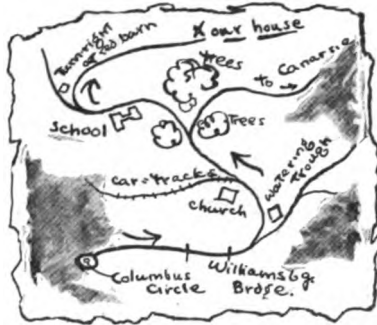
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ambidexterity                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Robbery (highway or byway) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bicycle riding                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Short changing             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cantering, trotting, galloping | <input type="checkbox"/> Transmigration             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drawing checks                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Underwear (heavy or light) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrocutation                | <input type="checkbox"/> Valentines                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Forgery                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Walking the tightrope      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grimacing                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Xylophone                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hauling and trucking           | <input type="checkbox"/> Yodeling                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ichthiosaurus training         | <input type="checkbox"/> Zebra painting             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Japery                         |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kleptomania                    |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Love letters                   |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mormonism                      |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nulling and voiding            |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Opulence                       |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Palming Cards                  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Quince jam making              |   |

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THE NEW YORKER



Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.  
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STREET AND No. ....  
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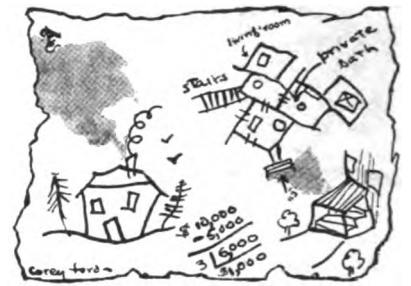
THE NEW YORKER,  
25 West 45th Street, New  
York City, Dept. C.



"How to Get to Our House"



"Time and the Universe"



"Home: A Vision"

## LAUNDRY ART: STUDY IN WASH

*Further Investigation of Creative Art in New York*

NO consideration of the Creative Art in our city could be really complete without taking into account the remarkable collection of Alfred J. Tuesday, formerly employed in the Eagle Star Hand Laundry and now owner of one of the most remarkable assortments of hand-decorated napkins and table cloths from city restaurants in this country.

Mr. Tuesday began work without any serious feeling for Art whatsoever; but as the weeks went by, he was struck by the variety of designs and illustrations on the restaurant linen that came into his laundry. "Al" soon began to carry home each night one or more of these table cloths and napkins; and thus from this humble beginning up to the time he was discovered and dismissed from the Eagle Star Laundry last week, he had succeeded in accumulating enough linen to start a restaurant of his own. "I just used my mind," said Mr. Tuesday; which, of

course, only made it all the more remarkable.

From Mr. Tuesday's collection we are privileged to reproduce two or three little specimens of which he is justifiably proud. The first of these, a landscape entitled: "How to Get to Our House from Columbus Circle, Jim, You Can't Miss It" (see illustration) gives an interesting perspective of Long Island, and part of Quebec, on a clear day with no static. This particular table cloth was composed during a luncheon in which Oscar Orp invited an old school friend, a Mr. Simpson, to drive out sometime and visit his little place in Flushing and meet the wife, whereupon Mr. Simpson upset his coffee. It seems Mr. Simpson had been engaged to Mrs. Orp when she was a Miss McFadden of Baltimore, and so he knew the way to the house perfectly.

The second table cloth, "The Universe: A Study" (see illustration) is

the result of a heated argument between two gentlemen over the question of Daylight Saving Time. Mr. Frecks had it that you lost an hour when you set your watch back; and when his companion drew out the whole solar system to prove he was wrong, Mr. Frecks simply sulked and supplied the tic-tac-toe motif in the lower left corner. Mr. Frecks paid for the lunch.

The choicest article in the collection, however, is a monogrammed Hotel Astor napkin, containing a little domestic allegory entitled: "Home: A Vision" (see illustration). The symbolism is as follows: Faith, a prospective buyer, is seated before the Spirit of Architecture, who tells him he must choose between Stucco and Shingles, two beautiful Hand-Maidens. He finally selects Modern Plumbing. The figures in the lower foreground represent the Percentage Reduction for Cash, and the dark red stain is only ketchup.—Corey Ford.

THE NEW YORKER is pleased to note that Mr. Corey Ford's series on Modern Art is receiving its just meed of serious consideration from readers. The following letter has been selected from the hundreds of thousands brought to us through the mail in this connection.—THE EDITORS.

May 6th, 1925.

Editors, THE NEW YORKER,

Dear Sirs:

THE instructive and illuminating series of articles on art indigenous to this city which Mr. Corey Ford has been contributing to THE NEW YORKER has, unfortunately, been marred by one omission. I refer to the numerous culinary exhibits now on view in the windows of many of our leading restaurants, which attract thousands of entranced sightseers daily and are soon, we have it on good authority, to attain the eminence of being rated by Mr. Gilbert Seldes as the Eighth

Lively Art in Modern America.

One of the most pleasing opuses, or opi, as the case may be, is "White House in Tunafish," the work of the distinguished Hyman J. Blaustein, now on view in the Coffee Pot Galleries. Under Signor Blaustein's deft touch, a single engraved beet becomes the representation of a rose garden, while a row of asparagus tips springs into being as a picket fence.

"Certain self-styled cognoscenti have captiously criticized my work by stating that there is no picket fence about the White House," asserted Herr Blaustein warmly. "To this I scorn a reply, except to point out that the

function of Art is higher than representation of Nature."

"My rise, like that of so many others in your wonderful country, has been phenomenal," declared Mr. Blaustein gratefully. "When I first came here from my native Finland to seek an outlet for my expressionism, I was told that America had no Soul. But I found it most hospitable. My first work, "Storm at Sea: A Study in Watermelon Rinds," was an instantaneous success and hung in the Max's Busy Bee galleries until the assistant chef, Jacob Kloppel, ate it."

Sincerely,

CHARLES STREET.



# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

A great play, dealing with life and love and laughter in the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-ninth Street

Ibsen's play produced by the Actors' Theatre as if Ibsen's characters were really human beings and not abstractions for college essays.

### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

An elaborate revival of Shaw's greatest play by the Theatre Guild. Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes have the leading roles.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Don't let the fact that this play won this year's Pulitzer Prize scare you off. It's really alive.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Congreve proving that Merrie Olde England was much more merrie and much less olde than is generally believed.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

The greatest of American comedies. Dissenting votes simply won't be counted.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

Comedy and pathos and hokum, expertly and entertainingly supplied.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another American comedy by the James Gleason of "Is Zat So?" with the added advantage of the American acting of Ernest Truex.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

"A Hot Time in Old Florence," with Benvenuto Cellini as the Visiting Fireman.

### THE GUARDSMAN—Garrick

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt gorgeously cast in another little Hungarian thing that the Theatre Guild managed to pick up.

### WILD BIRDS—Cherry Lane

An exceptionally fine and true first play by Dan Totheroh.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

The Astaires and a Gershwin score and the Astaires.

### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

An enormously successful musical play, with real voices in the cast, of all things. Mary Ellis as the leading attraction.

### THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

An expensive and enjoyable revival, also to be appreciated by those who have never seen it before.

### PRINCESS IDA—Shubert

A revival not so much for Gilbert and Sullivan fans as for those who like their Sullivan straight. Sullivan almost at his best, Gilbert almost at his worst.

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

Loud shouts of laughter now fill the theatre nightly, to the amazement of Mr. Ziegfeld, who has hitherto not regarded comedy as an essential part of a revue. But what can he do with W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley in his cast?

### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

More stage beauty than can be imagined and a good deal less comedy than can be imagined.

### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mystery plays by Ralph Spence.

### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

Lou Holtz and a Gershwin score.

## ART

### MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS—Dudensing

Important and interesting show of paintings, by Matisse, Laurencin, Bonnard, Braque, Dufy, de Segonzac, Marchand, Marquet, Utrillo and Vlaminck.

### 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.

### HAROLD HOLMES WRENN—Montross

Italian and French scenes to be reviewed later.

### GEORGE LUKS AND GARI MELCHERS—Rehn

Two well known painters with a mixed exhibit. Pastels and water colors taking the honors.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GRASS—Criterion

Vivid panorama of a Persian tribe upon its migration in search of food. Interesting adventure in realism.

### MADAME SAN-GENE—Rialto

Gloria Swanson's much exploited Napoleonic spectacle, moved this week to the Rialto.

## OTHER EVENTS

### SOUTHERN STATES BALL—Hotel Vanderbilt

Friday evening, May 15. Under auspices of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance for the benefit of the philanthropic work of that organization.

### FETE MARITIME—S. S. Reliance

Saturday afternoon, May 16. A marine festival for the benefit of the Vanderbilt Clinic. Reliance docked at pier 86, foot of West Forty-sixth Street. There will be tea, dancing, bridge, mahjong and other entertainment features.

## SPORTS

### RACING—Jamaica Race Track

Metropolitan Jockey Club meeting, all week.

### Churchill Downs, Kentucky

Saturday, May 16. Kentucky Derby.

### ROWING—Derby, Conn.

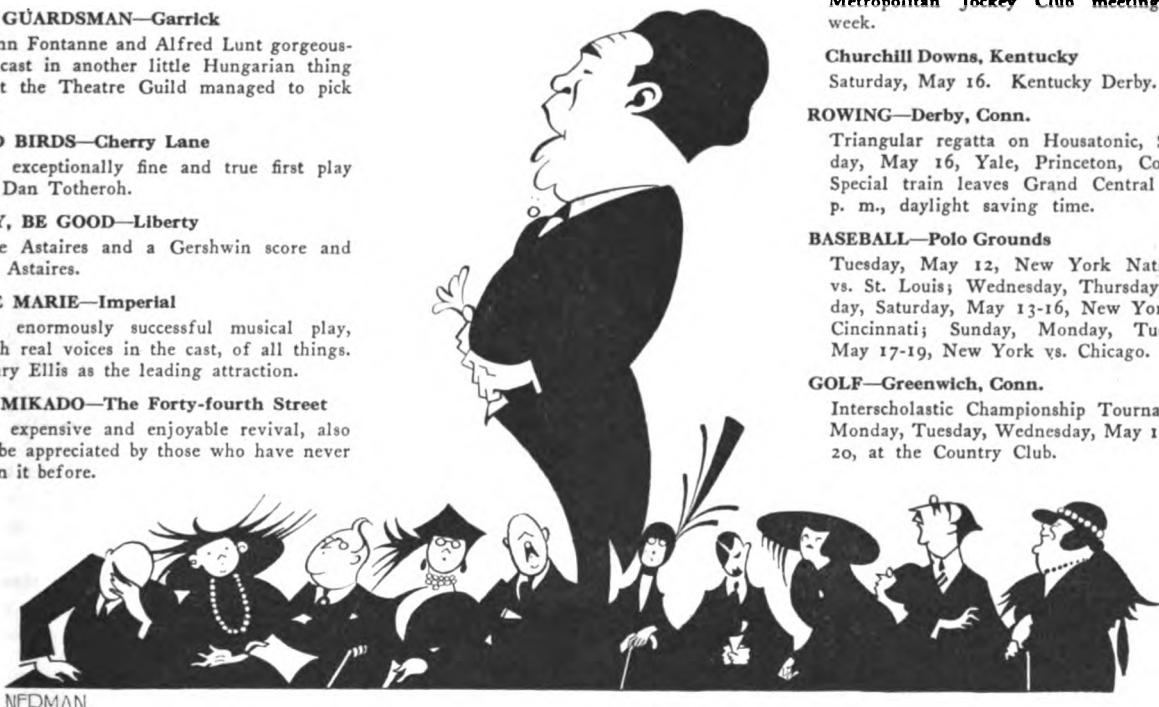
Triangular regatta on Housatonic, Saturday, May 16, Yale, Princeton, Cornell. Special train leaves Grand Central 1:50 p. m., daylight saving time.

### BASEBALL—Polo Grounds

Tuesday, May 12, New York Nationals vs. St. Louis; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, May 13-16, New York vs. Cincinnati; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, May 17-19, New York vs. Chicago.

### GOLF—Greenwich, Conn.

Interscholastic Championship Tournament, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, May 18, 19, 20, at the Country Club.



NERMAN

## EMBODYING

the latest trend in men's fashions—*Ainsleigh* offers an exclusive two button English model, broad at the shoulders, tapering to a slight fit at the hips—

Straight trousers—and wide—this model reminds one of old Piccadilly.

A splendid variety of patterns—in England's and America's best cloths.

*\$42.50 and less  
with knickers*

**AINSLEIGH** ENGLISH CLOTHES  
920 B'WAY AT 21ST ST.  
11th Floor



## STRIKE A CHORD

*on a Knabe Piano that is 50 years old*

Its ravishing tone is still there. Its elastic action is still there. Its graceful case is still there.

When you buy a Knabe you have permanently settled the piano question. Obtainable also with the

## AMPICO

NOTE—A minimum deposit (suit your own desire) and small monthly payments effect immediate delivery.

**Wm. Knabe & Co.**  
5th Avenue at Thirty-ninth St.

## Our Own Perfect State

PLATO balked. "There is no reason for fear," I said, taking the illustrious philosopher by the arm. "This is what we call Fifth Avenue. The engines in it are for transportation, and in large groups they constitute what is known as 'traffic.' One is often nearly run down by them, but seldom deliberately killed."

Still he tottered at the curb, a shade green about the jowls. "I now see the reason for terror in the faces of all of you in this century."

"And the fumes," I continued, "eventually become an exhilarating necessity to the city dweller."

He looked at me wanly, started violently as the police whistle shrilled, and dived across the street. "These, I suppose, are houses?" he hazarded, pointing to a skyscraper.

"They are offices. They are, that is, the places from which the markets and affairs of the world are supposedly controlled. Actually, the work is accomplished at the theatre, in clubs and at restaurants. Pale, nervous, avaricious men sit in these offices and scheme to become rich by more or less obvious exploitations of the public."

"There is no government, then?"

"Yes and no," I replied. "The nation is divided into Democrats and Republicans. An individual belongs to one or the other party because (a) his or her father did, (b) it pays best, and (c) heads or tails."

"And why must one belong?"

"So he can vote. Just now, the Democrats being in the minority, are in power."

"And they rule wisely, I hope?"

"W-e-l-l, they have marked out some nice walks in Central Park, and put new cages in the Zoo, and started a school to train officers of the law to help old ladies across the street."

"And very necessary, too," Plato said, looking at the endless stream of taxis with a reminiscent shudder.

Suddenly a man stepped briskly up, smashed a store window at our side, seized the jewelry on display, and leaped into a car at the curb. A passerby tried to stop him. The thief drew a revolver, shot the interloper through the heart, and swung madly up the Avenue.

The savant rushed with the throng to the side of the victim.

"He's wounded! Something must be done instantly!"

"Certainly," I answered, repressing a yawn. "In an hour or two, when the police can safely penetrate the crowd, he will be officially pronounced dead and given a decent burial—I daresay at public expense."

"But the assassin! Will he escape?"

"Of course. He shot only one, you know. Come, it's time for lunch."

I hurried him into a restaurant. He sat down limply and scarcely touched the lukewarm canned delicacies of our advanced cuisine. Once he looked up.

"Have you no laws?"

"One," I answered.

"And that is—?"

"Liberty in every form shall be abolished as swiftly as possible."

For a moment he was silent. Then he said: "But surely there must be some better country. A Perfect State, evolved through the experience of centuries, where wine may be had and soft laughter heard?"

"All other countries are worse," I answered, with heartfelt and knowing Americanism. "And now hurry! We must go!"

"Why must we hurry?"

"If we do not hurry, we shall be late."

"For what?" he asked.

"Everything."

"New York!" he said as we regained the street. "Obelisks to Ixion!"

A nursemaid and a child passed us, chattering merrily.

"There is laughter, at least," Plato said, with his first smile. "The innocent gaiety of youth cannot be blasted."

I looked at the child. "She is the daughter of notorious parents. Naturally she is amused at the nurse's graphic account of her father's indifference to her mother's infidelity."

Aghast, he turned to me and cried, "Alas, where now is innocence, love, beauty, hope, idealism, bravery, truth, justice?"

So I took him to the movies.—Yahoo

### Art in the Hinterland

From the exhibitors' reports in the movie trade papers:

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE, F. B. O.—I must report that this did not draw as I expected. It needs a good comedy.—W. J. Shoup, De Luxe Theatre, Spearville, Kans.

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, First National—A year ago I ran 'The Midnight Guest' and that contained a dance which had this hula in 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew' skinned a city block. It was sure shocking.—Mrs. J. A. Wright, Long Star Theatre, Ovalo, Texas.

THE ROUGHNECK, Fox—Might be all right for beachcombers but people in an agricultural country will not stand for these and be your friends.—Ryan and Kurfert, Empress Theatre, Beresford, S. D.

BABBITT, Warner Brothers—Unless you have a clientele who read books you will have the same experience as I had. Lost good money.—W. H. Durham, Grand Theatre, Camas, Wash.

### The Composer Puts in a Rough Night

Williamsbridge Pladen housing about the new George Washington-trick, is now a place of beauty. The woardly a suggestion of the old days is visible. ton statue was removed yesterday and hza, Brooklyn, once a squalid tenement dis-

—Photo caption from the *American*.



# The Great Linoleum Mystery

**WHAT** has become of the 5,000 yards of linoleum that were used to cover the dance floor during Mrs. Mayor Hylan's party in Washington Square to the delegates at the Democratic National Convention?

The newspapers the other day printed the story that the linoleum had disappeared, and then abandoned the investigation. But **THE NEW YORKER** is made of sterner stuff. It hereby pledges itself to its public (at last accounts estimated as in excess of 911,127) that it will leave no stone unturned, no rose ungilded and no lily unpainted until it has arrived at the heart of this grewsome mystery, and placed the fell perpetrator of the crime safely within the clutches of the authorities.

To this end it has, at no little expense, secured the services of Detective Sergeant Frank Merriwell, lately graduated from Commissioner Enright's Police Academy, together with his two pet bloodhounds, Bozeman and Bulger, who are relentless in following the scent.

Sergeant Merriwell and **THE NEW YORKER** have been responsible for the solution of the Charley Ross kidnaping, the Dorothy Arnold disappearance and the Louise Lawson murder. No smaller measure of success is expected in the present baffling case.

"I guarantee an arrest within twenty-four hours," declared Sergeant Merriwell. "I shall apply the same methods I used so successfully in the Hall-Mills affair and the little matter of the Man in the Iron Mask. It is simply a matter of deduction."

Pending a further report from the sergeant, **THE NEW YORKER** has secured expressions of opinion from various leading citizens.

"It is undoubtedly the work of the jazz-mad Younger Generation," declared the Rev. John Roach Straton with emphasis. "Inflamed by gin and cigarettes, I believe they danced on the linoleum until it was worn out."

"The Interests are back of this heinous crime," asserted Mayor Hylan, through his son-in-law, John P. Sinnott. "I have nothing more to say, except that I am a candidate for re-election on a platform standing squarely for the dear old American flag and am a constant reader of the paper for people who think."

"If Hylan says the linoleum has disappeared, I say it hasn't disappeared," was the decisive statement of Comptroller Craig. "I believe the linoleum is right there where it was put, in Washington Square. The only reason it hasn't been found is that the Fifth Avenue buses are so crowded nobody can get aboard to go down there and find out." (This theory is also being investigated.)

"I suppose the traction-controlled press will give great prominence to this trifling incident," said Commissioner Enright with some asperity. "As a matter of fact, no crime wave exists. Law and order, especially law, were never in better condition in Greater New York. I have figures which prove that fewer people walked on the grass in Central Park in the current fiscal year than during the years 1894-1897, inclusive."

But **THE NEW YORKER** will continue its probe with renewed vigor. Handbills, showing the exact pattern on the linoleum, have been printed by the hundreds of thousands and distributed broadcast, and warnings have been sent to the chiefs of police of Delaware, Lackawanna and Hudson.

**THE MISSING LINOLEUM WILL BE FOUND!**  
—Tip Bliss



## The Author's Road to Fame

**JOHN BROWN** wrote a story and he called it "Helena's Husband" and it appeared in a magazine, like this:

**HELENA'S HUSBAND**  
by  
**JOHN BROWN**

Soon afterward a manager got Brown to dramatize it and it appeared on Broadway, announced thus:

**ARTHUR HOPPER**  
presents  
**JOSEPHINE MEEKIN**  
in  
**HELENA'S HUSBAND**  
by  
**John Brown**

The play had a long run and eventually it went the way of all comedies and became a music show, like this:

**MESSRS. HUBET**  
present  
**HELENA'S HUSBAND**  
The Music Play De Luxe

Music by Jerome Book and Lyrics by Hern and Sidney T. Arthur Caldwell, Oscar Wann and John Brown.

And then John Brown's story was finally immortalized on the silver screen thus:

**G L O R I A D U C K**  
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**TRIUMPHANT VIRTUE**  
Screen play by Joe Jumps  
(From the play Helena's Husband.)  
—B. B.

FINE SHOES *AA* SINCE 1887

**SMART** appearance keeps step with outdoor comfort in these sport shoes for men. Rubber or leather soles, as you like.

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## Cruger's Column

Someone said to us, "Why don't you have a woman write one of your columns? Your store seems to be patronized by women as much as men." We agreed and went to one of our best—and best known—women customers. So this column is written

by

NE-YSA McMEIN



"Any woman who is foolish enough to spoil a man by making him a distinctive gift in his own line would naturally go to Cruger's. I have spoiled a few in my time and this shop has been my agency of destruction. I have found that men actually, and proudly, wear the ties a woman buys for them—if she goes to Cruger's."



Here are some new English ties which, as Neysa McMein says, men will be proud to wear. English foulard ties—\$2.00. Cravats made of English gum twill—\$2.50. Gingham ties in patterns and checks—\$1.00. Sample swatches of each sent on request.

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INC.

Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York

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# BOOKS

THE professional sophisticates to the contrary notwithstanding, a short story's being of a standard type is nothing against its being good—unless, of course, the type is that gimcrack type which O. Henry left dead. But neither, the magazine editors to the contrary notwithstanding, is its being different and somewhat esoteric. A good short story is a good short story, and really, that is that.

Americans who like to read short stories, without being connoisseurs, are fairly well supplied through the magazines. Even the rather fastidious reader gets some satisfaction out of them; and this doesn't mean the *Dial* but the national circulation class, in which a number manage to publish in almost every issue, along with much terrible junk, a story or two that are not half bad, and sometimes a very good one.

It is true that these fair-to-good ones are likely to be of standard types, and this steady visible supply of them is not only the reason why the sophisticates scorn them, and assume that anything different necessarily is better, but also the reason why books of them have been so long discouraged, and why many that deserved to be collected have been left in the magazines' files. As far as we know, there is no book of the best ones by Alice Duer Miller, C. E. Scoggins, Elsie Singmaster, Mary Brecht Pulver or Thomas McMorro.

But perhaps there will be, for books of stories appear to be coming in. Within a few days we have read four, three worth while. The best is Conrad Aiken's "Bring! Bring!" (*Boni & Liveright*)—best, not because Aiken is decidedly different and so on, but because (as aforesaid) he is good, repaying any trouble it costs to make him out. There are only one or two stories in "Bring! Bring!" that we thought hollow: "Smith and Jones" may be a case of it. "The Dark City" is extremely *Dial*, but is more, and "The Last Visit," "The Anniversary," "Strange Moonlight," and "Soliloquy on a Park Bench," for instances, seem to us uncommonly fine stuff, while "The Disciple" is quite a fascinating effort to make something new of the Wandering Jew idea. When Aiken tackles sex, he represents male diffidence or "ambivalence" better than, in the title story, he does female

readiness. That story is ever so stylish but isn't convincing.

Algernon Blackwood specializes in terror, wherefore a bookful of his productions ought not to be read at one sitting. Even so, if we had read "Tongues of Fire" (*Dutton*) properly, we doubt that we should often have been gripped—much as we like Blackwood's workmanship and indifference to the market. Three of these stories are about escapes, by two men or two boys, into a dream realm of perfect understanding. Two are elaborate; in one the escaping is done through an Einstein curve. The third, "Picking Fir Cones," whose principle is the flying dream, we liked. Our favorite story in the book is one Blackwood probably thinks inferior, the droll dream experience of the comrade drunkards, "Petershin and Mr. Snyder."

Stacy Aumonier does nothing without some distinction, but has done a good deal that suggests a tired writer pleasing editors. Specimens are in "Overheard" (*Doubleday, Page*). But so are "One Sunday Morning," "What Was She to Think?"—a capital story of a nice little home-body woman with a looking-glass mind, and "The Friends," which is noted as an early story of Aumonier's; in that case, some one should pound stones for diverting him from following it up, although it is the hardest sort of good story to find any sort of public for.

Ellen La Motte's strong feeling about the Far Eastern opium traffic is manifested in two or three ironic stories in her "Snuffs and Bitters" (*Century*). We only liked one thing in this book, "In Mashonaland," a grim deathbed monologue by a tough-rinded woman missionary. All the others seemed to us compliments to early Kiplings, or Kipling and Conrad, without a great deal of original inspiration.

Oliver Herford—Oliver Herford—is responsible, with another, for a published farce with puns on "cellar" in it, satirizing—guess what. Well, well, there's no puzzling you, is there? As the girl in "Arthur's" (Do you know "Arthur's"?) says, you don't make things like this no better by 'arping on em; so with these few words, wot would be our 'arp is 'ung on a weeping willow.

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**H**OW much do you know? Not guess at, but know? A person's value depends more on the contents and capacity of his mind than on anything else—

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## "Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

**ARROWSMITH**, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Half your friends may be saying they "couldn't read it." What do you care?

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH**, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Well, everybody can read this. Humanity isn't so bad.

**THE RECTOR OF WYCK**, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). The rector lives up to his ideals at the expense of his happiness and his family's.

**LUCIENNE**, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). One of those nice little stories, but with three and even four dimensions.

**THE OLD FLAME**, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Hammock fiction, for discriminating hammocks.

**SAGLEFORS TOWN**, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Nobody who has liked anything of Hamsun's should pass this up. It has no "sympathetic character."

**PRISONERS**, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Its specific gravity is midway between "Arrow-smith's" and "The Old Flame's."

**GOD'S STEPCHILDREN**, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). About miscegenation in South Africa.

**THE MATRIARCH**, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). About a Jewish family tribe.

**THE GREAT GATSBY**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Noticed in this issue.

### SHORT STORIES

**BRING! BRING!** by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Noticed in this issue.

**OVERHEARD**, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Noticed in this issue.

**TRIPLE FUGUE**, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Recommended for the short stories in it.

**TALES OF HEARNAY**, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four; good Conrad.

### GENERAL

**WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Verse. Three-year-old boy stuff.

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Hobo memories.

**THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES**, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). Gives interesting and plausible answers to most of the Whys about Henry James.

**LIVES AND TIMES**, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Will make up to you for some of the time spent on public school American History.

**JOHN KEATS**, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). As good a book as Huncker's on Chopin. Two large volumes.

**THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN**, by Alexander Woollcott (*Putnam*). Recommended regardless of what you think of Berlin's compositions.

Flood control surveys on the Skykomish River, Snoqualmie River, Snohomish River, and Stillaguamish River, all in Snohomish County, Washington, and the Nooksack River in Whatcom County, Washington, have been ordered by Congress.

—*Engineering News Record*

What this county really needs is a little name control.

### —And drank freely?

Monday evening exclusive bootleggers cut the price of whisky from \$1.25 a half pint to \$1 a half pint. Cash was exchanged for whisky rapidly, while the market was down. The \$1 price looked like a bargain to many who bought freely.

—From the Tar River (Okla.) *Rounder*.



## What Shall We Do This Evening?

**T**HE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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 (From the daily papers of 1825)

**“THE TRUTH TELLER”**—I have for the first time seen this morning a newspaper lately set up here with this title, and some “d—d good natured friend,” in the language of Sheridan, has sent me the 13th and 15th numbers, in which I find myself acrimoniously assailed for an article which appeared in the *Evening Post* some time ago, on the affairs of Mexico in which the Catholic priests were spoken of slightly. The article, though on the face of it editorial, was not written by me, was inadvertently admitted and is now openly disclaimed. Those best acquainted with me know I harbor no such sentiments, but diametrically the reverse.

\* \* \*

**TEPID BATH**—We again take the liberty to call the attention of our citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, to this interesting subject. We cannot too earnestly recommend so salutary a practice, which affords much personal comfort.

\* \* \*

**THREE DOLLARS REWARD**—Strayed away, on Tuesday the 17th inst., a pale red cow with a white face. Whoever will give information so that the owner may get his cow or deliver her to the subscriber at No. 252 William Street shall receive the above reward.—John Fitzgerald.

\* \* \*

**THEATRE—CHATHAM GARDEN**

This evening, January 12th, will be presented the melo-drama in 3 Acts entitled

**VOICE OF NATURE**

to which will be added the petit comedy of the

**SPOILT CHILD.**

To conclude will be the admired farce of the

**LADY AND THE DEVIL.**


Doors open at half past 5 and performances to commence at half past 6 o'clock.

Thursday the opera of *Women's Will*, with other entertainments for the benefit of Mr. Keene.

\* \* \*

**EDUCATION**—J. Ely has the pleasure of announcing that his school will commence on Monday the 8th day of December inst. at No. 48 Maiden Lane, where Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen will be taught the following branches of English education, viz., Orthography, Reading, Arithmetic, Greenleaf's English Grammar, Geography, Bookkeeping, &c.

Hours of attendance from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 4 P. M. Price of tuition \$10 per quarter.




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**THESE are the days when smart neckpieces Fur is most needed for both comfort and appearance.**

Whether it is the one or two-skin sable or Marten Sable or Marten the always flattering Fox, in all the new shades, our assortment offers a wide variety of styles and prices.

*“It pays to buy where you buy in style”*

**A. JAECKEL**  
*Furriers Exclusive*  
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The Tie That Blinds

THERE it was. Red and blue and orange and black, in horizontal stripes. They had put it in the window with a lot of other neckties; and a lot of good *that* did. They might as well have draped it over the front of the store and hired a German band to play beneath it, for all that hid it. I could see it a block away.

And I knew I was in for it, the moment I set foot in the store. They say a snake fascinates you the same way. I knew perfectly well I should walk out of that store presently with the tie about my neck, and people would whisper, and I would go off to the backwoods somewhere until I had lived it down. Destiny, that's all.

Oh, I dodged it as well as I could. I made that feeble effort to escape that a fish makes when he is hooked. I walked to the furthest corner of the store, I deliberately turned my back on it, and I looked intensely at the socks. "Something sombre," I said to the clerk. "Quiet, you know. Preferably black. I don't like bright colors," I told him pointedly.

"No," he asked.

"No," I insisted. "I think bright colors look silly. Particularly stripes. Particularly red stripes, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the clerk.

"Now, take that tie, in the window," I insisted. "Do you like that tie?"

"What tie?" asked the clerk.

"This tie over here," I explained, as I led him across the shop.

"This one here?" asked the clerk; and slowly he drew it forth from the rest and dangled it before my eyes. It fixed me with a glitter.

"Yes," I struggled frantically. "Do you like *that*, now?"

"Well, it's a very nice tie," mumbled the clerk.

"Do you think so?" I said. "Don't you think it's too bright? Red stripes and all?"

"Oh, I don't know," hesitated the clerk.

"Here, then," I said triumphantly, as I tied it around my neck and faced him. "There, you see now? You see what I mean?"

"Yes," he said slowly as he handed me back my change. "Yes, I guess you're right. And now would you want some socks to match?"

Destiny, that's all. Destiny, and that way that clerks have with me. Between them, I'm so much clay.—*Corey Ford*

Not So Good

New York-Chicago Airplane Express Due in Two Months.

—Heading in the *Times*.

Seek, and Ye Shall Find

YOUNG GIRL wanted, experienced on ice cream soda.

—Classified ad in the *World*.

**David Belasco's Three Triumphs**

Holbrook <b>BLINN</b>	Judith <b>ANDERSON</b>	<b>Empire</b> B'way 40 St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30
"THE DOVE" by Willard Mack		
"The Harem"		<b>Belasco</b> W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
With William Courtenay & all Star Cast		
"LADIES OF THE EVENING"		<b>Lyceum</b> W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

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Plymouth, 45th St., W. of B'way  
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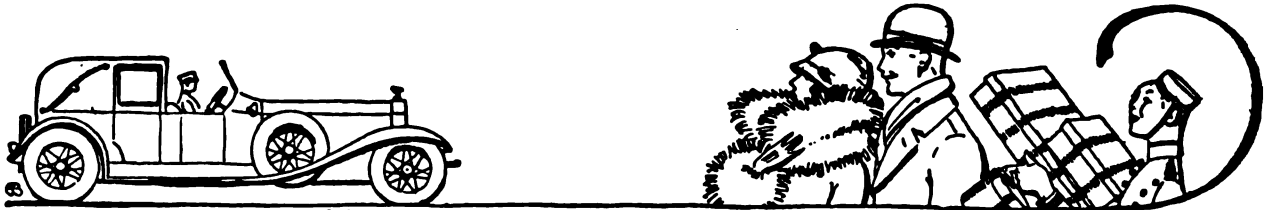
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## WHERE TO SHOP

### A LONDON VENTURE

—or a Paris one, for all of that, is by no means as geographical a matter as the uninitiated believe. For right here in New York are shops and services which bring to America those very felicities for which one usually goes abroad! Take this page of THE NEW YORKER and a Fifth Avenue bus —and you may have a French "facial," a London tailor, Swiss embroideries or a Russian meal!

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THIS is to be comedy year in the world of celluloidia. The public is tired of sex in pictures, Will Hays says, and sex is to be eliminated. In its place we are to have clean, wholesome humor. The public is tired of sex in pictures, and the movie magnates declare in response, and sex is to be eliminated. In its place we are to have clean, wholesome humor.

One of the first steps toward this clean film fun is "The Night Club," which stars a newly created luminary, Raymond Griffith. "The Night Club" follows the time honored Mack Sennett formula, even to the bathing girl squad. Thus do the films skirt around the problem of sex. The plot itself concerns the tribulations of a woman-hater who must marry a certain cutie in order to get a million dollars left by an uncle. This theme isn't exactly new but, at that, this effort is funny in a slapstick way. Griffith is an amusing comedian and the cutie mentioned in the will is enacted by one Vera Reynolds, who may be short on art for all we know, but who has very personable ankles. These ankles are not what we would call a great help to Mr. Hays's campaign to eliminate sex. In fact, if there is another pair of ankles like this in Hollywood, we wouldn't give ten cents for the whole campaign.

Speaking of campaigns reminds us that August is to be Greater Movie Month everywhere in America. The Hays organization has formed a special exploitation bureau to put the thing across. It will receive the same attention a mere war would get. From now on you will hear everywhere moving slogans such as "Calvin Coolidge Sees a Movie a Week." Mr. Hays wants every town and city to have a Greater Movie parade. Thus he says the screen will reach—and win over—the 40 per cent of our population now looking upon the films with disdain, not to say annoyance. Master Will forgets that the screen already has the entire quota likely to be swept to hysteria by a parade.

We liked Marion Davies's latest film, "Zander the Great," until all sorts of bad men and rides to the rescue were inserted for the finale. Miss Davies's performance in the early part of the piece, as a gangling, freckled orphan, is excellent. This star has really learned to act. In a simple, direct story she would be genuinely compelling.

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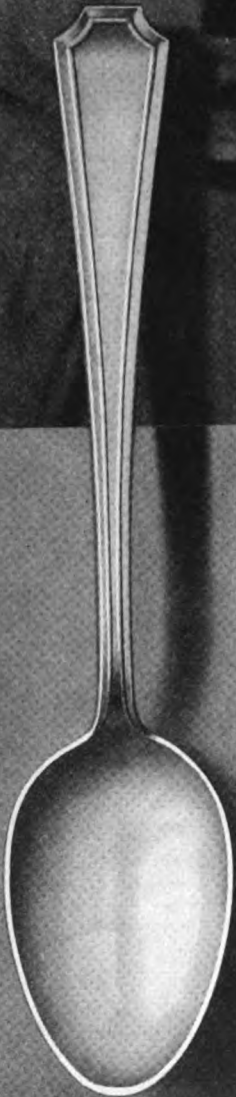
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# The News-Magazine Idea



**P**EOPLE are, for the most part, poorly informed. To say, with the facile cynic, that it is the fault of the people themselves is to beg the question. People are poorly informed because hitherto no publication has adapted itself to the time which active men and women can devote to keeping themselves thoroughly informed. News comes from a thousand fronts—politics, science, literature, business—How can a man get it all? grasp it? put it together? make it his own? Comes TIME,—America's first news-magazine.

**F**ROM every news-source, TIME collects all available information on every event. TIME analyzes the news. TIME condenses, verifies, resolves, organizes, clarifies, completes. This complete report of the week's world news is yours in 26 brief pages, which you can read in the hour before dinner. No man—not though he possessed the greatest mind, an unimpeachable vocabulary and a faultless memory—could tell you as much about what is happening as TIME will tell you in its 26 compact pages. That is the news-magazine idea.

## ARRANGEMENT

Each paragraph is found in its logical place according to a convenient method of arrangement and organization of all the news.

- |                     |                    |                 |
|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. NATIONAL AFFAIRS | 7. MOVING PICTURES | 13. BUSINESS    |
| 2. FOREIGN NEWS     | 8. EDUCATION       | 14. FINANCE     |
| 3. BOOKS            | 9. LAW             | 15. SPORT       |
| 4. ART              | 10. RELIGION       | 16. AERONAUTICS |
| 5. MUSIC            | 11. MEDICINE       | 17. THE PRESS   |
| 6. THE THEATRE      | 12. SCIENCE        | 18. "PEOPLE"    |

## Does It WORK ?

Evidence that the news-magazine idea—that TIME *works*, is enthusiastically presented by those who have already discovered it. For example, Newton D. Baker writes: "I have read every number of TIME, . . . there is no other equally adequate survey of the news." And James Wallen, Sage of East Aurora, declares: "The news-magazine, TIME, is the greatest innovation in publishing since *The Saturday Evening Post*." Meredith Nicholson simply remarks: "I couldn't keep house without it."

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TIME is not a digest opinion. Its business not with "quotes," but h news.

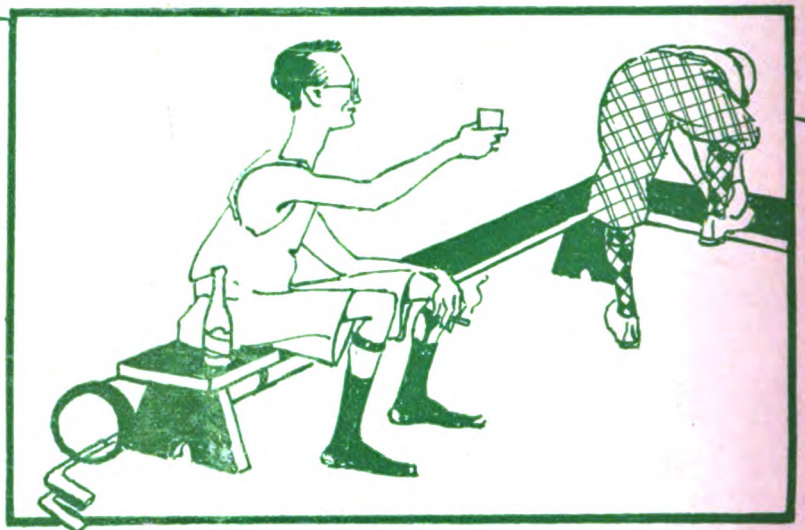
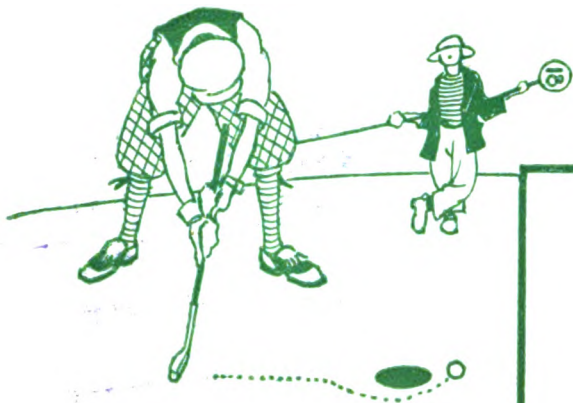
TIME is a condensation— first and only systematic nsensation of the news. ME respects the old and covers the new. It catches the glimpse of a smile now the possible significance of a row of figures. it serves no cause. "To men well informed"— first and last, is the only e TIME has to grind.

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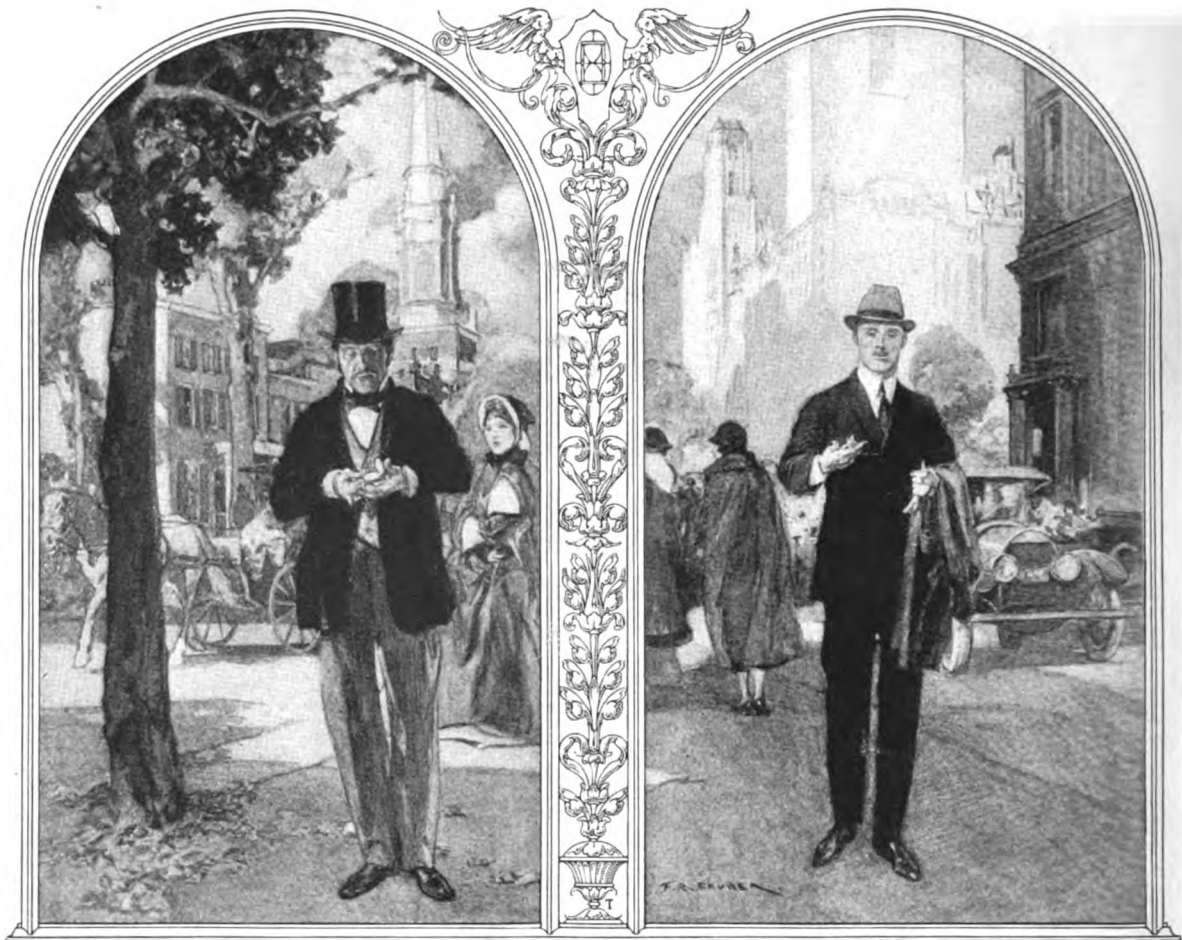
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *The Great Altruist*

PRICES, by nature, interest everybody, even such an altruist as Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who added an appreciable mite to the merriment of the nation by denying lately that he had made the proverbial million as a Floridian realtor. It was only five hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Bryan indignantly averred.

The last wave of business men returning from the Southland carried on its crest a tale of Mr. Bryan's real estate activities. The great statesman and religionist controlled a choice site in Miami, whereat the building committee of a certain church cast longing glances. But there was the matter of price. Mr. Bryan had his own notions. The congregation pleaded poverty. An impasse was reached.

Then did the Great Commoner evince the strategic resource for which he has ever been noted. The price, he announced, must be as he had decreed. Business was still business. But—if the congregation would purchase his plot and build thereon, Mr. Bryan would agree to preach eight sermons in the new church, which would, unquestionably, attract many casual worshippers, so swelling the collections. For this service, Mr. Bryan said graciously, there would be no charge.

### *The Wedding Amenities*

MRS. DAVID MERIWETHER MILTON—or, haven't you become accustomed yet to Abby Rockefeller's new name?—had her own feminine fling at the newspapers, on the occasion of her marriage, and thus evened matters somewhat for the nasty items printed about her motoring activities. It was all a bit embarrassing for Mr. Ivy Lee, *liason* officer for the Rockefeller family, and others.

Because of the bride's insistence that she wished, above all things else, a quiet wedding, Mr. Lee was

constrained to approach the daily journals with an unusual proposal. This was that four morning newspapers combine and select one reporter, who would be accepted for admission; and that four evening newspapers likewise nominate one favored journalist from among their ranks. The *News*, the *Mirror* and the *Graphic* were not even invited to the conference. There are, it seems, limits. At any rate, the newspapers approached by the urbane Mr. Lee rejected his proposal with engaging promptness and unanimity.

Thus matters stood until the very moment of the ceremony. At the fifty-ninth second of the eleventh hour, Mr. Lee sent a request to the reporters assembled in a room across the street that they be reasonable and delegate one of their number to make inspection of the *prie dieu*, the apple blossoms, the dogwoods and the other items of decoration in the Rockefeller home. The journalists relented. Mr. Russell Porter of the *Times* was nominated. He went, and saw, and reported to his colleagues; and the strain on Mr. Lee's relations with the press was eased slightly. But it was just as well for Mr. and Mrs. Milton that the taxi chauffeur who drove them away was a cautious driver, who kept well within the speed limit.



GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH and Mrs. Smith were among the guests at the wedding reception in the Rockefeller home, the Governor departing from his usual preference for less formal attire and appearing in the garb conventional for such functions. And, it must be added, being about the best-groomed male on view.

Before Mr. Smith, no governor of New York dared appear in public in other than formal afternoon dress, whether the occasion was a parade, a luncheon, or a baseball game. Even those upon whom tailed coats sat very uneasily surrendered to precedent. But our present governor disowns regard for the trappings of statesmanship. During Boys' Week he marched down

Fifth Avenue in a business suit, light topcoat and grey felt hat, although stride for stride with him was His Honor, Mayor Hylan, accoutered formally, a perfect example of what the well-dressed mayor will wear.

Both the Mayor and his Police Commissioner, Mr. Enright, are partial to formal attire for all public functions, perhaps because each wears the garb well. Although, it must be said again, Governor Smith, of Oliver Street, wears it better.

### Political Incident

THE lore about Governor Smith grows daily and, since the demolition of Madison Square Garden calls it to mind, an additional item may be added now. It concerns (1) the last Democratic National Convention and (2) an unregenerate saloon near the convention hall.

To the saloon, on a murky day toward the tag end of the convention, came a group of gentlemen, tall and bronzed of features, who requested that drinks be served them. The bartender demurred. The visitors protested that they were not, as seemed to be suspected, revenue agents, but delegates from one of our little known Western States, to the convention then in session. The bartender still demurred.

From a heavily-built, purple-complexioned gentleman, at one end of the bar, came an inquiry, then:

"For who is it you been voting?"

"For McAdoo," responded, as one man, delegates from the little known Western state.

"Nothing doing," said the purple-faced gentleman very firmly. "Had you you been for Al, now,——."

A conference ensued and presently, "Well, we're open to conviction," announced one of the delegates.

"Give 'em a drink, Mike," commanded the heavily-built one, who was the proprietor.

On the next day's balloting one of our little known Western states switched six votes from McAdoo to Smith, and so voted until the bitter end.

### Mr. Arlen's Appreciation

A GREAT appreciator, he, Michael Arlen, who would not away to Mayfair, attired *pour le voyage*, without leaving kind words for those whom he addresses, "The Gentlemen of 'The

New Yorker,' " and calls them, "sirs," as is a fashion in his land. To them he writes, thus:

"You will place me under yet another obligation by allowing me to trespass on your valuable space. Not, however, that the occasion is anywhere near so significant as a request for 'valuable space' must by ordinary lead an editorial staff to think. I am not saying 'good-bye' to New York. I am, in fact, incapable of saying 'good-bye' to New York. I am merely following Marc Connelly's example in adventuring over the seas to find out whether Europe is still there.

"The point of this letter has already found its full expression in the previous paragraph: in the name of the City of New York. Its direction towards your journal thus acquires an almost menacing air. It would, for instance, have been—I am still referring to the previous paragraph—easy, or easier, to write 'America.' However, I withheld my pen: thinking to myself that I am the only person in England connected with the making of books who has not known all about America in the space of a few weeks. Such is the deplorable fact. Although I have been here nearly three months—nay, not only here, but everywhere—I have no suggestions whatsoever to offer you as to how you may improve yourselves. That is not to say that Americans have not made various suggestions as to how I might improve myself. I have noted these: and in the future will try to write better. Nor do I know enough about America to write even one article on, about, for, or against America, not even for an American price. God bless American prices!

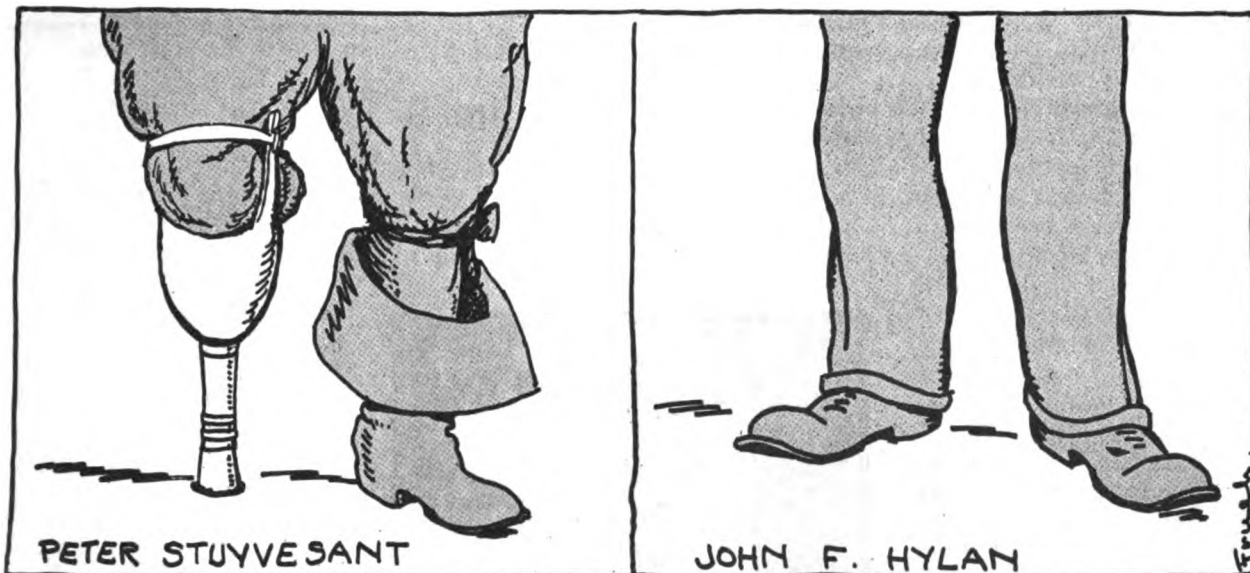
"And what, therefore, shall I tell England? What will be my message to England? What shall I say to those who ask me to tell of my impressions of America? What shall I say to those who ask me what I thought of America? I shall speak the truth. I shall say that I found America charming. And, Oh, I have!

"Michael Arlen."



The Stubborn Ass and the Determined Go-Getter Meet at the Turnstile

THERE is a charm in the United States, beyond that of persons, to which Mr. Arlen alludes when he exclaims, inevitably, with pen and ink, "God bless American prices!" The allusion is, one must believe, to what prices America pays, rather than to what ones it collects, for the Beau Michael, before sailing, made an arrangement with one of our monthly periodicals; that is to



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say, the *Cosmopolitan*. The agreement is for the natural life of the author and it is based on Mr. Ray Long's—or should it be Mr. Hearst's?—willingness to pay to Mr. Arlen the not insignificant sum of \$3,500 for each short story delivered.

As against this New York conquest, the London venture fades to insignificance, *pour le finance*.

### What Is in a Name?

THE gentleman in question and his wife came to New York for the first time; he to attend to business matters and they, jointly, thereafter, to hasten upon such enjoyment as the town affords. They stopped at the Plaza. It is necessary, for the sake of the record, to note here that the Plaza Hotel, at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue is the one meant.

The gentleman attended a luncheon conference and on its conclusion hastened to telephone his wife. Being connected with what he supposed, after consulting Vol. I of the Telephone Directory, was the right number, he inquired:

"Is this the Plaza hotel?"

"Right you are."

"I want to speak to my wife, who is in Room 218."

"Your wife isn't in any Room 218 in this house. No, siree! This here is a respectable hotel and we don't allow no women in here. I guess you want the dump of the same name up town."

The receiver at the hotel end was hung up and the astounded gentleman rushed to the telephone book to recover the trail. He found that he had been talking to a Plaza hotel at 25 Bowery, a lodging house strictly devoted to male guests at fifty cents per night.

Many of New York's untown hotels have supplied names for lodging houses downtown, as the visitor discovered thereafter. Not only is there a Plaza on the Bowery, but there are also a Majestic, a Savoy, a Commonwealth, a Waldorf, a Nassau, an Arcade, an Astor and a Grand.

Telephone mixups, with such of the lodging houses as maintain this luxury, are not unusual. On a recent

date the Majestic, Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, which is under the management of the genial Copeland Townsend, received a call from a man who insisted that his room be held for him until late in the evening as he was employed washing dishes in order to get "me flop money."

The poor fellow at the other end of the wire was a guest at the Majestic, Bowery and Houston street, it developed and, like the visitor, got his numbers mixed.

All of which goes to prove that a name, especially of a New York hostelry, isn't everything after all.

### Might Have Been—

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" is three years old today, And one wonders how Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Pitou are celebrating the event.

Mr. Pitou, it should be remembered, is one of the best known and most experienced of theatrical managers. He has not, to be sure, been as well represented along Broadway with productions as have others, but he has for many years operated profitably and extensively in the hinterland, where they also pay real money at box-offices.

A little over three years ago, then, "Abie's Irish Rose" was in great distress. Despite a lengthy run on the Pacific Coast, the New York production had been icily received and most of the critics had been openly contemptuous of it. The show was in a bad way and it seemed likely that it would have to close.

Miss Anne Nichols, its author and producer, had never for one second lost faith in it. But you can not, under the Equity rules, pay off your cast in faith, and theatre owners have a way of wanting to be paid for the use of their property. What to do?

Miss Nichols sought out Mr. Pitou and offered to sell him a twenty-five per cent interest in "Abie's Irish Rose" for \$5,000. Five thousand dollars, she calculated, would be enough to keep the play operating until its public found it in remunerative numbers. She herself had parted with her jewels, with everything she had, to keep the play going.

Mr. Pitou promised to look into the matter, and the

following Saturday he attended a matinee of her production with Mrs. Pitou. He instantly recognized the cheap quality of the play, but Mr. Pitou is too experienced a manager to let his personal reaction interfere with his judgment of a box-office attraction. The audience, he could not help noticing, was wildly enthusiastic about it and howled its head off with glee at the slightest provocation. The lobby, at intermission time, was filled with people who were announcing that they could hardly wait to see Cousin Minnie and Uncle Abe to advise them by all means not to miss this great human document, this gorgeously comic play.

And so Mr. Pitou ventured the opinion that he might buy the twenty-five per cent interest for \$5,000. Mrs. Pitou for some minutes thereafter seemed to believe that Mr. Pitou had suddenly gone mad. The play, she announced, was horrible and had not the ghost of a chance for success. Mr. Pitou, in her opinion, could do better by just taking \$5,000 and lighting cigars with them.

Mrs. Pitou's opinion was echoed by Louis Cohn, the ticket broker, who further informed Mr. Pitou that he had not sold a single ticket for "Abie's Irish Rose" in three weeks. . . . Mr. Pitou then told Miss Nichols that he could not accept her offer.

Miss Nichols, in some way or other, managed to keep the show going until it had hit its stride. That stride, by now, would have returned Mr. Pitou well over \$1,000,000 for his investment of \$5,000. And one somehow imagines that Mr. and Mrs. Pitou have a good deal to talk about on such an occasion as the third birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose."

### Places

THE Piping Rock is open again after the customary thirty day darkening by the attorneys for the United States.

Its openings and closings, thus far, however, have meant little in our life. We have been unable to note that charm ascribed to the place by those who have persuaded us to visit it.

The town is overstocked with pseudo-European restaurants without particular distinction. They are generally characterized by buffets in the entry, at which scarcely any one stops to select delicacies to be prepared; and Italian waiters, who insist upon speaking execrable French. We prefer to cope with Italian accents in English; in French this is adding accent to ignorance.

The vogue for restaurants is elusive, but the Ritz Grill holds its own among the choice places to dine. At luncheon one can hardly be squeezed in by the ever-obliging-and-chatty Theodore on account of debutantes and the cloak-and-suit merchants.

The latter jam the place every day hoping for inspiration from the costumes of the social lights frequenting it.

Surprisingly, designers for the men's shops also go

to the Ritz for ideas, since in the world of clothing manufacture Ritz is a synonym for smartness.

### In Our Midst

A FEW people have not sailed for Europe yet. . . . Gone, however, are Mr. Jascha Heifitz, leading local exponent of the Wales bat-wing tie. . . . With shiny citizenship papers and American passport. . . .

Mr. John McCormack, tenor, even if the phonograph record business is not so good. . . . Mr. Sam Bernard, to Baden for the rest cure from M. Louis Mann. . . . Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, now that first nights are thinning out. . . . Condé Nast and daughter, Miss Natica Nast, to fairer vanities. . . . Miss Margaret Kahn, to London, visiting her sister. . . . Mr. John V. A. Weaver, poet and husband departing for

Italy and study of the drama. . . . His wife, Miss Peggy Wood will join him later. . . . Miss Grace Moore of Fifty-ninth Street, west, and the "Music Box." . . . Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Adams, bride courageously insisting on a Lucy Stoner passport, thus facing Italy and the Facisti as Miss Esther Sayles Root. . . .

Also, Senorita Lucrezia Bori, for Spain. . . . John Coates, tenor, carrying back no Scotch to Southampton. . . . Mr. Michael Arlen, above referred to, having made many friends here, and, of course. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Stallings, plus personal automobile, to France for motor tour along the trail of those Marines, who with the help of God and several millions of doughboys. . . . Mr. Stallings will pick up from Château-Thierry, where he was wounded, and look over the battlefields. . . . Thence, subsequently, to Warsaw and Moscow. . . . Nobody knows the why of this last. . . .

Further, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, to spend summer in Scotland, where servants are still servants. . . . The Very Reverend William Ralph Inge, home again, without Mr. Louis Untermeyer's blessings. . . . Mr. Lee Shubert, for London and Paris, against the Fall importing trade. . . . Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia's best known institution, and Mrs. Curtis, the former having bought the Philadelphia *North American* for munsefication with his own *Public Ledger*, which last is the apple of his eye, far beyond *Saturday Evening Post* or *Ladies Home Journal*. . . . The Sisters Eternal, Misses Rosie and Jennie Dolly, to comfort Paris. . . . Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, taking Dr. Roderick Grace to England, where her sister is ill. . . .

Of Mr. Amos Pinchot, father of the fair Rosamond and brother to the Governor, a tale is being told. . . . Mr. Pinchot was discerned in the foyer of a certain home in town, disputing earnestly with another departing guest ownership of a hat. . . . The other guest won and went off with the hat. . . . It was Mr. Pinchot's hat. . . . Then, still another guest appeared, homeward bound, and disputed with







When "You Can't Win" Crime Ads Become Prevalent

Mr. Pinchot possession of a walking stick. . . . Again Mr. Pinchot lost. . . . It was Mr. Pinchot's stick. . . . The victim, after recovering from shock, gravely announced relief that he had come by taxi, instead of in his own automobile. . . .

In town, of late, Miss Marion Davies, the American's favorite movie actress, shopping against the long summer evenings in Hollywood, to which she has returned. . . . Returned from White Sulphur Springs, Mr. Thomas Meighan. . . . Mr. John Coogan, t.b.m., now growing too fast to please the proud parents, welcomed his mother and baby brother at Grand Central lately. . . . Miss Nina Wilcox Put-

nam, having motored from Florida. . . . Mr. Tom Mix and family, having given Paris and London much more of a treat than either city deserved. . . . Or appreciated. . . .

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, in London, is objecting to British alien taxes. . . . Great shock to many Americans to learn that they are considered aliens anywhere. . . . Gone abroad, Peggy, late Mrs. Elise Cortizas, divorced at one fell swoop from husband and dancing partner, Cortez. . . .

Mr. Philip Goodman, producer, writes. . . . "Your paragraph saying I was in Munich with Mr. Sinclair Lewis propositionally incorrect . . . was on Mr. Sin-

clair Lewis. . . . He paid. . . . It was one of two conditions. . . . The other, that he write a play. . . . It is called 'City Hall'. . . . Do not expect suit from Mayor Hylan for infringement of copyright. . . . Pretty good play. . . . For next Fall. . . . Also, the beer in Munich is not as 'good as ever.' It is better than ever. . . . Mr. Lewis never ventured out at night save with a tag giving his full name and address." . . .

Evidently the Old Lady in Dubuque let the Old Man have a few weeks' off. . . . Report has it he rushed up to King George at Wimbledon, saying, "Howdy, King! Shake hands with America." . . . Understand the Old Lady, and for that matter all Dubuque, are proud of the Old Man. . . .

Mr. Percy Grainger, of Australia and White Plains, made promising début. . . . Broadcasting. . . . Mr. Bernard Baruch, among others, went to Kentucky Derby, not without some difficulty. . . . One day during the week of departure he confided to a friend, not without petulance, that he, Mr. Baruch, faced a trying problem. . . . "The Kentucky Derby is being held Saturday," complained Mr. Baruch, "and I don't know what to do. Would you believe that there's not a private railway car to be had in the country?" . . . Thus does life play mean pranks. . . .

Gone home are Sir Eric Geddes, one of Britain's

baronets of industry. . . . Mr. George Birse, business manager of Chauve Souris, and Mrs. Birse. . . . Also, several members of the company. . . . Alan Dale, dramatic critic, was on the same boat. . . . No casualties occurred during voyage, however. . . .



Three new theatres planned, on Eighth Avenue, and, just east, on Forty-fifth Street. . . . Thus, considering the two others to be erected on Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth, does the theatrical district expand east and west, instead of northward, as formerly. . . . Mayor Hylan is reported, in paraphrase of Miss Sophie Tucker's famous *mot*, up to his neck in Sinnotts. . . . The

Irwin, apartment house for bachelor girls, opened lately. . . . Proposal to christen it "The Lucy," after Miss Stone, frowned upon for obvious reasons. . . .

Marc Connelly's dime, returned with Mayor Hylan's deepest indignation, is being held in trust against the owner's return from Europe. . . . About the incident, articles appeared in the local periodical press. . . . Thus, in Mayor Hylan's letter, "As the *Herald Tribune* states in its reprint of an article in some magazine." . . . And in the *World*, "Mayor Hylan became indignant over publicity given in a local weekly periodical." . . . Thanks for the publicity, gentlemen.—*The New Yorkers*

## Supper Club Lights

### *Phyllis*

The water tumbled to the glass's brim,  
Stained to a faded amber.  
Solemn she drank, and spoke,  
"You know," she mused . . .  
To me, or to the glass? . . .  
"You know love cannot be bought or sold,  
But this is an age which traffics  
In 'something just as good.'"

### *Hester*

She was enraptured of the dance,  
Young, lovely; and her form  
Swayed with the muted measures of the band.  
She bent, ecstatic, as some lithe, gay bush  
Yields to the wind's advances in the May.  
Her eyes half closed.  
The mad musicians stopped,  
Gaining their breaths against a new assault  
Of sound barbaric.  
She spoke, "I love to dance."  
I said, "Me, too. But I cannot afford it—  
Often."  
Her gaze surveyed a table where a man,  
Fat, oily, squat and filthily content,  
Sat leering at the chair she left,  
To which she neared return.  
She spoke again, with bitter emphasis,

"Damn these covert charges."  
The mad musicians woke  
Tumultuous noise.

### *Grace*

"Blackmail?" she echoed, softly,  
Caressing the word that badged the way she  
lived.  
"It's something men must pay  
To save their wives the hurt  
Of having to admit they know."

### *Edith*

She was so silent.  
Through three encoored dances not a word;  
Her eyes unchanging and a far-off smile  
Draped on the pensive curving of her lips.  
Throughout a waltz, a thing of beauties dead,  
She sighed, deep, soulful.  
I wondered as the courtly measures spent  
What was the deep emotion that she hid.  
A lover lost; a moment's madness done;  
A joy rich purchased with a wealth of pain;  
What was the anguished secret that she held  
So precious? . . .  
She whispered, in a sudden confidence,  
"My feet hurt like the devil."

—James Kevin McGuinness

# HUSBANDS, AN APPRECIATION

A HUSBAND is a man who is misunderstood by one woman. He may be lots of other things besides—but all husbands can be defined in this way and I know it must be true, because every husband I have ever known has told me so.

Now husbands, I think, have been too long neglected. That is why I am writing this article about them. For from what they say I know their life is a hard one and each year I strive to understand more and more of them so that every day I may make them better and better husbands.

"Wait until you get one of your own," married women often say to me, "and you will see then."

I have sometimes thought I would and study him very closely, but a woman who is a friend of mine and has had four discouraged me.

"It is easier to understand some one else's husband," she said. "Somehow getting too close to one of your own spoils your point of view. See what bad luck I have had with mine."

"That is true," I admitted, "and I always thought you were such a good judge of men."

"I am," she answered. "I have made only four mistakes in my life but—I married those. . . . No, if you want to understand them don't marry one. If you did it would only cramp his style. Lots of marriages are all broken up by trying too hard to understand them. I think most happily married men are happily misunderstood."

I think she is very cynical for all the husbands I have ever known have always longed to be understood and are all very hopeful and forgiving about it.

Husbands are naturally candid. They really hate to lie the way they are sometimes forced to through their wives' tactless habits of asking questions. I have noticed when they phone from my apartment that they are "working late in the office"; how the most sensitive ones speak in a gruff final way, hoping to get off the wire before they are forced to tell untruths; and how the forceful ones speak gently to their wives, trusting a soft answer will turn away—more questions. Husbands hate lies so much themselves that they believe almost anything you tell them, and I have marvelled how any man who has lived with one woman can be so deceived by another.



*Acrobatic*



*Helpless*

Husbands, I think, must be very subconscious. They follow their own line of thought through deep hidden channels and pop out at you in unexpected places. I have sometimes been talking to a new husband (i. e., one new to me) about nothing more sentimental than the value of proteids when he has walked over to where I sat, grasped me firmly by the shoulder and looking at me compellingly, said, "Kiss me—kiss me!"

I was so surprised the first time I only stammered, "What for?" That husband was very cross with me, but now I know how subconscious they are. Their minds are like little moles. His had started to tunnel the afternoon I first told him I would give him tea in my apartment and had come out at the conclusion he wanted to draw.

I asked one husband who was more analytical than the others why they were so sudden and he said every married man knew that it was fatal to lead up to anything you wanted to get from a woman. Your only chance was the surprise method—to do it quick! These I call the acrobatic husbands because they leap to conclusions. I think these husbands must be very much misunderstood by their wives, don't you?

There is one thing all husbands never do—at least all mine who belong to some one else. They never try to reform you. This is very restful. Bachelors are so critical, they don't care how they tell you what is wrong with you, but husbands are soothing and say kind things.

There is another thing they never do: handy jobs about the house. I have never known even the newest husband to admit that he can use his hands in the way you want him to. He always has some good reason why not; sore thumbs, crooked eyes, no sense of proportion, or another engagement. It is really very lucky that fate has married all the husbands and left all the bachelors to do these things for themselves.

Would you like to hear about some of my types of

husbands? To begin with, there is the "incidental husband." He is usually a prominent business man. He calls you up on the phone in a breezy voice about 12:45 for luncheon at one o'clock.

"Just an hour of you in between important engagements," he says, flies up for you in a taxi, snatches a squeeze of your elbow on the way out (this type likes elbows), puts you through luncheon with dexterous speed and lands you home a minute before two and his next appointment. I am sure his wife is like a well-baked potato and you are the dash of paprika on top.

The helpless husband I met at a tea. He had a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of cake in the other when I came up and offered him a sandwich. He wanted it awfully and looked at it longingly, but did not know how to get it, so I solved the problem by putting it into his mouth for him. Since then he comes to me whenever his wife mislays him, which happens quite often and I get a frantic phone from him.

"I don't remember the address Jean gave me to meet her at. I don't know if it was Sixth-fourth or Forty-sixth Street. What shall I do?"

Or from her, for she likes me a lot and checks him in, so to speak, with me when she is not using him. She is rather violent and uses strong language so her phone is like this:

"Hello!!! Is that damn fool Bert there? No? Well, please keep him if he comes."

Her husband confided to me once that his wife was "one series of explosions," but I know he really loves her and would not change her.

The Doggy Husband is almost my nicest. He is so friendly and believing—just as our puppy was. He always meets me so gladly and leaves so regretfully, turning his back on gay parties in town and heading for home and all it does not hold for him uncomplainingly. I soon found out, not by anything he ever said, but by sudden wincing that his wife was a nagger. I can remember now when he said good-bye, it was wistfully like the nice collie dog who goes with you in a friendly way along the road until he reaches what he knows is the end of his beat, then stops, wags his tail and follows you with longing eyes.—I do not

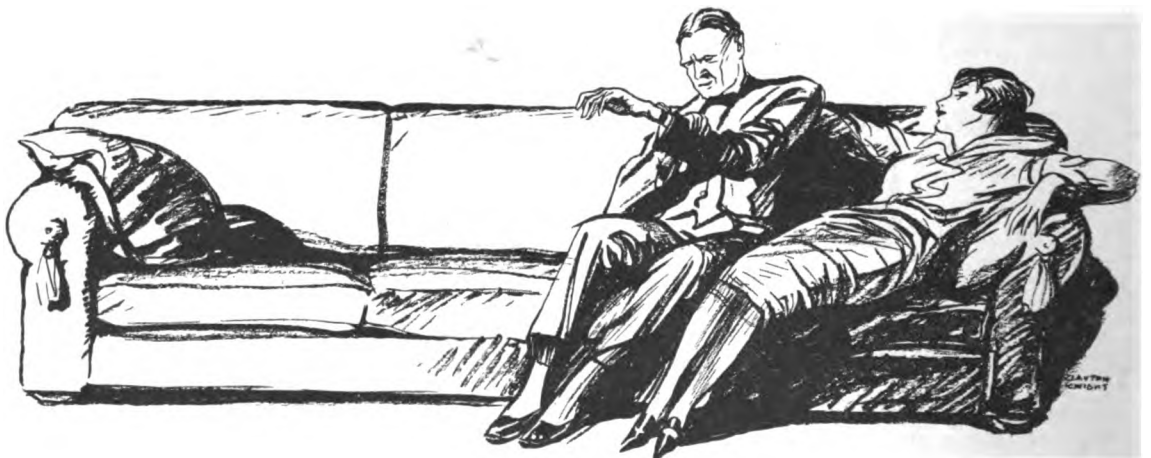
like my Doggy Husband's wife so awfully much.

It was the Doggy one who brought me his friend, the Irresistible one. He had told me so often about his many victims and his deadly charm. I was prepared for thrills, at least. Here was a faithless fascinator. He asked to come again and when he came I had candles and firelight and poked up my jessamine cushions to stir up an alluring scent so that I might do my bit. He opened conventionally as most husbands do. First they talk about themselves, then they show you their children's pictures and if they have none, their new ties, socks, etc. When he left he held my hand and gazed at me compellingly until I told him I did not like to look at him so close to the end of my nose.

The second time he said very little, leaving long dangerous silences, in which he gazed at me still more compellingly and made no effort to help my conversational crawl.—Anyhow, whether it was the dim candles, the flickering firelight, or the dying jessamine cushion, he flared up, as they say in the movies, into a white heat of passion one night. I could feel myself slipping delightfully down, down, down—it was delicious. My cynical remarks about life had been stopped on my lips by passionate kisses. It was going to be the moment of my life when—suddenly—he dropped me, made a dive for his watch, glared at the time, said, "Good Lord! I can just catch that last train out," snatched his hat and coat and without one backward glance, he vanished.

He proved to be the most domestic of them all, for somehow in the moments of greatest abandon he was still metered by trains and time tables and the wife who was waiting for him. But we got to be great pals and I know his wife must be a good sport and that she has a sense of humor, and I changed his name to the Metered One.

These are only a few types of husbands. Some I know and many I don't know and I want to know them all. I am not clever nor beautiful nor a vampire. Any wife can trust her husband to me and I will return him in the same condition in which I got him. For I like all Husbands—God Bless them—they are all nice and I like to feel they are making some other woman happy.—Susan Simple, Spinster



*The Irresistible Husband is Renamed "The Metered One"*



## Funny-Legs

**T**HIS fragile little man who has shaken the wide world with laughter looks at himself and feels he is a greater joke—a less merry and more wistful—than any he has concocted. There was, for instance, a certain night in Paris. That town's leading theatrical producer, aware no doubt that there was nothing on the stage worth showing, took Charlie to the Cirque Médrano. When Chaplin, flanked by his friends, slipped into his seat in the first ringside row, the brothers Fratellini were cavorting in the sawdust. They held the funnel-shaped house focussed on themselves. It was hard to say if anyone had remarked Chaplin's entrance.

But the finish of the Fratellini act was the signal for intermission. The high-tiered human monster, suddenly shouting *Charlot!* with a thousand throats, avalanched down upon a single spot at the arena rail, where a little man in a dapper dinner coat sat blinking. He was engulfed, and lost. A score of *gendarmes* broke into the delirious maze of men and women, pressing on Chaplin as if they were hungry to devour him. The police found him, formed a phalanx about the little man and he was shuttled out into the Place Pigalle.

But the cry *Charlot!* had got there first. The square, the boulevards that lead to it, turned into a magnetized mob; thousands came pouring, pushing, shouting. Men touched him; women tried to kiss him.

At last, with his London-tailored garments reduced to the state of a rummage sale in the Bronx, Charlie was swept into a strategic taxi. And as the car manoeuvred him into a side street and the voice of Paris shouting *Charlot!* dimmed, he shook himself; he smoothed his hat; and he said:

"It's all—*nothing!* It's all—a *joke!* It can all be explained, I tell you. It's all—*nothing.*"

But this was no Olympian above the mob and the battle. Chaplin knows "it" is not nothing. But—

what is "it"? Chaplin knows "it" can be explained—but who to explain it? Such questions as these have greyed the hair of this most beloved man of all the world—who is thirty-six years old. Take "it" away, for instance—this magical popularity; dim it even for an hour, and Charlie's latest melancholy flames into hysteric rage. I recall a breakfast, one morning after

a night of talk, in a small "box" of Greenwich Village. The waiters and the early guests did not recognize Charlie Chaplin. He was fretful, and then furious.

"I'm going home," he said.

"Do you want a taxi?"

"One taxi? Call me twelve! I'll go home in twelve taxis. The first I'll ride in. The others will be my escort."

And then he laughed at himself. When he got home, doubtless he fell asleep. For he'd been up all night, this popular god of the films, talking Schopenhauer and Spinoza. When he awoke that evening in time for dinner, having broken ten engagements in the way of his sleep, the first question in his mind may well have been: "What does *it* all mean? Why has this thing just happened to me—to Charles Spencer Chaplin? *What is it?*"

He thinks of the days not so long ago, when he was a \$25 importation of Mack Sennett. He saw "it" coming on him, as he ate his chile con carne with the other hams in the Los Angeles lunch wagons. Eyes dwelt on him as he entered, hard with inquiry, glazed with

an acceptance of apartness. Silence grew manifest in groups as he passed. "*They have been talking about me!*" At last he heard: the reports were coming in, from Everett, Washington; from Shreveport, Louisiana; from Mitchell, Indiana; from Bradentown, Florida; from Penobscot, Maine. "Send us another picture with that there Funny-legs. When Funny-legs—what the hell is his name?—is in the comedy, there's a crowd and a glad hand."

From a thousand silent towns, a misty murmur



Charlie Chaplin

gathered and moved up on the studio city. Until there it was, in the handshake of managers, in the proffered hands of producers, holding contracts for many dollars—and for many years. The Whitechapel lad who had been a dud, singing in the music halls of England, and who knew the smell of sordid lodging rooms from Brummagem to Montmartre, shook his head, and refused to sign.

"I don't know," he said. "I may retire. I may study Sanskrit. I have always been interested in Sanskrit, you know."

Was that fear—was that despair in the managerial eye?

"What is it?" he asked himself. "I must look out. There's something *they* don't even understand."

He has not yet found out. And this is the pity of Chaplin. The gods seem to be playing a sort of serial joke on him. And he's always behind: he's never yet caught up. The mob . . . the fortune . . . the fame . . . the intellectuals of New York and Paris turning his stunts into logarithmic mazes as if he were Einstein . . . the great of the earth . . . mysterious, hungry women. What sort of a game is this, any way? Why do the rotten-teethed thousands of London weep and bash their fists in their faces when he comes to town? Why do the Frenchmen speak of Pan and Dionysius—and give him decorations?

"I'll find out," says Chaplin. He has not found out. But he has become a self-doubting, melancholy, haunted man—oscillant between gaiety and despair.

"I thought I knew what I was doing. I studied hard the technique of laughter-getting. I know now I never knew what I did. Really, I must start to learn the art of the motion picture. I must start. . ."

But in the meanwhile (and here's the pity), he must go on. He is caught in a vast machine which he has created and which he does not run. How can you go on, and start, at the same time?

A man with eyes met Charlie for the first time some years ago. They went to the Beaux Arts for lunch. Both of them were busy men and had a day studded with dates. They forgot. They talked, they walked, they dined, they went on talking. Finally, they breakfasted together. Here is the way the man with eyes saw Chaplin:

"The man I lunched with was the traditional comedian, shrewd and dapper. Later in the park, he was a boy—sentimental, vaguely mystical. As we walked sordid streets, he was an ironist. He was hard and ruthless. At that moment, I began to love him. I

realized that he was above the common run of pity. Later when he spoke of his childhood, I knew that he was capable of compassion—a strong compassion, analytically grained. We sat in the shielded glow of a single lamp whose shadows were thick on walls of books; and I found a gentleman beside me: a strict conservator of the high place in the world that was his own. The critic disappeared by midnight; there was a gamin; there was a mad man. A mad sensualist emerged, sadistic, yet possessed of a cruel love of checking himself back into intelligence. At 3 A. M. he was a wistful, bewildered lad of the East End. If words of the Kabala had come from his hard mouth, I should not have wondered. He seemed a Jew. And then a young emperor with bacchic vine-leaves in his tumbled hair. . . . He was never a fool. . . ."

Charlie Chaplin's secret is that he has created for himself a mask in which all this gamut lives. What a strange mask it is: a bit of a moustache, a bit of a cane, baggy trousers, flapping shoes. Yet it has satisfied the world, from China to Paris. It has failed in but a single way—a cruel one: for it has failed to satisfy its maker.

It has plunged him into a world of wonder: a world of almost grandiose elements which he confronts with his sweet childish question. It has given him no answer.

He seeks his answer wistfully. There are women, for instance. Charlie is tender and innately fine with women. This explanation of *what he is*—will not some woman give it with her love? It is a fact that more than one girl, who has taken from this bewildered boy the dross of his gold, had she had it in her, might have given him to himself. . . . If not there, perhaps the intellectuals can prove him to himself? Charlie's quests equilibrate each other; and leave him as will-less as a Russian romantic, in the quicksands of Los Angeles: lost in a world of which he is the king, and which he does not love and which distrusts him, knowing him different from it.

He goes on seeking. And his quest slows his work, sicklies the pure lyricism of his art with a pale cast of thought.

Creams tarts do not fly so swift from a meditant hand; nor a body dart so agile from the pursuing officer, when the mind within is on another hunt.

Is it all a mirage—this power and this fame of Charlie Chaplin? Will there be naught at the end, but the unceasing pain of the unceasing question.

—Searchlight



# A STUDY IN FRACTIONS



Y the fraction of a second I missed the train at the Grand Central Terminal for Bedford Hills and I was obliged to wait an hour, several minutes, a few seconds and a small part of another second for the next train.

It was the first time that the rigorous determinism of fractions in the conduct of life became fully realizable to me. I wandered to a high stool at the station lunch counter and drank a cup of coffee and discoursed with myself about the tragedy of fractions of the common and decimal varieties.

When I saw a Boy Scout master in uniform enter the lunch room, my thoughts received added stimulus as I gazed at this man who reminded me so much of  $\frac{8}{11}$ . His long thin waist, his wide hips and his long slender legs had a most fractional stiffness and contour. He passed near my stool.

"Do you understand fractions?" I pleaded.

He stopped, happy to find one in the great city who spoke his native tongue, but, grasping the quality of my question, he distorted his fractional form to a pose preparatory to flight that would most certainly have confused his denominator with his numerator. I arrested his escape with a challenge.

"Have fractions a biblical warrant for existence? I'll wager you don't know the exact dimensions of Moses's staff with which he smote the rock."

"I was always good at fractions," he replied. I didn't understand why  $\frac{8}{11}$  should tell me this, but I excused it as a lie one indulges in upon meeting strangers in railway stations.

"I have met a tragic, fractional disaster," I insisted. "I was to go to Bedford Hills on the train that pulled out of here exactly at nine-ten and three-fifths of a second. I reached the station one-twentieth of a second too late, and now I am obliged to remain in this stuffy restaurant and drink one and three-fifths quarts of coffee while I listen to these people around me lying about their wives, the league of nations and all the illnesses they have experienced."

"Yes, fractions are important. Very,"  $\frac{8}{11}$  agreed with himself.

This repetition of a conviction that I was forming annoyed me, because I hated the idea of a fraction suddenly becoming as important as napkins, turnbuckles, adding machines and demountable rims. There seemed to be a sufficiency of important things.

"Life is important,"  $\frac{8}{11}$  said before I could interrupt, "but fractions sometimes make it carry a greater value. Of course, one must never be carried away by a single idea. I've always said that religion can do that very thing. Fractions can take hold of a man's soul and make him neglect his faith. Indeed, one may have faith in fractions. One should. But, then again, there are times when faith may be misplaced, even in the exact truthfulness of a fraction.

"They built a bridge once at Karaway. Karaway is a strange town. Have you ever been there? I have *lots* of times. This bridge was three and five-sixteenths miles long. It took one year, seven months, nine days, four hours, thirteen minutes, sixteen seconds, and four-fifths of a second to bring it to the point where the great tragedy occurred.

"Karaway folk are a holiday sort of people. They have many churches there and a great number of gatherings where the folks indulge in simple, sweet things that are good for the soul in this sordid age.

"When the main part of the bridge on each side of the river was finished, they brought the middle span down the river on boats and set it in place. The river is not very deep, but in the middle, where they put the new span, it *is* deep. Yes, it is deep there. *Very* deep. People have perished there. In winter it is frozen over, and then people perish there, too.

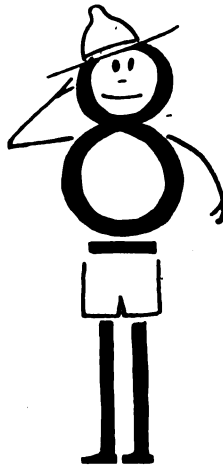
"It was one of those days when the holiday spirit takes hold of a people and brings them nearer the Kingdom of Heaven. At each end of the bridge there were groups of Karaway and Lington folk in their holiday regalia, awaiting the time when the span should be put in place so that they could rush across the bridge. And, lucky was he who should cross the bridge first, for to him the citizens of Karaway would give a beautiful silver-mounted walking stick. Even dogs strained at their leashes ready to dash across. Of course a dog could not win the walking stick.

"At last the span was in place. A hundred or more workmen set the bolts in place as they clambered around the structure like monkeys in their most playful moments. Flags were flying, whistles blew and from afar came the tocsin resounding gloriously from the tall, gilded spire of Saint Pzrylm, the martyr. Dogs barked and children sucked on sticks of candy as they watched the boats below."

"But, wait," I interrupted. "What has this epic got to do with fractions? At this moment there is nothing in the world that concerns me more than the secret of the fraction. If you hold this secret in your soul, release it so that my inflamed brain may be restored to less cumbersome thoughts, and so I shan't miss the next train by a fraction."

"I see, you have all the impatience of one who knows not the peace of the soul found only in your Father in Heaven. The lily holds the secret of the fraction! The pagan Greeks, although they came near to its discovery, failed because The Spirit was not within them.

"Just before the bolts were tightened, there arose a sound as if Heaven itself had been shaken at its foundations. Then stillness reigned. The bridge shuddered. The people at either end were becoming impatient. The sound reached them and they stayed their breathing in expectancy. Then the bridge swerved a bit in the middle and the central span tore free from its bolts and sank to the bed of the river in



the deep channel. Very deep. With a hundred souls upon it, struggling for that short moment each human cries for to meet death with a cleansed soul.

"The whistles still blew, the bells still rang, and children let their sticks of candy fall into the river and upon the ground where the dogs came and ate them. Karaway children love their barley candy and the dogs no less. Children eating candy have been attacked by Karaway dogs. My mother was born in Karaway. I think I told you that. That's how I was there visiting her in the town when the tragedy occurred.

"But, the noises ceased soon when the news flew about that we were in the presence of death. We bowed our heads in reverence and offered a silent prayer as a few policemen went out in boats. When the survivors were landed, we offered another prayer and went back to a sad city."

"But, fractions, fractions. What about them?"  
 $\frac{8}{11}$  had me quadratically puzzled.

"It was discovered later. You know how things happen. They investigated as they should have. Everyone was asked about it who had anything to do with it. It took many days; and then they found that in calculating the stresses of the structural steel

a great oversight had occurred. The headquarters of the construction company was at the capital, Torpus. There was a man working there on the engineering staff who had been so avaricious that he had neglected his religious practices. He had not been to church in several years. He was a man about five feet, five and seven-sixteenths inches tall, yet he wore a collar sixteen and one-quarter inches, for which he was rather well-known in Torpus. He had done the calculating; and had undutifully failed to carry out one fraction to eight places instead of three. He got .006 whereas he should have got .00637821. The error repeated itself in the remainder of his work, so the span was too ponderous for the structure.

"Yes, faith can be placed safely in the ways of the Lord his wonder to perform. I know a case of a surgeon who was noted all over Novia for his splendid operations——"

I promptly bade  $\frac{8}{11}$  good-bye. I had three-fifths of a second to catch my train.

He ran after me to the gate as he continued his new thesis.

"He knew just where each ligament and artery was to be found in the human anatomy, but even the calculations he——." —Marshall D. Beuick



## The Power of Satire

### *The Poet Invokes the Muse:*

Sweet Muse of Lyric Poesy,  
 I've done a lot for you;  
 You ought to do the same for me—  
 My rent, I find, is due.  
 So pray inspire my feeble pen  
 To earn the needful fifty yen.

### *The Muse Replies:*

Well, I must say you have a gall  
 To dun me for the rent!  
 Go on! let's see you hit the ball  
 And don't be impudent!  
 I'll help good guys like Johnny Keats  
 But tramps like you can earn their eats!

### *The Poet Retorts:*

Oh, is that so? Yeah? Is THAAAT so?  
 A tramp, hey? Just like that?  
 Well, just for that I'm going to show  
 I'm not a mental gnat!  
 I've done without your help before;  
 I guess I can for one time more.

### *Whereupon the Poet Knits His Brow and Produces the Following:*

In ancient times a satirist  
 Named O. McKelvie Cray  
 Ground out a pessimistic grist  
 Of comment every day  
 (Sometimes in prose, sometimes in  
 rime)  
 Upon the topics of the time.

He mocked both House and Senate and  
 He snickered at the laws.  
 He thumbed, with oscillating hand,  
 His nose at human flaws.  
 He jeered the dries and flayed the wets  
 With epigrams and epithets.

He scored the painters of the hour,  
 Deploring their technique;  
 O'er Actor Smith poured verbal flour;  
 Proved Scrybler's novels weak.  
 In short, he sicced his mordant mind  
 On everything that he could find.

Bitter and bitterer grew his wit  
 At deeds of mortal mold.  
 It knew no fault too small to hit,  
 No man too big to scold.  
 Until so feared became its sting  
 That no one would do anything!

The authors ceased their books to write,  
 The actors ceased to act,  
 The pugilists refused to fight,  
 The factories to fact.  
 Art was afraid to rear its head  
 And industry became stone dead.

But Fate has, as perhaps you know,  
 Its own peculiar way  
 Of evening matters up; and so  
 It proved with Mr. Cray.  
 He'd knocked the world so cockeyed  
 out  
 He'd nothing left to scoff about!

He'd carped till not a thing remained  
 On which to spend his breath  
 And, from his life work thus restrained,  
 He quickly starved to death.  
 The whole world sighed relievedly,  
 then  
 Instantly started up again.

From Cray's satiric comment free,  
 The industries and arts  
 Awakened from their lethargy  
 And once more played their parts,  
 Assured that unimportant slips  
 No more would earn sarcastic quips.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Ye satirists, from what's been said  
 Absorb this lesson true:  
 If on the worm too oft ye tread  
 It may run out on you.  
 Your fellow men are sensitive!  
 Live and, as someone's said, let live.

### *The Poet to the Muse:*

You thought I'd need assistance, hey?  
 Well, gal, you pulled a bone!  
 You thought I couldn't get away  
 With anything alone.  
 Well, con my yarn; it's got the kick!  
 Laugh that one off!

### *The Muse Replies:*

You make me sick!

—Baron Ireland





WE have had Music Week, but the most important event of the seven days consecrated to this department was a concert which had no relation to the musical chamber of commerce's rites of Spring. It was the second recital of John Coates, the English tenor, of whom we held forth riotously not so long ago. Mr. Coates sang a reasonably conventional program for his second apparition—presumably to convince the experts who greeted him as a specialist in old English tunes, and if he didn't convince them, they're beyond conviction. The program was a masterwork of construction and Mr. Coates demonstrated what we had suspected: that as a vocalist and interpreter he has no better.

Mr. Coates's artistry may have led our ears astray, but it seems to us that the best song writing of our time is being done in England. The younger crop of British songsmiths can write tunes (if you think that's easy, try it!), they harmonize boldly but unaffectedly and they exhibit remarkable discrimination in the selection of texts. Take Arnold Bax, Peter Warlock, Charles Armstrong Gibbs, John Ireland, Thomas Dunhill, Graham Peel, Martin Shaw, Balfour Gardiner, Arthur Somervell, and what, as Sam Hoffenstein entreats, do you get? A first-rate program of songs.

There is prime adventure ahead for the seat fillers who are willing to take a short journey to strange alleys. About this time, says the almanack, look for evanescent operatic troupes in and about the lower East Side. Here you may encounter wealthy young sopranos who have found a persuasive impresario, screaming the flute-chaperoned mad scene through a tentative orchestra and a ubiquitous augmented chorus of twelve in a truncated version of "Lucia." Here you may find the whilom favorites of provincial Italian opera houses roaring "La donna e mobile," and choristers from the Metropolitan's rear rank breathing hard as *Rigoletto* and *Tomio*. Here you may discover industrious conductors announced as "Cav.," "Sig.," and "Mo." The last two, in passing, are not prohibition agents; they are operatic shorthand for Signor and

Mæstro. And here are wily managers who hold the curtain until the dollar that insures the payment of fees passes across the box-office window. These performances take place with little advance announcement and when that last dollar doesn't arrive, they disappear just as quietly, but if report of any reaches this department, we shall broadcast the glad tidings at our next session before this microphone.

Speaking of microphones, have you ever read the radio reviews which sparkle in some of our hodiernals? You could get a pretty good musical education from a persistent perusal of the informative quips which the Lawrence Gilmans of the air dispense. One of them, for instance, inveighed against the too frequent sing-

ings of "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," and suggested as a novelty "The Lost Chord." Another ethereal Olin Downes was captivated by a hearing of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the only defect in his critique being that the Scherzo had been eliminated by the broadcasting orchestra in favor of Cesar Franck's *Minor* symphony. One fancies that editors sometimes set an announcer to catch an announcer.



"—Evanescent Operatic Troupes . . ."

"Now, hold on!" cries one who has learned about sopranos from the radio columns. "It's all very well for you to pick on our own Ernest Newmans, but could you do any better?"

We quiver before the implication, but we accept the gage which we dropped ourselves, you clever fellow! Next week, ladies and gentlemen of the invisible audience, we shall take some broadcasting studio seriously.

Something should be said of the work of the ushers in our concert halls this season. The most determined exhibition of ushering took place at the International Information Service concert at Town Hall a few days ago, when an amateur corps of guides insisted on parking the critics in the seats for which they held tickets rather than permitting them to follow their custom of roosting in the empty aisle seats in the rear.



## GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*A Gilbert and Sullivan Resurrection and Remortification at the Shubert Theatre*

**H**ERE the "Princess Ida" has been disporting herself musically if not too gayly, in a score that is Sullivan at his top-notch. We have with us, top row, a chorus lady, who will have to be nameless, all fixed up for a battle; Mr. Newbold, as *King Gama*; Mr. Peacock, as *Florian*, and Miss Mershon, as *Blanche*. Middle row, Miss Kosta, as *Princess Ida*; a scene from the second act showing Miss O'Brien, as *Psyche*, enter-

taining a horrid doubt concerning the new lady pupils, who are no others than Mr. Peacock, Mr. Frasier and Mr. Welsh; and Mr. Poppen, as *Hildebrand*.

In the bottom row, Miss Whiteside, as *Melissa*; Mr. Frasier, Mr. Welsh and Mr. Peacock about to crash into a ladies' seminary; and two picked beauties from the chorus.

—W. E. Hill



"Why should the living weep for the dead?  
And why not weep for themselves instead?"

—Samuel Hoffenstein

#### OBIT

**T**HERE was "Flesh," which left this life a week ago Saturday.

"Flesh" was played, for the most part, in the workshop of a street walker. Complications ensued when a young woman of good, or goodish, family, overhearing her betrothed in evil chit-chat with the street walker, asked her for the lend of her room for the night. And so, in full view of the audience, the moral young woman took off her clothes and went to bed, wearing a little more, however, than an Eskimo off for the Pole.

The big scene—let this serve as a notation for the permanent record—had to do with a big, brave, true man who was beating up a cad who was assaulting the virgin when he stopped himself and the show by remarking:

"Women are a strange mixture all right, but you'll have to admit they're the mothers of the race."

And now, if you'll light up that old Muriel and throw another log on the fire, what with Spring being such a bust too, we'll tell you all about "His Queen," at the Hudson.

Well, it seems that along about the middle of the first act Francine Larrimore suddenly turns Queen. She's a nice little girl in Yonkers and she has just married a competent floor-walker when in walks an ambassador with a red seal to tell her her father was really the Long Lost Dauphin of Phyrricos. You could have knocked her over with a mouth-wash.

But, all the same, it's ho! for Phyrricos. And who should be the local Trotzky, do you suppose, but Robert Warwick, with a khaki shirt with an open collar?

A queen, let us tell you, is just a woman like every other woman, queen or no queen, and before long—about half way through the third act, to be exact—the queen and Warwick realize that love has entered their lives. But a husband, it will be remembered, entered the queen's life even a little

before that, and so there's no way out but to have a fourth act.

A good deal of cleaning up is done in the fourth act. The husband is shot early, en route to the palace, and some of the wise critical talent started up the aisle. However, the author would have his little joke and so the queen, too, is killed, by a bullet meant for Warwick.

All persons asking this department to become King of Phyrricos will be treated as slightly insane and laughed out of the house.

Miss Margot Kelly is the leading actress of "The Loves of Lulu" and the Broadway gossips insist that she arranged for its production. And thus there is for some of us at least a slight crumb of satisfaction in the circumstance that rapid box-office disaster is about to punish the insolence of an actress who has taken this sensitive tragedy and had it staged for what must be called a personal vehicle. Staged, too, with a knife and fork.

Miss Kelly has assembled and caused to be rehearsed an uninspired collection of players who very obviously would now be playing in "Flesh" or "His Queen" if they hadn't happened to be at home when the casting director for "The Loves of Lulu" phoned. If any of them, except Ulrich Haupt, have the slightest idea that "The Loves of Lulu" is anything but physical sophistry, they have kept their secret and it will go to their graves with them. The play might be a moving picture, for all of them and their director.

Mr. Haupt is a capable director, who knows more about the technique of appearing in public upon the stage than nine-tenths the membership list of the Lambs' Club. He has, unfortunately, an accent that has become associated in the American mind with the notion of burlesque, like William Jennings Bryan and Imogene Wilson and King George's speeches from the throne. Wherefore, when Mr. Haupt, with all the correctness in the world, attempts to carry the tragic burden of Wedekind's mad, bitter, disillusioned philosophy, the effect is like that of Nat Wills reading a telegram.

"Why should the living weep . . . ?"

### The New Plays

**THE LOVES OF LULU.** *At the Forty-ninth Street. Wedekind played for farce values, perhaps unintentionally.*

**HIS QUEEN.** *At the Hudson. Francine Larrimore, in "From Yonkers to Phyrricos," the first the town of that name, the second a kingdom in McCutcheon Land.*

**A BIT O' LOVE.** *At the Forty-eighth Street. A production, for special matinees, of a Galsworthy play of no particular consequence.*

**THE BRIDE RETIRES.** *At the National. Translated—O Boy!—from the French.*



BOXHOLDERS: MAYOR E

**T**HE city of Athens alleviated a housing shortage by taking over the golden horseshoe of the National Opera House of Greece for refugees. Aroused by President Coolidge's plea for economy, *THE NEW YORKER* learns, Mayor Hylan's Committee for the Advancement of Civilization has seized on this idea and has taken over the Metropolitan (previously a dead loss during the summer) and will continue to operate it during the months of June, July, August etc. Our artist has sketched a section of the horseshoe.

## Parterre Boxes

61—Mr. Max Brodsky (Notary Public, Real Estate, Ice, Coal & Wood, Genuine Hartz Mountain Canaries etc.).

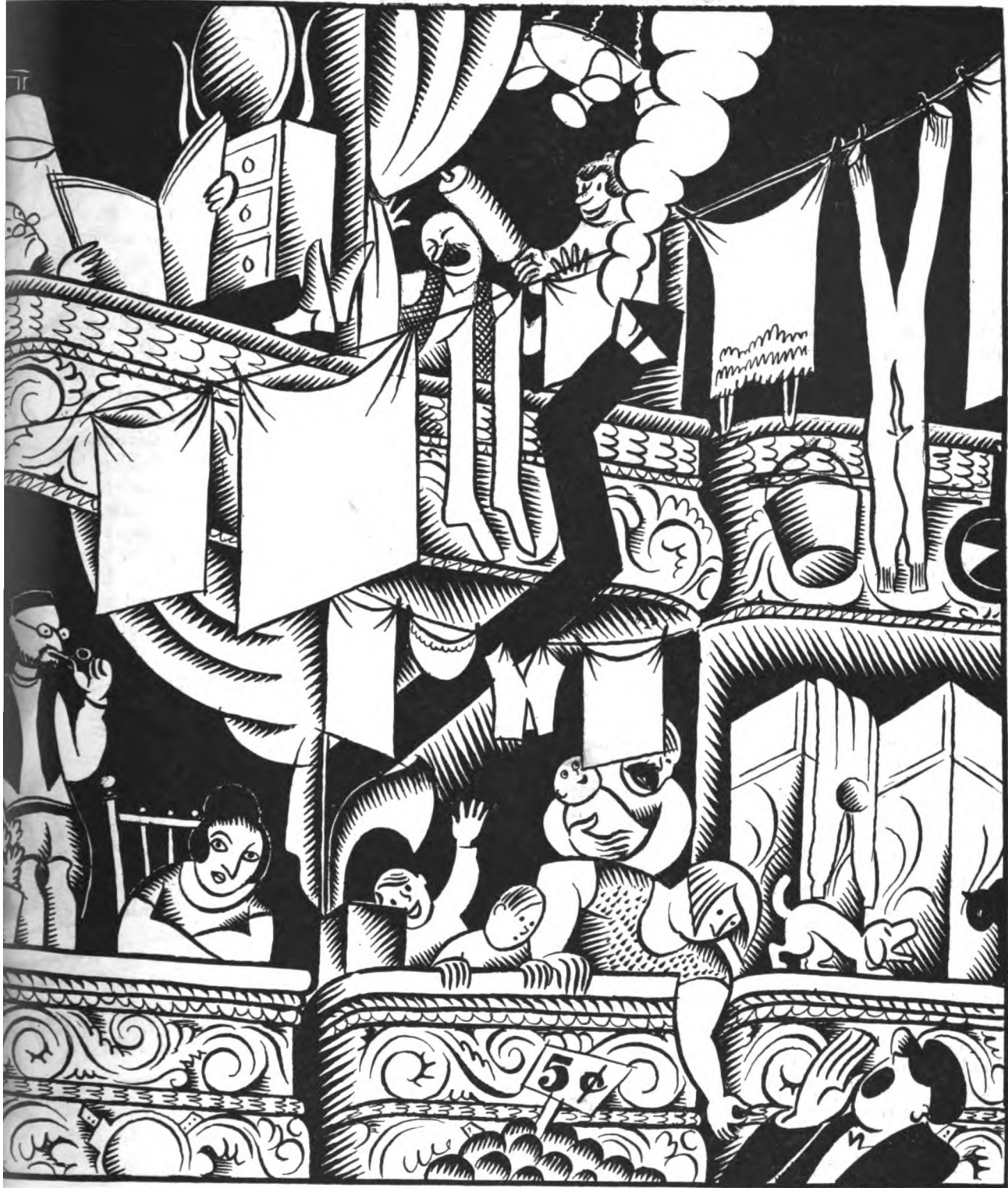
62—City of Yonkers

63—Mr. Herman, Snf. alias Mr. Harold Vandewater, alias "the Dude"

64—Mr. Lionel Macfadden (9 A.M. to 9 P.M. inclusive)

Mrs. L. Macf. (9 P.M. to 9 A.M. inclusive)

65—Estate of L. Wilfred Bszzkioski



**SUMMER SEASON**

**Grand Tier Boxes**

- 36—Mr. Adolph Blurtwielder (alternately)  
 37—Mrs. Cornelius Ponce de Leon  
 Master Egbert Ponce de Leon  
 38—Mr. Sing Hi  
 Mr. Wun Lung (Alternate Wednesdays)  
 39—Mr. Moe Gotawasky  
 Mrs. G.

- 40—Mr. Patrick O'Hanrahan  
 Mrs. Patrick O'Hanrahan  
 Mr. Patrick O'Hanrahan Jr.  
 Master Michael O'Hanrahan  
 Miss Bridget O'Hanrahan  
 Other O'Hanrahans  
 41—Mrs. Trixie d'Lys, Professionals Boarded,  
 No Checks Cashed.



THE business of being a critic and a liking for art do not go well hand in hand. Too often we find that function which substitutes for us as a critical faculty thrown out of balance by mere common sense. There was the case of the Independent show and now the Spring Salon at the Anderson galleries. After all, these people have a right to paint and, according to our own viewpoint, have a right to paint what they want and as they see it. But the minute we tread the gallery floor as a critic we begin to think of form, technique, aesthetic qualities and a lot of other bunk that clogs up self expression.

The Salon contains less shock than did the Independent show. In the first place it is better hung. There is more room and there is better orientation. You can stay on the top floor and avoid most of the wild stuff gathered on the floor below. In that way you can almost imagine you have been at one of the Academy shows. Outside of a few flower pieces there is nothing in the right wing of the exhibit to excite your fancy or imagination. Most of it is the usual stuff, from pictures of dear babies labeled "A Bit of Heaven" to Eve in the garden contemplating a ripe tomato.

In the left wing there is a case of the stuff done by Carl Walters: the horse's head and the Hippopotamus. You see a good deal of his glazed tile work about nowadays; it is like nothing American we know except perhaps Varnum Poor. "Young Girl" by Rudolph Tandler, which once graced Dudensing's walls, we felt one of the best of the Spring Salon. "Circus Horses" by Gladys Dick has an exciting sort of rhythm to it and "Machine Shop" by Bumpei Usui (yes that's a name) is new in a way that does not remind you of every other modern you have seen this year. We liked, too, things by George Ault, Katherine Starr, Henrietta Shore and Teal Messer. See the Spring Salon: it will not make you as mad as the Independent show, it won't give you half the kick or take half as much time.

If only the world were perfect these shows would turn up one hundred per cent genius and we could take the mute from our horn and blow ourselves hoarse. It's a great idea, this spirit of independence and the theories of non-repression. But surely some better system could be devised for the selection of these shows. As it is the threshold seems too low, and too broad. If their wigs and whiskers were snatched off we are sure some of the intruders would be discovered as Academicians in disguise.

An artist whose work is too seldom seen, is showing one of his rare pieces at Scott & Fowles. Alfred Lens, modeler of that Metropolitan piece of Pavlowa as the dragon fly, has a beautiful thing in "Star Dust." The casual witness will doubtless see only the two lovely figures spun out from the whirling sphere. Any one who has knowledge of the intricate prob-

lems of casting can find much to marvel at in "Star Dust." Five moulds were destroyed in the making and the figure took over three years. The piece is of silver, gold and bronze, a combination so difficult to fuse that it is usually avoided. To us, Lens is one of the true geniuses of the century.

In the Montross Gallery last week all the talk was of a nature to set the scene for the exhibit. It was the first day and there were such magic phrases as "And when do you go to East Hampton," or "It's Capri, of course; if you know Capri." And the pictures of Harold Holmes Wrenn fit beautifully into this atmosphere. A young architect from Virginia, they say he is, spending a year abroad with his art. Well-mannered, pretty pictures—an architect's cool appraisal of things with nothing out of plumb or perspective. From the talk we also gathered that many of these sketches would adorn East Hampton walls. They will fit nicely into the talk and decorum and never cause the hostess pain, nor a guest a tilted eyebrow.

The paintings of horses by John Lewis Brown at the Duran-Ruell Galleries are of interest even if you are not paddock-minded. An intimate of Degas and Manet, Brown painted horses as only Degas could when he turned from ballet girls. The twenty-three canvases make an unusual collection and you will doubtless never have the opportunity again of seeing this Frenchman's collected work.

Daniel's Gallery has taken on its summer wear and is showing water colors: Preston Dickinson and John Marin. Dickinson, we feel, is one of our very best. He can give strength to the medium in a way that reconciles you to water colors. And with his pencil and pastels, Dickinson, somehow, can bring beauty and life to the moribund rhythm of a village.

Fools rush in, don't they. It was our week and we might as well make a thorough job of it. Perhaps if fourteen policemen who were keeping a lane open in front of the Cardinal as he sat in state on the Cathedral steps, had not forced us to walk around the block, we might have been in a better mood for art. Came then, not the dawn but a sign in the window of Frank K. M. Rehn, announcing an exhibit of the work of George Luks and Gari Melchers. The show was a great disappointment, unless we learn that the water colors and the pastels are their latest work. These show a feeling and a groping that is so refreshing they might have been done by artists other than the two who have the canvases in the front room. The paintings seem to us to be neither one thing nor the other and a rather doleful selection. A show certainly that can do neither painter good.



# OF ALL THINGS



**N**OW it can be told. All those Unknown Soldiers were Admiral Fiske.

\* \* \*

This has been Busy Week for our sea forces. They have had to defend Hawaii from theoretical Japanese and New Jersey from alleged Scotch.

\* \* \*

As a result of the rum blockade New York reports prices on imported goods rising and a better market for domestic. The Republican administration is protecting home manufacturers from the pauper liquor of Europe.

\* \* \*

The question of whether we ought to lose the Pearl Harbor oil tanks by rust or by lawsuit is quite beyond our depth. In fact, we could scarcely know less about the navy if we were Secretary of it.

\* \* \*

The activities of the Sinnott family strike an untrained observer as an interesting example of relativity.

\* \* \*

The Hotel Netherland is the latest to be closed and the building converted to business purposes. Yet new hotels are constantly being built. Why don't we erect office buildings direct? Is there some law compelling structures to be hotels for a while before they can qualify?

Caillaux hints that France may pay us one hundred million dollars a year on account—provided Germany makes good on reparations. You knew there was a catch in it somewhere.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the French have not as yet had time to think up a slogan for their new war. How about "Treat 'em Riff?"

\* \* \*

Thumbnail theaters are on every hand.

\* \* \*

The Rev. C. E. Wagner includes stepmothers and mothers-in-law in the universal praise of motherhood. Not only is this broad-minded but it saves us from two more of those "days."

\* \* \*

In the words of a *World* headline, "Warden Lawes Says Only Poor Aim Averts More Killings; Raps Chair."

Or, as we say in the vernacular, "knocks wood."

\* \* \*

No doubt it requires a lot of money changing to build "a house of prayer for all the people," but sometimes—speaking excathedral—it sounds like the house that Jack built.

\* \* \*

Lack of charity is another thing that begins at home and consequently the London papers are more angry about Lady Asquith's slurs at America than we are.

"The telephone and the *Literary Digest* are brothers, in that they are both good and useful inventions"—advertisement.

Yes, and another thing—you have to wait a week for your number.

\* \* \*

All most of us can get out of the airplane controversy is a conviction that we'd rather be Wright than be Langley.

\* \* \*

If the President would revise his handshaking schedule downward perhaps he would have time to do the same for the sugar schedule.

\* \* \*

Carla Tresca published a two-line advertisement on birth control in his Italian paper in New York and was sent to jail for a year. President Coolidge, declaring this a gross miscarriage of justice, commuted the sentence to four months.

But even the net was considerable.

\* \* \*

Thomas Midgley, Jr., Vice-President of General Motors, speaking in defense of tetraethyl gasoline said: "If a man spills the stuff on himself, he is fired." This sounds like a dangerous trade.

\* \* \*

Mr. Midgley is the "father of Ethyl gas" and he seems to think there has been too much talk about Ethyl behind her back.—Howard Brubaker



*Sarcastic Actress (to rival who has fallen into coal-hole): When you've finished your turn, dearie, we'll toddle on!*

Yes—Yes!

**Y**OUR money cheerfully refunded.  
Thirty minutes from Manhattan.  
The police are investigating.  
Seven years of progress.  
Original Broadway cast.  
High official source.  
Small cover charge.  
Reduce pleasantly.  
Moderate rentals.  
Curtain at 8:30.  
The gentle sex.  
Final edition.  
Lowest rate.  
Idle rich.  
New-laid.  
Scotch.

—D. D. P.

### Evolution of a Movie Title

**N**OVEL published under the title, "Fifty Hints to Carpenters." Purchased for pictures and assigned working-title of "Take 'Em and Leave 'Em." Director decides it *must* be changed to "Blood and Sawdust." Star threatens to quit if the title is not made "The Empty Chair."

While the picture is being cut, the scenario department finds that the essence of the story is best represented by their new title, "Rough Hewn."

The chief auditor sees the picture in the projection room, has an inspiration, and it is retitled, "Fifty Hints," etc.

Fortunately before it is released, some bright mind discovers that this was the title of the book from which the picture is supposed to be made, which *of course* could not be used, so the sales department rechristens it

"Stained but Sinless," and thus equipped, sends it blithely forth to do battle with the censors.—W. B. C.

### Faces

**T**HE first face I see in the morning is that of our elevator operator . . . stupid and insolent fellow, it spoils my appetite for breakfast.

On the street a veritable sea of repulsive physiognomies surges about me . . . often a telephone booth is my refuge from them.

Our office is filled, with few exceptions, with rotary cog-faces with no teeth to them . . . the exceptions mentioned are too dull to be self-seeking . . . Thank God my position permits of my leaving when I can stand the rank and profile no longer.

My wife's face opposite at dinner, and—Oh Lord!—her mother lived to an over-ripe ninety.

I return from whatever drags me forth of an evening feeling that if I see one more disgusting countenance—never mind the "disgusting"—I'll have hysterics.

Just before retiring, I gaze long and earnestly at myself in the mirror. Lights out, I tumble into bed and reflection brings compensation.

—W. G. H.

### The Straw Hat Salesman

**O**H, but you must remember that all straw hats look a little odd after wearing a stiff hat all winter."

"Yeah, they cer'nly look funny—so flat, after a derby."

"Yes, that's *just* the point, a lower crown gives such a different effect."

"Yeah, a derby or even a soft hat is so much higher that when you put on a straw hat it looks sorta foolish."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, *hardly* foolish. Now *that* hat you have on is very becoming. Sailor straws are always becoming but it takes several days to get used to the lower crowned effect."

"Yeah, that's it. They are hard to get used to. But at first they look so sorta funny."

"Yes, that's due to the fact that you have been wearing a higher crowned hat, a derby or—"

"Yeah, I can see that now. It's the sudden change that makes them look that way."

"Yes, you're right. The change from a high crowned hat makes the sailor seem flat in appearance. Now I'd advise you—"

"Yeah, they cer'nly look funny after a winter hat."

"Yes, they *do* indeed."—C. Knapp

### Twixt the Cup and the Lip

The French investor was not a bold adventurer. He preferred to put his money into Government bonds, at home and abroad, and quietly till his farm or slip his *aperitif*.

—The Times

### 10-Ton Truck Gardening

\$26 GARDEN SEED, \$20.

Curved. Old Italian design in gray or old ivory. Length, 54 inches; height, 19 inches.

—Wanamaker ad in the Times



"Why does she always play by herself?"

"Well, you see, her husband is an optimist. . . ."



From the Book of Etiquette

*How should artichokes be eaten?*

*Remove leaves with fingers, dip each leaf in sauce and convey to the mouth with fingers.*

WE are surely glad to find out what to do with the leaves of artichokes after they have been dipped in sauce, for we have been puzzled whether they should be stuck in the ears, or poked up the nose, or laid in the hair on top of the head. Someone suggested perhaps the leaves of the artichoke should be tossed one at a time in the air and caught on the prongs of a fork; or they could be dropped inside the collar. One of our friends was ignorant enough to suggest that after the leaves of the artichoke had been dipped in sauce they should be conveyed to the mouth of one's table partner. We even suspected it to be good form to remove one's shoes and stockings and place the leaves of the artichoke between the toes, somehow giving the foot the appearance of having stepped in clover. Here in town we see artichokes only in pictures, so how are we to know what to do if by chance we should run across a live one.

We are more than grateful for the information that the leaves of the artichoke should be placed in one's mouth.—C. J.

Simple and Effective

*Rules for Reaching the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Cherry Lane Theatre and Other Down-town Temples of Coy Art.*

TAKE the wrong subway; get off at the station that Marie Fleming told your wife is the right one; look about you; trust in God; walk two blocks in a lefty-right direction; stop for debate; debate; ask way of bystander; steer NNW for three blocks; ask way of cop; retrace your steps for one block; take surface car; ask way of conductor; hastily disembark; wait for car going in opposite direction; wait for car; reply to that last remark of hers; wait for car; speak your mind; call a taxi.—K. C.

In Barberous Bulgaria

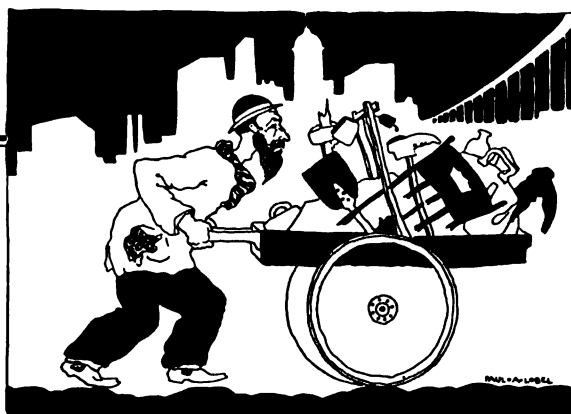
Assassin's Bullet Clips Mustache of Bulgar King.

—The Times

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



# One Hundred Silvery Hours at Sea

through

## THE NEW YORKER'S Travel Bureau

Long, lazy days on breeze-swept decks! The soothing swirl of sun-kissed waves under azure skies! Sea sports! An ideal cruise amid luxurious appointments! Romance! Over all the lure of the lovers' moon! And on arrival—quaint villas, chateaux, old tribal customs, enchanting peasantry! (Tour No. 2545. Battery to St. George, via Staten Island Ferry.)

Or would you view the glories of America first? The teeming marts of the East! Vast undulating lowlands! And then the storm-tossed eminences of the West, where Nature runs riot in all her lavish richness! Craggy peaks high in fleecy clouds! Incessant thunder, like unto the roar of countless trucks upon cobbled streets! Awe! Grandeur! Magnificence! (Tour No. 809. Williamsburg Bridge to Christopher Street Ferry, via the Green Surface Line.)

Travel! Broaden your scope! Become a man among men! Or a woman among women! (As the case may be.) J. F. Hylan, N. Y., N. Y., says: "I have for several seasons been an addict to THE NEW YORKER'S Palm Beach tours. Look where I am to-day!" V. Hindenburg, Berlin, Ger.: "I would give anything to get to go!" Billions of others! Check the tour that most appeals to you and enclose \$5 to cover cost of circular.

- Aquarium
- Bowery and Coney Island
- Coney Island and Bowery
- Duyvil (Spuyten)
- East New York
- Fordham
- Gimbel Bros.
- Hohokus, N. J.
- Islip, L. I.
- Jerry's Place
- Kingsbridge 'Phone Exch.
- Lake (in Cent. Pk.)
- Max's Busy Bee
- N. Y., N. H. or H. (choice)
- Ossining (one way)
- Pol. Hdqrs. (Spring 1200)
- Quarantine
- Rum Fleet (half one way)
- Sailors' Smug Harbor
- Third Ave. El.
- United Cigar Stores (Nos. 1-2025 incl.)
- Village (Greenwich or Bedford)
- West 23d-34th Sta. (incl.)
- X-Ray Laboratories of N. Y.
- Ye Olde Pre-War Rumme Shoppe
- Zoo (Br. or Cent. Pk.)

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# PROBING PUBLIC MURALS

*A Further Study of Creative Art in New York*

DOES New York limit the scope of its Creative Art to subway billboards, or table linen, or blotters? No, replies Roscoe J. Swackhamer, perhaps the leading authority on phone booth interiors and incidentally the creator of that elaborate mural: "The Busy Wire," at present on exhibit in the second booth from the right in the Schulte Cigar Store on Forty-second Street.

"It may be merely that New Yorkers spend so much time in phone booths, what with fixing their garters or drinking their gin or one thing or another," admits Mr. Swackhamer, who is also an enthusiastic student of telephone murals, "but for variety of line and feeling for self-expression you can't do better in any other public place that I can mention."

As Mr. Swackhamer has reason to point out with resentment, altogether too many phone booths are inadequate for complete self-expression, owing to the poor lighting conditions and coarse grade of wood furnished. According to Mr. Swackhamer, the ideal equipment for this work is a stretch of soft white plaster, a hard pencil (or cold chisel) and a pen knife to gouge out eyes in the faces, thus adding an interesting effect of bas-relief to the monotony of black-and-white. Popular designs range from the familiar pattern of linked diamonds and concentric circles known as the Egg and Flute (Oeuf und



*A Typical Telephone Mural*

Flüten) to the arrangement of certain numbers, as for instance 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, in such unusual combinations as Schuyler 6771 or University 2463 or Plaza 54321, Apartment 10, ask for Ophelia.

"Oh, there isn't so much to tell, I don't guess," was the modest way in which Mr. Swackhamer summarized the creation of his most famous mural "The Wrong Number," now showing at Gray's Drug Store. "It seems I was standing there waiting for my number, and I just happened to have a pencil in my hand, and the next thing I

knew, there I was starting to draw on the wall. It just sort of come, you might say. I had no idea what it was going to be when I started, except I know I asked for Longacre 3430 and they give me 3450 and I said no, operator, 30, not 50, and there I had it written out before I realized it, 3430, with a sort of circle around it and designs like rose-buds.

"So then, while I was waiting, I put an eyes and nose and mouth in the 'o', like a face, see? And then they said 'Hello,' and I said 'Hello,' and I said, 'Is this Longacre 3430,' and they said 'No, this is Lexington 3430, you big stiff, getting us out of bed,' and so I hung up, and if there wasn't Lexington written out in a clear, round hand on the wall, and decorated with fancy curlicues. So I kep' on while I was waiting for my number which was busy, and by

the time the store closed for the night I had the whole wall covered. You might call it inspiration.—Corey Ford

He skipped from Manhattan at sheriff's behest,

And started pioneering out in the Wild West.

While crossing Dakota a redskin impaled him;

He booted the bucket, his breath having failed him.

He left a good story for movies to do,  
And a mangy toupee to a greasy old Sioux. —Dysart McMullen

## Erin Goes Bragh

*The Irish "cop" is passing and the Irish magistrate therefore grieves. Magistrate Conway in Flushing Court yesterday remarked that "there are so many foreign names on the roster of the Police Department that it is hard for an Irish magistrate to make them out." He asked Patrolman Zimmerhund to write his name more clearly in signing complaints.—THE HERALD TRIBUNE.*

Said Magistrate Conway in Flushing:  
" 'Tis wit' shame that me cheeks be a-blushing.

The Irish are goin'; the roster is showin'

Trick names they should ought to be hushing.

Take 'Zimmerhund' now, 'tis a terror—  
Och! Where is Patrolman O'Mara?

"Time was, when ye called a cop 'Grogan,'

Ye'd be right—though it might have been Hogan.

The Force was all Raffertys, Sweeneys or Caffertys,

Wit' here an' there Casey an' Logan.

'Tis nowadays somethin' too risky  
To try to spell Schmaltz or Zambriski.

"Conditions are just simply awful;  
Each syllable now is a jawful.

Cops named Macaroni! Mayhap Minestrone!

Such christenin's should be unlawful!  
I'd swap the whole bunch for one Ryan,"

Said Magistrate Conway, near cryin'.

—Tip Bliss

# YO! HO! A BOTTLE OF RUM!

*An Old Time Sea Story for 1950*

**E**BENEZER NITWIT was a sturdy lad of two months when he shipped as cabin boy on the Prima Donna. A three-masted brig-gaddoon, she was, and staunch as a davet in every trivett. With the time-honored command, "Yawl the top-aft-poop-scuppers!" bawled by the mate, she sloored gracefully out of old Plymouth, the cargo gurgling and clinking in the partridge-decks.

Speedy and swift was her voyage across old Atlantus, every bottle being autographed by Sir Roderick. As the years went swiftly by, "Eb," would stand in the gallant-decks, his eye on the horizon, dreaming of the day when they would sight Cape Cod. Riches and fame would then be his!

### *Land-ho!*

The piercing scream that is music to the ears of the old smelt awoke us. There was a bustle above-mast. Dressing quietly we went aloft to see the Promised Land.

Soon a throng of natives from Wall Street put out in small boats to dive eagerly for the splits which we tossed amusedly to them. How clearly I recollect the scene! Especially the elderly broker, who divested himself of a ludicrous frock-coat and swam zealously with another gentleman for a cob-webby pint of "lacrimas christi."

### *Enemies!!!*

Suddenly, without a breath of warning, the small boats sped inshore. The captain scowled.

"By the fishy eye of Davy Jones!" he oathed, "the wretches are departing."

Then came the cry of the coxswain, "To the triggers, you biscuit-faced sons of sea horses!"

The captain, old beaver that he was, fixed the binnacle to his eye. "Odds cant-hooks! The Coast Guard!"

From all sides appeared the small greyhounds of the Government. Stinging wasps from the very shadow of Mother Liberty.

Pandemonium reigned. The cabin boy hurried out of the chainlocker, bearing the anchor, which was imme-

diately thrown overboard so that the Prima Donna would not drift inside the twelve-mile limit. Ah! Those were the days when a boundry was a gold mine, and a strong man could find a limit without a logarithm.

The captain turned and yelled, "The following men will take counsel with me: Schmitty the Dutchy, Babboon Babson, Cabbott, Loodge, Nitwit and Long John Walker."

### *The Counsel 'Tween-Decks*

The rusty ship's lantern swung rhythmically from the hawser-boom as the gallant ship timbered on the long ground swell. Bizarre shadows were

ashore any night. Or we can sell direct to them. I suggest, however, that they may be merely an honorary convoy."

Nitwit was dispatched to probe this theory. He soon returned with the virulent answer the Coast Guard had made to his innocently halloed query.

"Then," said the captain, smashing his hairy paw on the keel, "We fight!"

Whereupon one and all filed aloft to man the guns and fish for sharks by way of entertainment.

### *The Battle of Rum Row*

The following day dawned lowering. The wind was sou' by sou'-sou', which, as all old Jack-Pots know, bodes ill for what hulks may be at sea. The Prima Donna was now one of a number of rum ships, all encircled by a cordon of Coast Guard boats.

Suddenly, the sky was full of airplanes as the Pathé News cameramen put in their dirty work. Straining at their life belts, the photographers shot such scenes as "Note counterband cargo partly covered on deck," and "Guns ready, the Coast Guard rides at anchor."

We contented ourselves by heaving empty bottles at the pilots flying over us—a great disappointment to them.

Days passed. Our last head of lettuce had gone to calk the taff-rail. Our water supply was beginning to get low. Regretfully, we used wine instead.

The interminable battle continued.

### *Victory! Homeward Bound! (Conclusion)*

In Nitwit's own words, the affair terminated in this way: "A graphic articulation of the United States Governmental policy of enforcement having been broadcast—through the media of the press, cinema, and radio to the American Public, and particularly to the old lady in Dubuque, it seemed time to discontinue the titanic struggle. The Prima Donna sailed directly to the Twenty-third Street Ferry slips and landed our cargo. So I took the fifty thousand dollars . . ."—*Yahoo*



cast on the grim, set faces of these stalwart sons of Neptune. Men who had known the muffled motor of the waiting van and the fearsome squeak of the nocturnal counterband winches. The bleak New Jersey roads, and road houses.

"We are men," he began. "We are surrounded, but we are not beaten. Is it Bermuda, or fight?"

Long John Walker thumped the floor for order with his wooden leg. "Escape is well-nigh impossible," he said. "We can always go unmolested to the West Indies. We can wait till they tire of watching us. We can slip

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

It's well to remember that plays like this are still being produced, what with the third birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose" so close at hand.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

One of the greatest of Ibsen's plays, done in a worthy manner by the Actors' Theatre.

### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

The Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's superb comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord does the season's finest acting in this play, which has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

A revival, in a merry manner, of Congreve's play, which is shocking some but amusing most.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

People who have seen this play only once will be included in the next census under the general heading of slackers.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

Certainly the most entertaining comedy of the season, for those who will stretch a dramatic point or two.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A play with a distinct family relationship to "Is Zat So?"—James Gleason is a co-author of both—that is, however, less entertaining and a better play.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

Benvenuto Cellini in his less artistic moments, or mashing in old Florence. Ulrich Haupt is replacing Joseph Schildkraut as the leading co-respondent.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A Gershwin score, with Fred and Adele Astaire having the time of their lives dancing to it.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

This is the best old-fashioned musical play that has come along in years. Old-fashioned, enough, in fact, to have real voices to sing its lovely music.

### THE MIKADO—Forty-fourth Street

An excellent revival for the Savoyards and a really good time for those to whom it isn't a revival. After all, you have sometime to see Gilbert and Sullivan for the first time.

## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

By far the merriest "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has provided in many, too many years. The leading fun-makers are W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.



### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

Mr. Ziegfeld at his best in the matter of stage beauty and decoration and almost at his worst, or average, in the matter of comedy.

### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A successful if not too original burlesque of mystery plays.

### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

An excellent Gershwin score, with comedy by Lou Holtz and Andrews Toombes.

## ART

### SPRING SALON—Anderson

A sort of diluted Independent show containing less genius and also less of the truly terrible.

### ALFRED LENS—Scott & Fowles

Showing "Star Dust," a casting in gold, silver and bronze by one of the master metal workers of the century.

### MARIN AND DICKINSON—Daniels

Beautiful water colors by John Marin and Preston Dickinson, two of the best workers in that medium in the country.

### FRENCH ETCHERS—Frederick Keppel

Interesting show of prints of the Barbizon school of etchers.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GRASS—Criterion

A primitive Persian tribe fights for life under the very eye of the motion picture camera.

### PROUD FLESH—Republic Theater, Grand Street, Brooklyn, May 27-31

King Vidor's light and pleasant comedy built about Laurence Rising's novel.

## OTHER EVENTS

### SUBSCRIPTION DANCE—Park Lane

Monday, May 25, 10 P. M. First of series of three spring subscription dances.

### FLOWER MART—St. Paul's Churchyard

Tuesday, May 26, 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. Fourth annual flower mart for benefit of St. Paul's Chapel Midday Club for Business Women.

### FETE—Claremont Inn

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26 and 27. Outdoor fête given by Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association for benefit of Roosevelt House. Continuous entertainment from noon until midnight each day.

## SPORTS

### RACING—BELMONT PARK

Spring Meeting opens Friday, May 22, and continues Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 24-29 inclusive.

### BASEBALL—Polo Grounds

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, May 22, 23, 24, New York Nationals vs. Pittsburg; Friday, May 29, New York Nationals vs. Philadelphia.

### YANKEE STADIUM

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, May 26, 27, 28, New York Americans vs. Boston.



## A Word With Collette

*M*AIS certainement, messieurs et mesdames. I am Jacques. The whole world knows Jacques as the maître d'hotel of the Club de la Concorde—a silly name, is it not?—and Jacques knows the whole world as the grand fools.

Listen, if you please, and I will tell you 'ow I know the whole world to be the grand fools.

*Voilà!* In the Club de la Concorde, if you please, we 'ave the 'andsome entertainers, but—poof!—they are nothing. It is Collette who brings the throngs, Collette, *la charmante petite* who walks among the tables vending the cigarettes. And M. Eisner, the manager, well understands. For do not the entertainers come and go like the leaves from the trees, while Collette remains? *Voilà!* It is Collette whom the grand fools come to see.

I know, *messieurs et mesdames*. For always it is the maître d'hotel who must be the—what do you say—goer-between for the patron with much money and the cigarette girl. Listen, if you please.

There is one M. 'Endricks, *par exemple*, who is the traveler salesman for the vacuum cleaners, or some similar 'orrible objects. 'E is a red, gross animal with the little eyes of a *cochon*—pardon—and once every four months 'e comes to New York from I-know-not-what place in O'io. *Alors*. On 'is first night in New York 'e comes always to the Club de la Concorde accompanied by a blonde lady of some fatness and many jewels. They dance, they wink at each other, they smirk, and, after they 'ave drunk much out of a flask, they sing. Terrible!

Then always, after Madame 'as vanished to powder the nose already white like a snowdrift, this M. 'Endricks beckons to me and says:

"Jacques, to-morrow night I come 'ere again *alone*, and I would like a few words with Collette."

"Monsieur," I inform him, "it is impossible. The rules do not permit."

"Oho!" laughs the great beast, and presses into my 'and the note for five dollars, "'ere is something that will make you forget the rules."

*Bien, messieurs et mesdames*, a maître d'hotel must live. And, besides, there are no rules in the Club de la Concorde. I invent them for the profits. So I inform Collette that the next night M. 'Endricks will be 'ere and that she must sit at his table and pretend friendly. Always she makes the grimace of disgust, but always she conforms. For she also must live.

But it is simplicity to become rid of M. 'Endricks. 'E buys champagne—I should say, what M. Eisner, the manager of the Club de la Concorde, is please to call champagne, but always under the napkin I pour into Collette's glass the pale

ginger ale. Later we assist M. 'Endricks into the taxicab—alone—and the nex' day 'e is too ill to appear at the Club.

Even more simple are the very young gentlemen from New 'Aven, who visit the Club de la Concorde during the week ends for what they call thrill. (Ah, *messieurs et mesdames*, the only thrill Jacques achieves at the Club is the day on which the wages are dispensed.)

*Eh, bien*, I do not desire to—what you call it?—plunder the cradle, but I accept because I know there will be other brigands of less scruples who will take it if I do not. So I summon Collette with no perturbation, since the young gentlemen from New 'Aven are 'armless. And Collette sits at their table and makes merry and at last the young gentleman who 'as 'ad the most quantity of the beer of little authority becomes most daring and whispers something in 'er ear. And Collette makes a great show of angry and says: "Think yourself shame, monsieur." And the young gentleman becomes most red of the face and makes the 'andsome apology, and they drink more beer and go away.

A little difficulty we 'ad with M. Cavendish. 'E is a gentleman with enormous quantity of money, and M. Eisner is most anxious that we do not lose 'is patronage.

"A word or two with Collette." Also that she call upon 'im at 'is apartment on West End Avenue. But *attend*. Collette and I put the two 'eads together.

*Alors*. We discover from a friend of M. Cavendish that 'e is married to a lady and that the West End Avenue apartment is not 'is only one. So Collette makes the telephone call and a lady answers. "May I speak to M. Cavendish, if you please?" asks Collette most politely. "Who is this?" demands the lady, with a voice 'ighly suspicious. "It is Collette, of the Club de la Concorde." "Oho!" exclaims the lady, and 'angs up the telephone.

And M. Cavendish no longer annoys us, although he continues to visit the Club with much regularity.

All of this causes me to laugh, *messieurs et mesdames*, because. . . . But, pardon, a gentleman is calling me. . . .

What is it you desire, monsieur? A word with the cigarette girl? Ah, monsieur, I am desolate, but it is against the rules of the Club that a patron should converse with an employec. . . . Monsieur, you are most generous. I will venture to abrogate the rules in your be'alf. A moment of patience, if you please. . . .

As I was saying, *messieurs et mesdames*, it causes me to laugh, because *la petite* Collette is in private life none other than Mme. Jacques and the loving and devoted mother of our little Antoine.

But what would you? A maître d'hotel must live.—*Tip Bliss*



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# BOOKS

OF the novels we are doing any cheering for, it pains us that only three are by Americans: "Arrowsmith," "The Great Gatsby," and "Drums" by James Boyd, which has finally got along to us after passing the reviewing stands. Our huzzas for "Drums" are not unrestrainable, but we like it; we should call it quietly satisfactory. A new thing to be calling an American novel about the time of the Revolution. However, "Drums" is one of a new kind, achieved by scraping all the stock historical-novel flummery, substituting natural characters and sequence of events, and supplying a wealth of fresh feeling in the atmosphere and background.

It is long, deliberate, and unflagging, the ideal book to have flu with, incidentally your safest bet on the Spring fiction lists if you want to give a book to someone whose taste you don't know. A synopsis of it might remind you of the forgotten "Richard Carvel," for its Johnny Fraser grows up in the South, has an English youth of title for his chum, sojourns in London and meets Charles James Fox, and serves under Captain Paul Jones in the fight with the Serapis.

But "Drums" (*Scribner's*) is as different as can be from the "Carvel" brand of story. Technically, no doubt, it is romantic too; actually, its leaning is toward old-fashioned, pleasant realism, with a modern touch in the atmosphere and the representation of Johnny and his parents. Half its merit is in its refusal to be high-flown. James Boyd does not need excitement or suspense in every chapter. He does not even make much of love interest, although there is a minx he could have worked up for it in the traditional style. He also refuses, with our approval, to strain after minute "historicity."

Several of his people are rather old friends, and in fact, "Drums" as a whole has a certain comfortable familiarity. But it has warmth and charm, and Johnny, especially in his boyhood, is a good job inside and out.

It happened that we were one of the first readers of Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, which anybody could criticize to pieces, yet which—allowing for differences in the class-room furnishings of the minds and the impressivenesses of the egos—struck us hard as being pretty much the prose beginning an American Byron born at the time of the Spanish War would make. And we thought, and think now, that a Byron would be a good

thing for American writing, and we waited to see what young Fitzgerald would do next. He did "The Beautiful and Damned."

His third, "The Great Gatsby" (*Scribner's*) revives our interest, though not in a Byronic promise he probably never had. He still reveres and pities romantic constancy, but with detachment. Gatsby, its heroic victim, is otherwise a



Amy Lowell  
Born 1874—Died 1925

good deal of a nut, and the girl who is its object is idealized only by Gatsby. You are not, however, prepared for the mechanical but effective upset that makes her turn out to an eligible member of sty-and-trough society, and Gatsby the vulgarian to be something of a grand gentleman.

The story has Fitzgerald's extravagance but a new maturity, as well as any amount of flash and go. Parts are solidly good, all has to be read. The young man is not petering out.

We were a devotee of Francis Hackett's as a reviewer, but his first novel falls rather flat with us. As a critical picture of American life, intended to show among other things that the reticent primness of the "nice" is a sham and a blight, and that sensitive young people brought up in it never entirely escape, the outlines of "That Nice Young Couple" (*Boni & Liverright*) are not particularly original, and although the details are filled in from an alert and nimble mind, they don't seem to us to add up to living fiction.



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THE NEW YORKER  
25 WEST 45TH STREET,  
NEW YORK

**"Tell Me a Book to Read"**

*Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While*

- DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). Noticed in this issue.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*).
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). They don't write playful He-and-She fiction much, if any, better.
- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Spring's best novel, if you are asking us.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). The Spring's most beautiful novel, if you're asking almost anyone.
- SEGLFLOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Number Three of the new novels we like best. A Scandinavian village "Vanity Fair."
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). If you must marry a minister, pick a worldly one. The rector's wife didn't.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Nice girls of three different constitutions in love, portrayed for the Chosen Few.
- PRISONERS, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Indicating that if a naughty shop-girl wants a nice young gentleman fervently enough, she gets him.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). South African. A strong, sincere novel about miscegenation.

SHORT STORIES

- BRING, BRING! by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Highly sophisticated—whatever that means—and in most cases, good.
- TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories will mean more to most Americans than a longer satire.
- OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Worth having for "The Friends" and three or four other things in it.

GENERAL

- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woollcott (*Putnam*). Not a through-and-through biography, but an engaging account of Berlin's picturesque career.
- THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). A study that should interest even people who fight shy of Henry James's books.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Tully began as a hobo, then was a prize-fighter, now is an author. His hobo memories are both artistic and convincing.
- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats and possibly—without disparagement of Miss Lowell's other work—her highest achievement.
- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Jumel of the Jumel Mansion, General Eaton of the Barbary adventure, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet in their habits as they lived. Minnegerode gets in a good deal of Old New York.

**We Just Can't Wait!**

Postmaster General New to-day designated June 1 to 7 as "Better Mailing Week" for an active nation-wide campaign to reduce the steadily mounting business of the Deadletter Office. The principal point will be to induce mailers to place a return address on each piece of mail.

—News dispatch

**Souls in Arms**

... when the pinched souls of Rosmer and Rebecca West spend their first and last moments in each others' arms.

—From a *World* dramatic review



What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

THE NEW YORKER's "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

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THE NEW YORKER,  
25 West 45th Street, New York City,  
Dept. C.

# The Story of Samson and Delilah

(As Arthur Brisbane would write it for "Today" in the Hearst publications.)

**SAMSON**, the strongest man in the world has just lost his entire strength because his hair was bobbed. That is news. It would not be news if Samson had not been strong, had not had a haircut or had failed to lose his strength when his locks were shorn. But the three factors combined make a first page story.

Having studied medicine I could explain to you why Samson lost his strength. But you would not understand it if I did. Enough that Samson the brute is now Samson the weakling. One snip of the shears and he is less than the dust. Think that over!

How frequently it happens that the man who has been glorying in his success little realizes that one small thing may prove his undoing. Samson was stronger than his friends because a razor had never touched his pate. A poor adv. for the Gillette Safety Razor Co., maker of many millions. I am smarter than my friends because I have a more active brain. You are more nimble than your acquaintances, perhaps, because you have sprier legs.

But cut Samson's hair, take my brain away from me, or amputate your legs and we immediately become no better than our fellows. A little thing perhaps—but what a world of difference it makes.

(As it would appear in the afternoon papers.)

A well built appearing man, giving his name as George W. Simpson, was locked up in the Fourteen Street police station last night after offering feeble resistance to the police. Mr. Simson formerly attained some prominence as the world's strongest man and for several seasons did an act on the A. B. C. circuit.

He is fifty-three years old and lives at 22½ Waverley Place.

Mr. Simson told a rambling story of losing his strength owing to the fact that his wife, Delilah Sapson, had bobbed his hair. He is being held, pending an examination at the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital. Etaoin shrdlu.

(How Town Topics would handle it.)

Wine, women and a haircut have proved too much for George J. Samson, a few years ago a well known figure on Broadway and reputed to be one of the strongest men in the younger married set.

Perhaps it is the irony of fate that Samson, whose peccadilloes have been the talk of the town long before they became known to his wife, Delilah, should have been undone through telling this fair crea-

ture the truth for the first time in his life.

Delilah, so rumor hath it, became suspicious at last that George was spending too much time with a certain young daughter of a steel magnate whose last name begins with Z and ends with W. She determined to revenge herself upon him in some way. She wished, if possible, to rob him of the great strength which has made him the cynosure of feminine eyes and kept pleading with him to tell her his secret. George was foxy enough to mislead her several times at first, but George must be getting old. He told her the truth eventually, thinking that would end the matter.

Well, it has, as far as George is concerned. His figure will no longer appear in the Nuxated Iron advertisements.

(The New York World commenting editorially.)

It is unfortunate that the recent action of Delilah Samson in cutting her husband's hair should have received such wide-spread publicity in the press. Husbands reading the accounts could not help but be influenced toward secrecy in their relations with their wives and the result would be a loss of the true companionship between them. *The World* does not believe that the majority of women would abuse the confidence reposed in them in this fashion and urges the public not to draw general conclusions from an individual case such as this.

(Heywood Brown in the following issue of *The World*.)

The *World's* editorial comments on the Delilah-Samson affair are quite nonsensical. Publicity is the very thing needed to prevent other men from being trimmed like Samson. If the strong boy was weak enough (after having it previously demonstrated to him that his wife was ready to double-cross him) to fall for her chatter, someone would have taken him sooner or later if she hadn't done so first. Such editorializing causes nervous breakdowns.

—Tracy Hammond Lewis

Attention: Mr. Cecil de Mille

Canadian Governor Harkens to Tribal Law in Drama of Primitive Passion Born of Arctic Love Triangle.

—Newspaper heading

The Marquis of Queensberry has filed a divorce petition against the Marchioness, citing as co-respondent Sir James Hamlet Dunn. Lady Dunn has also filed a petition, citing the Marchioness.

—News dispatch.

Return Bout: Old London Prize Ring Rules.



## ECONOMY?

What better economy than an investment in good clothing, especially in the model illustrated, at a price which will save you \$10 to \$15? The finest tailoring and cloths at manufacturer's price!

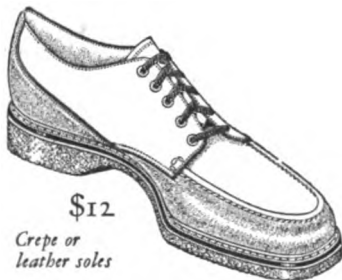
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AT the try-outs for the National Open at Lido next week, watch the good players wearing  
**SPORTOCASINS**



\$12  
Crepe or leather soles

A real moccasin, on an improved last that fits firmly without binding.

The Ideal Golf Shoe

**ANDREW ALEXANDER**

548 Fifth Avenue

Above 45th Street



100 Years Ago

(From the newspapers of 1825)

GAS LIGHTS—We are gratified to learn that there are now upwards of 300 dwelling houses and stores lighted up in this city with gas, and that in every instance where it has been fairly tested, it has given the utmost satisfaction. We may soon expect to see this safe, economical and brilliant light generally diffused throughout the city. We also understand that the offensive smell has been entirely obviated.



FOR SALE OR TO LET—The eligible situation corner of Wall & Broad street, suitable for an Insurance or Banking Company, is offered for sale or to lease for 7 years. The building contains 4 rooms above and a cellar, which is now made use of for an office. For terms apply to Edw. B. Gould, 10 Broad street.



PREMIUM OFFERED—We are authorized by a gentleman of this city to offer a premium of fifty dollars for the best essay on: "The Importance of the Sabbath considered merely as a civil Institution."



DRAMATIC—Cooper and Booth have been playing together at Baltimore. They appeared on Monday evening last, Mr. Booth as Othello and Mr. Cooper as Iago, for the benefit of Mr. C.



CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS—Under this head, an account is given once a week or once a fortnight, as the case may be, of what takes place at the regular meetings of the persons composing our Common Council; but really we must say that to call it corporation proceedings is a gross misnomer. They have a jollification together to close the evening, but what progress do they make in the serious business before them? Look at the Reports, and you will find them most commonly ending with "ordered to be printed and laid on the table" or "made the order of the day for Monday next." One fate attends them all: procrastination. Individuals of that board may now laugh with impunity at the insulted feelings of their constituents but, we trust in God, that the time is coming when a different lesson will be taught them at the polls.



EXPEDITIOUS TRAVELING—The passengers who leave Philadelphia at 6 o'clock in the morning now arrive in this city by the steamboat line in time to proceed immediately to Albany by the steamboat Richmond, which starts at 5 o'clock. In like manner, passengers from the latter place arrive here by the steamboats in time to reach Philadelphia the same day at 4 o'clock, thus traveling on either route a distance of 260 miles in about 28 hours, without fatigue or loss of sleep.

**David Belasco's Three Triumphs**

Holbrook <b>BLINN</b>	Judith <b>ANDERSON</b>	<b>Empire</b> B'way 40 St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30
in <b>"THE DOVE"</b> by Willard Mack		
<b>"The Harem"</b>		<b>Belasco</b> W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
With William Courtenay & all Star Cast		
<b>"LADIES OF THE EVENING"</b>		<b>Lyceum</b> W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

*Eugene O'Neill's  
Greatest Play*

**DESIRE**  
UNDER the ELMS  
With WALTER HUSTON

**EARL CARROLL** THEATRE,  
7th Ave. & 50th St.  
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

**BIJOU** Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way.  
Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

4th Month

**Night Hawk**  
with MARY NEWCOMB

**LONGACRE** Thea., W. 48 St. Evs. 8.30.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

SEATS 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

**Mercenary Mary**  
New Musical Comedy — Witty-Wise-Winsome

*Actors' Theatre Plays*

¶ "A BIT o' LOVE," Galsworthy's great play.  
Special Mats. Tuesday & Friday.

¶ "THE WILD DUCK," Ibsen's Thrilling  
drama. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday &  
Saturday.

¶ Both at 48th St. Theatre. Bryant 0178.  
Seats Now on Sale at Box Office.

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A Famous Players-Lasky Picture

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West 42d St.  
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirn.  
LATEST, GREATEST, FUNNIEST OF ALL!  
POP. PRICE MATS. WED. & SAT.

**Ziegfeld Follies** OF  
1925

**ZIEGFELD COSMOPOLITAN  
THEATRE**, Col. Circle, 59th St. & B'way  
POP. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

**Leon Errol** in **Louie** 14<sup>th</sup>  
1st Balc. Seats \$1 & 2. If bought in Advance

HERMAN GANTVOORT presents  
Barry Conner's Hilarious Comedy of Youth,  
Love & Laughs

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Broadway and 43d Street.  
Eves., 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**Theatre Guild Productions**  
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

**Caesar** & **Cleopatra**  
Lionel Atwill, Helen Hayes,  
Helen Westley, Albert Bruning,  
Schuyler Ladd, Henry Travers.

Th., W. 52 St. Evs. 8:15.  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15  
Tel. Columbus 8229.  
Seats 4 Weeks Ahead.

7th Month  
THE  
**GUARDSMAN**  
**Garrick** 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play  
**They Knew What  
They Wanted**  
with Richard and Pauline  
Bennett Lord  
**Klaw** Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

KEITH-ALBEE'S N. Y.  
**HIPPODROME**  
**PAUL WHITEMAN**  
and His Concert Orchestra  
featuring "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"  
Mats. (Inc. Sun.), 2.10. Ngts. (Inc. Sun.), 8.10  
1,000 SEATS 50c. 1,000 SEATS \$1.00

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**CLUB TROCADERO**  
52 St. Bet. B'way & 7th Ave.  
**FRED and ADELE ASTAIRE**  
Emil Coleman and Orchestra  
Supper and Dancing  
Circle 1806

**CLUB LIDO**  
52nd Street and 7th Ave.  
**MILLER AND FARRELL**  
**EDDIE DAVIS (himself) AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
SUPPER AND DANCING

The New Yorkers' Rendezvous  
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121 West 45th Street  
**LUNCH and DINNER—Finest Food in New York**  
Service Supreme  
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## WHERE TO SHOP

### "WINDOW SHOPPING"

is a mental strain, if continued too long. This page affords an opportunity for you to set out for a definite object and place, when you shop. Let this page be a window of fashion and shop in its columns.

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The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE  
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**NEW INVENTION OF AN ACTRESS** will restore your face to youthful contour. A sure, safe secret; no stretching of skin, wire or spring. Harmless.  
**Sadie MacDonald**, 1482 Broadway, Room 609, N. Y.

**PAC VETABLE** cleanses and purifies the skin; solely administered by Holmes Sisters  
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**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** can now be permanently destroyed thru the **TRICHO SYSTEM**. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. **TRICHO**, 270 Madison Ave., New York.

**TEMPLE DE BEAUTE, MADAME DORVILLE** Scientific treatment for removing wrinkles, freckles, tightening muscles. Try Home Treatment. Wrinkles and Freckles disappear magically. 32 W. 47th St. Bryant 4856.

**SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT FOR FACE AND NECK REJUVENATION.** Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. **PHYSICIANS'** endorsement. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson, 601 Madison Ave. Regent 1303.

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**SPIRO'S** (Est. 40 years)  
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**WHY NOT ERADICATE THAT DOUBLE CHIN?** The only scientifically correct treatment. No straps or exercises. 10 minutes daily. Inquire today.  
**Benj. McCabe, Ph.G.** 69 East 57th Street

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Book Service in the New York tradition of efficiency and speed.  
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Professionally Home-Made of finest ingredients.  
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Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878

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High Grade Furniture—Medium Prices

**Before you decide to buy, call and let us give you the details of our direct from manufacturer's and wholesale purchasing method. Unusual savings. No obligation. Manufacturers agent.**  
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**GOING AWAY?** Magazine, Vanity and other Baskets filled. Florentine Leather Dictionaries, Boxes and Charming Gifts for all occasions.  
**EAST AND WEST SHOP, 19 East 56th Street**

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**"SMILE" HOUSE-FROCKS**—artistic Crepes, Foulards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French Blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95  
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Originator of the Ensemble Wardrobe. Beautiful and practical clothes which solve the dress problem for women who seek individuality in dress, rather than commercialized fashions.  
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**LIVINGSTON** 21 West 50th St.  
"Different" Frocks  
For the debutante and smartly dressed woman. Prices unusually attractive.

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**Mme. NAFTAL**, Bryant 0670; will buy your misfit or slightly used street and afternoon dresses, suits, wraps, furs, etc. Highest cash value. Prompt service to out-of-town patrons. 69 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

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**DIAMONDS, PAWN TICKETS, JEWELRY**  
Bought. Cash Paid Immediately.  
**YOUR LOANS INCREASED AND SAVED**  
Appraising Free—Confidential.  
**FORGOTSTON'S**  
201 West 49th Street, Room 301.  
N. E. Cor. Broadway, New York Tel. Circle 7261.

#### Maps

**THE MAP MART** offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited.  
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#### Monogramming

Have your Trousseau, Lingerie, Dresses and household linens attractively Monogrammed. Also carry Gift Selections of Swiss Hand Embroidered Handkerchiefs. **Marie Schmid**, 133 E. 60th St. Regent 8554

#### Party Favors

**Paper Hats - Horns - Noisemakers - Balloons** Everything for a snappy party!  
**JOHN ROSENSTEIN**  
12 E. 17th St., N. Y. C. Stuyvesant 0535

#### Permanent Hair Wave

Now is the time to get the Permanent Hair Wave that is really beautiful. Go to  
**HENRY'S HAIR SHOP**,  
17 West 34th Street.  
Whole head, \$25. Make your appointments now  
Telephone Fitz Roy 1209

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**AT THE RUSSIAN INN**, 33 West 37th Street  
Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.

#### Silverware Hospital

Old Silverware Repaired, Refinished and Replated  
All Work Guaranteed Equal to New.  
**FRED. KUEHNE**, Silvermith and Electro Plater  
Est. 1850 88 John Street Beekman 5020

#### Tea Rooms

**THE SPINNING WHEEL**  
12 West 47th Street, Bryant 0912  
Cafeteria Service, 11-2:30 p. m.  
Dinner or a la Carte Service, 5:30-7:30 p. m.  
Afternoon Tea

**THE KANGAROO**, 47 West 50th St. In the heart of shopping district—near Fifth Ave. Luncheon—Afternoon Tea—Dinner. Also a la carte. English Specialties. "The place for connoisseurs."

**LITTLE BUTTERCUP COFFEE SHOPPE** 800 Lexington Ave. Good Home Cooking and Cheerful Surroundings. Orders Taken for Home Made Cakes and Pies. **LUNCHEON**, 60c., **DINNER**, \$1.00

#### Toilet Preparations

**A SECRET OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTY**  
Mona Lisa  
Della Notte Night Cream—Della Mattina Day Cream. 4-oz. jars, \$1.00 prepaid. **CECILE OF LONDON**. 172 Lexington Avenue.



AN unusual film play is on the Broadway horizon. It is "The Unholy Three," the story of three gentlemen of a circus side-show who set out to make their living in the world as illegitimately and as easily as possible.

The trio consists of a ventriloquist, a midget and a giant, the shrewd Mr. Echo supplying the brains for his two strange companions. They keep a bird store and, with this as a headquarters, gain entry into wealthy homes, the ventriloquist posing as the old woman who owns the shop, the midget as her baby grand-daughter while the giant is the delivery man. A bizarre and striking tale is this, for the bird store is something Dickens would have revelled in. It is well told in celluloid form and it is finely played, particularly by Lon Chaney as Mr. Echo.

Marshall Neilan's newest screen effort, "The Sporting Venus," is a sort of Drury Lane spasm of a proud and titled Scottish lassie who is loved by a commoner. A wicked prince is thrown in to supply the plot. The story bridges twenty years and moves all over the map, from Spain to Scotland, but it nowhere acquires actuality.

Each country is seen through the eyes of Hollywood. Ronald Colman is a good enough actor to give a certain interest to the proceedings.

Marion Fairfax wrote "The Talker" in the days when feminism wasn't an accepted idea. The woman of the drama is a wife who yearns for personal independence. She talks a lot about it, getting folks involved in disastrous complications. This old stuff has been decked out in 1925 clothes but it still wheezes.

The movie magnates buy material without regard for changing ideas. Probably because ideas do not move onward in film-dom.

Harold Lloyd used to get a lot of excitement and comedy out of his tribulations upon high buildings. The Famous Players, carrying on with Will Hays's bull regarding the importance of clean fun, adapted this idea to "The Shock Punch" for Richard Dix. However, Mr. Dix isn't Mr. Lloyd. "The Shock Punch" is just a feeble imitation.

This film has Frances Howard, now Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, as Mr. Dix's leading woman. She has given up the screen, we are told, and then again she may play Juliet in Sam's forthcoming production. Judging from her work in "The Shock Punch" we hope Mr. Goldwyn gives up his threat to do "Romeo and Juliet."



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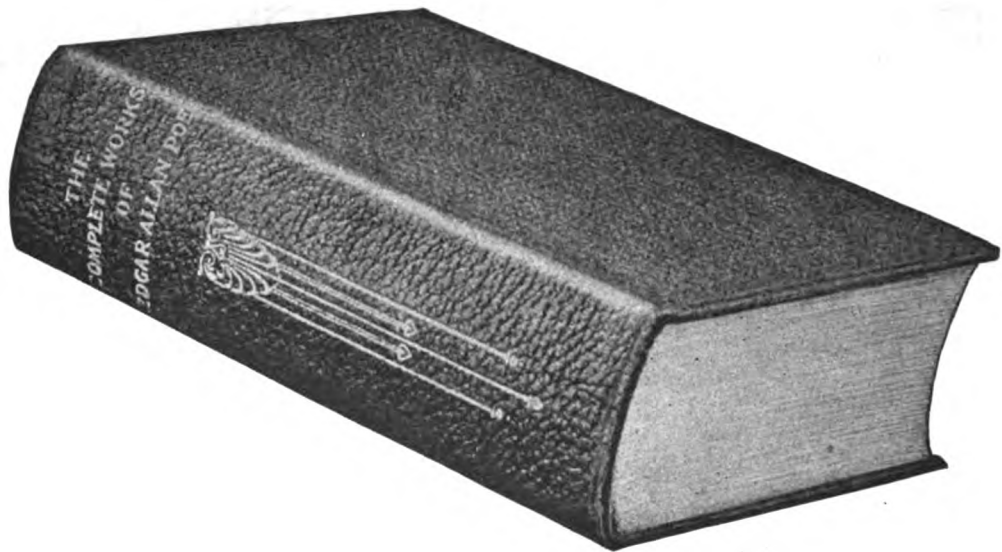
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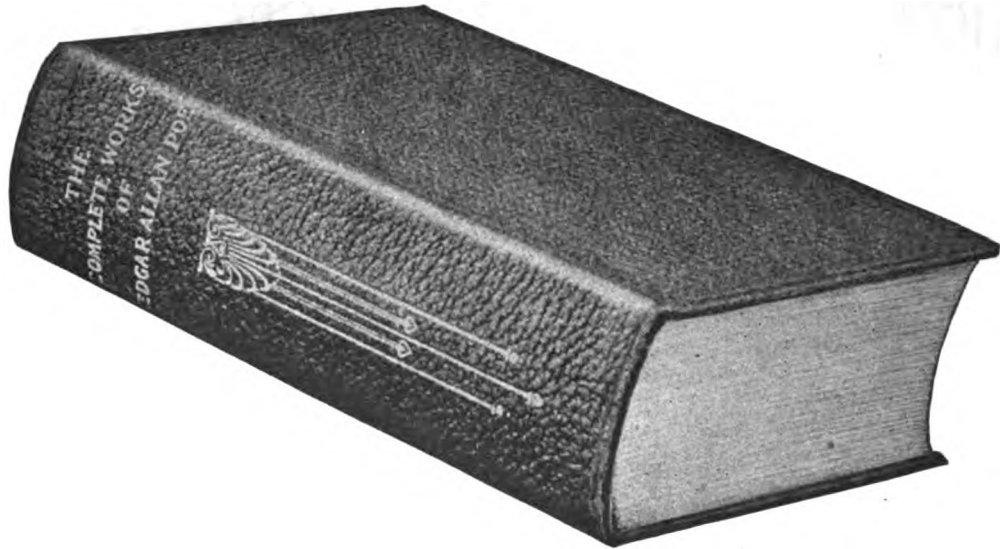
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Junior League Flurry*

THAT late Junior League Convention in Boston was an affair which revealed to New York, if such revelation was needed, how the rest of the country thinks and feels. Boston and Philadelphia were sympathetic, in principle. The rest was, not silence, but almost unladylike jeers.

All this because New York wished to exercise censorship over Junior Leaguers who move here from other towns—Dubuque, Iowa, for example—and whose memberships in the League are transferred with them.

New York's delegation pointed out that the local league was committed to accepting into membership between eighty and ninety debutantes each year; moreover, that it was forced to accept as members, also, those young ladies whose ambitions led them to shake the Dubuquian dust from their French heels and take train to New York. It was proposed, as a measure of relief, that each branch of the league be accorded the privilege of accepting, as guests for one year, members transferred from other branches, at the end of which time action would be taken as to whether or not membership in the new section would be continued.

It was not said, of course, that the object of this proposal was to allow local Junior Leaguers to inspect their guests against such provincial failings as might not be corrected in the period of twelve months, although such was the intent; and as such it was so understood by the delegates.

Wherefore, since most of those present doubtless regarded the privilege of transfer in case of moving to New York as one of the high boons conferred by membership in the League, the proposal was laughed, sneered and indignantly voted into oblivion.

### *Gal and Belles Lettres*

MR. COOLIDGE is, beyond denial, a bachelor of arts and, as such, eligible to be stamped "inspected and passed as educated" whenever the Congress gets around to creating a bureaucracy to supervise learning. But, one reflects, governmental standards are likely to be low.

At any rate, Mr. Coolidge, looking upon his standing with his countrymen, was led to reflect that it would not pain him too deeply if the nation held for its president a warmer feeling, which reflection he put into words while talking lately with one of the Washington newspaper correspondents.

The correspondent, wise man that he is, knew the observation for a presidential hint that suggestions were in order.

"Why not recognize the arts, Mr. President?" he proposed. "You have had leaders of almost every other line of endeavor for breakfast in the White House; why not invite some of the leaders in one of the arts—some poets, perhaps?"

"Who are the leading poets?" came from Calvin, after the customary silent interval.

"Oh, Edward Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Lee Masters, Elinor Wylie," Mr. Sullivan tossed off.

The President considered this.

"When I was in College," he observed, presently, "there was a man named Smith—who wrote verse."



THE doctor requested that his name be not disclosed, for reasons which will appear presently, so the fact that he is one of the town's most noted alienists needs must be accepted on our say-so.

A lady, to all appearances, came to his office in

great agitation one day last week and haltingly told the alienist that her husband—a junior member of a local firm of jewelers, she said—had been acting rather strangely of late. Could the doctor receive her husband next forenoon and advise as to his condition? The hour suggested was not his usual time for consultations, but the doctor consented.

Next morning at ten the lady popped in on the alienist and murmured that her husband would be along in a few minutes. She would wait in the reception room for him. Presently, she burst again into the doctor's consulting room, seemingly greatly agitated, and informed him that her husband was unusually violent that morning. Would the doctor see him alone and—well, she was afraid her husband might become violent—and could she leave through another door? The doctor escorted the lady out, telling her, in parting, not to worry, as all would be well.

It was a strange case, indeed. The husband seemed to have a bracelet mania. To every question the alienist propounded, he replied always by asking what decision the doctor had made about the bracelets.

And it was not until fifteen minutes of cross-questioning had passed that the specialist learned that his supposed patient was a messenger for the local jewelry concern in question who had come to the office bearing two diamond and sapphire bracelets to be submitted by the lady—vanished a quarter of an hour since—to the alienist for the choice she had been unable to make in the jewelry shop. There, it developed, she had said she was the alienist's wife; and so the firm had had no hesitation about granting her request. Nor had the messenger any doubts when, on entering the reception room, the very ladylike lady relieved him of his package, asking him to wait one moment while she placed them before her husband.

The alienist is reported to be preparing a professional paper, for the guidance of his conferees, on the subject, "Excessive Confidence as a Symptom of Insanity."

### Crusade Conclusion

THE five-star final results of the *World's* crusade for Godliness in the theatre, or, failing that, cleanliness, are apparent now. In the two-star editions, Mr. Brady's play, "A Good Bad Woman" closed, as everyone remembers. Mr. Heywood Broun, differing somewhat from the *World's* editorial board's views and being chided for this, offered his resigna-

tion, which, after much talking here and there, got virtually nowhere.

But Mr. Broun was not ready to kiss and make up, so certain concessions were made to him, chief of which was a new arrangement by which he will no longer do dramatic criticism, but will merely write his "It Seems to Me" column at the same salary paid him heretofore for his combined efforts. He will do it once oftener in the week in exchange for not having to go to the theatre which, strange as it is, he has never liked to do. That is the result.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, who has been dramatic critic of the *Sun* since Mr. Frank Munsey sold the *Herald*, is expected to become the dramatic critic of the *World*, bringing about a consummation which has been shaping itself for a year or two. He left the *Sun* last Wednesday.

While the Munsey editorial board—composed of Mr. Frank Munsey—has not yet decided upon Mr. Woollcott's successor, it is likely that Mr. Gilbert Gabriel will be recalled from the colonies, that is to say, the *Evening Telegram*, to fill the gap.

### That Magic Formula

THE second edition of "Artists and Models" left this New York life last Saturday night, after a prosperous career, and there is no reason to believe that its existence will not be equally satisfactory in the Chicago, and so on, hereafter. The first edition will close in Atlantic City next week, after a New York and road run of ninety consecutive weeks.

To the shrewd observer the foregoing statements will plaintively suggest that some one—in this instance the Shuberts, as producers—has made a lot of money. Wherefore it becomes interesting to recount again another tale of that lean line which distinguishes failure from success in the theatre and which is probably its most potent lure to hard-headed business men who should know better.

In August, 1923, then, the entertainment known as "Artists and Models," after just a bit of rehearsals, was sent out into the Long Branch and Asbury Park hinterland to prove its right to existence. It was very, very bad and was promptly voted so by all the playgoers on vacation in the Jersey Ostends. A few people were drawn to the box-office by the title, which hints so clearly at a revelation of matters that are not within the average province, but all they saw was a fat actor in an artist's smock singing indifferent tunes to a young woman or two attired as for the blizzard



of 1888. More from sheer momentum than from any managerial notion that the piece would ever be successful, "Artists and Models" was allowed to wander into New York to keep the engagement that had been made for it at the Shubert Theatre. And at the dress rehearsal in the Shubert Theatre a great idea was born.

Some one—some say J. J. Shubert himself, some say J. C. Huffman, his general stage director—was sitting in the back of the darkened house, sadly contemplating the inevitable failure of the attraction which had just been rendered more certain by the treasurer's report that the advance sale for to-morrow's opening was well under \$300. A dismal parade of "models" was under way on stage, the models evidently under firm instructions from their mothers not to catch cold whatever happened.

And then the alert mind—was it J. J. Shubert's?, was it J. C. Huffman's?—leaped forward and shouted to its assistants on stage.

"Take those blouses off those girls," was its terrible, menacing message. . . .

The rest, because there was a rest, is history. The opening night audience is still treasuring its memories. The box-office line for the second performance contained all the young men, and many of the young women, in New York. The price of admission was raised, and still they came. . . .

And then, on the other hand, when Earl Carroll a year later tried to popularize his revue with the simple notion of removing blouses from young women, the result was anything but financially remunerative.

It all proves something.

### Games, Indoor and Out

CHARLES E. VAN VLECK, JR., has won his first golf tournament of importance, the Garden City Club's annual invitation. Incident thereto is what is known in some circles as a tale.

Mr. Van Vleck reached the semi-finals without much difficulty and was then confronted by Mr. Gardiner W. White and Mr. A. Lucien Walker, Jr., both strong golfers and normally his masters on the links. So, that evening, he was not at all unwilling to become one of a group, which included Mr. White, for the investigation of bobtail flushes and inside straights.

The poker game was a progression of "just one more" rounds. When Mr. Van Vleck and Mr. White teed off in the morning the task confronting each

seemed long and dreary. Neither cared much. Good friends, what mattered it to either which was victorious? Mr. Van Vleck, as history has noted, was the winner.

In the final round that afternoon, Mr. White proved his friendship and his sportsmanship by caddying for Mr. Van Vleck—magically restored to vim and vigor during the lunch period—when he went forth to meet Mr. Walker. He was, unquestionably, the best groomed and the most helpful caddy Garden City ever has feasted its eyes upon. And he was a magnificent aid in the last stretch, when, from the fourteenth on, Mr. Walker began to catch up. Indeed, it was to the hypnotic influence of the gentleman caddy that many in the gallery attributed Mr. Walker's missing an easy putt on the seventeenth, which failure gave the match to Mr. Van Vleck.

It is reported, further, that either Mr. Van Vleck, or Mr. White, or both, succeeded in filling an inside straight upon resumption of their scientific investigations that evening.

### Places and Fads

AMID the banging of supper club doors and the steady clickings of prohibitory padlocks, a most welcome haven re-opened after having been closed for a year. Montmartre is itself again, as of old, when it enjoyed consistent popularity among the dancing places in town.

For the reopening it has been newly decorated in black and white stripings, reminiscent of its earlier days, and in keeping with its attraction as one of the coolest summer rooms in New York. "Charlie" Journal is in his customary place as master of ceremonies. Even the orchestra wakes memories, particularly when playing a tango.

The opening night was gay, not in the wearing of colored paper hats or throwing of confetti, but in the festive company present. So many of the old clientele were there that they created an illusion of a movie "flash-back," to the scene little more than a year ago.

Alice and Jimmy O'Gorman were at their usual table with the Storrs and Thelma Morgan Converse, now abroad, but on that evening fresh from Hollywood and the barber. Milling about in the crowd and confusion were Margaret Flint and the Countess Salm von Hoogstraeten; Major Fullerton Weaver; Rudy Cameron; Suki Pierson with Allen Gouverneur Wellman; Eugenia Kelly Davis in a party with



Margaret Belmont; Bebe Daniels; Walter Wanger and his wife, Justine Johnson, who are considered of ringside importance by all the night clubs.

In passing we should like to ask who the lady is that looks so much like Nita Naldi with—forgive us, Miss Naldi—a better figure. And who, also is the “young doctor” we have seen every time we have been in a dance club in three years—and never with the same girl twice? Is it his fetish to affect never taking out a girl a second time?

Dutch Van Nostrand was on hand; and Sag Sewell with Edith McComb; Peg Power, with the Leslies; Jack Bouvier; the remaining Keene twin; Doc Spalding; Martha Ottley; Alice Joyce; E d y t h e Baker with B e r t r a m Cruger; Margaret Case and, of course, Morgan Morgan; Ruth Kresge and her usual playmate; Ned Walker; Dorothy Clark; and Richard Bennett in a monocle which didn't seem quite needed optically.

Montmartre boasts no cabaret or exhibition dancers, and we feel sure that they are not necessary to its success. The music and atmosphere are quite sufficient.

**T**HE Rendezvous has blossomed anew, although without the erstwhile influence of Gilda Gray's glamorous shimmy. It was against a background of wild caricatures of town celebrities that she tossed and twisted in her exotic dances; caricatures crude and none too clever, although their placing was not lacking in humor. As we recall it the austere visage of John O'Hara Cosgrave was painted on the door leading to the dressing room of the Hula Hula Girls. Those decorations have been scrapped and redone now in a restrained and, perhaps, French style—crystal chandeliers and low relief medallions. The entertainment is good and it is an attractive supper resort.

**W**E attended the premier performance of the new midnight review on the Strand Roof. There was much frisking by “a special beauty chorus,” but the sensation of the evening was caused by the “Three Whirlwinds,” men on roller skates. Such being the case, further comment seems unnecessary.

**T**HE approach of Summer once more evidences the increasing tendency, among men, to relegate the panama hat to country and sports wear. Rarely is one seen in town. Even the conservative straw does not gleam so early as once it did, when custom-chained males changed from more sombre headgear with the fall of a set date from the calendar. It has been not at all unusual, during late Summers, for gentlemen who pay normal heed to dress to continue wearing felt hats into July; and present indications are that the custom will be even less unusual this season.

### *A Mode Is Born*

**N**ATURALLY, Kaskel and Kaskel do not carry in stock such items as four-in-hand scarves, already tied, and equipped with neat devices to be tucked under collar wings and attached to the stud; not, particularly, in the establishment on the Avenue which has a side entrance on Forty-sixth Street for the convenience of the Ritz trade. But for a gentleman of extreme fashion they might contrive a combination of haberdashery and machinery; for some such gentleman—pardon our pointing—as Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, 2nd, who resides at Elkins Park, near Philadelphia, but who weekends (Thursdays to Tuesdays) with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, at their apartment in the Ritz-Carlton. Not only might the thing be contrived, but, actually, it was.

Thus, Mr. Peter Widener was observed lately, in the Kaskel and Kaskel place on the Avenue testing the results of the research and experiment in the Kaskel and Kaskel laboratories and finally giving approval to the ingenious neckwear, of which he ordered a goodly supply.

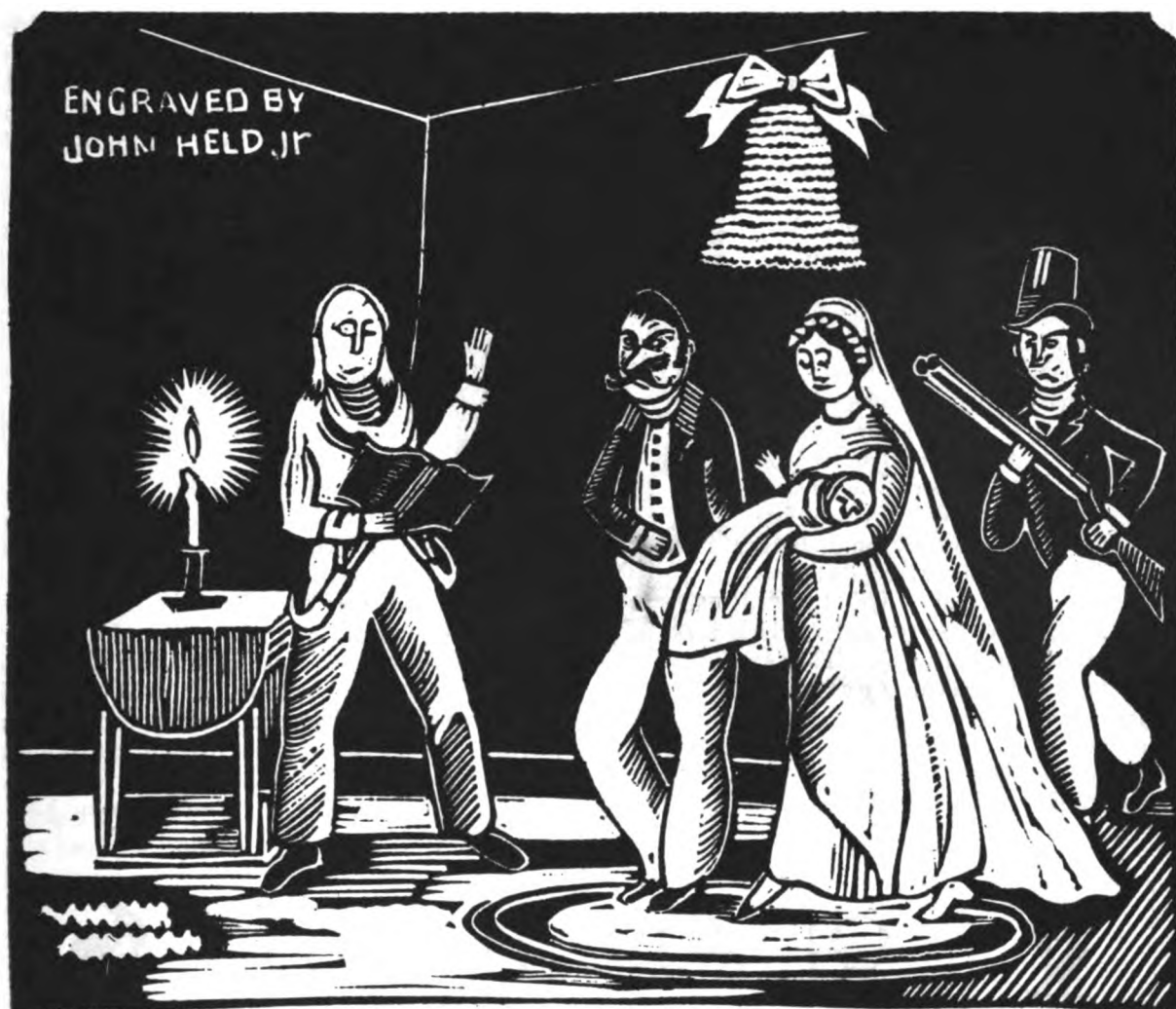
To his friends, Mr. Widener gave explanation of his causing to be made, from rich materials, the mechanical manner of scarf associated in the local mind with the gents' haberdashery department of the Woolworth store in Dubuque. He reminded them, first, that he had been married last December; which was undeniable, his wife having been, before her divorce, Mrs. Frederic Peabody. He reminded them, also, that he, Mr. Widener, never had been able to master the intricacies of fashioning the four-in-hand knot. Neither, he learned after marriage, had his wife acquired this difficult art. So, he concluded, since Mrs. Widener could be of no assistance to him in this matter, nothing remained but to seek assistance from Kaskel and Kaskel, who had responded nobly. There was the simply why of the application to a decorative item of wearing apparel of our national inventive genius.

**J**OSEPH PULITZER might have seen a great news story in one of the succeeding items; Charles Chapin, his most able editor, might have seen a story in both. Accordingly:

When the check for one thousand dollars, being the sum of the Pulitzer prize for the best American novel of the year, was received by Miss Edna Ferber, she sent her own check for like amount to the Author's League Fund.

When Mr. Sidney Howard was notified officially of the award to him of the Pulitzer prize for his





## THE SHOT-GUN WEDDING

play, "They Knew What They Wanted," he had, ready for production, the manuscript of a three-act melodrama he had written. Friends, even producing managers, advised him about this work that it was a sure-fire hit. It would, they insisted, make a fortune for him. "Full of the old hokum," they told him genially, "but, boy, won't you cash in on it? It will be another, if possible, 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"

Somewhat sadly Mr. Howard regarded his manuscript and weighed it against his prize. Then, with stern determination, he tore up the melodrama and cast it out of his life.

### *In Our Midst—and Out*

LATELY landed, in Europe, of course, Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse, one of the twins. Mme. Anna Pavlowa, M. Sergei Rachmaninoff, Beryl Rubenstein, also a concert pianist, Miss Gertrude Hoffman, for Paris, Col. and Mrs. E. M. House, to renew old acquaintances in various capitals, Mr. Arthur J. Hornblow, Jr., theatrical producer and commentator, and wife, Juliette Crosby, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, bound for Africa, to visit her son,

Mrs. Rockwell Kent, to join her artist husband.

In foreign climes are: Señor Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan, his 1925-1926 season's program published. Also, certain of his troupe. Mlle. Rosina Galli, for one. M. Feodor Chaliapin. Señor Antonia Scotti. M. Vladimir de Pachman, piano monologist, resting against his next farewell tour. Miss Marilyn Miller and husband, Mr. Jack Pickford, vacationing. Señor Giulio Setti. Miss Mary Hay, of new freedom (legal) and dancing partner, Mr. Clifton Webb, to fulfill Parisian engagement, vice Ciro's here. Mlle. Valli-Valli and husband, Mr. Jules E. Mastbaum. M. Paul Kochanski and inlaid Stradivarius. Mr. Adolphe Menjou, delicately mustached, blushing for Mr. John Barrymore's praise of his celluloid villainies. And Mrs. Menjou. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt. Mr. Montague Glass, historian to cloak and suit industry. Mr. Glenn Hunter, late model for soap advertisements. . . .

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, touring remembered places in Southern Europe, and Miss Belle Baruch. The Duchess of Manchester, home after being entertained extensively here, with her daughter, Lady Millicent Louise Montague. The Rev. Count

Augustinius von Galen, one-time enemy as chaplain to late Emperor of Austria. Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont. Mr. J. Elliott Cabot, to converse with others than Lowells. Lady MacMillan. Mr. Oliver Harriman. . . .

New post office coming in Times Sq. district, to handle flood of alimony remittances. . . . Ever original, Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of, among others, *Flynn's Magazine*, spending three-months' vacation in this country. Motored to Maine. . . .

Screen celebrities still flood into town. Mme. Nita Naldi, most daring of vampires, within a subway accident of her old home. Brooklyn, if you insist. Mr. Owen Moore, who used to come a-courting to West Twenty-first Street, when Miss Gladys Smith lived there. That is, Miss Mary Pickford.

Mr. Percy Marmount. Mr. Lloyd Hughes, first time. Mr. Wesley Barry, and freckles, back from picture-making at Annapolis. They say he may enroll in the Naval Academy, they say. . . .

Mayor John F. Hylan grandfather for second time. A girl and, of course, a Sinnott. . . . Leaving us to assume presidency of University of Wisconsin, Mr. Glenn Frank, editor of *Century*. College named

after local telephone exchange. . . . On injured list, briefly, Mr. Frank House, new managing editor of *Daily News*. Automobile accident. Another managing editor, Mr. Keats Speed, *The Sun*, back after looking over Kentucky Derby. Annual pilgrimage. . . .

Portions of sixth largest industry angling for Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. Or Mr. Frank Hitchcock. For window-dressing. Like Mr. Will Hays. . . . Married, in Greenwich, Conn., Mr. William Harrigan and Miss Grace Culbert. Both of the theatre. . . . Roof gardens opening. The Plaza on Monday, at luncheon, closing the terraced restaurant for Summer. . . . Visiting us, Sir Robert Newbald Key, Mayor of Old York. . . . Back again, Mr. Irving Bacheller, from Egypt and Damascus. Spectator when Arab committees received the Earl Balfour. . . . Advice from Mr. Georges Engles, after visit to M. Paderewski's Swiss chateau, that pianist will play with New York Symphony next season. Tour of seventy-five cities arranged. Including, at present writing, Dubuque. . . . Out of town, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, fishing in Asheville, North Carolina, for Summer.

—*The New Yorkers*



## OF ALL THINGS



**I**F the anti-evolutionists win in Tennessee, anyone wishing to drink at the fountain of truth will have to go to a speakeasy.

\* \* \*

We are not without a twinge of envy for J. T. Scopes. A young high school teacher who can give a simple lesson in biology and become a great national menace is getting into the hall of fame on an uncomplimentary ticket.

\* \* \*

Now that tetraethyl has got a bad name, scientists are looking for a safe "anti-knock" gas. If they find it, they ought to name it "boost."

\* \* \*

One young man who was present at the Abby Rockefeller wedding knows what Goldsmith meant by a "mute inglorious Milton."

\* \* \*

As "Abie's Irish Rose" enters upon its Fourth Big Year, the dramatic critic disappoints with pride to low public tastes in theatricals. The worst effect, we fancy, is that made upon the impressionable minds of other producers. A manager hesitates to give a bad manuscript the air lest it prove to be another "A.I.R."

There must be some explanation for the brooding silence that has fallen upon the play jury system. Our guess is that the authorities are quietly studying the reaction of the tainted drama upon the morals of the first shock troops. What kind of lives are the play jurors leading now?

\* \* \*

Mussolini has granted women the ballot and the right to serve in war. It is understood, however, that the Italian women will not be used in actual fighting but will be saved for the heavy work.

\* \* \*

When the old gentleman from Iowa shook hands with King George everybody laughed the matter off, but now that a subject has repeated the offense the British Empire begins to view with alarm. The next man who tries to grasp the monarch's hand will probably get a regal jab from Queen Mary's umbrella.

\* \* \*

Now the Democrats are going to have a national weekly. Optimists believe that with a little practice they can produce a paper that is even lower in the intellectual scale than the "National Republican."

On this side of the water an intrepid patriot is one who knows that his country is wobbly at the knees if the flag is not draped properly at a ball game.

\* \* \*

If Henry Ford buys those ships made by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, one can hardly blame him for taking them out of the water. From all we hear, dry land is the safer place for those boats.

\* \* \*

The Old Maid and Bachelor bill introduced into the Florida legislature may not become a law, but it sounds like a bright moment for the sad followers of the single tax.

\* \* \*

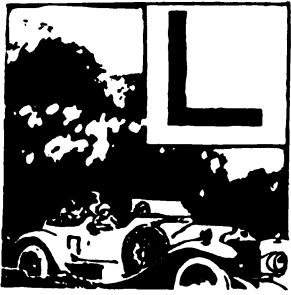
Recent events in academic circles force us to the conclusion that college journalists have no sense of shame and college presidents no sense of humor.

\* \* \*

"My success is because of hard work," said Samuel Rubel, twenty years ago a peddler now head of a 30 million dollar ice and coal company. This must be the college yell of dear old Hard Knocks.

—Howard Brubaker

## MOTOR CASTE



LOOKS a bit tony, doesn't it?" I remarked softly to the Pup, as I dropped him into neutral and allowed him to creep to a stop beside the curb. Three hundred miles had gone their way beneath us since we greeted the sun in Vermont that morning, and now a huge moon surveyed us coldly over the four story garage roof, just off lower Fifth Avenue.

I approached the arc-lighted ramp which shot up steeply. The light was dazzling, and I pulled the peak of my disreputable cap low over my eyes. A tall man suddenly appeared, popping out of a hidden doorway just within the entrance. He was well dressed, and had thick, grey hair.

"Got a car in here?" he asked brusquely, gimlet eyes piercing my wrinkled tweed suit from head to foot.

"No," said I, a bit taken aback by this warm welcome. "But I'd like to put up here if you have a place. What are your rates?"

"Depends on the car, the time you leave it, whether or not you want service, and—" he clicked along and I interrupted.

"Well, we'll come in and you can draw your own conclusions." I had always heard that New York was inclined to coldness where strangers were concerned, but I was not aware that the line was drawn to include their automobiles.

The somnolent Pup protested noisily when I shook his cooling members to action. Gaining the second floor after a struggle, we panted to a stop, and looked about.

Have you ever appeared at a dinner party, in a business suit, to find yourself the hub of all eyes? And the owners of all the eyes impeccably clad in evening clothes? Anyhow, that is how we felt. For we found ourselves in the center of an austere hollow square of the aristocracy of cardom. Polished headlamps gazed upon us from four sides. Gazed, then seemed to open just a bit wider in wellbred amazement at such outlanders. I even fancied I caught a covert shrug or two of a disdainful mudguard as the silent, piercing scrutiny continued.

A magnificent creature stepped forth from between the shining ranks and surveyed us, not unkindly. He was fully six feet tall, and, instead of the characterless jumpers which most garagemen cleave to, he was clad in a smartly cut uniform of olive drab, with crimson piping.

"Can I be after helpin' you?" he asked. Obviously, we needed it.

"Why," I began, "I thought I'd like to leave my car here, possibly for a month or so." I became conscious of the chill aloofness of the politely staring congregation. A subdued clinking of metal led me to believe that nudges were being exchanged, at our expense. "But I don't believe you've got a place for us here, have you?" I climbed out once more, and

was reassured by a warming smile from the General.

"Well," and I caught him eyeing the battered fender and the patched-up running board, "perhaps this isn't just what you want." He coughed diplomatically. "Our rates for this flure are fifty-five dollars a month, and on th' nixt flure up they are—"

"Whew," I gasped, clutching the side of the Pup's wind shield for support, "I was figuring on that for apartment rent." He eyed me with compassion.

My eye was struck by a low, coffee colored car of tremendous length which thrust a long, pointed nose at us. Lamps like snare drums bound in silver flanked the boat-like prow, and the low leather top fitted close over the tonneau, like a girl's sport hat.

I exclaimed in admiration, and the General observed, "Finest open car in the city. Belongs to the greatest theatrical perdoocer in Noo York. Looka them fittin's." He opened the double-locked rear door. I looked, dazzled.

We moved on. My guide gestured towards a sniffy little brougham which stood primly between two overbearing closed cars. It was an exquisite "job" (as the garage-wise put it), painted in glossy bottle green and black, its mudguards of shining patent leather.

"That belongs to the most popular show girl on Broadway," confided the Field Marshal. "That so?" I gasped. "Yeh, but," he prodded my lapel companionably with a banana-like finger, and dropped one eyelid with an air of vast secrecy, "th' bill here is paid by a guy whose name you know as well as you know yer own, if I was to tell it to you."

"On the level?" I queried.

He nodded his grey head solemnly, "Fact."

We swung round the square of staring machines, as he paused to point out those with unusual pedigrees or noteworthy owners. Leading actors, a legal light, a department store buyer, bankers, a champion boxer, an author—they met here on terms of equality.

"Well, this floor is not for the likes of us," I said, as gaily as possible, warping in behind the wheel again. "How about the next flight up, General?"

"Just you drive up," he said, "an' holler for Jim—he'll take keer of you." So off we clanked, back-firing a parting volley of rich smoke into the shining faces of the aristocrats.

It was a steep climb, though short, and the cantankerous Pup had no sooner reached the level floor than he coughed loudly and died on me. Peering about, I saw that we were again in the center of the stage, so to speak, with another rather distinguished audience taking us in. I had just time to note that they composed what might be termed the "upper middle class" of automotive society, when Jim appeared.

A gaunt, spare Abraham Lincoln figure of a man was Jim. In lieu of the imposing raiment of Mr. Kelly, of the floor below, Jim was draped in spotless tan unionalls, with the garage insignia embroidered across his front in crimson script. He gave the impression of being ready to tackle the meanest, dirtiest job in a wink—but of never having had to do so.

"Lay down awn you, eh?" he smiled, as my enraged look was taking in the Pup's hood, fenders, and other members. "They *will* do it, at the durndest times." He cackled dryly. I shook my head sadly, glancing about at the rows of smug, regular boarders. Each bumper seemed, to my distorted imagination, a wide mouth, stretched to a grinning curve at my humiliation.

"How much a month, on this floor—for this?" I asked heavily, indicating the resentful Pup.

"Forty-five dollars," responded Jim promptly, shifting a suspicious lump dexterously from his left cheek to his right.

"Pretty good lookin' lot of cars you've got here," I observed, somewhat weakly, I thought. But something simply had to be said.

"Uh-huh, they sure are. Not many of the furrin nobility sittin' here, but th' best of what we turn out." We strolled slowly about, looking over the familiar faces of the "solid citizens." They made me feel uncomfortable.

We completed the circuit.

"I'm afraid your hotel is too high for us," I said, sadly, for it was very late. "You haven't anything else to offer, have you?" Jim's deepset eyes opened wide behind the thick lenses.

"Why, hell yes," he affirmed heartily. "I'll bet our top floor is just what you want. You steam along up there and see. Holler for Harry." He flapped a long pinion in farewell, and slid away between two cars which did not appear to have more than an inch of clearance.

Brutally I kicked the Pup to some show of activity once more, and clattered him up the final ramp, not knowing just what to expect, but prepared for anything.

Up here, the light was more subdued. We stopped with a jerk just in front of a huddled figure tilted back in a plain wooden chair. The figure awoke with a start and floundered out of the chair, rubbing his eyes.

"Hell," he observed plaintively, "don't run a feller down when he's enjoyin' God's greatest gift to sinful man." He expanded into a grin as he stretched luxuriously, and I laughed.

"You're Harry, eh?" I asked, choking the Pup to silence. "Right. What can I do for you—and your friend here?"

He laid an understanding, grimy hand on the Pup's battered snoot. That quite won my heart. It was a gesture of comradeship, of one who had seen all sides of Life, to another. He even patted the

Pup with affectionate clinking pats as I clambered out.

"Greatest car in th' world," he observed sagely, nodding his long head with its thin thatch of straw colored hair. "I've seen 'em all over th' world, too. Tibet, Madagascar, Brazil—wherever ships 'll carry 'em they'll go." I noted an anchor, a gorgeous thing in red and blue, on the muscular forearm, and understood.

I looked around. On this floor there was a high iron fence, with a padlocked door, beside which Harry was slumbering when we interrupted. Inside the fence were many cars, but they were neither new, nor shining, nor costly. They had travelled. License tags of a score of states drew my eye; the red clay of Georgia and the alkali dust of Nevada were in evidence. Sides were spattered with the hurtling mud spots of Dominion byways; even California was represented by the little red, white and blue metal canisters of extra gas and oil strapped to a running board.

"Got 'em from all over, haven't you?" I asked, as Harry flung open the gate. He nodded.

"Yes, an' let me tell you this. These babies have real character to 'em. They've been through th' mill." He smiled and showed an even row of strong, white teeth. "You know," he said whimsically, "most folks don't care for worn things. But they get to me. A scratch or a bump on them are like the lines in a 'uman face—they're the records of experience." I nodded—here, indeed, was a garage man whose like I had never seen. He hastened to add:

"Not that I like to see somethin' run down, or hopeless like, you understand. Must-be shipshape, but if it is, why—to hell with th' outside, says I. I like a seasoned car, that's seen heat, and cold, and stood 'em both, as well as rough goin'. An' that goes for men, too." He laughed.

"You don't want to start me talkin'. 'Taint often I get an audience up here. Now, where would—"

"How much, by the month?" I interrupted, doubtfully.

"Twenty-five dollars, an' no washin'," said Harry. "Washin's bad for th' paint, anyway," he added, and winked, as he cast a humorous eye over the Pup.

Together we wheeled him, creaking sleepily, into a vacant space between two scarred veterans. It almost seemed to me that they edged over hospitably, to give us a bit more room, and winked genially their dusty headlights of eyes.

"There," said Harry, "he'll rest easy now."

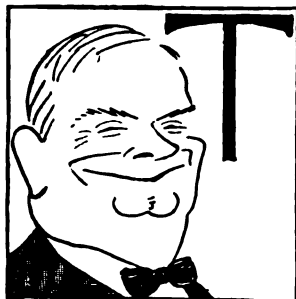
—Stanley Jones





# PROFILES

## A Three Dimensional Person



HERE are people who go to California for the Climate. There are people who go to California for the Movies. T.a.p.w.g.t.C. because they have sold the farm in Iowa (these last you'll find milling up and down Broadway, Los Angeles, wearing corduroy pants and a cafeteria toothpick). There are people who go to California because they actually like it. It takes all kinds of people to make a California. But there are certain other people who go to California because on the way you pass Emporia, Kansas. In Emporia, Kansas, live William Allen White and Sallie Lindsey White, his wife. If you know the Whites, and they like you, you have a blanket invitation to stop over on your way to California and spend the night at the White House, 927 Exchange Street. That alone is worth the four-day trip from the East coast to the West coast. To spend twenty-four hours as the guest of the Will Whites is to have a Great Adventure; an American pilgrimage; and a darned good time.

The White House in Emporia, Kansas, is in its way (and in other ways, too) as important as the White House in Washington, D. C. If that is lese majesté I'm willing to be shot for it as soon after sunrise as I can conveniently get up. In that red brick house on the corner of Exchange Street the Whites have entertained every sort of person from Presidents and Princes up and down. And they have no Guest Book.

The White family will call for you at the station, and return you to it. As you step off your train some one steps on it who is being farewelled by the Whites. As you board it twenty-four hours later there descends from it some one who is welcomed by the Whites. If you say, "Oh, I didn't know you had other guests. I hope I'm not inconveniencing you," you will find yourself addressing empty air because Will White, with one of your bags and Young Bill with the other, are already leading the way toward the family Dodge which is slightly sway-backed from much bearing of visitors and visitors' luggage.

For the rest, your twenty-four hours will be a mellow blend of roomy red brick house, flagged terrace, lily pond, fried chicken, books, ancient elms, four-poster beds, hot biscuits, front porch, old mahogany, deep dish apple pie, peace, friendliness, bath rooms, Kansas sky, French peasant china, and the best conversation to be found east (or west) of the Rockies.

William Allen White is editor and owner of that flourishing and nationally known newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*. If you want to make him mad say you remember his famous editorial entitled "What's

the Matter With Kansas?" He is also a novelist, a biographer, a politician (in the statesman sense of the word), a writer of pungent articles for the magazines; author of a superb collection of short stories called "In Our Town"; a witty and forceful speaker; and one of God's Green Footstools. In him are mingled the fine and the Rabelaisian in such nice proportions as to make any contact and conversation with him energizing, exhilarating and cathartic, all at once.

Of Scotch-Irish descent, you constantly find in him the shrewdness of the Scotchman fighting it out with the dashing romanticism of the Irishman. It is the Scotch strain in him that has made the *Emporia Gazette* one of the best paying newspaper plants of its size in the United States. In its columns you will see White's wise and sophisticated editorial comment side by side with the pleasing items that chronicle the comings and goings of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parmlee who have Sundayed with her folks in El Dorado; or the account of the basket social in K. P. hall. It is the Irish in him that is always fighting for under dogs and lost causes and right against might. It was the Irishman who, last Autumn, left his newspaper, and his quiet comfortable study on the second floor of the Exchange street house, and Addie Wecker's cooking, and the Woodrow Wilson biography on which he was working, to go tilting against the Klan in the State of Kansas.

He who had been offered public office a hundred times and who had never accepted it; who had made governors and senators and helped make presidents, now announced himself as candidate for the governorship of Kansas as his protest against the poison of the Ku Klux Klan rule. It was a quixotic, brave and unique campaign. He solicited no funds. He organized no henchmen. He promised no plums. He set forth no political platform. He was anti-Klan. That was all. Alone Bill White, Sallie White and Young Bill set off in the middle class automobile in the general direction of the Kansas sunrise to stump the Kansas prairies and the Kansas towns. It was hard work and wearing, physically and mentally.

They lost the fight. The Klan candidate won. But for the first time in the history of that Klan-ridden State the workings of the slimy organization had been dragged into the open for all to gaze upon its ugliness and venom.

One can imagine a national political convention without an American flag; without nominating speeches; without a gavel, without a New York State majority; without a temperature of 96 degrees. But a national political convention without William Allen White in the press section is unthinkable. It is certain that in the last twenty years there has been no great and important political, national, or international movement, cause, or event in which William Allen White has not taken an active part. To read

his account of the Peace Conference in the Woodrow Wilson biography is to read *History Made Fascinating*. He is interested in everything from good roads to the German debt. It is incredible that one can be so wise, yet never dull.

In appearance William Allen White is a rotund gentleman given to light gray suits with a curving cut that serves to emphasize his rotundity. In the summer he is addicted to Palm Beach clothing and a certain pale gray kid shoe that seems to be indigenous to Emporia. His sandy red blonde hair is now sprinkled with gray. His voice is high, his speech somewhat staccato, his hands restless, his forehead magnificent, calm, benign. His eyes are a pale blue except at such times as find him stirred, intensely serious, and emotionalized, when they become, strangely enough, almost black. He is considerable of a gourmet and can mix a pretty mean sauce himself. He has even been known, when ill, to spend a pleasant hour in bed reading the cook book.

Two incidents in connection with the Emporia house are illuminating. There is nothing Ritzy about the White establishment. Kansas has no servant class. Occasionally, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer is willing to come to town to engage in housework, but her position is so far from menial as occasionally to cause some embarrassment on the part of a guest who has been brought up in the atmosphere of English house party fiction. As, for example, when a very well known Englishman visiting the Whites left his muddy boots outside his bedroom door on retiring. Emporia housemaids do not polish boots. They do not even know the significance of boots left outside the bedroom door on retiring. I've forgotten whether Bill White or Sallie White polished those boots and placed them again outside the closed door. But one of them certainly did.

Two or three years ago a road company of Somerset Maugham's "The Circle" was playing the Middle West. Emporia was included in the route. It was a distinguished company of players including Wilton Lackaye, Amelia Bingham, Henry E. Dixey and others equally well known. They had been out for some time. Weeks of wearying travel, lumpy beds, stuffy hotel rooms, small-town hotel cooking, maddening train schedules, and little source of outside entertainment, had begun to work havoc. Irritability was rampant. Literally no one in the company was speaking to anyone else off stage.

Something of this came to the ears of William Allen White and Sallie White. When the travel-worn company descended from the train at Emporia they were invited to stay at the White House until next day, when they were due to leave for the next town. They were to dine at the Whites', spend the night there, breakfast there, and go on.

A distraught, slightly haughty and morose company, they were piloted to the red brick house. There juts, at one side of the White residence, a large square roomy porch so constructed as to catch all the breezes. On it are easy chairs, hammocks, swings, books, tables and like aids to indolence. "The Circle" company, catching sight of this ample excrescence, showed signs of rousing from its apathy.

Once inside, and the general flutter subsiding, each

was shown to a room. Each was shown a bath. Big, still, comfortable rooms. Roomy, white, unhurried baths. Before dinner each member of the company found occasion to take aside Bill White and to take aside Sallie White and give utterance to those grievances against every other member of the company, which had secretly been gnawing at their vitals. Hogging scenes, remissness in throwing cues, high-hatting—all the old familiar crimes of the actor were fastened on the shoulders of each by each. The Whites listened, sympathized, said little. An early dinner was served. Platters of chicken, and always another platter of chicken. Vegetables of the bouncing Kansas kind. A great salad mixed honestly in a bowl, and turned, and tossed until each jade green leaf and scarlet tomato and blanched spear of endive glistened in its own coating of oil dressing. Home made pie and home made cake and ice cream.

Tense lines in faces relaxed. The faint outline of a glow began almost imperceptibly to pervade the company. The performance of "The Circle" that night was, perhaps, choked but unctuous. What it may have lacked in soul quality it made up in body. They returned to the White House after the show. They had that time-honored and soothing hour devoted to late supper and mellow talk—and it was mellow, and, somehow, rich and fruity with old stage experiences, and reminiscences of by-gone days.

They trooped up to their rooms—those big, quiet comfortable four-postered rooms. They suddenly were calling gay good-nights to each other, and see-you-in-the-morning, and sleep well. It was long past midnight. The streets of the little mid-western town were quiet. And peace and quiet settled down upon the old red brick house.

The Whites know the ways of actor folk, and breakfast was not until eleven. The Whites' notion of a tasty breakfast dish is the good old half acre of beefsteak smothered with lamb chops. Also melon, grapefruit, orange juice, or what will you have? Also bacon and eggs; coffee poured from the percolator; home made jellies; and tiny hot golden biscuits the size of a half dollar. They say that no one ate less than nine hot biscuits, nor drank less than three cups of coffee. And long before this they were calling each other Henry, and Amelia, and Wilt. And after breakfast the ladies of the company could be seen strolling about the garden, their arms twined girlishly and artlessly about each other's waists. And the men were calling one another "old fellow" and swapping cigars, and saying, "No, you take it. It's more comfortable."

"The Circle" company took the noon train out of Emporia, Kansas. It was a smiling, benevolent, and serene company; a friendly, calm, and transformed company. The Whites went back to 927 Exchange Street, and sat on the front porch and rocked.

There must not be gained from this the mistaken impression that about the William Allen White domicile there is a Christ-like Servant In The House atmosphere. The Whites are not reformers. They are gorgeous human beings. And Bill White comes perilously near to being the Great American Citizen.

—Edna Ferber

# GOOSE VS. GOOSE

THE controversy concerning Mother Goose rages with increasing bitterness. The Fundamentalists insist that "Hush-a-by Baby on the Tree Top," even though sung very much off pitch, has always raised fat and healthy babies, with good appetites and rosy complexions. The Modernists, backed by many psychoanalysts, are equally positive that the part about the breaking bough has been responsible for many a "falling complex," with its attendant evils of dizziness, fainting spells, dropsy and kindred ills.

It is true, of course, that a complex may work good as well as evil. Thus, the infant who took Little Jack Horner seriously may in later life become a politician who has but to stick in his thumb in order to pull out all the good plums the Administration has to offer. But, the Modernists contend, the majority of complexes are very, very naughty, due to the fact that they have not had the proper home training and have been allowed to roam the streets with vicious companions. These naughty ones, they say, will of course corrupt any good complex with which they may come in contact.

Let us assume, as an illustration, that the infant has taken an unusual fancy to "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candle stick." Now, if the good complex which this developed were left alone the youngster might develop into the world's greatest jumper, and thus be enabled to collect enough "expense money" for giving exhibitions to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life. But, the Modernists tell us, this is not the way it works. Right here the other complexes get on the job, and if left to work their will our young man may become either a pyromaniac or a second story worker. Of course, if the bad complexes have become enervated through wrestling with the good it may be possible that only a mild aversion to candles and lights will result, or maybe a tendency to jump to conclusions. "Mother" Stoner, the leader of the Modernists, has ought to solve the momentous questions involved in this Mother Goose controversy by rewriting the jingles so that they will give each little future carrier of complexes some vital information concerning a natural fact. Thus, "Rain, rain, go away, come again another day, little Willie wants to play" becomes:

Patter, patter, hear the rain fall  
So I can't go out to play ball,  
But I know that every shower  
Helps to beautify each flower.

The hope being, of course, that when it begins to rain just after four and one-half innings have been played the good complex engendered by this jingle will make its owner grateful that each flower is being beautified, even though the home team is ahead with two on the bags and Ruth the next man up.

We think the Fundamentalists are wrong and the Modernists only half right. The latter have gone part of the distance, but they have not gone far enough. We feel very strongly that what is needed is a really practical Mother Goose, a Mother Goose which will raise complexes as are complexes. We do not mean the anaemic ones which make us glad the flowers are being watered, but the virile, he-man kind which will start its possessor off in the race for success with a tremendous advantage. Let us illustrate what we mean with Little Jack Horner:



"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"

Little Jack Horner  
In wheat got a corner,  
Likewise a corner in oats.  
In fact he got rich  
By corners and "sich"  
And making the public the goats.

Again, what does it get Mistress Mary, quite contrary, or the person making the inquiry either for that matter, to know the state of her garden? That is, of course, unless she intends to take up gardening as a life's work, which very few of us do. We simply help to give the child a work complex and cause her to feel that only by work can success be achieved. How much better, indeed, to inculcate into her subconsciousness, the beneficent effects of a little judicious idleness, thus:

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
Loafed in a Broadway show,  
While others worked  
Our Mary shirked,  
Now she's in Millionaires' Row.

Indeed, it is not only along the line of material advancement that we should see to it that our children grow a proper crop of complexes. The social side should not by any means be neglected. Following Volstead, sociability begins with the bottle (indeed it can be said with truth that it very often ends there). We should therefore bring home to our offspring, while they are still in their formative years, just what they will have to put into bottle sociability and what they can reasonably expect to get out of it. In other words, teach them what their bottle expectancy is, based upon the latest statistics of actuaries of experience. So we offer the following:

Sing a song of *expense*  
 A pocket full of rye  
 At seven bucks a bottle,  
 It's enough to make you cry.

Ah, but when the bottle's opened,  
*Then* the birds begin to sing,  
 And if you'll take a few or more  
 You'll feel just like a king.

Here we give some really useful advice. In this eight line jingle we not only tell our children of the difficulties which must be overcome to procure sociability, but we go further. We warn them against the dangers of becoming discouraged after the first drink. It may well happen that they will not want to take another because the first one tastes like burnt rubber with a dash of household ammonia, or because it makes them sleepy, or from any number of other reasons which may keep them from becoming seasoned drinkers. We help them to avoid this pitfall.

Of course we should want the child to understand that the particular rye which was in the pocket was purchased before the prohibition law went into effect, and that it was being carried around in the home and was not in any sense illegal transportation. We cannot bring home to them at too early an age the sanctity of the Eighteenth Amendment. So we would change the "Bye, Baby Bunting" nonsense about clothing baby in rabbit skins to read like this:

Bye, baby bunting,  
 Daddy's gone a-hunting  
 To get some "sympathetic" gin  
 To perpetrate a Volstead sin.

There are ways, of course, to obtain clothes without paying for them, the most popular being to permit someone else to do so. But where, we ask you, in the Mother Goose of either the Fundamentalists or the Modernists, do you find any advice or assistance about this very easy way of dressing one's self? There simply isn't any. Of what earthly use is the knowledge to a child that pussy's coat is warm, and that it isn't considered good form to tease her or pull her tail? The fact that the coat keeps pussy warm doesn't help keep us warm. We want to teach the child what will protect her from the cold and, most important of all, how to obtain it. So, with due modesty, we offer the following:

I like little sealskins  
 They keep you so warm,

And if I can get them they'll do me no harm,  
 So I'll not tease my husband nor drive him away  
 As long as he's able for sealskins to pay.

Of course your child will drive a car. But has anyone warned him of the humiliating experience awaiting him of being vociferously reprimanded by a traffic cop for attempting to cross after the whistle has been blown? This will, of course, happen when he is driving four girls around to show them the town: it always does. We venture to say that no such warning has ever been given. What are you going to do about it? Do you intend to keep on feeding his young mind with nonsense about cows being in meadows and sheep in corn? Do you want to give him a complex which will cause him to blow a horn or whistle every time he sees a bottle of milk or a mutton chop? Of course you don't. Then why not something of real utility, like the following:

P'liceman in blue  
 Come blow your horn  
 And "bawl out" the driver  
 Who keeps going on.

Of course this doesn't rhyme unless you pronounce the word "on" like the people of Brooklyn. But some of the Mother Goose jingles don't rhyme either. What we want is rhythm, and not necessarily rhyme.

Perhaps the most desirable thing in life is the ability to ward off senility. But we have searched the Mother Goose of both the Fundamentalists and the Modernists from end to end and have been unable to find one bit of advice concerning this vital point. There is a long dissertation on the disappointment of Mrs. Hubbard and her dog, which is just so much useless information. But how different is this:

Old Mother Hubbard goes to the cupboard  
 To get her cosmetics a-plenty,  
 For she knows well enough that by using the stuff  
 She won't look a day over twenty.

Here we inculcate a complexion complex, which will make it second nature for every woman to give herself a complex complexion that cannot do other than deceive the most sophisticated male. And what can give the so-called feeble sex greater happiness than that?

We thus offer to the quarreling factions, without charge, a solution of all their difficulties.

—Joseph F. Fishman





THIS department's somewhat unconsidered gesture in the way of reviewing *in toto* an evening's radio broadcast program is about to be redeemed. Run—do not walk—to the nearest exit.

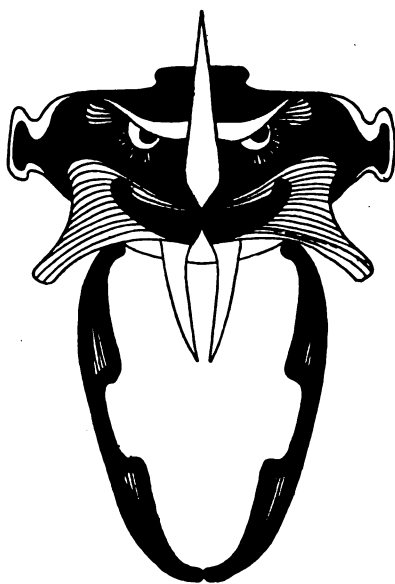
Before we narrate the prodigies and other things that came through our loud speaker from Station WEAJ on a recent Friday, let us assure you that our receiver is a good one. Its maker presented it to us with little ceremony and less provocation, but we must speak well of it. (Radio sets intended for this department should be left at the offices of THE NEW YORKER not later than Friday of each week. Please mark them "personal," as the book department's receiver is home made.)

WEAJ, in case no one has told you, is a commercial station, renting the air to affluent concerns who provide the amusement or otherwise. At least two of the attractions presented on our night of earful waiting were sponsored by business interests and on some nights the whole program may be provided by accounts. Consequently, WEAJ is able to in-undate its listeners with paid entertainers in place of song pluggers and ambitious choir applicants.

When we tuned in on WEAJ we heard somebody issuing bedtime fiction, but that was our fault, because WEAJ follows its advertised schedules faithfully and we shouldn't have lit the tubes so early. At any rate, the proceedings took a less solemn turn at 7:45, when Mrs. James Hirschberg, variously advertised as soprano and contralto, and actually a mezzo-soprano, sang Russell's "Vale," "The Waters of Minnetonka," and Oley Speaks's "Sylvia," all members in good standing of the radio favorites union. Mrs. Hirschberg obviously has a good voice, a trifle unsteady in the balcony but of good texture in the parquet and dress circle. Her few minutes were agreeable, and probably much more than that to those who are not surfeited with her trinity of songs.

Followed M. Marcel Salzinger, an operatic baritone with a burly, ringing voice, who sang Flègier's doleful "The Horn." M. Salzinger sounded better than he did at his Town Hall recital, but the opportunity of hearing him in more attractive music departed when the hour for the Happiness Boys arrived. Mrs. Hirschberg and M. Salzinger had a good accompanist in the popular "Winnie" Barr, the able relief pianist of WEAJ. There are at least three first rate accompanists hidden in broadcasting studios, the other two being Keith McLeod of WJZ and Maude Mason of WAHG.

The Happiness Boys, doing their weekly stint in behalf of a chain of confectionery emporia are Billy Jones, a splendid tenor, and Ernie Hare, who has rather a remarkable bass baritone voice. Their musicianship ought to commend them to us serious persons, and their jokes sound funny when they tell them. They probably could expound "One who thinks he can do it in par" and make you like it. They followed a "happy thought for kiddies" with a gag line about a red necktie which probably embarrassed a few eavesdropping parents. However, as the candy stores probably instruct them to say, everyone to his taste.



An old-fashioned piano duet served as prelude for the Columbia University Orchestra, which was tossed into the air for half an hour, during which Julian H. De Gray (Pulitzer prize winner in music, although the announcer didn't tell us that) played most of the Grieg piano concerto to an earnest accompaniment by his fellow Morningsiders. There was no reason for supposing that the Columbia Orchestra followed the example set by Harvard's symphony at its concert last year, of ringing in a few Philharmonic men at strategic desks. (Of course, there may be some Harvard undergraduates in the Philharmonic.)

Mr. De Gray played his solo with zest, and barring a few banana peelish descending passages, made a good job of the concerto. At 9 o'clock, with some six pages of the finale to go, the announcer declared the concerto finished, and we wouldn't have been the wiser, either, if we hadn't had the score in hand.

A furniture house, which has adopted "Home Sweet Home" as a *leit motif*, then declared its responsibility for an orchestral program, which began with all manner of Scotch songs interspersed with fearful stuff from the announcer. "Came the great war" was one of the lines. After this zero half-hour, the orchestra turned to dance music, ripping it off easily and naturally.

The musical and good will offering by the "Home Sweet Home" folks was succeeded by the Gordon Trio, consisting of Messrs. Crawford, Groff and Ferris, three Princeton men who sing baritone, fiddle and play piano respectively. And they are good. Mr. Groff has genuine violin talent and played unhackneyed selections. Mr. Crawford, announced as a Dàmrosch prize winner, sings well, if without much color, and he too showed good taste, although his own composition fared poorly beside such a masterpiece as Griffes's "An Old Song Resung."



## GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*"The Show-Off" at the Playhouse*

WHERE *Aubrey Piper* is nightly upsetting the peace and calm of the Fisher family. Starting at the upper left we have Miss Wellington as *Amy*, trying to get a twinkle out of the ring. Below is Mr. Carey as *Joe* and Miss Goodriche as *Clara*. The

latter is thinking about love. The remainder of the page has to do with Mr. Bartels, as *Aubrey Piper*, and Miss Lowell, who plays *Mrs. Fisher*, the belligerent mother-in-law.

—W. E. Hill



THE proposal has been made to recognize as more than justifiable, that is to say praiseworthy, homicide the murder of any citizen by any reviewer to whom mention has been made to the effect that it's pretty lucky for you, you big stiff, free tickets to all the openings.

Take "Lady of the Rose," then. Go on, take it, we've got another pack.

Every now and then people who should know better start to organize a debate on after all, what is life, how do you know what's real and what's not real, maybe the only reality is illusion. A vaudeville team of two stage Englishmen used to do it excellently years ago. "Wouldn't it be strange," said the one, "if you were I and I were you?" Whereupon the other deliberated for some time and nibbled at the head of his cane and said, "By George, Percy, maybe we are."

So along comes Martin Flavin to put it all into a play. And because, some time ago, this same Mr. Flavin wrote "Children of the Moon," a play which few saw, but about which the curious legend circulated that it was nevertheless a great drama, people that hadn't been out of the house in years gathered together for its opening night.

*John Meredith*—who is one of those characters whom nobody calls *John* and nobody calls *Meredith*, but everyone calls *John Meredith*—is a celebrated dramatist who thirty years ago wrote an unproduced play that in time has come to be real to him. When he has nothing else to do, which is all the time, he sits and talks to the heroine of this masterpiece, in the dialogue of the play. He's so happy, for you see he's living with his dreams.

He married Margaret Mower, because she looked like this dream woman, but he found out all too soon that there are differences. And so he has come to hate her. What does she do then but arrange to have his masterpiece produced, unknown to him, with herself in the leading role, and himself in the theatre on opening night, unknown to her.

Experienced readers of THE NEW YORKER will recall precious moments in their dreams when the telephone has rudely wakened them and separated them, beyond recall, from great happinesses.

Well, the production and his wife as the flesh and blood embodiment of the dream girl are just one loud, endless telephone ring to *John Meredith*. And so he carries on about it and he dies, but there's a mystic bit about the unexplained presence in the death-room of the only physical property of the imagined woman—a blood-red rose.

There is, to be sure, an idea here, though it is neither novel nor powerful. To be at all dramatically palatable, it would have to be developed by a resourceful and imaginative playwright and interpreted by temperate and sensitive actors. . . . No.

But Margaret Mower, entry should be made for the record, becomes more and more beautiful year after year. When she went on the stage, the theatre's gain was life's loss.

THE other opening of the week was "Man or Devil?" by Jerome K. Jerome. A good time is to be had by all students of what has come to be known as character acting.

First in the list is Lionel Barrymore and something should be done—perhaps there could be a law—to keep this excellent actor from wasting his precious time in the plays from which he's been able to blow the dust lately. In "Man or Devil?", of course, Barrymore's character is such a one as never was on land or sea or even in an intelligent imagination—but there is life and gusto and a perfect stage sense to his work. . . . How about giving Shakespeare another chance, Mr. Barrymore? He was nervous last time and really wasn't himself.

But the pleasurable character acting in the piece does not end with Mr. Barrymore. There are, thus, Marion Ballou, in a role as stencilled as any the theatre knows, interpreted to seem as true as life itself; Egon Brecher, an able and experienced actor, playing a grateful part to the hilt, without effort, and McKay Morris, giving the first evidence of ability in boisterous comedy. Ruth Findley is appropriately sweet and gracious.

The play itself is nothing much and has an idea even older than Mr. Flavin's. Two men, you see, exchange souls. However, if you wish you can stuff your ears with cotton and make up a dandy plot for yourself as the action develops.

### The New Plays

LADY OF THE ROSE. *At the Forty-ninth Street. Old John Meredith has been living a dream life all these years and his unfeeling attendants take it away from him.*

MAN OR DEVIL? *At the Broadhurst. Lionel Barrymore and a number of other good players in a piece that doesn't amount to much but lets them contribute unrelated items of good acting.*



THE RUM RUNNER  
"I'll Raise You





T STUCK IT OUT  
r Dime, Bill''



ACCORDING to our way of thinking the Whitney Studio Club's tenth annual exhibition, on view until May 30 at the Anderson Galleries, is the most important American show of the year. Here we have everything, almost, that we like in the all American team of pigment throwers. Things we have seen and admired during the winter now come to hang with others of the same ilk. It is an Independent show run through a sieve, the Spring Salon through a couple of sieves; and the sieve we feel is an excellent one.

Of course, there is no loophole in the vicious circle of Independence. If your plan is honest and performs its promise, it must admit anything that is brought along and has two screw-eyes and a piece of wire on the back for hanging. And the Independent and the Spring Salon organizations being honest, a lot of the children come to the table before they are even able to hold knife and fork. Some of them, it seems, have not even mastered the technique of a spoon and pusher. But these have a right at the board as surely as those versed in such refinements as olive seed disposal and finger bowls. The moment you designate who shall come and who shall be denied, all the sins and vices of arbitrary juries set in and you might as well call the doctor for a return of the old malady, Academyitis. And yet from a pragmatic standpoint, there is great virtue in selectivity, as witness the Whitney Club show. Tell us the name of that system that chooses so well and fairly and we will join up, rendering lip service merely to the theory of the Independent.

If one were to pick flaws he might note that the "Senorita" of Elizebeth Clark was a bit too Zuloaga and the "Posing Model" of Etta Fick too Toulouse Lautrec. But there are so many fine things such carping would be ungenerous. The "Flora" of Henry Schnakenberg is being whispered about as a thing fit for our museum on Fifth Avenue, but personally we liked best his "New England Landscape." Perhaps that is merely the selling potential of the quality of recognition. The particular spot of landscape is one we have viewed hundreds of times. Then there are two of the best of Niles Spencer, another of our white hopes who had a full show at Daniel's this Spring. And W. E. Hill, the theatre's Hogarth, has a canvas as individual as his drawing. But there is so much of it we can't list the whole catalogue. The high lights of our pleasure were Ault, Bianco, Peggy Bacon, De Martini, Margaret Herrick, Frank

London, William Meyerowitz, Reginald Marsh, Charles Sheeler and Rudolph Tandler.

The epic of art in America has yet to be written. When it is penned there will doubtless be a chapter on those who came up out of the endless seas of wheat to paint the ocean tides. Karl Knaths, hailing from Portage, Wisconsin, hitherto known as the town that produced Zona Gale, took his brush to Provincetown. Portage would shudder, we are afraid, at what Karl

has done since leaving the old homestead. Unless, perhaps, Zona has prepared them for anything. Some of Knaths's work can now be seen at Daniel's, stronghold of the selected modern. Not always clearly realized as to form, his paint has a distinctly personal quality. And Knaths's things are not like a dozen others. Daniel is also showing paintings by Fiske Boyd, a local boy who has a cool and deliberate brush. A trip to that gallery is always worth it if only to see the water colors of John Marin and Preston Dickinson and the black and whites of Kuniyoshi.



The art critic whose pet word is brush-stroke has fallen on lean days. He might as well stay away from the Lee Hersch show at the Montross Gallery. For Hersch

left his brushes at home and did it all with a palette knife. When he wants to he can draw, as he shows by his "Nude" and one or two of his portraits. The rest of the two score are mainly effective and some of them arresting in composition—especially "Circus," an elephant coming through the scarlet portals of the main tent. The virtue of the heavily pigmented painting is a freshness that gives the picture the air of having been finished the day before. Hersch makes excellent use of the method without being too stunty.

Why we don't know, but we got a kick from walking into the Milch Galleries and finding a picture that we had singled out of the Academy desert of a few weeks ago. Perhaps it tickled our Columbus complex. Anyway the picture is "Life and Still Life" and is by Robert Brackman, whose show is current there until the end of the month. Some of the arrangements we feel a bit too arty and thus at variance with a certain fresh quality of paint that Brackman has attained. Pleasing pictures, most of them, and an easy step for the patron caught between the old romantic and newer, raucous art.

# TOO GOOD FOR THE MORONS

LIFE is often trying in a big city like New York; and with the hot weather coming on and all the shows closing up and Peggy Joyce off for Europe again, the next two or three months look tougher than ever. Drove of wealthy and intelligent men and women turned on the gas rather than put up with the deadly boredom of June, July and August, 1924, and it is well known that many good people are getting up suicide pacts and clubs among their friends and neighbors this year, as well. As these clubs offer a year's subscription to *Harper's Magazine* and an autographed copy of the "Book of Etiquette" with each membership, the suicide fad is spreading like wild fire. At the present rate, New York's literate population will cease to exist sometime in 1956. (Cf. Dr. Raymond Pearl's "The Biology of the Intelligentsia, With Graphs.")

Fortunately, there is no excuse for boredom any longer, and those who blow out their brains this year will be very foolish. Because for two cents a day any melancholia sufferer can have more fun than a barrel of monkeys. It involves a little reading, but what doesn't nowadays?

Perhaps you have already guessed that we are working up to some mention of New York's latest and juiciest publication, the *Graphic*, the property and plaything of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, whose beautiful white body with all muscles flexed adorns many a health catalogue, and who sometimes styles himself: "The Man With the God Driven Pen."

We are aware that a snooty attitude toward "picture papers" is painfully prevalent these days among people wishing to be considered intellectual. The feeling seems to be that the tabloids are edited by and for victims of dementia praecox. This is the case, but, as is also the case, they are much too good for the morons and the civilized adult who affects disdain for this sort of reading is merely biting off his nose to spite his face. The fact is that every page of Mr. Macfadden's paper is a guaranteed, sure-fire wow.

Most connoisseurs prefer Patricia Lee's column where a wife can squawk on her husband as loud as she likes and a husband can snitch on the wife. "Blue Eyes" complains that her husband gives her a bloody nose every morning; Fred weeps that his common law wife refuses to marry him. Helen R., a spinster, tells of the child she is expecting and says she is riotously happy and doesn't give a damn. "More power to you," says Patricia. There are also such interesting situations as that of Mamie, who reports

that father is raising the roof because she is enceint and won't name the man. She is quite perplexed. Patricia wants to see her and talk it over.

But perhaps letters bore you, in which case we recommend a feature called: "Diddle Dum." This is a daily story, full of misspelled words, for the kiddies. Sample:

"I herd a storee yistaday abowt a littul gerl who hed a deepe luv fer flours," etc.

Now, at first blush, that isn't so awful interesting,

but wait! The *Graphic* offers a seat at the Hippodrome for each neatly corrected copy of the story. By writing several replies with your left hand, it's a cinch to clean up a half a dozen seats every day. Special care must be taken to make your handwriting round and childish, as editors are smart fellows sometimes. A good idea is to put "age 6" after your name,



now and then, and to tell the editor that you ask God to bless him every night. After you and your friends have enjoyed the Monday performance, you can scalp the tickets for the balance of the week in the alley back of the Algonquin Hotel. The plan has only one disadvantage. The children who have won the nearby seats are very apt to giggle and act up during your night at the show. You can give them a good slap in the face or report them to the usher, just as you please.

In this one instance, it will be seen that the two cents you spend for the *Graphic* is a mere drop in the bucket. With any kind of luck, you can get your money back a hundred times over, besides taking in a good vaudeville show once a week.

But the really worthwhile feature is the Shetland Pony and Cart Contest. Imagine what good times you could have with a real Shetland pony! All you have to do is to say you are 8 years old and get all your friends to vote for you. It's a mighty good chance to find out who your real friends are, anyhow. Of course, you have to send in your photograph, but everybody has a lot of kid pictures kicking around. If you don't like the pony you can always sell it.

Even the advertisements in Mr. Macfadden's publication are a wow—especially the advertisements.

It is hoped that all fun loving boys and girls are following the hell-roaring adventures of the man in the Order of Moose ads now current. Or the fellow who finally joined the Owls. Or the hero of the Foresters of America advertisements.

In recent drawings illustrating the latter, Wilfred

(that is our name for the Forester candidate) is shown trying to climb Mt. Everest. You can see right away that he is pretty sick of the whole thing. For one thing, some smart aleck with a taste for practical jokes has tied two big laundry bags, labelled "Sickness" and "Slander" on Wilfred's back; and beetling over him are several hair raising crags, designated as Unemployment, Misfortune, The 5-Cent Fare, Trouble, The Yellow Peril, and Lonesomeness. A Human Fly couldn't make that climb—and it is at least ten miles to the bottom of the ad. You want to shut your eyes.

But hold on, friends! Who is this benevolent figure, bigger than the whole mountain, who is stretching out his hand? Bright rays are shooting fanwise from his brow. No it is not a Being from above because the gentleman has a moustache. Besides, if you look sharp, you will see a large emblem pinned to his coat lapel. *It is the Foresters of America to the rescue*—appearing as dramatically as the Battleship Oregon or the Eighth United States Cavalry.

Now if Wilfred can only hang on long enough to get out his initiation fee he is at once translated to the picture at the bottom of the page.

Apparently, in this picture, there has been a lapse of five years. Wilfred has given up mountain climbing and is taking life easy in an overstuffed chair.

He is wearing a swell suit of silk pajamas and the room is filled with books and American Beauty roses. But, just the same, he is feeling bum. You can tell that right away because there is a trained nurse there, with a big bowl of beef extract. And yet, he is getting all the breaks. A doctor with whiskers and a full dress suit is prescribing a pint of red eye, while another gentleman who probably was brought up in a livery stable—he keeps his hat on in the house—is

handing the invalid a big fat pay check. A long line of Foresters are entering the room in lockstep, carrying a side of beef, a twelve foot string of pearls from Cartier's, the works of Henry James and a pair of loaded dice. Whether he is really sick or just faking it, Wilfred certainly is sitting pretty.

The text of the advertisement is just as hot. "You don't have to be a social leader," you are reassured. "This order is too broadminded for that. All you have to be is clean in body and mind."

There is romance, too, in the *Graphic's* advertising pages. "Why Did She Turn Her Eyes Away?" which goes on to show that an unsightly complexion has spoiled many a love's young dream. Mr. Jack Blue, "The Master Himself," has a corking human interest series on how he has prepared society buds for social and stage leadership. You can learn how to cure yourself of the drug habit, too, if you are sincere in wanting to be cured, and the sex lure and saxophone ads are grand.

Where else can you find a tenth of the excitement, pleasure and profit and good-natured chuckles that the *Graphic* goes down on its knees to offer you? In the long-winded, button-holing *Times*? Guess again! The *Times* is much too selfish. What does Mr. Ochs care if you have a pony and cart, or if you ever see the Hippodrome in all your life? In *THE NEW YORKER*? Granted. But *THE NEW YORKER* only comes out on Fridays, and for six whole days there is absolutely nothing to do but bite your fingernails. That's how all those people happened to commit suicide last summer. The plain truth is that each one of us must take back all the things we've said about Mr. Macfadden, and subscribe to the *Graphic*, at once. It will be God's mercy when it drives all the other newspapers out of business and New Yorkers are forced to enjoy themselves, at last.—*Plutarch*



Artist: Now would you mind turning your head away for a second?  
Suspicious Boxer: Say, what's the bright trick, kiddo?

# ENNOBLING OUR CRIMINALS



SO it has come to this. They're advertising for the crook and the yegg. The first practical sign of the uplift was in the modest little placards which blossomed out some time ago in the "L" stations: they reminded prospective robbers of ticket offices that, if they were caught, they'd get from six to seven years. The suggestion, of course, was: not to be caught, and doubtless some few courageous men were thereby inspired to do better work. But now there are to be flamboyant posters—every bit as good as the old ones which urged us to Buy Liberty Bonds, to Save Sugar, to Save The World From The Kaiser. . . . These new works of democratic art speak out to all whom they concern: "You CAN'T win. Ships Don't Sail Beyond the Arm of the Law." Or, "You CAN'T win. You Have to Get All the Breaks. One Little Slip Means Sing Sing."

It is fair to assume that these exhortations are not addressed to the little girl who works all day in a milliner's shop; nor even to the plumber riding home from his pipes. There must be a criminal class, large and plebeian enough to use the street cars, to whom these advertisements are devoted and whom they are aimed to improve. This is highly significant as perhaps the final proof that we are a democracy, indeed. I feel however that much good material is neglected by not putting the posters also in the taxis.

At last the criminal class is to be exalted. To-day, of course, it is small pumpkins to hold up a bank clerk or sandbag an aged millionaire as he saunters from his club. Mediocre men—men of conservative instincts and cool passions—have degraded the ranks of crime. All this is now to be changed. The crook is to be challenged! The yegg is to be dared! "YOU CAN'T WIN" shout the ads. This will of course discourage the weak members. It will fire and inspire the strong ones. It will weed out the cautious crooks. It will raise the moral and spiritual standard of the whole fraternity of pillagers, marauders, brigands, thugs and pirates who grace our peaceful land, and serve to circulate moneys and emotions.

Dick Turpin, Robin Hood, the great Corsairs had no encouragement like this. They worked against a spirit of states and peoples which in every way encouraged "virtue." When one thinks of the drawbacks of those days one wonders that picaroons, spieglers and strong-arm men survived at all! It merely goes to show the indestructibility of genius. Men were discouraged from peculation by thoughts of God, and by the subtle suggestion of the priests that it was *harder* to go straight! Moses had thundered: "Thou shalt not"—with the assumption that of course *thou couldst*. Jesus of Nazareth went even farther. He made it clear that it was almost impossible to be good. For ages, the aristocracies and the churches kept up their propaganda, discouraging crime on

ground that crime was easy, forgivable and mean.

We have changed all that. "You can't win my swag!" challenges the banker, knowing well that this is the very tune to inspire the daring crook against him. Indeed, the best of this new scene of our Democratic Drama is the altruism of the leaders.

They have suffered, after all, very little from hold-ups. Crime has been endemic, but sporadic. The land buccaneering art needed uplift and stimulation. It needed the standards and the token of popular support which advertising—that university of democracy—alone would give it. Enough vivid posters encouraging superior youth to bust safes or board bulion-carrying motors—through the method of challenge and of a call to adventure—and we can look forward to the day when all banks will be broken, all rich ladies stripped of their jewels, and all motors in the hands of thieves, save of course those taxis which are already run by licensed yeggmen.

Our ruling class disproves the cynicism of the materialist philosopher. Are they not now inspiring a criminal class, with educational posters, to despoil them?

But perhaps there's a way out of this dilemma, after all.

Every one knows that about fifty years ago our pioneers and pork-barrel experts instituted the campaign which has resulted in the present flood, throughout the land, of novelists and poets. Advertising methods in those days were more intimate, because the science had not been standardized. Yet the process was essentially the same as that now begun for the benefit of our criminal classes. Instead of shouting in posters, it was whispered about: "Write Poetry—and Starve." "Creators—You CAN'T Win. The Possessive Arm of the Law Will Get You, Even In Paris."

The result of course was Greenwich Village, and our ten thousand Little Theatres. In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no word of challenge like CAN'T. But the crowning stroke of this manoeuvre for supplying our land with a sufficiency of poets, was the system of awards and prizes which has since sprung up.

The creators, of course, were first *challenged* into existence by the possessors. Then, those who were wise enough to make their imagination and their art work for the possessors, were paid sumptuously in coin.

Similarly, bank robbers and hold-up men must first be inspired to know the dignity of their calling. These posters will help to draw the right class of energetic youth. All that remains, then, will be to announce positive rewards for those criminals who are "willing to co-operate."—*Search-light*

In the University of Chicago they have discovered that one can renew a worm's youth by cutting it into bits. We hasten to assure our more nervous customers that the experiment was made on flatworms, not on bookworms.



Suggested Design: "Clarence Loves M—"



Finished Picture: "Mamie Loves Cl—"

## SAND: IMPRESSIONISM

*A Further Study of Creative Art in New York*

WHERE shall we find the native art that springs untrammelled from the heart of a free people? Not in the stodgy exhibits of the museums or galleries, not in the narrow confines of a picture frame or the cramped medium of pen or brush; but out in the open spaces, where hearts beat high and youth skips gaily hand-in-hand with romance. Coney Island, for instance.

What more light-hearted, not to say headed, than that unusual example of a sand-portrait: *Clarence Loves M—* Here is Art indeed at the fountain-source! What an effect has been achieved with the simple use of a pointed umbrella to dig two eyes and a nose in the sand, and a big toe to scoop out lazily a semi-circular mouth, indicating a smile. Suppose now we add two crusts of bread from a discarded lettuce sandwich, or perhaps a couple of orange peels washed up in the last tide, and arrange them on either side of the face for ears: (*Clarence Loves M—*) Voila! a masterpiece—to be washed away perhaps by the next roller, or stepped on by a bare foot running for the bath house—but while it lasts, surely a masterpiece! There are a hundred more etched in the sand up and down the beach.

No examination of this phase of Creative Art in New York would be complete without a brief mention of Sand Sculpture. Uncle Hyman is a handy example, at present on exhibit at Far Rockaway, where

he is getting a coat of tan during his two weeks' vacation from the milk route. There are two forms in which Uncle Hyman appears: concave and convex. The first one shows a finely modeled impression in the sand where Uncle Hyman spent the afternoon on his back getting his sunburn. The second, possibly the more life-like of the two, contains Uncle Hyman himself asleep at the bottom of a round mound of sand heaped on his stomach by his nephew Sammie and a couple of little girls. This second form was unfortunately never finished owing to Sammie's ill-advised attempt to pour the sand down his Uncle Hyman's throat.

The outstanding artistic triumph in Sand Art: "Papa Love Mamma?" (reproduced above) was composed on the sand in front of a bench at Brighton Beach by two young artists, Clarence Sacks and Mamie Martin, who employed respectively a malacca stick and the tip of a pink parasol. The first phase: "Clarence Loves M—" shows clearly the design in mind, and is the work of Mr. Sacks, an artist known for his line. The second phase of the picture: "Mamie Loves Cl—" was interrupted suddenly by a simultaneous decision on the part of both artists to join in partnership and produce from now on under the name of Sacks. Their first exhibit will be ready next Spring.—*Corey Ford*

## The Song of the Tabloid

*This is the song of the tabloid sheet,  
Hurrying, scurrying, making the street.*

Wherein hell's the story we can get to lead this rag?  
Woman's Body Found Chopped Up In a Carpet Bag?  
That's a pretty hot one, Oh, a colored woman? Heck!  
Stick it on the inside next that western railroad wreck.  
Kill that speech of Coolidge. We ain't strong on politics.  
Communists Are Scattered? Give the thing a coupla sticks.  
Egypt Under Martial Rule? Lay off that foreign stuff.  
What we want is heart throbs, written strong and treated rough.

Give us something steaming hot—that's the tabloid's dish;  
Artist's model—millionaire—love notes—the poor fish!  
Nix on heavy statesmanship! Nix on world affairs!  
Give us stuff that strikes 'em hard, rips and rends and tears,

Give us stuff that makes 'em laugh, stuff that makes 'em cry.  
Graft in Higher Office; How the Rum Runners Get By.  
Give us stuff about Big Men—Babe and Jack and Tex.  
Give us stuff that sizzles—reeking full of Sex.  
Little bit off color—lots of action, lots of speed.  
That's the kind of doings that the Public likes to read.  
Give us stuff that makes 'em grin—chuckle, smirk and wink.  
Make it pretty obvious—people hate to think.  
Where's the story for to-day—racy, rich and low?  
Follies Girl Seeks Heart Balm? That's the ticket! Let 'er go!

*This is the song of the Daily Screech;  
Love, license, levity. Ain't she a peach?*

—*Charles Street*

### On the Wire

SCENE: The interior of a telephone booth.

TIME: The present.

CHARACTERS: A young man; a voice.

(After considerable ado, the young man has succeeded in getting a number.)

THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!

THE VOICE: Uh huh.

THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!!

THE VOICE: Uh huh.

THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!!!

THE VOICE: Ah says "Uh Huh." Wha' you all want?

THE YOUNG MAN: I want to speak to Miss Jones.

THE VOICE: Miss Joe?

THE YOUNG MAN: No, no. Jones! Miss Esmeralda Jones!!

THE VOICE: Oh! Miss Esm'alda.

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes, Miss Esmeralda Jones. I want to speak to her.

THE VOICE: You all can't speak to her.

THE YOUNG MAN: What's that?

THE VOICE: She don't live here no more.

THE YOUNG MAN: Doesn't live there?

THE VOICE: No, boss. She done move.

THE YOUNG MAN: Moved!

THE VOICE: Yeah, she done move' long time ago.

THE YOUNG MAN: But I spoke to her only yesterday.

THE VOICE: You spoke to huh yestuhday?

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes, yesterday!

THE VOICE: Oh, well, if you all spoke to huh yestuhday, I guess it's all right. I thought maybe you all might be the gen'lemun who called up the day befo' yestuhday. I'll connec' yuh with Miss Esm'alda Jones.—C. G. S.

### What They Did With the Rope

A great effort, enough rope was obtained for ten thieves. Handing it over with a gesture of complete liberty to do as they liked, the doubter's society awaited the result. The result:

One thief, with keen acumen, sold his share to the K. K. K. for their own ends.

One lay in wait by the roadside and sold his at a sky-high price to stalled motorists.

One cut his up into bits to be used in Delaware at the whipping post.

One stored all his for the day when whipping posts will be the rule throughout the nation.

One opened a hardware store.

And the remaining five, with expressions of regret, excused themselves for having to hurry back to Chicago on business.

So the report on the result of giving a thief enough rope and letting him hang himself must be negative. Chicago, it is to be remembered, is in Illinois, where even serious mention of this act constitutes a *faux pas*.  
—W. G. H.

### The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

### HYLAN FUND SOARS TO HEIGHTS WHILE TRACTION PRESS RAGES

#### Paris Bourse Rallies Gamely When Yanks Trail Reds In Mound Duel

#### PROSPERITY ON WAY, SAYS C. SCHWAB

CONTRIBUTIONS continued to pour in yesterday to the Fund being raised by THE NEW YORKER in behalf of the re-election of Mayor Hylan(\*). The fact that the inception of the Fund has never been announced and that positively no gifts will be considered unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope apparently had no effect in dampening the generosity of the donors.

All day long, West Forty-fifth Street in front of THE NEW YORKER's offices was blocked by a constant procession of drays, trucks, lorries, taxis, motorcycles and private cars filled with gesticulating humanity anxious to pour their life savings into the coffers and also to pass the blockade at the Sixth Avenue end, where the roadway is being repaired.

A touching letter, accompanying a three-cent contribution, was received by a boy who signed his name "Charley Craig, Aetat 8." It read:

"Dear Sir: This is all I got, but I am holding out on the rent and sending it to you because I want our dear mayor to get elected so bad."

The Monday Opera Club held a rummage sale which netted two quid, three bob, tuppence ha'penny, farthing. This will be acknowledged in full as soon as it can be translated. Accompanying a sackful of Japanese yen from an anonymous contributor who signed himself "Charles L. Craig," was the line: "I have a yen that this be used in the right place," while "Edwin Franko Goldman & Band" sent a Chinese tael, with the words: "We would a tael unfold."

Other rare foreign coins donated were a Grecian drachma from the Drachma League, and a hatful of Ecuadorean sucre from an unidentified correspondent who appended the signature "Comptroller Craig" and the remark: "I would be a sucre to withhold this from a noble cause."

Further gifts will be acknowledged from time to time in the columns of THE NEW YORKER, if at all(\*\*).

(\*)It is possible that the Fund is being raised to secure the defeat of Mayor Hylan, instead of his re-election. The editor who conceived the idea is out to lunch.

(\*\*)It has just been computed that the sum total of the donations to date amount, in U. S. currency, to \$5. This by an odd coincidence, is the exact price of a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

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## What to Talk About

IT takes a good deal of the strain off my mind to receive from G. P. Putnam's Sons a circular announcing the publication of "What to Talk About; The Clever Question as an Aid to Social, Professional and Business Advancement."

Candidly, I have never been much good on Clever Questions. When I meet some one, I generally ask: "How are you?" Then he says: "All right," and after that the sparkle gradually dies out of the conversation. But with "What to Talk About" handily tucked away in my pocket I am confident that I shall be generally advanced in no time.

The circular reproduces a page (one of 266) of the book, which consists of questions one is supposed to ask people one meets from Portland, Oregon. Of course, the obvious difficulty is that no one you ever encounter will admit he is from Portland, Oregon. He will say that he spends most of his time in New York, or that he travels a lot, or try to laugh it off some way like that. But if you fix him with a steely eye and pin him right down to the question of whether he does or does not come from Portland, Oregon, and he gets red in the face and finally confesses it—ah, then you have him!

You pull out your book, aim your finger at him, and ask, in the manner of Samuel Untermyer: "Have you ever driven along the Columbia River Highway? Will you tell me about the drive? How was this highway financed? Has the building of the interstate bridge between Oregon and Washington proved a good investment for the two States? Do you happen to know what proportion of the United States's available timber supply is located in the Northwestern States?" He must answer, of course, yes or no.

And before any one can say "Hezekiah J. Terwilliger," the man from Portland, Oregon, is emitting shrill cries of distress and dashing madly in the direction of the Grand Central Terminal. He will never annoy you again, you may be sure.

With the man from Portland permanently disposed of, the circular goes on to say: "This Useful Book Tells What to Talk About to—" and then follows

a long alphabetical list, "Accountants, Actresses, Army Officers, Babies, Brides, College Students, Detectives. . . ."

Some of these, it is patent, you won't need the book for. Obviously the thing to say to a detective, for instance, is: "Honestly, I don't know anything about it; I never met anybody involved; I was at home that night, too." But there are others mentioned in the list whose cases are more complicated. "Matrons in Society" . . . Suppose a friend comes up to me with a lady and says: "Old man, I want you to meet Mrs. Ginsburg, a Matron in Society." What would I do?

Well, I haven't received the book yet, so I don't know what the Clever Question is in her case, but wait until my copy arrives and then—bring on your Matrons in Society!

"Trolley Officials" is easy. "Have you read 'Seven Keys to'?"—no—"Seven Years of Progress?" Don't you think the mayor is charming? I think before long auto buses will take the place of these stuffy cars, don't you?"

Then there is another department. "What to Talk About to Those Whose Hobby Is Astrology, Astronomy, Autographs, Automobiles, Baseball, Basketball, Bees. . . ." Ah, what a relief! Most of my friends happen to have bees for a hobby, and I have always felt out of place among them. Evening after evening I have sat alone, an outcast, while my friends have animatedly discussed bees, pro and con, to and fro, hip and thigh, cheek and jowl. Now, I shall know. Through Bees, Portland, Oregon, and Matrons in Society will come my Social, Professional and Business Advancement.

I hardly dare think what I shall be a week from to-day.—*Tip Bliss*

So susceptible are we to the adroit advertising appeal that we are thinking of moving to the Fairview Mausoleum.

A comprehensive new highway system is announced for Long Island. When they get it all finished that will be a splendid island to motor through and to move away from.







THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

### THE THEATRE

#### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

Still the best play of the season—and of a lot of other seasons too.

#### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-Eighth Street

A first-rate production by the Actors' Theatre of a first-rate play by Ibsen.

#### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

This is the long-heralded Theatre Guild presentation of Shaw's penetrating comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

#### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Just about as good acting—particularly by Pauline Lord—as the New York stage could offer, in a peculiarly worthwhile Pulitzer Prize Play.

#### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Here we have the merry Provincetowners acting away happily in a little thing of Congreve's that Mr. Belasco's attorneys might some day introduce in rebuttal.

#### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

If you haven't seen this, you'll probably go to Pisa and pass up the Leaning Tower, if you know what we mean.

#### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

A robust and highly entertaining comedy, in the language and the spirit of the American vernacular.

#### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A well-made play, more plausible than "Is Zat So?," with James Gleason a co-author of both, but less robust and forthright.

#### THE FIREBRAND—Morocco

In the Renaissance, too, people wandered carelessly into wrong bed rooms and had their falls of the curtain to indicate the lapse of an hour. Benvenuto Cellini is the philandering hero of this.

#### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A moderately funny and highly tuneful musical comedy, with the Astaires to music by George Gershwin.

#### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

A well-mounted, well-scored and amusing musical play, that has Mary Ellis and Charles LeMaire's costumes among its outstanding features.

#### THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

Here is a pretentious yet nevertheless satisfactory revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.

#### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest Follies Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced, say one and all. Not hard to do, with W. C. Fields and Will Rogers.

#### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

The most elaborate and materially beautiful musical show in town, but there is, it must be admitted, not too much comedy.

#### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mysterious plays, but not too profound.

#### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

The Gershwin score alone would set it off from other musical plays, but it has Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes besides.

### MOVING PICTURES

#### GRASS—Criterion

This remarkable panorama of primitive migration in Persia is nearing its final week at this theatre. Well worth seeing.

### ART

#### WHITNEY CLUB—Anderson

A great exhibit of modern American painting, emphasising the moderate wing of the new in art.

#### KNATHS and BOYD—Daniels

Two interesting Americans with a few pictures; also John Marin, Preston Dickinson and Kuniyoshi.

#### LEE HERSCH—Montross

Heavily pigmented pictures of a man who handles his medium well.

#### ROBERT BRACKMAN—Milch

Fresh painting by a well trained artist who is trying to keep one foot out of the Academy.

### OTHER EVENTS

#### MEMORIAL DAY PARADE—Riverside Drive

Saturday, May 30, 9 A.M. Parade of War Veterans to Soldiers and Sailors Monument.

#### BRITISH VETERANS RECEPTION—Hotel Pennsylvania

Saturday, May 30, 4 P.M. Reception and dance in honor of Fifth Royal Highlanders of Canada, the famous Black Watch of Montreal.

#### HORSE SHOW—Tuxedo Park

Friday, June 5. First of the early summer outdoor horse shows. Ends the following day.

### SPORTS

#### RACING

At Belmont Park: Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 29, 30. June 1-5, inclusive.

#### GOLF

At Sleepy Hollow Country Club; second and third days of annual invitation tournament, Friday and Saturday, May 29, 30.

At Lakeville Country Club: Great Neck, L. I., exhibition match, Macdonald Smith and Walter Hagen vs. Gene Sarazen and Leo Diegel, Saturday, May 30.

At Worcester, Mass.: National Open Championship, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3, 4.

#### BASEBALL

At Polo Grounds: Philadelphia Nationals vs. New York, Friday and Saturday, May 29, 30.

At Yankee Stadium: Washington Americans vs. New York, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, June 1-4, inclusive.

#### BOXING

At Polo Grounds: Tom Gibbons vs. Gene Tunney, 15 rounds, and other bouts, Friday evening, June 5.



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**L**ONE prospectors in the mountains of review copies need divining rods, guaranteed to wriggle over merit. If we had one, nothing as good as "Unveiled," by Beatrice Kean Seymour, would lie on our table for weeks under avalanches of works by E. Alexander Powell, etc., etc.

"Unveiled" is the story (not a "study!") of a marriage whose failure and its tragic consequences are due to psychological kinks in natures that ought to hold together well. This, however, is neither the wife's explanation nor the author's. The wife, Enid, says the sole bond was "the physical"—as though matters were ever as simple as that with a couple who both have minds! She is of the martyr and victim's-champion type; for instance, a fanatical pacifist. The husband, Ken, is better adjusted, and his chief contribution to their trouble is his moral conscientiousness. He is a realist about others but must himself do the conventionally honorable thing even when it is superfluous and dangerous.

Mrs. Seymour's interpretation of life lumps off not only their propensities but the more obvious, movie caption sentimentalism of a third character, the infantile Sophie Birch, to what she calls "the Romantic Tradition," which is "Unveiled's" title in England and means about what Gregers Werle means, in "The Wild Duck," by those "claims of the Ideal" on whose behalf he meddles.

Such lumping off seems indiscriminate; but "Unveiled" is not a hobby-ridden novel. Whatever Mrs. Seymour's philosophy, she draws her picture faithfully. Her women—Ken, the one man of whom anything is made, being less remarkable—are women you know, seen as you would see them or gossiped of as you would hear of them, and their natural affairs develop a logical, cumulative plot. Her technical adroitness is noteworthy. A specimen of it is the double use of the narrator, a spinster novelist, who as onlooker affords Mrs. Seymour just the right vantage point and, in spite of herself, becomes her own chronicle's most appealing figure. Another is the way Sophie Birch wanders in, with no apparent mission, and bobs up as the means to the catastrophe. A third is a little object lesson to valorous young authors in a better way of making an "intrigue" intriguing than opening the bedroom door.

It is true that when Sophie finally rose to accomplishing things with a revolver, we were as taken aback as anybody in the book, even though she had been shown in

a tantrum and there had been a lot of old-fashioned foreshadowing of what was to happen. And perhaps in general "Unveiled" (*Seltzer*) is rather clever and caustic than profound. At that, it is right up among the fine novels of this notable Spring—if it isn't, St. Peter needn't let us in.

A mole-brained she-Babbitt in "Unveiled" alludes to the "problem of male adolescence" and its relations to public school life. Even to-day, and after James Joyce's bold and successful treatment and Edwin Bjorkman's plucky but dreary one, that "problem" (Problem! Do they have it in France?) is a theme that only a master is wise to choose. Which is a way of saying we are not captivated with "Lifting Mist," by Austin Harrison. He begins with the school life business, written high-mindedly but unimpressively, and with some astonishing boy Havelock Ellises holding forth among the characters, and proceeds with no great artistic improvement to a Barrie-esque idyll, whereby his hero is righted.

A book you might like very well is James Stevens's "Paul Bunyan" (*Knopf*). But do not present indiscriminately to your fellow members of the Union League Club, a lot of whom would probably find it stuff and nonsense.

To enjoy it, you should have experience of backwoods campfire yarning. Paul Bunyan is a mythical hero of the Western lumbermen, who got him from the French Canadians and embellished him with droll exaggerations. He and his foreman and his timekeeper and his mighty blue ox, Babe, are of more than Brobdignagian dimensions. Stevens, when a lumberman, heard the stories in the cookhouses; he writes them out "straight," with marked skill, and the combination of such tall imaginings and his literary gravity is delightful. In spots it is suspiciously satirical; but then, the book's godfather is Mencken.

Of the tales of San Francisco's Chinatown we happen to have read, only Lemuel de Bra's persuade us that their author honestly knows the place and its Chinese. But his knowledge is more persuasive than his art—or in other words, his "Ways That Are Wary" (*Clode*), didn't give us an extra good time.



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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltner*). Noticed in this issue.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Ugly-duckling emergence of a true romantic hero in North Shore Long Island high low life.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). An agreeably different novel about the American Revolution.
- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience through "success" sloughs.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). A choice series of He-and-She sketches, unfailingly amusing, except when touching.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Nice, diversely neurotic girls in love with the same young man. The best new novel distinctively psychological.
- SEGLFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). A Vanity Fair of a Norwegian village, by the author of "Growth of the Soil."
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). A singularly beautiful novel about unmoral musical people in a moral world.
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). A study of the cost of altruism to a clergyman and his family.

SHORT STORIES

- BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Stories determinedly modern and sometimes precious, but generally brilliant.
- OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). About four of these are worth while—one, excellent.
- TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories in it are character portraits, modern without a struggle and good enough to make up for some prolixity.

GENERAL

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats, and possibly the best Miss Lowell wrote.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Striking memory sketches of its author's hobo youth.
- THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). Brooks knows his Henry James and theorizes about him most reasonably.
- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnerode (*Putnam*). Four historical portraits, two of which include as artistic a representation of Old New York as we know.
- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). Exhibits the king of rag and jazz composers as a decidedly winsome little personage.



They Knew What They Wanted

Men who had not been seen in the Garden for many years went there last night to get a final glimpse of it, not that they cared so much for the fight. . . . The crowd was there to see the fight, mostly, and there were no ceremonies.

—From the *Times*.

Chief Finn of the Marlboro (Mass.) Police Force today qualified for cross country honors by chasing an escaped prisoner five miles.

—From the *World*

Sneering laughter from the Gerald Chapman's Pursuers' Association.

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## What Shall We Do This Evening?

**T**HE staff of **THE NEW YORKER** attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

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## Economy's Home, Sweet Home

**I** HAVE just returned from a week-end in the White House with Calvin and Mrs. Coolidge and of course you want to know if Calvin is as economical in running his household as he is in running the government. Well, he is—or even more so. After two days with him, I thought I'd never go back to my old lavish ways. I mentally resolved to cut out smoking so many expensive cigarettes—think of it, fifteen cents for only twenty of them—but I guess my old habits were too much ingrained. Anyway, I'm smoking Pall Malls now instead of Camels.

The President's invitation—written on the back of a used laundry list—was not to be denied, of course, and I arrived in Washington early the following Saturday morning and took a cab up to the Coolidges' although I could just as well have walked. Calvin himself was standing out on the front porch when the cab drew up.

"We've let the footman go," he said in explanation. "He wanted a raise in pay."

Cal gave me a funny look when he saw me tip the driver a quarter.

"If you're going to give him all that anyway, he might as well carry your grip upstairs," he suggested.

Mrs. Coolidge herself had tidied up the spare room—the others were all let to roomers.

"I hope you'll be comfortable," she said as she greeted me with her heart warming smile. "The sheets are a little worn and we're short of towels, I'm afraid. I've wanted to pick up some in the sales—"

"Not this year," the President interjected. "Remember those curtains you bought for the East Room. That's enough extravagance for one year."

After assuring them that I would be most comfortable, I washed up—fortunately I had picked up a few bars of soap in the Waldorf-Astoria—and then rejoined the Coolidges down stairs.

"What do you think?" exulted Mrs. Coolidge. "We can go for a ride this morning. Mr. Rockefeller sent us a whole barrel of gasoline, and it came a few minutes ago. My! I've wanted to go driving, but with the price of gasoline where it is now—"

"Walking's better for you anyhow," declared Calvin, "except," and he frowned slightly, "it wears out shoe leather."

So, laughing gayly, we went out to the garage where Calvin cranked up the Ford after some little difficulty due to the fact that the engine hadn't been run for a long time. We had a very pleasant ride, indeed, and I enjoyed it immensely. Calvin was able to shut the engine off entirely on several hills and once we caught onto

a limousine that was passing us and it pulled us several miles.

We returned to the White House shortly after noon thoroughly ravenous for the appetizing wienerwurst left over from the night before.

"Save your appetite," cautioned Calvin. "We're going over to the Hoovers' for dinner to-night."

Calvin had to work all afternoon so Mrs. Coolidge and I walked around through the Capitol and other famous buildings. On our way home we went a little out of our way to go through a little city park where we were able to find a complete set of the evening papers and even a *New York Times*.

"Calvin will be so pleased," cried Mrs. Coolidge, happily. "We stopped having the papers delivered—the cost really runs up appallingly in a year. We usually can find a paper or two in the park or on the street car, but we don't often find a full set."

Back at the White House, we found Calvin waiting for us in the half-dark of twilight, so we pulled our chairs close to the windows where we could read our papers without burning up a lot of expensive electricity. When it was too dark to read any more, we all went to our rooms to dress for dinner at the Hoovers'.

"We'll walk to the Hoovers'," said Calvin, when I joined him at the foot of the stairs. "It's hardly more than a mile." So off we went.

We had a very enjoyable time with the Secretary of Commerce and his wife, and those from the White House particularly ate most heartily. Calvin even slipped a couple of biscuits into his pocket to take home.

I was glad that the Hoovers had their car ready to take us home; I was a little tired after so much walking. Even Calvin contemplated the soles of his shoes happily as we rode along.

In the morning we breakfasted on the two biscuits Calvin had saved from the Hoover dinner and some maple syrup which his father had sent down from Vermont. A box of sausage from an admirer arrived just as we were sitting down at the table, so this helped eke out the rest. Then we all went to church, of course. Coming home I noticed that a button was missing from Calvin's vest, but that may have had no significance.

I had to take an early train to New York so we hurried home from church and had a simple dinner of hamburger, bread, butter, water, and a pie which someone had sent. Then I packed my traveling bag and bade the Coolidges good-bye.

"Do come again sometime," urged the Coolidges hospitably.—*John C. Emery*

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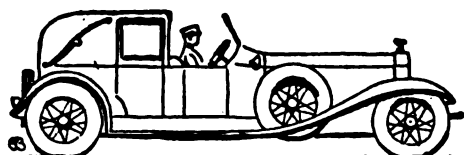
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TIME was when the dog was the popular animal of the cinema. Now, however, the horse seems to be supplanting the canine star. Witness how Tom-Mix's Tony has just returned from calling upon the crowned heads of Europe.

Then, too, there is that other horse star, Rex, back in a new film of his own, "Black Cyclone." This is a story of a wild horse of the bad lands and his love for another horse, yclept Lady. It is remarkable how the movie powers can adjust animal emotions to the standard film formula. Thus "Black Cyclone" has a wicked horse villian, the Killer, just as the human problem plays have their Wallace Beerys.

Actually "Black Cyclone" isn't as bad as its plot sounds. There is a fine feeling of animal independence running through the story. It's a feeling that even reaches a mere city human these mellow Spring days. Moreover, the horses are excellent actors, with spontaneity and a real abandon.


The New York reviewers took a healthy swing at James Cruze's "Welcome Home," which in the talkies was Edna Ferber and George Kaufman's "Minick." These reviewers resented certain things. Mr. Cruze even changed Minick's cognomen to Prouty. Yet we found a warm human touch running through "Welcome Home." Cruze is a keen observer and his films are usually head and shoulders over the products of other American directors.

Most of the Metropolitan celluloid critics protested at the slightness of the story of "Welcome Home." If there is a greater problem than that of young married folks trying to adjust themselves to the presence of age in their home, we want to know what it is. We liked Luke Cosgrove's old man Prouty, too. Maybe, the Spring is warming up our spirit of benevolence. Yes, we liked all of "Welcome Home" despite the New York reviewers.

Another new film, "My Wife and I," purports to be by Harriet Beecher Stowe. But we doubt it. We're so sure that Harriet never wrote anything like this that, if we're wrong, we promise to write ten slogans for Will Hays's Greater Movie Campaign. You see, "My Wife and I" revolves around the Long Island millionaire set. Maybe the good old Civil War days had this sort of thing, but we're honestly skeptical.

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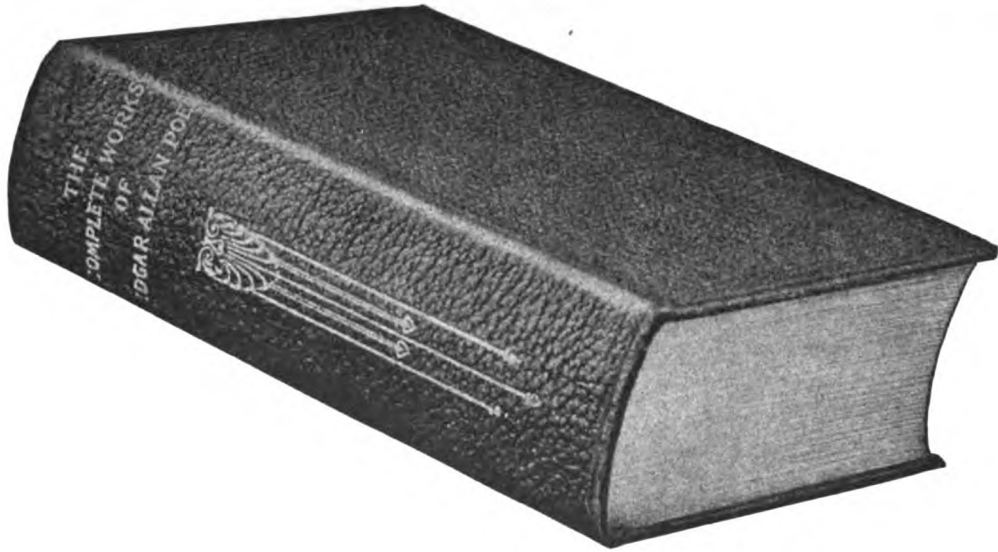
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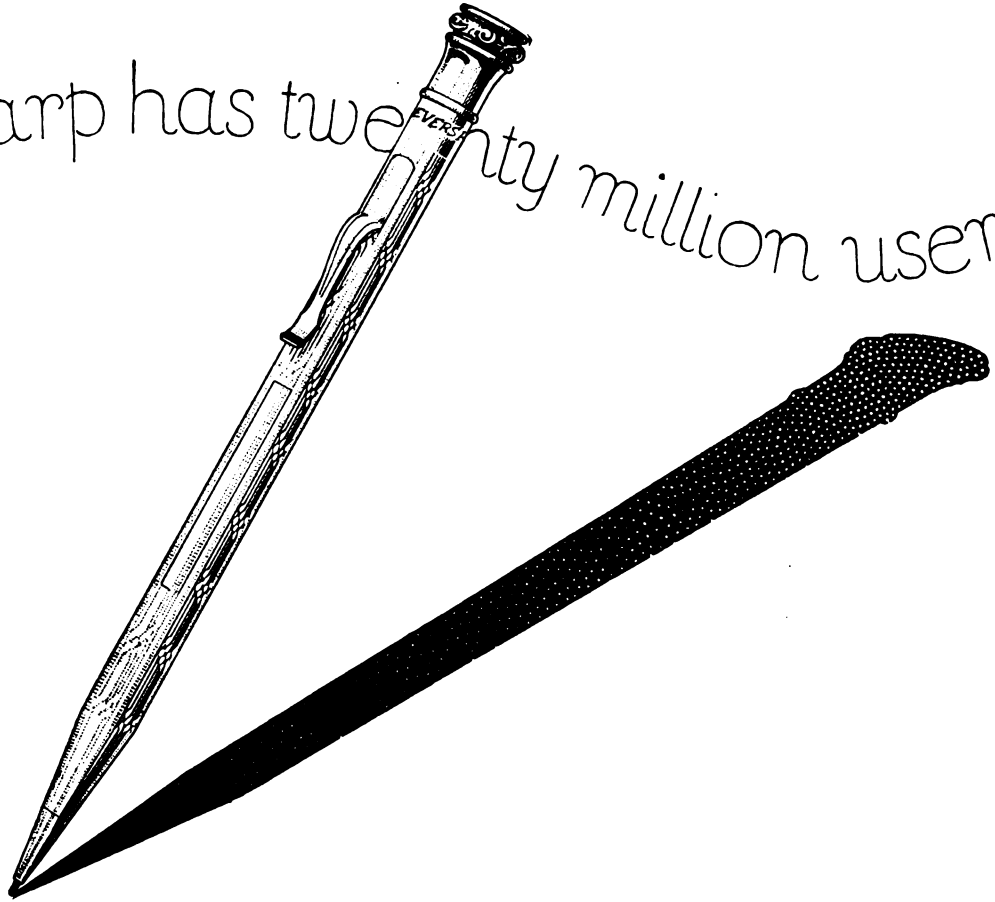
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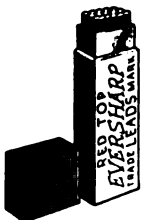
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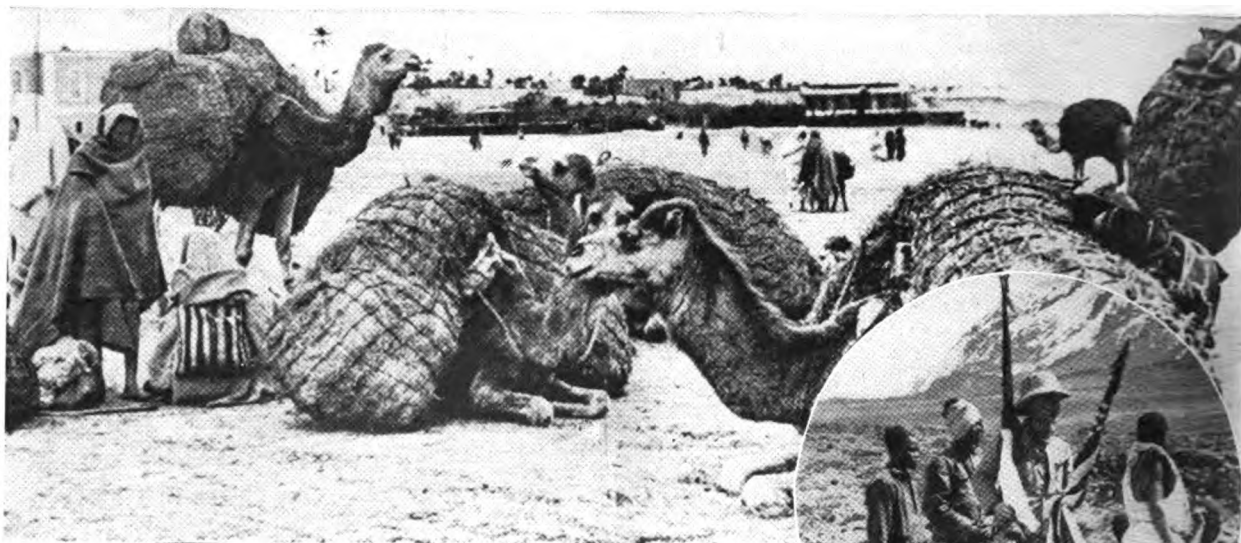
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# NEW YORKER

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ABOVE—*The start of the expedition*  
 RIGHT—*Civilization follows the flag*

## Into Darkest Tennessee!

With THE NEW YORKER'S *Extraordinary Explorational Expedition!*

**F**AR to the South of Manhattan, invisible even to the eagle-eyed argus who mans Ambrose Lightship, lies an unknown terrain, a land rich in cobalt, cocoa, copra and cole slaw, yet one to which even the most primitive form of civilization has never penetrated—*Tennessee!*

Tennessee!!! But a few scant weeks ago not one in 876 Americans, it may safely be assumed without fear of successful contradiction, was aware even of the existence of these broad, bounding, billowing acres, this vast uncharted natural wealth, these immense but unplumbed resources.

But then arose in America a *man*, a pioneer, a Daniel Boone of a more modern day! William Jennings Bryan! Fateful figure, disciple of destiny, who has written his name into the history of his country in bold letters as he who first had the hardihood to throw in the teeth of a skeptical world the positive assertion that *human life exists even in Tennessee!*

The revolutionary effect of this radical statement shook the civilized world, and THE NEW YORKER, ever in the van in projects for the advancement of science, has equipped an explorational party, the valiant members of which are even now standing on the brink of that gigantic abyss which separates the known from the unknown.

Whether this hardy little band of adventurers will ever again emerge from the impenetrable mass of jungles, the desolate waste of swamp land that is Tennessee is a matter that lies in the laps of the gods. But if they forfeit their lives, they will at least know that they have sacrificed them in the cause of progress.

Countless thousands lined the sidewalks of New York and crowded the seawall of the battery, cheering themselves hoarse, as Lionel Macfadden, leader of THE NEW YORKER expedition, stepped to the gunwales of the municipal fireboat Edwin Franko Goldman, chartered for the first stage of the journey, and waved a brave farewell.

"Friends," said Corporal Macfadden, "—for I may call you friends, may I not?—in this moment of departure I have but one thought—God save America and preserve the best mayor who ever gave a great city seven years of progress." At this point, overcome by emotion, Macfadden was unable to continue and was replaced by the Four Marx Brothers who rendered, in pantomime, "Tennessee, I Hear You Callin' Me."

The Edwin Franko Goldman deposited its precious cargo at Rahway, N. J., whence the party proceeded to Atlantic Highlands, where a brief but satisfactory stop was made for camels and other supplies. From there the route is as follows: Guttenberg, N. J.; Punxsutawney, Pa.; Baltimore (& Ohio), Md.; back to Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Ogunquitt, Me.; Pikeville, Ky., and thence into—

*Tennessee!*

As may readily be comprehended, the cost of financing such an expedition is stupendous. Setting aside the five-cent fare extorted by the Interests for transportation to the Battery, the camels themselves cost \$1.60 a pound on the hoof, \$1.10 for preferred cuts, 15 cents a package, or \$1.35 a carton, with ten certificates on Saturdays and Sundays. An additional item of expense is the charge of the native guides, or "Georges" as they are known in the vernacular of the region, each of whom demands at least 25 cents, or more, if called upon to carry heavy bags. There are, too, such incidentals as chocolates and magazines on the trains, weighing machines at station platforms, orange drink stands and what not.

THE NEW YORKER cordially enlists your aid. Five dollars will not only bring the Promised Land of Tennessee closer to civilization, but it will also bring this Epitome of Enlightenment to you for a year. The address—although of course it is silly to give it, since it is already world famous—is 25 West Forty-fifth Street.



Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Commemoration

THE radio loudspeaker snarled with static, although not so loudly but that the voice coming from it, deep and reverent, could be heard. The words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address rolled on, as they were read to the thousands assembled in the amphitheatre of the Arlington National Cemetery for the Memorial Day services.

"We are met to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place" . . . the words came through. "It is altogether fitting and proper. . . . But in a larger sense. . . . The world will little know, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget. . . ."

Above the booming voice and the harsher static rose a sharper, shriller, more insistent note, drowning all else; the buzz of commercial wireless. A gentleman who had served as a wireless operator in the navy during the war interpreted the message with a quizzical smile.

"Offered eighty-five thousand thirty cash advise," he said, solemnly.

The sharp sputter subsided and the voice from Arlington was heard again . . . "Shall not perish from the earth."

### Pride of Name

IT develops that Mr. William Randolph Hearst was not wholly in accord with the editors of his magazines as to the ultimate fate of that monthly journal which dauntlessly flaunted his name to the world. He agreed to consolidate it with *Cosmopolitan*, which is a matter of record, but consolidation did not mean to him what certain of his subordinates had hoped; that is, complete submergence.

When the word finally came forth from California

that Mr. Hearst had consented to end *Hearst's Magazine* as a separate, and costly entity, gay souls at 119 West Fortieth Street forthwith went into conference on the form of the cover for the combined monthly. Under instructions, the artist produced a telling design, whereupon the name *Cosmopolitan* was flung in high letters across the top. Remembering the style set by a more experienced combiner of periodicals, a small panel was left blank for minute lettering of

some such message as that the amalgamated magazine would retain the best features of each.

Unfortunately, when this proposed cover was shown to Mr. Hearst, so report has it, the publisher made an ascent so truly vertical as to be of great interest to the experimental branch of the Army Air Service. Nothing like this at all, he said on landing again; nothing at all.

A new design had to be formed. Presses waited; airplanes whirred to California and returned with proofs; minor dignitaries chafed, and occasionally shivered, in the ornate offices on West Fortieth street. Eventually the chief's assent was given. The printers stirred to action and presently the approved cover blossomed on the newsstands of the nation; where, lo, *Hearst's* name led all the rest, even so high

sounding a one as *Cosmopolitan*.

### The Higher Learning

BUSINESS, it becomes more and more apparent each day, is business; and nowhere more so than in our higher institutions of learning. We are not referring now to such accepted commercial incidents to education as wheedling reluctant millions from to-be-degreed millionaires, but to practices evidenced by



"Brother, thy tail hangs down behind."  
—Kipling

the procedure of a branch of learning conducted under the auspices, and presumably with the approval of Columbia University, which was once King's College.

It is to Mr. W. T. Brownell, who bears the title of General Sales Manager—odd title in connection with an educational institution—of the Home Study Department, that Columbia University is indebted for its introduction to the methods of Babbitry, Kiwanism and High Pressure Salesmanship. This has been effected in connection with the course in banking practices offered by Columbia, for the placement of which, among the banks of the country, Mr. Brownell recruited a corps of salesmen. These unfortunates were required to memorize twenty-two typewritten pages of selling argument, which, probably to lessen the hurt to their dignity, was called a "standard presentation."

Quite an interesting formula this "standard presentation" offered. There were sentences noted with such instructions as: omit if talking to an individual; include when speaking to the president of the bank; omit if talking to prospective student. There were arguments plausibly designed to impress small town banks with the absolute need for following after the lead of New York financial institutions. There were shrewd bids to the unsuspecting ambition of individual employes. There were convenient arrangements whereby boards of directors might be induced to vote payment of a portion of the fees for a number of employes, thereby placing these latter in the unenviable position of having to advance the remainder of the sums due, or to brand themselves to their superiors as unambitious louts.

Altogether, a lovely scheme, although more worthy, one would think, of a stock selling campaign than of the dignity one is accustomed to associate with such an institution of higher learning as Columbia.

### *Scientific Item*

**A**FFIDAVITS attesting the truth of the following furnished on request.

A doctor and a nurse from a hospital in the Columbus Circle district were walking down Broadway one evening lately. They passed an itinerant vendor of magazines, who approached them in the listless manner of his kind.

"Birth Control Review?" he inquired, defensively.

The doctor glanced at the nurse; and the nurse glanced at the physician, whereupon the latter drew himself up to full stature and dignity.

"Certainly not," he replied, in icy tones. "This lady is head nurse in the maternity ward of my hospital and I'm chief obstetrician."

### *Pioneer in Art*

**H**ERR KARL LOEVENICH reverses somewhat the conventional order of things. He finds old masterpieces in American garrets and junkshops and

sells them back to the Old World whence they came. How far is this system departed from the former mode only an art expert might tell. The layman, in his ignorance, is aware only that, until Herr Loevenich, all art scouting was done in the opposite direction. If any buying was done, we did it. If any discoveries were made, Europe was the scene.

Not so Herr Loevenich. The unsatisfactory character of the war's conclusion found this young German destitute, with debts of his own in addition to his per capita share of the Fatherland's consequential obligations. So he and his bride set sail for these shores and Loevenich found occupation as assistant to a well known dentist on Fifth Avenue. Dentistry leaves little enough time for art, but this little was enough for Herr Loevenich. At auctions, storerooms and such odd places he found many valuable paintings, the true worth of which our vicarious culture was not quite equal to appreciating. Experimentally, he bought a few and sent them over to France and Germany where their merit was recognized and paid for. Then he surrendered his aspirations toward dentistry and began to devote the whole of his time to restoring to Europe for trifling sums wonderful pictures which had been brought away from there, in earlier epochs, by our wealthy art collectors.

Some of his more noteworthy discoveries include a painting of Washington at Yorktown with La Fayette in the background, by the German artist Leutze. Leutze also painted Washington crossing the Delaware (really the Rhine) which hangs in the Metropolitan museum here. Herr Loevenich also retrieved Sir Peter Lely's Nell Gwynn at an auction for \$7.50. His profit on this transaction was \$992.50. Herr Loevenich's latest turnover is Feuerbach's painting of his model, Nanna. He bought it for \$75 from a man who rented it as a motion picture "prop." The Gallerie Casparie in Germany paid \$15,000 for it.

By this means Europe not only is getting back some of its pictures, but a European is getting quite predatorily rich on the process. Some satirist will hear about this sooner or later and enjoy the heartiest breakfast he has had in months.

### *Lucrative Endorsing*

**I**NTELLIGENT and attractive young ladies might do much worse, in casting about for a life's work, than to consider the profession of royalty. The social position assured the occupant is fairly good and, although the salary is not always what one might ask, an up-and-coming person may profit com-

fortably from incidental sources of revenue. Such, for instance, as those found by the Queen of Rumania, who was persuaded by Miss Zoe Beckley to write that series of articles for newspapers which are appearing currently, in this city, in the *World*. Her Majesty also received a tidy piece of money for endorsing,



*The Rise and Fall of Man*

Primate

Neanderthal  
Man

Socrates



W. J. Bryan

under the royal signature, a certain facial cream much favored by young ladies in the great Middle West, where men are men.

This same facial cream concern, an advertising friend informs us, has dispatched an emissary to the Court of Spain. Object: to persuade Queen Victoria to lend her endorsement, and photograph, to the advertising of the cosmetic item already so heartily approved by her sister of Rumania. The ambassador for the occasion is the society editor of a daily newspaper, whose entrée is unquestioned here. Yet, they are a bit conservative at the court of His Majesty, and the unofficial diplomat may encounter difficulties.

THESE searches for endorsements from the highest are not confined to Europe. Alice Roosevelt, known in some circles as Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, is reported to have succumbed to the lure of the facial cream. The sum mentioned is five thousand dollars. There will be a photograph of Princess Alice and, one hears, a statement of what she owes to the beneficent workings of the cream in question. She will be in good company, for Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Marshall Field and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper have appeared already, among others.

Of Mrs. Field it is said that she refused flatly to entertain the proposal at first and only consented, most reluctantly, when the solicitor, a girl, tearfully said that her job would be forfeit if she was not successful in obtaining the endorsement. Then, together with her agreement, Mrs. Field gave the girl the amount offered by the company for her portrait and signature.

*Note on a Passing*

JOEL'S has closed; perhaps the last of the older order of restaurants, whose hosts were individuals, not corporations. It was never a gaudy, nor a gilt-edged establishment, that one on Forty-first street, with its green-tinted door; and its heydays were ten, or even fifteen years behind when it surrendered to the inevitable.

But it did know heydays, such as would lead a profitable procession of American tourists to visit it still if Joel's were in Paris, or London, instead of a few doors west of the second-hand clothing marts of Seventh avenue; and how picturesque, by the way, these would be in, for instance, Vienna.

There was in Joel's on the night it closed, the table at which Sidney Porter used to sit, back to the window, looking on life. And another that knew the young Booth Tarkington many a long night years ago. The older Mark Twain looked in occasionally. Alfred Vanderbilt was a patron in those times when it was the thing to stay up all night on the eve of a Vanderbilt Cup race and drive through the greying dawn to the Jericho turnpike to look on the daring of Barney Oldfield and his ilk.

George Luks was seen there often, and Alan Dale when his caustic comments were feared far more than the ponderous pronouncements of the venerable William Winter, another patron of Joel's. It was, too, a favorite resort for earnest Mexican revolutionists before that nation substituted the ballot for the bullet in presidential elections. This last, probably, because Joel Rinaldo served admirable *chili con carne* when that dish was almost unknown elsewhere in New York.

THERE is a new Russian Eagle, this time on West Fifty-seventh street, next door to Chalif's. It is a cooperative enterprise, as was the last, forty partners participating. One familiar is missing, The General, who has taken his Slavic dignity to Hollywood and the movies; and taken, also, they say, a comfortable profit garnered from the sale of the lease of the former establishment, which he held.

Each partner contributed to the new Russian Eagle whatever he could, being helped by a generous sum from the purse of Prince Felix Youssoupoff, the erstwhile owner of the two Widener Rembrandts. The house was decorated hurriedly for the opening and not without difficulties, for the forty partners take seniority according to their former military rank under the Czar. Thus, a colonel who superintended the decoration of one room and fixed upon a pale shade of blue was overruled, after completion of the work, by a general whose sense of the aesthetic told him that red was the proper color.

On the opening night, about a fortnight ago, Grand Duke Boris entertained a party of eight in the French room and yielded either to democracy or langour sufficiently to wear sack clothes. The particular high spot of the occasion was furnished by a lady who, acting in quite pre-Volsteadian manner, yet insisted to all interested, and to several who were not, that she needed no liquor to be gay, since she came, she said, from "Lansing, Michigan, where they raise the dick-

ens all the time." Nobody present claimed Dubuque as home; not audibly, at any rate.

**T**HERE are, it should be made widely known, numerous situations in life for which there are no established rules of behavior. What to do, for instance, when an airplane in which one is a passenger suddenly begins to drop?

Edwin Justus Mayer, playwright and boulevardier, is the first subject whom History has undertaken to record in such a predicament. An eye-witness recently returned from foreign parts has supplied the essential data.

Mr. Mayer, not particularly a friend of airplanes, was reluctantly lured recently into one that left Paris for London. Mid-way across the Channel, according to the story, it fell—one hundred feet, the story says, so it was probably ten.

Mr. Mayer, stirred to action, rose to his feet and reached for that absolute necessity, his hat.

### Oddities

**I**T was a flashing car; a Pierce-Arrow limousine to be exact. The chauffeur's waxed mustache was a thing of glory, and of art. He might have been a foreign count. Possibly he was, thought many a sighing shoppirl on noonday promenade along the Avenue. The two German police dogs perched on the seat beside the driver were true aristocrats. One might not have been impelled to say the same for the two blondes lolling behind, but one reflected, nevertheless, that they must have come from, or into, a wealthy family. Probably the latter. All this before the limousine passed along and revealed, below the spare tires, the tell-tale omnibus license. It was a hired car and so, too, it was learned later, were the police dogs hired. Quite a thriving trade of the kind exists these days.

**O**NE hostess in town, at least, has solved what has been for some years an embarrassing problem. Whenever one of her friends is put on a diet by a physician, she requests a copy of the diet list. Thus she is able to ask, for a bridge luncheon, those of her friends who have received the same interdictions as to food; and the menu worry which had been so aggravating is no more.

**M**OST disturbing of all cries, for the native New Yorker, is that of the Fifth Avenue bus conductor:

"Hundred an' Thirty-fifth street. Change for uptown."

**M**ODERN art, it would seem, has seized upon the perpendicular expression of The Spirit of the Age, if such there be. America still produces the highest (we say it advisedly) in modern architecture,

and Paris, as we have heard once or twice, evolves the *ne peut plus* in modern costume. Both have claimed the perpendicular for their own.

Observe, as a seeker after truth, the full back view of Lynn Fontanne's latest gown in "The Guardsman." Compare its silhouette with that of the Bush Terminal Building. The composition is the same. All that is lacking is the lights, and Miss Fontanne's countenance is so glowing that one wouldn't want to be distracted by diamonds about her shoulders.

Or go into the streets and observe any trimly tailored damsel and compare the silhouette she affords with the Woolworth tower. If the damsel has the style sense to wear one of those peaked hats the silhouettes are identical. Same perpendiculars. Same narrowing to the top. The only point of difference is the base. The base of a skyscraper seen from a distance is visually immaterial, however solid it must be by nature of the laws of physics. But the base of the feminine silhouette, praise be, is not immaterial. Let us, there-

fore, trust makers of silk stockings and the Shoemakers Board of Trade to keep before our eyes this last remaining assertion of femininity in physique, though the opulent out-curves and the inviting in-curves of the higher woman be lost in the modern passion—or perhaps merely fashion—for the perpendicular.

And the next time that the uxorious male asks his spouse why she persists in wearing these dresses without incurve, waistline or belt let him answer himself with the philosophical proposition:

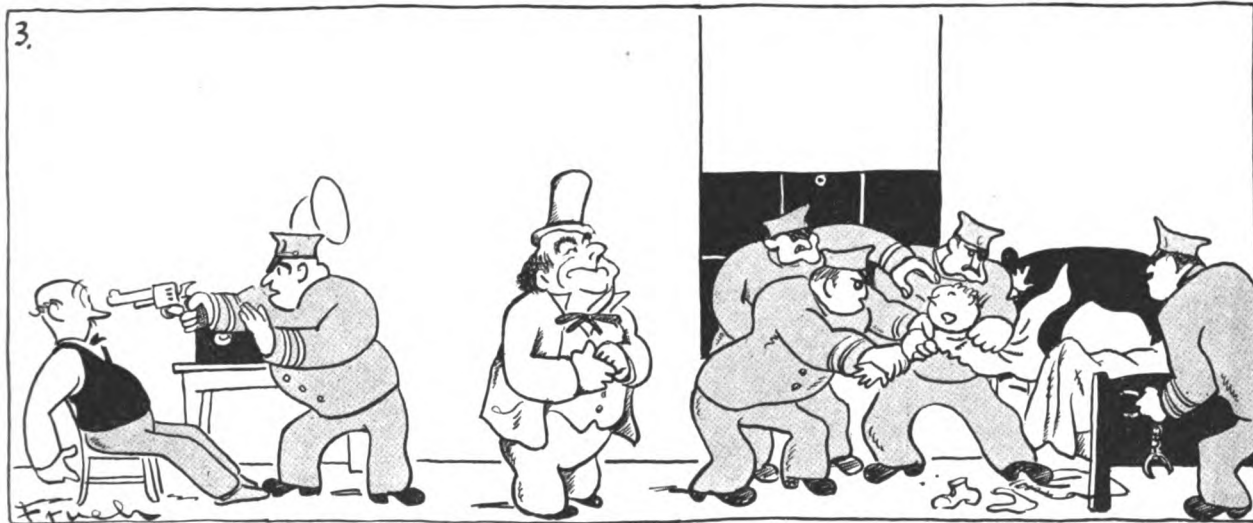
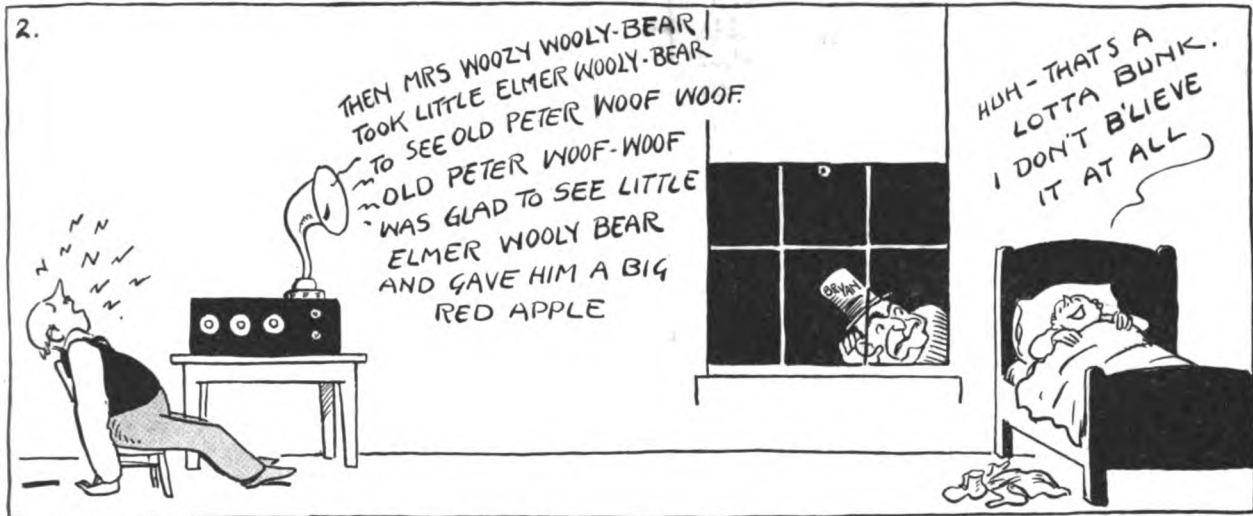
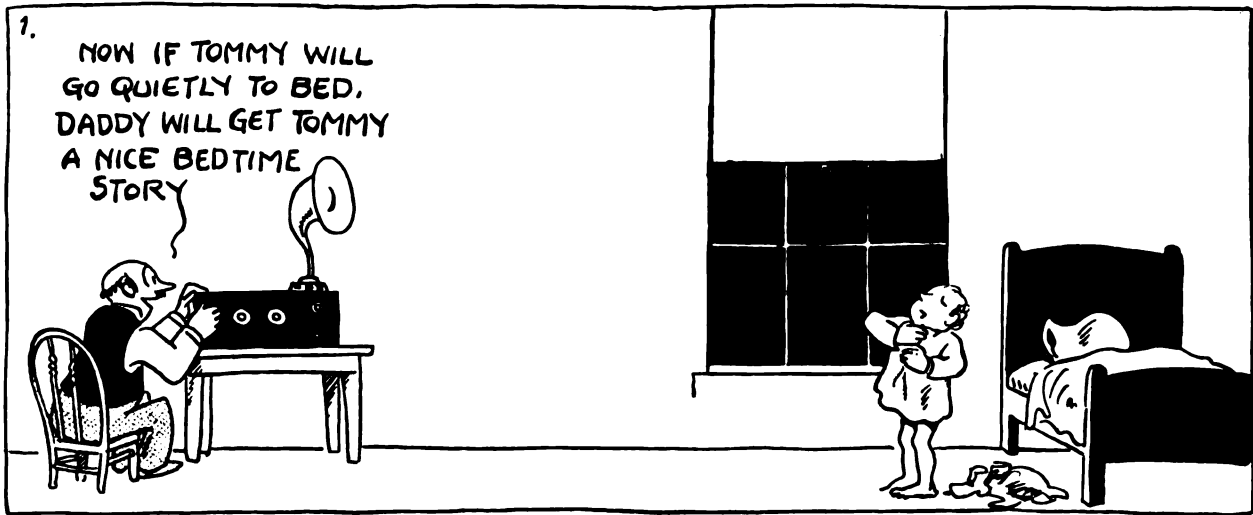
"Why is a Skyscraper?"

### In Our Midst—and Out

**G**ONE to the lands of good Americans: Mr. Paavo Nurmi and new yellow shoes. Lived here for seven dollars a day and left without imparting secret of how to do it. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and son, Mr. George Hearst, for whom father founded the *Daily Mirror* as an ante-elopement gift. Mrs. George Hearst, also. Mr. Walter E. Frew, president of the Corn Exchange Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Fullerton, he of the editorial staff of *Liberty*. Mr. Gilbert Miller, producer, and Mr. Harry Frazee, theatre owner. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, for rest from New York dramatic critics, and wife. Mr. Alexander Woollcott, for rest from British playwrights. Contract with the *World* signed. He starts in Fall. Miss Edna Ferber. May drop in on honeymooning F.P.A.'s. Miss Ruth Gordon. Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of Treasury, escaping passport and vise fees. Dr. and Mrs. Roswell Miller, to join her mother, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, in Skibo Castle. Mrs. Holbrook Blinn. Mr. Vincent Youmans, vacationing on royalties accruing from score of "No, No, Nanette." Mr. and Mrs. George Ruppert, of baseball—formerly brewing—Rupperts. Mme. Alma







The Heretic

Clayburgh, concert singer, and daughter. Miss Mary Eaton and sister, Doris. Mrs. George Gould, of noted family of litigants. . . . Soon to follow, Miss Jeanne Eagels, to rest against next season's tour in "Rain." . . . Home in Mayfair with harsh words for America, Mr. Michael Arlen. Complaint about failure to black boots; or was it blacking? . . .

Here from Europe: Mr. George W. Wickersham, to face Washington's frowns because he men-

tioned war debts abroad. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of the ambassadorial and journalistic Reids. Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, jobless since the Nineteenth Amendment. Mr. Francis L. Wurzburg, Mr. Condé Nast's vice-president. Passed his boss in mid-ocean. Fraulein Luise Huber, sculptress from Munich. Mr. Frank W. Stearns, chief ear-to-grounder of present Administration. . . . Lately among us, Mr. Harry K. Thaw, noted butter-and-egg man. Much sought

after by supper club press agents. . . .

Word from Rome that Señor Giuseppe Rossarora intends to row over to see us. Home town's full of strangers, Americans, he says. . . . Word from Paris that Miss Mae Murray broke divorcing record. Elapsed time for dash: nineteen days. Saw Mr. William Harrison Dempsey and wife abroad. So did Miss Pearl White. So did M. Georges Carpentier. So did everyone except Paris post American Legion. Miss Lucille Chalfant triumphant as Gilda in "Rigoletto." . . .

Passing in review, disappearing landmarks' parade, Mrs. Hamilton Fish's home. Another apartment house for the Avenue. On Sixty-second Street. . . . Among late robbery victims, the Rev. Dr. Chris-

tian F. Reisner. Next Sabbath sermon based thereon. . . . Considerable movement in religious circles. The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick to Park Avenue Baptist church for one sermon, then to

Europe, returning after year's vacation. The Rev. Dr. John Straton again in public prints. This time, finance. . . . Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch unveiled to her father's memory. Mark Twain, he was. . . . New chief New York Advertising Club for coming year, Mr. Charles C. Greene. . . . Rusticating in Connecticut, Mrs. Elinor Wylie Benet. . . . Recent new householder, Mr. James Gleason, playwright and actor. . . . In town, and guest of New York Kiwanis, Mr. E. G. Cook . . . of Dubuque.

—The New Yorkers



## OF ALL THINGS

PROFESSOR SCOPES will now sing that popular ballad: "The truth I loved in funny Tennessee."

It is said that the K.K.K. is a strong element in the Southern anti-evolution fight. One would expect them to fight klanfully for the Jewish tribal legends.

Bush league theologians think New York is lost but there is at least one just man in our sinful midst. A fundamentalist preacher here recently marvelled that God did not cause the Metropolitan Tower to fall on the Sabbath-breaking newspaper reading people in the park.

Sir William Davison interrupted the debate in the House of Commons to inquire: "Is the honorable member aware that Manna won the Derby?"

It must feel queer to live in a country where legislators waste time in frivolities.

Despite the victory of Gar Wood's speed boats over the Twentieth Century Limited, the quickest way to come home from Albany is to disagree with the policies of Al Smith.

The old boys of Yale '75 are talking of holding their reunion in Montreal this year instead of New Haven because of better toasting facilities. Desire out from under the elms.

The B. & O. railroad denies that it is running a beer special from Louisville to Detroit, but the fact remains that rushing the Canada is the season's most popular sport.

The Department of the Interior has had a letter from school teachers at Umnak in the Aleutian islands asking, "Who's President?" With whom, we wonder, have the Umnakians been keeping cool since last November?

William G. McAdoo visited New York last week in the interest of his perennial candidacy. Probably it was only a coincidence that the mercury dropped fifty degrees to a new low for the date in all history.

The new subway slogan is "Keep cool and keep still." The heat and noise will be provided by the courteous management.

Now there are to be peace manoeuvres in the Pacific to take the curse off of those war games. Seven nations, we hear, are going to send disarmies.

Jesse L. Livermore says he is quitting the stock market because it is too complicated. What would he have done to that game if he had ever got the hang of it?

This is the period of heavy sailing lists and of dockside banalities. We have long been puzzled by this journalistic phenomenon. Why are people's opinions supposed to be interesting or important because they are standing on a boat?

Hylan's veterinary friend is said to have made a million out of the city as an architect. Now that we think of it, they *did* promise us stable government.

"U. S. at Last Faces Enemy with Bullard." This is Chapter XII. of the thrilling serial in the *Herald Tribune*. In the earlier installments the General defeated Washington without a shot or a cabinet secretary being fired.

The fact that the *Hesperus* was never wrecked does not make the famous poem bad; Longfellow attended to that matter himself.

Doheny, Sinclair and Fall are indicted again—and wouldn't it be important if we were all as safe from going to jail as they are?

Chairman Butler is preparing for the Congressional campaign by a trip to the Northwest where he will confer with one thousand county chairmen. Oh for great open faces where men are chairmen!—Howard Brubaker

## “SOIR”

MADAME wishes——?”

“The Harrick, on Forty-fifth Street, if you please Gustav——”

“At once, Madame——”

Leaving Perri's on Park Avenue with effort the grand Renault swung her enormous length into Forty-fifth Street and shot west at the bidding of the green lights. With difficulty Gustav brought the powerful beast to a pause and she crouched, a purring monster, beneath the canopy of the Harrick Theatre. The Bassington-Greves descended, the door banged and Gustav was carried off by his restless charge.

The Bassington-Greves entered their box in time to see the indecent advances of a woman of thirty toward an ethereal young man whose profession was verse. Through two and a half acts they watched the decadent young man sing of his alabaster women with green eyes and ebony hair, and then decided that the atmosphere of the Vido was decidedly more entertaining. So with a nod here and there to acquaintances and friends, and with a mental notation of what was being worn in the matter of gowns, Mrs. Bassington-Greves preceded her husband to the motor. And right willingly the motor bore them up into the fifties to the entrance of the fashionable supper club.

And joining forces with a party of friends awaiting the Napoleonic dictates of Henri, Captain of the Waiters, they finally passed through rows of congested revellers to a far table, glowing white and crystal—a table far enough to permit unmolested indulgence in the lesser improprieties. And the decorations of blue and gold looked down at them and seemed to approve of the vividness of the play upon words. Anecdotes and scandal; literature and whisky; drama and the frocks of Poiret, Lanvin and the rest, all came up and as swiftly went down.

Then their attention was drawn to the center of the room, where, in a chrome yellow light, a young Spaniard was handling a lady, with a rose in her teeth, in a most familiar manner indeed. Brutally, he seized her by the waist and swung her away in a symmetric motion; then suddenly, for no apparent reason at all, he threw her to the floor and lit a cigarette. Inconstantly, he dashed the weed upon the floor, and seized the lady in a sophisticated grasp, and whirled her and whirled her, around the room; and the light turned red, and the light turned blue, and the Spaniard threw the lady on the floor once again. And of all the gallant young men, in this crowded

supper club, not a single one would rise and smite him a most awful blow upon the jaw! And the light turned green and the Spaniard grabbed the lady by the fragile wrist and dragged her from the room.

Everybody clapped and a few called “encore.” And still they clapped and called “encore,” and shortly the inconstant Spaniard came forth, affectionately leading his lady by the hand. He beamed gold teeth on the pale throats of the décolleté ladies and his little partner spread a row of perfect pearls. Amazing lady—she loved it!

The trumpet blared; the saxophone crooned and the audience rose and took to the dance. To the plaintive wails of the music they gently swayed to and fro. And it is to be joyed that our young men do not throw our exquisite ladies hither and yon, in the familiar manner of the Spaniards; for our night clubs have not adequate space for the promiscuous hurling of pretty women, whether they enjoy it or not!

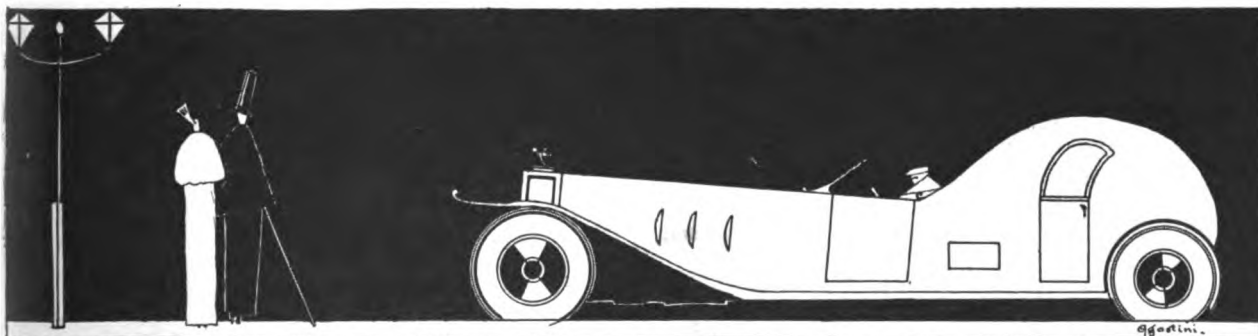
The music ended and some called for further pleasures, but in the main they were satisfied, for dancing in a club in the city tremendous is an exhausting business, as of course you all know. One young man from the provinces became extremely conscious of his hands and his hard boiled bosom; but he vanished his misery in some excellent table water of a sparkling kind, and took to a vigorous applauding to employ his hands.

Demands were made of the orchestra for certain pieces; the orchestra responded and those who had come to sup and dance disported themselves in a graceful manner; kaleidoscope of color and bracelets of many jewels, the gifts of husbands, sons and many lovers.

If one friend takes another to her home, it is said of this action that one is “dropped” at one's home. So it is then, that the Bassington-Greves “drop” their friends, with treble cries of “Thanks for the lift!” and “Au revoir” and “Lunch with me to-morrow, if ever I wake in the morning”; and speed to a house in the belated sixties and fumble for keys, and strip their gloves, and finally gain admittance.

\* \* \*

When the sun goes down in the west he only exhibits a childish inclination to play. And it makes not one whit of difference what Fauns may do with their Afternoons, nor mortals their Evenings, he never waits, this constant fellow who is always there and on time.—*Noël Scott*



# IN THE MENAGERIE



WHEN I quit work for the day it was four o'clock. I started toward the Park. The streets were grimed, as if the incessant thrash of cars and men left a dull stain within them. I found myself at the entrance of the Zoo. Nursegirls and mothers sat in sparse groups on the benches; their children frisked as far away as they dared go. The women were motionless and heavy.

I stood before the iron grille behind which lived a family of bison. The day was very still. This world of animals, sluggish and museful, was more real than all the shuttling city.

I cropped a bunch of fresh grass and reached it between the bars. A bull and a cow bison ambled up to take my offering. The newborn calf sprawled after its mother. The family settled down near the grille. The two old ones tried to sleep. But the calf was wide awake, and full of questions.

"Where are we?" it asked its mother.

The mother bison shook her heavy head.

"We're in a desert."

The bull's little eyes blinked in their jungle of wool. His ears jerked. But he kept silent.

"Why are we in a desert?" said the youngster.

"Can't you see for yourself? You've been here two weeks! Haven't you learned yet to use your eyes? See how little grass there is? See how we're all alone? Now listen. Everything's silent, isn't it? Well, that's a desert."

The bull bison grunted.

"Why do you tell the kid such nonsense!" He shifted his great head toward the little one. "We're not in a desert at all. We're in a city—the biggest city there is."

"What is a city?"

"Your father's dreaming, my child. He sees things which are not. Listen to *me*, I'll tell you *facts*."

"What is facts?" said the calf.

The old man darted a heavy purple tongue to a stray peanut at his hoof. He was affecting indifference. He was getting irritated.

"Facts are: this place is empty," replied the mother.

"And that's what *I* mean by a desert. Facts are: there are few living things around—and they're empty, too. They're starved. Look at those women. And *that's* what I mean by a desert."

"I don't see much," said the baby.

"There's nothing to see," she said. "I ought to know a desert. Don't I remember the plains? There are two worlds. Prairie—that's full of things; and this place that is all quiet and all empty."

The bull allowed his mighty head to sink in weariness to his forelegs.

"You ought to know better yourself!" his mate turned on him. And the calf pricked its ears, and

was happy. "You know the plains, too, don't you? Have you forgotten the plains? What of the nights on the plains? Aren't they alive? Don't the whole sky dance with stars?"

She paused. The bull bison shut his eyes and made as if he slept.

"Did you ever see anything like that in this *city* of yours? . . . Night's dead here. The moon's as weak as a starved nursling with a broken leg. Stars? A few of them, like fireflies in a drenching night."

"Well, what about the day," the old man blinked.

"What is day?" said the calf.

"This," came the mother's answer. "This is day. Well, what of it? Motor cars and buildings, just like the night. No different. That's all the people have to feed on. Everything, day and night, is dry and arid. And weak! The people are athirst."

From the neighboring house came the voice of a lion. It spoke with a liquid freedom against the unchanging murmur of the city. I rubbed my eyes. I had been working hard. And the nursegirls were dull. All feverish: none pretty. And the bison-talk was fetching. So far, so good. But I caught myself beginning to see sense in it! That would never do.

The bull raised himself. He was perturbed.

"Look here," he quavered. "You're talking a lot of nonsense. And since this child is going to have to spend the whole of his life right here—in this city, in this cage—I think you had better consider what you're saying. My dear," he sentimentally addressed the calf, "this is the busiest spot on earth. And the people who live here are the most energetic of the world's most energetic animals."

The calf wagged his stub tail and swung its puppy head.

"Then why do we feel 'em so little? Why are they so far away?" the cow went on. "A camp of men in the plains—miles off—you'd feel 'em! They'd make your hoofs ache; they'd put panic in your legs. These people? I tell you, the motor cars are running 'em over. I tell you, those cold high houses are eating 'em up."

"You are simply behind the times," said the bull bison. "You can't understand this new world—this new life—which we are so fortunate to share."

There was a racket of wheels grinding the asphalt: a curved tail of rowdy boys on roller skates swooped down, solidified and broke as it collided with a cluster of gentle children frisking near the benches. An officer ran up. His club worked like a magic wand above the scrimmage. It was purified of its rough elements: it became a handful of weeping boys and girls who looked on their bruised fineries and tried courageously to laugh at what had happened. The rowdies had scuttled like rats.

The family of bison did not stir. The calf was at its evening meal of milk. The mother, content with her share in the process, chewed her cud: her dull eyes rolled in a sort of passive rapture: and all her body swayed with the sucking baby.

The bull bison slept. . . .—*Search-light*

# PROFILES

## Versatility Personified

ASK any of his friends about Deems Taylor and you will be told "He is the most versatile man in America." That is, if you happen to ask friends who are moderate and restrained in their utterances. But it is hard to be moderate and restrained about Deems Taylor. In the language of baseball, the fellow has everything.

During his three years on the *New York World* he has acquired a reputation as the most brilliant music critic in the city. Concert goers know him as the gifted composer of "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Looking Glass Suite," "A Portrait of a Lady" and other symphonic works.

No song recital is considered complete without at least one of his songs on the program. Followers of lighter forms of entertainment during the last few years have come to believe that if a play has to have incidental music the music must be by Deems Taylor. And the movie patrons, of course, know him as the composer of the charming score written for Marion Davies's "Janice Meredith."

But those who know Deems Taylor only as a composer and a writer on musical subjects don't know the half of it. Many years ago, when he was a student at college he wrote the score of the annual Varsity Show, an operetta called "The Oracle." Bill Le Baron, now a distinguished playwright and motion picture impresario, wrote the book, and a darned good show it was, too. The scene of Act Two was before the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the theatre in which the show was given, although well equipped with exteriors and interiors was rather shy on Greek temples. So Deems, one morning, went down to the theatre with a lot of lumber, canvas and carpenters' tools and built the temple himself. It was a gorgeous affair. Later he painted some of the scenery and at the performance he led the orchestra. It happened that some of the cast were disqualified by a cruel faculty so he went behind the scenes and acted as pinch hitter for a male quartet.

There is a famous novelist in New York who will show you a handsome sofa in her living room and tell

you proudly that it was made by Deems Taylor. For he is an amazingly skillful cabinet maker. To those of us, like the writer of this article, who have to call for help when we want to hammer a nail in a wall, the handiwork of Deems Taylor, his beautiful painted furniture, his elaborate scroll work, that amazing desk of his that he made once when he happened to have an afternoon off, are nothing short of miracles. Carpentry is one of his passions in life. There is an ornamental well house that he built on his country place in Connecticut in which he takes more pride than in his recent election to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

For several years he was editor of an electrical magazine—a job that called for considerable technical knowledge as well as editorial ability. That was before he went to France as a war correspondent, and sent back those keen, straight-forward reports from the front, written with the same lucidity and directness that characterizes his music reviews.

While he was studying music with Oscar Coon, a gray haired patriarchal old scholar, who knew everything there was to know about music, but could not create it himself, Deems Taylor augmented his

income by doing illustrating for magazines and posters for advertisements. For he draws and paints beautifully. There is nothing of the halting, hesitating amateur about him; his work has that sureness and clearness of technique that is usually achieved by a life time of devotion to art. Any one who wishes to see examples of his skill as an artist should buy his song cycle, "The City of Joy," and look at the attractive cover and the delightful little drawings illustrating the songs.

As a writer of light verse he ranks among the best in the country. For years his verses appeared in *F. P. A.*'s column under the pseudonym of Smeed, and the piece for which *F. P. A.* awarded him what is graciously known as "the coveted watch" was one of the most popular that ever appeared in the *Conning Tower*.



Deems Taylor

Up near Stamford, Connecticut, there is an old colonial farm house that has been remodeled into one of the most charming country homes in the region. Last Summer the owner was showing the place to some friends who were enthusiastic in their praise of it.

"It's perfectly beautiful," said one of the guests. "Who was your architect?"

"Why, Deems Taylor," said the owner.

At some time, during a lull in his rather full life, Deems must have taken a day or two off and studied architecture.

And now we are told that Frank Damrosch has

ordered an orchestral piece from him for the New York Symphony Orchestra, and that Gatti-Casazza has commissioned him to write a grand opera for the Metropolitan. Of course every one expects him not only to compose the music, but to write the libretto, paint the scenery, lead the orchestra, supervise the lighting, and design the costumes. That is expected as a matter of course. But it would surprise none of his friends if Gatti were to announce that Deems Taylor had been engaged to sing the principal tenor, baritone, bass, soprano and contralto parts, and that he was to supplant Rosina Galli as the leader of the Metropolitan Ballet.—*Newman Levy*

## The Good Little Saxophoner

AN UNTRUE STORY

*(Recently an aged woman willed her estate to the conductor of a jazz band which had given her over the radio, she said, the only enjoyment of her life.)*

Ninety years had Mary McGargle,  
Ninety years of struggle and strife,  
Work and worry and hurry and scurry  
Had been her portion through all her life.

Born on a farm was Mary McGargle;  
She milked the cows ere her years were ten.  
While she was growing she did the sewing  
And cooked the grub for the hired men.

Mary McGargle married at twenty  
And raised of children some half a score.  
Fed and swathed 'em and spanked and bathed 'em  
And help raise theirs for thirty years more.

By and by it began to tire her  
After seventy years or so,  
For she'd never been free a minute to see a  
Lecture or play or a picture show.

So, having decided she'd just quit working,  
Believe the statement or not, she quit.  
Then building a one-room shack (with sun room)  
She settled down in it to rest a bit.

Twenty years more she continued resting  
Without a worry or care or fret.  
But she said it was lonely with just her only,  
So some friend gave her a radio set.

The very first station that she tuned in on  
Was Jimjam Jim and his Band de Jazz.  
And without no maybe, what that there baby  
Ain't got to quiver you, no one has.

Mary McGargle was no exception;  
She thrilled to the sob of the saxophone.  
Her shoulders wiggled; her ankles jiggled  
To banjo, fiddle and slide trombone.

Mary McGargle at last was living.

Now she'd discovered what life is for!  
She was happy and life was snappy.  
Existence no longer was just a chore!

Mary McGargle was not a piker  
And Mary was grateful to Jimjam Jim.  
So she willed her money, six jars of honey,  
Her cat and her real estate all to him.

\* \* \*

Here, perhaps, I should end my story;  
In real life 'twould have ended so,  
But this is fiction, so my depiction  
Must be of the facts as they aren't, you know.

Well, if Mary was grateful, so too was Jimmy,  
And when he had heard of his windfall grand  
He promised to play her every day her  
Choice of tunes on his jazbo band.

And Jim's jazz music made Mary younger.  
Straight grew her spine and springy her step.  
Her eye grew brighter, her head grew lighter;  
Believe this writer, she just oozed pep.

Ere a month had passed she looked scarcely eighty;  
In three, not a day over sixty-five;  
In six, not fifty; in ten, quite nifty;  
And in barely a year she looked all alive.

In ten years more she'd become a flapper  
While Jim, whose tunes were the reason why,  
Was slightly graying, for jazz band playing  
Takes the pep all out of a guy.

But gratitude still kept Jim performing  
Though Mary grew blonder as he grew gray,  
Till at last, by gollies, she got in the Follies  
The very morning Jim passed away!

When they told poor Mary she dropped down lifeless  
(I think they both were a trifle cracked)  
And that, dear children, is how your great-granddaddy  
Krauskopf won the boat race for old Harvard,  
And shows that fiction's stranger than fact.

—*Baron Ireland*





TENNESSEE

# THE BEAN BAG CORNER

I HAVE never been able to get a letter of protest or any sort of communication printed in that part of the daily newspaper identified as "The Voice of the People" or "What Everybody Thinks." Nor have I, to my knowledge, ever encountered any of that vociferous and fugitive army of humble philosophers who bombinate dreamily from day to day on the hem of journalism.

I have spent a large part of my life (rather foolishly, indeed) talking to authors and have little if any curiosity concerning them as a tribe. I know that Mr. Sinclair Lewis, if engaged in conversation, will mention with considerable pride that more than 100,000 copies of his latest novel have been sold. I know also that Mr. Lewis's pride is as nothing to the pride with which Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim will announce that only 84 copies of his latest opus have been snatched up by a greedy minority of *schoen geisten*. In fact, the pride of authors is a monotonous and uneventful phenomenon—socially encountered—and no longer lures me as it did in the days when my interest in literature was more juvenile and tolerant.

Toward these strange and endless literateurs, however, who daily harangue me out of the all too spare columns of the People's Forum in the press I have an overwhelming and even morbid curiosity. I frequently find myself eyeing people in the crowded subway and wondering which of them is Lydia, or A Mother of Seven, or Just a Bachelor. And it has often pleased me to fancy that men or women who pass me in the street, muttering to themselves and with enigmatic gleams in their eyes, are anonymous philosophers whom I have surprised in the first throes of composition and whose secrets I will encounter the next morning in The Voice of the People.

There is something peculiarly engaging about the very makeup of this Voice of the People department when one turns to it in the morning. One gets the impression of a group of tireless and exuberant inmates herded together in a corner of the paper whom somebody has presented with a bean bag to divert them and keep them quiet. I do not mean so much the prominent patriots and equally prominent anarchists who are always pulling each others' beards or lost in some mysterious though vital controversy involving Japan, the City Comptroller or Judge Gary. Nor am I much taken by the belligerently modest person who identifies himself as Only a Citizen and is to be found courageously and defiantly informing the paper that "Your editorial on 'Can Crime Survive?' is a timely and masterly summary of the situation from an intellectual and broad minded point of view . . . etcetera."

I prefer the humble philosophers, the "Blue Eyes" and the Lydias and The Mothers of Seven. These,

in fact, stir a deep wonder in my soul, indifferent as it is toward authors as a tribe. For instance there is Mrs. L. (an amazing pseudonym in itself) who writes, "The recent severe cold wave, which is claimed to have killed seventeen people, brought one thing forcibly to my notice—the apparent disinclination of men to wear ear muffs." And there is John Q. Brown whose exotic middle name has obviously been a source of hope and inspiration to him through the dullness of his life and who crowds the mails with such communications as "Now that summer is coming the beaches will soon be open and we will again see the people rushing from the overheated sections of the city to cool themselves in the great playgrounds which Nature has provided at our front door."

To enumerate them, however, would be useless. They are old friends and known to all good students of literary byways. And they are, as a type, unvarying. One gets a picture of them as citizens so stuffed with editorial chestnuts from reading the newspapers that they have begun to overflow. They become, on closer acquaintance, a curious and even charming variety of tax payer who has been put into a state of coma by constant journalistic injections and who moves through life wistfully with his eyes closed and muttering in his happy sleep.

To the pedant these slow motion mental exhibits debating the morality of goloshes, bobbed hair or defending short skirts on the basis that they do not sweep up injurious germs from the ground, are a spectacular answer to the question "what influence has the daily press on the thought of the people," which nobody has asked for a long time. Stripped of the high priced editorial writer's adjectives one finds in these naive Voices heralded as the People's, the true soul of the American newspaper and finds it a thing neither as horrible as it is painted by Upton Sinclair nor as vicious as it is pronounced by Oswald Garrison Villard. Instead one gets a glimpse of querulous matrons, sleepy eyed owners of "Speeches of Our Presidents," middle aged men who always compress their lips when being photographed—in fact, whimsical, sometimes grotesque, citizenry playing Ring Around o' Rosie and Button Button Who's Got the Button with yesterday's platitudes.

I say that one gets a glimpse of them but the statement is merely theoretical. I have yet to meet one of these authors and to verify the innumerable notions their work has aroused in my mind.

My own failure to intrude upon their newspaper playground with what I fancied were shrewdly connived and controversial letters has filled me with an almost humble, or if you wish egoistic deference, toward these individual segments of the Newspaper Mind.—Ben Hecht







### The Theatre

IN a constantly changing world it is pleasant to find at least one or two enduring and permanent phenomena. Thus, the captains and the kings may depart, but scenery is still being shifted on a darkened stage, to indicate the phases of a dream fantasy, by stage hands in white shirt sleeves. And whenever the family that lives above the iron works complains of the noise, the boisterous workmen who are then discharged are re-employed forthwith as stage managers to direct the movements of the underlings during these scene shiftings.

One is approaching a discussion of "Bachelor's Brides," May's gift to the Cort Theatre.

The plot of the play—don't stop us if you've heard it before—has to do with a young man on the eve of his wedding, who is suddenly confronted with tangible materializations of a happy past. These include a brand new baby delivered to his home in a cardboard box, a young woman whose husband is about to name him as co-respondent, and the father of an amorous domestic in his employ.

What to do? Ring down the curtain and have a second act.

So, in the second act, he dreams.

He dreams, for the most part, of the night he saw "Beggars on Horseback," but he can't remember very well. What he remembers is pretty good but what he has to supply, out of his own head, for the unremembered spaces is rather poor.

However, the author fools us all in the last act by clearing up things, mostly like the hired girl on her afternoon out who just throws things under the bed and back of the piano and calls that a solution, and the young man marries the girl after all.

There are two good performances in the piece—that of Charles Davis, just over from the Mother Country, as the young man, and that of Walter Kingsford, as something just a little short of a Joe Jackson comedy butler—but we want to talk of something else. To wit, what is to be done about beautiful, Oh so beautiful! young women who get jobs on our stage and then it turns out they can't act.

For instance, Miss Lee Patrick, of "Bachelor's Brides." Miss Patrick recently, in "The Backslapper," was the most radiant young woman this department has seen since Lily Langtry used to dance in the Hofbrau Haus in Muenchen. In "Bachelor's Brides," now, she's twice as beautiful as she was six weeks ago. Unfortunately, she's as much an actress

as is Jack Dempsey, also on the stage.

There's your problem in a nut-shell. Solutions, in letters of not more than a hundred words, will be received by this department until July 31, 1925, at which time they will be publicly burned, unread. The winners will receive copies of *The Dial* for June, 1924, and also consolation prizes.

AT this moment, in far-flung corners of the world, there are homesick Americans who are eating their hearts out with their desires to be back on dear old Broadway. Well, on the night of May 25, they could have had "Odd Man Out," at the Booth, for their coral isles, their skies of Alice blue, their palm trees, and all the other burdens of their existence.

"Odd Man Out" is all about a young woman who should never have been allowed to marry. Nothing vicious, mind you, but just an investigating type of mind, always saying wistfully to itself, "Good Heavens, is that all?" She has an amenable and understanding husband and a nice collection of purple patches, but still she goes on coqueting with life and its representatives. So, when she is informed that her husband has died, she contemplates a new existence, under benefit of clergy, with a nice young man but also turns over in her mind the advantages of a short misstep with an accomplished roué.

The sudden return of her husband, who is, it must be understood, not dead, for a few minutes seems likely to drive her, through pique, into the arms of the young man of honorable intentions, but before long her better nature triumphs and she is on her way to a two months' Mediterranean cruise with the abandoned wordling.

Unfortunately, the development of the evening's entertainment at the Booth does not hold up to the promise extended, we hope, by this brief recital of its plot. For one thing, the authors, of whom there are two, talk their play to death. And to make matters worse, the talk is almost all in the shape of epigrams. If you want to know about why a woman is like a liqueur, for instance, "Odd Man Out" is your playground.

The acting is good. One of these days this department is going to deliver the definitive opinion that not acting nor anything else will do where the script is amiss. We're working on something like "The play's the thing." Let us know how this hits you.

In the meantime, you people on coral islands stay where you are. We'll wake you when the dancing starts.—H. J. M.

### Motion Pictures

"**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**," in which Marc Connelly and George Kaufman spoofed big business, efficiency and all the things that go to make up our merry age, is just slipping back to town. On the screen, too, but have no fears.

Luckily "Beggars on Horseback" had James Cruze for its director. This Cruze is our best native director. Here he proves himself again by catching the elusive, intangible spirit of Neil McRae's nightmare and getting it into celluloid with a fine zest and humor. We are not at all sure how the provinces will receive this fantasy with its dash of madness. It may puzzle the old lady of Dubuque. However, there is no reason why New York should pass it by. If Cruze had a Von to his cognomen and the picture had been made in Berlin, the critics would be falling upon their knees to worship at this very moment. Take our word and see "Beggars on Horseback."

**I**F the esteemed old lady of Dubuque would shake her head at "Beggars on Horseback," another recent screen play, "Drusilla With a Million," will come very close to her heart. So we do think.

The makers of "Drusilla" have acted upon the premise that, if one old woman is pathetically moving and one baby can sweep an audience to interest, twenty old women and twenty babies can have twenty times that effect. The story tells of the aged Drusilla Doane, charity inmate of an old lady's home, who inherits a million and begins adopting babies. Running through this is the story of a young wife who is persuaded to run away from her husband by the lies of an unscrupulous other woman who tells her that she is "of another world" and is "dragging her husband to ruin." Of course, Drusilla reunites them.

The director has laid on hokum and bad acting with a heavy hand. Yet, with all the claptrap there is a courtroom scene, with the distraught young mother being tortured by a merciless lawyer, which had the Capitol theatre audience in tears.

"Drusilla" will probably earn a million, but it is just old fashioned movie. While "Drusilla" is going the box-office rounds as, what the exhibitors term, a "clean-up," we can pause to think of "The Last Laugh."

The German film is at this moment having subtitles injected into its action. Exhibitors in the West insist that their audiences do not understand the picture without titles.—*F. J. S.*

### Art

**HURRAH!** The three ring circus, Emil Fuchs, is to remain in the big tent, Fine Arts Building, until July 1. Come and bring the children. The signs on the buses will tell you how to get there. If you don't care for painting, sculpture, etching, medal-making, drawing, lithography, there are canary birds, miles of smilax garlands, palms, picture post cards, catalogues, book advertisements and what not. The lemonade boy and the peanut man had probably gone to Central Park as it was a nice day and most folk outside on the day we attended. But there is sure to be something to amuse you, if only nudes from all points of the compass. Poor Earl Carroll! What a tyro he is in the show business.

The serious consideration of Emil Fuchs and his life work can be done by your correspondent only in the good old melodramatic technique—a smile and a tear and a thrill. We had the smile after we saw the yards of smilax and listened to the sweet warblings of the canary birds. The tear we feel we must shed for that great god, Regularity, who lived, breathed and had his lusty being for

so long in the studios of the land. Alas, he is dying and the monuments reared to him are many. Part of the tear, too, we must share with one of his victims, Mr. Fuchs.

What a thing it might have been for American art if young Emil, that day in the Academy at Rome, after having received the prize for that remarkable representative drawing of a nude, had walked out on them. He need not have torn the old photograph up, (Eastman hadn't done so much with the camera in those days) but he could have forgotten it. He could have sat on one of the seven hills and thought to himself: "Well, that's that. Nobody living can draw any better than I can. Now, I've got a swell idea for a picture. I'd like to go off some place and paint it."

But evidently he didn't. He sat right there and after taking the medal and buying the drinks, went on to the next study. Emil Fuchs and his life work, to us, is the epitome of all that is wrong-headed in American art. If you don't agree with us, we don't think you are crazy. In fact, we know that you think we are.

But there it is and we can't help feeling sorry for the system, or the age of innocence, that takes an artist, runs him through the mill and brings him out a nice shiny dollar, like so many other shiny dollars.

—*M. P.*



*Countess Dombosky meets the Marquise de Falaise de la Coudray.*

## Music

LISTENING in on Station WHN last week, we became aware once more that most musicians are unmusical. After N. T. G. (Yes; he read verses in the course of the evening) relieved the gentleman who had the none too simple task of announcing synagogue services, a soprano, whose name eludes us as it eluded N. T. G., sang Musetta's Waltz Song from "La Boheme," the much navigated Waters of Minnetonka and a couple of songs which usually appear on student recital programs. It was plain that Puccini's music was an effort. Somehow, the singer pushed it from her throat to the microphone, but we doubt whether she enjoyed the operation. She achieved the sounds indicated by the composers whom she espoused, but it was exercise.

A quarter of an hour later, a young lady named Evelyn Hoey, if we caught her name correctly, appeared briefly to sing something called "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." Miss Hoey, we believe, entertains at a cabaret, and she probably would be complimented if we designated her as one of the best blues singers that we have heard. Yet she projected her song—which, by the way, is just as difficult to sing as most solemn *opera*—with brilliant diction and something that must be called musicianship. A few minutes later, Jack Smith, hitherto unknown to this department, interpreted a few reasonably commonplace ditties with equal clarity and understanding.

Miss Hoey and Mr. Smith, we assume, do not pretend to be *lieder* singers, but most *lieder* singers could study their methods to advantage. Our Summer Suggestion to vocalists is that they listen thoughtfully to some of the artists who grace the WHN studio. Of course, they will have to discriminate between such performers as Miss Hoey and Mr. Smith, and the self-serving song writers, café proprietors and rathskeller Chaliapins who also may be led into the loud speaker.

N. T. G., in passing, is a rare announcer. He introduced a pianist of no little merit with an allusion to the jest about Chopin being a kitchen utensil, but nevertheless, we should like to hear him disporting with some earnest musical offering. Perhaps it could be arranged for N. T. G. to announce a program by the Friends of Music next season, with the rigid proviso that he refrain from reciting.

OVERLOOKED by busy critics, the Sunday Symphonic Society, led by the indefatigable Josiah Zuro, has been presenting an interesting series of orchestral programs at the Criterion Theatre of Sunday mornings. Mr. Zuro's men play with snap and enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that few of them have attempted symphonic music previously, and a season under Mr. Zuro's energetic baton has fused them into a homogeneous orchestra. The programs make no concessions—even Tschaiakowsky is con-

sidered somewhat "popular" by the Sunday Symphonists—and we commend their concerts to all who may take interest in an experiment which is based on the premise that good music can stand on its own feet. And to all others.—R. S.

## Books

MICHAEL ARLEN as a high light on high life doesn't impress us much more than "Beaunash." As a romanticist, his sentiment and chivalry are always flimsy and sometimes seem crocodile—the prize example being in the case of Iris Storm. As to brilliancy (wit, subtlety, etc.), he has it, but a lot of what he passes for it is manner: swank. As to craftsmanship, his insouciant method fudges around difficulties, and as to scrupulous origination—well, the names of a literary creditor or two who are famous turn up in his pages; it would be nice of him to mention Leonard Merrick's.

And yet we have plenty of sympathy with the Arlen fans, and none with fogies who do not enjoy him. The celebrated shimmer is indeed over all he writes with a free hand. It is choice amusement, and to reject it on the ground that it is full of airy humbug would be to refuse champagne on the ground that champagne is a-bubble with gas.

They keep telling us "The London Venture" is the book of his to read, and it is the one we haven't. Of the others, we like him best in "These Charming People," short Nights Entertainments, avowedly artificial, and in which his qualities are at their freshest and his sentiment goes and his laziness doesn't matter.

"May Fair" (*Doran*) announces itself as more, and the Charming People do reappear in it. But something is lacking. They are industriously sprightly and their adventures are fantastic, but rather wearily. For Arlen, half these tales are pretty damp; and you notice that except in the two he calls Prologue and Epilogue (the latter a real firework, by the way), he is depressingly on his good behavior, and does nothing more Improper than to seclude a marital reconciliation with some archness anent rows of dots. It is evidently the abeyance of the strongest feature of the Arlen verve that leaves the Arlen brilliancy dimmed and the failings conspicuous.

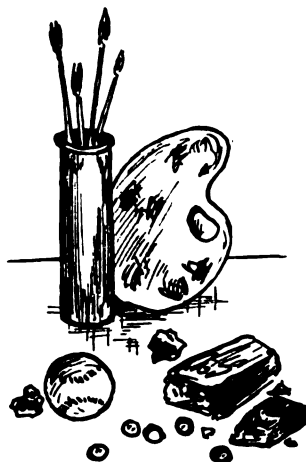
Hunting for a reason for this abeyance, we found the following:

Copyright, 1924, 1925, by The Consolidated Magazine Corporation (*The Red Book*). Copyright, 1925, by The International Magazine Company, Inc. (*Harper's Bazar*). Copyright, 1924, *Everybody's Magazine*.

And hunted no further, although to judge from more than one of his plots, we might also have taken a look in the direction of Hollywood. When in Rome on the make, write as the Romans require for their provinces.—H. D.

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.





Two Typical Examples of Shattered Glass Art

# SHATTERED GLASS

## *A Fugitive Art in New York*

ART Connoisseurs (and you can't blame them) are agog as anything over the recent discoveries of Artemus J. Teeter, Harvard '09 A.B., Columbia '11 A.M., Daylight Saving Time. It seems Dr. Teeter appeared before the Art Society last week (Dec. 3) with his remarkable collection of broken window panes gathered from odd corners of the city; and his sympathetic interpretation of the symbolism and design in Shattered Glass opened the eyes of the Society to an entire new field of Fugitive Art in New York.

According to Dr. Teeter, the mute inglorious band of hardy pioneers who have labored daily to perfect their art by smashing windows, lamp-posts, mirrors and anything handy, have received scant recognition in their struggle for self-expression. In fact, adds Dr. Teeter whimsically, you might almost think they didn't *want* to be recognized, the way they run away from public attention after they have smashed a masterpiece, and avoid the locality for weeks afterward.

For example, Mr. Micky Sullivan, a young artist living on Jane Street, was discovered and questioned recently by Dr. Teeter with regard to his effective treatment of a Drug Store Window on Eighth Avenue with a piece of cobble stone; and he modestly disclaimed all credit for the work. "Honest, it was an accident, Mister," he explained to the elderly Art Collector, "and anyways, it wasn't me done it, it was me little brudder, and anyways, neither of us done it because it was busted that way before."

"Oh, practically any old pane of glass will do for the work," said Dr. Teeter in his speech before the Art Society, "although the best results are usually to be obtained in a large oblong frame several feet long and quite wide, too, probably lettered: 'Bakery and Restaurant, Getz Bros., Props.', or the globe in a street light, or even a watch crystal. Your conscientious artist usually employs a variety of tools in his work, and the well-rounded studio equipment will include a brick or two for knocking out large masses,

an ordinary horsehide baseball or a piece of coal for a quick, running handling, and perhaps a few marbles and immies for stippling. If none of these are handy, however, a swift kick will sometimes turn the trick; and moving men have been known to get results by simply sitting down hard."

In the course of his talk Dr. Teeter showed the Society a number of interesting things, including the great big vaccination mark on his left arm and his prize window entitled: "Fly Ball! an impression of L. Schmalz's Delicatessen and Groceries, at Twilight." Here we have an effective rendition of glass, treated in the angular manner of one accustomed to the Cubistic School of Expression. Observe what a devastating effect the unknown artist has achieved by the simple process of pasting a horsehide baseball against the pane of glass, and then removing the glass. The resulting frame, according to Dr. Teeter, is either the sun breaking through the clouds over Lake Winnepesaukee, or else where a Mr. Montrose of Montreal fell through the ice, probably neither.

The masterpiece was later bought and paid for by Mr. L. Schmalz himself, the lucky fellow.

—Corey Ford

### Omar Up To Date

A book of verses underneath the bough,  
Provided that the verses do not scan,  
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—and thou,  
Short-haired, all angles, looking like a man.

But let the wine be unfermented, pale,  
Of chemicals compounded—God knows how!  
As much like wine as ginger ale is ale,  
And Paradise were Wilderness enow.

—E. J. Bruen

### The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.  
Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

Times Change

1910

Chawklit sody? Fi' cents. Thanks.

1915

Chawklut soduh? Ten cents, please. I'll letcha pay the boy at the register.

1920

Chahklitt soda? Fifteen centz, please. No, I'll give ya a check t' present to the cashier.

1925

Choclatt soda? Hey, don't give *me* yer money. Getcha check from th' cashier. *I* do' know how much it is, mebbe she does. Over there behind the arch-supports. No, no—not that one, th' next one; now go straight up jus' this side th' door.

1930

Chuckalut soda? Where's yer credentials? Say, feller, I don't even *know* ya! You know any member of the concern? No? Well, I'll tell ya. Go over to that young leddy writing in the book there an' give her yer name an' address. Then come back in five days, an' our investigation department will of looked ya up an' reported. Then, if everything's all right about ya, you countersign the report an' it'll be forwarded to Washington. 'Bout three weeks later you'll get a duplicate of their recommendations, an' if it's O. K. persent it to our recordin' secretary an' he'll fix ya up with a check. Then you bring that check ta me, an' I'll give ya th' soda. I fergot ta tell ya we'll have ta have two pitchers of ya, full face an' profile, an' a set o' fingerprints—both hands. . . . Didja ever see th' nerve of that guy, Archie? He wanted me ta sell him a soda right off the bat, without no documents nor nothin'.—*Wayne G. Haisley*

Sic Semper Cinema

A RACE between an Automobile and a Train is NOT a Race between an Automobile and a Train UNLESS the Automobile beats the Train at the Crossing.

A Crossing is NOT a Crossing UNLESS both the Gate-tender and the Gates are Missing.

The Mortgage on the old Manse is NOT a Mortgage on the old Manse UNLESS the Proud Daughter fails to Lift it by NOT riding the noble nag to Victory.

A Log Cabin in the Wilderness is NOT a Log Cabin in the Wilderness UNLESS it has a Woodshed where the Hero can Sleep.

A Desk is NOT a Desk UNLESS the Top Drawer carries a Revolver.

A Girl about to Increase the Duties of the Census Taker is NOT a Girl about to Increase the Duties of the Census Taker UNLESS she is caught Knitting Baby Clothes.

A Husband about to Assume the Duties of a Parent is NOT a Husband about to Assume the Duties of a Parent UNLESS his Wife has Taken him by Surprise by Whispering Confidentially in his Ear.

A Maternity Nurse is NOT a Maternity Nurse UNLESS she has Told the Patient Father waiting in the Ante-Room: "You may now go Inside."

A Dead Man is NOT a Dead Man UNLESS the Motley Throng surrounding him Doff their Stetsons—and a Thoughtful Friend Pulls a Blanket or Sheet over his Face.

A Man Stricken with Blindness is NOT a Man Stricken with Blindness UNLESS the Miracle fails as the Great Eye Specialist removes the Bandages.

An Identification of a Long-Lost Son by his Mother is NOT an Identification UNLESS she has Opened the Locket carried around his Neck and seen her Photograph.—*Laurence Reid*

Triumphs of Efficiency—Members of the dry force applying the seismograph test for telltale neighborhood hiccoughs.



# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

It's an even money bet that this play will be remembered long after the War it deals with has become just a number.

### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

Shaw's great comedy given a Theatre Guild production, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

The play that won the Pulitzer Prize and a good play, to boot, with acting that would make a more emotional nation call Miss Lord the divine Pauline.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Merric Olde England may not have had telephones and airplanes but it had at least as many of the delights of ribald dialogue as we have, if Congreve was a faithful observer.

### THE SHOW OFF—Playhouse

You have only three weeks more to see this greatest of American comedies.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

There's very little in town that's more entertaining than this hokum comedy, in the American language.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

An expert and amusing play, with less of the virtues and less of the vices of "Is Zat So?", James Gleason being a co-author of both.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

An intelligent and merry comedy of life in Old Florence, with the historical film scraped off Benvenuto Cellini and the Home Life of the Medici.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A musical comedy you should enjoy, if you like tuneful music—one refers to George Gershwin—and graceful and happy principals—one refers to Master and Miss Astaire.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

Still the most successful musical production of the season, with real voices, sumptuous settings and a dash of humor.

### THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

A first-class revival of that old thing of Gilbert and Sullivan's.

### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made—O, what a lot that says!—with about as much comedy as Mr. Ziegfeld generally offers—and O, what a lot that says!

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest show in town, bar none. It's not, as you think, a different Ziegfeld, but there are W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.



### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A most amusing burlesque of the mystery plays.

### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

A Gershwin score, with happy fooling by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

## MOVING PICTURES

### BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion

The Kaufman-Connelly satirical fantasy done with genuine celluloid imagination.

## ART

### SCREENS AND OVERMANTELS—Peragila

From the studios of Arthur B. Davies, Hunt Deederich, Ernest Lawson, Warren Davis, Emil Carlsen and George Luks.

### EMIL FUCHS—Fine Arts

A comprehensive exhibit of everything done by a hardworking artist in a full life time. Also canaries and flowers.

### SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery

Interesting examples of Roosevelt Dick, Gregoriev, Guy Berlin and others.

### ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS—Weythe

Examples of work by Harry Wickey, Wanda Gag, Thomas Handforth and others.

## SPORTS

### RACING—At Belmont Park

Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

### BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium

St. Louis Americans vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 5, 6, 7, 8, Cleveland Americans vs. New York, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 10, 11, 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

### GARDENS EXHIBIT—Westchester County

Saturday, June 6. Private gardens exhibited for benefit of Westchester County Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

### SALE—516 Lexington Avenue

Monday, June 8. For benefit of Italian Welfare League.

### HORSE SHOW—Westchester-Biltmore Club

Thursday, June 11. Opening of Westchester County Horse Show. Continues Friday.



# Where the Blue Songs Come From

**B**LUE SONGS, INC., is situated in the heart of one of the great manufacturing centers of this country. In fact it is *the* heart of this manufacturing district, as the plant occupies an acreage so large that statisticians who have attempted to compute the total floor space have invariably succumbed to brain fag and have been carried to the hospital for special treatment.

The history of Blue Songs, Inc., is pretty well known by now. Everyone is fairly familiar with the spectacular rise to prominence of the struggling song writer, A. Ernest Singer, who started with a small factory with an output of not more than three or four blue songs a day and who now virtually controls the blue song trade of the world if not of the universe.

Mr. Singer was found in his richly furnished office, which is hung with blue velvet curtains. Outside could be seen the factory chimneys of Blue Songs, Inc., belching forth great volumes of blue smoke.

"The secret of my success is simple," said Mr. Singer, looking up from his mahogany desk, which was piled high with plans of blue songs. "I found that Americans, being a humorous nation, really have a hankering for songs that contain the word 'blue.' Any nation that was not really humorous would succumb to melancholia after a steady diet of blue songs, but Americans thrive wonderfully on such a diet.

"I found that the blue song trade was scattered and comparatively ineffective. It was not supplying public demand. Therefore, I merged all the blue song factories in the country, with the result that you see here. We control all the products that enter into blue songs. I have just closed a contract that gives us a monopoly of the indigo market abroad. We have first call on every blue composer in this country. As soon as a song writer proves that he has any trace of blues in his nature, we sign him up on a long time contract basis."

It was in the factory that the full extent of Mr. Singer's genius became apparent. Here were thousands of workmen, assembling blue songs. One workman, for instance, put together two lines as follows:

I'm sitting alone at my window,  
Feeling down and out.

The lines were passed to another workman, who added two lines, reading:

I've got some swell blues, my honey—  
Of that there ain't any doubt.

The song, as now assembled, was passed by an ingenious contrivance of belts to another department, where the chorus work is done. As the song came in, a

workman seized it from the moving belt and deftly added the chorus lines as follows:

Yes, I'm feeling quite grand,  
With my chin on my hand,  
And my system is shaking  
And aching  
Just like some blue flowers  
In far distant bowers.  
Such marvelous blues!  
I can't give 'em their dues.  
Those wait-for-a-letter  
From my little petter—  
Those perfectly wonderful,  
Feeling-like-thunderful  
Bloo-hoo-hoos.

The completed product was put on another belt and whisked to a warehouse, to be stacked with thousands of other blue songs which had been turned out that day.

In a subsidiary factory, containing more floor space than all the wheat acreage of Kansas, with the cranberry acreage of Massachusetts thrown in for good measure, it is planned to produce auxiliary parts for blue songs which wear out or break down. As the banks throughout the country are even now bulging with Mr. Singer's profits, other banks are being rushed to completion to house his returns from the sale of these auxiliary parts.

"I am not boastful," said Mr. Singer, "in declaring that, through our efforts, we have made the blue song an integral part of American life. But we propose to go even further. We are going to make the people think in terms of blue songs. For instance, at twelve o'clock noon, on Saturday, instead of saying that he is going to shoot eighteen holes, the business man will say: 'I have those gotta-get-out-on-the-golf-links-blues.' Or at nine o'clock on the day after her husband's pay day, the housewife will say: 'I've got those must-get-downtown-and-get-some-shopping-done-blues.' When that takes place, we will feel that we have achieved the results for which Blue Songs, Inc., was founded."—Arthur Chapman

## Invasion

The army of Springtime tried to invade New York.

The hordes of June tried to beleague the city, and shatter its towers with a million spears.

They made great chinks in the solid walls,  
But the grim old city is still unvanquished.

Now a thin stream of sunlight finds its way through the chinks,

And here and there, in the pale gold of it, a clean slim tree grows up in a city square,

And weaves a little pattern of leaf-shadows and sunlight

Over hot pavements  
And straining faces.

—Anita Grannis

FINE SHOES *AA* SINCE 1857

JUNE weddings? — we can provide bridal party and guests with their festal footgear — shoes, pumps, hosiery—and speedy service.



\$15

Graceful sandals of blonde kidskin with brown kidskin trimming

ANDREW ALEXANDER

548 Fifth Avenue  
Above 45th Street



\$39.50  
with  
knickers

NOTHING

we can do or say can impress too strongly the fact that our clothes are the equal of any \$50 to \$65 garments on the market!

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ENGLISH CLOTHES

920 B'WAY, AT 21ST ST., NEW YORK

11th Floor

HABERDASHERY

ACCESSORIES



# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



**S**URPRISING as it may seem, we insist that the "great open spaces" are not really in the West, but way East on Park Avenue. This claim is established by Pierre's having the largest amount of space per table that we know of in the restaurants of our fair town. The luxury of not elbowing your neighbors and having a channel all around your table for the passage of unbumping waiters is rare. The cuisine is splendid and equalled only at the Marguéry down the street a few doors.

Sherry's is of the same class and a New York institution of long standing, but the other two places have a charm peculiar to small restaurants. One dances during dinner at Pierre's to music that creates none of that hurry induced by syncopated digestion. The calm and ease of the place naturally enough invite the "proper people," neither catering to or attracting the blatant spenders from points pastoral.

... Let these dots denote the passage of time, as no one could think of moving over from a dinner at Pierre's to the Club Richman direct. Their moods are as opposed as the indicative and the subjunctive and shouldn't be brought into contrast.

The Club Richman is a supper resort presided over by Harry Richman, who has a certain following. Said following considers him a droll fellow and shrieks at his every quip. We laughed a couple of times ourselves, and were much edified by the studied carelessness of his dancing.

A lissom lassie entertains the "customers" with the most elastic hip dance it has been our privilege to admire. Her costume is of an economical cut that brooks no quibbling as to whether or not she may



be a female impersonator. Facts are facts, and so are other things.

Another feature of the performance should stir Maurice to the refurbishing of the skating dance, which he invariably announces he "will try to do." Ben Blue, a clownish person in an idiotic costume *pour le sport*, does a skating dance which makes Maurice's look like the perambulations of an ice cart. Without a single icicle he produces an illuminating illusion of St. Moritz. It is a deft bit of fooling and ranks high in our cabaret experiences.

The Club Richman would be called Persian in decoration, but with a strong Russian influence. We wager its mama was a Slav, or had taken an over-dose of caviare. At all events it is comfortably dark in light effects.

The White Horse Tavern specializes in a sturdy sort of cuisine and waistcoats of yellow and red stripes on the waiters. The food and the service are in imitation of an English inn and successfully so. For that certain business of dining and talking it is very pleasant.

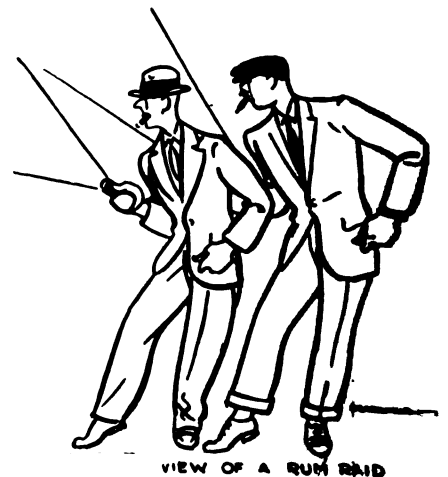
Of those other establishments, ornate and either achieving or attempting luxury, enough remain, despite padlocks, for the needs of the city. With Summer almost upon us—according to the calendar, anyway—the hotels are opening their roof gardens. The Ritz already has done so and will offer additional inducement to the visiting butter-and-egg trade in the form of its Japanese Gardens whenever the weather is kindly, which may be any night now.

The Hotel McAlpin, which appeals strongly to Kiwanis and Rotary delegations on holiday bent, has bethought itself, through its management, of an or-

iginal name for its roof garden: to wit, Bagdad-on-the-Roof. It opens Monday evening. No doubt the delights of the place will be in keeping. The Ambassador will follow, on Wednesday, with its Italian Gardens, taking its decorative *motif*, no doubt, from the courtyards of neighboring Park Avenue apartment houses. The Waldorf-Astoria will not venture the rigors of our present climate until Monday, the 15th, on which date its roof will be the scene of a dance under auspices and for the benefit of the New York Newspaper Women's Club. These latter young ladies are, to say the least, persistent in their entertaining.

In Mr. Enright's police college there should be a special course in modes and manners for prohibition agents. The last time we got caught in a raid on a supper club the raiders might have been considered insulting, if they hadn't been so ridiculous. The act they put on was far funnier than the paid performance usually scheduled there. During a lull in the music five self-conscious ginks, looking precisely like the burlesque detectives in "The Gorilla," stalked across the dance floor toward the kitchens. Large black cigars were screwed into the corner of each of their faces, check caps or slouch hats were pulled mysteriously down over their eyes, and their pants bagged mightily at the seat.

These caricatures, wearing their hats and flashing pocket lights, prowled about the premises accompanied by the proprietor, who probably followed the rules of that children's game in periodically informing them as to whether they were getting "warmer" or "colder" in their search. All this went forward with an obligato of derisive laughter from the on-looking guests, who frequently called out, "Take off them false whiskers, we knows ye."—*Top Hat*



VIEW OF A RUM RAID



## A Study in Vituperation

Those two quaint old characters, the Man From Mars and the Man In the Street, encountered each other at Broadway and Forty-second Street for the first time in many years. The usual warm greetings between long separated friends were passed and then—

**THE MAN FROM MARS:** Who is Mayor of New York now? I've been out of touch with things.

**THE MAN IN THE STREET:** John F. Hylan.

**M. M.:** What does the F. stand for?

**M. s.:** Hanged if I know. Some say Faithful, others Faithless, others Foolish and still others Fromagenous.

**M. M.:** Has he no nickname?

**M. s.:** Aye, indeed he has! These seven years, since he came riding out of Bushwick, the populace, sometimes fondly, sometimes jeeringly, has called him Red Mike.

**M. M.:** Then, I take it, he is not altogether admired and beloved?

**M. s.:** You said it. Indeed, he has been the butt of many barbed jests. He is the pliant tool of the sinister Hearst. Moreover, his monumental dumbness, coupled with a certain adroit cunning in low political maneuvers, has made him a nationally known enigma.

**M. M.:** What do people say of him? I mean, of course, the things that can be printed.

**M. s.:** Well, for one, General O'Ryan on a certain occasion called him a golem in one language, a bosthoun in another, and some other name in yet another.

**M. M.:** And who is this O'Ryan?

**M. s.:** He once fought in the war, and is now a Transit Commissioner, and, according to the Red One, is in sympathy with the predatory interests.

**M. M.:** What else have people said of him?

**M. s.:** Well, there was Ogden Mills, who, among other things, called him an unprincipled demagogue and a reckless wastrel.

**M. M.:** Fightin' words. And who is this Mills?

**M. s.:** He is a Republican, and very wealthy, being a holder of certain important corporation stocks.

**M. M.:** What are some of the other names—if there have been others?

**M. s.:** There have been many others. Sam Untermyer once designated him as a Bumptious Vulgarian, and William Travers Jerome, on yet another occasion, said he was a Grottesque Mountebank.

**M. M.:** This is indeed a strange case. Then, I take it, this Hylan must be a low fellow, stupid, untutored, not above low tricks, a mouther of meaningless phrases and all that sort of thing. Yes?

**M. s.:** Yes. And he is going to run

again for Mayor. It will be his third term.

**M. M.:** You don't say! But of course a man like that couldn't be elected. What is his platform?

**M. s.:** "I am Honest John and I am for the five-cent fare and for the People against the Interests."

**M. M.:** Is that all? Well! Surely he will be defeated.

**M. s.:** Far from it. He will be elected by between 300,000 and 400,000 votes.

**M. M.:** But who will vote for him?

**M. s.:** I will, for one. In the first place, there isn't anybody else that can be elected. Moreover, there may be a modicum of reason in the man's strange platform. It could be worse.

**M. M.:** I fear you are either a fool or a knave.

**M. s.:** A little of both. And besides, my cousin has a job in a city department. Everybody has cousins or nephews or nieces in city departments.

*(With that the Man From Mars, his mind addled, turned on his heel and strode away, while the Man In the Street ducked into a subway and a few minutes later was neatly crushed to death in the jam.)—S. W.*

### Jottings

By Busybody

"Oh, to be in England, now that Spring is here!" Or anywhere else in Europe, if you believe the current lists of steamer sailings.

\* \* \*

Albert Extine, the local insurance agent, has been considering a Rolls-Royce car, but has decided that he prefers a left hand drive so will continue to use his present Ford over the Summer.

\* \* \*

A pleasing blue tint is being given to the atmosphere of Fifth Avenue by various automobile exhausts.

\* \* \*

Abolition of the yellow traffic lights now brings the local signals within the scope of New Jersey motorists' intelligence.

\* \* \*

Coney Island merchants report that business is good and their wares are selling like hot dogs.

\* \* \*

Inquiries about who Busybody is will not be answered by this department, none having yet been received, but Busybody desiring to forestall same.

**Thud! Thud! Thud!**

Three More Bodies Hit Park Playground.

—Heading in the *Times*.

Theatre Guild Productions  
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

**Caesar <sup>A</sup>ND Cleopatra**

Th., W. 58 St. Evs. 8:15.  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15  
Tel. Columbus 8229.

Opens Monday, June 8th  
**Garrick Gaeties**

Corking Musical Revue  
**Garrick** 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play  
**They Knew What**

**They Wanted**

with Richard and Pauline  
Bennett Lord

**Klaw** Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

**NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE**  
West 42d St.

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dir.  
458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

LATEST! GREATEST! FUNNIEST!

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**

of 1925—Glorifying the American Girl  
WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDS

**ZIEGFELD COSMOPOLITAN**  
THEATRE, Col. Circle, 59th St. & B'way  
POP. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

**Leon Errol <sup>T</sup>IN Louie <sup>H</sup>14<sup>th</sup>**

1st Balc. Seats \$1 & 2. If bought in Advance

Eugene  
O'Neill's  
Greatest Play

**DESIRE**  
UNDER THE ELMS

With WALTER HUSTON

Now at  
GEO. M. **COHAN THEATRE**,  
B'way & 43d St.

Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

**BIJOU** Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way.  
Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

4th Month

**Night Hawk**

with MARY NEWCOMB

ANNE NICHOLS presents

**WHITE COLLARS**

A COMEDY OF AMERICAN LIFE

Now at  
SAM H. HARRIS W. 42 St. Mats.  
at Wed. & Sat.

LAFFING, SMASHING HIT

**THE  
FOUR FLUSHER**

2nd Month

APOLLO Thea. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**Playhouse** 48 St., E. of B'y. Eves. 8:30.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

2nd Year of the Comedy

**The SHOW-OFF**

THE

**GORILLA**

FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN.

Selwyn West 42 St. Nights \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50.  
POP. MAT. TODAY



YOU'LL find  
our new Bilt-  
more Shop a  
convenient  
spot to buy  
your straw .

"and they wear like the name"

**LONG**  
*The Custom Hatter*

## What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

For five dollars THE NEW YORKER will report to you at weekly intervals for a year.

### 100 Years Ago (From the New York daily papers of 1825)

**CITY POLICE.**—A more scandalous disregard of the laws and ordinances of any city in the world is not to be named than is daily witnessed in the public streets of New York. I mean the oft-repeated fact of swine of all sizes running at large, roaming unmolested throughout the most frequented parts of our city, at all times of day, not only to the great disgust but to the extreme inconvenience and real danger of its inhabitants. Not long ago a large sow, with a litter of pigs, had taken up her daily abode in a gutter, situated in South Street, between Coffee House Slip and Old Slip, one of the most frequented places in the city, which she held undisturbed day after day, in the very face of the law; and that since she had been there, the beast had seized on a small coloured girl and would probably have killed her, had she not been rescued from her fangs by some persons who happened to be passing.

**BREAD.**—Complaints have become loud, and are every day becoming more so, that the price of flour and the price of bread are altogether disproportionate. It is said that when flour was more than 50 per cent higher than it is at present, our bakers' loaves were quite as large as they are now and, some say, larger.

**RISE OF WAGES.**—Some months ago the price of all kinds of labor took a sudden start in our city, and among the rest, cooks, chambermaids and waiters took advantage of the rise in cotton to demand an advance of at least 25 per cent, which perhaps was no more than was reasonably to be expected and housekeepers were obliged to submit and did submit to it accordingly; but now that cotton has fallen again to its proper price is it not fair that the cooks, chambermaids and waiters should also come down to their old prices? But they won't do it and don't do it, wherefore it becomes our duty to proclaim to the world, that servants' wages are in New York higher than anywhere else, and plenty of demand.

**TO LET.**—From 1st of May a pleasant situation for a small family about 2½ miles from the City Hall, on the Third Avenue near Rose Hill. Attached to the house is a large garden and piece of pasture ground. From the house is a beautiful view of the East River and surrounding country. The rent reasonable.

**COPPER.**—This mineral is found (a Missouri paper says) in such abundance and purity from the Falls of St. Anthony to Lake Superior that the Indians make hatchets and ornaments of it without any

other instrument than the hammer. The mines still remain the possession of the Indians.

**TO LET.**—The commodious three story brick House at No. 30 Pine street. The house is well adapted for a boarding establishment, having many rooms, and most of them with fire places; also a convenient yard and a passage way to Cedar Street.

### Other Distinguished Visitors

**HARDLY** had New York's welcome for Mr. Harry K. Thaw subsided when, at La Pay Club, at the most fashionable hour last night, the manager was seen escorting two smartly dressed young men to a table near the centre of the room.

Faultlessly clad in dinner coats, their shining black hair crowning a picture of sartorial perfection, they were about to seat themselves when a sudden cry from several patrons nearby caused the diners to look up. Instantly, they recognized the two handsome newcomers as Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb of Chicago. After a moment of silence the chamber rang with cheers.

Alphonse, his face wreathed in smiles, beckoned to a corps of waiters who immediately placed tables and chairs to accommodate the scores of enthusiasts who rushed to join the Chicagoans. The first young woman to reach them unclasped a priceless rope of pearls which she wore and fastened it about Leopold's throat.

A host of men and women all prominent in the supper club life of the city mingled with the eager throng until the two young men were the cynosure of all parties.

At a signal from Alphonse the entire orchestra stood up and played Gershwin's "Homicide in Light Mauve." Choking back their sobs, the youths turned to the musicians and distributed monogrammed chisels of mahogany and silver. The gratitude of the orchestra was touching.

After this ceremony Miss Trixie De Lys sang a song extemporized for the occasion.

Oh Nathan—Sweet Nathan,  
My ever lovin', big-eyed Satan,  
He's the kid that knocks em cold;  
My sweet poppa, Leopold.

To distribute the honors evenly, Miss Kitty Horton, whose brain had been also active, leaned toward Loeb and caroled:  
Oh my sweetie, hear my words,  
Slick haired sheik that hunts for birds,  
I'd sell my Rolls and swell wardrobe  
To nest in trees with Dickie Loeb.

Everyone joined in the chorus and the waiters passed souvenirs from the distinguished visitors—Sears, Roebuck Catalogues for the ladies and horn rim spectacles for the men. As the two departed they were made to walk between a double line of admirers who showered them with flowers from the table decorations.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Selsner*). A caustic and exceedingly clever account of a marriage of idealists.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Contrasts assorted human fauna of North Shore Long Island with a Yankee Quixote so fine as to be taken seriously.

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). About the Revolutionary period, and not unlike a mellowed and de-bunked "Richard Carvel."

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Very light and very amusing sketches that remind old timers of "The Dolly Dialogues," and are better.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). About three nice girls in love with one man. A psychological novel that no more parades its psychology than life does.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). A "circus" of musical antinomians is dispersed in a moral world. The book is best-selling, as it should be.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). A young doctor goes into bacteriology, gets rid of all success considerations and saves his soul. Not Lewis's most popular novel, but his best one.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). Most easily described as the opposite of her "A Cure of Souls."

SEGLFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The hero is the town, the theme its deterioration under sham democracy.

SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). You need not be as fastidious a modernist as Aiken to enjoy these stories of his.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Recommended because of "The Friends" and two or three others in it.

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories are likelier to appeal to Americans than the longer, title satire.

GENERAL

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats and possibly—without disparagement of Miss Lowell's other work—her highest achievement.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). As distinguished in its literary quality as by its conclusions about James.

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Tully as a youngster was a hobo. His memories are vivid and clean of bunk.

LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Four delightful historical portraits, with background.

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). A literary capture of the lumbermen's mythical hero.

Book of Etiquette Answered

Should a gentleman put the lady's rubbers on?

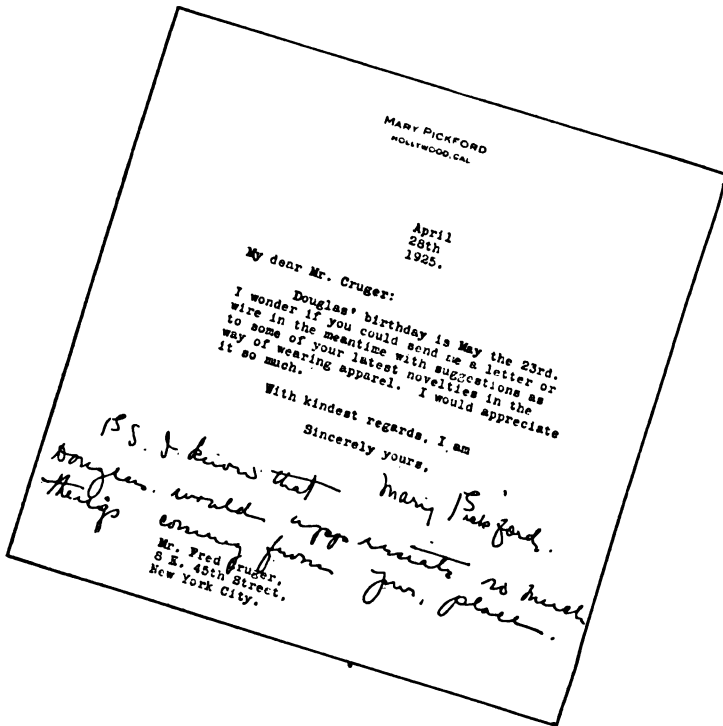
Yes, if they fit. Hoover himself could not suggest a better saving of shoe leather, and this is a splendid way of supporting President Coolidge's economy program. If the rubbers should be too large, stuff the toes with wads of newspaper; on the other hand, if too small, slip them on as far as they will go and fasten with string. Should the lady who owns the rubbers happen to be along, let her follow you home. Good manners demand that, having no more use for the rubbers, you return them by parcel post.—C. J.

Cruger's Column

By

MARY PICKFORD

Though she did it unknowingly, when she sent us the letter which we reproduce below, the writer thereby made herself a "contrib" to our Column. And it isn't every column that can boast of being written



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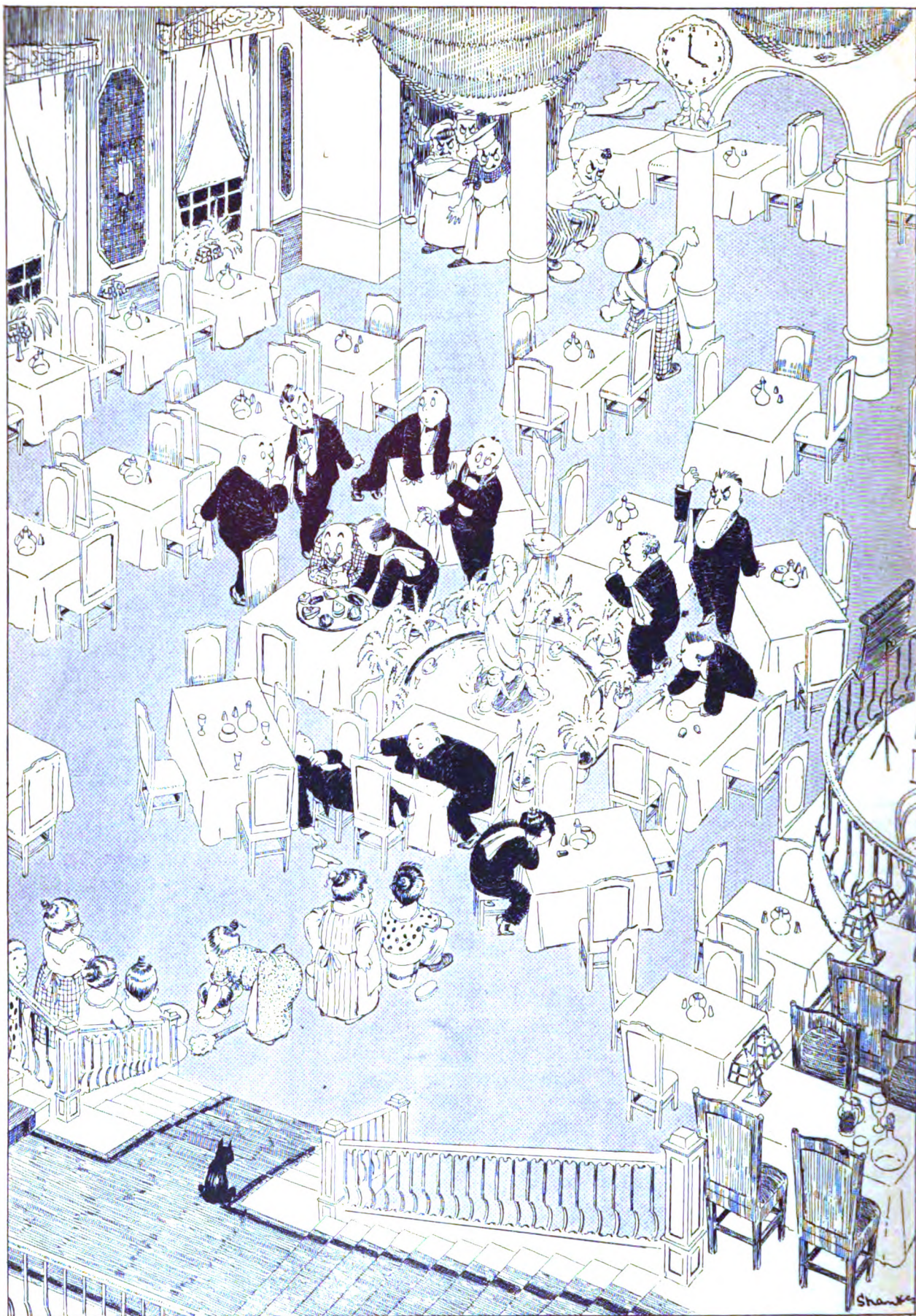
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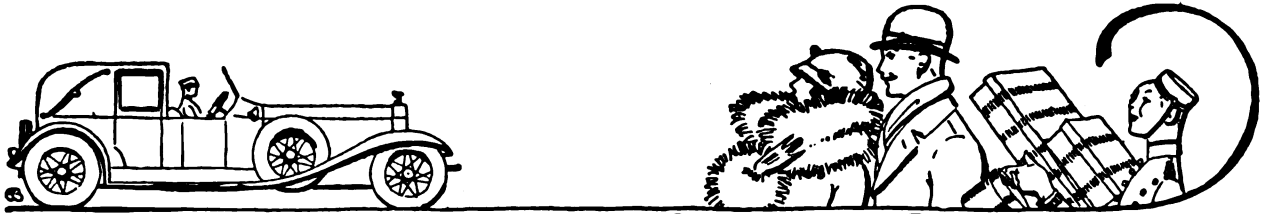
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*Selecting the French Pastry*



## WHERE TO SHOP

### THREE MAIDENS

went shopping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat" and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of quality and service at the stores that they would visit, on their trip.

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# Make Yourself THE PERFECT BOY FRIEND



JESSE JAMES

"The Wonder Child of the Silver Screen."

That is the slogan Davy Crockett, "Old Ironsides," (photo to left) adopted when he set about his life work of making America One Hundred Per Cent Fit. Within twenty years, Mr. Crockett estimates, the fit will be permanent. "Are you the Perfect Boy Friend?" asks Mr. Crockett, and the reader would do well to pause and ponder the question. "Do you find yourself lurching when the bus rounds the corner at Riverside Drive and 135th Street? That is a sign that you are falling a victim to the dread disease of Diagnosis. Do your cheeks blench when the waiter at the Ritz hands you the check? That shows you are suffering from Epitomy. Do you have a sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach when the traffic signal turns green while you are in the middle of Sixth Avenue? A touch of Necromancy, as sure as fate!"

## You Can Overcome These Obstacles!

Take the case of Daniel Boone, "The Tin Plate King" (Photo to left). From his home, 338 West 202d Street, Ambrose Light, N. Y., Mr. Boone writes: "When I was forty-one, I was empyrean, didactic and eleemosynary. I realized that my condition was all run down, especially by taxicabs and lorries. Then I subscribed to *Crockett's Course to Conquer Corpses*, and began to improve immediately. I never had time to read any of the instructions, but to-day I am so healthy I could eat a horse, and frequently do!" Horace Greeley, "The Railsplitter," (photo to left) writes: "When I was young and in my prime I was troubled by conquistadores. *Crockett's Class to Cure Conniptions* so changed me that my own wife didn't know me. At least, she didn't speak to me for days at a time."

## Girls Admire Big Strong Men!

Signorina L. Borgia, "Old Hickory," (photo to left) Florence, It., writes: "My boy friend, Bert, always used to call me 'Luke-warm Lucretia.' You see, I could never sort of get excited about him. He was something of a sap, if you get what I mean. Well, he was troubled with cantilevers and he

went to *Crockett's Camp to Combat Cardialgia*, and now, God, how I love that man! He can knock me cold with one punch! Just like Tom Mix. I owe every scar on my body to Crockett!"

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| Flat Head        | Obtuseness           | Xylophone Addiction |
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## Well, How About It?

CROCKETTISM has lifted millions upon billions of ailing anthropoid Americans into positions in which they have made good by reason of their athletic prowess, such as Elevator starters, Night watchmen, French pastry chefs, Danish pastry chefs, Bushelmen, and all that sort of thing. Anyway, you're not married to that five dollars, are you?





Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Portrait of a Commoner

IT came about, before the mercury went mad in local thermometers, in this manner:

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, ever cautious, telephoned one day to an official of the Metropolitan Museum and requested that he be advised of some good, God-fearing artist to do a job of portraiture. This being somewhat contrary to the official's notions about ethics, he suggested that Mr. Bryan visit the museum, inspect the moderns hung therein and make his own decision. The official would be glad to assist to the extent of escorting the Great Commoner about the galleries.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan put in appearance presently and the official proved as good as his promise. He led His Fundamental Majesty, and Consort, through the galleries where hung the moderns. Then, passing naturally to the galleries devoted to older masters of portraiture, the official paused before a canvas by Franz Hals and commented sorrowfully: "Too bad this man can't do your portrait, Mr. Bryan."

"Well," replied the Great Commoner in the tone of one used to getting what he wanted; "well—why can't he?"

LIFE for the movie magnates, let it be known, is not exactly one long continuous bed of roses.

For instance, it was desired to have the recent opening of the movie "Beggar on Horseback" at the Criterion decidedly futuristic and expressionistic in nature. For this purpose, Benda masks, which cost several hundred dollars a week apiece to rent, were provided for the ushers. Whereupon, at a rehearsal before the opening, one of the ushers decided that he

couldn't see so well with the mask as it was and cut two holes in it for his eyes. And so the Famous Players has been obliged to pay several thousand dollars for the purchase of a Benda mask with two holes where the eyes should be.

## Democracy's Crown

ON a certain June day in 1920, when the late Warren Gamaliel Harding had been nominated as the presidential candidate of the Republican party and a few oil wells, the governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts — one Calvin Coolidge — left his office in the State House on a momentous mission; to wit, the purchase of a new hat.

Presently, during his chief's absence, Mr. John F. Long, secretary to the then governor, received a telegram announcing Mr. Coolidge's nomination for the vice-presidency. Forthwith, and accompanied by several newspapermen, Mr. Long took a taxi to the store whither the governor had departed, bearing the tidings.

History is silent as to whether the Honorable Calvin approved such rash expenditure for transportation, but it does note that, on this occasion, the future vice-president received the telegram, read it silently and handed it back to his secretary with no further sign of emotion than readjusting a brand new brown felt hat upon his head. It was the same hat whose various trips from the White House to the cleaner's, and return, has been noted so often and so prominently in the Republican press of the land.

Although it was a broiling hot Summer's day when the Hon. Calvin Coolidge was notified officially that he was the vice-presidential nominee of his party, he wore the same brown felt hat. He wore it to Washington for his inauguration. He wore it every day



throughout the Republican Convention of 1924, when he was nominated as a candidate to succeed himself. He wore it, to the great joy of the thrifty, after its Spring cleaning this year. He wore it when he departed for the Western provinces a short time ago. He will wear it, no doubt, about the spacious grounds of the Summer White House provided by the self-effacing Mr. Frank Stearns.

The brown felt hat promises to become a tradition—if it does not succumb to repeated cleanings.

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT also had a hat which played a picturesque part in his political life. It was of the sombrero type, not quite the eight-gallon headpieces presented by Tom Mix to every European dignitary he caught, but sufficiently large to qualify on any range. Mr. Roosevelt purchased it when he was making his race for the Governorship of New York; and it made its appearance in each of his succeeding campaigns. It is now one of the most precious relics in the possession of the Roosevelt family, being enshrined in the trophy room in Sagamore Hill.

### *An Amateur*

**A** STOCKY young man, inclining now to stoutness; such, physically, is Bobby Jones. Not even golf, one imagines, will save him from the rotund form affected by cloak and suit manufacturers when, sixteen years or so hence, he will be forty. He will have dignity, one foresees, and money, and—yes—a temper.

He is a serious chap, this youngster who is the marvel of golf, and a true sportsman. Being honest with himself, he knows and admits to his intimates that he cannot help but profit indirectly through his eminence as a golfer. Since the world of business to-day is a world of golf, an amateur championship has commercial value for its possessor. Yet, being a sportsman, Mr. Jones plays according to the rules. To the best of his ability he assures himself against direct profit from his game. How much rarer than a hole in one is such an amateur.

There was a time when, genially, Mr. Jones agreed to come down from Harvard for an exhibition match. The morning after, the manager of the affair came to see Mr. Jones at the Brevoort, where he was breakfasting.

"How about your expenses?" the manager inquired. "Eight dollars and something," Mr. Jones replied. "Railroad fare from Boston."

"Oh, come; that isn't enough," the manager objected, out of his experiences with amateurs. "I'll send you a check for fifty dollars."

Mr. Jones flushed. He is quick to resentment.

"You can send me a check for a million dollars if you wish," he advised, coldly, "but you'll get it all back except the cost of my railroad fare from Boston."

### *Gratitude of an Artist*

**M**ME. COBINA WRIGHT needed a 15th century Italian costume to wear for her Bar Harbor concert this month. Her friend, Jascha Heifetz, offered to execute the commission in Paris and bring the gown back himself, *personel*.

Poiret, who has long designed gowns for Madame Wright, received the commission and presently made delivery. Then the cables began to fly.

"Four gowns delivered. What to do? Heifetz."

"One gown ordered. Return rest. Cobina."

"Poiret presents three compliments, grateful stop. Suggestion. Heifetz."

It took more than decoding to reveal the meaning of this last message. Four more cables elucidated its inwardness, as indicating that Poiret was so enchanted with the suggestion of the Cinquecento that he went into a fine fury of creation and, further, now plans to incorporate the mode in his next collection. The three extra gowns he presented to Madame Wright as a slight token of his gratitude for the suggestion.

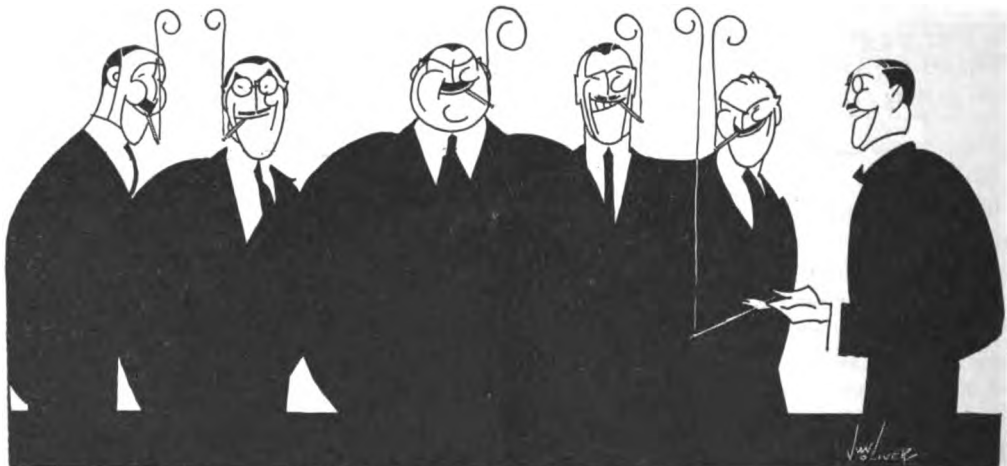
Everybody is happy except Mr. Heifetz who objects to the task of chaperoning four gowns of the sort Juliet wore. Madame Wright, however, says that she will lay the receipts of her next concert against a bunch of roses that Mr. Heifetz walks down the gang plank carrying a box marked "Poiret" in his hand.

"For he is dependable," she concludes.

### *Telepathic Sympathy*

**L**EON DONNELLY, the actor, has his comic moments off-stage.

Recently, then, he was a caller at the office of a friend who thought he had reason to regard himself as in great distress. Nor was the friend's distress les-



sened any by the heartiness of Donnelly's manner as he chattered loudly with yet another visitor to the office.

There came the crowning blow, the extra drop in his cup of bitterness. "Cheer up," said Donnelly.

"Cheer up?" said the friend, "I'm being eaten up by my troubles."

"I have greater troubles than yours," said Donnelly, as he whistled a tune and danced a step or two of the "Charleston," "but I don't wear them on my sleeve."

"You," said the friend, dubiously, "have troubles?"

"Yes," said Donnelly.

"And you feel them?" said the friend.

"No," said Donnelly, bitter for the first time, "a man in Asia—he feels them."

### Male Plumage

WELL, what about the bright colored haberdashery after all? It was heralded in the public prints and is flashed by the shop windows, but we have seen no one at large who has gone further than the striped ties whose tragic lure was described so poignantly in a late number of THE NEW YORKER. Is it because those who indulge do not stay at large?

Were Sherwood Anderson in town it would be otherwise. The last time we beheld the illustrious revealer of the Middle Western Subconscious strolling the mazes of Manhattan he was wearing socks of a particularly glowing golden brown bespread with diamond checks of an exceptionally vivid shade of green. His tie seemed quiet, or perhaps it was relatively quiet beside the vibrant tone of his brown tweed suit. It was really a vibrant tone for it oscillated between chocolate and crimson, and, if we are not mistaken, there was a red feather flanked by a brown feather tucked into the band of his brown velour hat. Somehow it was good dressing, for all that.

For brilliant male plumage we have seen Sherwood Anderson outdone but once, and that was by none other than Rudolph Valentino, who, however, does not deserve the palm, for his costume was house pajamas worn while receiving visitors in his suite at the Plaza Athénée in Paris. Rich slaty gray silk poplin made the ground tone, but the facings were of the most vivid crimson ever accomplished. Thin pipings of crimson marked the structural seams. As the original Sheik curled on the couch in a Peter Pan attitude, one noticed that his socks had red clocks and the fact that he was wearing red morocco slippers had penetrated the consciousness of the least observant visitor long before. As if this were not enough the screen Toreador had picked a suite all done in canary yellow brocade. But calling in upholstery to aid the effect of haberdashery can hardly be judged to come within the rules.

Sherwood Anderson is proud of his Italian ancestry.

So is Rudy Valentino. But to what can the clean cut young son of Anglo-Saxon forebears aspire? Are the Prince of Wales blue shirts his limit? Apparently, yes.



### Modest Mr. Shaw

BERNARD SHAW as a short story writer would be new to most people, and even those who, as far as they know, read everything he writes, have met with him in that field just once, if ever. But on his own statement he is thinking and has been these four years of presenting himself in it—and, morbidly modest though he is about his plays, he doesn't think his short stories are so worthless.

In 1908 the short story referred to, a very Shavian and very good one, called "Aerial Football," appeared in *Collier's*. It attracted even wider attention than its merit deserved, for *Collier's*, then edited by Norman Hapgood, was awarding every three months a \$1,000 prize to

the author of the best story it had published in that period, and was rash enough to make such award to Mr. Shaw. He returned the draft with a rebuke—he had been duly paid for the story, and giving him a prize was insulting—all of which *Collier's* imperturbably printed.

In 1921, when the *Evening Post* was reprinting short stories, somebody in its office bethought him of that one and made the best possible offer for the use of it. Mr. Shaw replied that he was much obliged, but expected to bring out a book of his short stories and would rather not have "Aerial Football" reprinted in the meantime.

There has been no further word of the book, and this Spring a prosperous magazine which knew of the *Evening Post's* offer mentioned it in making another, of as much money as prosperous magazines, even in these author's-bonanza days, are paying for some of their stories, brand new.

In reply, Mr. Shaw's secretary was bidden to state that "the situation with regard to 'Aerial Football' is unchanged, and that anyhow, three hundred dollars is not up to his rates." The magazine is far from blaming G. B. S. for wanting all the traffic will bear, but if he can get more than that for "second serial rights" in one short story anywhere on earth, its admiration of him will rise to reverence; and the Author's League will build a statue to his memory.

The book still is unannounced. Indeed, this is a sizzling news "beat," which may affect the stock market, on the fact that such a book may be impending.

### Saving Motion

EVERYONE, as is well known, has gone or is going to Europe, and the mere physical presence of some seven or eight million people on the streets

and in the subways no more disproves that statement than it did years ago the original basic story that everyone had gone to Newport for the Summer.

And so an awkward approach has been made in the preceding paragraph to a declaration that enterprising New Yorkers can get all the effect of being on board ship without ever approaching the legitimate water front.

The manner of achieving this great consummation is to walk along the reservoir on some misty day, on the Central Park West side, and to gaze across the reservoir water to the tall buildings that fringe upper Fifth Avenue, taking care, of course, to keep the gaze elevated enough to clear the railing on the other side of the reservoir. Or else the illusion might be spoiled.

At such times the Fifth Avenue buildings look like the sky-line of some New World city approached from placid water. . . . On the other hand, the sight of "Texas" Guinan on horseback can be counted upon to recall the poet to his workaday world.



### Note from Antiquity

A STORY with a rose-jar fragrance concerns Mr. Robert W. Chambers. And may we, before proceeding further, inform to-day's blithe young readers of Mr. Michael Arlen that their mothers considered Mr. Chambers (a) greatly daring, because he once closed a chapter by leaving alone in a studio a young artist and a beautiful model who, however, married subsequently; and (b) an authority on matters social, because his gentlemen all dressed for dinner? And may we, moreover, inform these gay followers of Mr. Arlen that Miss Spence's School was in Mr. Chambers's heyday, the holy of holies for daughters of the elect?

Styles—still being preliminary—change, particularly as to fashionable novelists; so one cannot expect a greyed author to keep track of fashion's whimsies in an age which has discarded the outworn Athalies for the sprightlier Shelmerdynes; and when the title of one of that author's late works is "The Hijackers."

Well, then, after all that, Mr. Chambers was at the Plaza at tea time some weeks gone. A glance at the tables would have furnished any society editor a week's supply of those names which are butter and eggs to him; and a friend who was with Mr. Chambers remarked on this.

Yesteryear's Society Novelist looked about him with the frigid air of your true writing aristocrat and commented, with impressive finality, "Oh, I don't know. I see only one Miss Spence's girl."

### Praise for Sir Hubert

MR. JOHN V. A. WEAVER, poet, husband and senior—or is it junior?—member of the firm of John Weaver and Peggy Wood, otherwise Weewood,

has been writing articles for *Liberty* on what psychoanalysis has been doing for him. That is, he wrote the pieces before he departed for Italy to delve into the Renaissance drama; and also before the junior—or is it senior?—member of the firm of Weewood decided to let the Renaissance drama and the rest of the firm struggle along as best they might, while she spent her Summer at Buddybrook, the corporation's country place on Hunting Ridge, Stamford, close by famed Hale Lake.

In the course of one of those articles, printed since he left these shores, Mr. Weaver pays tribute to the late Eugene Wood, father of Miss Peggy Wood, thus:

"He was a writer of singular brilliance and humor; a newspaper man of wide experience; the best informed and the most inter-

esting conversationalist I have ever known."

And so, a few paragraphs further down, Mr. Weaver quotes modestly, what his wife had to say to him, in regard to himself, when they married:

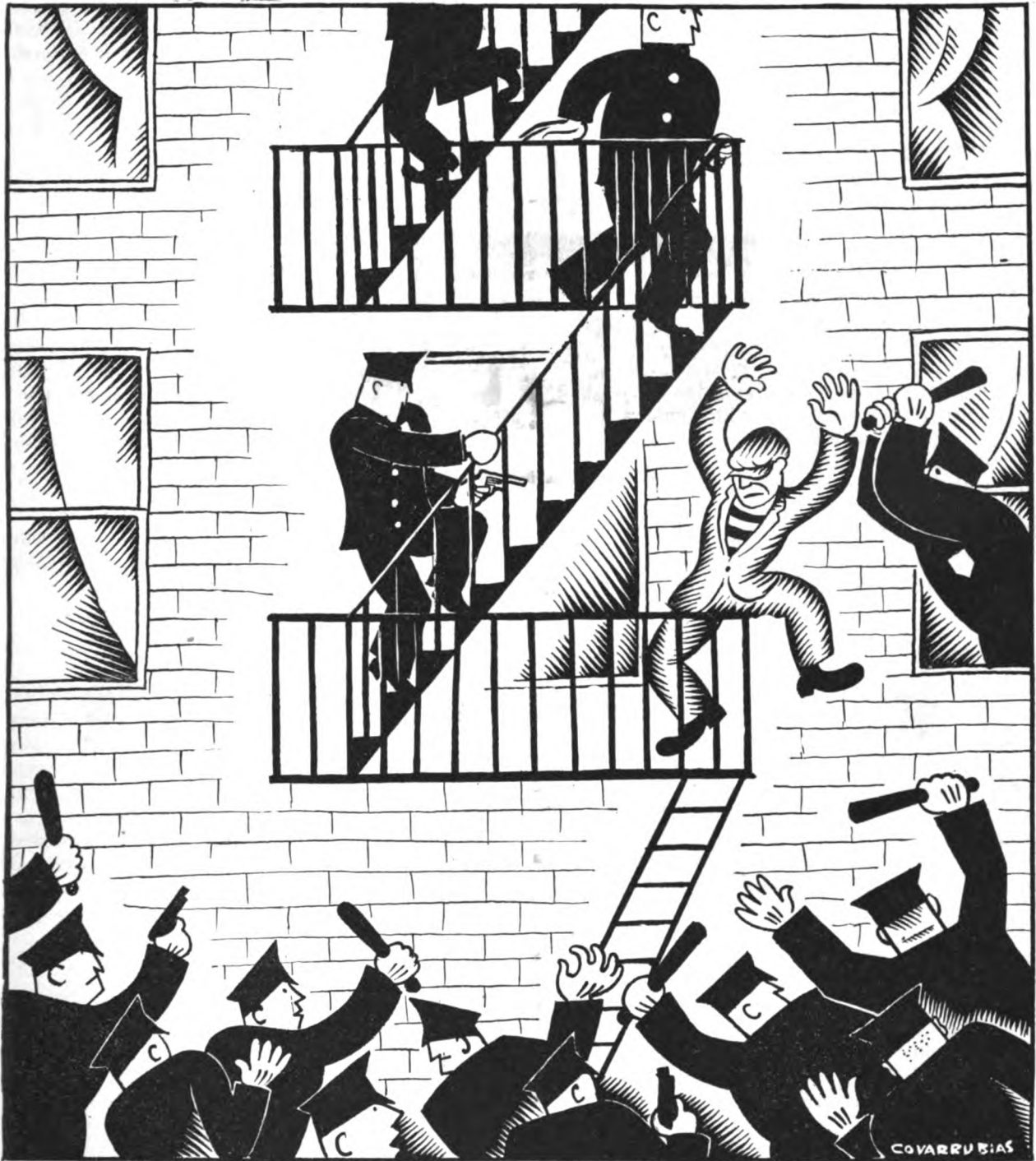
"Well, didn't mother marry precisely the same sort of person?"

OUR Only Qualified Rounder has discovered the ideal resort. It is, he says, in the west Fifties, and it may be termed a supper club, or a breakfast club, as you will. The spy grating in the door opens at four a.m. and the waiters begin to usher guests into the cold day at eleven a.m. Nothing liquid is sold except champagne. The place depends for its patronage upon a selected list of persons—of whom Our Only Qualified Rounder insists he is one—who will not call it a night when the ordinary supper club closes.

### In Our Midst—And Out

FLED to more populous climes, Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Courtland Fish, of historical Knickerbocker nomenclature. Lady Duveen and Sir Joseph, of the impenetrable Fifth Avenue art pillbox. With them, daughter, Dorothy. Mr. Kenneth McKenna, Long-acre juvenile. Dr. J. Eastman Sheehan, renowned facial rejuvenator, Miss Alice Brady, Miss Louise Closser Hale, Miss Carol McComas, Miss Lenore Harris and Miss Beth Beri all of the drama. Mr. A. L. Erlanger of the drama, too. Señorita Trini of Spain, musical revue and Keith Circuit, to open Seville bull fighting with smiles. Another Miss Bennett, this time—Miss Joan. Governor Miller, of crushed Stillman forces. "The Grand Duke Boris of Russia and the Grand Duchess," as the prints put it. Norman Hapgood, crony of the retiring William Randolph Hearst and late editor of *Hearst's* and at the moment of the *New York American*. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, leading an exodus of one hundred and twenty-five—count them—delegates of the W. C. T. U. to Edinburgh and other Scotch sources.

Princess Cantacuzene, of Mr. Lorimer's corps of authors. Mr. Lewis Beach, playwright of high-hanging geese. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, pragmatist.



## CORNERED:

*Another Important Capture by the Police, the Taxi Driver Who Absent Mindedly Started for Work in His Old Costume*

(A new police ruling will compel taxi drivers to wear white collars and specially designed uniform caps.—*News Item.*)

Mr. Joseph Stransky, Wagnerian. Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald of the House of Catalogues; that is, Sears, Roebuck Company. . . . Back to the land of the free and speakeasy: Mr. Sinclair Lewis, without monocle, as was alleged, but with dignity unknown when he was "Red" Lewis, manuscript reader for *Adventure*. Europe great market for American literature, he says. Chance for drug stores to dispose of stock of 75 cent novels, illustrated by scenes from photoplay. Mrs. Thomas Lamont, wife of a financier. Mr. Vincent Astor, modestly refusing to be photographed. Soon

to return abroad. . . . Mrs. Jesse Lasky, consort of him who has been Reporter, Gold Rusher, Vaudeville Manager, Organizer and what have you. Miss Mae Murray and shiny divorce. . . . Visiting, Eugenia Lutzinska, classical dancer. . . . Hastening back with father, General Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Grace Vanderbilt. To Newport to recover equanimity. . . . In darkest Africa's Natal, booming British colored glassbead industry and inspecting British real estate holdings, my Lord Renfrew, sometime of Long Island and other hostesses of the Universe. . . .

Arrived at Leh, Valley of the Indus, last week, Colonel Theodore and Captain Kermit Roosevelt, scions. Proceeding to Kashgar, Turkestan. . . . Doing well, Mr. William Beebe, dredging sea for living specimens of liquor hallucinations. . . . Four hundred and forty-four marriage licenses issued one day in June despite divorce traffic being what it is. . . . Mr. Joseph Schildkraut comes out flatfooted in interview naming mother as best friend. . . . Not outdone, Mr. Louis Wolheim plays winner of newspaper Marble Tournament. . . . Astoria's Master Paul Berlenbach, pugilist, socks another car with his new one. Difficulties. . . . Mr. J. P. Morgan defeats cafeteria opposite his Murray Hill home. . . . Mayor John F. Hylan addresses seven hundred little public school girls on amortization and the Interests. Hardly a dry eye in auditorium.

. . . Late voting indicates corned beef and cabbage favorite restaurant dish amongst New Yorkers who eat, if any, these days. Clear proof of Señor de Valera's influence. . . . Miss Lila Lee, once Augusta Appel, richer by \$83,000 in Maxwell Motors.

Enough to buy a new Hispano Suiza. . . . Singing their way into the America heart, the Swedish University Singers . . . visiting. Punch will be served by some great soul, no doubt.



### Office Gazette

SCORES of letters—this being journal—ese for three—inform us that the tale printed here some weeks ago about the noted alienist and the strange patient was, in essence, the plot of a vaudeville sketch. After investigating, our Expert on Plagiarism reports (1) that the fiend in human form who regaled a dinner party with the tale, and gave the name of a noted specialist in mental diseases, known to most present, as the victim, has left town hurriedly, (2) that there are vaudeville sketches, and (3) that there is still vaudeville.

The second and third items in the report of Our Expert on Plagiarism are being investigated, as obviously untrue. Until further advices on these points are received from our Minister to Dubuque, nothing more can be done.—*The New Yorkers*



## OF ALL THINGS



AFTER all, Secretary Wilbur's mistake was a natural one; the President would have been good in the Silent Drama.

A census taken for the *Times* forecasts the probable defeat of the Vice-President's rules reform. The country seems to be full of scoff Dawes.

It is one of history's little ironies that President Coolidge should have celebrated Memorial Day with a fervent plea for States' rights. Sometimes it is hard to tell who won *any* war.

The Queen of Rumania and the King of Swat are both writing for the *World*, but fortunately for us constant readers, low-born newspaper men are still on the job.

If we understand Dr. Fosdick correctly, the great trouble with the church to-day is that it is leading a catechism-and-dogma life.

Rhode Island is having its troubles. The cotton mills have been going on low for some time and now the divorce mill is not doing so well.

At this distance we cannot make out whether Mary Pickford has fallen

among bad characters or good press agents.

Now that all the reports are out, it is our deliberate conviction that anyone voting for Hylan Rapid Transit should be punished by getting it. In fact, straphanging is too good for him.

Thanks to the Supreme Court the children of Oregon have retained the right to be badly educated in public, private or parochial schools. They still have their three r's and their three p's.

If Mussolini should pass his mantle along to D'Annunzio, as one rumor has it, Italy would simply be going from bad to verse. It would probably be called the dictatorship of the poet-laureate.

The home economics department of a New England college has adopted a girl baby—and we defy anybody to make a mammy song out of that.

David A. Schulte's career is our offering this week as an inspiring example for the young. Twenty-six years ago he was only a poor cigar clerk and the other day he bought 1,800,000 gallons of whisky.

The indications are that there will be a strong movement in the next Congress to repeal the publicity of income tax returns. It was evidently a terrible shock to the lawmakers to learn from the Supreme Court that they meant what they said.

Maybe Mr. Bryan and the Solid South would have felt better about everything if Darwin had said "donkey" instead of "monkey."

It begins to look now as if the evolutionary war would be fought out by the P.H.D.'s and the R.F.D.'s.

Another book on etiquette is announced for early publication, but we feel that this is a step in the wrong direction. What this country needs is fewer and better manners.

Golden text for to-day. If Sinnotts entice thee, consent thou not.

Two Wall Street houses bearing once-reputable names have been closed because of shady transactions. When perfect frankness prevails such places will bear signs, "Ye Olde Bucket Shoppe."

—Howard Brubaker

# YE OLDE ENGLYSHE INNE

"WELL, sir," said my friend from the States, "you've surely shown me a few corners of London outside the guidebook; but there's something else I wanta see. I wanta see the old English inn, and have a real English welcome and a real English meal. I've read Dickens and Fielding and Smollett. I've read Disraeli and George Borrow. I've read Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. And they tell me that the automobile has brought back the old English inn and the life of the English roads. I'd like to see those inns and Mine Host. Can you fix it?"

Speaking with the foolish pride of the dog owner, who is asked if his dog understands what is said to it, I said that I could fix it. I thought hastily of all the historic inns I had seen, visited or read about; and I chose a famous house on the Great North Road. My choice was the —. But it doesn't matter, for I have discovered now that in the matter of meals they are all alike.

On the outward journey I expatiated on the quality of the English inn as compared with the French inn and the Spanish inn. I am not often on the road, and the sense of travel and my friend's quotations from Fielding and Smollett threw me back to past days. But he only remembered the pleasant inns of Fielding and Smollett and Dickens; and I forgot that these novelists have shown us the less agreeable as well as the romantic side of road-travel. The latter are gone; only the less agreeable remain.

Our inn was picturesque; almost too picturesque. It might have been a drawing by Herbert Railton. It had a stone front and an Oriel window. It had a long yard with a gallery. There were old bells, old blunderbusses, old oak doors and bolts; and a glass roof and wistaria gave it light and color. Over its porch hung the insignia of two great associations of road-travellers. Twenty motors were parked in its yard. Beyond the yard a gate led to a garden. We looked into the garden, and saw a long chicken-run, a vegetable garden, and a fruit garden. There were currants, red and black, gooseberries, peas, beans, carrots, potatoes, strawberries, cherries. I liked that garden, and felt that England could be trusted to do its duty towards the stranger who cherished its traditions. Every bit of the inn had a touch of welcome about it.

In the entrance hall, I said to a hard-featured female of the Directoire period: "Can we have lunch?" She looked past me. I said it again. She said, "What?" I said it the third time. She said, "They'll see to you over there." I made two attempts to find "over there," and at last got into the dining room. An apathetic woman, of the housemaid type,

looked at us, showed us to a table, threw a stained menu card on the table, and went away and forgot us. The menu was hardly the menu for a hot day, but it looked English and it was written in English; so I passed it to my friend and hoped for the best.

*Soup*  
Tomato  
*Fish*  
Salmon Mayonnaise  
*Joint*  
Roast Sirloin of Beef  
New Potatoes Spring Greens  
*Sweet*  
Fruit Salad  
Cheese Coffee



We set ourselves to this old English meal. What the States think of Old English meals I don't know. I did not dare to inquire. We ate it in silence. What we ate was tomato soup fresh from ye packette, salmon mayonnaise, fresh from ye Canadian tin, beef not quite so fresh from ye Argentine, new potatoes of the consistency of old bullets, a brown mass that I discovered (by inquiry) represented the "spring greens," and the fruit salad—.

I remembered that garden at the back. I remembered the fruit salad they might have given us—the currants, the gooseberries, the cherries. I remembered how easy it is in my own home to cut oranges in quarters and mix with bananas, grapes, apples, etc. What I

saw before me was a plate with a little juice, and in the juice a piece of tinned pineapple, two pieces of tinned apricot, and two prunes. The custard that accompanied it was undoubtedly fresh—from ye olde egg-powder. The cheese was undoubtedly fresh from Canada. The butter was fresh from Denmark. The coffee was undoubtedly freshly made by somebody who had once kept a London coffee-stall.

And the price of that summertime luncheon was five shillings.

The inn is one of the famous inns of England. It has been painted or sketched by famous artists, and it has been described and celebrated by topographers and by writers of guide books. It has its own kitchen-garden and is surrounded by farms which might supply it with English meat and English dairy produce. And it is not so far away from Scotland that it could not supply fresh salmon to its patrons.

As I say, I am not often on the road, but from my few experiences of famous roadside inns I have come to the conclusion that the Englishman, especially the motoring Englishman, is easily pleased. He will eat any rubbish that is set in front of him—provided he is paying highly for it. A man who can sit at a

table, looking out on a garden loaded with fresh fruit, and can eat Hawaiian pineapple from a tin, will put up with anything.

Even my friend from the States——. When we came out, I said, nervously, "Well, I'm sorry. I'm afraid they're a little off their form to-day. Maybe a change of management, or something. I almost

wish I hadn't——."

He interrupted me with:

"It was fine, boy. Fine! That old dining room—that dirty table cloth—those old oak panels—that old yard with its brooms and pails—that fly-blown waitress—that waxy cheese—that, sir, was *England!*"

—Thomas Burke

## THE MAN WHO IS JUST~FOLKS

**A**FTER reading avidly in his newspaper the reports of three gaudy seductions, six murders, two incest cases and twenty-seven confessions by street-walkers, degenerates, fetichists and Sunday Supplement Society Courtezans. . . .

After devoting a large part of the forenoon to ogling his stenographer and trying to date her up for the evening, the wife having been called out of town by her dying mother. . . .

After spending an hour at lunch exchanging dirty stories with a Buyer from the West. . . .

After sitting for two and a half hours before a musical comedy praying furtively for the chorus girls to come out with fewer clothes on. . . .

He flies into a rage at the vulgarity and obscenity of a poem which contains the lines, "Her thighs were citadels of passion."

After cursing out the mayor of his city, the governor of his State and the officials in Washington, from the President down, as a parcel of venal scoundrels. . . .

After declaring during a heated dinner table argument that the judges of the city no less than the judges of the higher courts are a parcel of venal scoundrels. . . .

After agreeing with a fellow Knight of Pythias that the politicians are ruining the country by their crookedness and graft. . . .

He rushes to the polls at eight o'clock on election day for fear of being considered unAmerican by the neighborhood pest who has horned in as a precinct captain and excitedly marks crosses after the names that savor of his own nationality or religion.

After confessing that he ain't read a book in four years. . . .

After boasting that he ain't got time to waste on paintings and such bunk. . . .

After telling his sissy brother-in-law that he would like to see anybody catch *him* going to a concert while he was in his right mind. . . .

He plunges passionately at every opportunity into long-winded arguments on Art, Literature and Music,

cinching all debate in the issue by announcing, "I'm from Mizoori. You gotta show me, see?"

After spending fifteen years quarreling with his wife and cursing out her panhandling relatives three times a day. . . .

After assuring himself every morning at 11 o'clock that he would have amounted to something if it wasn't for the way he was held down by his ignorant and unappreciative wife. . . .

He writes a letter to the daily *Graphic* attacking divorce as the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation with which that forward looking gazette has to cope.

After announcing that he ain't got no use for long haired reformers. . . .

He bows down once a week (or should) before the image (or memory) of a man whose hair fell to His shoulders and who was executed by the Roman police as a meddling reformer.

After announcing that he ain't got no use for long haired artists. . . .

He spends six hours a week in the barber shop having eggs, goose grease, tar and strawberry juice rubbed on his head in a desperate effort to induce his hair to grow.

After mortgaging his house to buy a new automobile. . . .

After returning home from the opera in a dress suit and silk hat for which he paid a total of \$165 and which he will wear only four times during his whole life. . . .

After borrowing \$2,000 from his father-in-law to enable him to spend the winter taking mud baths in French Lick. . . .

He writes a letter to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* congratulating him on his editorial stating that the chief cause of the high cost of living and of the economic instability of the nation is that workmen are buying \$7 shirts.—Ben Hecht.





# PROFILES

## Silver-Tongue

OPINIONS differ about Bryan, and nearly all of them are unfounded. This, I perceive, (why keep the truth obscure?) is only another way of saying that the Commoner is an extensively misunderstood man. He is variously regarded as a statesman, chump, shrewd politician, bigot, liberal, scholar, knight, orator, reformer, crank and crusader who has fetched up short of his goal because of a chevalier-like hesitancy to sacrifice principle for expediency. The only point nearly everyone agrees on is that he is sincere. The *New York Herald Tribune* would admit that.

But Mr. Bryan is none of these things at bottom. At bottom he is a hard money-maker, of the type which, accommodating your prejudices (always to be consulted on occasions like this) you may describe as resembling a Scotchman, a Yankee or a Jew. He had no youth for the pursuit of money absorbed it. That is, the light and bright thing we envision as youth. If you would place Mr. Bryan at the outset of his life get down your dusty but trusty Dickens and picture Nickleby, the money lender, as a young man.

A good voice and a fine presence led him into politics, and he has made a fortune out of it. When politics ceased to pay so well Bryan turned his searchlight in other directions.

He tried newspaper reporting and anti-saloon leaguery. But the first was a makeshift and cleverer rivals outstripped him in the other endeavor. Bryan was not a path-blazer on the trail of demon rum anyhow. In the old days the brewers' and distillers' dollars found a welcome place in his campaign chests and wet and wicked Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha was one of the Bryan mainstays.

But one day the Commoner virtuously released Mayor Jim from his alliance, and in the fulness of time embraced religion and real estate in a semi-professional way. This may explain his presence in Florida where it has been possible to consolidate these two activities, as recently when Mr. Bryan sold a church congregation a building site. Mr. Bryan held out for a stiff price, the church hesitated, but the deal was closed after the salesman volunteered to preach free of charge the first few sermons in the new house of worship. Which—unquestionably—

But Mr. Bryan has done for the enlightened progress of Christianity in other ways than that. He has given it an issue. He has bent on the Bible the active attention of millions who otherwise would be

considering it abstractly if at all. Still speaking with the interests of the Faith in mind, Mr. Bryan has made the picture perfect by championing the right side of that issue. A less naively Bryanic advocacy of the Fundamentalist cause at this moment might have set the Modernist wing back another ten years.

Mr. Bryan's political career was started by a speech he made. It was doubtless a better speech than the one which a *Chicago Tribune* make-up man transposed several paragraphs and sent to press that way. The improvement was so slight, however, that not a single reader mentioned it, and the disillusioned printer tried to pass the thing off as an accident. But if you think Mr. Bryan an orator, read one of his

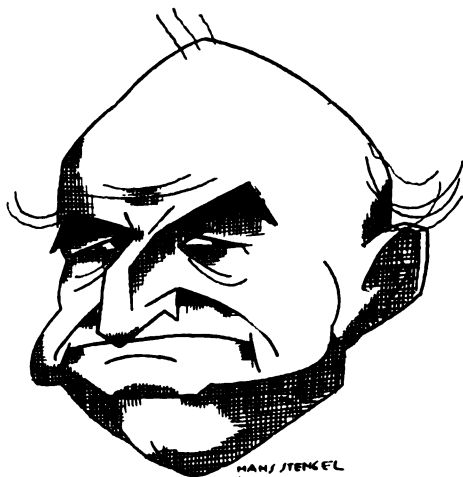
speeches—as delivered, I mean, and not as condensed and brushed up by some reporter whose wages depend upon the clarity of his copy. The impression of Mr. Bryan's oratory is based on a magnificent voice and a native gift of persuasiveness.

At the outset of his public life Bryan fished for a money-making issue and vaguely embraced Grover Clevelandism. But the economic rifts which gave the campaign of 1896 its character showed where the glint was. He went after the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and unlike his predecessors in that search, he found

it. As the champion of liberalism he was knighted the new Bayard. A young man in politics never had a finer chance than the one the Chevalier threw away. He inveighed against the cross of gold and let it become his master.

A Connecticut man named Bennett was so bewitched that he left a will giving most of his estate to the Western Galahad. Someone once did a similar thing for Henry George, but that well-meaning friend of the poor was so unappreciative that he refused to accept the legacy and turned it over to the dead man's family which needed it. The first shadow fell on the Bryan hero worship when the new King Arthur began a determined legal battle to deprive the Widow Bennett and her children of every cent he could obtain, though they needed it, too. It went from court to court and eventually Bryan lost, but there wasn't much left for the Bennett family by then.

When the Spanish War came along Bryan joined the Army and became a colonel. Although the Chevalier was no pacifist then, the Republican War Department took pains to see that he lacked opportunity



William Jennings Bryan

to distinguish himself on the field of honor. Colonel Bryan got no nearer hostilities than Tampa. With Bryan and not Roosevelt at San Juan Hill our history would read differently. Yet Bryan, restrained as he was, played a more important rôle in the Spanish war than the other colonel ever did. When the peace treaty was negotiated most Democrats and many Republicans drew back from the article annexing the Philippines. Colonel Bryan went posthaste to Washington and lobbied with his supporters in the Senate to ratify the treaty. But for him it would have been rejected. Then the Talleyrand of the Platte took the stump against McKinley and the "imperialism" issue thus contrived. In the North he stood for the immediate emancipation of the Filipinos and in the South for the fuller subjection of the Negroes. I see by the *World Almanac* that Mr. McKinley was re-elected and that Theodore Roosevelt became vice-president.

When he was running against Taft in 1908 Sir Galahad felt that his opponent's Unitarian belief unfitted him for the presidency. "One is better off studying the Rock of Ages than the ages of rock," summed up his position.

But the Chevalier found other objections to Mr. Taft. One night while in Lincoln, Neb., he called up the correspondent of the *New York World*, who was also in town, and told him that Mr. Taft had been guilty of corruption while governor-general of the Philippines. He impressed on the reporter that his, Bryan's, tracks must be covered in this disclosure, that the story must not be printed as a dispatch from Lincoln, but as a local New York story and attributed to an anonymous political authority in that city.

When Grover Cleveland received from his managers affidavits attacking the character of Blaine he burned them in the fireplace of the Executive Mansion at Albany. The *World* did not use the Taft story.

Contrary to the general impression, Mr. Bryan has a sense of humor, and has it in him to be an entertaining companion. But early in his quest of money through politics he discovered—rightly—that a sense of humor is apt to be fatal to a politician. So he sup-

pressed it and has kept it suppressed for thirty years, except in rare intimate conversations. Still, Bryan's bitterness, his irritated manner toward those who disagree with him is a comparatively recent acquisition. He suddenly assumed it in 1912 after observing the success with which Roosevelt could impetuously crush an adversary. Up to that time his manner had been one of imperturbable geniality, which is nearer the true nature of the man.

Bryan works for his money, and it is no uncommon thing for people to get rich in politics, though his is probably the only case in which a politician has grown wealthy by defeat. Capitalizing his political and sectarian prominence to sell real estate may be less offensive to some than his barnstorming for pay while Secretary of State, but the simple Chevalier acquires delicacy in these matters slowly.

The lack of dignity as a great party leader, so often imputed to Mr. Bryan, can be explained by his ophthalmia to everything but the dollar. This is no

crime, understand; it is even a common thing. Yet it seems to grate somehow on the ideal which many of the most raffish and skeptical Americans hold for political and spiritual leaders. By such uneven application of the ethics Mr. Bryan has been victimized to the detriment of his public career.

Bryan has (some) brains. In a long though circuitous public life he has never been without a following. He is not without one now. He is the foremost exponent of the anti-evolutionist theory in America. He has taken an academic question and made a popular controversy of it. That is a feat which requires talent of a quite specialized order—a talent which, though not rare in America, is greatly misunderstood by those who confuse it with a knowledge of the subject under controversy.

Mr. Bryan's appearance presently at the trial of the Tennessee school teacher will be worth the attention it will get. By odd chance he will be pitted against Clarence Darrow, the defender of Loeb and Leopold. Bryan and Darrow tilting at each other may produce something classic as a study in method.

—Charles Willis Thompson



## LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE



XXXI.

"THE Bee only works when she likes,"

Says some truth-digging gopher;

'She carries a load and strikes;

She's a terrible loafer.'

Let similar brickbats he cast

At the Ant's reputation,

And, freed from Examples at last,

You may take a vacation

Whenever your fancy decrees,"

Said the small Pekinese.

XXXII.

"A new way of settling old debts

That some nations would show one,

Is based on the principle, 'Let's

Never no one pay no one,

And all will be lovely and fair!—

But that seems rather shoddy.

Let everyone act on the square

And repay everybody

In sesterces, francs or rupees,"

Said the small Pekinese.

XXXIII.

"It's eighteen days to July

By the clock in the steeple;

The sun is beginning to fry,

And our Very Best People

Are either away to the hills

Or the shore, or to cure up

Imagined or actual ills,

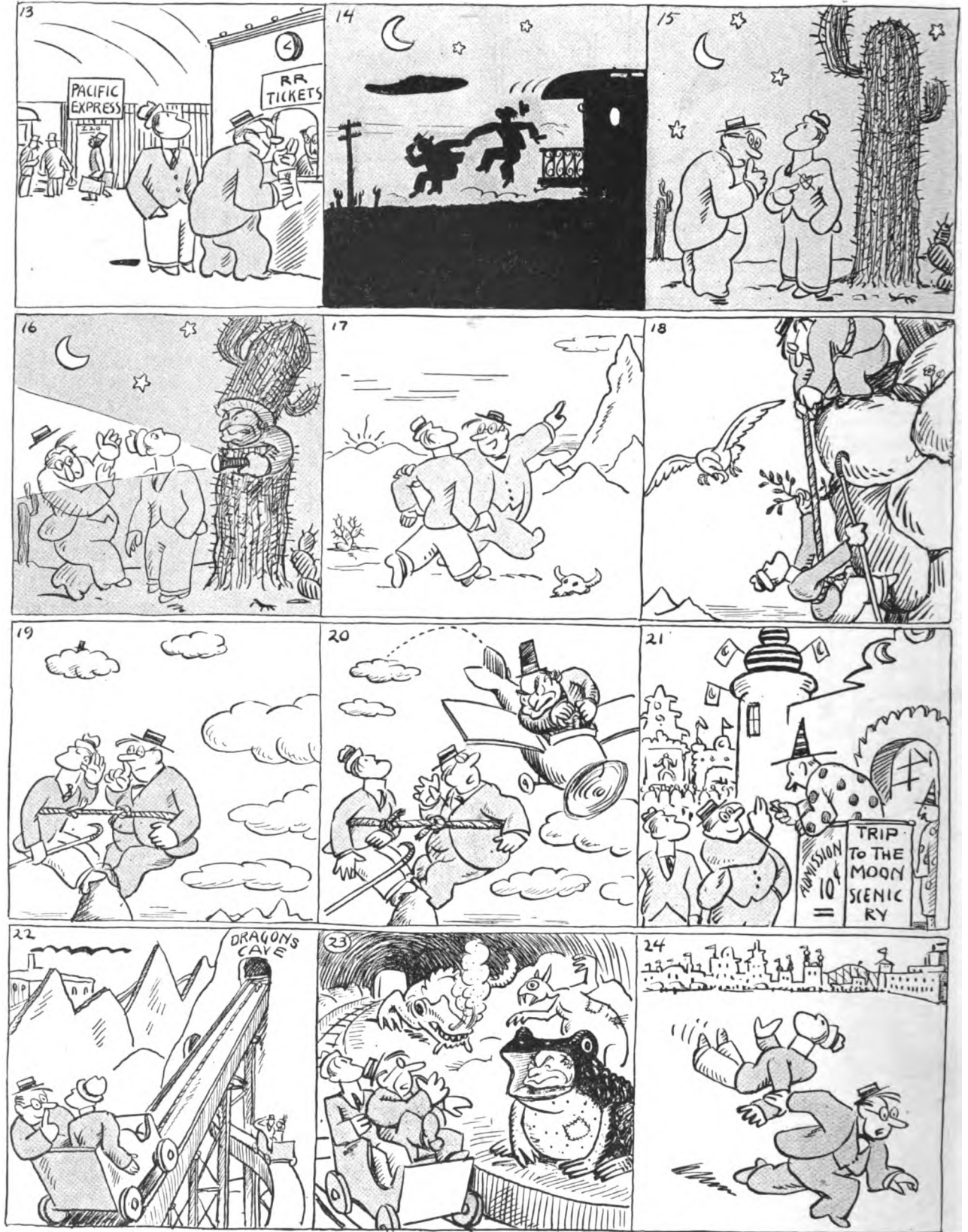
Are departing for Europe,

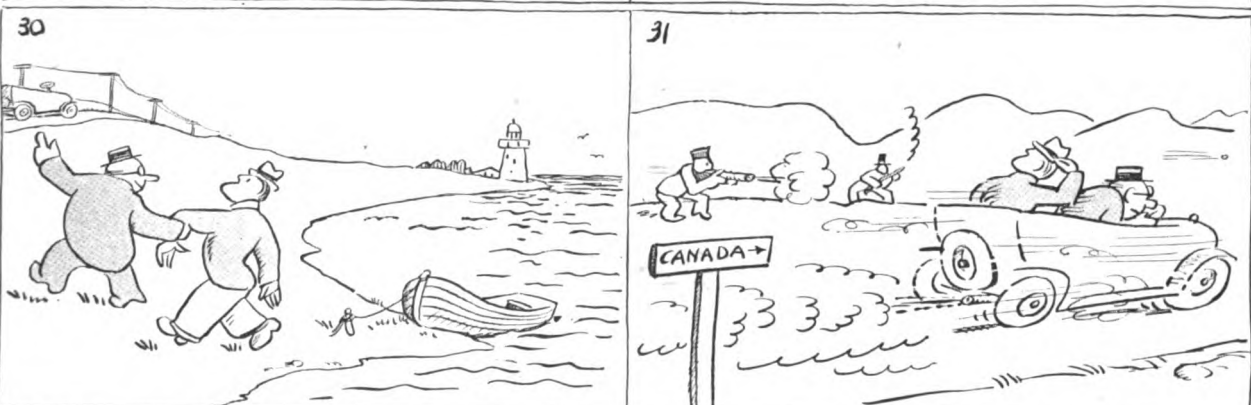
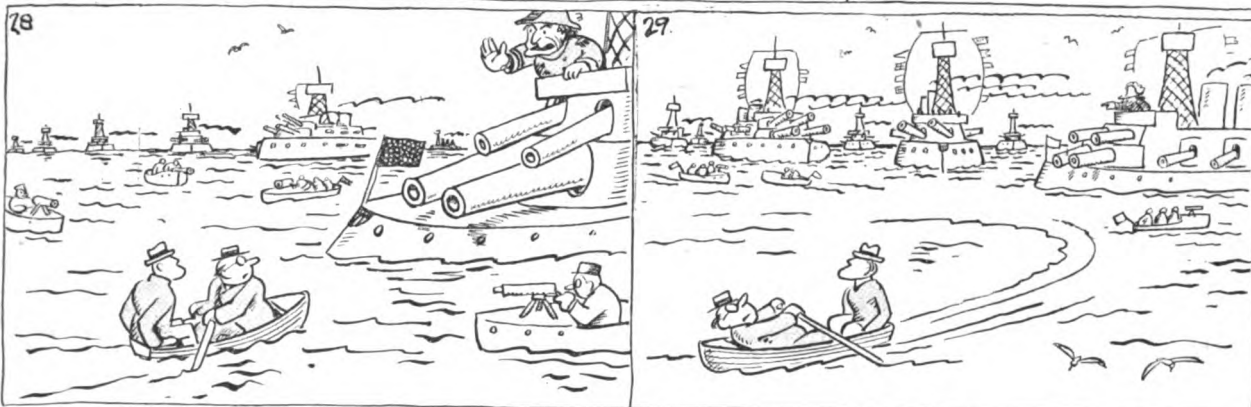
Quebec or the Antipodes,"

Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman







## Love On a Quantity Basis

(Courtship In 1945)

Miss M. Hoosefrass, City.

My dear Miss Hoosefrass:

We are more than anxious to place our love with you on a quantity basis. You are in receipt of our Form Letter A, re Necking Up To Date, and we are mailing our Advanced Form Letter B to-day, under separate cover, unmarked and sealed. Albert Edwards, Inc., Wants Your Business and wants it now! We can deliver!

Very truly yours,  
ALBERT EDWARDS, INC.  
per Albert Edwards.

\* \* \*

Mr. Albert Edwards,  
Albert Edwards, Inc.

My dear Mr. Edwards:

In reply to yours of the fourth inst. would say that I am very much pleased with the samples of your love I have tried, and have found it of a very high grade. If you can and will guarantee that your product will maintain its quality over a period of time, would be pleased to contract for it for some years. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Respectfully yours,  
Miss M. HOOSEFRASS.

\* \* \*

Miss M. Hoosefrass, City.

My dear Miss Hoosefrass:

Welcome to the great company of users of Albert Edwards, Inc., Love. Do not fear depreciation in the product. Edwards' Love is as Strong as Gibraltar

—as Enduring as the Sea. I say to my salesmen at the annual get-together and talk-fest: "Boys, we're committed to high-pressure, quantity production—but remember this—we never let down in quality! We deliver!"

The first consignment will be delivered to your address this evening, F.O.B. Fifty-eighth Street. Thanking you, we remain,

Very truly yours,  
ALBERT EDWARDS, INC.  
per Albert Edwards.  
—Leonard Hall

## Religion

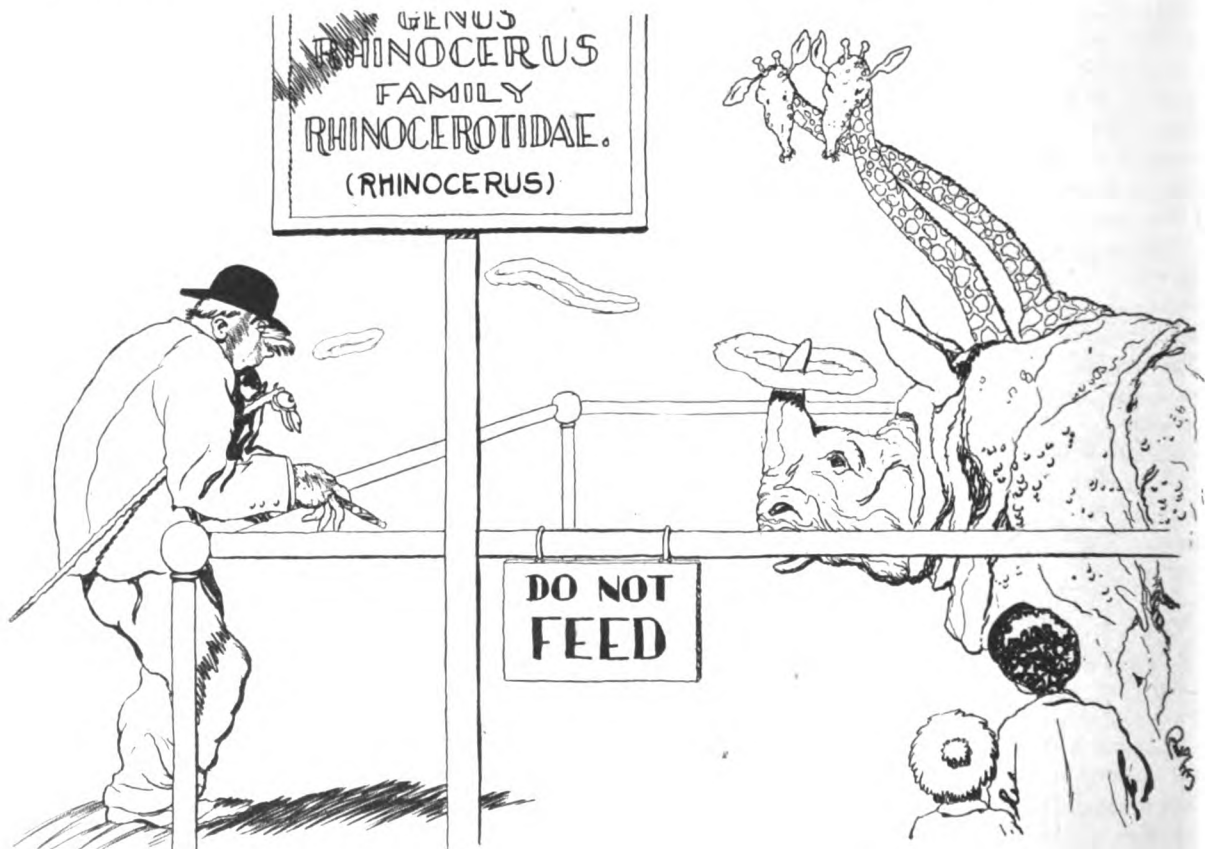
(Being a Libel On the Ancient Athenians)

All Athens in agora, school and arena  
Paid homage to azure-eyed Pallas Athena  
Who guarded the city from insolent foes;  
But once in her temple a schism arose:  
While Modernists held that in some remote era  
Their goddess was born of imperial Hera,  
The Orthodox swore, with a deal of abuse,  
That Pallas sprang armed from the forehead of Zeus.  
These factions had no other serious quarrels  
On points of religion or ethics or morals,  
But what chiefly mattered above and on earth  
Was being *au fait* on the goddess' birth,  
And so they got fighting like Turks and Armenians.  
A curious lot were those ancient Athenians!

—Arthur Guiterman

## The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.  
Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



The Coney Island Ring-and-Cane Man Takes a Day Off at the Zoo



### *The Theatre*

FOR some time now the theatre has been going in for the dramatization of nursery stories, without much pleasurable effect. The favorite one is the "Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow," and the result is called a mystery farce.

What, as Mr. Moran might say, Cock Robin was doing there is never quite explained. How come the bow and arrow?—that, too, remains a mystery. And, also with Mr. Moran, the baffled playgoer can only sigh plaintively, "What Sparrow?"

There is, for example, "Spooks," which broke the tape at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre recently.

In "Spooks," it develops, a number of people are required to spend three consecutive nights in a mysterious house, that they may legally come into the fortune of a late deceased eccentric. (Do we hear cries of "Go on!?"?)

There is, of course, only one type of mystery play that is worse than the one that does not explain its weird happenings, and that is the one that does. "Spooks" manages to cover both fields pretty well.

The piece is pretty much nothing all around and is not even to be mentioned in the same breath with its fellow mystery farce, "The Gorilla," which is robust, unimaginative, unroutined fun. However, it may serve as the text for this department's minor sermon of the week.

To-wit, there is probably more wastage among American actors than among actors anywhere else in the world. Lionel Barrymore, for instance, has just closed a season in which he played the leading rôles in "The Piker," "Taps" and "Man or Devil?" And now comes Grant Mitchell to the New York stage in "Spooks," after one earlier appearance in "The Habitual Husband."

Mr. Mitchell is certainly not the great American actor, but he is much too good an actor to waste his time playing a stuttering young man in "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

EVERY country, of course, gets the "Abie's Irish Rose" it deserves. England, thus, had and has "Charley's Aunt." America, in the unanimous opinion of the judges, wins decisively, on points.

"Charley's Aunt" is a laborious and synthetic composition, elaborately equipped with artificial situations that even the less sensitive can detect ten minutes before they occur. There are plenty of people who laugh at it, of course, but there are even more people,

according to trained statisticians, who say "No, but thanks for the compliment" and simper when you ask them to change a ten-dollar bill.

It is these people who have been going to see "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Charley's Aunt." That answers the question sent this department by "Old—for THE NEW YORKER—Subscriber" and A. M., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—H. J. M.

### *Moving Pictures*

THE newest Germanic film newcomer, "Siegfried," made by the Ufa forces under direction of Fritz Lang, will be given every advantage to aid its New York presentation. It will go into the Century with a large symphony orchestra to play the Wagnerian score, adapted by Herr Hugo Reisenfeld. This will open in the early Fall.

We found "Siegfried" long, arty but possessing many fine intervals of real beauty. The Siegfried of the film isn't the Siegfried of Bayreuth. The Ufa forces explain that they have gone into the basic legends. The most radical difference lies in the introduction of the Church and the exclusion of paganism. The settings, from castle to cathedral, are after Max Reinhardt's own heart, too. Maybe such structures existed in Europe in those rude days—but we doubt it. Still, they make for beauty of scene. Probably all's fair in the newer stagecraft, anyway.

There are many moments of singular beauty, as in the enchanted forest of the early reels. One instance is of Siegfried, astride his white horse, groping his way through the mists among the gnarled trees.

Probably the critics will pour superlatives upon "Siegfried." It is the sort of film effort that usually wins the critical adjectives. The average audience will probably be a bit bored at Siegfried's quest. Tom Mix does this sort of thing with much more verve and snap.

"THE DESERT FLOWER," Colleen Moore's newest movie, is just another variation of the Cinderella theme. The waif of a railroad construction camp falls in love with a mysterious derelict. The chap becomes regenerated in the last reel and turns out to be the son of the railroad president. Probably all this will be popular. It always has been.

Miss Moore wears chaps and other bizarre garb designed to aid her in her campaign in celluloid cutism. Her performance doesn't ring true anywhere, but we will forgive it this time. She fell from a

handcar in one of these scenes and injured her spine so badly that she was in a plaster cast for weeks. But for this we would get annoyed about "The Desert Flower."

**S**OMETHING ought to be done about the movie apache. The wolves of Paris are back again in "Parisian Nights," in which Lou Tellegen is the chief underworld cut-throat. He wears the usual black velvet garb of the Hollywood apache. Renée Adorée is the best of the cast as a red hot Montmartre mamma.—*F. S.*

### Art

**W**HAT is so hot as a day in June. Then, if ever, come the water color shows and the lighter forms of entertainment in the galleries. Whether the art dealers are afraid the oil will run, or whether it is good psychology, we do not know. Anyway, the open season is here. At the Montross Galleries during June there is an excellent show of twenty American artists working in the lighter medium. Don't imagine from the foregoing that the show is frivolous; it is as stimulating an exhibit as we have run across in a long time.

We should like to see an analysis written by some one who knows, of the rise and fall and rise again of the art of water color. Whether it was the magic deftness of Whistler in that medium that estopped all contemporary endeavors, whether it was the he-man legend that came along with the trusts, Roosevelt and the Big Stick making water colors seem effeminate, we don't know. Or its return might be some sort of subconscious acceptance of the Volstead Act. There it is, the return and in the hands of such masters as Marin, Dickinson, Davies, Demuth, Burchfield et al., it is a triumphant re-entry. All of the weakness and paleness seem to have been squeezed out and the new workers bring forth a strong, vivid picture lacking in nothing possessed by oils—in fact hav-

ing a softness and imagination sometimes denied the heavier medium.

There are two brilliant pictures in the Montross exhibit by Charles Burchfield. They are captivating mainly by their handling, the forms and content being rather of the old school. At the other end we find "Rue Desertée Sainte Maxime" by Robert Hallowell, a beautiful assembling of forms and color in broad planes. "Merry Go Round" by Paul Rohland has a good deal of movement and yet attains a slick finish. And then there is George Luks with "Moonlight," a pretty little nocturne showing more care and thought than most of his oils that have been on view lately. Charles Demuth has one of his cool flower studies, a grouping of tulips with a fine balance and a definiteness of color that Demuth goes in for.

Varnum Poor, who has the room next to the Gallery filled with his own strange potteries, contributes one picture of a farm house. Poor is one of your artists who knows what to leave out. The little white farm house is a marvel of economy. And there are still others, shading all the way from the Academy to the Steiglitz Americans. Of these we liked "Some Familiars," a still life by Thomas Furlong, "Tulips" of Frank London, "Silbertal" by Bertram Hartman, "Still Life" by Bradley Walker Tomlin, "New York Night" by Charles N. Sarka, and "Head" by Kimon Nicolaides Jr. Arthur B. Davies, of course, has one of his "Women" in which he achieves beautiful flesh tones. Davies, by the way, is the only artist we know of who can put a patch on a picture and get away with it.—*M. P.*

### Music

**W**E have been privy to the auditions operated by the Stadium Concerts folk and the newly created National Music League, and again we ask you—how little does one have to know to become a *maestro of bel canto*? The young pianists and fiddlers who are appearing before the judges tucked away



*Impressions From That Spirited Burlesque*



in the boxes are, for the most part, gifted and well taught, but the singers, taking them by and larger, seem to prove that anyone who can afford the price of a visiting card can dispense vocal instruction.

The number of splendid natural voices that may be heard in Aeolian Hall these delightful afternoons—the auditions continue almost daily until the month's end—is surprising, and the number of misguided throats that distort these same voices is appalling. Apparently, the vocal pundits' first stricture is that under no circumstances must a young singer be natural. Singing without strain is not in accordance with the best schools. Diction is dangerous and understanding of text and music may not be exhibited publicly.

This department has little sympathy for the benign suggestion that vocal teachers be licensed, because it would not be long before a teaching certificate would be as easy to obtain as a dog license, and with approximately the same results. Unfortunately, there are no tests which examine thoroughly the teacher's qualifications, for few teachers can produce even remotely uniform degrees of excellence in their pupils. A professor who may convert Aubrey Moskowitz into a corking barytone (spelling approved by the *Herald Tribune*) may cramp the style of Deborah McCarthy.

Even worse than the downright bad singing which many of the doctors inculcate is the mental paralysis which seems to accompany it. Arthur Nikisch, a truly great conductor, used to hum passages for his orchestral solo players and say, "That is my idea of it, but play it your own way." The laryngeal manipulators scream, "Do it my way, or you will be the worse for it!" Consequently, every contralto pupil of Professor X sings "Mon coeur" like every other contralto pupil of the estimable regent, which means that every contralto pupil of the mentor sings it a little worse than the next. We heard one young singer, who was asked whether she knew a certain aria, answer, "I know it, but I haven't studied it with my teacher, so I can't sing it." And meanwhile, good housewives are so scarce!—R. A. S.

Books

HOW promising Cyril Hume actually is, we don't know. Those novelists are extra hard to call the future's turn on: gifted youngsters who have come up through big colleges, absorbing the new art and the new wisdom, and have started right in doing things accordingly in fiction. The things are all more or less arresting and more or less alike—but Hume was exceptionally good in "The Wife of the Centaur," his beginning, at the younger-generation business, and he now gets hold of more than might have been expected with an earnest novel on the philosophy of a common sex frustration.

"Cruel Fellowship" (*Doran*) has its share of juvenility being sage in borrowed whiskers. It also has material, reflection and even poetry on the sufferers whom it typifies in Claude Fisher, thin-skinned males so hobbled, psychologically, that they sprawl whenever they move in the direction of fulfilment, and withdraw from life into themselves.

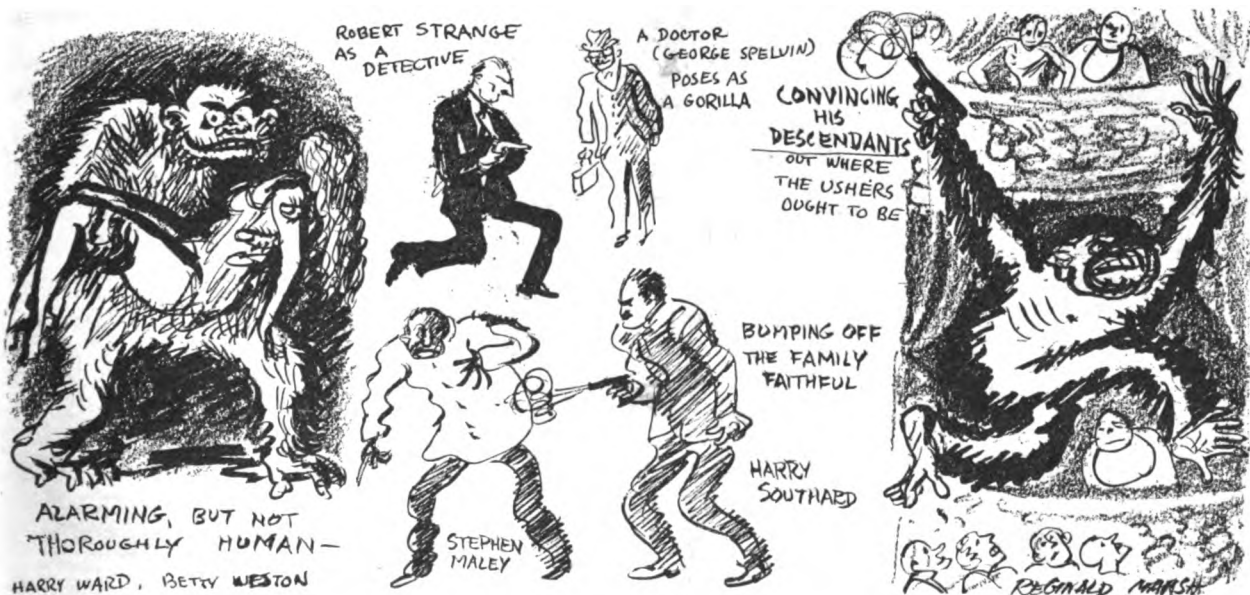
It gives openings to all the stock theories of how they get that way. Fisher starts with a "bad heredity" and runs the entire gantlet of unfortunate experience. But Hume is too sagacious and artistic to commit his novel to a theory. He suggests that after all such lives should be charged off to fate; and then, at the end, hints neatly that if your mind is on the Fates you will see them in three old newspapers blowing in the street.

He is tremendously sorry for Fisher. His compassion suffuses the book. It is neither maudlin nor identifying, though he is afraid you will think it is both, and takes elaborate measures to prevent you.

At any rate, Hume has not managed to move us deeply on Fisher's behalf, and our notion is that a canter on the Nietzschean high horse might be good for him. But he has made us eager to see what he is going to do next: has impressed us with the skill and insight of a number of parts of "Cruel Fellowship."

—Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



of Mystery Plays, "The Gorilla"

# HARD~BOILED GOLF

**T**HE King is dead, and Mr. Willie Macfarlane of Oak Ridge, has, as all the world knows, been elected King by the unanimous majority of the best golfers of the nation at their recent meeting in the heat wave at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Willie Macfarlane is a great golfer. His is a never say die and, in fact, never say much of anything game, but one that can and does pull him out of holes when all seems lost. That he will be the popular champion that Bobby Jones was and would again have been, seems doubtful. He failed somehow to catch the imagination of the crowd as Jones does. Or as Hagen does. Hagen would also have been a most popular winner, for he is a favorite of the gallery. And then there was old Mike Brady of the Winged New York Athletic Club who has never won an Open, who also had them pulling for him. The Winged Foot professional fell just short on the last round, taking three more strokes than Jones and Macfarlane. Ouimet, who was, as the representative of New England, the hope of the majority, lost by a stroke when a putt rimmed the cup and did not drop in. That was all that separated him from a tie with the winners on the second day. But the groan that went up from that enormous following gallery when his drive on the sixteenth went off into the rough and killed his chances, must have been a solace to one of the finest fighters in the game.

Macfarlane, like Jones, is a great golfer. True to his race, he makes few mistakes, gives little away, and keeps his head in the pinches. On the first round of the second day after his 141 of the first day, he was

pursued by a mob who followed him up to the fourth hole. He took a four, a six and two fives on these holes, four over par, and when he missed a long putt on the fourth his chances seemed slim and the gallery faded away.

"There goes Willie's gallery," said a voice behind me.

"Yes, but his chances aren't gone—yet."

I turned to see Kerrigan and Brady who were watching the incident. And Friday noon when Macfarlane made his wonderful pull-up against Jones in the blazing heat, it flashed over me that Macfarlane, too, must have been saying to himself, "There goes my gallery—but my chances aren't gone—yet."

Temperament played a big part in the winning and the losing of the title up there at Worcester where the heat begins. One star, who placed considerably better last year than he did this, found himself paired with an unknown amateur on the first day's play. He considered his game affronted, and he blew off about it in the locker room when he was dressing to such an extent that when he went out on the course he was upset and never struck his stride, finishing well down the list. He was only one of many who were affected in various ways by a temperature several degrees higher on the course than the temperature at the same time at Wall and Broad Streets, Manhattan.

A gallery at a National Open, or indeed at any big golfing event, is unlike the crowd that follows any other sporting

event. From curiosity, people will flock to see Tilden or Johnston, Ruth or Cobb. But few people will travel several hundred miles across country and walk up and down hill for two or three days to see a golf match unless they are fans. Or fanatics. In other words the gallery at a golf championship not only knows the players and their chances, it knows the game and its fine points. And it misses very little of either.

Speaking of golfing crowds in general and the one at Worcester in particular, perhaps someone can explain why so few women attend golf championships. At Worcester there were thirty men for every woman, whereas at Forest Hills and Germantown the stands are filled with feminine fans. And if there was no Bill Tilden up at Worcester, there was a Bobby Jones. Possibly, one reason the male sex was so much in the majority was because the editors, managing editors and associate editors of the country's golfing magazines attended in a body.

There is probably more real, and less fake sporting spirit in golf than in any of the so-called amateur sports. Instances of it were visible on every hand in the Open. On the second day, Francis Ouimet, making his greatest bid for victory since 1913, found everything against him with Al Espinosa who was going round at his side shooting par golf. "That's the boy, Al," he said when his chances glimmered as Espinosa sank a twelve foot putt for a par three on the sixth green. He meant it,



*Willie Macfarlane Takes a Long Shot with His Brassie.*



**T**HIS is not a photograph. Nor is it a diagram of the seating arrangement at the Polo Grounds.

Covarrubias, the artist, claims it's an excellent likeness of his friend N— M—.

Do you consider it friendly?  
Can you identify the victim?

Continued next week

# Interesting?

A new and varied assortment of four-piece suits, in unusual cloths, has been added to our already extensive stock.

This, in addition to a splendid selection of golf-hose, sweaters, and other summer-time accessories, should enable one to successfully outfit one's self for considerably less than usual.

Worth while looking into!

\$42.50 and less

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too. And all the way round, older and more experienced men were coaching and guiding younger men and helping them on to victory at their own expense.

Not twenty people in the large gallery following Jones on that first day knew that he called a stroke on himself on the tenth, when in addressing the ball, it moved slightly. Certainly, not half that number around the fairway saw it move.

And don't allow anyone to tell you that a National Golf Championship isn't exciting. The atmosphere on the last day during the match between Jones and Macfarlane made a World's Series Ball Game seem like a county cricket match in an English village. Even during the two early days, the excitement was there aplenty. The huge crowds surrounding the stars up and down the course, the various rumors which met you at every hole—"Hagan got a three on the tenth." "Farrell got two par fours for a thirty-five going out." "Macfarlane just dropped a twenty foot putt for a birdie two on the eighth." "Jones is burning up the course coming in."

And then the wait at the clubhouse; the cheers from over the horizon when someone sinks a putt or accomplishes a birdie on a difficult hole; the scores going up on the blackboard; the hasty calculations and the moments of suspense as the final results come drifting in. Exciting? Well, exciting enough to last the average man without any difficulty until the next National at any rate.—J. R. T.

### Ici, Garçon!

Oh, conversation's well enough,  
But, polished phrases—let them wait.  
An interlude from highbrow stuff;  
Let filet mignon dominate.

You scorn me—rank materialist,  
Say my ideals are low and crude.  
Talk on, talk on; I still insist  
That great respect is due good food.

I contemplate the consommé  
With quite as much of interest  
As you bestow on Lawson's play,  
And choose my sweet with equal zest.

Well, go ahead; despise the herd;  
Discuss Stravinsky, Kent and Stein.  
You dote upon the cultured word;  
A table d'hôteing love is mine.

—Lois Whitcomb

### Paulina the Precocious

The first studio picture of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, wife of the Ohio Representative and Speaker of the House, and her baby daughter, Paulina, born in Chicago last April. The youngster has already given evidence of many of the characteristics of her late grandfather, former President Roosevelt.

—Newspaper photo caption.

# Cruger's Column

Irving Berlin says the easiest way for him to describe Cruger's would be to "say it with music," but when we explained that the size of our column wouldn't permit much of a rhapsody, we received the following "libretto" written

by

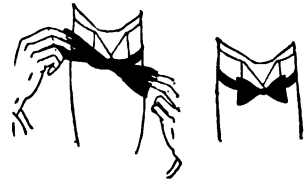
## Irving Berlin



"Whenever I come back from Europe, I go direct from the gangplank to Cruger's to buy gifts I had meant to buy in London and Paris. This method saves time, customs trouble and the regrets which always attend those cravats that do not look so good the second time you see them. Then those Cruger neckties come in handy in moments of depression. I never hang myself with any other kind."



Smart and New for Evening



Just make } and { you have a smartly  
two knots } flaring, neat bow

In ordering by mail give collar size. Price \$1.50.

## CRUGER'S

INC.

Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York

Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Ritz



# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



THIS town is night club mad and the question that keeps us awake daytimes is as to how the men with regular jobs stand the gaff, or even make sense. Several of the clubs are not amusing until after four in the morning; and the number of such resorts is increasing daily. Our pile of issued "membership cards" looks like a regulation pinochle deck; and in order to carry it about of an evening we would have to have our pockets amplified.

Of the many sorts of entertainment concocted for the night public the most prevalent is the one employing a jollifier or master of ceremonies to keep the show moving. These ringmasters include Harry Richman at his club; Frisco at the Back Stage Club; those three dizzy clowns at the Club Durant; and most famous, and rightly so, "Texas" Guinan at her new place.

"Texas" has a radiant personality that proves completely disarming even to her most *recherché* visitors when she tells

"GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A GREAT BIG HAND"



them to leave their Park Avenue addresses in the coatroom. She manages to keep things exceedingly intimate even though the "Texas" Guinan Club is larger and better looking than that old dive, El Fey. With many interruptions and asides she presides over the performance of a bunch of neat little adolescents, who sing and dance. "Now folks, give this little girl a great big hand," is the accustomed introduction, in the utterance of which La Guinan is often preceded by a chorus of shouting patrons. In fact, it takes a firm hand to keep some of her regular customers, like Walter Catlett, Bill Boyd or Fannie Ward from snatching the reins of the entertainment from her. Some of the more obstreperous can only be silenced by a lusty crack on the head with a clapper.

Yes, things wax quite familiar.

The cuties of the show are well rounded on their corners, and full of pep and Charlestons. One entrancing young person, named Ruby Keeler, sings with a lisp that makes ordinary diction seem colorless by comparison.

The crowd at "Texas" Guinan's ring-side is decidedly mixed—social, theatrical and just Broadway. The other night we noted the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Orvis; Wilda Bennett and "Pepe"; Jacqueline Hunter and John Channing; William Kent; Ward Crane; Frank Mayo with Ann Luther and at the table next to them, for as short a time as possible, Dagmar Godowsky with the nineteen-year-old son of a millionaire; Vivienne Segal; Ira Hill, squiring two dames; Kathryn Ray with Sterling Reynolds until she left him for other company; Paul Reinhardt; Vargas; and Stephen Elkins.

Having visited two smoky basement resorts that same evening we can't fail to mention the freshness of the air in this club, because during the Summer months that is not an inconsiderable detail.

For a digression from the beaten path of night clubs we dropped over to the "Bunk," the Hungarian Restaurant. Large Central European parties were seated at tables covered with red and white checked clothes listening to the Gypsy orchestra. The American jazz for dancing is varied with an occasional Hungarian tune, to which the habitués step in their native manner. It is a very chaste version of the shimmy, the couples dancing rather far apart, the women's hands on the men's shoulders, and the men grasping the women on both hips. The steps don't appear very intricate, but the velocity is excessive. We had a yen to participate, but being a conservative at heart we had not the nerve to make overtures for lessons from any of the Hungarian maidens seated near. One was glancing over a late edition of the *Magyar Hirlap*—a discouraging influence at best.

Probably we are supersensitive to atmospheric conditions, but Russian restaurants have a greater appeal for us in cold weather than in hot. Russian music trumps up visions of snow-bound droshkas and herrings in Moscow, and our passion for the appropriate won't accept these visions during tropical heat. Thus do we preface our lack of enthusiasm for the present goings on at the Katinka Restaurant. The caviar, both black and pink, is still very fine; but the orchestra we ad-

mired so heartily has been replaced by one less characteristic.

The Gypsy troupe sings delightfully with that Slavic pathos that we always fall for. We are just sap enough to become repeatedly entranced by the wails of these hollow-eyed women. There are some dancers; better than they, however, is a waiter, called Leonard Somethingski. On the sidelines, and not as a part of the show, he does a Charleston with a Russian flavor that is graceful and decidedly comic. He should be made a feature of the program.



The clientele of these Russian gathering places is interesting, and persons of talent are not averse to contributing informally to the entertainment.

The Shelton Hotel pool is a commendable place to spend a hot evening in town. Some of the theatres and dancing clubs are coolish, whereas the pool is assuredly cool. It closes about ten o'clock, so there is still time afterward to go to a night club and get hot again.—*Top Hat*

## Ad Men Run Universe For a Day

Other resolutions commended President Coolidge for insistence on greater economy in government, approved a plan of the Department of Commerce for compilation of statistics and records of merchandise distribution; thanked heads of Latin-American governments for sending special representatives to the convention; indorsed the Nyack plan which seeks to join the people and the churches, irrespective of denomination, in a world peace movement; indorsed the institution of golden rule Sunday in connection with Near East relief work, and deplored the death of Lord Leverhulme, of Great Britain.

—News dispatch.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

**THE THEATRE**

**WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth**

Even if you don't understand English you should see this play.

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild**

An excellent revival, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles, of what is generally regarded as Shaw's finest comedy.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw**

Here is a merry and sophisticated comedy of life in a California that knows not Hollywood, with about the season's best piece of acting in Pauline Lord's *Polly*.

**LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village**

A revival of robust play by Congreve of robust life in Merrie Olde England, dashingly put on by the Provincetown Players.

**THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse**

This is your last week to see the greatest of American comedies.

**IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street**

A vigorous and entertaining portrait of part of what the *Dial* calls the American scene.

**THE FALL GUY—Eltinge**

A good and amusing play about a type of New Yorker you may not know.

**THE FIREBRAND—Morosco**

"Benvenuto Cellini—His Life and Loves," in a sophisticated comedy by Edwin Justus Mayer.

**LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty**

See this, with music by Gershwin and grace and charm by the Astaires, to get back your faith in musical comedy.

**ROSE MARIE—Imperial**

An elaborate, well-mounted and splendidly sung musical play, with Mary Ellis as the primary attraction.

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam**

All the familiar virtues of the Follies, plus the unexpected addition of hilarious comedy. W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley at their funniest.

**LOUIE THE 14th—Cosmopolitan**

The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made, and sufficient comedy, if you care that much about Leon Errol's legs.

**THE GORILLA—Selwyn**

A very amusing spoofing of the mystery plays, by Ralph Spence.

**TELL ME MORE—Gaiety**

Another Gershwin score, with a fair amount of funny moments by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

**GARRICK GAJETIES—Garrick**

The youngsters of the Theatre Guild, with a little outside assistance, in a sprightly revuelet, full of high spirits and some excellent imitations of Broadway stars.

**MOVING PICTURES**

**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion**

The Kaufman-Connelly fantasy done with much cinematic imagination by James Cruze. Together with the playlet "Business is Business," by George S. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker.

**"DON Q, SON OF ZORRO"—Globe**

Douglas Fairbanks's reincarnation of Zorro which will open on Monday, June 15.

**ART**

**WATER COLORS—Montross**

A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

**ANNUAL SUMMER SHOW—Babcock**

Paintings, water colors, etchings and sculpture by prominent American artists.

**MUSIC**

**STADIUM AUDITIONS—Aeolian Hall**

Friday, June 12—Voice. Monday, June 15—Piano. Tuesday, June 16—Violin. Thursday, June 18—Voice. Friday, June 19—Piano. These are afternoon events. No admission charged.

**SPORTS**

**TENNIS—New York Tennis Club**

Saturday, June 13 and following days, Metropolitan Clay Court Championships at 238th Street and Broadway. Take Broadway and Van Cortlandt Park Subway. Bill Tilden will not be present owing to his devotion to literature and art, but Vincent Richards may play and in any event there will be good tennis close at hand.

**POLO—Westchester-Biltmore Country Club**

Saturday, June 13, Tuesday, June 16, Thursday, June 18 at 3.30 each afternoon, Intercollegiate Championships. An opportunity to witness Henry Baldwin and the other Devereux Milburns of the young generation in action. Yale, Mother of Men, looks good to win the title.

**GOLF—Holywood Golf Club, Deal, N. J.**

Tuesday, June 16 and following days, Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championships.

**BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium**

Cleveland Americans vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, June 12, 13. Detroit Americans vs. New York, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, June 14, 16, 17, 18. Chicago Americans vs. New York, Friday, June 19.

**OTHER EVENTS**

**COUNTRY FAIR—Mineola, L. I.**

Friday and Saturday, June 12 and 13. Fair on the Nassau Hospital Grounds in aid of the hospital.

**GARDEN PARTY—Governor's Island**

Saturday, June 13, afternoon and evening. Annual Garden Party in aid of Army Relief Fund.

**SPRING DANCE—Waldorf Astoria Roof**

Monday, June 15, 9 P.M. Spring supper dance of the New York Newspaper Women's Club.

**HORSE SHOW—Huntington, L. I.**

Friday, June 19. Fifth Annual Huntington Horse Show at Huntington Bay Club.

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at Wed. & Sat.

**Playhouse** 48 St., E. of B'y. Eves. 8:30.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

LAST TWO WEEKS

**The SHOW-OFF**



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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). Two volumes. More of Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust's monumental sequence novel, which is generally regarded as a master work of psychological fiction. Laborious reading, but not as much so as comment has represented.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). "Sanger's circus" of gifted daughters scandalize the conventional, Sanger having been a "superman composer." A novel as beautiful as everybody says it is.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience in Success Land. Not as generally liked as "Babbitt," but reported doing well, as it deserves.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). A choice series of He-and-She sketches, very funny where Herbert means to be.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Gatsby's rough-diamond romanticism bright against a North Shore Long Island background.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Really two novels, of which the one in print is very simple, and the one between the lines is subtle and profound.

DAUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A sort of "Richard Carvel" for ripper readers than fell for the original one in its time.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). What it costs, at home in the rectory, to be true to the accepted Christian ideal.

ISGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The effect of would-be democracy on a socially feudal village.

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). Two idealists marry. Their repentance of it is cleverly followed out.

SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Bright-colored modernist stories of substantial merit.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). One excellent story, two or three good ones, and others that are just magazine.

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Character portrait stories, with a longer and less attractive satire.

GENERAL

REDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). Offers a complete philosophy, derived from science but not materialist, that is surprising from even as good a head as has shown behind White's other writings.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). A fine study, free of the faults of Brooks' "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

AUL BUNYAN (*Knopf*). The lumberjacks' Gargantuan cook-house yarning done into good, straight writing.

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes, which no one, as far as we know, denies are the best book on Keats.

EGGARS OF LIFE (*A. & C. Boni*). Some real hobo stuff, naive but quite artistically written.

The Family Circle

WITH a force as though a tornado were behind it, he walloped me in the small of the back.

"Hello, Brother," he cried. But all I could do was to nod weakly.

"How's your uncle?" he asked with a grin.

"I have no uncle!" I replied dryly. "Tell it to your grandmother," he laughed.

"No really," I insisted.

"Oh, mama!" he howled.

"But I haven't an uncle," I repeated.

"So's your old man," he roared.

"And what's more," I added, "You know I haven't."

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled. "Well, I'm a son of a gun."—C. G. S.

Shopping With Roué

Quaint Saloons Off the Beaten Path—Useful Hints About Chic Estaminets

Our readers may place absolute confidence in any establishments mentioned in this department because Roué is thoroughly familiar with them through constant personal investigation.



Matrons or their débutante daughters whose aim is variety will discover a pleasing assortment of Angels' Tips, Clover Clubs and Pousse Cafés at the Swissess, east of Madison, where M. Mésalliance, a host of rare charm, provides little drinks for a mere pittance.



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# TENEMENT ART: LINES

*A Further Study of Creative Art in New York*

A BRANCH of Fugitive Art, that is all too little considered in the hurry and bustle of modern Art Criticism, lurks behind every tenement, ready to be recognized by the patient connoisseur. For it is in the back yards of New York that self-expression rises to its heights, in the arrangement and treatment of clothes lines, ropes and aerials.

What unstudied handling of lines is here! What stories are told in this criss-cross and network of curves and parabolas! The lines are usually fashioned out of some handy material, such as an old grey rope, and are drawn by the artist with one hand, usually by means of a rusty pulley. The scheme of decoration depends very largely on what the artist's family is wearing at the time. For some reason, these exhibits are most commonly held on Mondays, although they often continue daily through the week; and they are usually observed minutely by a self-appointed group of local critics, who lean out of the windows on their elbows and publish their comments the length and breadth of several tenements.

"Mrs. George Washington Jackson's Clothes Line," on exhibit Monday afternoons in the rear of the galleries at 959 West 135th Street (in case of rain the exhibit is held in the kitchen) is unusual for its extraordinary diversity of color; and red, blue, orange and pink are prominent among the shirts and dresses. This line has recently become the center of a storm of local discussion, owing to the suspicious resemblance between a green skirt now belonging to Mrs. Jackson and a similar skirt which used to hang on her line when she was doing the washing for a lady downtown last year.

Neighborhood tongues are wagging, and several leading critics have gone so far as to question Mrs. Jackson's artistic integrity. Mrs. Jackson has replied warmly upon these occasions that the idea was given to her by the lady downtown, and as an artist she was entitled to keep it; and there the controversy rests at present. However, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Jackson is no longer washing for the lady downtown.

An example of rapid aesthetic improvement is clearly shown in the work entitled: "Mrs. Guiseppe Pisano's Clothes Line," now hanging behind the

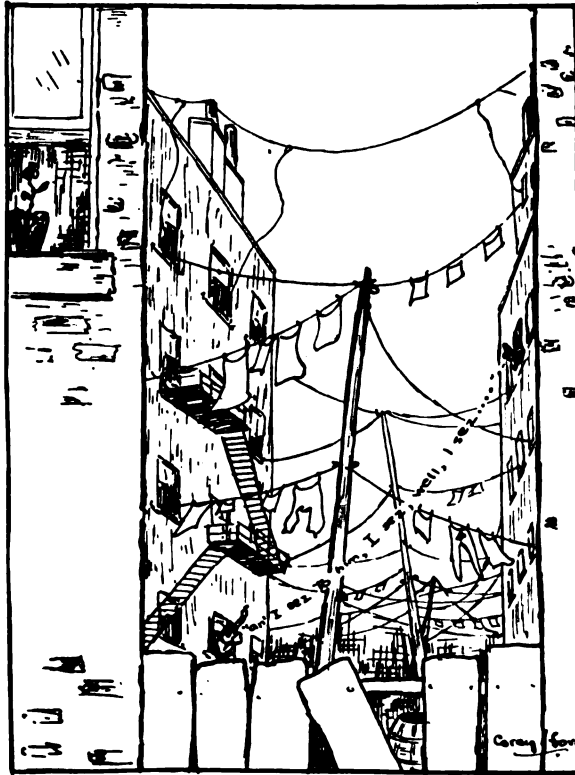
Pisano apartment down on Bleecker Street. A month ago this line exhibited a pair of muddy overalls, when Mr. Pisano was engaged daily in digging sewers. Recently, however, it is understood that Mr. Pisano abandoned his former profession, and has taken to rowing a small boat three miles off Sandy Hook and returning that night. This contact with seascapes and the out-of-doors has inspired the Pisano picture with a sudden influx of striped silk shirts and bright colored socks, showing the effect that a change of environment may sometimes have on Art.

"Mrs. Mulvaney's Clothes Line," now on exhibit daily in the rear of the Claremont Galleries on Tenth Avenue, was once famous for its handling of a pair of red flannels and a blue coat with brass buttons, which stood every Monday at the head of a line of six small rompers, varying in size. Three weeks ago Monday, when this line was hung, the six small rompers were still in place, but the familiar blue coat and red flannels were not at the head; and an

unusually sombre note simultaneously crept into all of Mrs. Mulvaney's handkerchiefs. The six small rompers are still repeated each Monday; but on other days of the week the exhibit has come to include such a heavy variety of designs that it is being whispered about the neighborhood now that the Widow Mulvaney is hanging other people's pictures as well as her own.

Young Mrs. Willie Simpson has maintained a leading place in the neighborhood art circles since her first exhibit about a year ago, entitled: "Mrs. Simpson's New Clothes Line." At this time Mrs. Simpson arrived in the neighborhood with a display of lace petticoats, white filigrees and filmy so-and-sos, which had all the neighborhood critics leaning out of their windows in silent envy.

Recently, it seems, young Mrs. Simpson has not been exhibiting so frequently; and about a week ago the entire neighborhood was electrified to discover a tiny lace garment on her line, accompanied by four or five square white cloths. Since that time these square white cloths have reappeared daily; and their interpretation has given local art critics an active topic of discussion.—Corey Ford



*Back Yards, "A Typical Study In Lines"*



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# NEW YORKER



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H.O. HOFMAN



AMENITIES OF MODERN SOCIAL LIFE  
A Busy Morning In the Studio of A Fashionable Hair Artist



Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller,  
Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Martyr de Jour*

TENNESSEE has not been noted widely for its martyrs since the days of Mrs. Andrew Jackson. Indeed, New York has had no acquaintance with any of this species from that segment of country until last week, when the somewhat rural frame of Mr. John T. Scopes was presented to this city; and its slightly amused owner was introduced in circles with which, hitherto, he had been acquainted only through his love for books and periodicals.

He was fêted and lionized, this back-country school-teacher, a shrewd, slow-speaking, slow-moving individual such as novelists have misrepresented as being typical of our agricultural regions. He was lionized socially, that is. Although, of course, there was that rather distressful incident of entertainment when Mr. Scopes and Dr. George W. Rappleyea, his devoted friend, attended the "Follies" by invitation of the late press agent for the American Civic Liberties' Union, and found, on arrival, that while guests they were expected to pay for their own tickets.

In the more serious matter of arranging for his defense against the onslaughts of Bryanites, he was pushed into the background, whilst the Darrows, and the Colbys, and the Malones manouvered for a foremost position among his counsel, and consequently upon the first pages of the fifteen hundred odd dailies published within the confines of these United States, not considering the European press.

But not for long. Mr. Scopes, when he realized what trend events were taking, drily reminded all concerned that, after all, he was the defendant; and complained, a bit petulantly, that his importance was being minimized. This was an unheard of stand for any defendant hereabouts, such persons customarily

yielding with proper deference all glory and prominence to so greatly distinguished counsel as those above mentioned.

Even after defying the established order, Mr. Scopes was not finished; at least, so report has it, for upon being asked what was his opinion of the eminent counsel who clamored for his defense, he is said to have murmured, vaguely:

"It's hard to imagine any greater trial."



ONE may be permitted to wonder whether this elaborate array of counsel will serve Mr. Scopes well when it confronts a representative jury in Dayton, Tenn. If, as has been asserted, the object is to lose the first test in order to permit appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, that desideratum is almost assured by the appearance of nationally known counsellors for the defense.

It was so, for example, in the famous Leo Frank case, which arrayed Atlanta against a large portion of the nation some years ago. When the tumult had died and Mr. William Burns had almost recovered from the shock of being treated so rudely by indignant Georgians, a newspaper man asked one of the jurors who had sat on the murder trial: "What convinced you that Frank was guilty?"

"Well," replied the juror, shifting his cud of tobacco before advancing what must always be a clinching argument, "well, if he wasn't guilty, what did he get all those high-priced lawyers for?"

### *A Prophet at Home*

MR. GEORGE M. COHAN was strolling along Broadway late one evening, or early one morning, in the company of Mr. James Hussey, the comedian, of late returned from Europe. It was a gay

night, or morning, and a cool breeze, for a change, swept its intoxicating refreshment from over the Park along the curving stretches of the Gay White Way.

Mr. Cohan grew expansive under the whip of the cool wind's rigors.

"This is my street, Jimmy," he pronounced, with Cohanesque twang and roll. "Broadway. It's my street. I made it. They all know me on this street. Everybody knows me. I made this street. Broadway. They all know me here."

"That's all right, George," Mr. Hussey murmured. "Let's go in for a bite." And he piloted into Johalem's the enthusiastic Mr. Cohan who, at entrance, was still assuring his companion that, "They all know me here. Everybody knows me on this street."

The couple entered Johalem's, filled as it was with the mimes and players lately released from their labors. Great cries went up as the suppers recognized the foremost of the pair.

"Hello, Jimmy. Ah, there, Jimmy. Jimmy Hussey. Hey, Jimmy. When did you get back, Jimmy? Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!"

Mr. Hussey turned to Mr. Cohan with what might have been a sardonic grin, and then turned away again, holding his hand up for silence.

"Fellows, let me introduce my friend," he began, and then broke off, "Aw, what's the use? You wouldn't recognize the name, anyway."

### This Week

**F**ROM the mills of the gods issued: The atrocious murder of a young lady and the appointment of a president, William H. Edwards, for the new Police Academy. A splendid dinner to Mayor Hylan on the evening that Judge Olvany dined frugally at home. Announcement, from Washington, that prohibition is effective, and announcement, in New York, that alcoholic insanity has trebled since the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. J. B. Duke gives two more millions to Bull Durham—or is it Duke?—University and Mr. J. P. Speyers offers for sale three old masters as means for meeting his alimonies. President Cool-

idge returns from the Great Northwest after expatiating on the glories of the adventurous Norsemen and W. A. Harriman & Co. negotiate a valuable manganese concession with the Soviets. Mr. George Bernard Shaw calls the Hon. William Jennings Bryan's views "infantilism" and Shurtleff College confirms Dr. John Roach Straton's degree, awarded for "outstanding character." Judge Elbert Gary diets experimentally, for longevity, at a Birmingham Hospital, and a playwright dies in Berlin, from heart-strain, upon the opening of his first production after twenty years of failure. A baby is born in an automobile speeding to a Brooklyn hospital and the newspapers lose interest in Amundsen's fate. The On Leongs and the Hip Sings, late feudists, spend a peaceful day picnicking on the Upper Hudson, with 200 white girls as guests and the agent of the Philippine Government protests that the subsidized native students sent here have far too gay times in this city. Judges of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals decry unfair usage of the statutes and several thousand new lawyers are graduated from local schools of law. Mr. John S. Sumner crusades against art magazines and an old-fashioned peep show on Sixth Avenue enjoys profitable patronage.

### Note on Charm Abroad

**T**HE great charm of Paris—say fortunate friends, or unfortunate, in that they return—lies in its complete individuality. This is why, they add, as many as two thousand Americans a day enter its smoky stations by boat trains at this time of year.

"The *chic* place this summer," these friends run on, "is Florence's. What is Florence's like? You remember that little place west of Seventh Avenue in the Fifties, that little hole in the wall? Well, it's just about that size, with a lot of tiny tables and a piano.

"Run by coons . . . same band that plays at the Jardin de Ma Soeur . . . comes in later . . . Florence sings . . . when she isn't slapping duchesses on the back with a hearty 'glad t'see yuh back agin!' It's so nice; you don't hear a word of French except when Buddy



Notes on the Annual Garden

passes the hat for the band. He's a great kidder, Buddy. He always says 'merci bien' and everybody laughs.

"Sometimes, if you come early, before they've filled the space up with tables, you can dance. The real charm is that they haven't tried to decorate Florence's at all; it's just itself with its dirty wall paper and its smoky ceiling. It's worth your life to get a table there.

"Diversion? Oh, outside of making friends with the coons it's always fun to watch indignant Southern Gentlemen stamp out. They sort of punctuate the evening."

*Further Advice*

IT is the jolly custom at the Lido, still considering foreign parts, to change to another bathing suit after each swim—it is done under a large sheet made into a tent with the bather's head for a tent pole; that's what the Walrus, who was thereabouts, has to say about that—and one doesn't, one simply *doesn't* wear the same suit twice in a week. What an example to our sports-for-sports-sake girls who present themselves in the same two piece suit all summer long! *Zut alors!* The Walrus could tell them something about that!

There was the lady, for instance—no it wasn't Mrs. Nash—who went to the Lido with a hundred and five bathing suits; but so carefully selected that they packed into one bag, all, and three beach robes besides. The Walrus, who is widely travelled, speaks at length and lyrically of the freight of that one bag. There was the black velvet one painted in red and amethyst, the gold fishnet one-piece embroidered discreetly in peacock blue and green. There were three batiked masterpieces, and a handpainted cubist *chef d'oeuvre*. There was the ribbed white silk one, and the green velvet one laced together—the Walrus says *apart*—at the sides.

There were twenty-seven stocking silk one-pieces in as many colors, the two piece woven of ribbons, the old-fashioned one with the ribbon frills, the silver cloth one with the signs of the Zodiac in appliqué, the

one with the pearl paillettes, there were the seven woolen suits *comme pour le sport*, five of them with cross stripes, the black taffeta one with the bouffant skirt and the orange underpinnings, and the one with a skirt of red and yellow cork beads over which the Walrus waxes ecstatic and can remember nothing more.

And why should he? From even this it is evident that *le sport pour le sport* is admirable, but there are also amenities.

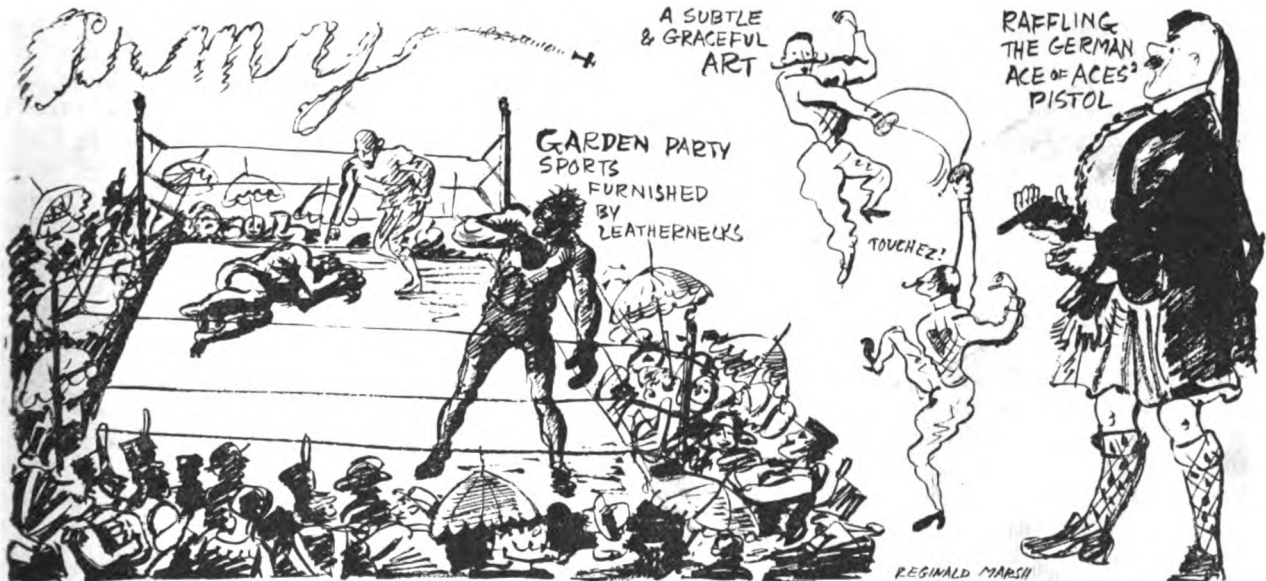
*Annoying Modesty*

COLONEL THOMAS E. LAWRENCE is modest to the point where it annoys; not merely acquaintances, but, in his case, a large public. It was he who, on a roving commission from the British government, organized the Arabs' resistance to the Turks and helped bring about the fall of Jerusalem. His accomplishments and his adventures therein never have been disclosed fully, except to the notoriously reticent British Foreign Office, although they are said by those in some degree familiar with their story to comprise the greatest individual deeds of this century; or, say some, of any other.

The records of his operations have been given by Col. Lawrence to the British Museum, there to repose sealed until fifty years after his death, when they will be available to historians.

Now, Col. Lawrence has written a book, whose title is "The Seven Pillars," and which deals with some of those amazing exploits of his during 1917-1918. The work will be published shortly after Christmas and it is limited, according to the publisher's guarded announcement, to editions, in England of one hundred copies, and in America of fifty, not all of which will be for sale. After the printing of this limited number, the type will be distributed.

What promises to be the most thrilling book of a decade, at least, confined to a total of 150 copies for both editions. It would seem a wild invention of press agency, this condition, were it not for Col. Lawrence's known and exasperating indifference to the



Party at Governor's Island

world's praise; and the earnest assurance of Doubleday, Page & Co., his American publishers, that none regrets the half hundred limit so much as they.

### Honest John Kelly's

THE wreckers have finished their work on the brownstone house that was Honest John Kelly's gambling establishment, next door to the Claridge. The last of the walls have been crumbled and the foundations are being cleared for new construction.

Honest John's was the last outright gambling establishment to exist in New York. It survived Canfield's and the raids of William Travers Jerome, not closing until the first rumbling of war echoed over Europe. Never as pretentious as Canfield's, it was, nevertheless, luxurious enough in appointments and it enjoyed an excellent patronage until, after years of police annoyance, it succumbed and closed its doors. Afterwards, the house endured various vicissitudes, the last of which was a two-year effort as a supper club, which proved fruitless.

The card room in Honest John's was maintained on what, in an old-fashioned private house, would have been the parlor floor. The walls were hung with many canvases, including one inevitable huge nude, but only one; the rest were marines, landscapes, still lifes and a few portraits of persons unknown, by artists scarcely less so. On the floor above, where the faro and roulette games flourished, the walls were done in heavy, rich, gold cloth of some sort, unrelieved by paintings.

Raids were frequent in the last years of Honest John's existence and police searches of the premises were many. But there must have been some secret store room in the building, so cunningly arranged as to foil the most thorough raiders, for, when the movers carted away the furnishings a few weeks ago, we observed them loading into their vans some strange pieces of furniture. These bore suspicious resemblance to such gambling paraphernalia as roulette wheels and tables, faro outfits and the like.

It is said that a theatre, the smallest in town, will be erected on the site, seating only 299 persons. Upon hearing this Mr. David H. Wallace commented that a sense of the proprieties would compel the management to open the playhouse with Singer's Midgets.

THERE are, of course, no elaborate gambling establishments in town now, although seekers after such diversion as roulette and faro offer may find it in apartments, on both the middle East and West sides. But these are small places, in the nature of things, and their appeal is more to a wild party of youths than to the silent, solitary and frequently solid individuals who studied the chances of the wheel in other times.

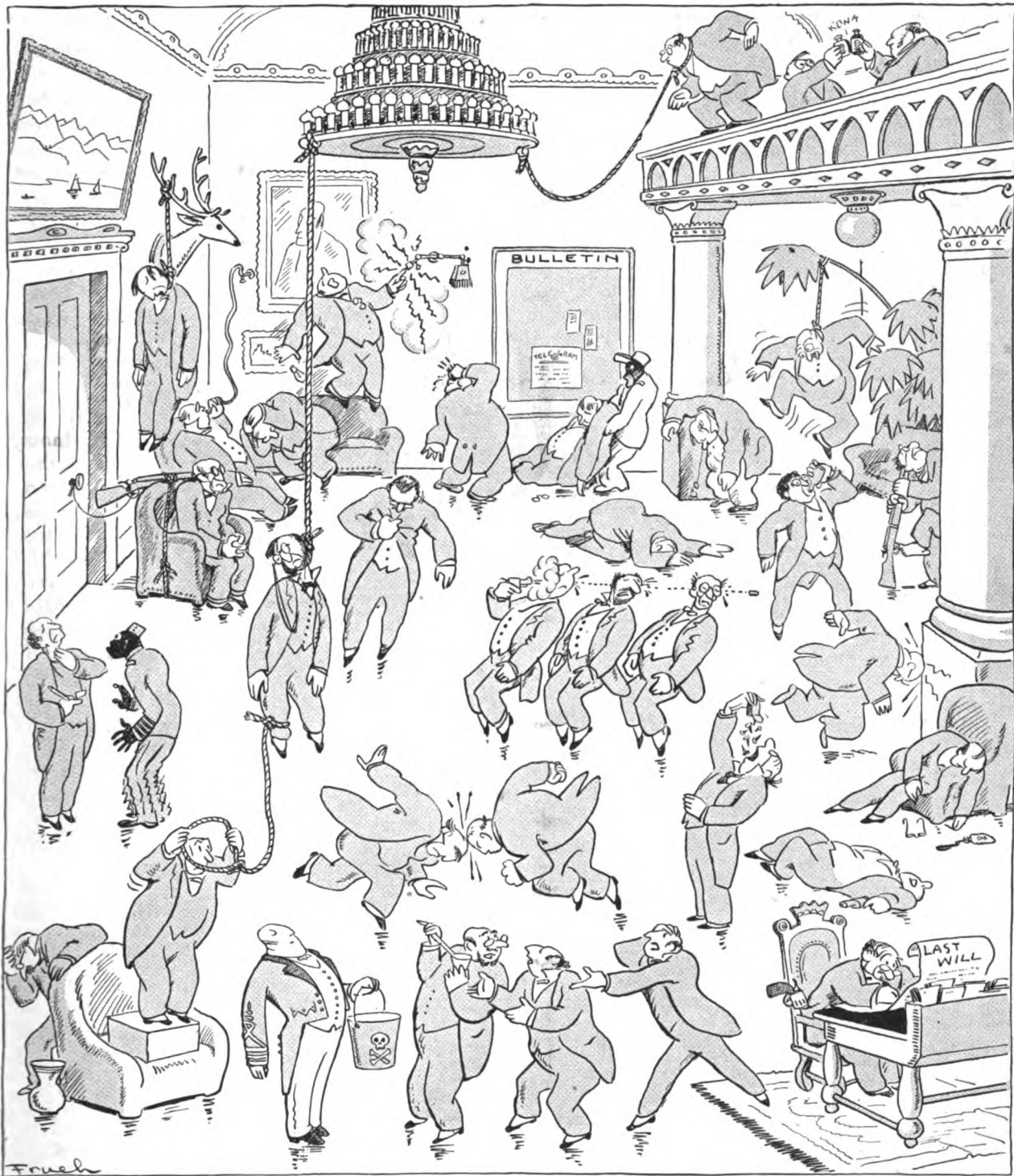
### In Our Midst—and Out

NEW detachments joining American Expeditionary Forces in Europe include: Dr. Alexis Carrel, master of surgery. Mr. George Gibbs of Gibbs's Literary Trust. Miss Anne Morgan, to look over some more devastation. Mr. Eddie Cantor, blackface golfer, and Mrs. Cantor. Mr. E. Ray Goetz, lyricist in waiting to Mlle. Irene Bordoni. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, to look at Fall lines in history. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, Ambassador, to make acquaintance of President Paul von Hindenburg. Mr. and Mrs. John N. Willys, automobiles, and daughter, Virginia. Mr. Alfred C. Knopf, to look over files of London *Mercury*, and Mrs. Knopf. Mr. Seamus MacManus, Free Stater. Mrs. Arthur Bodanzky, consort of conductor. Mr. George Arliss, interpreter of elder Briton. Mr. Joe Kirkwood and Mr. Macdonald Smith, to keep British Open open. Miss Minnie Dupree, decorative actress. Mrs. C. P. Hugo Schoell-

kopff, jewel fancier, to visit, it is hoped, Lloyd's. Mr. George Gaul, follower of Thespis. Mr. Clark Silvernail, likewise. Mr. Raymond Orteig, Brevoort and Lafayette, planning to fly back for glory, fun, honor and publicity. Mr. Joseph H. Widener, of turf and Rembrandt family. Sir Esme Howard, Ambassador from Court of St. James to Monastery of St. Calvin . . . In town for orange blossom season, Mr. Harry Kendall Thaw, *bon vivant* and volunteer fireman . . . Numbers of shiny sheepskins about. By grace of New York University, LL.D., Mr. Frank Andrew Munsey, author of "Afloat in a Great City," "The Boy Broker" and "Under Fire." Additional LL.D., without authorship, Col. Michael Freidsam, D.S.C., cable address Altman's . . . From Paris word of two plays by Miss Mercedes de Acosta produced by Miss Eva La Gallienne, played by bilingual company. Said that the French do not know their own language . . . Home again, Mr. Otto Kahn, patron of drama and defender of free speech after dinner. Greeted by son, Detective and Bandmaster Roger Wolfe Kahn . . . In town, also, temporarily, at least, after varying stays abroad, these: Mr. James W. Gerard, pining for more Kaisers to beard. Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., maker of skylines, and Mrs. Wrigley. Miss Evelyn Law, with toes, calves and high kicks. Mr. James Hussey, comedian Hebraic. Mr. George Pattullo, best American correspondent in late war, still member Second Corps, First Army, Lorimer Literary Forces. Mr. Charles Dillingham, hugging script of "These Charming People," and musing, one supposes, on Shelmerdyne. Herr Alfred Blumen, Austrian pianist. Mr. Richard Wyckoff, Wall Street's favorite author. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, sculptress of Titanic Memorial, to do as much for Duse. Mr. Harold F. McCormick, Mme. Ganna Walska's most dependable audience. Mr. Percy Hammond, with fresh







*News Reaches the Bar Association that the Stillmans, the Stokeses, and the Goulds Have Decided to Settle Their Differences Out of Court*

adjectives for forthcoming season of drama, and Mrs. Hammond . . . Overheard, lately, in front of Palace Theatre, a voice, crying, "Dearie, it's stifling. There ain't a bit of atmosphere in the air" . . . To appear on speaking stage, where there is no Hays, by grace of Mr. A. H. Woods, Miss Mabel Normand, late victim of circumstances . . . In Balkans, seeking operatic material, Mr. Arthur Train, literary law expert . . . Shaking a knee in shaking Hollywood, Miss Ann Pennington, at luncheon to Handsome Rodolph. She to appear on screen with Mr. Tom Mix, Tony and nine-gallon hats . . . For London, to enliven the

Kit-Kat Club, those Sisters Dolly, Madame Sophie Tucker, juvenile, Mr. Ted Lewis, shy jazzist, Mr. Brooke Johns and banjo . . . In Moscow, forwarded by Mr. Morris Gest, petition to allow visit here of members of Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. Number of signatures appended, 21,436, without consulting second section of telephone directory . . . In town, looking for job as chauffeur, Prince Basile Swiatopolk-Mirski, late of Russia. Prospective employers should address applications for interview, care of Hotel Shelton . . . Mayor Hylan guest of honor at one of Mayor Hylan's Dinners.—*The New Yorkers*

# BETTER BANDITRY

I'M from the West; I lose my temper easily and, in regard to one certain subject, I have kept silent just about as long as I can. I don't like the way in which New York City conducts its business of banditry!

Of course it isn't any of my affair, but why, in the name of Commissioner Enright and the rest, for they are all, all, honorable men, are not the hold-uppers and the hi-jackers and the daylight, as well as the flashlight, robbers in this civilized community encouraged to do their work in a manner that is artistic and picturesque? Rotary, Kiwanis, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Theatre Guild and Will Hays ought to get together and devise a code of ethics—Rotary is especially long on ethics—to which all would-be and actually-are members of the dishonest and unlawful, but regularly recognized and respected profession of robbery should be made to adhere.

If some such action as this is not taken, just think what a reputation New York City will have in the eyes of future generations! It will be awful, and the Manhattanite's grandchildren will think a lot of him, won't they (?), when they look back into the record and see where the Madison Avenue specialists, in the year 1925, adopted the system of robbing a shopkeeper first and then, in order to prevent immodest pursuit, taking his pants off and carrying them along with the rest of his valuables. Posterity will be deeply interested in reading about such indelicate carryings on as this, and the only grain of comfort the present day New Yorker can get out of the situation is that from the perusal of this kind of high class literature the youth of the future will know why it was that, in this present generation, men, especially all who worked in jewelry stores, began to have their shirt tails embroidered and to wear rosettes on their B.V.D.'s.

Then, take another case; one that was reported in the *World* on the morning of May 28. Read this one and weep because it is a disgrace that such a thing should have occurred in a city which has for years struggled along under the intellectual animadversions of the two great columnists, William J. Bryan and Heywood Broun.

Dennis O'Brien, peaceable citizen and storekeeper, was calmly putting away his money when in walked

a stranger who rudely cried: "Throw up your hands!" Being badly scared O'Brien threw up a can of peas instead, but as this missile missed the intruder he followed it quickly with a varied assortment of other kinds of foodstuffs. Some of this barrage landed squarely and the infuriated robber retaliated with pears and peaches. It must have been a fine sight!

The combat waged hotter. O'Brien brought up heavy artillery of a larger calibre, disgorged two-pound cans instead of one-pounders, and the bandit, who later said he dwelt in Featherbed Lane but felt that he was a long way from it, beat a hasty retreat, heavily bespattered with everything that goes to make up a square meal. O'Brien went in pursuit and Policeman Christ, who happened to be standing on the corner of 135th Street, joined in the chase. The inartistic criminal dived into a tenement and when he attempted to dive out, at the rear, he landed fairly and squarely in the bosom of Christ. "Safe at last, in the arms of the police," murmured the fugitive as he was led away.

It would be much better, I think—and for that reason I have included the Theatre Guild and Will Hays in my suggested list of reformers—if New York would only go back to the good old days of the Golden West and do its banditry after some accepted and approved fashion. The stage—in fact a hundred of them—is already set for the improvement. Tom Mix and Will Rogers, who have been stage robbers for years, are both in town to coach the beginners.

This suggestion will, I am quite sure, meet with the hearty approval of Mayor Hylan. His Honor—although I have never heard anybody else call him that—every time he has opened his mouth for the last thirty days has said he is not in favor of the crude form of robbery which, he asserts, is now being practised throughout his dominions and that there must be a radical change. If my suggestion is adopted there will be. Regularly organized bands of bandits can "stick up" the buses in fine fashion. They can wear high boots, big hats and bandana handkerchiefs; carry smelling salts with which to revive the women, six shooters with which to convince the men and Union Cards with which to protect themselves. They can commit acts of devilry with one hand and chivalry with the other; and, in the end, they can die, leaving behind them a record which all men can reverence.—Owen P. White



# PROFILES

## After June 30, the Deluge

RECENTLY the by no means reluctant newspapers of the land broke out in a rash of advertisements wherein large type shouted aloud the dreadful proclamation:

"After June 30, I quit.

"HALDEMAN-JULIUS"

And underneath were obligingly printed the names of several hundred Little Blue Books which (in what became, by delicate implication, a fast-waning interval) you might still buy at the alluring price of five cents a volume.

Doubtless, you know the Little Blue Books—essays by Emerson, La Fontaine, Bacon, Oscar Wilde and Haldeman-Julius; plays by Ibsen, Shakespeare, Euripides, Molière and Haldeman-Julius; poems by Goethe, Longfellow, Poe, Byron and—oh, yes—Haldeman-Julius—a vast wealth of classical literature almost imperceptibly interspersed (like laxative in apple sauce) with the works of Haldeman-Julius. And all at five cents a copy. For some years past, unless memory is up to one of its pranks, you have thus been offered your positively last chance, your irrevocably final opportunity to acquire a five foot shelf at five cents a copy. And now the announcements bear the tidings in that crisp and costly utterance:

"After June 30, I quit—Haldeman-Julius."

Alarmed as were the bookish fellows in old Alexandria when the Roman flames licked the foundations of the great library, affrighted at this prospect of popular price culture thus doomed in America (after June 30), this conscientious journal dispatched a foaming messenger to Girard, Kansas, that Home and Fountain Head of the Little Blue Books, seeking at most to dissuade Haldeman-Julius from such desertion of the great work, seeking at least to learn what he had on for July 1, say, or July 2.

The report from Girard was immensely reassuring. It is true that Haldeman-Julius will cease (at midnight on June 30) to edit the Little Blue Books, which, if they are to appear thereafter will have to do so under the editorial supervision of some presumably inadequate underling. For, beginning July 1—doubtless around one in the morning—the young master himself will turn his now celebrated attention to the editing and publishing of Big Blue Books—bigger and bluer and purchasable at fifty cents a volume.

Of the Little Blue Books, one thousand titles have been published. You may be interested to know which

of the thousand titles proved the best seller. It was "Æsop's Fables." In fiction, the most popular was Gautier's "One of Cleopatra's Nights." In humor, "The Jumping Frog"—that most humorless of all Mark Twain's efforts—led all the rest. The best seller in poetry was Omar Khayyam. The best seller in biography was Bowers's "Life of Lincoln." In science, it was William J. Fielding's book on psycho-analysis. In drama, it was Ibsen's "A Doll's House." All told, Haldeman-Julius has sold 75,000,000 volumes. And now that's that.

As the fateful June 30 approaches, you may be moved to ask who this Haldeman-Julius is. And why, of all places, Girard, Kansas? That second question of yours is happily put. Thereby hangs a tale. For if it had not been for the idea which a feebly struggling young actress, lodged at the Three Arts Club in New York, was suspected of entertaining on the subject of Girard, Kansas, the name of Mr. Haldeman-Julius might be entirely unknown to-day and most certainly would have been plain Mr. Julius. And the Little Blue Books might never have been published at all.

The struggling young actress aforesaid, who averted this calamity, was Marcet Haldeman. She had rebelled at the confines of Girard and come on to New York to go on the stage. She was the daughter of Girard's foremost and wealthiest citizen, but she did not like Kansas. The elder Haldeman—physician, banker, musician, philosopher, autocrat of the little Kansas town and holder of formidable mortgages on the farmlands roundabout—had died and Marcet, under the stage name of Jeanne Marcet, was braving it out alone at the Three Arts Club, along with Margaret Wilson, Gilda Varesi and other aspirants for the glory that was Broadway and the grandeur that was Times Square.

Then came news from Girard that Mrs. Haldeman had died. A wise and gracious lady was Mrs. Haldeman, less celebrated in the outside world than her sister, Jane Addams of Hull House, but not less highly regarded in Girard. It is possible that she had small confidence in her daughter's career as an actress: it is certain she had great patience with it. To Marcet she willed the Haldeman fortune, with no stipulations dictated by the inordinate vanity of the dead. She left it all to her daughter with a single condition. Marcet



E. Haldeman-Julius

was to enter into her inheritance only after she had dwelt for a whole year in Girard. If, thereafter, she preferred New York and the hard benches of the managers' waiting rooms, it would at least not be because she did not really know how pleasant life could be in Girard, especially if one lived in its finest house and in the Spring twilight could motor out along the new roads and look at all the newly planted fields on which one held the mortgages.

So Marcet put away her make-up and costumes, packed the old batik in the bottom of her trunk and started for Girard. It may well be that in the back of her mind some such phrase as "After June 30, I quit" formed in the rhythm of the wheels as the train roared its way from the Three Arts Club to Kansas. And if she is still in Girard, as, at last accounts, she most abundantly and completely was, it was less due to the insidious comfort of that little city or to the agreeable mortgages held in the name of Haldeman on its abundant environs. It was due rather to Emanuel Julius.

Emanuel Julius was a young, swarthy, eventful, challenging, compelling, unforgettable Jew from Philadelphia who had been working stormily as a reporter on that erstwhile daily, the *New York Call*, at fifteen dollars a week when he heard there was a job for the likes of him on the *Appeal to Reason*, the famous Socialist weekly, which was published in Girard because its editor happened to live there. So Julius migrated and he was settling in the town when Marcet came home.

The rest—the courtship, the marriage, the children,

the hyphenated name legally established by court order, the purchase of large shares in the *Appeal to Reason*, the mollifying of that once bitter weekly into the present reasonable publication known, oddly enough, as the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, the expansion of the modest printing plant into the vast, cunningly integrated and brilliantly competent establishment which has turned out 75,000,000 Little Blue Books (figures furnished by E. Haldeman-Julius) and which now stands straining at the leash, impatient for the word of command which will start the presses whirring on no one knows how many Bigger Blue Books—all this has followed by the simple process of nature taking its course.

You who read this may be tinged with that easy cynicism which would hastily think of Emanuel Julius as one who has sold out to Mammon, contrasting the passionate Socialism of that threadbare reporter on the *Call* with the mellowed utterances of the solid citizen who dwells in the manorial house on the edge of Girard and lords it over a plant so efficient that its capacity for culture can be measured almost to the page. But you would be jumping too hastily to conclusions. You would not be taking into account the admirable short stories on which Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius collaborated for the *Atlantic Monthly* or the novel "Dust" they wrote together for Brentano's. Or the crusader's pride the whilom reporter of the *Call* feels, when in a subway, he sees a workman settle back on his strap and reach automatically to the pocket where he keeps his Little Blue Book.

—Alexander Woollcott



## OF ALL THINGS



IN these days of theological peril somebody might do well by writing a book, "What to believe till the doctor of divinity comes."

\* \* \*

Bernard Shaw denounces the Bryan propaganda as infantilism. The Garden of Eden method *does* seem a childish way for an important God to create an important world.

\* \* \*

"You have given your pledge to the land of the free," the President told the Norwegians in Minnesota. How much better that is than the land of the ski and the home of the Scandianave.

\* \* \*

A social event worth going miles to see would be Senator Borah being presented at the World Court.

According to the N. Y. State Hospital Commission, the number of people sent to insane asylums by whisky is three times as great as just before prohibition. On the other hand, savings banks deposits have greatly increased. This gives us both sides of the picture; we have more dollars and less sense.

\* \* \*

Senator Wheeler is shortly to be tried in Washington on the same old charge. This is what is known in legal parlance as a two-piece suit.

\* \* \*

No doubt Irving Berlin, like the Mackays, was annoyed by the false rumor of his engagement, but in denying the report he managed to mention the title of four of his songs, four Marx Brothers, one Sam Harris and

the Music Box Review. It's an ill wind that has no Berlin silver lining.

\* \* \*

France does not seem to be doing so well in Morocco these days. Those second hand wars are never entirely satisfactory.

\* \* \*

"Coolidge Sure of Patriotism of Northwest," says the *Herald Tribune*. There is a presumptuous, overbearing, insolent quality to that idea that sounds much more like the *H.T.* than like C.C.

\* \* \*

The British, we hear, are planning to pay their war debt to the United States with rubber. At last we are to realize the economist's dream of an elastic currency.—Howard Brubaker

# AGAINST TOBACCO

I BELIEVE any student of America will admit that Prohibition of *something* has become necessary to her life. Having once known the joy of declaring war on human nature and expending her vast energy and resources upon the dual course of breaking an impossible law and of enforcing it, it is absurd to dream that America ever will return to the dull ways of Europe, where laws are fashioned after the prosaic philosophy of common sense.

We have a right to assume that Prohibition will stay: at least, until some dim future when America ceases to be a gigantic child. Prohibition meantime must serve us as a sort of game, easing our perversities and channeling and exhausting our energy which we have not yet learned a better way to spend. The question, then, is merely whether perhaps a better object for Prohibition might be found than alcoholic drinks.

For a number of reasons, ranging from the metaphysical to the dietetic, I propose Tobacco. Tobacco has come to be used by us, almost exclusively as a means for producing smoke. Snuff has gone out, save in the aboriginal South. And the chew, possibly because it is the most vital of its uses, is frowned upon, not by ineffectual law but by imperious custom, and is waning. Now, tobacco smoke is obtained by burning the tobacco. Fire killeth. Take a flower and place it in a flame and you will see it shrivel. Smoke, moreover, is not the escaping life of the tobacco. Life, in the act of being burned to death, goes up in heat and flame. The smoke is the dross. The smoke is the gross waste matter that the fire, in its ecstasy of epuration, has rejected. This offal, but meagerly pungent with escaping essence, is what the smoker takes into his mouth, soaks through his sinus, and breathes into his lungs.

Against this sterile, this ephemeral matter cast from the burned tobacco, consider the substance of alcoholic drink! The juice of the grape or the grain is left in concentrated quiet, until it comes to life. Fermentation is a pregnancy; and the alcohol that comes of it is birth. Distillation is a sort of enhanced, excited pregnancy: a manner of inspiration. It is more intense, more spiritual than the slower process of fermenting. It results more richly in alcohol. It is related to the brew or to the birth of wine, as the deliberate act of art to the instinctive creativity of play or love. But both fermentation and distillation are fertile and life-bearing. They partake of the beneficent light of the sun; not of its immediate and killing fire. They are kin to the natural lucubrations and secretions of the

earth. Seed and soil, the labor of bacillus and enzyme go to this mysterious rite. And the child thereof is alcohol: alcohol, whose life is subtly transfused in the loamy life of the fruit itself or of the grain that has created it and is transfused by it.

Men for all ages have loved the alcohol wondrously indwelling in the blood of the grape and the corn. They have known why they loved it. The religious spirit with which, from the Rig-Veda to the Roman Church, wine has been presciently endowed proves man's awareness of this fertile magic. To imbibe juice quickened by ferment or distilling is indeed to absorb the life-force, the god-spirit. To take too

much is naturally to grow mad—or to become unfitted (another term for the same thing) to human usage. This is no argument against the wine, although the transcendentals of all ages have made it an argument against the business of mundane living. "Behold," say the drunkards, "this natural world of appearance which you so seriously adore is a thing so pitiful that a few drops of wine give it the lie: and a few drops more take it quite away."

I am not of this school. I hold that the divine should be constantly transfused through human life, even as the alcohol is constantly transfused throughout the juice. Wine should be drunk to fit man for life and love, not to unfit him.

But in all solemnity I declare that the people which puts a ban upon this soluble, imbibable form of the life-process shuts itself dangerously off from an immortal highway to fertile realms.

Smoke of the killed tobacco has the dull caress of death: it is a shrouded kiss. It is grey, it is the negative of fire. It is at best the aftermath of flame. A little of it brings sleep to the exquisite diseases of the soul upon which genius feeds. A little of it, indeed, is peace; and as such the Indians in their vivid culture used it. But much of it is a blanket to life, a sedative. And to make of it a substitute for the alcoholic drink—that living substance—is perverse. It is a courting of death in lieu of life. It is a spiritual sodomy.

Consider two peoples who for different causes did not use alcohol. The North American Indian did not know its virtue. He lived on the landside. He did not need it. The fermenting processes of sun and soil and seed soaked in his flesh, informed his song and dance. On the other hand, the Arabs knew alcohol, but their Prophet forbade its use. Mohammed was bent upon the making of a practical, mechanically-perfect people—a people that was an Army. He succeeded. He suppressed alcohol, whose diony-



sian life would have impeded the Machine of his ambition. But Islam built cities. And cities, without alcohol, are cities without the fields and the sun. Islam grew sterile. It took to tobacco and to sweetmeats as a substitute for the life-juice. Its sterility became as death.

Let us beware! We, too, are taking the grey smoke as a surrogate for the radiant white spirit that burns in the wine and the mead. We, too, are giving ourselves to the gross intoxications of sweets, in place of the profounder mystery of the wife.

Of course, in offering to the metaphysical consideration of our Congressmen the choice of tobacco to prohibit in place of drink, I do not propose that no tobacco should be smoked in the United States; any more than to-day there is no alcohol drunk. This brings me to the second point of my pleading.

Tobacco prohibition will keep the Government agencies even busier than they are to-day. Liquor is hard to transport in concealment, owing to the need of bulky, brittle bottles. Tobacco can be packed in any shape. It will lend itself to infinite varieties of smuggling. More, it will stimulate our Burbanks to fresh

splendors of invention.

In all the windows of our cities, there will grow tobacco leaves, masquerading with geranium blossoms. In all our suburban gardens—and how many more there will be!—tobacco will nestle under pea vines and tomato bushes. Men will pack the leaf in their wallets. Restaurants will provide the makings in their sugar bowls. Fair women will conceal smokes in vanity bags, in brassieres and in knee-top stockings. The delights of search will be heightened. Indeed, the whole adult population will have to be drafted into the delicious service of Enforcement.

Our economic and psychologic problems will be solved. With one hand America will earn bootleg fortunes; with the other, spend the revenues of the land fighting and searching the smugglers. And since the whole of our intellectual energy will be devoted (1) to devising methods of getting the weed and (2) to devising methods of enforcing the law against it, we shall be a happy people. For we shall be a people (Is it not our present tendency and our ideal?) utterly free of all abstract thought and of all fruitless action.

—Search-light

## RADIO SANS STATIC

**W**JZ . . . KWB . . . WCCO . WJZ . . . WBBX . . .  
 WOR . . . KWB . . . WEAJ . . . WEAJ . . .  
 WBDA . . . G.G.G. . . . L.M.N. . . . I.X.B.U.  
 V.W.Y.L.Y.T. announcing . . . U.Y.D. announcing . . .  
 U.V.D. announcing . . . our next number will be . . .  
 our next number will be . . . our next number will be . . .  
 . . . good evening folks . . . good evening folks . . .  
 good evening folks . . .

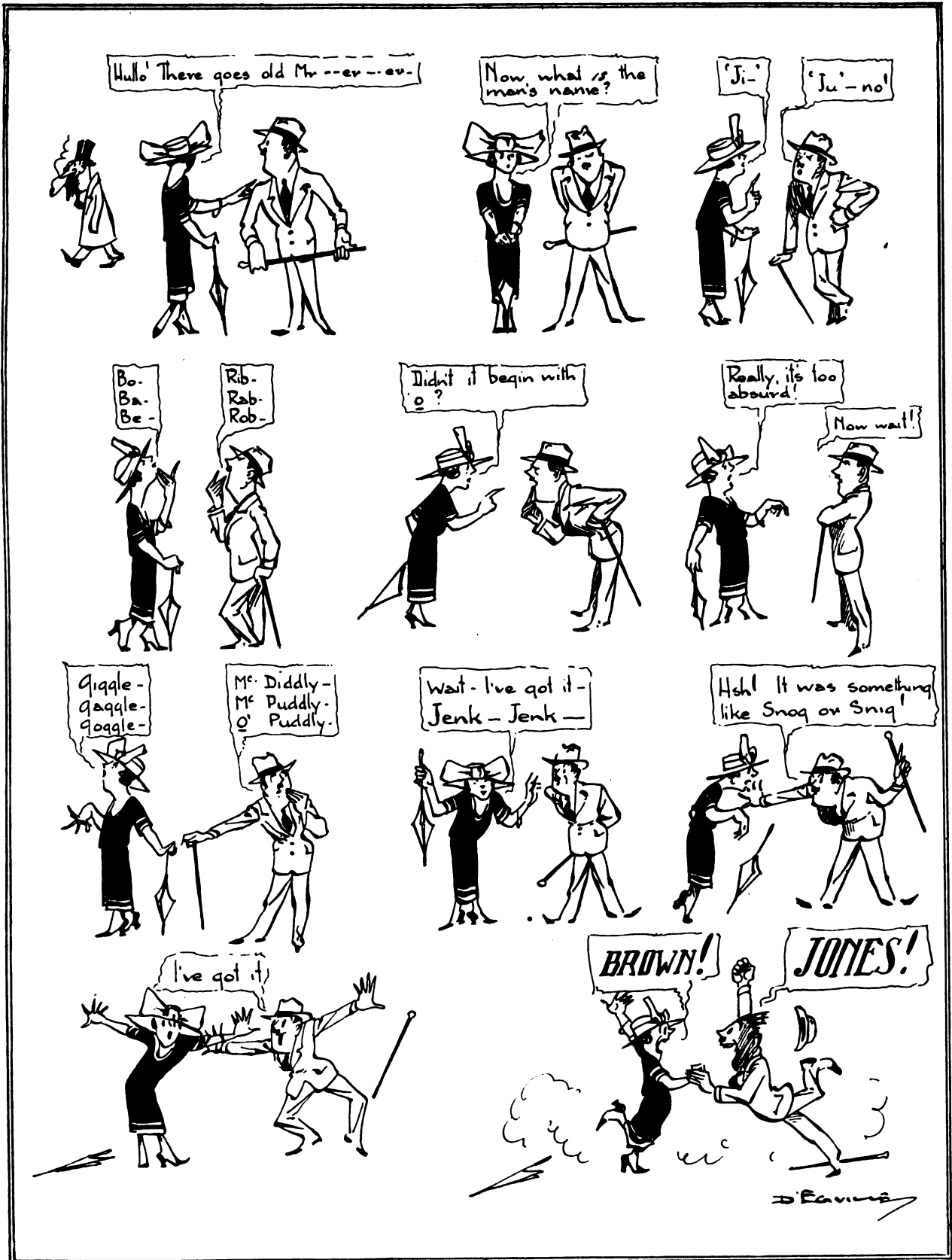
WLS . . . WYNC . . . RHV . . . RGTS . . . TRYODGHB  
 . . . signing on signing off . . . good night . . . good day . . .  
 . . . goodbye . . . mama gotta new poppa . . . our next  
 number will be . . . Cornhusker's Trio . . . American  
 Shoeleather . . . 65 $\frac{1}{4}$  . . . Flying Dutchman Rubbercollars . . .  
 76 $\frac{3}{8}$  . . . Andrew Woodenhead . . .  
 tenor . . . mighty like a rose . . . mamma's got what  
 pappa wants . . . mammy . . . mammy . . . mammy . . .  
 and the bad old witch says to Johnny Adenoids what  
 a nice little banana you turned out to be and the  
 grumpy old opossum . . .

All art is a matter of morality . . . what isn't moral  
 isn't art . . . my good people you must give up drink-  
 ing, smoking and believe in . . . United Flatheads . . .  
 . . . 78 1-700 . . . Yucatan Chewing Rubber . . .  
 7658 1-9 . . . Special concert program of Miss Har-  
 riet Spiegelhausen coloratura alta escalator tenor of  
 the Biegelbaum Furniture Glee Club Association . . .  
 bend six times to the waist . . . raise the hips and lower  
 the eyebrows . . . one . . . two . . . six . . . one two six . . .  
 . . . one two six . . . one two six . . . signing off for  
 the night . . . cloudy and somewhat cooler in the . . .  
 Cleveland, 6 . . . New York, 2 . . . Katarina, my  
 Katarina . . . classical program of Lithuanian folk  
 dance music . . . closed at 56 1-5 . . . unhand me,  
 woman . . . you shall not have my husband I'll not

give him up . . . you must—we love each other . . .  
 over my dead body do you get him . . . and the people  
 of India have the quaintest custom . . . I have seen  
 them fry the tiny children before eating them on salad . . .  
 . . . good night folks . . . hello folks . . . good night  
 folks . . . we stick together like sap to the tree me and  
 the boy friend . . . kiss me again . . . sweetie . . .  
 daddie . . . big fat mamma . . . last number was Saint  
 Saens's "Swan" . . . Chiropractic hour of music next . . .

The crude material is collected by stripping the  
 onion skin from the *Glyphantum Palagantus* and  
 transported on the backs of one eyed camels across  
 the desert . . . The Jazz Kids themselves will render  
 by popular . . . the Goodnight man wishes every little  
 Soldier and little Lady a big goodnight with all the  
 stars thrown in . . . and American profits on goods  
 sold to the native Armenians amounted to 65 percent  
 per capita as against the 67 percent of the year . . .  
 so we took the canoe and toted it twenty eight versts  
 or six inches across the living crater at Frispa . . . and  
 a star to little Fanny Schvump who is always being  
 sweet to her dear mother and father and now the  
 Candy stick man . . . come kiss papa . . . hard hearted  
 hannah . . . Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty . . .  
 Did you ever hear the one about the two Irishmen . . .  
 the best way to approach a customer is to get a button-  
 hole hold . . . go-get him . . . that's the thing . . .  
 . . . sticktoitiveness is where you make your start . . . home  
 study course number six . . . signing on Cleveland . . .  
 . . . signing off San Fransicco . . . signing on . . . Zanzibar  
 . . . signing on Siberia . . . signing off Universe . . .  
 New York . . . Chicago . . . Heaven . . . blah . . .  
 blah . . . blah . . . blah . . . blah . . .

—Nettles



The Memory Course Graduates

# THE WHY OF GENIUS

**T**HE evolution of a Genius in the Republic has become almost as standardized as the annual installation of officers in the Elks. A genius, it has been decided upon, (I am not certain who did the deciding—probably Mr. Will Hays) a Genius is a personage whose talents offer neutral ground on which the Intelligentsia and the Rabble may foregather and rub noses.

Mark Twain, after convulsing the nation for twenty years with his high humor, became a Genius only after it was discovered that he was a second rate iconoclast and an atheist at heart. Flo Ziegfeld became known as a Genius when it began to be bruited about that his father was a gentleman who hated popular music and devoted his evenings to playing Beethoven on the cello. Morrie Gest became a Genius when the news leaked out that Professor Max Reinhardt was writing him personal letters. Next year Ring Lardner will write a brochure on the technique of Gertie Stein and clench his status as a Genius with the editors of the *Dial*.

There are cases without number, but the most interesting, perhaps, viewed from the clinical side, is that of the evolution of Charlie Chaplin's genius. In the years of his greatest popular success Charlie was thousands of miles away from being a Genius. The millions who came away from his pictures with their sides sore from laughing, identified him as a Riot and a Knock Out. But no Genius.

And to the highy tighty citizenry consecrated to the finer things of life, Charlie was no Genius, either. He was, in fact, a low, nauseating fellow who thought that custard pies were funny as an ornament for the face. It sounds preposterous at the moment, but the correct social thing to say about Charlie between the years 1913 and 1917 was, "Oh I can't stand him at all. He's so vulgar and duhrty."

And then presto! there arrived astride a purple mantled charger—Charlie's Genius. The new evaluation of Charlie launched in about 1918 was not so mysterious a thing as it seems. It followed the rules to a dot. Mr. Chaplin became a Genius not because he was an excellent pantomimist with a first rate sense of dramatic clowning, but because he was a befuddled Socialist with the moon struck soul of a Booth Tarkington boy hero. The highy tighty minority, when it discovered that Charlie read good books and used long words and was interested on the side in Art (in fact, in *The Arts*), was flattered into a state of hysterical silliness—and still is.

The idea of so tremendously popular a figure interesting himself in (and thereby vindicating in an involved social way) the highfalutin preoccupations of

the Intelligentsia knocked the latter for a row of Ivory Towers. The Intelligentsia, be it known, are a collection of superior souls who are always being viciously derided by their inferiors. People like Irvin Cobb are continually, out of a sense of inferiority, picking on them and emitting loud and malicious horse laughs right in their faces.

When so representative a mob favorite as Mr. Chaplin not only approved but seemed to share their superior soul states, the Intelligentsia naturally felt that they had scored a vital victory over their detractors and deriders—a victory, so to speak, behind the lines. If Henry Ford were to come out to-morrow and declare that the Jews were the greatest and finest people on earth the B'nai Brith would obviously issue a special edition of its lodge organ proclaiming Mr. Ford a Genius. Similarly, the Intelligentsia gathered Mr. Chaplin to its bruised bosom and labelled him Genius.



Charlie's rise from Knock Out and Riot to Genius in the eyes of the crowd has been equally amusing. The crowd and its Irvin Cobbs, suffering from the accusations of the Intelligentsia and secretly envious of these superior folks, awoke gradually to the fact that Charlie was a Great Reader and full of terribly highfalutin and unintelligible ideas. A delightful sensation stirred in the bosoms of the millions who loved Charlie as a clown. The idea of a Superior Person—in fact, an Intelligentsia all by himself—devoting his energies to the entertainment of the masses aroused in them the sense of gratitude which people have for those who increase their pride.

What is meant is that Charlie, being a three ring Intelligentsia all by himself, enabled the mob to say, "Here is a Great Reader and a Deep Thinker who don't look down on us."

Chaplin's genius as a result is to-day the largest plot of neutral ground on which the Consecrated Ones and the Unconsecrated Ones can foregather to rub noses. The Intelligentsia will admire Charlie's art as a clown if the rabble will venerate his moonlit soul and thus everybody will be happy for the moment, being Just Folks together. Which, to conclude the matter, is one of the chief functions of Genius in an inferiority embittered Republic.—*Ben Hecht*

"Pinafore" is to be given a large scale production at the Polo Grounds in July and the field will be a representation of Portsmouth Harbor. Here's hoping that the game will not have to be postponed on account of wet harbor.



## CURBSTONE ART: GROUPING

*A Further Study of Fugitive Art*



*Typical Curbstone Art*

**A**MID scenes that have been unequalled since the famous Astor House Riot, while shrieking women and clamoring children stormed the doors of the Museum, Cleveland Van R. Pulse made his heralded appearance before the Art Society last night (*applause*), laid before them the facts of Curbstone Art (*cheers*) and in an impassioned address showed the hold this hitherto-undiscovered branch of Fugitive Art has upon the people of New York (*pandemonium, cat-calls, and cries of "Hylan for Mayor!"*) Artists said afterwards you could have knocked them over with a ten-ton truck.

All day long Mr. Pulse had been carrying ash cans and garbage cans and cans and cans into the Museum, while the police held back the surging lines; and by the time the meeting was called his display was ready.

"Where in this city," demanded Mr. Pulse, (this same Mr. Pulse, who married Aunt Em) "where can you find the struggle for self-expression that lurks in this display of cans, ashes, garbage and cats arranged at your very curb? What a sense of mass! What a feeling for grouping dominates the feigned carelessness with which your artist couples barrel and box, basket and newspaper bundle, the dark brown of coffee grounds mingling with the flashing yellow of a half grapefruit or the shell-pink of a watermelon rind. What a story is told, of the gaiety that was last night—the ice cream wrappers and the lobster claw!"

It seems Mr. Pulse has been a collector all his life, in one way or another. He began collecting for the city, in the D. S. C. branch, and it was this work as a white wing that first brought him into daily contact with Curbstone Art. Mr. Pulse was a great follower of horses in those dark days, and his painstaking work with the brush earned him a considerable reputation. After his apprenticeship had satisfied the Department, he was allowed to gratify his ambition as a real collector. To this end the city furnished him with a handsome motor truck and several foreign assistants named Tony.

Mr. Pulse declares that while the Park Avenue groups furnish greater quantity and variety, it is in the Delancey Street section he finds the deepest love for

this art. "Here there is a genuine affection for curbstone groups," declares Mr. Pulse, "and long after Artists have set out their exhibits people will remain picking over the group, rearranging the contents carefully."—*Corey Ford*

### On the Bus

"—so I sez, Mr. Stickle, I sez, I been woikin' for the foirm for 15 yeahs sittin' at my desk day afteh day, day afteh day, I sez, woikin' my head off like a fool. Why, I sez, there wasn't a fella that didn't come to me every day with his troubles, I sez, big or little, they'd all come to me. You'd think I was a mother or somethin', the way they'd come to me, I sez. For 15 yeahs I sat there and this is all the thanks I get, I sez. I know what you done, sez Mr. Sickle. And I sez, Mr. Sickle, I sez, I sez—."

"—and ya vanta go on the stage. Say I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I'll fix it up for ya. Ya vanta act? Yeah, I can fix it up for ya. I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I should live so, I can fix it up for ya, I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I kin 'getcha a job in the chorus. Ven ya start in the stage ya gotta go first in the chorus. Yeh, I'll fix it for ya, I gotta friend with the Schubetts, yeh—."

"—yeah, an she was like a mother to her. The way she treated that pooah womin was somethin' terrible. Yeah, somethin' terrible the ways she treated that pooah womin. Ya oughta see, it was somethin' terrible the ways she treated that pooah womin. Yeah, she was like a mother to her and the way she treated that pooah womin, yeah, it was something—."

"—an' he sez to me, say dontchu get too fresh; an' I sez, I can't, I'm stale; an' he sez, dontchu know a gentleman when ya see one, an' I sez, yeah, but I don't see one; an' he sez, hey, ya think you're smart, an' I sez, well, I'd rather be smart than dumb; an' he sez, say you ain't gettin' personal are ya, an' I sez, if the cat's whiskis fit, wear them. An' he sez, th' fresh thing—."—*Hornet*



*Old Lady (rapturously):* "—and she got a studio on Fifth Avenue and she just created and created and created, and she sold all her creations to the Four Hundred."

## They Meet On the Subway

(Fortissimo)

"WELL, I'll be damned if it isn't Charlie Apple from Indianapolis——"

"Well, I'll be damned. John Skiver from the old town. Put it there."

"Well, I'll be damned. Glad ta see ya. Put it there."

"Well, I'll be damned, old Johnny. Glad ta see ya."

"Think of seeing you here. I'll be damned."

"Sure glad to see ya. How are ya? I'll be damned."

"Sure glad ta see you. I'll be damned, how are ya?"

"Well, I'll be damned. Gettin' off here, are you?"

"Surest thing ya know. I'll be damned. But how are ya?"

"Well, I'll be——"

And they both are so wrapped up in it that they fail to get off at their station. No moral.—T. S.

## Vaudeville Talk

VA: Where's that girl I always used to see you with?

VI: I don't go around with her any more.

VA: What's the trouble; did she throw you down?

VI: No, I married her.

VA: Well, well, well, is this the first time you have ever been married?

VI: No, it's the last time.

VA: No, no, didn't you have a wife the last time I saw you?

VI: Yes, but her husband asked me to give her up.

VA: And did you do it?

VI: Sure. You see it was Lent, and I wanted to give up something.

VA: What do you think of marriage as an institution?

VI: It's all right if you like institutions, the only difference between warden and wife is in the spelling.

VA: Oh, you just like to talk. Where would you be to-day if it wasn't for your wife?

VI: I'm not sure. I've got three or four good telephone numbers.

VA: Ah, it's a wonderful feeling to go home at night and have the little woman waiting for you.

VI: You bet it is, if it's a little woman, but if it's a big woman, it's dangerous.—Julius H. Marx

## The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



"What's the idea in always using my cream?"

"Well, it's only fair to use it where it's got a chance!"



### The Theatre

**T**HIS department herewith breaks down and openly confesses that it knows nothing at all about comedy. It doesn't even know the meaning of the word.

As might have been expected, we have become aware of this lack only after all the world was openly commenting on it. The break in the dyke occurred in the following manner.

On Saturday night, June 6, a negro musical comedy called "Lucky Sambo" opened at the Colonial. Among its other attractions, it has two comedians who are about as funny as anything that has come Broadwaywards in a long time. Of course, being negroes, they probably receive about \$100 a week—and this department is prepared to submit a list of six white comedians with one-tenth ability who receive over a thousand.

Anyway, the show went on its "Shuffle Along" course until there came a scene in which one of the comedians ordered the other to do this or that.

"I don't gotta do that at all," said the other. "I only gotta do two things in this life—stay dark and die."

The remark was greeted with much hilarity, and two reviewers—*Variety's* critic and Burns Mantle, of the *Daily News*—made special mention of it as among the show's funniest material.

To us it seemed about as funny as the famine in Russia in 1921 or the Herrin massacre. But we are ever one to confess ignorance where it is clearly proved on us and so we admit frankly that we're wrong. The remark, however, lacks a climax and so we submit to *Variety* and Mr. Mantle that they join us in a petition asking for hot irons to be applied regularly to the soles of the negro comedians' feet.

Outside of that, however, "Lucky Sambo" is a good negro musical comedy and does not further stray from its function of amusing you without making you think. There are, in particular, a dancer named Johnny Hudgins who has replaced Jim Barton in our affections and a chorus that does the "Charleston" as it should be done.

**T**HE sudden cold spell, of course, was not just so much velvet. If the heat had kept up a few days more, probably the producers of "The Right to Love" would have thought twice—or maybe once would have been enough—and not brought their show to town.

Some shows—let this henceforth be regarded as an

axiom—are so bad that they're funny and some shows are just bad enough to embarrass their audience. "The Right to Love" is not funny.

The plot concerns a woman whose mother seems to have been scared by "Madame X." Anyway, things are well into the second act before she tells little Rollo who bore him. And then little Rollo gets into a lot of trouble because a man is shot—a man whose mother, in turn, was scared by "The Cat and the Canary," because he is mortally wounded by a blank cartridge that goes off with a terrible bang—and that man, it develops, is Papa.

Well, the actual murderer is a fellow you never would have suspected in the world and if he calls this department as a witness when the trial is held, he's going to be able to show a perfect alibi.

Somebody sometime is going to make a fortune inventing a game that can be played by the audience while such shows as "The Right to Love" are being displayed. Something, perhaps, with a big competitive element, not too much strain on the brain, a chance for some gambling, and a dash of sex.

Until the game is perfected and made popular there should be a law.—H. J. M.

### Moving Pictures

**"D**ON Q," which had its Broadway premiere at the Globe theatre on Monday night, is cram full of Fairbanks acrobatics. Doug does everything but play a saxophone. All the leaps over walls, swings from windows and plunges on and off horses are here, plus a new stunt—the use of a long whip as a weapon. Doug handles this with the same accuracy that Buffalo Bill used to achieve with a rifle.

"Don Q," be it noted, is the son of the famous Zorro of "The Mark of Zorro." Don Q goes to Spain, meets the usual pretty señorita, has the unjust accusation of murder thrust upon him by an unscrupulous officer, but finally achieves vindication and the girl. It's the usual screen formula, although Fairbanks presents the whole thing with a great deal of zest. In fact, "Don Q" is highly entertaining most of the time, although it does not equal its predecessor of some seasons ago, "The Mark of Zorro." "Don Q" hasn't quite the spontaneity of "Zorro." Still, it is good Summer amusement.

The best performance of the picture is contributed by Warner Oland, who plays an archduke, a sort of royal dim wit, to the hilt.

"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?" Alice Duer Miller's story of middle age marriage and its attending mishaps, has reached the screen with a good measure of intelligent direction, not to mention an excellent acting cast.

Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, both excellent celluloid players, enact the married couple, and the erstwhile Peter Pan, Betty Bronson, plays their daughter—the twentieth century ch-e-ild who reunited 'em. It is safe to say now that her Peter Pan was no accident. Miss Bronson plays her with the same vibrant spirit of youth plus an added silver screen assurance.

Incidentally, "Are Parents People?" is the first serious film venture of one Mal. St. Claire, who has been making two reel slapstick comedies for years. St. Claire can throw a subtlety just as far as he could a custard pie.

WE regret to report dire things regarding John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." It has just been jelled into celluloid by Barbara La Marr, as horrible a fate as one could wish upon a defenseless novel. It is all dreadful—unless you are a lover of the gruesome. In that case the La Marr as Fleur Forsyte may give you a ghoulish giggle or two.

### Art

WE would urge upon you all a visit to the Grand Central Galleries to see the current exhibition of Anders Zorn. Firstly, because collections as complete as this one seldom are assembled for the multitude and secondly, because in a country that produced Roosevelt, Zorn is sure to be appreciated. For Zorn is your Rough Rider of painters. He has gusto, color, blatancy and he wields the big stick. A walk around the galleries is almost as refreshing as a visit to Coney Island and certainly cooler.

Funny thing about Zorn, Sargent and others of that school. Their love of color is so great that we almost forget our pet idea—imagination—and set about to admire and praise. A second visit usually brings us to our senses, or prejudices, or something and we go back to our original tenet, that a great painter must also have a great vision. We saw this show, or the show of which this is a part, in the Pittsburgh International last Winter. It was on a gloomy, usual Pittsburgh day and we marvelled at the blare of color and movement that shone out of the fog of the smoky Institute. But Zorn amid the circus trappings of the big top in the Grand Central Station seems not so rampant. Some of the vividness and life is lost in the glitter of the gold walls and high incandescence of Mr. Clark's pay-as-you-enter emporium.

Anders Zorn was a great representative, of that there can be no dispute. And because he lived a full life and knew its meaning, his representative paintings have a warming effect even upon those of us who follow after the latent rather than the manifest content. At the least, the man had guts and never grew squeamish in execution. We once viewed a Zorn show with a young man who was not especially an art addict. As we passed canvas after canvas of glistening flesh our friend shook his head and muttered, "That fellow always got up before the girls." Of the generous nudes about in the current show we like best the painting of the two girls taking their

bath in front of the open fire. It is a tour de force that catches the casual as well as the technician. The quality of the reflection of fire on the wet skin is certainly a bit of slick painting. His idealizations in the nude are also lovely to behold, now that the barrooms are closed and there's nothing to cool us in the hot weather.

Where Zorn plays a bit with composition and departs from the accepted A, B, or C, of arrangement he gives a better picture. "Rowing to Church" and "In My Gondola," we have in mind, uses of masses and arrangement that he seldom employed. And when it came to movement Zorn was at his best. The "Peasant Dance

in Gopsmor" is a fine example of the artist painting in a familiar medium and yet bringing in a bit of imagination. There is fire and excitement of the country people whirling out their amours in the atmosphere of the smoky room. "Breadmaking" and "The Brewery" are also of the category where the color and texture of the subject make you forget for the moment that it is merely representative painting in a pleasing form.

There is a room of the water colors in the exhibit. But none of the etchings. The few water colors have the same quality of the oils, vigor and loose handling. It is an interesting show and one that will doubtless not be collected again, the sources being so widespread. We would recommend it, whatever your school, as a worth-while chronicle of a vigorous, lusty man. And don't forget your dollar for admission.—M. P.

### Music

THE Great Jazz Controversy was clarified considerably by the "Popular Symphony Concert," offered in Philadelphia at the Wanamaker Auditorium on the hottest night in the world. The hospitable Dr. Alexander Russell provided for our relief eighty-five members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, four guest conductors, two pianists, an organist and



Ann Pennington

quantities of contemporary tunes, with an organ concerto tossed in as a bonus. You didn't have to pay your money, because admission was free, but you took your choice of a symphony built on popular themes, classical jazz, piano jazz, symphonic jazz, grill room jazz and primitive American dance rhythms. And then there was the organ concerto.

Granting allowances for the heat, the necessarily limited rehearsals and the difficulties involved in parking eighty-five men in a long, narrow gallery, this department came to the conclusion that jazz must develop its own forms. The most spontaneous segment of the evening was the contribution of Ben Bernie, who led Mr. Stokowski's boys in his own "Sweet Georgia Brown" and J. Kenneth Sisson's "Bell-Hopping Blues," both hand-painted for the large band by Mr. Sisson.

Mr. Bernie was the least "legitimate" conductor on the program, but he succeeded in persuading the Philadelphia musicians to stamp their feet rhythmically. We thought that Señor Torello, the first double bass, stamped most musically, but we're open to arguments. The "maestro" took jazz for what it is, and it became something energizing and entertaining. Mr. Sisson's arrangements kept the music at its own level. It was jazz, not so pure and not so simple, but it was jazz on its own, not jazz masquerading as the spirit of Max Reger. Incidentally, Maestro Ben slipped into the orchestra his own trumpeter, Toots Bryan, of the gilded derby-mute, his trombonist and his hot saxophonist. All of the brothers were valiant, and the grilled audience klatsched tremendously.

The other contributions to the program were various dressings up of jazz. Eric Delamarter, vice-regent to Mr. Stock of Chicago, conducted his "Symphony, After Walt Whitman." Mr. Delamarter didn't confine his thematic material to jazz, and his second movement, founded on the Lonesome Tunes of Kentucky, was charming. The jazzier episodes were less successful, because Mr. Delamarter was too polite with his material. Jazz must be treated rough. The familiar Riesenfeld classical jazz, led by Willy Stahl, sounded a bit tame, for which we're inclined to blame the heat, if not the humidity. Gene Rode-mich of St. Louis introduced two elaboraté pieces of popular scoring

and led the orchestra with no little skill, although he obviously was embarrassed at the thought of conducting so distinguished an organization. The works seemed to prove chiefly that good orchestration sounds well, but they made good listening.

Three Characteristic Pieces in Rhythm by Eastwood Lane, scored by Messrs. Carver, Florida and Grofe, showed the possibilities of negro and Indian music. There are too few good short works for orchestra, and Mr. Lane's sketches should be welcomed by many a conductor. They are simple and effective, and create their moods unpretentiously. Messrs. Fairchild and Carroll played three of their well-known piano etudes, but we'll reserve discussion of the piano school for another Friday. Mr. Delamarter's concerto for organ and orchestra, with Palmer Christian operating the stops and pedals, made an impressive if inconsistent finale.—R. A. S.

### Books

"THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN" (*Dutton*) is as conventional in angle as Bodenheim is otherwise. Sheila Kaye-Smith has later ideas than—oh, Phillpotts's name comes handy—but doesn't make them much more uncomfortable than his to people who object to the new freedom. Indeed, this is the novel for those of such people who value literary quality and relish the born family man who suffereth long, served up in a brown sauce of sympathy. It shifts between Sussex and the island of Sark, on which it is consistently attractive. It has its share of both its author's days of heavy-handedness and of her hours when she can weave a spell.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S "The Crazy Fool" (*Seltzer*) plays horse with, among other things, Business Science, success stuff, the movies and magazine fiction. It is very funny and telling in spots, and perhaps it is because the things named have now had the eternal verities kidded out of them so often that we find it good Stewart only in spots and silly in the main.—*Touchstone*

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



NERMAN

# POLO



**P**OLO is the caviar of sport. Either you like it excessively, or you don't like it all. As with caviar, you can learn to like it, and in case you don't care over much for the game, a few matches such as those being staged by the new Intercollegiate Polo Association at the Westchester-Biltmore Club at Rye ought to give you a taste for it. For the colleges have been putting on a high type of game up there above the Sound at Rye. It is polo under ideal conditions, and very fine polo at that.

Unquestionably, Yale is the best of the lot. I have seen a great many teams at Roehampton and Hurlingham that did not possess the polo sense, that intangible something every great four has, of which the Yale team can boast. In fact, I have seen very few teams at Hurlingham or Roehampton or Cannes or Santander that were smarter and better mounted than these self same Elis. They ought to win the tournament without too much trouble. But then, they ought to have won last year, and they were beaten by Princeton.

Young Mr. Baldwin of Yale and Honolulu, Hawaii, was supposed to be the star of the first afternoon's play, but he was completely eclipsed by Winston Guest, the number two on the blue four. This tall young Englishman showed that he knew the game and could play it as well. He should be able to, for he comes of a

well known polo family in England. His father, Captain the Honorable Frederick Guest, is the first chairman of the reorganized Hurlingham Polo Committee which challenged last year for the International Cup. Hurlingham, as all the world knows, is the home of polo in the British Isles, and it was on the fine playing fields of that club young Guest learned the game. Number two, the position he plays, is about the most difficult position on the field, but he was everlastingly on the ball, made few misses, and his riding off of his opponent was exceedingly timely. Altogether he showed himself to be a fine player, one we shall hear more of in international polo circles in the next few years.

While Guest was the star on the first afternoon, the hitting of the whole Yale team was as long, as crisp, and as accurate as you could ask for, and Baldwin, Herold and Hewitt all delighted the spectators by the brilliance of their play. It seemed as if no distance was too long and no angle too sharp for these hard-shooting young men from New Haven; while their horses were all faster than those from the Pennsylvania Military College.

Yale has a very workmanlike team, easy to watch in action, that plays together with excellent judgment. On the rare occasion when one of them overode the ball, there was always a teammate just behind to pick it up. Their riding off was the best of the afternoon; every man was in his place and marked his opposite number carefully. Besides which they have a thorough knowledge of each other's game, and they put that knowledge to good use. Yale may not win this tournament, but depend upon it, the team that beats Yale will do so.

This, the first meeting of the newly formed Intercollegiate Polo Association under the aegis of the United States Polo Association, was significant. Those who



remember tennis in this country in its early days will recall the struggle that ensued in getting the National Singles away from Newport. Newport had been, and was the center of the game. But the game spread, new centers developed. So with polo. Long Island has been the home of American polo in the past; but as in the case of tennis, the horizons of sport are widening. If we have no Roehampton or Ranelagh in this country, the Westchester-Biltmore Club comes the nearest to measuring up to it. And the scene was quite as brilliant as Ranelagh; the hard, green field, unyielding even after eight or ten chukkers; the colorful stands filled with devotees of the game; the galloping horses racing from goal to goal; and the sun shining down on it all, flags, stands, players, autos parked at the open side of the turf, and the waters of the Sound sparkling in the distance. It was a picture: a picture quite as fine as anything in the advertisements of Abercrombie & Fitch. If not, indeed, a trifle superior.

Noticed at Rye this week in the front row boxes: General Robert Lee Bullard who was observed to nod a reluctant approval before the matches as the negro tamperers with their weapons at right shoulder arms marched out on the field in a solid platoon and then did a perfect squads right directly under his eyes; John





**PICTURE** by Covarrubias of his friend N— M—, same as in last week's New Yorker.

Why the "38"? If it's "38 E" it might be part of an address. But if it's "38 F—"!

Continued next week

Special added feature—the most far fetched pun in the history of American publishing.



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McE. Bowman, fresh from the horse show across the road where his jumpers had been winning added laurels; Louis E. Stoddard, the Generalissimo of the United States Polo Association seated with Deveureux Milburn looking over the youngsters with a view to future international teams; Morgan Belmont, himself a fine player, pointing out to a charming lady the fine work of the number two of the Yale four; Major General Charles P. Summerall, one time commanding the First Division, A. E. F., watching with interest the success of the team from the United States Military Academy; also, it goes without saying, Thomas Hitchcock, Malcolm Stevenson, Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., and other polo enthusiasts.

This was a great week for sport lovers in the vicinity of Manhattan. On Monday there was the Harvard and Yale track meet at New Haven; Tuesday Princeton and Harvard got into action at Rye; while Thursday saw the semi-finals of the tournament run off. The Metropolitan Tennis Championships at the New York Tennis Club with Tilden and Richards participating began on Monday; and Friday was the day for the annual Yale-Harvard regatta at New London. Saturday the 20th is the date of the matches at Forest Hills for the benefit of the building fund of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with Tilden and Richards playing against each other in singles and with each other against Watson Washburn and Norris Williams in doubles. This incidentally, marks the first time that Tilden and Richards have played together since the close of the 1922 season when they were so badly defeated in the Davis Cup doubles by Patterson and Wood of Australia. Their play will be watched with more than passing interest on this account.

—J. R. T.

If young Roger Wolfe Kahn wants practice as a detective, he might try to find out who started all those false reports about father's speeches in France.

\* \* \*

Liberty is offering ever so much money for the best title for the cover design each week. The idea that magazine covers mean anything at all will come to most people as a gratifying surprise.

\* \* \*

There is little question that Mayor Hylan is losing popularity but where it is going is quite another matter. The usual reform candidate for mayor is that depressing spectacle, a good man going in for civic culture.

\* \* \*

The voters are generally allowed to choose between government by banks and government by mountebanks.

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# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



**T**AKE right hand turn at water trough and drive to large electric sign." Yes, we feel like the suburban motorist's Guide Book this week since the heat chased us from our Town to the outlying diversions. In search of cooler spots, we hied forth to roadhouses in the environs. This idea was not unique with us, the congestion of like-thinkers on the road being terrible.

Long Island affords many inns, some of which are decidedly interesting and others are not sweetened at all to our taste. Entertainments, other than the spontaneous antics of the guests, are now running on Summer schedule. The programs have become so elaborate that there is a regular circuit, with routings much like small time vaudeville. Some teams and acts even play one night stands. At the Massapequa Inn, on the Merrick Road, the other night the entire week's schedule was announced, with extra special features for Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Pavillon Royal is also on the Merrick Road; and one of the most attractive hostelrys of the type. Meyer Davis's orchestra furnishes the music for dancing on the big floor indoors and the recently constructed outdoor floor. The food is good; and although no entertainment is scheduled, the Sunday evening impromptu performances involve such diverters as "Hard Hearted Hanna," "Texas" Guinan and other attending celebrities. There is always plenty of professional talent on hand, because the place is popular with the theatrical-movie set of Great Neck and Bayside, as well as the social groups of the other Island communities.

Joe Smallwood's is another roadhouse that has kept its prestige for several years. The good music, plus the very large dance floor with tables around it and in the balcony, has kept it going as a worth-while place.

In Westchester County, accessible stops are California Ramblers and Post Lodge on the Boston Post Road. The famous music of the Ramblers seems not to be up to its former standard, and the place is not as lively as last year. Post Lodge runs on

like the well known brook without much change from one year to the next. If anything, the crowd seems a little more choice this year. More people from Rye and that neck of the woods are using it and the collegiate synthetics are not so in evidence as of yore.

Right in the center of New York we have an open-air restaurant that is doing a big business these warm evenings. The Casino in Central Park is carrying on so well, that in order not to wait for a table on the porch or dine inside, you have to get there before seven-thirty. It is owned by the City, so that probably accounts for the semblance of Tammany silhouettes on the dance floor in the evenings and Saturday-Sunday afternoons. The music is by an *ensemble* of young women under the leadership of Miss Florence Richardson. It is apparent that the patrons approve, inasmuch as last year one of them sent her an Amati violin, made in 1651, and valued at ten thousand dollars.

The contrast between the nearest New York has to a Paris outdoor café and the real Parisian article is worth a couple of tears, because you could hardly say that the Casino is gay. We remember well the days of our youth, when the adults left us in the carriage or tandem cart to refresh themselves with cocktails in the Casino during a drive around the park. We didn't know what we were missing then, but now it's a sad, sad, song.

With a definite purpose in mind we have bought ourselves a brand new frowning-piece. We are going to hunt the guy who urged us to go to the Epinard Club in Greenwich Village. We are a miser with our evenings and we resent spending one at a dreary resort like that. When we lose sleep we want to gain amusement.

A langourous looking pony is hitched in one of the stalls to give the stable atmosphere. Such subtle realism! We were told by one of the hostesses, who was promptly plunked down in our stall as "company" for us, that it was considered

quite a feature to permit the removal of men's coats for dancing. We feel that a classification of the place need but contain the statement that the gents avail themselves of this privilege.

A pretty safe bet for coming in contact with attractive and well-groomed people is the Ritz Roof. The social, or perhaps we might better say economic, status of the Ritz Hotel is practically a constant in all the cities of the world, which sport its branches. The same people haunt its halls in London, Paris, New York and even occasionally in Philadelphia. The food is always good; the incomparable chicken hash and floating heart are just two examples of the culinary art. At the Paris Ritz the palm of the *Académie* should be bestowed upon the successive bartenders, who concoct those champagne cocktails. They are something for the old gentleman from Dubuque to write home about.

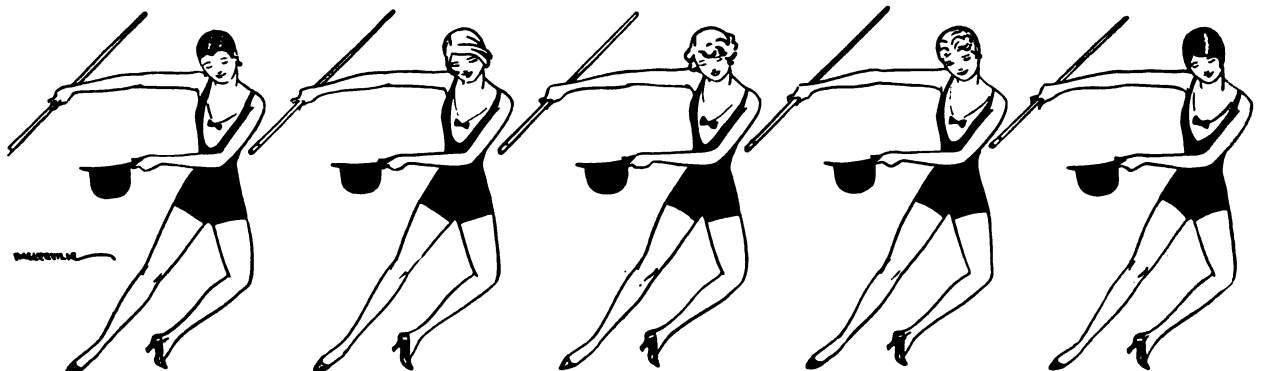
The Ritz Roof is as cool as any place of the kind in New York, and the frosty reflections of diamonds in the ice-banked buffet make dancing tolerable.—*Top Hat*

At the suit of the United States demanding forfeiture thereof under the provisions of the National Prohibition Act of October 28, 1919, and Section 3450 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, I have seized and held one bottle liquor, Lot No. 6470 and other lots of intoxicating liquors, etc., heretofore seized by the National Prohibition Director of the State of New York, from on or about January 28, 1925, up to and including March 10, 1925, and the details for which are set forth in the schedule annexed to the original libel filed in the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court on the 27th day of March, 1925; notice is hereby given that the case is appointed for trial in the United States Courts and Post Office Building, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the 29th day of May, 1925, at the opening of Court.

—U. S. Marshal's notice  
In a word—pinched!

**Line Forms to the Right**  
WANTED—Bookkeeper and assistant to club manager.

—Miami (Okla.) *Herald*







THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

**THE THEATRE**

**WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth**  
Still the play above all others that you should see.

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild**  
What is generally considered Shaw's masterpiece is being given a lavish production, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes, by the Theatre Guild in its handsome new theatre.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw**  
An adroit comedy, that won the Pulitzer Prize despite the fact that there were many worse entries in the running, with as good acting by Pauline Lord as the season has seen.

**LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village**  
A little thing by Congreve showing that the Merrie Old England of Good Queen Bess also knew a thing or two about the Facts of Life.

**IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street**  
A vigorous and highly amusing slice of American life much less out of focus than is customary in the theatre.

**THE FALL GUY—Eltinge**  
Another play in the American language, having to do with the perils of keeping company with bootleggers.

**THE FIREBRAND—Morosco**  
A sophisticated and extremely diverting comedy of night life in Old Florence, with Benvenuto Cellini as the Harry K. Thaw of the day.

**LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty**  
The season's best score—by George Gershwin—with the season's most charming comedians—Fred and Adele Astaire.

**ROSE MARIE—Imperial**  
A good musical play, produced on the grand scale, with excellent voices and amusing comedians.

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam**  
The funniest Follies Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced, with W. C. Fields and Will Rogers at the head of the cast.

**LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan**  
The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made—but he could safely lend it some of the comedy from his Follies, thus improving "Louie" beyond words and damaging the prodigal Follies only slightly.

**THE GORILLA—Selwyn**  
An hysterical evening is to be had at this burlesque of the standard mystery plays, unless you bring your William Archer or Gustav Freytag with you.

**TELL ME MORE—Gaiety**  
An average musical comedy book with a better than average Gershwin score.

**GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick**  
The younger boys and girls of the Guild, in a revuelet full of youth, speed and bright skits.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's**  
A musical version of "Old Heidelberg," with the extra attraction of good music and capable voices to sing it.

**MOVING PICTURES**

**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion**  
The Kaufman-Connelly fantasy screened with unusual imagination and humor. Well worth seeing.

**DON Q—Globe**  
Doug Fairbanks's newest adventure into the field of acrobatic romance. Good Summer stuff.

**ART**

**ANDERS ZORN—Grand Central Art Gallery**  
A comprehensive exhibit of this virile and prolific painter. Worth a visit, even in hot weather.

**WATER COLORS—Montross**  
A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

**SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery**  
Interesting things by the younger moderns.

**SPORTS**

**GOLF—Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J.**  
Tuesday, June 23, and following days, the annual Intercollegiate Golf Championships, for individual and team titles.

**TENNIS—New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, N. Y.**  
Monday, June 22, and following days, the Eastern New York Championships on the courts of the N. Y. A. C. Herbert L. Bowman, who recently won the New Jersey title by defeating Jose Alonso, Spanish Davis Cup player, in straight sets, is the club champion and will be seen in action.

**BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium**  
Chicago vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 19, 20, 21, 22.

**At Polo Grounds**  
Brooklyn vs. New York, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 23, 24, 25, 26.

**OTHER EVENTS**

**HORSE SHOW—Huntington, L. I.**  
Friday and Saturday, June 19 and 20. Fifth Annual Huntington Horse Show at Huntington Bay Club.

**COLONIAL GARDEN PARTY—Bedford Hills, N. Y.**

Saturday, June 20 afternoon. Colonial Garden Party at White Gates Farm, country home of Mrs. Henry Marquand, in aid of District Nursing Association of Northern Westchester County.

**ROSE SHOW—Glen Cove, L. I.**  
Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23 and 24. Annual Rose Show of the Nassau County Horticultural Society in the Horticultural Building on the Pratt Estate.

**FAIR—Manhasset, L. I.**  
Friday, June 26. Annual fair and tea for benefit of Babies' Milk Fund of the New York Welfare Association of Nassau County and of the New York Hospital, on the lawn of Greentree, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

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Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

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Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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**GOINGS ON**  
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## "Tell Me a Book to Read"

*Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While*

**THE GUERMANTES WAY**, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). Two volumes. Another installment of Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

**THE RECTOR OF WYCK**, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). The wages of the rector's sincerity is starved lives for him and his wife and disappointments in their children.

**UNVEILED**, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). A militant foe to cruelties, her husband a personal moralist, her mother a slut, and her husband's consolation a human jellybean, head the cast of this fascinating comedy.

**THE GREAT GATSBY**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Gatsby is a rough diamond of romantic devotion and chivalry, cast before swine on Long Island.

**THE APPLE OF THE EYE**, by Glenway Wescott (*Dial Press*). Adolescence between Puritanism and Walt Whitmanism, by a highly gifted young prose poet, colorist and draughtsman.

**THE OLD FLAME**, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). "Dolly Dialogues" for this generation, and better than the originals were in theirs.

**ARROWSMITH**, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). The scientific conscience vs. Success considerations, in a doctor who becomes a bacteriologist.

**LUCIENNE**, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Live-right*). Girls in love. Subtle psychology, and its poetry.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH**, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). The world tries to strait-jacket young Tessa of the composer Sanger's household "circus."

**DRUMS**, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A long, warm, pleasant novel about the time of the Revolution.

### SHORT STORIES

**BRING! BRING!** by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Live-right*). Brilliant modernist stories, rather evolved than worked up from life.

**TRIPLE FUGUE**, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Quiet, ironical character stories in a book with a longer satire.

**OVERHEARD**, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Contents: Class A, "The Friends," Class B, two or three others; Class C, junk.

### GENERAL

**CREDO**, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A remarkable and most readable philosophy, whose author is now in Africa annoying lions with a bow and arrow.

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). The most honest book of personal hobo memories we know, and the best writing done by any one who really was a hobo.

**THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES**, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). James as a seeker in vain for an imagined beatitude in life in England. An admirable study.

**JOHN KEATS**, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes. This fine work really seems to exhaust its subject.

**PAUL BUNYAN**, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). The lumber camp myth cycle, well presented.

## Hylan vs. Craig

*Some Highlights On an Issue*

**COMPTROLLER CRAIG** learns that Mayor Hylan gets out of bed on left side. Publishes shrivelling letter anent that fact addressed to Gustav Stickle, janitor at 5687 Avenue A. Asks what became of that \$50,000 for new white wing nail files.

Mayor retorts to press that Comptroller is a troublesome meddler.

Comptroller retorts with press interview calling Mayor a primitive sideswiping webfooted cheesehound. Claims Hizzoner admitted authorship of Dante's "Inferno" at North Beach Tammany Beer Racket in 1908.

Mayor caustics that he never even heard of the "Inferno," but admits he wrote "Paradise Lost" for the Hearst magazine section. Asks what is beer. Expresses desire to see Craig eaten by alligators.

Comptroller replies that alligators would not touch him since he has hundred year contract with them against being eaten. Besides he, Craig (in person) knows that the Mayor ate with his knife during his undergraduate motorman days. Besides as a motorman the Honorable ex-Judge was google-eyed, grass-eared and gally-bushed.

Hylan records that if Craig visited Mayor Hylan's Central Park Zoo near the place where Mayor Hylan's Park Concerts are being given, the Monkey House might give Mr. Craig certain interesting data on his ancestors.

Craig replies that the Mayor could hardly believe in evolution since he is so poor an example of it.

Hylan says, so is your old man.

Craig says, see?

Hylan invites Craig down to the Aquarium to push each other off the Battery.

Craig accepts. Names date.

Hylan develops double Saratoga Springs and takes two weeks off away from the city's humility. Vacation includes date.

Craig is called away on week-end furniture polishing party on date of duel.

Deadly lull—till the next affray.

—Harpie

## At the Thé Dansant Sweetly While Dancing

"AND do you like dancing?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like Whiteman?"

"I simply adore him."

"Do you like polo?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like the Follies?"

"I simply adore them."

"Do you like dogs?"

"I simply adore them."

"Do you like the Russian Eagle?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like gin?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like——"

(At this point the dancers are cut-in on by a meddling stag, thus breaking off one of the most engaging conversations yet and leaving a question hanging suspended in a dangerous way over the heads of the other ennuiers.)—Gotham



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IN THE COOL AND CHARMING  
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RESTAURANT  
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## The Outside World

### Points West

WITH an hour to spend in Cleveland your correspondent took a walk through the pleasant park, past the art museum, along Euclid Avenue and back; and in the course of that stroll he passed the statues of the following worthies in the order given: General Milan R. Stefanik ("erected by the Cleveland Slovaks in memory of their national hero"), Tadeus Kosciusko, Mark Hanna, Kossuth, Harvey Rice, Goethe and Schiller.

Should a scoffer hint that the City on the Sewage Canal always takes itself too seriously, the steadfast Chicagoan need only wave his hand toward this advertisement of a Greenwich Village resort, painted on a signboard overlooking the Boul Mich:

"Bert Kelly's Stables. Stop and hop. Our Waiters sing! Our Cook dances! Atmospheric as the Devil!"—A. G.

Chicago is now being sold on the pyorrhea proposition. There are three firms advertising magic cures below the danger line, and warnings to lookout for the gums are rampant. It is rumored that Wrigley will make a protest.

The famous Lake Michigan drinking water now has the combined flavors of chlorine, drainage canal, iodine, and lake flounder. It is soon to be bottled and marketed as near beer.

There are so many murders on the front pages of the papers, that they hardly have room for the weather reports. Last week one of Chicago's favorite bandits was fined a hundred dollars and costs for murdering a citizen outside of his own district.—Julius H. Marx

### Tangier Chat

AMONG the recent arrivals here are Mr. and Mrs. John Held, Jr. of Weston, Connecticut, U.S.A. They report that London, which they recently left, is passing through the glacial period and advise any one who intends to visit there to take a team of sled dogs.

Kesmal Bey, leader of the Riff forces, has sent out information that he will attack the Spanish Expeditionary Army as soon as the consignment of explosives arrives from the Paine Fireworks Co.

There was a large gathering at the market square yesterday. The snake charmer and the story tellers report a good day.

Mr. and Mrs. Held depart shortly for Fez and Barack, where they expect to spend a few days.

Among the other recent arrivals at Tangier is a colt born to a pack mare from the Riff. This took place on the main street near the Hotel Cecil last evening. Both mare and colt doing well. They proceeded on to the market place a few minutes afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Held report that the "Parfums of Araby" are small potatoes compared to the odors of the old Moorish city.

"The Baths of Apollo," a small cantina down the beach from the city, announce the arrival of many new records for the mechanical piano. The most popular of the new tunes is "Si, no hay Bananas."

Prince Mohamed Ali, Crown Prince of Egypt, has left here with his suite for Portugal. He complains of bitter treatment in Spain, where at the frontier he could find no one who could understand Spanish.

The Fez-Casablanca Railroad has just been completed. All the equipment seems to have been furnished by the Schwartz Toy Co. of New York.—John Held Jr.

### Los Angeles In One Lesson

IT is the greatest tobacco-chewing town on earth. Perhaps the only one.

More arrivals by every train, the rich scent of the cowbarns clinging to their boots. Lean old gentlemen with goat whiskers. Poor old grandmas, wrinkled, bewildered. Plow mares, turned out to a pasture. Though the grass is sweet, their teeth are gone.

High-powered realtor showing around a customer: "Now here, sir, is a very scenic site!"

Bally-hooer on a sightseeing tour: "On yer right, ladies and gentamen, the Pacific Ocean—Biggest Thing in the world!"

Figueroa Street called "Figger-O." A Hollywood clothing shoppe: "Broadway Styles—100 Per Cent Chic!"

Two thousand seven hundred and eighty-four police pups, some carrying pipes.

Real estate sign: "PLEASANT VALLEY, \$300 an Acre. The opportunity is here To-day; To-morrow will Never Come Your Way. LOOK, FOLKS, LOOK!"

Proud Boast: Why, ten year ago they wasn't any such place as Holysmoke Hills. Just a bunch of mountains and trees!

Fences painted by itinerant Methodist missionaries on a roadside where jazz parties park. "What Would Jesus Say?"

Suggested plank for L. A. Platform: A Bigger and Better Pacific Ocean by 1936! "What parta Vioway yuh frum, pardner?"—Carl

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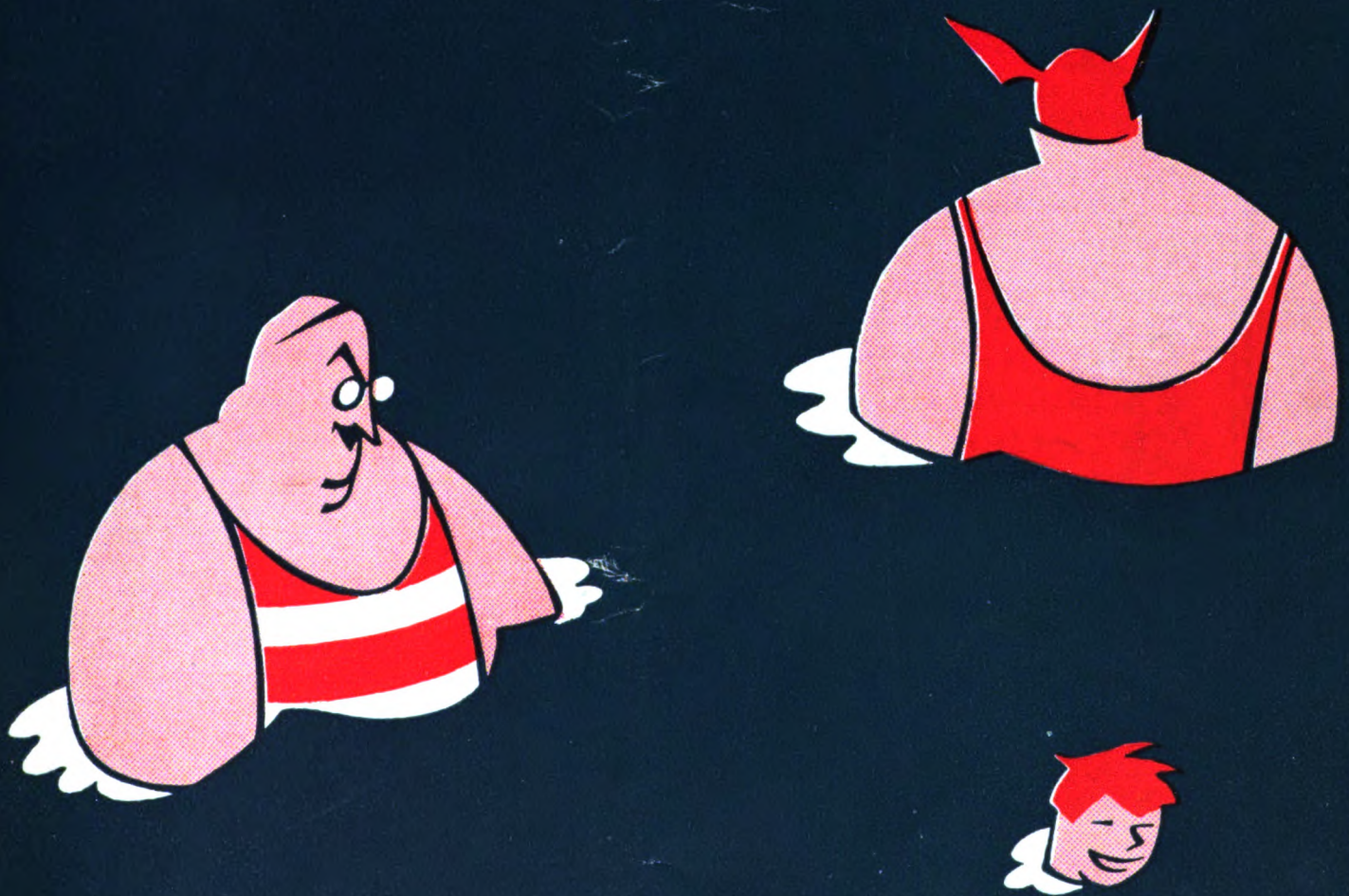
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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Rewards

OVER coffee in a lunch club, a group of bankers were amusing Mr. Barney M. Baruch with the re-telling of a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The plot, they explained, concerned a young man, of Jewish parentage, who devoted his life to playing the stock market. He hung over the ticker every day, selling whenever what stocks he held showed him a small profit, re-investing only after deliberation. His profits were small, cautious profits.

One morning this young man was caught unawares, in the midst of complicated transactions, by the eve of the Jewish Day of Atonement. It was his mother's telephone call that reminded him, reproached him and begged him to observe it. The situation was worked up; everything material seemed to depend on his ignoring the edict of his religion; all his spiritual welfare hung upon his obeying her. After a bitter struggle, the young financier conquered himself. He left a stop-loss order at his broker's office and retired into seclusion, *sans* newspapers, *sans* telephone, *sans* all.

The next day the market went wild. Unchecked by his conservative tendency to take small profits, he found his holdings had made him rich.

The bankers chuckled over the twist.

"Who," suddenly boomed Mr. Baruch, "wrote that story?"

"A man named Gareth Garrett," someone answered.

Mr. Baruch was silent for a moment. He seemed to be weighing the possibilities of the case. At length:

"Sounds improbable, eh?"

"Utterly ridiculous; preposterous idea."

"Well, it isn't," Baruch shot back, "I told Garrett that story myself. It's about me. That's the story of the first real money I ever made."

## The Week

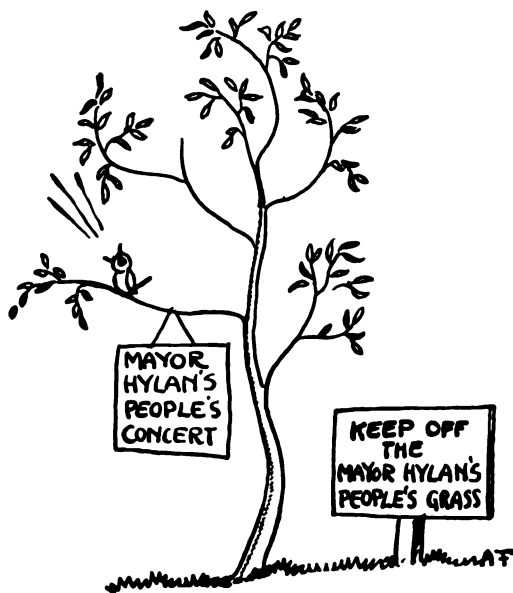
THE International Convention of Rotarians, in Cleveland, enjoys a snowball fight in the interest of service in business and Mr. Roald Amundsen returns from his North Pole flight. Mr. Robert M. LaFollette is buried and Mr. Henry Ford warns Big Business to be good. Herr President Von Hindenburg invites Gott to line up with the Fatherland again and the League of Nations decrees against the use of poison gases, or bacteria in the next war. The Commission on Race Relations finds that lynchings decreased in 1924 and a mob, in Utah, hangs a negro.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton award many degrees in arts and letters and a young lady, convicted of manslaughter, sells the story of her life to a local journal. Woman's entire garb, it is announced, weighs less now than her hat did fifteen years ago and Father's Day passes almost unnoticed. The Mayor of Middleton, N. Y. deems July 4 Defence plans silly and General Pershing pleads for preparedness.

Mr. William Harrison Dempsey asks \$10,000 to give a boxing exhibition in Vienna and a student who starved to

death while working his way through college is awarded a posthumous degree by the University of Pennsylvania. The Moderation League reports that drinking has increased greatly in the South and a Judge, hereabouts, observes that the sale of liquor is not immoral. The Lutherans restore "hell" into religious usage and a boy flips a coin to decide whether or not he shall rob his employer.

The Mayor of a New Jersey town has not spoken in ten years to his wife, who lives with him, and the Duchess of Westminster is granted a divorce. In Colorado a Grand Dragon of the Klan is fined \$1,500 and, in New Jersey, Klan candidates are triumphant in the primary elections. The naval officer who ap-



proved the oil leases is passed over again for promotion and Mexico is called to order about lack of respect for American property.

Mr. William H. Anderson sees a plot against Protestantism in anti-Prohibition feeling and two bulldogs tear trousers' seat from a dry agent following his appointed rounds. The Soviet removes an editor for living in too great style and Mr. William Randolph Hearst and Mr. Arthur Brisbane negotiate \$7,000,000 worth of buildings in these parts. Mr. William Fox admits that his personal insurance policies now amount to \$6,500,000 and Lord Lee of Fareham denounces American movies as "trashy." Mayor Hylan picnics at Bear Mountain, on the Hudson, and citizens protest that garbage scows pollute city's ocean beaches.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is wounded stabbing a leopard and two men convicted of torturing a third are let off with a fine on the plea of their victim. The Salvation Army forms a corps to save bootleggers and Scotch retails locally at sixty-five a case.

### Passing

THE Belleclaire Bar at last has succumbed and is to become a brokerage office, although for many years after the advent of Volstead, Mr. Walter Guzzardi, proprietor of the Hotel Belleclaire, refused to turn the bar into a soft drink counter, maintaining it unused, with admirable sentiment, as a memorial of times gone.

Many notables have seen themselves in its shining mirrors, for in its day the Belleclaire was known as "the best bar north of the Astor." It was there that Admiral Peary, surrounded by cronies from the Arctic Club, lifted the "godspeed" glass upon his departure for that exploration which led him to the North Pole. Woodrow Wilson, when a professor at Princeton, occasionally dropped in, his preference having been for the mint julep of his native South. Theodore Roosevelt was seen there; his taste in refreshment ran to

draught beer, since he eschewed what was then known as hard liquor. A pair of steins still stood therein, until its leasing, as a memento of the visit to the bar of Prince Louis of Battenburg, over whom New York once went as wild as it did later over the Prince of Wales. Sir Thomas Lipton there drank his toast to the victor after one of his America's Cup defeats.

And, not the least of its glories, the Belleclaire bar was credited by many with having been the birthplace of *the Tom Collins*.

THE passing of charm, above or below street level, is to be regretted. And one hears that Those Gorgeous Cellars, reached only after ordeal by kitchen odors, have not been themselves since their conflagration.

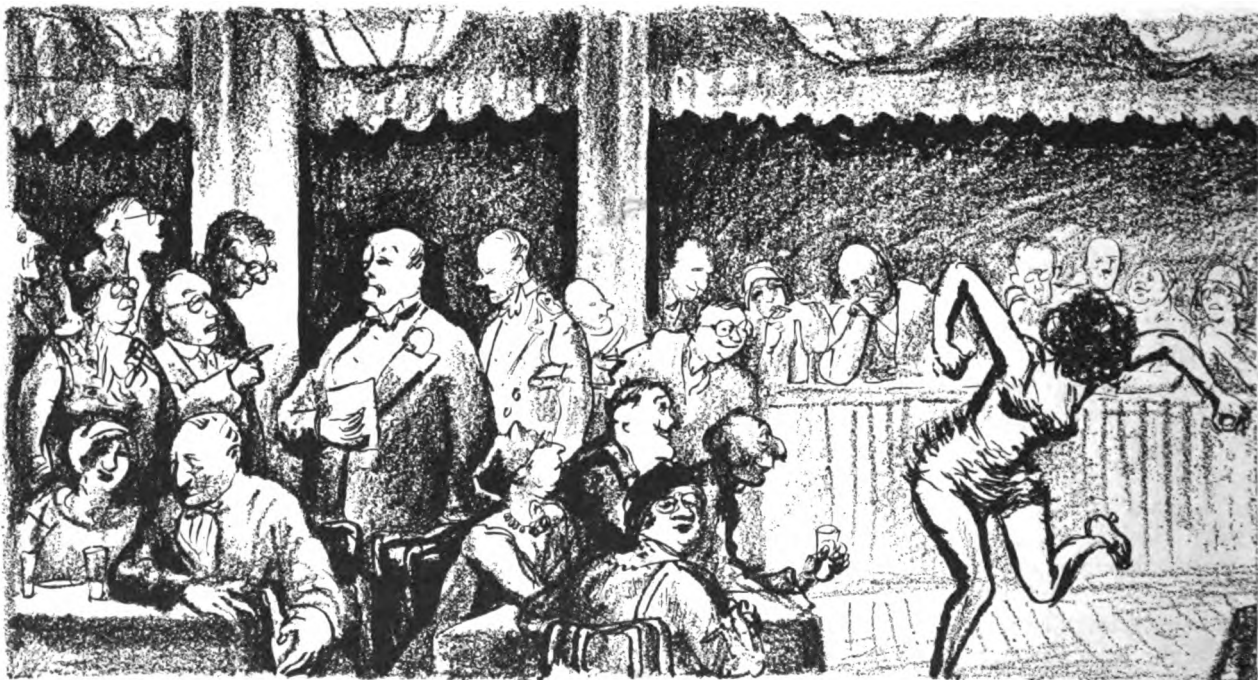
Once, of an afternoon, one saw top-hatted fragments of wedding parties lounging there, oblivious of the suspicious glances of pink-and-white-shirted "sales representatives" from more up-and-coming (and drier) cities.

After the medley that was dinner, chic shop girls and inconspicuous debutantes (of the still waters variety) ignored one another and the fact that their escorts were club-mates. Matrons came to look and stags to refresh themselves.

The long, low room had that character so rare nowadays, that it needed no jazz band, nor any whirling celebrities, to amuse its patrons.

The babble that cut its way through the smoke was music enough; there were sights more interesting than silk-clad dervishes. The Bernaisians were sufficient unto themselves.

Now, one is told, prices have gone up, undoubtedly in an effort to pay for the less comfortable furnishings of reconstruction, and the patronage of the Racquet has drifted elsewhere. One can't help but be sorry for the old captain who once piloted that precarious ship, *The Three Kings*.



*New Yorkers, Transient and Less Transient,*

*Search Eternal*

COMES now the time of year when the offspring of the Old Lady from Dubuque are taught, if they're willing to learn, that blonde curls do not a Pickford make nor nasal tones a Cohan.

Hundreds of them are to be seen daily tramping up and down the hot sands of Broadway. In and out of agents' offices, up casting stairs and down casting stairs, ever smiling, ever hoping, up and down, day after day . . . and, though as yet they know it not, year after year, year after year, year after year.

Their purses or their coat pockets bulge—and this is what is in them. A notice from the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) *Times-Leader* that says "At Concordia Hall last night Miss Euphrosine Kanakadowski earned great applause in the leading rôle of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Miss Kanakadowski has a host of friends throughout the valley who predict great success for her when she departs for the nation's metropolis to go on the stage, which it is said, she is planning to do. The rôle has never been better played." . . .

A notice from the Kalamazoo *Bugle*: "Edward J. Googan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Googan, of 348 River Road, was the hit of the High School Minstrels at the Fireman's Hall last night. His imitations of Sam Bernard and James T. Powers in their latest Broadway offerings were said by those who have seen the originals to be positively uncanny. We predict a great future for young Mr. Googan and congratulate his parents."

And so they come, in hundreds, in thousands, to flood the theatrical agencies of a town that has openings for perhaps a dozen.

There are oases, of course, and a lucky few reach them. But the great, great majority keeps circling bravely around on the hot sands, with their Pickford curls and their Cohan tones. It takes so long, sometimes, for the news of a change in the theatre to reach Dubuque.

*Hot and Cold*

AMUNDSEN is back! Dethroned from the front page by metropolitan dailies when rumors of his whereabouts grew too thin, he is returned to glory and banner heads. For Truth has again proved better reading than Dame Rumor's fiction. Up and down the elevators of New York the good news was passed.

"Magnificent feat; fighting his way out of the ice."

"But why," asked a certain young lady who is in town for the Summer, "did he go up there in the first place?"

"These heat waves," she was told, "are very enervating."

"Oh," the young lady nodded, "but then why did he come back so soon?"

*Change*

NOW that it has been settled, definitely, that upper Sixth Avenue is to have a theatre all its own, wherein Mr. Zeigfeld will glorify and Mr. Brisbane alternately beam and frown, one wonders whether that stretch from Fifty-third Street to the Park will not become, in time, entirely a theatrical center. Until the tearing down of the elevated spur, this was not a possibility, but now that the rumble of Mr. Hedley's open air trains no longer is heard, anything is likely.

New and ornate apartment houses will arise, but the needs of the theatre ultimately may force them out; or, at least, force some sort of compromise, with theatres occupying lower floors and apartments, with side street entrances, the upper.

As ever, the theatrical district continues to move uptown; but the logical northern line is Fifty-ninth Street, for managers cannot convey their attractions too far away from the feeding transit lines from Brooklyn.

Yet room for growth is needed, and the indications are plain that the spread will be east and west, rather than northward as hitherto; which promises well for



*Disport Themselves at a Roof Garden.*

our theory as to the part upper Sixth Avenue will play in the city of the next decade.

### National Costume

AMERICA is not quick to take suggestions but when, finally, it does see the light, it does things. More than a quarter of a century ago Oscar Wilde pointed out the beauty and character of the California miner's colored flannel shirts and baggy trousers. To-day those same shirts have served the smart haberdashers as a model for the "new" lumberjack golf toggery. At the same time a genius in sports clothes has appropriated the lines and materials of the cowboy's fringed chaps, the beaded vest of the broncho buster, the Wild Western bandana hung under the chin and the dashing Stetson as a proper adornment for the smart woman who goes back to the soil for a season.

Some may regret that the feminine element has been encouraged to make these prerogatives of the sturdy American pioneer its own, thus robbing them of some of their virile connotation. But this seems to us a better alternative than reviving the Mother Hubbard of the sturdy American pioneer woman.

### Royal Efficiency

OLD King Cole was efficient; but he could only call for his pipe, his bowl and his three fiddlers. Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, ruling a vaster kingdom, of motion picture enterprise, is the great master when it comes to working up Service.

For Mr. Goldwyn's time has demands made upon it. And yet, even as King Cole, he must live. He must eat; food is brought to him at his desk and between bites he is discovered dictating orders, letters, telegrams, memoranda, congratulations and criticisms to a battery of stenographers.

He must, too, have himself barbered and manicured daily and these rites, also, are performed in his sanctum interfering only with his dictation when a barber becomes careless with his shaving brush.

But lately a new problem arose. The Goldwynian feet ached; corns sprouted upon the august toes of the master. Great questions waited solution, and yet there was this intermittent and distracting throb of pain. What to do? What to do? Not for long did the Wise Samuel hesitate. He called to his office his favorite chiropodist and bade him perform his ministrations.

Then, barefoot, Mr. Goldwyn turned to his battery of stenographers.

"Take another letter," he commanded, as always, the complete master of the situation.

### Item on Honesty

STATISTICS on the honesty of public servants are hard to get; almost as hard as facts about the public itself. It was only when a well known author lost an incomplete manuscript on a Fifth Avenue bus, a few days ago, that the Lost and Found Department volunteered him this gem.

Daily, the author was told, conductors and motormen bring in strayed impedimenta, but as for passengers . . . well, since the last ten cent fare had proved his character by returning anything just *eight months* had passed.

Perhaps even more news is the fact that the record was broken the next day when this same author's script was returned with compliments. Honesty is not entirely dead; nor have incomplete scripts high market value.

### As to Benefits

THE great wits, oddly enough, are reticent

about their *mots*. If one is fortunate, one is present when a shaft goes glimmering brightly into air; if not, one may wait months before hearing of it, and then it may have lost lustre.

Thus, it was wholly accidentally that we heard lately of the brave jest of Mr. David H. Wallace, one of the town's keenest minds, when, some time ago, he sat in a poker game with, among others, Mr. Michael Arlen.

Mr. Arlen, being of that race whose very name makes Scotsmen tremble, did well by himself. Knowing little, if anything, of poker, he managed nevertheless, by such unorthodox procedure as filling inside straights and repairing bobtail flushes, to spend a very profitable evening.

In one pot, healthy-sized, Mr. Arlen had, before the draw, a pair of deuces as against three aces held by Mr. Wallace. After the draw Mr. Arlen had four deuces as against, this time, a full house for Mr. Wallace. Betting was heavy and, at last, someone called. Mr. Arlen raked in the chips, fattening an already obese pile.

"How," inquired Mr. Wallace, looking upon the gay Armenian, "how about starting a kitty for the Turks?"

### In Our Midst—And Out

WITH the tourist rearguard, to the Old World: Frank Andrew Munsey, LL.D., Great Amalgamator. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, crusader. Lady Darwin, daughter-in-law of Evolution. Miss Fanny Ward, perennial, and husband, Mr. Jack Dean. Mr. Paul M. Warburg, banks, and Mrs. Warburg. Mr. Lee De Forest, radio, and Mrs. De Forest. Miss Anne Rittenhouse, journeywoman writer. Mr. Perry



Oh, Mister play that again!

Belmont, warrior, and Mrs. Belmont. Mrs. Bernard M. Baruch, wife of noted altruist. Mr. Mischa Elman, resting from accompanists, and Mrs. Elman. Signor Fortune Gallo, opera and director of banks. Mr. Moe Levy, sartorial expert. Miss Anne Nichols, confounder of critics, boarding downstream. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, he editor and dramatic commentator. Mrs. Heywood Broun, grandmother of Heywood 3rd. Judge Lindley Miller Garrison, one who left Wilson cabinet. Mrs. Victor Herbert, widow of composer. Mayor Frank Hague, of town across Hudson. Miss Gertrude Ederle, to bathe in Channel. Mme. Marguerite Namara, diva, expecting to tea abroad with husband, Mr. Guy Bolton. Mme. Freida Hempel, Metropolitan. Mr. Randolph Friml, songster. Mrs. Vincent Youmans, to join husband. Mr. John McEntee Bowman, boniface. M. Henri Bendel, to survey Parisian fashions and knees. Mr. Julius Rosenwald, noted Sears-Roebuck catalogue publisher. Miss Margot Kelly, pioneer in Americanizing Wedekind. Dr. George Vincent, president of Rockefeller Institute. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor in Flivverton. . . . In Paris, disappointed in the Motherland's reception of latest chef d'oeuvre, Mr. Scott Fitzgerald. Instructing intellectuals, Mrs. Madeline Boyd, wife of Ernest. Also Miss Fania Marinoff, bearding celebrities. Mr. Avery Hopwood, illustrious sextuple playwright. All foregoing, from Mrs. Beatrice Kaufman, lately returned. Fresh from Alp scaling, Miss Colleen Moore, now shooting scenes in Merry England for Zangwill opus. . . . Impending visitor, for Columbia Summer School, Professor Giacomo Guidi, archæologist. . . . Also, Mr. Rafael Sabatini, romanticist, to witness novel filming. . . . Inspecting Bermuda potato plantations, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Kenneth MacGowan and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, the tragic muses. . . . Leading vanguard of ex-

hausted returning tourists: Mr. John H. Cownie, Iowan glove manufacturer, Mme. Geraldine Farrar, temperamental high diva. Signor Giovanni Martinelli, Metropolitan tenor. Mme. Rosa Raisa and M. Desiré Defrère, operatic liltists of points West. Mr. Lester Allen, musical comedy comedian. Mr. James A. Stillman, banker, listed aboard ship as Mr. B. E. Smith. At quarantine, Mr. Secretary Mellon of the financial melons to meet Miss Alisa Mellon. With Mrs. Adolph S. Ochs, Mr. Ochs, of Times Square and nice, orderly newsheet. Mr. Booth Tarkington, portrayer of adolescence. Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, man about Towne. Mr. William Harris, theatrical producer. . . . On first visit, Señor Jose M. Vidal Quadras, Spanish portrait painter. Gothamizing, His Most Rumanian Minister Extraordinary, Prince Antoine Bibesco, complaining that his post keeps him in Washington. Mr. Louis Hurd of Dubuque. Mr. Peter B. Kyne, laureate to lumber industry. . . . In Adirondack foothills, Mr. Irving Berlin.

### Winning Colors

THE observation train pulled jerkily back into the New London station. Blue feathers were cocked airily, red flags dragged and extras with ink still wet proclaimed: "YALE BEATS HARVARD."

A grimy man with an armful of gaudy pennants swung past.

"Buy yer winnin' colors! Buy yer winnin' colors!"

"My good man," I asked him politely, "have you ever found a man who actually waited to buy the winning colors?"

He eyed me with severe contempt and replied:

"What if I ain't? Youse is one of dem guys dat ain't got no respect fer tradition!"

—The New Yorkers



As It Might Have Been In the Beginning—Primitive Fundamentalists on a Slumming Trip

# THE CITY OF MADNESS

NEW YORK—the center of celerity. New York—the city of accelerated pandemonium. New York—the place of consuming speed and demoniacal rush. So they view it in the sticks. But—*exempli gratia*:

He hung his cane on one arm. He twisted his mustaches.

"You got mebbe hoondered cigaretttes in bawx?"

I said: "Gimme a package of Lord Dunderfields."

"Zay mebbe keep zat way bettaire?"

I said: "Slip us some Lord Dunderfields. I'm in a hurry."

"Zeese cigaretttes—eet ees loose, no?"

I had my fifteen cents. The clerk had only to reach and toss and exchange. I could have gone away . . . quickly.

"I take zeese hoondered cigaretttes—so. What you say—wrap 'em up?"

"Lord Dunderfields," I said.

"You got hoondered cigaretttes in small package—each package?"

I clicked the fifteen cents.

"Yes—mebbe zay keep zat way bettaire—non?"

"Ss-srt! Lord Dunderfields."

"I do not take zee loose ones; I change my mind; I take, pairhaps, zee ones in package—cach package. Mebbe zay keep bettaire zat way?"

Tick-tick-tick. "Lord Dunderfields," I said.

He began to go away. He did not conclude. He returned.

"Mebbe I take zee hoondered cigaretttes loosely. Mebbe zay keep bettaire zat way."

I said: "Well, who in hell wants to keep cigaretttes, anyway? You dumb-bell."

He did not strike me. I wish he had. He looked at me . . . pained. I would have been glad to joust him. I would have been glad to lead for two minutes a terrible life with him. And rest my foot on his breast as he lay . . . horizontal.

Then I went away.

To a delicatessen store.

My wife had told me what to buy.

It was a loaf of bread.

The man ahead had a slip of paper. He said:

"Two. Rye. With lettuce and tomato and mayonnaise."

I said:

"Ss-srt! Loaf of bread."

The man in the apron cut the rye, picked up the lettuce, peeled the lettuce, picked up the tomato, cut the tomato, laid the tomato on the bread, put mayonnaise on the bread. He put all together. He cut it in two.

"Two, on white, combination, ham and cheese."

The man in the apron cut the bread, put the ham in the slicing machine, adjusted the machine, cut the ham, took the ham from the slicing machine, put in the cheese, adjusted the machine, cut the cheese, took the cheese from the slicing machine. He laid out the bread, he laid out the ham, he laid out the cheese. He put all together. He cut it in two.

"Butter on the bread."

The man in the apron took it all to pieces. He put on butter.

I said: "Ss-srt! All I want 's loaf bread."

"Two chicken salad on whole wheat."

The man in the apron cut the whole wheat. He took the cover from the salad dish, he found the paddle, he took up a paddle of salad, it slid off, he took another, he spread the chicken salad, he laid out the lettuce, he put all together, he cut it in two.

"Butter on the bread."

I said: "Dammit-to-hell."

I said: "I will go and tell my wife good-bye and then strangle myself from the bed post."

I went away.

New York—the center of celerity. See paragraph One. Ya-ah!—*Harold Standish Corbin*



## OF ALL THINGS



IT is reported that the ex-Kaiser wants a horse. Let's forget the dead past and send him that electrical nag from the White House stables. There is an excellent animal for a man who isn't going any place.

\* \* \*

Secretary Kellogg seems to be trying to revive that fine old tradition that we cannot be happy unless we are enjoying bad terms with Mexico.

\* \* \*

Before long evolution will take the preferred position on the front page recently occupied by the thermometer and Dorothy Perkins. We doubt, however, whether the Tennessee village

will reap permanent profit from this publicity. The Great Realtor is coming to sell the Garden of Eden, not Dayton building lots.

\* \* \*

No wonder we have such a hard time seeing those European governments about that debt matter—they are always in conference.

\* \* \*

In the United Restaurant Owners' Association referendum vote, corned beef and cabbage romped home to an easy victory as the favorite dish. This proves that it is virtually compulsory to kid a restaurant keeper. Barbers would fare much the same with a questionnaire. Hilarious customers

would vote for smelly, sticky stuff on the hair and demand that mirrors be held behind their heads.

\* \* \*

They put tubs of ice in the Presidential train when Coolidge takes a Summer trip. We have here the makings of an American version of "carrying coals to Newcastle."

\* \* \*

Coolidge says that the stars and stripes "alone of all flags expresses the sovereignty of the people." A word economist might better have omitted the phrase, "alone of all flags." It takes in too much territory.

—*Howard Brubaker*

# PROFILES

## The Black Hat

WHATEVER was the "pour something-or-other" that Iris March's green hat stood for, Morris Gest's famous black velour fedora stands for all of that and two bushels more. When you see that lustrous, fuliginous chapeau come coursing up Broadway, tasselled with a large, equally black and shiny Latin Quarter necktie, you know that the world of drama is getting ready to play comet again across some strange and daring sky. Another "Miracle" is in the making. Another society miss or princess royal is about to be thrust up through columns of newsprint into the footlights. Another sacred company from the Steppes is going to be towed from port to port of America's years of plenty. And the secret of it all is under Mawruss's black hat.

There was a time when Otto H. Kahn used to tell the world that Gest is the greatest showman hereabout. In spite of the imperial sums which were expended on the bringing of Reinhardt's production of "The Miracle" to New York, there has been no official announcement that Mr. Kahn has changed his opinion of Mr. Gest. The project of building a great art theatre which was to have employed the one man's money and the other's services has, it is true, thinned away into mutual wistfulness. But fondness persists between them, and the air still quivers with compliments and enthusiasms of their exchange.

Morris Gest was born for the American public, if not among it. When he was still a young Russian jabberer, hawking newspapers on a Boston street corner, he was already keenly, luminously aware of the Horatio Alger complex which lies so heavy on the American subconscious. He was already honoring his father and mother loudly and long. He was already turning the seven profitable arts to the glory of a self-made career which should be crowned—in the regulation Alger manner—by his winning of his boss' daughter and a partnership in a big rival firm.

Before the arrival of those splendiferous rewards, however, Gest's life was equally the life of "Ragged Dick" or "Tom the Bootblack," transferred into the hot, exciting regions of theatre and opera. He was a ticket speculator, now and then; he was the perfect Figaro for old Oscar Hammerstein, feeding his vaudeville with exotic and improbable headliners and managing, in magnificently megaphonic ways, to spread

the Victoria into all the crannies of publicity. He could never have had a better tutelage than under the quixotic, sharp-tongued, picturesque Hammerstein. He has exchanged Oscar's high hat and cheroot for the fedora and a cigarette—but the essential adventurer in the arts lives on in him.

Even after he formed his firm with Comstock and Elliott, he was still a lone voyageur. He has never cared about making money and money alone out of his ventures. He left the easier and obvious successes to his partners. It was their business, always, to dawdle in little musical comedies and leave him to his giant and chimeric plans.

For, soon after he was launched as a producer, he began to show symptoms of a species of artistic elephantiasis. Huge stages became as mere motes in his eye, and he looked on a chorus of two hundred as a mere handful of spangles on the fabric of his handiwork. Vast spectacles, groggy in size, in color and movement, in queer personalities, have had a fearful fascination for him. "Chu-Chin-Chow," "The Wanderer," "Mecca," "Aphrodite," "The Miracle"—they have all been huge, consuming, sublimated circuses, involving the glitter and groaning of whole armies and assemblages, scenery by the storehouseful, costumes enough to clothe the collected tribes of Central Africa twice over, and singers, dancers, acrobats and voluptuists enough to furnish the personnel of a decade of grand opera.

Somehow, one's thoughts keep returning to opera in connection with Gest. Or perhaps to Gest in connection with opera. He has always had a secret—well, more or less secret—ambition to be an operatic impresario. He used to be in and out of the Metropolitan night upon night, sauntering a bit impatiently around those stodgy old corridors, slipping into the auditorium to feast his big, hungry eyes on the immensity of its golden proscenium and stage sets. He knew he could mount things with ever so much more dash and vividness; but it would be hard to beat the Metropolitan's size and bulk. For a while there was rumor of his succeeding Gatti-Casazza as that institution's head, too. It has not died entirely out, and there is no reason why it should.

Under his braying, contemptuous ways, his exaggerations of talk and gesture, his extravagance of conceptions, there runs this odd, aching, oblique streak of



Morris Gest

a sense of the beautiful. It is something which secretly engrosses him, troubles him, drives him into vast defensive measures. He brings Duse to America for her last tour. He is absolutely in awe of her; he trembles when he speaks of her, and his voice takes on the hushed, tremulous note of a devoted slave. It is clever tommyrot, some of this slavishness of his—but it is genuine, just the same. He would never have brought Duse here had he not felt that way about her. He would never have imported the Chauve Souris or the Moscow Art Theatre had he not believed in their superlativeness. The pride and delight he took in Chaliapin proved that an artist need not be in his employ to win his hurrahs.

Restless, reckless, sentimental, he has needed adversity to teach him a respect for money. It is with vehement contempt that he has realized that the success or failure of this or that theatrical venture will have to be measured finally in the black and red ink of a ledger. There is a legend which purports to describe his meeting with Stanislavsky, the head of the Moscow Art players, to do with the finishing up of business arrangements.

"Do you know why I brought the Moscow Art Theatre to America?" they say he demanded of the venerable player, throwing wide his arms and tossing his big, suffused eyes on high. "Do you think it was for money, or fame, or anything like that? No, it was because my dear old father and mother, back there in Russia, would see in the newspaper that their son, their Morris in far-away America, had the power to bring the most famous actors in the world on a journey of five thousand miles. . . ."

The suave, slightly impatient Stanislavsky is said to have interrupted him: "My dear Mr. Gest, I am exceedingly sorry, but I fear that we cannot do business on the basis of your father and mother."

There are, it would seem, few families in the world more demonstratively faithful and intact than the Gests. Long before the Bolshevik times in Russia our Morris was already armed with pocket photographs of his parents, a dignified and almost Biblical pair, whom he was looking forward to bringing over here. When the political uproar broke loose, of course, he raced to this task with doubled fervor—and quadrupled publicity. Morris Gest's parents became synonymous in copy readers' eyes with Winsted, Conn., and the Prince of Wales' fiancée—an item in which whole nations would share officially and semi-weekly.

Publicity is his fever. He can sweat columns of news about himself, his artists, his projects, his hard luck, his good luck, his past, present and future, out of any New York newspaper. He is on slouching terms with Hearst, he can harangue feature articles out of Munsey, he can talk at ease and to advantage with Adolph Ochs. He has the most learned press agent in New York City—Oliver Saylor, whom he says he hired only because he was lonely for some one

to talk Russian to—but when there is a particularly daring or incredible yarn to spin, he kicks up his heels and coughs up his heart himself. When the Chauve Souris was first due in America, for example, he did not hesitate to run from friend to friend among the critics with the tale that this was going to be his sole dyke against the flood tides of bankruptcy. Which may or may not have been true, then. At any rate

the Chauve Souris was treated to more heralding and whooping than any vaudeville show in the universe ever won before.

He knows the fascination and the value of great names, in the audience room as well as on the stage. He manages to turn even the first showing of a moving picture which he has undertaken to introduce to New York in the Gest manner, into a social event. You have to possess more than a shirt-front to pay your way into the opening night of a Chauve Souris or Duse engagement. If his

tongue could ever keep quiet enough to stay stuck in his cheek, you might guess what fun he was having at the expense of the willing rich and the ecstatic great.

When he filled the train windows of the big scene in his production of "The Whip" with supers out of the social register, he learned the magic of pouring blue-bloods over the footlights. Wherefore, nothing delighted him more than the Herr Professor Reinhardt's suggestion that the Nun in "The Miracle" be played by the young daughter of a prominent New York family, hitherto strange to the stage. He succeeded in bettering this innovation by having the Madonna of the American production played alternately by an Italian princess and a daughter of an English duchess. To-day he happens to be involved in a lawsuit brought by one of these fair noblewomen because, she asserts, he pressaged her as jealous of the other one. It does not trouble him much.

Nothing like that does trouble him much. He has been smashed pretty nearly to bits in an automobile accident. He has had a whole storehouse of his scenery and costumes go up in overnight flames. He moans loudly, dramatically, jams his velour hat an inch or two further back on his huge, bumpy forehead, and begins all over again. He lives forever as if the eye of the world were on him—and as if the whole world were deaf. His dress is careless and sombre. Above his flowing tie his face is hewn with the massy spite of a gargyle. His eyes are deep-set in it, passionate and proclamatory eyes, hot with a humorless excitement. His hands are what he is proudest of in all the world. They are fine, exquisitely modelled, smooth, with long and slightly spatulate fingers, radiant nails, and tireless possibility for volubleness. They come out of his loose, flapping cuffs like the hands of an Apollo attached to the arms of a Caliban.

The black hat crowns the length and breadth of the paradox of Mawruss . . . that black hat which stands for the "pour something-or-other" of life on trans-Siberian Broadway.—*Gilbert W. Gabriel*





# THE WIFE BEATING WAVE

THE social crisis which the nation is facing was called rather dramatically to my attention last Friday evening by Dr. Rupert Pentecost at whose charming home I was spending the week-end. While seated at the dinner table waiting the arrival of the apple pie which had been promised us for dessert, Dr. Pentecost suddenly arose, and for no reason which he then or later could explain, brutally assaulted his wife, blacking one of her eyes and knocking out two of her teeth before he was interrupted by the timely entrance of the Pentecost servant and our dessert.

Nothing was said about the matter and we made every effort to go on with our dinner as if nothing had happened. But inasmuch as this was the fourth such scene I, as a somewhat bewildered bystander, had witnessed in the homes of my friends—and all this over a period of less than a month—I came away from the Pentecost table with the disturbing idea that the domestic fabric of the nation was snapping or ripping or something. The social set in which I move is distinguished by its general lack of violence and bloodshed. Most of its members are normal men and women who admire each other because they are all equals and year in and year out think, wear, eat, read and say the correct things.

The startling outburst of violence which I have already noted coupled with such statistics, as reported in a recent issue of the *American Medical Journal*, for instance—that there had been a sixty per cent. increase in the sale of physic medicines during the months of May and June—convinced me that we, as a nation, were going through a period of psychological depression. And I am further convinced that this period is directly due to the temporary (let us hope) absence of a national fad.

Approximately every year or two a new game seizes my social set by its ears. I can remember when all my married friends were playing ping pong and when the word tiddlywinks was not a humorous vocable but an outright and lusty call to battle in the parlor. Lotto, croquet, whist, bridge, poker, dominoes, and countless other diversions have all had their day among us. The arrival in 1923 of mah jong was perhaps the biggest thing that any of us had experienced since the Armistice.

With the appearance of the cross word puzzle, however, we all felt that the social millennium had arrived. It was generally agreed, even by some of us who had hitherto been regarded as confirmed bridge addicts or

downright poker fiends, that the cross word puzzle represented a climax of entertainment ingenuity which almost restored the excitement of the late war. It is curious to think back upon, but none of us suspected that the cross word would wane and go the way of all fads. In fact, this false security managed to overcome not only my, and presumably everybody else's, social set but to deceive also the tireless coterie of workers (whoever they are) whose business it is to invent and introduce new fads into the life of the nation.

For with the collapse of the cross word puzzle a remarkable vacuum has made itself felt. My social set and, I presume the entire country, finds itself virtually betrayed into a doldrum which is fast breeding the unrest and violence I have chronicled above.

Speaking more broadly—for the nation, in fact—card playing and entertainment fads are the social salvation of the American. His moral bias makes almost any form of conversation (in mixed company) impossible. For instance, the refinement and righteousness of my own set make controversy on any ethical subject not only immoral but sacrilegious.

Unable to discuss the moral laws and purity dogmas to which our social set submits as one man for fear of being mistaken for coarse or radical fellows (and suffering a loss of business credit no less than dinner invitations) my friends find outlet for their normal conversational impulses in the exchange of dirty stories.

In fact, although I have not kept accurate tab, a good 75 per cent. of the conversation exchanged among the male members of my set consists of the retailing of humorous sexual anecdotes or Rabelaisian *bons mots*. In mixed company, however, we are naturally reduced to silence on these subjects. Card playing, or more recently, cross words, have hitherto saved us.

Card games, that is new and popular ones, offer a preoccupation not only for our minds and a relaxation for our overworked business intellects, but they provide also a common language in which the most confused moralist and taboo sufferer can make himself easily intelligible. There is likewise the fact that four neighbors gathered in a room are perforce reduced to silence since nine times out of ten (again I may be inaccurate) the four are equally lacking in that originality or social courage which enables them to pass a lively evening by discussing the existence of God or the superiority of trial marriages. Subscribing as they do to the same set of approved and ready made ideas they have naturally nothing to say to each other



beyond the word "Yes." An animating word.

The success of mah jong was obviously due to the fact that it introduced a new set of socially proper and intelligible words into the lives of its players. East Wind, Red Dragon, Bamboo, Pung, Chow, Green Dragon (what giddy times we had) were expressions which delighted the players and gave them a sense of conversational adventure. The mah jong fan crying out "Chow" and adding, proudly, "that gives me three White Dragons" felt as keen a mental thrill (comparatively, of course) as an Oscar Wilde exploding an epigram under his hostess' nose.

To our own social set sitting around in the parlor with a do-not-touch vocabulary, the advent of a new set of terms has always been a veritable godsend. How much so we, as a group (and a representative group I feel sure) are only beginning to realize now that an orgie of wife beating and frenzied drunkenness has overtaken us. Many of my friends who regard me as an ingenious fellow have appealed to me, going so far as to ask me to bring my harmonica along on the week-end. Facing the prospect of my entire set

running amuck and probably exterminating itself out of ennui, I have thrashed about in my mind trying to figure out a new fad. Chess is the only diversion I have been able to think of. Chess is, of course, theoretically the most perfect American game in that it makes conversation not only unnecessary but almost criminal. Unfortunately, its popular appeal appears to be handicapped by the fact that it requires at least a nine-year-old intelligence to play successfully.

There seems to be nothing to do in the matter but wait and hope. And to those who are beginning to despair I can only point out that the months of April, May, June and July of 1923 witnessed a similar crisis with the general collapse of bridge. And that when things looked darkest mah jong arrived. A short period of wife beating and other domestic stridencies such as we are having now will very likely introduce new life into the home, help the terribly cluttered sub-consciousnesses of complex-ridden husbands and wives and clear the decks for something (God knows what) bigger and more wonderful than the cross word puzzle.—*Ben Hecht*

## BUSONALLY CONDUCTED

**N**OW, on ya right, laze an' gemmun, ya see Grant's Tomb. Thass the Tomb Grant, the big gennul in the Civil War, 's got. It's a very intrusting relic an' lots of people go to see it. Grant's dead. Thass his Tomb . . .

Thass the Soljers' and Sailors' Monnament there, erected in honor of our brave Soljers and Sailors that got shot in the wars. 'S most intrusting . . . That big apartment house on the left, thass where Hearst lives. He's got the top three stories. Got a theater all of his own on the roof. Hearst the editor. It's most intrusting . . .

Hudson River on ya right. They's genrully a lotta warships there, but there ain't now. Genrully are, though. They're away somewheres now . . .

This here's Columbus Circle. Iss name' after Columbus, feller discover Umurrica. Thass Centrul Park, lotsa grass and lakes an' things. It's most intrusting . . .

Now ya on Fi' th Avenoo, where the vurry rich people live, the Rockfelluhs an' Mawguns an' all, an' all the swell shops. Better put a padlock on ya pocket if ya go into um. Ha, ha! . . .

We now approachin' Wash'ton Square. Thass the Arch. This here's Greenwidge Village. Full of artists. Most intrusting . . .

Ya now in thuh downtown districk. Can't drive through Wall Street, because iss too narrow, but iss over that way. Vurry narrow street . . . We now approachin' Chinatown an' the Bowry. Thass the Bowry that all the songs 're about. Al Smith, he lived there. He's govnuh now. He was nearly president, but he ain't quite, he's guvnuh. Guvnah New York. He's vurry poplar, too, an' was nearly president . . .

Now ya in Chinatown, most intrusting locality.

Most these Chinese would stick a knife inta yuh if they got the chancet, but you don't need to be scared because they's plenty cops here. Every now an' then they get a Tong war an' kill each other. Always killin' each other, they are.

This here's thuh famous Chinese joss house. Iss their church. A brief stop will be made here so you can go in, after which, we will inspeck a genuwine opyum den. Thass a place where they smoke opyum . . .

Thass the end of this most instructive an' intrustin' trip, laze an' gemmun, an' now for the small sum of fifty cents we will take you back where you came from, but by Broadway route, takin' in all the gay white way, as thuh sayin' goes, an' thuh palaces of joy an' cabrays. Iss most intrusting sight, an' it'll be somepin to tell thuh folks back home, 'about. Fifty cents.—*Tip Bliss*

Suggested election slogan for Hylan: "Be sure your Sinnots will find you out."

\* \* \*

Hylan threatens to leave Tammany for the independent party. Going from bad to Hearst?

\* \* \*

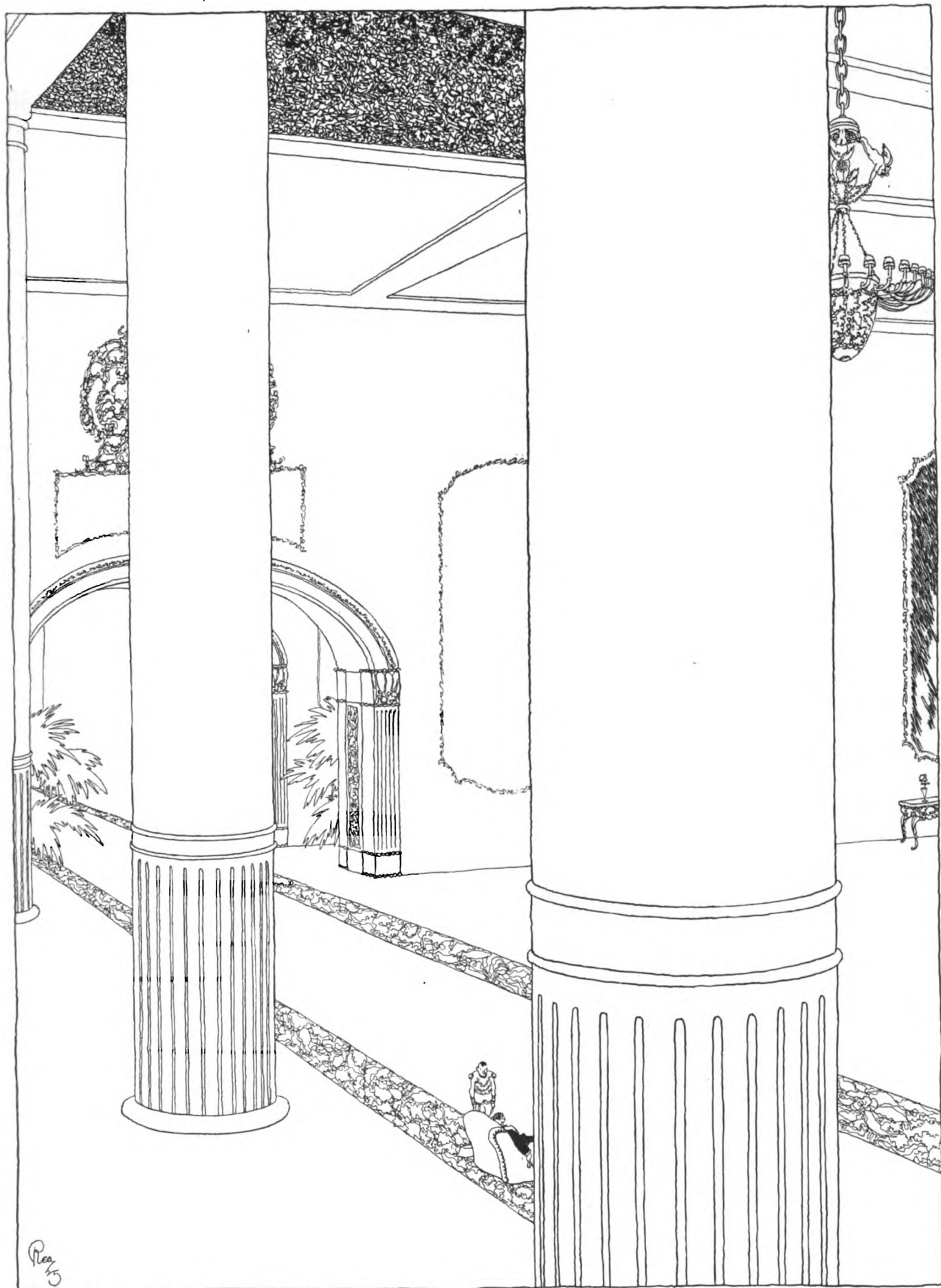
Hylan's record: Sub-wayed in the balance and found ranting.

\* \* \*

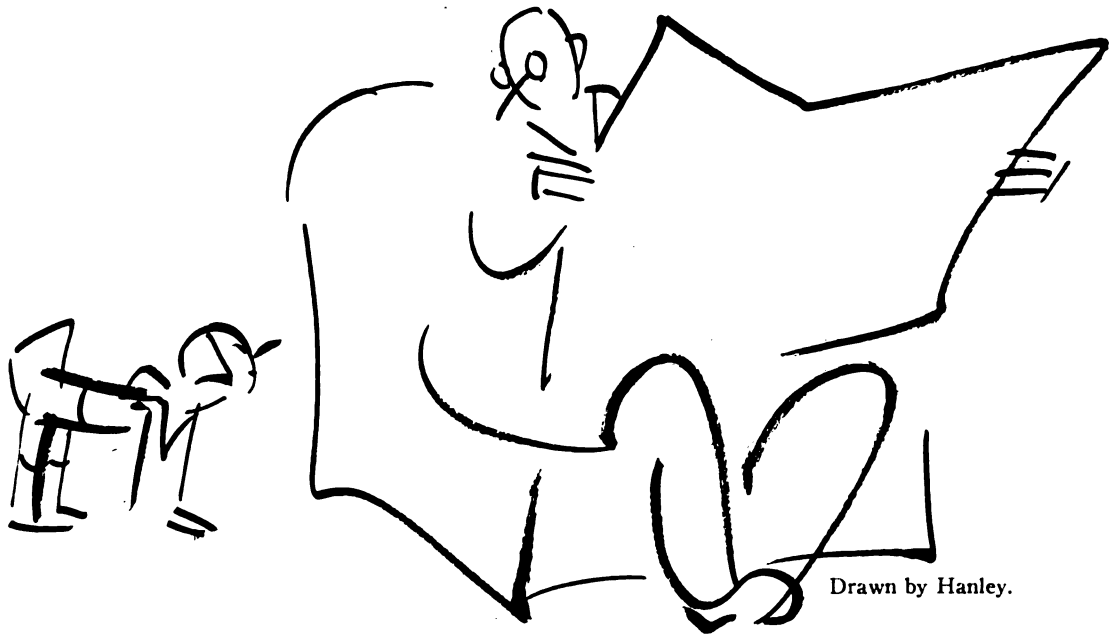
Chinese soldier's farewell: "Goodbye! Don't forget to riot."

\* \* \*

Science which gave mankind telescopes, stethoscopes and fleuroscopes now presents us with Professor Scopes.



*“My Man, There’s a Fly in the Room”*



Drawn by Hanley.

*"Pa, what's all this talk about Evolution?"*  
*"Son, I'll have to consult my attorney before I can answer that question. I might be sent to jail for it."*

*(The Daily Press Reports One of Hamlet's Speeches)*

## ARE YOU A COWARD? 'TIS ONLY CONSCIENCE, HAMLET ASSERTS

### Despondent Nordic Explains to Fencing Club Why Everyone Doesn't Die by Suicide Route.

*(From a Scandinavian Staff Correspondent)*

**E**LSINORE, Denmark.—To be or not to be is the principal question now agitating the people of this country, according to statements made to-night by J. K. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, in an address before the members of the Elsinore Young Men's Fencing Club, of which he is president.

Mr. Hamlet, who has become widely known as the Despondent Nordic because of the gloominess of his prognostications, said that it was up to the people themselves to decide whether it is nobler to suffer extreme mental tortures through the slings and arrows of fortune, which he characterized as outrageous, than to take up arms against the sea of troubles with which they are confronted.

Intimating that he did not share the popular belief that all troubles might be ended by opposing them, the speaker pointed out that by going to sleep, even the sleep that knows no awakening, we do not put a stop to the heart aches and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. He admitted that of course this would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, but emphasized the fact that "if we sleep, perchance we dream."

**Discloses Rub**

"Ay," said Mr. Hamlet, "there's the rub. For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have, as the saying goes, shuffled off this mortal coil? These things must give us pause."

Mr. Hamlet, whose recent assertion that he had seen and talked to the ghost of his father is being investigated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other scientists, including Harry Houdini, said that in spite of these things there was much to be said in favor of the eternal sleep. He declared that man's lot on this mundane sphere is to bear the whips and scorns of time, the pangs of unrequited affection, the delay of the law with its endless masses of red tape, and the insolence of office holders. Who, he asked, would have the nerve to bear these burns when he might put a "quietus" on himself with so humble an instrument as a bare knitting needle?

The thing that prevents more suicides, in the opinion of Mr. Hamlet, is the dread of encountering something after death that is unknown and unknowable. As he put it:

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

**Calls Thought Sickly**

Thus, Mr. Hamlet pointed out, conscience makes cowards of us all, and causes the "native hue of resolution" to be "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought."

"Because of conscience," he continued, "enterprises of great pith and moment turn their currents awry and lose the name of action."

Many in Mr. Hamlet's audience thought that this meant he was not in favor of the modern slogan, "Let your conscience be your guide," but he refused to confirm this impression.

Mr. Hamlet is the nephew of King Claudius of Denmark, who married his brother's widow, Queen Gertrude, shortly after the death of the late King. Mr. Hamlet is twenty-eight years old and unmarried.

—Herbert Asbury

Telephone Booths

"—aw, dear, can't you come out to-night? Please, dear, try to come out. Dear, can't you really come out, to-night? Really, dear, I'd love to see you. Please dear. Can't you please try to come out to-night. I really wish you would. I'd love to see you, dear. Really, I would. Please, dear, try to come out to-night. I'd love to see you, dear. I wish you would ask your mother if you could come out to-night. I'd love to see you, please dear, I really would. Please try to come out to-night, dear, I'd love—"

"—please dear, I'm in a hurry. Dear, please, I'm in a hurry. No dear, I can't get home to-night. Now please dear, I'm in a hurry. Please, be reasonable, dear. I'm in a hurry. Please, dear, I'm in a hurry—"

"—I understand perfectly. Yes, I understand perfectly. Yes, I understand perfectly. Yes, I understand, perfectly. Yes, I understand perfectly. Yes—"

"—hoperator, hoperator, hoperator, hoperator. Say, listen, hoperator, foist ya don't ring de pahty, then ya ring de wrung pahty, then ya give me de Hatlantic hand Pecific Kosher Butchaires. I—"

"—that you Helen? I mean, is Mrs. Wimble there? Oh, I beg your pardon, I must have the wrong number . . . You say you're Mr. Wimble . . . Oh, I'm just an old friend . . . that is, I must have the wrong number . . . what number did you say this was? . . . I mean . . . that is, is this Gramercy

seven seven seven seven . . . I have the wrong number . . . that is . . . I mean . . . —"

"—guess who this is. Aw gawan, guess who. I betcha can't tell who this is. Aw gawan, guess who. Ya say ya can't guess? Aw go wahead an try. Gawan, try an' guess who this is. I know I haven't calledja up in a long time, but go wahead an guess who it is. Harry? Say, ya must be thinkin' about him. I got somethin' on you now. I guess I know what's what in your life. Oh, you Harry. Awright, I'll quit my kiddin'. But guess again . . . —"—*Nettles*

From "The Book of Etiquette"

*When meeting a friend on the street is it proper to stop and chat?*

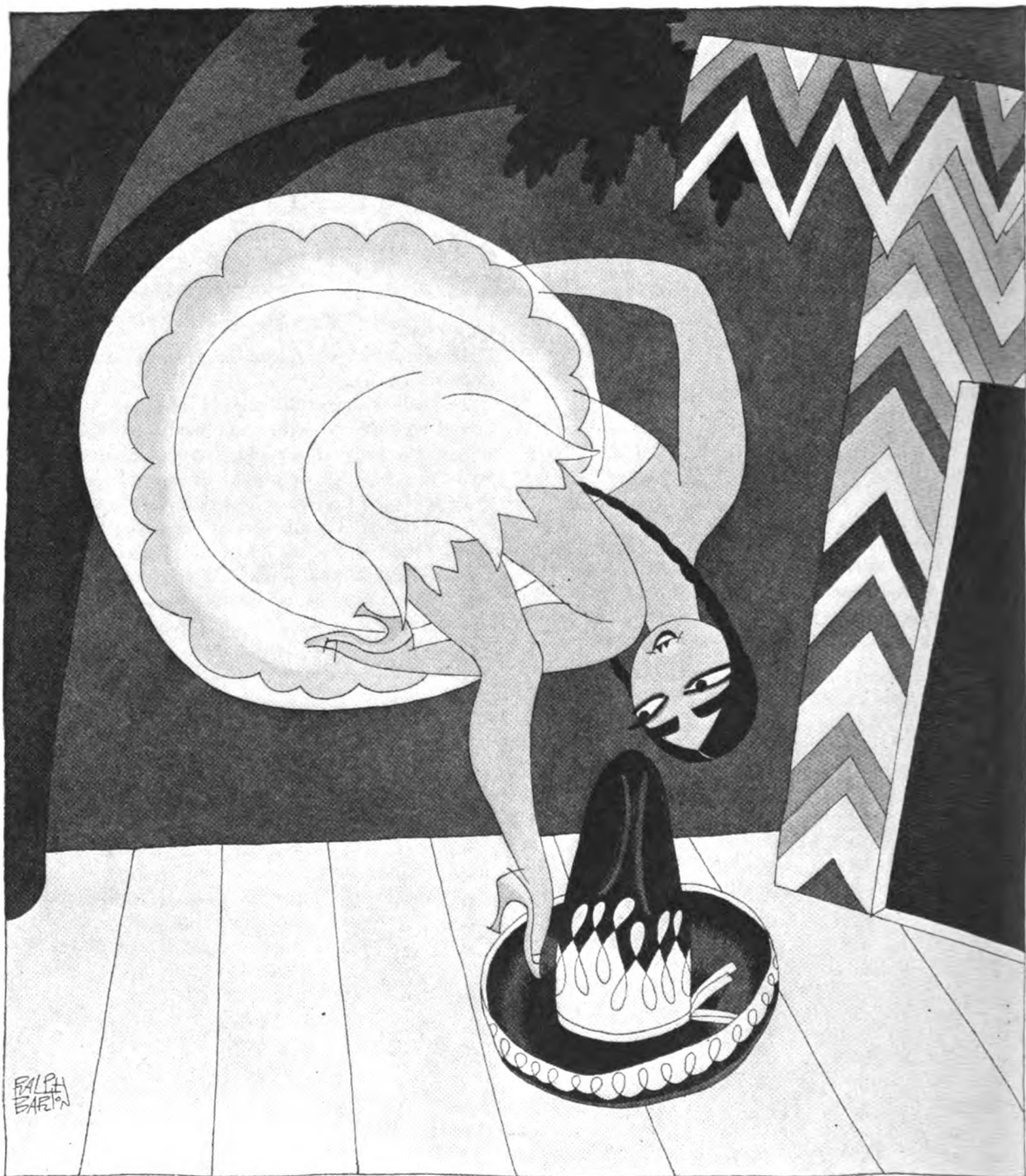
No, never stop in the middle of the street to speak. Signal your friend with your hand, raise it in salutation in the style of the old Romans, then proceed to write your message on a piece of paper and hold it up to be read. The size of letters to use depends on the eyesight of your acquaintance, but you are safe in using either bold-face, bull-face, full-face, bulldog-face, or just a plain club. If your friend is of the slow type it may be advisable to lasso him and hold him while you make your meaning clear, but under no condition should you make a sound by word of mouth.—*Clara Janson*

The Optimist

*Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.  
Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?*



He: *I can hardly recognize myself in that picture of us leaving the church.*  
She: *No wonder! The stupid newspaper has used a picture of my former wedding.*



### EVERY THORN HAS ITS ROSE

**W**E may be reduced to the necessity of accepting our liquor from the soiled hands of a Coast Guardsman; we may be pinched for entertaining such new-fangled, heretical ideas as the Theory of Evolution; we may have our income tax published to the wide world; we may be bawled out in the streets for the crime of wearing white spats; we may be at the mercy of a million Leagues for the Betterment of This and That; we may have our wastebaskets crammed with begging letters and direct-by-mail-advertising; we may live in an agony of apprehension

every time our legislatures convene; the trees may all be dying in Central Park, and many of us may be paying alimony—**BUT—**

We can still watch Rose Rolanda dance in the brim of a sombrero every night in the "Garrick Gaieties," and that is something for which to postpone a sailing to Europe.

Miss Rolanda and the younger members of the Theatre Guild deliver a highly amusing entertainment which is now installed at the Garrick Theatre, apparently for the Summer.—*R. B.*



### The Theatre

**T**AKING foul advantage of the absence of Alexander Woollcott in Europe, a group of unscrupulous actors, calling themselves "The Stagers," have produced Gilbert's "Engaged" at the Fifty-second Street Theatre. The result, nevertheless, is an evening of about as boisterous merriment as the New York Theatre is likely to supply this Summer.

The piece was written as a straight burlesque by Gilbert, with no musical assistance from Sullivan, but "The Stagers" have wisely gathered together about fifteen songs of the period, with lyrics that have been "found"—that's what the program says—by Brian Hooker. This seems to have been a most wise procedure—merry as the Gilbert text is, it is all in one mood and would almost certainly have become tiresome long before the evening is over without the scrapping of fiddles and the vigorous essays in voice and dance of such people as Rosamond Whiteside, Jay Fassett, J. M. Kerrigan and Antoinette Perry.

Where Mr. Hooker found his lyrics is not revealed, but he certainly knows some lovely cachés. There are three or four lyrics of his finding that are as excellent as the work in the same field of the author whom he is assisting, and there is nowhere anything he found that is not of an intelligent high class.

The so-minded member of the audience is given countless opportunities to perish of laughter during the course of the play's revelation. The reader, of course, may differ with this department—in, one hopes, a dignified and self-conscious way—but we get a lot of fun out of hearing Mr. Fassett sing a song, in the costume and manner of those dear 1870s, to be rewarded by Miss Perry with the observation that she now realizes what a consolation those troubadours in the troublesome days of anarchy must have been. For those who want a choice, we submit the further remark of J. M. Kerrigan, recommending himself highly to a young woman upon whom he has designs, with or without the benefit of clergy, that he is just full of anecdotes, some of them in very good taste.

If you saw the recent—surely within a year is recent—productions of "Fashion" and "Patience," we may be able to make our point. It is, to wit, that we enjoyed "Engaged" on the same level, only further.

**Y**OU don't have, if you'll only read to the end of this paragraph, really to go to the Times Square Theatre and see "Kosher Kitty Kelly" to get all the meat out of its proceedings. Let us be the first to

slip you the hot news that the final musical number of the evening is, according to the scholarly program, sung by "omnes."

In "Kosher Kitty Kelly," you may be surprised to learn, an Irish girl and a Jewish boy are in love as the curtain rises, but their parents disapprove of the proposed match. Well, they have an act or two and—hold on to your seats, you're going to get the surprise of your lives—the Irish girl marries an Irish boy who is also in the cast and the Jewish boy marries a Jewish girl who, too, is a member of the Actors' Equity Association. This is just fine with us and no different than it should be. . . . All right, you're so liberal. Would you want your sister to marry an Irishman? You see, it's different when it affects you personally, isn't it?

However, the show is not as good as our absurdly fair outline of its plot might indicate. Operating on the doubtful assumption that the subscribers to *THE NEW YORKER* have not seen "Abie's Irish Rose" and that wild horses could not drag them there, we will not dwell upon "Kosher Kitty Kelly's" relationship to the greatest mother of them all. We will, however, be allowed to remark, we hope, that the author of the new pledge must at some time or other have met some one who had seen "Abie's Irish Rose" and told him about it.

**T**HERE is, of course, a bit of Gilbert Seldes in all of us, and so without further apology the subject of W. C. Fields is brought up, with a recommendation that those who have not been there as well as those who have hurry at once to the New Amsterdam to see the current Ziegfeld Follies, just as fast as ever their little legs will carry them.

Fields, you must know, became a talking comedian comparatively late in life, or after twenty-six years as a straight and comic juggler. And now, in less than two years, he has become ever so many people's favorite comedian.

Fields is one of the small group of intrinsically amusing comedians, no matter what his particular assignment may be. There is something in the way the man walks, in the quality of his voice, in the licked defiance of his manner, that would make him screamingly funny in a sketch by George V. Hobart, even, or Roy K. Moulton.

Fortunately, he is subjected to no such bitter test in the current Follies. His material—most of it of his own composition—is as funny stuff as New York has

ever seen. A picnic scene, for particular example, that goes on at about ten-thirty every night, should not be missed—it has already become this department's crushing retort to the old dogs who keep on talking about but you should have seen the old Weberfields Music Hall.—*H. J. M.*

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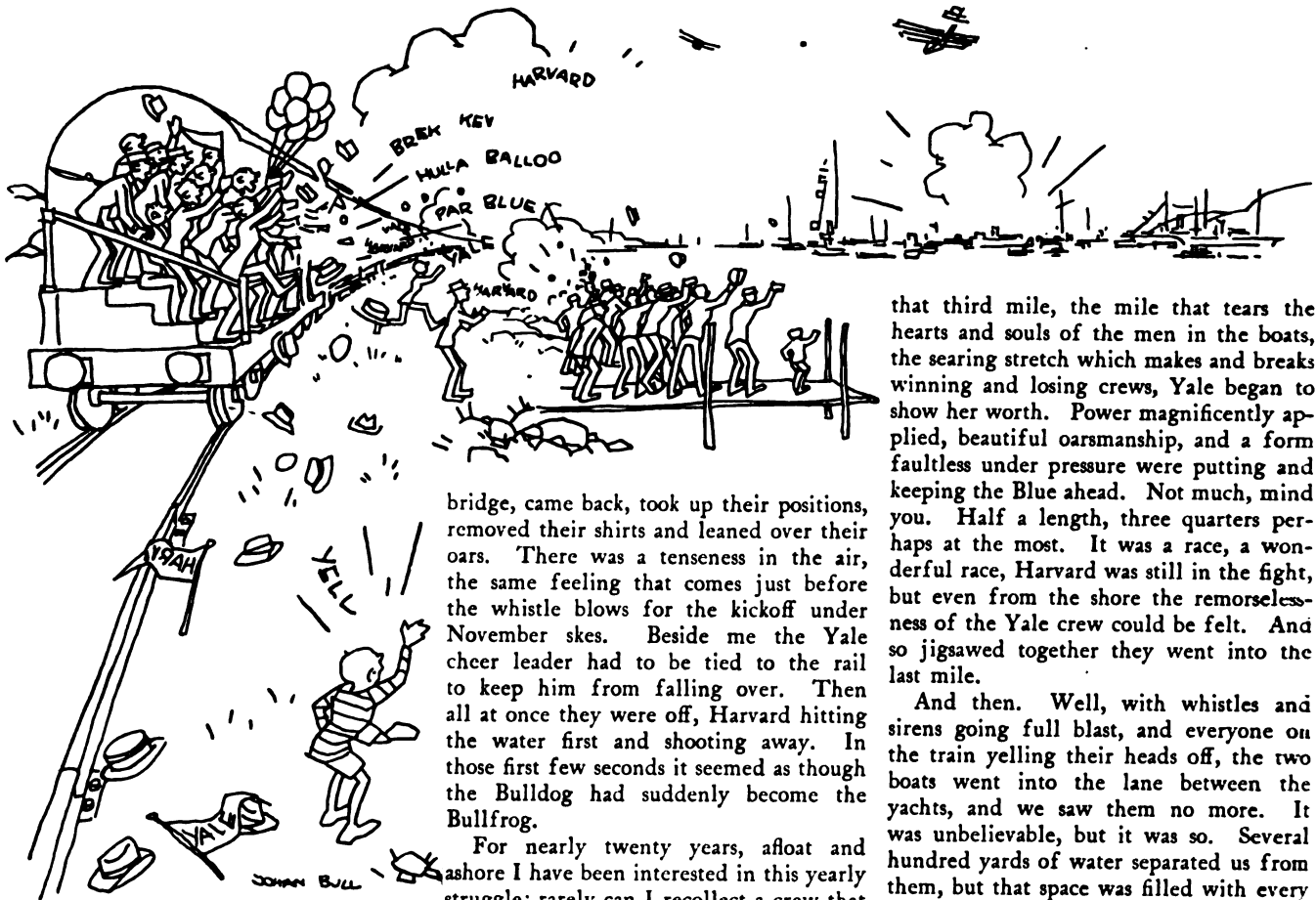
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THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



## SPORTS



SO far as I am aware, the Harvard-Yale regatta is the oldest sporting event in this country. It dates back almost without interruption to 1852, rivaling Henley, the great English rowing classic. Of the two, I prefer the scene at New London; it is far more colorful, more spectacular, more sumptuously and luxuriantly staged. There were many more yachts this year than ever before, and they made a magnificent sight, stretching all the way up the river from the railroad bridge to the finish line, with flags, banners and bunting covering them from stem to stern.

The race was late starting. It always is. Hanging out on the bridge over the red and blue stake boats with the sun streaming down on the lane of yachts, on the haughty white power boat marked "Regatta Committee," and on the motionless surface of the blue water, we were amused in car 13 of the Observation Train by the antics of the young man who led the Yale cheering. He was impartial. When a sub chaser appeared directly under us he hurled down a long Yale cheer with nine "Rum Rows" on the end.

At last the Blue crew appeared up the river. Then Harvard came out from behind a power boat and paddled down to the line. Both crews drifted under the

bridge, came back, took up their positions, removed their shirts and leaned over their oars. There was a tenseness in the air, the same feeling that comes just before the whistle blows for the kickoff under November skies. Beside me the Yale cheer leader had to be tied to the rail to keep him from falling over. Then all at once they were off, Harvard hitting the water first and shooting away. In those first few seconds it seemed as though the Bulldog had suddenly become the Bullfrog.

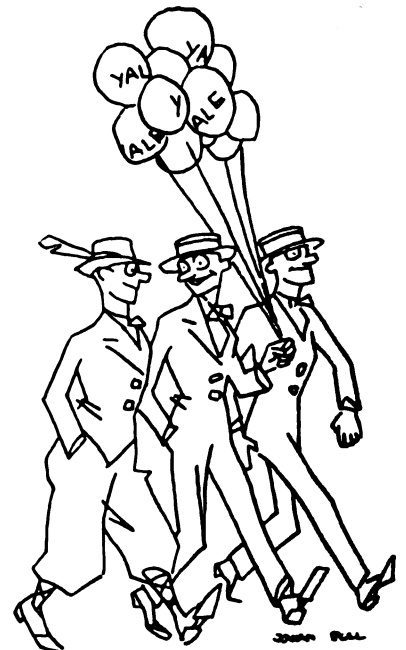
For nearly twenty years, afloat and ashore I have been interested in this yearly struggle: rarely can I recollect a crew that got away faster than this Harvard crew did. Even at our angle it was plain that the Crimson, rowing a high stroke, was nearly a length in the lead as the train took the curve and rolled along the bank beside the two boats. The Yale man beside me was on the verge of delirium tremens. For Harvard, rowing a well spaced, even stroke, was ahead; Yale apparently was content to let them act as pacemaker. At the mile flag Harvard was still holding her gain, Yale rowing her effortless stroke still hanging on. It was a real race, the first in three years.

Just about here the Blue stroke raised the beat slightly and his boat came on. Slowly, quietly, hardly noticeably, until at the mile and a half mark that lead had been cut down. The Navy Yard is approximately the half way mark, and the crews were hidden a minute or so behind sheds and buildings. We looked far ahead to the front cars of the train. As they came into the open blue flags, balloons, scarves and banners were flung out in the breeze. Yale had grabbed the lead. Not much of a lead, but the lead just the same. When they came in our view I clocked Yale rowing 36 to the minute, Harvard 35, and the Blue enthusiast beside me yelling at about 268½.

The theory that Harvard could get the lead and hold it was being disproved. In

that third mile, the mile that tears the hearts and souls of the men in the boats, the searing stretch which makes and breaks winning and losing crews, Yale began to show her worth. Power magnificently applied, beautiful oarsmanship, and a form faultless under pressure were putting and keeping the Blue ahead. Not much, mind you. Half a length, three quarters perhaps at the most. It was a race, a wonderful race, Harvard was still in the fight, but even from the shore the remorselessness of the Yale crew could be felt. And so jigsawed together they went into the last mile.

And then. Well, with whistles and sirens going full blast, and everyone on the train yelling their heads off, the two boats went into the lane between the yachts, and we saw them no more. It was unbelievable, but it was so. Several hundred yards of water separated us from them, but that space was filled with every craft afloat except the Leviathan. As far as we were concerned, the race was over. We might as well have been in Dubuque, Iowa. The screaming of the sirens, the tooting of whistles, the yelling and the cheering came to us across the river. But who was winning, who was pulling down those last few hundred yards ahead was a mystery. We looked at each other in



a dazed, bewildered way. Amid the din and noise and confusion from the finish line it was impossible to tell who had won. And ten minutes later as the train pulled back along the track to New London there was the remarkable sight of people who had been milked five dollars to go on a so-called Observation Train calling down to humble citizens who had seen the race from the river bank:

"Hey, who won the race?"

In fact, it was not until we reached the New London station and obtained the prints of the faithful Mr. Hearst that we knew who was victorious.

Friday, June 19 was not much of a red letter day for the Harvard crews; but it must have been all of that for the inhabitants of Rum Row. The dry navy was represented at New London, one hundred per cent strong. And fully ninety-nine and a half per cent was blocking the view at the finish from the observation trains, especially the three or four large destroyers anchored there and crowded with guests of Uncle Sam. They certainly saw more of the race than the guests of the New Haven Railroad.

The folders (giving information about the race) so kindly distributed by this company remarked naïvely that: "Observation Train will leave New London at 4:30 p. m. and follow the East Bank of the Thames, affording passengers an unobstructed view of the contest from start to finish." This astounding statement was made over the signature of one F. C. Coley, Passenger Traffic Manager. Mr. Coley is a lucky man. He should be able to see the next Yale-Harvard football game in the Bowl from a front row seat in the Polo Grounds. He could also probably see New Haven stock at 102½ and selling on an eight per cent basis from the balcony of the Exchange.

Observed in the main street of New London before the varsity race: Theodore Douglas Robinson, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wearing the losing colors. Possibly he saw the finish from one of those destroyers. Also Oliver D. Filley, captain of a victorious Crimson crew in 1908 and later on a colonel in the Royal Air Force, talking to Harold S. Vanderbilt ashore for a few minutes from his yacht, the Vagrant which was anchored up the river. As well as Commodore Robert Law, Jr., of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Al Lindley stroke of last year's great Yale crew, George Von L. Meyer, Jr., and other old Harvard and Yale oarsmen.

"Harvard's fight for the lead at the three mile mark will long be remembered," said a morning paper after the race. Possible; but unlikely. The chances

are all that will be remembered—and this only a short time, will be one tiny line. It will read like this:

1925. Winner, Yale. Time, 20:26.  
—J. R. T.

\* \* \*

Says a headline: "City of Twenty-five Million Souls in Sixty Years Predicted." There is nothing to worry about. Mr. Hylan's subway plans will provide for them amply—unless they bring their bodies.

\* \* \*

The well-informed Mark Sullivan says the Democrats are planning to center their attack in next year's campaign upon the anti-administration G.O.P. Senators with "a half humorous, half pious air of approving the Republican President." Perhaps that large detachment of guards at the Swampscott house is to keep Mr. Coolidge from being kidnapped by the Democratic Party.

\* \* \*

"Kosher Kitty Kelly" has received the unanimous denunciation of the dramatic critics. In fact, it looks like a big decade for Kitty.

\* \* \*

We cannot get away from the thought that those people who fill our commencement exercises with highflown language ought to go in for sky-writing.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Ederle broke the swimming record from the Battery to Sandy Hook and sailed for Europe the next day. The use of a boat in the latter connection was sheer girlish extravagance.

**The Original Lucy Stoner**

BILOXI, Miss.—Having her hair bobbed for the ceremony, Miss Mary Sanders, 74, and A. J. Fuller, 96, both inmates of the Confederate Soldiers' Home here, were publicly married in the presence of several hundred persons. The bridegroom was the eighth husband of Miss Sanders.

—Dispatch to the St. Paul Rural Weekly.

**Many Called; Two Chosen**

In the daily line of 700 to 1,000 handshakers were Evangelist Billy Sunday and his wife. "Stay to lunch," said the President. They did. (See Religion.)

—Time

**Just a Simple Little Home**

Wilhelm spoke about ninety minutes to a home circle audience, including his wife, the Princess Hermione, her two children, his Court Marshal, von Moltke, and others of his former imperial entourage, as well as two high officers from Germany and one German ex-ambassador.

—A. P. dispatch

**Is That All?**

... according to Harold G. Aron, chairman of the publicity committee of the Advisory Committee of 130 of the Republican County Committee.

—From a news story



HERE'S the truth of it. Covarrubias says it's a portrait of Nickolas Muray. Muray says it looks like the Dickens.

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# WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



**D**INNER at Voisin is very quiet and tranquil compared with most places.

The tables are decently spaced, so you aren't annoyed by the proximity of your neighbors. Even though you may not be confiding the gist of your love-life to your *vis-a-vis* you don't care about having strangers, or more especially friends, listening-in on your table talk. We, personally, fancy uncluttered restaurants and that, besides very good food, is what you get at Voisin. Incidentally, you know the people about you, or if you don't, you ought to. Frank Crowninshield surges in, sweeping a bevy of bowing waiters and Owen Johnson with him. That, gentle readers, should tell you that it is smart for dinner.

In our freshman days Bustanoby's was the intercollegiate rendezvous of vacation time, and we confess to not knowing the present equivalent in college circles. If you wanted to locate a particular college boy from no particular college, you could do it efficiently by going direct to Busty's. They began gathering there at lunch time and stayed on until a late hour next morning when it closed. Of course Maxim's around the corner had a similar vogue at the same time, but Busty's had to be visited at some hour by all right-minded students. The Army and Navy always furnished a good quota, even if the Astor or Biltmore was announced as headquarters for West Point and Annapolis. With Mae Dorsey, Helen and Trixie Smith they danced and broke bottles on the marble floor by way of "seeing life."

Under the stimulating influence of ladies liquor fights were frequent, often ending in a wholesale exodus through the kitchen and back door, as the police, blowing whistles for reinforcements, moved in at the front.

Those beautiful, raucous, old days have passed; and the name has been changed successively to Pre Catelan, the Metamora Club and now La Pensée. We went there to dinner recently to look for sparks of the old life, but the search was fruitless. The marble floor with the post, which was so difficult to dance around, is unchanged; and the cabaret girls still peep over the balcony railing, waiting their turn to go on, but the spirit is gone. With a sigh for the evening Jack McFish pushed Broadway's blondest blonde from Jack's to Bustanoby's in a wheelbarrow, we left its dull respectability for newer, brighter playgrounds.

Lash down your false hair before you go stepping at Montmartre, or the evening breezes there will carry away your camouflage. Fresh air circulates vivaciously in

few places these tropic evenings, and since the big business in hand is keeping cool we feel it behooves us to note all possibilities in that direction.

Of course we should not play favorites, but during the Summer the urban entertainments boil down to a very limited group that are distinguished. Montmartre continues to charm the same type of people, and we consider them very pleasant to be with. Dropping in there we saw Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cushing 3rd, Mr.

mony. Another newcomer in the entertainment is a masqued singer in top hat and evening cape.

The bit we enjoyed most was a dagger dance done by Czara Romanyi. She was a guest, but was persuaded to perform with a couple of carving knives from the kitchen. The Russian effect was sufficiently authentic to be heartily applauded by Prince Dimitri and William Leeds, husband of Princess Xenia, who sat near us with Charles Hanson Towne and Schuyler Parsons.



It is advertised as the World's Largest Ballroom; and we are not the one to dispute such a claim. We have never been a participant in one of these endurance dancing contests, nor have we ever indulged in mileage dancing for the reduction of avoirdupois or retardation of senility. In fact, as we now recall it, our dancing has been for pleasure, except for rare cases of duty, and we have completely disregarded distance. Nevertheless, we were impressed by the acreage of the floor at Clover Gardens. It may easily be the largest for the purpose in the world.

From the foyer you cannot see the opposite side of the room, not only because of its remoteness, but on account of the dim illumination and the intervening rows of gilded Byzantine columns. It is only fair to mention for the benefit of those who doubt their evening eyesight that these colonnades are not straight, but laid out on the pattern of a snake track. (Or rather, that is how they appeared to us.) Careful steering is necessary to negotiate these colonnades under certain barometric conditions.

The walls are decorated with conventionalized dancing figures of different nationalities and the ceiling is well treated with friezes. Several large murals by Crisp depicting Utopian festivities in splendid color are the main features of interest. There is a soda fountain of great length in one corner and three sides of room are bordered by refreshment tables and lounges. The long red lounge in the entrance salon is one of the announced features of the place. Here in a demure, but cheerful line, sit the thirty young women who may be hired as dancing partners or instructresses. Of their charms and terpsichorean talents we can not tell—as we always fare forth on an evening with our own prancing partner.

The Clover Gardens offer unexcelled opportunities for dancing without crowding, but we felt somewhat chilly away from the accustomed congestion of the night clubs. The floor and orangeades are good, and the clientele, if not *chic*, is seemingly respectable.—*Top Hat*

and Mrs. Elliot Holt with her twin sister and Sidney Smith, Louise Wise Lewis, Peg Power, Olivia Sterner, Jack Bouvier, of course Dr. O'Connor, Connie Luft and Dave Moss, Margaret Belmont, Leland Hayward, Mrs. Potter Brown, and William Thomas of Navy aeronautics. Mary Floyd-Jones was on hand as of yore. The night of the reopening she was the most noticeably absent habituée. Inquiry revealed she was in Hot Springs, and with her return the normal status of Montmartre is re-established.

"Texas" Guinan handed us some more laughs Monday night. She still holds all records on pep, and several on snappy comebacks. Also she has perhaps the largest kissing acquaintance so far observed.

You don't always see the same show at the "Texas" Guinan Club, because new talent is constantly being rung in. And if the crowding gets any worse the guests will have to be wrung out. The Williams twins, whom "Texas" introduced as "the daughters of the Dolly Sisters," are clever dancers and sing insinuating har-



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

**THE THEATRE**

**WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth**

If there is a Pulitzer Prize for the play of the century, this piece may well be entitled to it.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw**  
Life and love in the vineyards of California, far, far from Hollywood, but with many of its practises. Pauline Lord in the season's finest display of acting.

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild**  
Lionel Atwell and Helen Hayes, in the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's reminder that both the noblest Roman and the least circum-spect Egyptian of them all were scarcely aware at the time that they were eternally historical.

**IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street**  
A robust and unusually entertaining play, written in the vernacular, or anyway in what the stage regards as the vernacular.

**THE FALL GUY—Eltinge**  
This play, too, like "Is Zat So?", is in the theatre's American language, but it is more solidly built and more given to the explanation of its complications and is consequently less amusing.

**LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty**  
A highly diverting musical comedy, made so by George Gershwin's music, the dancing and true playful spirit of Fred and Adele Astaire, and some nifties by Walter Catlett.

**ROSE-MARIE—Imperial**  
The season's most successful musical play, and maybe the managers will take the hint that the public will reward good singing and elegant scenic investitures when, as and if supplied.

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam**  
The funniest "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has ever provided with about the funniest comedian—W. C. Fields—Mr. Ziegfeld has ever employed.

**LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan**  
The most beautiful production that has yet come from the lavish generosity of Mr. Ziegfeld. And quite comic, too, if Leon Errol's comedy falls will do you for an entire evening.

**THE GORILLA—Selwyn**  
A lot of fun is to be had at this burlesque of the mystery plays, but don't bring one of those "but it stands to reason that" pests with you.

**TELL ME MORE—Gaiety**  
A good Gershwin score and some merry fooling by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

**GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick**  
There is the welcome exuberance of youthful spirits in this revuelet offered by the younger players of the Theatre Guild.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's**  
Another highly meritorious member of the group of adult musical plays—good singing, good acting, decent settings—that has suddenly started to come to town last season.

**MOVING PICTURES**

**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion**  
The Kaufman-Connelly fantasy done with much cinematic imagination by James Cruze. Together with the playlet "Business is Business," by George S. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker.

**DON Q—Globe**  
Doug's newest acrobatic romance is good entertainment for a Summer night.

**ART**

**CHARLES SINDELAR—Alnatie Gallery.**  
Fox hunters and their wives, and horses around Millbrook way. Well mannered art.

**ANDERS ZORN—Grand Central Art Gallery.**  
A comprehensive exhibit of this virile and prolific painter. Worth a visit, even in hot weather.

**WATER COLORS—Montross.**  
A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

**SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery.**  
Interesting things by the younger moderns.

**MUSIC**

**"AIDA"—Yankee Stadium.**  
Saturday evening, June 27, with De Muro, Rappold, scade of singers, horses, camels and elephants. The beginning of the Summer opera season.

**SPORTS**

**TENNIS—Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I.**  
Monday, June 29 and following days, annual invitation tournament, the smartest thing in tennis on the north shore of Long Island. The entry is restricted and the play is consequently high in quality.

**POLO—Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, L. I.**  
Monday, June 29, and following days. Polo daily between closely matched teams with some of the best of the younger players in the East competing.

**BOXING—At the Polo Grounds**  
Thursday evening, July 2. Harry Greb vs. Mickey Walker, 15 rounds, world's middle weight championship. Harry Wills vs. Charlie Weinert, 15 rounds, and other bouts.

**BASEBALL—Polo Grounds**  
Brooklyn vs. New York, Friday, June 26. Boston vs. New York, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, June 27, 28, 29, 30.

**Yankee Stadium**  
Philadelphia vs. New York, Thursday, Friday, July 2, 3.

**OTHER EVENTS**

**FAIR AND TEA—Manhasset, L. I.**  
Friday, June 26. Annual fair and tea for the Babies' Milk Fund of the Family Welfare Association of Nassau County, at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

**TREASURE HUNTS—Greenwich, Conn.**  
Saturday afternoon, June 27. Three treasure hunts for the benefit of the Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry. Hunt on foot starts at 3 P. M. on Round Hill Road at corner of Redfield Estate. One mounted hunt will start at 2:30 at Round Hill Club Stables and the second at the same time at the riding ring near home of F. C. Tanner, on Kennilworth Road, Purchase, N. Y.

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**They Knew What They Wanted**  
with Leo and Pauline Carrillo Lord  
**Klaw** Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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**GOINGS ON**  
A conscientious calendar of events worth while

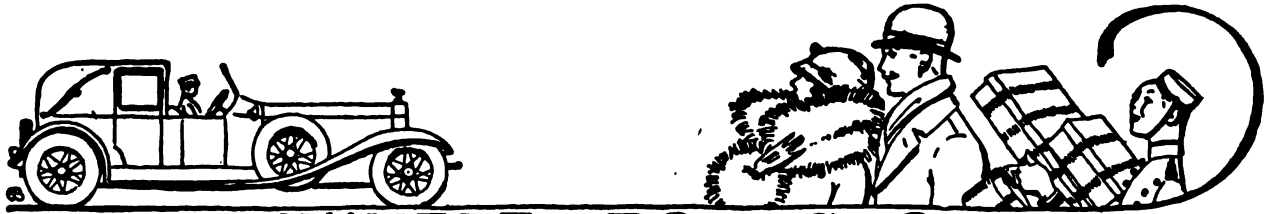
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## WHERE TO SHOP

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a light on the subject of finding one's way through the "Maze of Streets" and the "Labyrinth of Shops." Aladdin's lamp was a mere wisp of light compared to the glow which this guide throws on the streets of New York Town.

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

**THE OLD FLAME**, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). He and She, the She he didn't marry, at their best. Try the sleepwalking chapter, next hot day we have.

**DRUMS**, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). About a boy who grows up in time to serve under Paul Jones. No headaches in any amount of it, yet refreshing.

**ARROWSMITH**, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). What it profits a "compulsion neurotic" with a scientific bent to pass up success and comfort and save his soul.

**UNVEILED**, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). A clever warning to conscientious men with fits of wandering against marrying idealists with sluttish mothers.

**THE RECTOR OF WYCK**, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). A warning to old-style nice girls against marrying self-sacrificing clergymen.

**THE GREAT GATSBY**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). The queerfish bootlegger magnate turns out to be a grand romantic gentleman. The superior people—aren't.

**THE APPLE OF THE EYE**, by Glenway Wescott (*Dial Press*). Walt Whitman's ideas and St. Paul's in a farm yard conflict loftily and beautifully represented.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH**, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Now too widely known to need description.

**THE GUERMANTES WAY**, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*) and **LUCIENNE**, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). For connoisseurs of the psychological novel.

**CRUEL FELLOWSHIP**, by Cyril Hume (*Doran*). Suggests that an inferiority complex may as well be blamed on the Fates.

SHORT STORIES

**TRIPLE FUGUE**, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*) and **BRING! BRING!** by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Neither is recommended to those who measure short stories by O. Henry's.

GENERAL

**JOHN KEATS**, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes.

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Vivid tomato can and brake rods memories.

**THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES**, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). A fine interpretation.

**PAUL BUNYAN**, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). Literature holds out a hand to lumber camp mythology.

**CREDO**, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A modern philosophy that any one but Mr. Bryan can understand. If he could, he would gnash every tooth in his head.

"You Don't Know the Hat of It, Dearie"

THE SCENE: A restaurant.

CHARACTERS: { A diner, a hat-check girl.

THE CHECK-GIRL: I don't see no hat on this check.

THE DINER: Well, I had a hat when I came in.

THE CHECK-GIRL: Yuh musta et it for dinner, then. It ain't here now.

THE DINER: You give me my hat.

THE CHECK-GIRL: I tell yuh I ain't got it. Are you deaf?

THE DINER: If you don't give it to me I'll have you reported.

THE CHECK-GIRL: Now, don't yuh start makin' no trouble.

THE DINER: I want my hat.

THE CHECK-GIRL: Say, I keep tellin' yuh there ain't no hat on check 19. See for yuhself.

THE DINER (*looking at hook in coat room marked 19*): No. There's no hat there.

THE CHECK-GIRL: Well?

THE DINER: Well! Who said anything about check 19? The number of my check is 61. You've been looking at it upside down, all the time. Now will you give me my hat?

THE CHECK-GIRL: Sure I will. (*Hands him hat.*) And say! You certainly look awful nice in it.

THE DINER: Didn't mean to give you so much trouble about it. May drop in again, later.

(*Gives her large tip.*)

—C. G. S.

The Ayes Have It

Dawes Plan Meets All Hopes So Far, Gilbert Declares.

—Times

Dawes Report by Gilbert Condemns German Budget as Unsound and Tricky.

—World

Dawes Plan Aim Fulfilled in Six Months, Gilbert Finds.

—Herald Tribune

ON THE SAME DAY

Brooklyn Leader Still Looked Upon as Mayor's Anchor to Windward.

—Times

McCooley of Brooklyn Said to be Supporting Hylan Unless Much Stronger Man Can be Found.

—World

Brooklyn Leader said to be Ready to For-sake Mayor if Some Other Vote Getter is Named.

—Herald Tribune

Cannibalism at Coney

Throngs surged into the restaurants, and after eating those who were not in suits went to the bathhouses to get rooms for the day.

—From the Times

The transfer of the two bears from Governor Smith's house to the zoo is a belated step in the right direction. We could never understand why executive mansions should be cluttered up with dumb animals. It's not logical; it's zoo-logical.



THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENTS OF CUISINE AND SERVICE ARE YOURS TO ENJOY IN THE COOL AND CHARMING ATMOSPHERE OF RESTAURANT CRILLON 15 EAST 48<sup>TH</sup> STREET O. J. BAUMGARTEN PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER



THE NEW YORKER



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## What Shall We Do This Evening?

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

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# The Outside World

### JOTTINGS ABOUT JERSEY

Armless undershirts and dungarees are the nobby things in Summer suitings for auto touring out Mountain View way.

\* \* \*

To be stamped as of the yokelry, one orders a hot dog at any Pompton Turnpike emporium. Hot frank is the term favored by the élite.

\* \* \*

Among the Passaic River jeunesse dorée a favorite method of displaying the one-piece suit and concomitants is canoeing.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Murfye, Jake Muller, Miss Ruby Blintz, George Smyth, Albert Hostettyr and the Miss Hohmyre are week-ending at Kamp Kuddleup, the Murfyes' one-room manor at Two Bridges.

\* \* \*

The 5.14, Eastern Standard time, was on time Friday hereabouts, several local alighters commending the Erie management thereon.

\* \* \*

L. D. Grady of Smull Avenue hosted a merry party of heat relief seekers Thursday night, he blowing the gang to the sodas.

\* \* \*

Other partakers noted were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Flavelle and menage and others.

\* \* \*

A well known Kiwanian is locally quoted as saying that current meteorological conditions are bad for the butcher business, salad consumption having taken a big jump during the week.

\* \* \*

Not many days now ere the annual exodus to where cooling breezes ripple sunlit seas.—*Baron Ireland*

### EXCITEMENT IN MACON

PROMINENT negro citizens are organizing a civic club along the lines of the noted Lions Club of Macon. The organization will probably call itself the Panthers.

\* \* \*

W. A. Covington, of Lakeland, Fla., waxed wroth in the local press because the Tennessee legislature had been derided for abolishing evolution. He spoke of the "little half-hammered professors who taught children and youth that the account of the origin of man as given in the Bible is a poetic fancy, . . . that the Sermon on the Mount and the Constitution of the United States were originally

present potentially in forms of life below even the apes."

Not forgetting the poems of Robert W. Service and the doings of Andy Gump.

\* \* \*

A man indicating disgust returned Mauris's "Ariel" to the public library the day after he had taken it out. He had thought it was a text on radio.

\* \* \*

Nathan Trivers of New York City came down to grace personally the opening of the latest addition to his chain of Executive Two-Pants stores. Not only that; Mr. Trivers took off his coat and, to signalize the inauguration, himself waited on the trade.

Nor was this glory sufficient. On the sales force for the initial day were, in addition to Mr. Trivers, the first and second vice-presidents of his company, his general manager of retail sales, his national advertising manager, and the heads of his stores in Chattanooga, Columbia, Atlanta and Jacksonville.

It was an auspicious occasion. The Mayor of Macon, wearing a boutonniere, pressed a button which threw open the doors. There were a speech and photographs, after which 500 persons filed in and received souvenirs.

Those who have bought Mr. Trivers's wares say that the fit of the pants is as right as a trivers.—*Mason Dixon*

### CITIES

WASHINGTON—Troy without the Trojans—Sparta without the Spartans—Paris without the Parisiennes.

\* \* \*

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—A rich farmer's daughter taking piano lessons on the second floor of a building with tin cornices, built in 1874.

\* \* \*

ST. LOUIS—A stout man with a bulbous nose trying to read Goethe and throw a pretzel across the Mississippi at the same time.

\* \* \*

OMAHA—Chief Sitting Bull on a stockyards fence trying to sell billboard space to a C. B. & Q. brakeman.

\* \* \*

CLEVELAND—A large Slavish woman in a picture hat reading *Scribner's* while her husband drinks near beer from a tin pail.

\* \* \*

MINNEAPOLIS—King Winter roller skating through a park lined with waste-paper cans.

\* \* \*

CHICAGO—Kansas City in Long Pants, blotto on bad gin.

\* \* \*

PITTSBURGH—Dante and General Sherman apologizing to hell.—*Leonard Hall*

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"She called it 'Cold Cream,' poor lonesome thing, and it was struggling to do all her work—against all those frightful odds.

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