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THE

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# NEW YORKER

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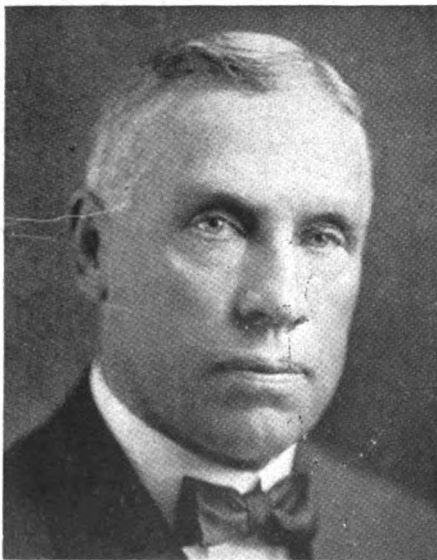
For Human, Capable and Experienced Men  
in Public Office—

For an Efficient Administration That Will  
Get Things Done—

For an Early Solution of New York City's  
Pressing Civic Problems—

## VOTE FOR

CHARLES W. BERRY



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FOR COMPTROLLER

JAMES J. WALKER



©Marceau

FOR MAYOR

JOSEPH V. McKEE



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FOR PRESIDENT,  
BOARD OF ALDERMEN

## VOTE ALL STARS





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

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

**W**ITH the Opera season approaching, it becomes clear that a number of people are urging the Metropolitan managers to patronize more American composers than they have hitherto done. It is a worthy movement—that is, if suitable operas and suitable people willing to pay high prices for American opera seats can be found. It is not worthy if these two essentials are lacking; for every time an American opera is pronounced a failure at the Metropolitan, the entire company of native composers receives an ugly blow.

We, for one, don't blame Gatti-Casazza for balking. He has had too many American operas fail. For what is the Metropolitan? It is an enormous building ideally suited to German opera with its Gods and Heroes, a little less suited to Italian opera, and not suited at all to French Opera. The modern trend in music is to something less bombastic by far. And if American money desires American opera, our suggestion is a smaller opera house.

**S**EATS at the opera have gone up to \$8.25, on the Stock Exchange to \$125,000, and in the subway they are practically unobtainable.

And, if Senator Walker cares about the support of the younger generation, this last state of affairs will enable him to combine his two slogans to read: "A seat for every child—not a strap."

**T**HERE is, perhaps, no better collection of legs to be seen anywhere than at the Plaza Hotel just before tea time, when the men arrive.



They are crossed in every comfortable chair. And we notice that dresses this year are so short as to make the gesture of covering the knee obviously insincere. It is only good psychology that just so soon as the knee is shown intentionally it will be made as beautiful as possible. This means covering it with a stocking. We notice that at the Plaza they are wearing them all the way up.



**M**R. NICHOLS has withdrawn the offensive phrase, "beautiful but dumb" as applied to the lovely creatures at Atlantic City, but the impression is likely to persist, nevertheless, that a beauty prize winner knows only about as much as the early editions of an evening paper.

**N**UMEROLOGY, the imaginative science that puts one in touch with one's cosmic vibrations, seems to be in for a season of prosperity. This week we have met many people who are conscientiously thinking of themselves as some number between 0 and 10. A number of small books now on the stands will put one *au courant* with the latest developments of the theory. We have read one and feel slightly sublimated already.

**T**HE new model Ford plane is on display at Wanamaker's, priced at \$25,000. This looks like business, but we shall not admit that air flivvers have really arrived until we can buy them in drug stores.

## The Week

**E**PISCOPAL House of Bishops removes word "obey" from the marriage ceremony and De Wolf Hopper begins his reminiscences in the *Saturday Evening Post*. American expedition unearths the Temple of Ashtaroth, where Saul's armor hung as trophy, and thieves, in Berlin, steal from synagogue silver tablet inscribed with Ten Commandments. Fascisti establish compulsory arbitration for capital and labor and Nathan Straus deprecates lack of union among

Jews. President Coolidge says what this country needs is tolerance and Harry Healy, of Brooklyn, changes his name to Harry Schwartz to please fiancée, in vain as it develops. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, in Latin address to students, deploras their failure to drink more beer and wine for breakfast and it is announced that the present membership of the American Bartender's Union is 27,000. Ernest Vajda arrives to write screen scenarios and it is disclosed that Jack Luden, son of the cough drops, is studying in Paramount School for movie career. American Federation of Labor denounces Soviet government and Russian mission lets contracts here for eighty-two million dollars worth of goods. Candidate Walker journeys to Philadelphia to see how subways are dug and New York's budget for next year promises to reach \$440,000,000. Camembert, France, plans a monument to the cheese that made it famous and quinquennial balloting on new names for the Hall of Fame is completed.

### *Symphonic*

THE account herein printed some weeks ago of the brass band reception accorded Dr. Walter Damosch and his orchestra by a Southern city has led to Mr. George Barrere's recalling an incident of his tour some time ago with his "Little Symphony." This musical troupe, it will be remembered, was composed of fourteen picked artists, each one a concert soloist on his instrument.

Returning from Texas, Mr. Barrere found that his booking bureau had arranged a concert in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Here, on the evening of the concert, the manager of the opera house sought out the manager of the "Little Symphony." He did not know what was the custom, the local manager explained; so would he have the curtain raised first and let the troupe come on, or would the troupe be seated and then have the curtain raised?

The novelty of not having to troop out before the audience appealed to the fourteen soloists; they decided that being seated on the stage before the curtain went up would be a welcome change. It was so agreed.

The time arrived. The stage manager received a nod from Mr. Barrere. "Let her go, boys," he called,

and the stage hands leant on the ropes. Slowly the curtain rose, to disclose the fourteen musicians to their audience.

And, as the footlights came into



view of the waiting soloists, the local five-man orchestra, in the pit, broke lustily, if somewhat tinnily, into an overture—

"If you knew Susie, like I know Susie—"

### *For Posterity*

THE Hall of Fame, sombre and still in its stone dignity on University Heights, is not given to tremulous excitement. Hardly a sniff it gave, for example, to Mayor Hylan's late proposals to build a garbage incinerator one hundred and fifty feet under its uptilted nose.

Yet to-day, who can grudge the unblinking colonnade a quiver of anticipation? The quinquennial election is over; only the final approval of the august Senate of New York University stands between an avid public and the announcement of names chosen when the balloting of one hundred and seven gentlemen, pillars of the republic, closed October the fifteenth.

Deeper is the interest this year, because the electors have fallen behind their quota of five nominees every five years and this time may choose as many as twelve names, filling seven vacancies which the last twenty-five years have seen accumulate.

THERE is appropriate solemnity in the choice of immortals. Twenty-five years, they must be dead. Slowly the machinery of decision grinds for posterity, hemming itself in with safeguards lest it give way to rash enthusiasm, cringing behind minor mysteries of its own contriving. The present wait for approval is a final precaution, taken to filter the more carefully. Until the last moment there is always the grim danger of some unexpected blotch appearing to blacken the name of an elect.

Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the present director of the Hall of Fame, impresses one as a fitting figure to conduct an election to immortality, "with dignity, restraint, breadth of view and a sense of proportion and value," as the handbook of his editing explains. "We are," Dr. Johnson will tell you, "in the twilight of our choosing. Most obvious candidates have been elected; the electors are voting upon those on the borderline." Many who are alive to-day, he will add, will have niches; perhaps that is why the quota is not now filled. Edison, perhaps; Wilson, when twenty-four years more have elapsed. There is also Roosevelt. Electors (Dr. Johnson, of course, is not one) willing. Who can tell twenty-five years from now. P. T. Barnum, Charles Spencer Chaplin, of course, no. Henry Ford, perhaps. He may do many things.

IN the meantime there is sedate excitement over what this year's choice has produced. Has Edwin Booth finally succeeded in gaining admittance? Last balloting he was second highest of the unsuccessful, General Sheridan leading him. A three-fifths vote is necessary. And John Paul Jones, he, too, came near to being tapped in 1920. Walt Whitman, Paul Revere, "Stonewall" Jackson, William Loyd Garrison, others; their ghosts stand shivering on the windswept heights, waiting to hear the verdict.

Below the Hall that stands ready to receive the new chosen immortals, thunder the commuters' trains, life

blood to a young city; behind it last Saturday, the football team of N. Y. U. defeated Union College by a score of 12 to 3, its third victory of the season. Prospects for the Violet aggregation are good, they say.

Travel Note

VOYAGERS to and fro on the *Berengaria* will be served the following anecdote for some time, since it came to being only the last time the liner docked here.

Two gentlemen, although unacquainted, were forced by the exigencies of travel to share a cabin for the sail back from Europe. One of the pair, a gruff, self-contained person, resisted the early efforts of his cabin mate to establish a reasonably cordial *entente*. So, after the first day out, they spoke to each other not at all.

While the *Berengaria* was steaming up the Narrows, the gruff, self-contained one broke the week's silence.

"Smoke cigars?" he inquired. His cabin mate said he didn't.

"Sure you don't?" the hitherto recluse insisted. "Got a box of fifty here. Prime quality. Sure you don't smoke cigars?"

The affable cabin mate was sure he didn't.

"Then it must have been the steward. There are five missing from the box," said the self-contained one.

And the silence was on again.

Hamlets

HARDLY a season that we have not some *Hamlet* with us, but this is a Fall when only the hardest productions may survive and we are to have no fewer than two. In the intensity of competition it is perhaps as well for the melancholy Dane that he has had a Hampden and a Barrymore to break the ice of blasé 1925 audiences for him. And it is proba-

ble that the *Hamlet* in modern clothing, which is to follow, relies in part for its success on the interest aroused by this earlier opening.

New York's edition of a *Hamlet* in up to date raiment has already progressed beyond the rumors its creation first circulated. It has been cast, as everyone knows, with Mr. Basil Sydney and with a sixteen-year-old *Ophelia*, Miss Helen Chandler. It is in rehearsal, promised for the first week in November.

The London production is well into its third month, and its local producers are taking the experiment very seriously indeed. They have not overlooked the potential publicity which lurks in curiosity about their treatment of stage direction in following Shakespeare's text. Shall foils for the duel be snatched from the walls, as in the British performance? how now is *Polonius* to be murdered? shall a Twentieth Century ghost materialize? shall *Queen Gertrude* (Adrienne Morrison) have bobbed hair—boyish bob or Eton cut? In the whetting of such interest, the performance is laid bare to the growing of accusation of being "tricky," but in the end this may be only a further means of pre-

serving, in the struggle for existence, an able performance.

IN the meantime we hear that Miss Barrymore and Mr. Hampden are so satisfied with their combination that it will be preserved through the Winter, for further Shakespeare, and perhaps also for a play based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

The old Colonial Theatre, to which Mr. Hampden has courteously given his name, again makes history, this time in the northward trend of the theatre. Over a score of years ago it was Percy Williams's ace house; then it was bought by Keith and waxed supreme in vaudeville until the Palace to the South and the Eighty-first Street Theatre to the North stilled its thunder. The local population, on which an average vaudeville house depends for its main support, moved away and left it, an oasis among garages, and an oasis overrun by Don Juan hill towards the Hudson.

Then there grew and flourished New York's nearest approach to the epithet and penny throwing galleries of old England. Without designs on art, frankly admitting its plebian taste, the Colonial's was the gallery which

had the distinction of booing from its stage the great Yvette Guilbert, then, ten years ago, at the height of her power. Later, it found displeasure in Olga Petrova's performance, but a displeasure as nothing to that of the actress herself. In towering rage, she stepped out of her part, snapped words of vitriol back into her critics' teeth, and with the stroke set herself up in their eyes as a near idol. A cheerful populace, happy to be beaten at its own game.

At its heyday the Colonial was the Mecca of West Side youngsters. Not to go to its Monday matinee meant ostracism. As such, its place was never filled when it succumbed at last, and it was the

CATS of CHINATOWN



success of the darktown productions, riding the current vogue, which brought it back into the electric glare.

Now again it is to rise to further glory, still the property of the Keith organization, but flaunting the banner of Hampden, the ghosts of its once shrill gallery silenced before a Barrymore as *Ophelia*.

### Reunion

ONE is apt to encounter more in the Brevoort these evenings than the mere savory French cooking, or the impedimenta of American building construction. Thus, on a night last week, I was astonished to see prowling about the disordered lobby Mr. Dudley Field Malone, Mr. Clarence Darrow, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays, and sundry newspaper correspondents.

But it wasn't, after all, a dire and portentous occasion. It was a mere reunion, in the best collegiate style, of the Grenadiers of Dayton, Tennessee. Forty correspondents for newspapers along the more civilized segments of the Atlantic seaboard were gathered as dinner guests of the distinguished counsel for the defense in the Scopes trial.

They dined, and thereafter departed themselves—how do you suppose?

In a mock trial.

And who would you guess was the defendant?

None other than Mr. Henry L. Mencken, the sworn enemy of the Rotarian.

A good time, it is said, was had by all.

### Chaplin

INDULGING in that careless dalliance but rarely seen in men of large affairs, Mr. Charles Chaplin has lingered amongst us, putting off from day to day his departure for the Canadian woods where he has promised himself that thrilling pleasance, a month's slumber. And such time as he sallies forth from his seclusion at the Ritz, he still whets his humor with whimsical adventures of the sort made fabulous by a memorable Caliph of Bagdad.

The lower East Side, for example, is an unfailling lure to him. And whenever his boredom becomes heavy, he wanders, with memories of O. Henry, along the crowded lanes which



*"C'mon, dearie! Fifteen minutes a day is all y' need"*

sprout from Delancey Street. Recently, while on such an excursion, he sauntered to the outskirts of a group of urchins gathered about a windy corner, and peered through to find the cause of their hilarity. They were cheering lustily, he discovered, a particularly impish gamin who, with a battered derby and a rat-tail cane was imitating the Pilgrim himself.

"Ho!" said Mr. Chaplin, chuckling a moment or two over the lad's antics. Then, bursting through and snatching up the cane and hat, "Just a moment, boys, and I'll show you how it's done."

For a second or two, the throng stood spellbound while the dapper stranger shuffled through the familiar walk. Then the original performer came sadly forward for the return of his properties.

"Sorry, Mister," he consoled, "you'd be all right, but you just ain't got the feet for it."

ON the other hand, ignorance of the comedian's identity is not wholly confined to the citizens of low estate. It was at the Meadow Brook Club, during the photo, that Chaplin's next adventure in obscurity is recorded.

For quite a time, Mr. Chaplin threaded his way among the gay and blooded throng, forced to be content with a hesitating and palpably uncomprehending nod from here and there. It was, indeed, one of his dull afternoons, until he wandered into the cloak room. The attendant there, it seems, knew his movie stars better

than did his betters, and was amiable in his greeting. Quickly, it was discovered that both had originated in the British town of Brixton, and there were many memories to revive on both sides.

Enter, then, an international banker of vast financial sinew and precious little personal fame. He heard them say Brixton, and joined at once in the talk. He, too, it fell out, was a native of that sterling township. For half an hour old tales were banded back and forth, with wistful glee.

But it was not until half an hour later, when the banker was led unwillingly from his new and jolly friends, that a fellow club member whispered to him the identity of the little chap with the glittering eyes and faint French accent.

### Skeptic

IF, and whenever, in future discourse the question should arise: who is the greatest skeptic in town? the answer is, Mr. Morris Albert Kalpin, driver of an Independent taxicab.

Mr. Kalpin's taxicab, containing fare, was proceeding, with reasonable alacrity, along Sixth Avenue. Ahead, as he neared Thirty-eighth Street, was one of Mr. Du Pont's alarming wagons, painted vivid red and with large lettering proclaiming the thrilling warning, "Explosives."

In the course of his professional duties and also of his amazing curiosity, Mr. Kalpin directed his taxicab so that a collision ensued. Perhaps it was unavoidable; perhaps not. Mr. Kalpin's fare cannot recall having given any thought to this phase of the incident at the moment of the crash.

Nothing more explosive than language ensued, however; and when the shouting and tumult died, Mr. Kalpin turned with a serene smile to observe:

"I allus thought them dam wagons wuz duds!"

### Siege

ALTHOUGH the vast army of Arealtors, after its long siege of lower Park Avenue, now holds many strategic positions along the battle front, the invaders are far from victory. The brave defense of Murray Hill still continues, despite the constant attacks of operators and builders whose object is a thoroughfare similar to the walled-in highway beyond

Grand Central. On the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth Street, Mrs. Robert Bacon holds a citadel comprising her own house and three brownstone fronts which will not surrender. Last year, when the Number One Park Avenue Corporation was formed, there was a rumor that she had sold out to the barbarians. Her reply was that she intended to spend the rest of her life in the chalet opposite the armory, and her neighboring allies were equally obdurate.

Farther north, the forts of the old régime still resist the onslaughts of the apartment contractors. Miss Bowdoin's dignified corner at Thirty-sixth Street is as safe as the Tuileries, and Arthur Curtiss James's Alhambra at Thirty-eighth is another stronghold of the beleaguered garrison. Drills rattle against steel girders, and the dust of commerce rises from the torn field; but the gallant old guard will not yield to the montanic cliffs now wedged between the castles of New York's golden age.

### Education

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY, despite his reputation for the New England soul, is generous in his treatment of those employees who come into intimate contact with him. To the elders of his publishing houses, he is giving now a year's vacation, in order of seniority. Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of his magazines, is enjoying that leisure these months. Mr. Frank O'Brien, who won a Pulitzer prize for his editorial on the Unknown Soldier, is next on the list.

This new policy of a twelve-month holiday, when it was announced by Mr. Munsey, drew from one of his editorial council approving comment,

"The Sabbatical year is a godsend in modern times."

"Sabbatical year," murmured Mr. Munsey, in the throes of mnemonics. "Sabbatical year."

At the next council following, Mr. Munsey rose to make announcement.

"I've looked up this Sabbatical year, gentlemen," said the publisher, gravely, "and I'm in favor of it."

### Artiste

MR. E. RAY GOETZ is the happiest of immortals these days, for he has beaten the ubiquitous Mr. Morris Gest at his own game of importations. The unique and extraordinary Racquel Meller will venture across the Atlantic and will appear under the direction of Mr. Goetz, with the shadow of Mr. A. L. Erlanger in the background. Some time between January and April, they say.

Once before the gay singer almost visited us. She was under contract to Mr. Charles Cochran of London, and Mr. Arch Selwyn had obtained an option on her services, but the English manager's financial difficulties released her from all agreements.

Mlle. Meller will appear at special matinees, it is believed, four a week, for which she is to receive fifteen hundred dollars a performance.

Even this sum cannot be what influenced her to come here. To the Continental artiste, a triumph in New York means nothing. It is as slight a matter to her as would be an Argentinian debut to Miss Ethel Barrymore. It was only when she had disputes with her manager, or some similar quarrel—or, again, when her Parisian public was showing the indifference of familiarity—that the Bernhardt used to visit us.

Mlle. Meller—although she is Spanish and sings only in that tongue—is likewise indifferent to the money involved. She is working on a moving picture of "Carmen," for which she is being paid two million francs.

Perhaps the explanation is that, as others did before her, Mlle. Meller is putting her Continental public to the old treatment of absence as a cure for disenchantment. Whatever the reason, the town will flock to hear her, particularly if her repertoire includes "During the Procession," for singing which she was threatened with excommunication until she personally appeared before His Holiness the Pope. And of course we shall see her in her rôle of flower seller.

### Reform

IT is hereby suggested, on the basis of a recent experience, that an economic reform be effected by agreement among non-Volsteadians to take their gin in unlabelled bottles. My bootlegger informs me that he could afford to cut prices materially were it not for the cost of counterfeit labels and bottles made in imitation of the better known containers.

He volunteered this information when I wanted the ingredients of a cocktail too urgently to wait for delivery and so called at his office.

"What brand do you want?" inquired my bootlegger, who was busy pasting labels on bottles.

"Doesn't matter," said I.

"If everyone was like you I could sell this stuff for one-quarter less," he informed me. "These counterfeit labels cost me ninety dollars for five thousand, and then there's the cost of the corks, the caps, the bottles. That's what makes liquor expensive."

—THE NEW YORKERS



# Heroes of the Week

**GANNA WALSKA**—Who, after having been the blotter for the critical pens of Paris, Deauville, Vienna, and Prague, returned to America last week to act in a motion picture. Music lovers look forward to seeing Madame Walska in the silent drama.



**T. S. SULLIVANT**—Who, had he drawn those delicious cows, monkeys, and hippopotami, for as many years as he has drawn them, in Europe instead of in America, would have been as celebrated and universally admired in this country as Rudolph Valentino or Babe Ruth.

**FRANK CROWNINSHIELD**—Who, besides being the genius behind the practically perfect *Vanity Fair*, has always found time to do good turns to the most out-of-the-way people and to devote an enormous amount of energy to various projects for the advancement of this village among the civilized communities of the globe. His latest good deed is the memorial exhibition of the works of George Bellows, which opened at the Metropolitan Museum last Monday.



**SINCLAIR LEWIS**—Who, in the current issue of the *American Mercury*, has hunted down and exposed to the light the Greenwich Villagers who have invaded and ruined that once sweet refuge, the Café du Dôme in Montparnasse. This will, of course, clear Montparnasse of the arty as much as Main Street has been cleared of Babbitts.



**FRANKLIN P. ADAMS**—Who, after having masqueraded for years as the ugly duckling of journalism, has blossomed forth in a dashing moustache which reveals him as the handsome Rajah who owns the great ruby that was stolen from the eye of an idol. New York's "Mr. A."



## AN INTERVIEW

**A** PRUDE," he answered, touching his chin very gravely, then jerking up a forefinger in his only emphatic gesture, "A prude is a person who sees evil where there is no evil." And Mr. Sumner, Mr. John S. Sumner, settled back behind his wan, amiable smile, with the subdued relish of the man who has met and battled down a difficult moment.

One encountered him in a chilly, back room of a made-over dwelling house in West Twenty-second Street. A girl, young and pretty, met one at the door and led the way, past dusty cases bursting with documents, into his office. She vanished, like a wraith, as Mr. Sumner lifted his head from its brooding over a stack of papers and offered a modulated greeting. He was, he said, very happy to see one. But his face was a tight mask, which concealed the delight he protested.

"But you will ask me about books," he said, in a low, weary, troubled voice. "The public only seems interested in our work when we deal in books, or plays. But they form only a small proportion of our cases: less than three per cent, in fact. The great bulk of our work is concerned with lewd pictures, pamphlets that are flagrantly obscene and handled secretly, and matter which is so lascivious that even my opponents would grant it should be suppressed.

"Of course there are many bad books, like 'Jurgen,' and 'The Genius,' and this new case, 'Replenishing Jessica.'

"And they are just as effective as lewd pictures in artificially stimulating low desires.

"But we spend comparatively little of our time crusading against novels or plays. In the first place, there is enough other matter to keep us busy. And in the second place we have found it difficult to obtain court action on books and plays.

"You see, the present State law describes in distinct terms the sort of literature which shall be forbidden. The description consists of six words." His voice lost its momentary shade of disturbed eagerness and became once more an abstraction, slow, introspective, as if he might have been thinking in a cadence ten times the speed of his locution. "Six words: Lewd—filthy—disgusting—obscene—lascivi-



John S. Sumner

ous—indecent." He checked them off on his fingers.

"That law had enough teeth in it. But an interpretation by a recent Supreme Court changed its aspect. The Court ruled that the statute could apply only to such literature, or dramas, as were calculated to arouse lustful and lecherous desires."

At the filing cabinets, just through the open doorway, a paper rustled in the hands of the young girl. Mr. Sumner continued:

"We are making an effort to tighten up the law. For much subtly contrived matter is escaping us, matter that will work incalculable harm. You cannot realize what evil is resulting from the distribution of filthy literature. Two days ago, for example, I stood watching a clothing model parade in an uptown window. And a man in the crowd below pulled a two-dollar bill from his pocket, and waved it at her.

"Everybody laughed.

"That is the sort of unwholesome instinct we are fighting to eliminate. The instinct itself is in the heart of every man, as it was in the Garden of Eden. We feel contempt for the man who is without such instinct. But it must be curbed. It must be controlled. It must not be allowed to dominate life!"

His voice rose to an excited pitch. He shook his head as if grieved. And his cigar went out.

"Let artificial stimulation run free, and the low instincts of man will wreck organized society! Psychologists may talk about repressions and the need to give vent to our impulses all they please. But they forget that organized society is built upon repressions.

"We are content to return to the conditions of the Garden of Eden: when man had a natural, normal temptation. But we will wipe out, if we can, the artificial temptations of modern life."

Timidly, before such dominating conviction, one suggested the old, trite question about Shakespeare and Balzac and Boccaccio.

"Men of genius," he said, "writing in a language that was understood and spoken by the common people during their time. Those men did not hurt their audiences, because people were more frank and open in that period."

"An engaging frankness, don't you think? And weren't people quite as happy and admirable in those years?"

His voice deepened to a pitch of indulgent triumph: "They had to carry swords about with them, didn't they? Evolution has brought us away from sidearms in the streets and rough, indecent talk. Some of the latter element remains. But evolution will purge it from our lives. But, while we are talking—a man out West was found guilty, the other day, of taking the more revolting passages from Boccaccio and printing them in pamphlet form. He was sent to jail. And another man——" his eyes glittered, "——another man was adjudged guilty of printing excerpts from the Bible.

"He was a second offender and he was sent away for five years!

"But—the works of those old masters were pitched in so remote a period that they seem to us like fairy stories. The characters are unfamiliar, and it is impossible for a reader to dramatize himself as a participant in the lustful incidents related. A modern filth monger deals with modern people, and the reader pictures himself as the actor in all the passionate incidents."

He was reminded that *Jurgen* was a medieval pawnbroker. And Casanova's antiquity was mentioned.

"Ah! But I question the motives of

the writers. Their incentives were evil."

One voiced the conclusion, then, that the author's incentive was the real test after all, and wondered what data were available concerning the motives of Shakespeare and Boccaccio.

"I agree with the late Mayor Gaynor," he replied, "that civilized man must maintain the outward decencies, and let the inner decencies take care of themselves.

"And it is to maintain the decencies of social life that we are working. We must uphold the law, and we must strengthen the law. We shall seek a

reinterpretation of the New York statute: an interpretation which holds that when the law says 'lewd, filthy, disgusting, obscene, lascivious and indecent matter shall be prohibited,' it means just that. It may be impossible to legislate morals into humanity. But we can legislate decent conduct into humanity."

One paused, retiring under the guidance of the young woman, to cast a fugitive glance at a huge highboy whose shelves bulged with books, books, books and pamphlets along the backs of which were written fascinating names.—PUYSANGE

Last week saw the triumphant comeback of George M. Cohan and Walter Johnson. And they've also started digging for King Tut again.

Our revised idea of pleasant and easy work is to be the king of Mussolini's Italy.

DEFINITIONS

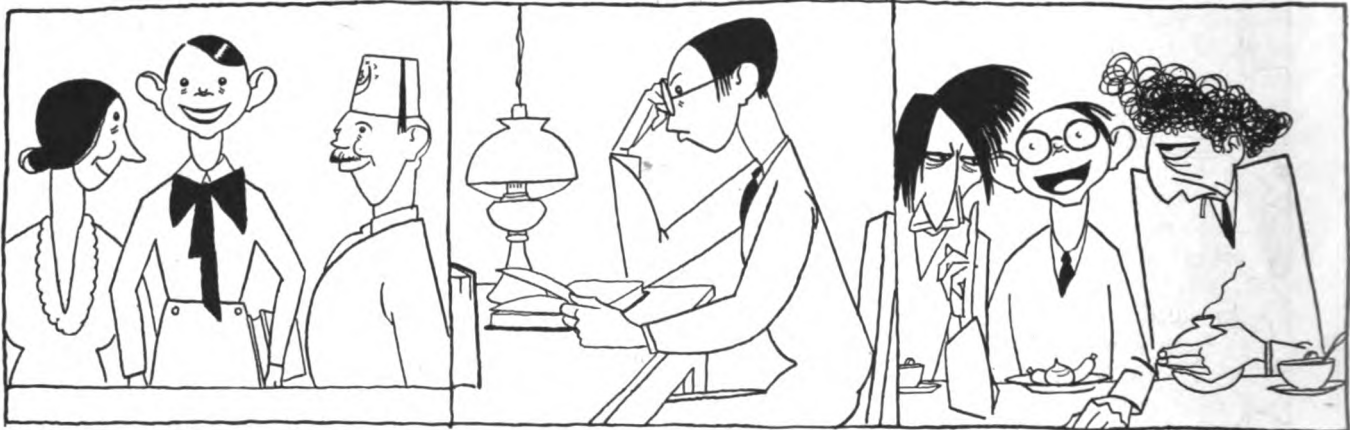
Critic

The critic leaves at curtain fall  
To find, in starting to review it,  
He scarcely saw the play at all  
For watching his reaction to it.

—E. B. W.

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Radical Falls Into Coils of Law."—Daily Newspaper



**R**OLLO RAPPEL was a laddie,  
just a good and healthy boy,  
and he caused his loving daddy  
and his mother naught but joy.

But, alas, he read agnostic  
books by Darwin, now in hell.  
Nietzsche, Darrow, Dr. Fosdick  
held him in their evil spell.

Even like the alien traitor,  
eating food of pungent scent,  
he denied his own creator,  
laughing at the President.

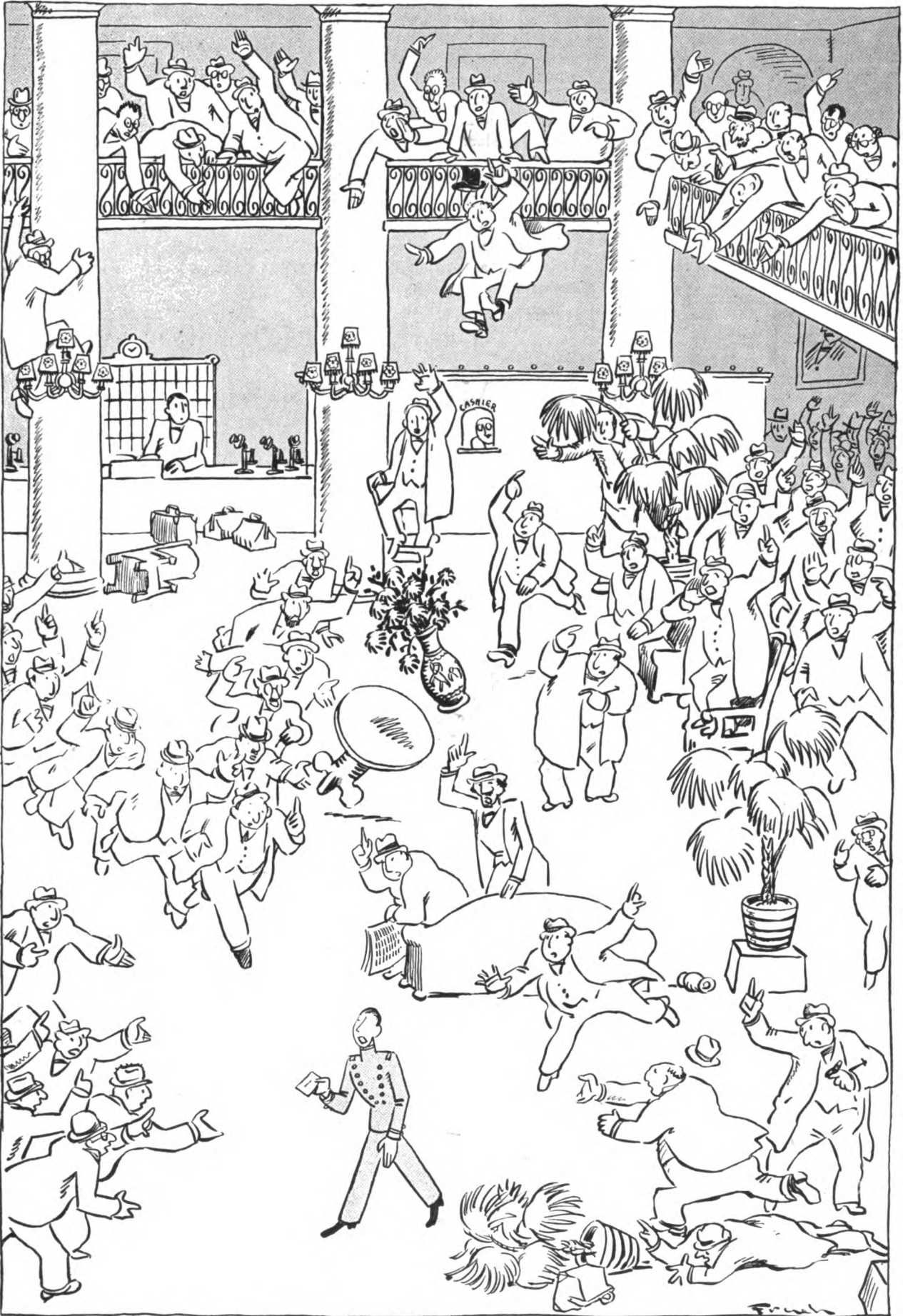


Mixing with the Soviet's panders  
from his home he did abscond.  
Yea, he even hurled his slanders  
at the Native Nordic Blond.

But forsooth, he could not trifle  
with what Freeman venerate,  
and the law knew how to stifle  
his ungrateful hymn of hate.

In the prison they shall perish  
who have stifled honor's source.  
Let US learn to love and cherish  
him who guides our Nation's course.

—HANS STENGEL



MR. COHEN AND MR. GREENBAUM ARE PAGED DURING CLOAK AND SUIT WEEK



SOCIAL ERRORS  
THE YOUNG MAN WHO ASKED FOR A PACK OF CAMELS IN DUNHILL'S



## Joyful Wisdom

IF you saw him in the street, with his springy step and his eyes twinkling, you might say: "What a delightful world this most delightful little man must live in!" And when you learned that it was Doctor Brill who dwells in a world of madmen and neurotics, you might say: "What an impervious little man to be able to live in so agonized a world and keep his heart free!" . . . And you'd be wrong, again.

"I'm at home," Doctor Brill once told a friend, "in an Insane Asylum." There's a bit of a clue. Once upon a time, Scott Nearing and Clarence Darrow debated the question: "Is Humanity Worth Saving?" And Nearing, who thought so, looked cadaverous and gloomy, whereas the misanthropic Darrow, arguing gustily, Nay, was having a whale of a time and by the looks of him had ever managed to have one. There, by analogy, is one clue more. If you have ever met Doctor Brill at dinner and watched his face light up with jocund devilry as some slip of a tongue gave him a clue to the particularly dark and ominous secret of your soul, you'll be quite on the way to illumination.

The man is jovial because he is having a good time. And he is having a good time because he basks in the fever of heart-break, because he loves the webs and labyrinths of errant minds, because he is a fisher in troubled waters. Mind you, there is naught sinister about this. Quite the contrary. What would the ill and the miserable do if healthy Wisdom held itself aloof? If Abraham Arden Brill is in his element among traumas, paranoias and neuroses, let the sick be glad.

The man's wisdom would not be half

so therapeutic, if it were not joyous.

His career is a corollary of that of Sigmund Freud. Not so much more than twenty years ago a young medic born like Freud in Austria but settled in our country, came to the master who was already grizzled and morose with the war he was waging almost

with our nature. We were ripe for his peculiar brand of wisdom. And we were eager for the gusto—for the gaming spirit—in which he set forth to give it.

Doctor Brill forged ahead. He worked in the Asylum of Central Islip. He lectured at New York University. He made cures—and converts—in the clinics of Columbia and of the Post Graduate Medical School. He never stopped smiling. In particular he smiled when for a moment he turned from his work to lend ear to the horrific sounds that the name Freud called forth from leading alienists. In 1909, he had Englished—a style not radically worse than the usual jargon of our scientific journals—Freud's "Selected Papers on Hysteria." A year later, came the epoch-making "Three Contributions to a Sexual Theory."

The Old Guard in Psychiatry stood on their hind legs and howled. Medical journals printed pages of almost inarticulate abuse: this was the reception by scholars of psychoanalysis. But Brill, with a few others, went on working, and Brill, above the others, went on smiling. A popular magazine published his articles. He wrote a book on the subject which sold like a novel. The Freud translations came, year by year. Brill's English often sounded like the muddled ravings of dementia praecox. It did not matter. Freud was destined to be king in our city. Brill was his viceroy. And the day did not tarry when all eyes which had ever peered through horn-rimmed glasses searching for the Truth were glued to these pale grey tomes of Freud and Brill—and finding it!

America proceeded to go mad—that small section of America, of



Doctor Abraham Arden Brill

alone against the savage inertia of the scientific world. "Give me the rights to translate your works in English," asked the young Brill. Freud looked about him with his tragic eyes. In Vienna, they seemed more likely to stone than to read him. A wall high as the traditional Heaven barred psychoanalysis from other lands. "My books in English?" he said. "O yes, you may have the rights."

So Doctor Brill returned to the land which, all unconscious, craved his new creed: the enthusiastic land, the psychopathic land—the Neurotic States. It is true that he spoke our language poorly; but he was in tune

course, which had brains enough. (For it requires some intellect to become insane.) Psychoanalysis! Who that lived them can forget those days in which the souls of our American youth flowed without benefit of liquor? Not then, as now in our prohibition era, did men and girls gather about the hip flask. All they needed was water, to wet their lips parched with too long talking. They met in club, in saloon, in bed—and “psyched” each other. They discussed. Above all, they confessed. Women roamed about, dreams gushing from their unrouged lips. Young girls wore passionate avowals like posies in their hair, like lurid gems on their breasts. Strong men, inspired by Dream-interpretation, abandoned wife and career, seeking the Mate of a Complex. Plays, poems, novels, critiques lifted into glamorous light all the dark ways of our souls. And schools sprang up—and philosophies—and religions. For the slow-evolving Europeans, there had been the Age of Darwin: for ourselves this Psychoanalytic Age, a saturnalia of sex talk.

In the old days when women had leered at him through their lorgnettes as if he were a satyr, our Doctor Brill had had a good time, keeping sane. Now that they rushed at him as if he were Priest and Prophet, he kept sane, too—and had a good time. He rode the mad wave with his head cool and his eyes twinkling. He tried to calm it. But he could not resist the common jollity, since it was after all but a vulgar exaggeration of his own.

This was not at all what he had wanted. He considered himself a

skeptic, a lover of the Fact. Psychoanalysis had won him so warmly, because it pricked old bubbles, because it made mincemeat of traditional ideals. It was great fun to prove the carnality of your roseate dream. It was sport to say of the Monotheism of the Jews that it sprang from an Only Son Complex. These were the facts of course: but what a game to show it—to “spill the beans.” That was why he’d brought Freud to America. And here was our dear country up to its old tricks and turning Freud into a new rapt image to be worshiped! Brill looked about him with amaze. A hundred Pauls and Johns were preaching a new Word to a hundred cities. The complex was the Grail. The dream was the Evangel. The unconscious was the New Jerusalem. The Cross turned phallic once again, with our enthusiasts rushing to be crucified upon it.

This would never, never do! Brill set his fact-loving gaiety against the hosts of analysts who made up for their lack of medical training in an almost priestly zeal. He would have no Canticle made of the confession; he would not permit a new technique of psychological research to be turned into a revamped Dionysian rite. He was quite sure that he was matter-of-fact; that he hated generalizations; that he saw through most idealisms. His aseptic and healing principle was Reason.

Of course, the joke was on him. For his sanity was not as far from the madness of these religion-makers as he thought. True, his temperament is a personified reaction from the

musty mysticisms of the eighteenth century *ghetto*, traces of which doubtless still lingered in his childhood town. The old gods and the old idealisms needed to be scrapped. Brill enjoyed the job and did the job so well, because he brought to it the same prophetic love and the same moral zeal with which his forebears smashed the idols of an older age. Once it had been Jehovah to be fought for: now it was the Father-complex. Once it had been the Kabala, now it was the Unconscious. Once it had been the symbolatries of the Bible: now it was the symbols of the dream. And the difference between them no true difference at all. . . .

And now you see why Brill took so heartily to the work of Freud: and why America, religion-loving land, welcomed him so hotly. For Freud is a great maker of symbols. The old ones were wearing out. The old hunger remained; and unless the old hunger got new symbols to feed on, the result was Neurosis. So Freud had his new revelations: he called them Causes, he called them Motivations. They are as inexplicable as the old revelations of his ancestor, Ezekiel, who saw, you will remember, angels with wings and feet the color of brass. But they were *up-to-date*—acceptable to the new scientific mode of satisfying the old human hunger. Wherefore A. A. Brill heard and was converted.

No wonder his eyes have a jovial dance. No wonder he Anglicized the name of Freud and called his daughter Joya.

—SEARCH-LIGHT

## OF ALL THINGS

AFTER thoughtful consideration President Coolidge has cut the duty on live bobwhite quail fifty per cent—thus making the consumer honorable amends for his action on the sugar schedule.

We cannot blame the President for being annoyed by the action of the Shipping Board in dismissing Rear Admiral Palmer. This was no way to observe fire prevention week.

Our genuflections to W. O. McGeehan of the *Herald Tribune*. He picked the Pirates to win without adorning his prediction with any alibis, provisos or fire escapes.

### THE SAME TO YOU

“Broker Owing Million Gone on His Yacht.” “Apparel Trade Disappointing So Far.” “Buckner Wants Dress Merchants to Push Prosecution of Credit Criminals.” “Coal is Short Here, General Berry Declares.” “Bootleg Gas Spreading in Nation-wide Swindle.” We sometimes have a faint suspicion that a business administration would be helpful for, among other things, business.

It seems that Italy is shortly to send us a debt commission. The delegation need not trouble to bring any fruits and vegetables. No doubt tomatoes will be presented at the dock with appropriate remarks.

They tell us that outside of the two cities involved, the population was apathetic about the World's Series this year. This means that a motorist could easily get through any American town by choosing streets without newspaper bulletin boards.

### A REVOLUTIONARY SUGGESTION

Electric railway officials in convention assembled admit that if they hope to compete with motor buses they must do something to improve the comfort of street cars. If our own surface car magnates ever get to thinking along that line they might consider substituting round wheels for square.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

# IN THE NEWS

## *In Gallia Citeriore*

IT is, of course, idle to grow breathless over the sundry announcements shouted over the hills from the West and South concerning the new scheme of the Methodist Church to tear down New York. Even with the echoes of fervid denunciation ringing in our ears, as the rural shepherds thunder warnings of the evil bred along Broadway, we of New York shall proceed in our accustomed manner, content in the knowledge that the ultimate achievement of the divine crusade will be precisely nothing.

Yet the curious minded will wonder at the motives which lie behind this latest uprising of the provincial anger. They will remember, perhaps, that it was just such ridiculous travail which brought forth the monster of prohibition. And even in their security, they are likely to grow peevish over the constant and highly moral ferment of the hither regions: to inquire, "Why do they tease us so relentlessly?"

The reason is not hidden in mystery. The movement against New York, like the movement against the demon rum, grows out of a religious revival, a cyclical rousing of the popular imagination, induced by the clerical minority to strengthen its domination over a simple people. And the ministers, intent upon catching the upward swing of this revival (which began with the Dayton phenomenon) have resorted to that wily expedient not unknown to newspaper editors, the exposé.

ALL of us, of course, know the value of an exposé. A horrible example, held up to the eyes of the throng is tangible and compelling, a more powerful tocsin than a century of damnatory precepts, however ringingly delivered. And so the clerical minority of the South and West, riding the rough little wave set up by the Tennessee disturbance, searched the horizon for a typhoon to quicken their velocity. The technique of the situation called for a grand exposé.

The reason for the selection of New York is somewhat amusing. Any tyro of sociology knows that vice, crime, is a constant, an element of human conduct that is quite evenly

spread through a region inhabited by a single race. There is quite as much devilry on Railroad Street in Beaufort, South Carolina, as there is on Broadway, proportionately. And the reverend doctors had plenty of ma-



terial ready at hand, in their own benighted neighborhoods, to occupy them with sermon texts for a good little spell.

But the dominating characteristic of small town American life, the Rotary movement and its outcroppings, made the use of the intimately known material utterly impossible. Most of the ministers in the ordinary city of the South and West are among the most frenzied participants in the booster trade. And even those who are not actually members of such organizations, are well oiled with their spirit. The Bigger and Better town is their shibboleth. And almost invariably any given city will have a firmly established rival city, competing with it upon the grounds of population, boot and shoe output, number of pretty girls, baseball game attendance, and moral purity.

Thus an Atlanta pastor, say, sincerely condemning the turpitude of his own Peachtree Street, would be set upon tooth and nail for giving the Birmingham papers and pulpits a cause for superior sneers. Clearly, then,

the exigencies of the thrilling game of Boost prevented the ministry from coming too close to home in its exposé.

The next best, and indeed the obvious thing, was New York, ever a handy peg upon which to hang Philipics and hellish indignation. The cis-Allegheny flocks, ripened by their evolution battles, were thoroughly primed for a moral march upon that city whence evolution came: that grotesquely imagined metropolis to the north, whose Wall Street they knew through political cartoons, whose cunning lechery they had learned from the movies, whose outrageous goings-on were common gossip in Mr. Hearst's Sunday magazine—the city that lured them while they knew approach was impossible, that fascinated them while they envied it, that was able to amuse itself while they crawled through a life of dullness and ill content.

AGAINST this background, the clergy held up its charge against New York—a charge that, this time, includes a new, a highly diverting twist. Intimating that there is vice even among their own folk, they blame such evil upon the periodicals, the pictures, the syndicated romance and wit that is printed in New York. The sly perambulations of girls and boys among the stacked cornstalks, under the Harvest Moon, they proclaimed, was not to be blamed upon the giddy heart of youth or the burgeoning of hot spirits, newly aware of life and hungry for its meagre prizes. On the contrary, comic strips and the magazines are guilty—New York is guilty.

"It is, sho' it is!" murmur the distraught yokel parents, eager to believe the best of their adolescent offspring.

But while these hardy souls, deeply ignorant of the city they have never seen, are pinning their new hope for a vision of the Eternal Light upon its demolition, there is another group beyond the hills whose view of the situation is not so forthright. It is a smaller group; New York is a lesser mystery to them; they have certain secret notions in their private cabinets which never meet the light of day. But they are near the head of the pack that is howling against the new Gomorrah. They are, in short, the



"Oh Freddie, play that ma-a-avelous classical piece again—the one that sounds just like 'Don't Bring Lulu.'"

well-to-do citizens, spinal columns of the churches: friends and relations of yours and mine, whose annual holiday is a trip to New York.

You may have forgotten how they conduct themselves in their own home towns. But you will recall, if you have been back to the old place recently, that they know a surprising lot about New York. They can dilate amazingly upon the metropolitan stage. They know, better than the local wits, the last mot delivered along the gay street. They can tell you all about the newest insanity of Greenwich Village, the new movement in art, the tender details of a shocking literary quarrel. They are, quite often, better informed about New York than the ordinary run of New Yorkers, because they spend their long days of leisurely inactivity reading about our city, and gossiping about it over their coffee.

They come to New York, once a year, laying aside for the moment their arduous responsibilities as deacons of the church or chairmen of the building committees, and we must entertain them.

But we have learned that the task is not an overwhelming one. Hardly

have they arrived before, speaking with hesitation to conceal their want of it, they intimate that news of a certain leg show has filtered across the Hudson, and they would rather like to look it over. The rest is simple. Tickets are obtained for the shoddiest and smuttiest shows that can be found, and our delighted visitors troop off, devils for a little space, to live the gay and gaudy. They mumble, on off nights, the bones of Greenwich Village, reading its tawdriness as subtle but not unpleasant horror.

Then they go home. And they settle back to their jobs with the persistent belief that the performance they put on for a week or two is the life routine of their late hosts. With a curious wistfulness, they report regularly to the stay-at-homes: "Yes, sir, New York is a great place to visit, but I couldn't live there. I'd lose my sense of values."

But the year drags out. It seems desperately long since their last holiday, and before the next. And the thoughts of the careless romping of their New York friends begins to rankle. At such a moment, the clericals begin their exposé, and the wind of fury is let loose.

YET, it would be a tragic thing on their own behalf if anything came of their antics. Let them blow New York to dust, and there would be the end of the one romantic vision that vitalizes their murky dreams. They would be reft of that pulsing enterprise, the pursuit of a romantic illusion. However misty and diffuse and amusingly inaccurate their notion of the New York that is, it would be lost to them as the objective for their hate and their yearning.

This fine value of New York to the rest of the country was deliberately besieged during the late lamented Democratic Convention. The entertainment committee on that occasion formulated the theory that the respected visitors should be convinced that New York was no different, save in size, from their home towns. It was planned to take the delegates into the homes, thrill them with bridge foursomes and pictures of the baby, and thus rid them of the perverse notion that New York was in any respect superior or more vibrant with life than their own little towns.

Fortunately, the plan failed. The delegates refused to be duped out of their deviltry. And they went home with the good news (told between deprecatory sighs) that New York was wilder than ever.

It is better so. It is excellent that the preachers of the provinces, the rural worthies and the almost effete townfolk, marshal their strength and spend their bitterness in an occasional sortie against the Wicked City. Especially now that the baseball season is ended, the crops are in, the novelty of the radio has worn off, and life threatens to grow tedious.

—MORRIS MARKEY

#### MAYBE A BANANA OILCAN

Facing up Fifth Avenue, M. Caillaux stopped. His can lifted dramatically. "Such power," he said. "Such wealth."  
—N. Y. World.

Of one of our younger actresses, it has been learned that she does not read her newspaper notices; she measures them.

#### TO CERTAIN FELLOW-POETS

My song's too light? Ah, tuneful bevy,  
At least be glad it's not too heavy.

My song's too brief? Ah, tuneful throng,  
Be trebly glad it's not too long.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



# PERSPECTIVE

JOHN STANLEY believed in being on time so he did not crowd himself to a last few minutes. Leisurely laying out his shaving things, he caught sight of the crumpled tube of shaving cream, lying on a damp washcloth. His brow furrowed at sight of these two commonplace articles of toilet.

On the shelf below the mirror was a glass, a glass which might once have contained store jelly or stuffed olives, now holding three toothbrushes, each tied with a distinguishing bit of colored thread. There was a long hatpin, with a black glass top: John's mother had been poking down the drain in the porcelain bowl, because the water had not been running out as it should.

There was a partial tube of tooth paste, also crumpled. Towels, variously soiled, hung variously askew here and there. And the mirror had a dried splash of suds on it.

John Stanley gazed meditatively out of the bathroom window, between the shade and the white curtain shielding the lower sash. He seemed to see a long list of things, an inventory of years and years of things, ranged in narrowly dwindling perspective down an imaginary corridor of time; seen in the distance but seen as clearly as though all were at hand—soiled handkerchiefs, singed hairs, dishes with brown cracks and pans with sooted dents, scratched arms of chairs, magazines with torn covers, a picture awry on a wall with spotted paper, a pair of shoes with worn toes sprawled idly beneath the side of a bed, crumpled sheets on the bed, a newspaper folded into a fly-swatter, cat hairs on a cushion and cigarette ashes on a rug, tarnished water in a bathtub, an open safety pin on the floor, weather-beaten clothespins, a union suit with a button gone, battered barrels of white coal ashes. . . .

The telephone bell brought him out of it; he went downstairs to answer it.

"Hello, dear boy. I just had to talk with you a moment. Just think, John, darling, that in less than two hours we'll be—married!" The voice came softly caressing over the electric wires, a voice of subtle intonations pregnant with hidden meanings for the chosen object of its regard, and then a happy sigh. "I suppose you're dressing."

"Yes," he said, "I'm dressing."

At a church, where a white veil was the cynosure of many wearers of white gloves, a faultlessly attired groom arrived precisely on time. John Stanley believed in being on time, so he did not crowd himself to a last few minutes.

—SIDNEY M. WILDHOLT

## TEA ROOM ETIQUETTE

THE following is a complete set of instructions for a young woman who finds herself in a tea room for the first time.

Be seated.

Cross your knees.

Look in the mirror alongside your table.

Open your compact.

Powder your face.

If time is Summer, throw back your furs. If it is Winter, straighten your hat of straw.

Now, look about you. Look until you catch a look in the eyes of some young man who will no doubt be sitting alone across the tea room.

Put your outspread hand in front of

your face. Look between your fingers at the young man.

Say "Pekoe-Boo!"

When he has replied, which he probably will, "Pekoe-Boo, yourself," and has come over and sat down at your table, order tea and food with abandon.

Don't leave the spoon in your teacup. Many tea room spoons have sharp pointed handles and you might hurt your eye while drinking.

Dig up some person you know in common with the young man. There are plenty of common persons you can think of. This will be as good an introduction as though you and he had played together as children.

Converse and eat, but not at the same time.

Go to the movies with the young man or don't as your fancy may dictate. If you leave without him, say "Oolong." That adds a delft touch.—F. B. M.

## CHAMPION EMERITUS

In the opinion of a South Bend business man, Dempsey has no intention of meeting Wills or anybody else, the recent transaction being merely a publicity stunt for Jack's new film. Just a reel good star!

Until further notice prayers for daily bread should be addressed to the General Baking Corporation, with cash inclosed.



"I Do Believe This is the Spot"

## LA MODE CHEZ ANNETTE



*A theatrical man's wife indicated with a look that in her circle the jostling of an elbow was an insult.*

MRS. MURRAY-HILL swallowed her last sip of coffee, asked for her bill, and lighted a Miltiades. The first cigarette of the day always made her hand shake, and she vaguely hoped that nobody sitting near her would notice it and mistake her for an unregenerate addict, when she was really nothing of a smoker. She didn't feel a definite urge to smoke now, only one must do something after Baba au Rhum. She had been a fool to eat it. People were fools, in fact, to eat anything, much, when the doctors were all proclaiming how little nourishment the system requires. Three dollars for her luncheon, for instance, when ten or fifteen cents would have fed her adequately.

But the trappings of this world amount to something, and if she had stopped at home on a glass of milk and a biscuit, she wouldn't have heard the orchestra play Raquel Meller's little song or seen Fifi Baxter across the room. A glimpse of Fifi was worth any price at any time or place—all those pearls around her neck, and only the smallest strand genuine. People said she was going about now trying to identify herself with the heroine of "The Green Hat." Just as every

woman in London who had so much as met Michael Arlen at a tea was claiming to have been the model from which he drew his Iris. Funny psychological kink, that. Because if a woman happened to be loose as well as beautiful, like the emerald in Iris's ring, her laxity was not likely to be apparent.

Take Amy Sykes, of whom Mrs. Murray-Hill imagined . . . well, perhaps it wasn't anything *but* imagination. At any rate, Amy never acted sexy. Never even ran to powder her nose when a man was announced, as so many sillier, and even prettier, women do. Yet men liked Amy—went out of their way to do things for her which they wouldn't think of doing for the more obvious sort. And Amy never bragged about it . . . Mrs. Murray-Hill consulted her watch, which, thank God, was going, and suddenly bethought herself that Annette's opening was at three.

Before a once fashionable house in the Fifties near the Avenue, a slow procession of motors was depositing citizens, who, although beneficently endowed with the franchise through the activities of sterner members of their own sex, cared not what the Board of Estimate might do, so long

as they could get direct information as to whether the Vionnet knot was still being tied on the shoulder. Mrs. Murray-Hill joined them, clutching her precious card of admission a little shamefacedly. She really didn't care where the year's waistline was to be, and was confident that she was invited to this annual exhibition only because her sister, Mrs. Gramercy, whose numerous worldly interests had widened the gamut of her taste as well as lengthened her dinner list, bought a gown or two every season from Annette.

But she would not have missed it for anything, and the blush-provoking reason was that it afforded her revealing close-ups of the town's best known actresses and a goodly number of females spoken of in Henry's circle as k.w.'s. It was amusing to sit expectantly, as if one were waiting for the processional, amongst women diamond-braceleted from wrist to elbow who probably considered anybody paying less than twenty-four dollars an ounce for perfume as less than the dust. Last year, of course, there had been a sprinkling of people she knew. Annette was coming steadily along.

The entrance hall in which she soon found herself may have seen gentler

days, but certainly none better or more formal. The receiving line, in which Madame herself never appeared, was perforce recruited from the Medes and Persians because of curious and commercial spirits who might come to look and go away to copy. One glance at her card from a sheath-gowned creature with Antoine's final inspiration in bobs, and she was wafted up the grand staircase, at the head of which stood Madame's husband, who happened to be not only Madame's best pal but also her severest business manager. "Ah, Mrs. Murray-Hill. Delighted." And then, whispering, as St. Peter's flunkys must confide to the elite of the elect, "It is another flight up, for you."

Another flight up. Mrs. Murray-Hill wove her way through the chatters loitering on the stairs and in the aisles. How *did* they get that stuff to stay on their lips so definitely and defiantly? And all those small, skull-clinging hats, and those gowns with a Rue de la Paixian monotony. No wonder that to a foreigner one American woman is very like another. Mrs. Murray-Hill sat down gingerly on a spindly gilt chair, honorably but uncomfortably placed near the great lights that beat upon the dais, and wished to whatever gods may be that she had brought a fan. The early arrivals seated around her stared at her. Their faces were expressionless, but Mrs. Murray-Hill sensed appraisal. Her own gown was new. It was even fashioned of one of the Autumn's ranking materials. But Mrs. Murray-Hill suddenly felt dowdy. As if somebody might step up any moment and hand her a red flannel petticoat and a pound of tea.

What would some of these women say if they knew that Henry watered the dinner claret and that she herself insisted on the cook's saving the bacon grease? Probably, "My God!" There came Villaine Gilsey, who had starred two seasons in "An Island Idyl." With a bright green handkerchief and a very dirty powder puff. There was the notorious Eva Banjou, for whom, according to the printed list, one of the gowns in the collection had been named. There was Ann Andrews, reputed to be America's best dressed actress—no wonder Madame's husband was escorting her down the aisle with such deference.

What is Annette's husband's name? Mrs. Murray-Hill never can think. What kind eyes he has! He al-

ways reminds her of somebody—somebody with a strong covering on his head—of that man in the school-room Bible who was guiding the three wise men! Certainly. And there, for a change, was Carlotta Hempstead. Also Milly Toler. Mrs. Murray-Hill sincerely hoped they didn't see *her*. Heavens! Would they never begin? Hot wasn't the word for it. Where and what was Tophet? She must look it up, or ask Henry.

Then, mercifully, a scraping of strings, and the orchestra in the balcony overhead was insecurely embarked on George Gershwin's "Tell Me More." Out on the dais, with an assurance for which our ambassadors' wives would drop to their knees and thank the Deity, stepped a lovely girl in henna cloth, severely cut, with a tunic slightly bloused and belted just above her knees. A pointed fox skin drooped from her shoulders at a proper angle, and on her head was a henna hat with a brim somewhat more gracious than those to which we have become so unresignedly accustomed. At first the fall of a pin would have sounded like a blast in the street outside. Then a universal, satisfactory sigh, with the mannequin's final twist and her slow descent from her throne. The news from Ghent to Aix, whatever it was, could have made no deeper impression. The new lines were launched. Who cares what lies beyond the Alps? . . . "A Gorgeous Time," answered the mannequin sweetly, to those who asked the costume's name.



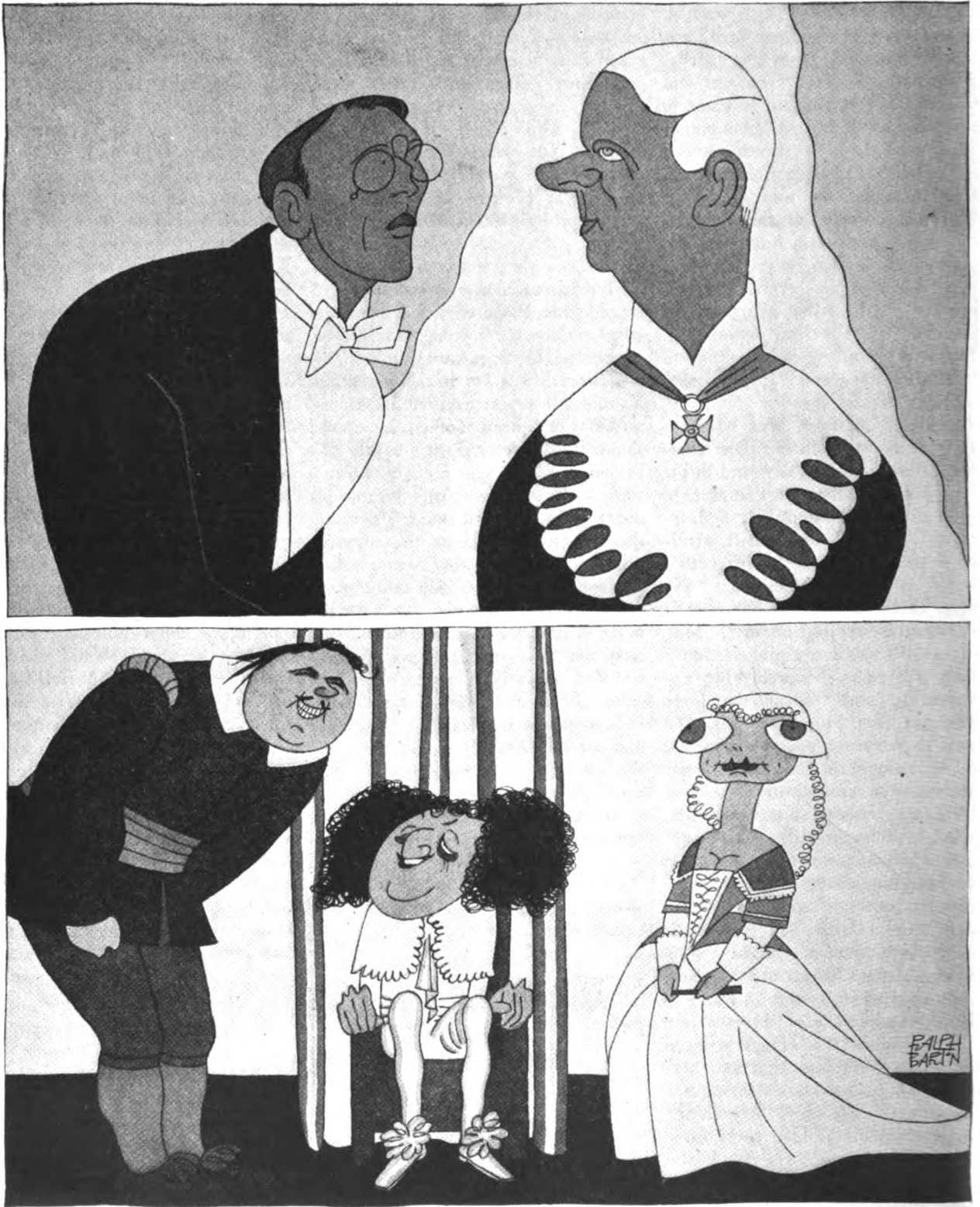
"The costume is called 'A Gorgeous Time,'" the mannequin answered sweetly

Five or six mannequins, all pretty and with lovely legs. Mrs. Murray-Hill, watching them parade in creations labeled "Flame of Life," "For You Alone," "Longchamps," "Passion's Answer," "Lovelorn," "At Breath of Dawn," "Tyrolean Twilight," etc., could not help wondering how they felt about discarding this gorgeous raiment at the close of day and creeping into their own habiliments. Still, they probably had pretty good clothes of their own. She had heard that some of these girls' best friends were leading members of the stock exchange. Perhaps they themselves even owned apartment houses, just like the beggars selling lead pencils on the street corners. Mrs. Murray-Hill became conscious of the fact that she had been sitting in a hot and uncomfortable position for two hours. And yet on they came. Teapajamas, tailleurs, negligees, and evening gowns, evening gowns, evening gowns! All white and spangly. She had never seen so many beads in her life. And tiny beads, strung with such fragility. That blue one with the festoons of them should have been called "A Snowball in Hell" instead of "Joyeux." She moved a little, in the expectation of achieving a more endurable posture. A theatrical man's wife, with a black past and a look that was even more sable, indicated that in her circle the jostling of an elbow was an insult. Mrs. Murray-Hill had had enough. She would not wait any longer for the strains of Mendelssohn and the yearly mannequin bride. She crept softly down the stairs, almost stumbling over Amy Sykes, who was sitting on one of them. Sackcloth and ashes. That was what she felt like. Or overalls. . . .

**D**ID you know that women's apparel is the — industry?" asked Mr. Henry Murray-Hill that evening, looking up from the *Literary Digest*. "I wonder how that is?"

"Dryden says there's a peace that cometh from being well dressed that religion can never bestow," offered Mrs. Murray-Hill, moving the seven of diamonds on to the eight of clubs. The never-ending line of finery which she had reviewed a few hours earlier danced before her eyes, and she thought for an instant about the lilies of the field. But then lilies didn't go to Annette's.

—BAIRD LEONARD



## TWO COMEDIES OF FOREIGN PARTS

*At the Empire and at the Plymouth*

**A**BOVE: Those two superb comedians, Roland Young and Wallace Eddinger, both at the price of one in Ferenc Molnar's "The Tale of the Wolf," a new version of "The Phantom Rival."

Below: William Farnum as *Sir Henry Morgan*, Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Charles II*, and Estelle Winwood as *Dona Lisa*, in "The Buccaneer" by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings.

## CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

THE military play for thirty years was as much a Central European theatrical staple as is the crook play in America. Against the glamorous background of the Teutonic armies—now, as Big Bob Benchley has pointed out, equipped with the superb mantle of a lost cause—tragedy forces its ugly yet inevitable way to the third act curtain. There is, occasionally, a bit of obvious philosophy thrown into the dramatic pot—life goes on, no matter how many fair young men ride to their deaths, thus, or amours between the lower civilian classes and the higher military classes are bound to end disastrously—but ever is the military establishment the warp and woof of the play. Sometimes superb maudlin drama is thereby achieved, as in the celebrated “Rosen-Montag,” and sometimes the result is an unimpressive dud, like Schnitzler’s “The Call of Life,” which the Actors’ Theatre is now offering at the Comedy, in a stilted translation by Dorothy Donnelly.

Schnitzler, save to those who have not read his plays, is at one and the same time the most delicate and subtle and the most awkward and blundering of contemporary dramatists. For every “Anatol” there is a “Comedy of Seduction,” for every “Professor Bernhardt” a “Call of Life.” Why the promising Actors’ Theatre chose to begin its new season and the business of introducing full-length Schnitzler to American audiences with one of his very and thoroughly worst plays is something that has now been added to the brief list of things thatuzzle this department.

In “The Call of Life,” Schnitzler holds the mirror up to the one purple patch in the life of a young woman who is held by a merciless tyranny to the sick bed of her dour, bitter father. Her brief and miserable affair, made

possible after she has given her father an overdose of sleeping powder that results in his death, is with a lieutenant in the Blue Cuirassiers, that gorgeous regiment of Schnitzler’s invention that is required to die to the last man because of a regimental act of cowardice thirty years before. By a not so brilliant piece of invention, it further happens that the cowardice was caused directly by the aforementioned dour, bitter father, who was the captain who gave the base order to turn and flee from the enemy. . . . For further measure, Schnitzler has arranged a second affair between a second young woman and a second lieutenant, all to the end that for the third act the second young woman may appear Ophelia-like on stage and die visibly, audibly and in philosophic cadences.

They have all, it seems, merely obeyed the call of life.

The acting provided for this piece—a Viennese “Arizona,” if you must know, is spotty. There are some excellent performances, notably by Egon Brecher, that old American favorite, Hermann Lieb and Eva Le Gallienne. There are some poor performances, by the two young lieutenants (who are quaintly addressed as leftenants throughout the evening), and there is a large-sized piece of chaos heroically striving to mean something by Katherine Alexander, who is very beautiful and a good actress when she has a rôle that knows what it’s all about.



THE conspiracy of silence about Michael Arlen that THE NEW YORKER has been heading these many months *must* be stopped. And consequently it is herewith proclaimed that Mr. Arlen’s newest offering, “These Charming People,” at the Gaiety, provides civilized, intelligent and thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. Reports to the contrary should be ignored.

Cyril Maude has what will henceforth be known as a superbly tailor-made rôle in the character of an impecunious, fretful and human old man, M. P., by the grace of a millionaire son-in-law, whose wife (the Maude daughter) has had the poor taste to contemplate an elopement. At the risk of his financial displeasure, Mr. Maude must restore the daughter to her rightful place at the hearth of the son-in-law’s home. All seems hopeless, whereupon it develops that the second party to the proposed elopement is really none other than the son of Minx, the Maude butler. The Minxes, it seems, are never let off anything, but in this instance Mr. Arlen relents and averts the terrible mesalliance of an old-line Minx with the daughter of the employer of the Minx.

Mr. Maude’s performance is excellent, including the Frank Crowninshield overtones. There are, further, in an exceptional cast such competent actors as Herbert Marshall and Alfred Drayton and such an unusually beautiful and talented young woman as Edna Best, who should never be allowed to return to her native English stage. This department is willing to call a mass meeting for the purpose at any time.

ANOTHER play or two opened during the week of October 5. For instance, “Caught,” at the Thirtieth Street Theatre; “Hay Fever,” at the Maxine Elliott; “American Born,” at the Hudson; “The Tale of

the Wolf," at the Empire; "Jane—Our Stranger," at the Cort, and maybe twenty or thirty others that were lost track of in the general excitement.

"Caught" is the kind of play that was always being written by the director of the local stock company when you were young for a try-out by his own company. It is in its essence melodrama, slightly tempered by that great menace to the new American theatre, words. There is by Antoinette Perry an excellent performance of a middle aged but wealthy woman who sees no reason why the love of young men should leave her life.

George M. Cohan is the star of "American Born," at the Hudson and if you are—as this department is—prepared to admire Cohan if he but steps on to the stage, though his vehicle be a baked potato or a revival of "Flesh," you will enjoy a bit of theatre-going in his direction. Otherwise you will not.

Noel Coward, with "Hay Fever," has set a mark for the thin-spinners of all time to shoot at. There is no meat of story to his piece and there is a good deal of straining for smart lines that do not quite come off. On the other hand, there are a number of genuinely amusing moments in the midst of the general dullness and lack of motion of the play. A grossly exaggerated performance is given by Laura Hope Crews, as a retired actress who can not help bringing her memories of the emotional rôles that were hers to a discussion of the most trivial of domestic problems.

"The Tale of the Wolf" is still another version of the play once done by Leo Ditrichstein as "The Phantom Rival." In its present form it is consistently tiresome and unentertaining, despite expert acting by Wallace Eddinger and Roland Young.

"Jane—Our Stranger" is an exceptionally poor play, fashioned by Mary Borden from her novel of the same name. It is concerned with the doings of the titled folk of France and how they get into trouble by trying to make a fool out of a wealthy American girl whom one of them marries for her money. It is all very sad, including the acting.—H. J. M.

#### To Be Reviewed Later:

"Craig's Wife"; "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"; "Weak Sisters"; "Lovely Lady."

#### Music

AT last we have unearthed a singer who reads the music mutterings of THE NEW YORKER, and our good friend appears to be Signor Franco Tafuro, tenor of Mr. Gallo's



San Carlo Grand Opera Company. At least, we suspect Signor Tafuro of examining this corner of critiques. Two weeks ago we animadverted that the Signor would be a corking tenor if he would refrain from roaring his naturally beautiful tones at Mr. Gallo's guests. Last week we heard him in "Lohengrin," and gosh! the young man sang a string of lovely soft ones. If you choose to record this as a coincidence or a non sequitur, you're a very serious thinker, if nothing worse.

Signor Tafuro's *Lohengrin*, however, did not redeem the first Italian performance which this opera has had since (fill this in for yourself and save us a deal of debate). The production was funny without being vulgar. Half of the chorus grumbled its music in Italian, while the other half expostulated in German. The principals, with the exception of Signor Tafuro, lapsed into the worst German methods of vocalizing, and the orchestra was literally up to scratch. After making the usual allowances for the fact that the advertised conductor, Herr Knoch, withdrew "on account of a sudden illness" (induced, we may tell you, by attempting a rehearsal) and that Signor Peroni had to surrender a well merited evening off to take matters in hand, we set down sor-

rowfully that the Italian "Lohengrin" was rather trying. "Lohengrin," when it isn't done superlatively, is a good deal of a pain in the neck. And not even such devices as those of making up *Telramund* to resemble John L. Sullivan and encasing *King Henry* in what might be termed euphemistically a slenderizing garment provided sufficient comedy relief.

WITH a performance to-night (Friday) and two to-morrow, Mr. Gallo's workers leave us for another year, and, waiving a few episodes like "Lohengrin," their record is worthy. The Signori Tafuro and Ghirardini have done well in a variety of rôles, and when the former acts less like a singer and the latter sings less like an actor, they will be ready for promotion. There have been good performances by such Gallo reliables as the Misses Roselle, Fitziu, Saroya, Lucchese, DeMette and the Messrs. Salazar, Valle, Curci and Interrante, although the chorus and orchestra need sandpapering and Signor Peroni should not be compelled to conduct every night. Yet the San Carlo will introduce opera to many cities which might not otherwise have it, and it will not produce a nation of opera haters.

THE first piano recital of the season, that of Tomford Harris, a young American, furnished another good argument for the elimination of the sonata from concert programs. Mr. Harris, who demonstrates pianistic skill and evident musical intelligence if not imposing fire, began his entertainment with the F sharp minor sonata of Brahms, an impossible lubrication, long as the memory of F. D. Perkins. After this terrible prologue, Mr. Harris had to play his head off to recapture the interest of an obviously genial gathering. Most sonatas consist of nothing more than three or four dull pieces, and pianists and violinists generally feel that they must present one of these potpourris to prove that they are deeply musical folk. The few good sonatas have been done until the concert grands that arrive in Carnegie, Aeolian or Town Halls play them automatically, and our recitalists dig around for less familiar compositions in orthodox sonata form. After which they wonder why critics linger in the back of the auditorium, retailing to-day's friskiest mot instead of sitting in the seats which

the management thoughtfully has set aside for them.

Membership in the Society for the Suppression of Sonatas is open to all, and you will not be asked to buy bonds in order to use the clock golf course.

**L**ITTLE credit is ladled out to the organists who provide the musical foreground for feature films at some of our cinemas, and we take this opportunity to bestow a bit on the Rivoli Theatre's musician—we believe that it was Frank Stewart Adams—who trimmed up "A Regular Fellow" with an accompaniment which, if it had been played by an orchestra, would have been greeted as a masterpiece. Mr. Adams (if it was he) chose appropriate tunes as his *motifs* and applied them gracefully, amusingly and dramatically to the action. It was an exhibition of musicianship and humor which ought not to pass without at least one respectful and grateful paragraph of acknowledgment.—R. A. S.

### Art

**T**HE George Bellows Memorial Exhibition is now open to view at the Metropolitan Museum, continuing until November 22. The function of a critic at a memorial can be only that of a reporter or a prophet. The latter being a foolish task, we bow to the former. The exhibit is handsomely hung, beautifully catalogued; if it is properly advertised it will be well attended.

The catalogue states that Bellows is the tenth American to be so honored by the Museum, a statement that brings less credit to the Museum than honor to the artist. But that is another quarrel. Its justification in this article is that the Museum will be wondering why some 115,000 persons each week go to the Capitol Theatre to see a movie, and some small per cent of that number will go to see a glimpse of the work of George Bellows. Perhaps with the quick acceptance of Bellows as a worthy artist the Museum has passed that phase of its existence where it thought it was a mausoleum and is reaching out for contact with the raucousness and crudity we call life. Bellows has been dead scarcely a year and here we find the Museum bowing in honor. Some day, perhaps, before an artist has died—

The Memorial exhibit by nature is not as exciting an experience as the Spring show conducted by Miss Sterner. That, containing the full fruit of the Bellows genius, fourteen enormous canvases in one room, overwhelmed you with its strength and facility. This exhibit, showing the whole range of his life as an artist, hung in one of the spacious galleries, somehow loses that feeling of vigor that was so indented with the man Bellows. But for historical purposes we suppose it is a better show. It is an earnest attempt to do him full justice; that is attested by the committees of men who loved Bellows and by the uncensored preface to the catalogue. We would like a less emotional fore-

word written by one who did not know him so well; a French critic, say.

However, here is the show, and any New Yorker that does not see the exhibit during its six weeks is not worthy the name. The art world will be aware of the exhibit automatically; we wish there were means to bring it to the attention of those who walk on Tenth and those who bathe on river fronts. The buses will carry little banners announcing the Bellows show. The beer trucks should carry them too, the freight vans, the push carts. If there ever was a show that belonged to the people, the sweating, pushing, fighting people, it is the show of this man who loved and lived the divine comedy. The Museum cannot be blamed; they cannot function without audiences. But we should like to see a brass band in front of the show at Eighty-second and Fifth, with ballyhoos and circus tents and spielers to lure the timid souls.

Being of a later generation, we can only reconstruct from the annals the part Bellows played in bombing the reactionaires from their trenches. There may have been others who lent him aid and comfort, but being man-size they left the fighting to him. It was a great victory, of course, and thousands of artists now enjoy some of the benefits he won. But we are afraid he lost something in the fight—too often when he took up the lance he put down the brush. In every victory there is inherent defeat in some measure. At least in winning victory





WILLIAM BEEBE POSITIVELY REFUSES TO WRITE A TRUE STORY FOR BERNARR MACFADDEN.

there is always a stepchild to be taken care of, and its name is usually Compromise.

It is only a personal opinion, but we feel that, left alone to his vigor and genius, Bellows would have followed the road of his own choosing, the one which held the famous "Forty-two Kids." He returned to it later from time to time. His last canvas, from our viewpoint, is his best. It is called "The Picket Fence" and it occupies one of the dark corners. From this last one to his Kids you will find milestones, with or without the catalogue, on the path of Bellows in his high places.

There is a room of lithographs. Unfortunately, the exhibit is not as complete as it might be. We found lacking the subject that employed the imagery and irony of Bellows, and space given to too many of the sweet ones. Again we are personal, and not expert, and are remembering the full scope of Bellows's genius on stone as shown at the Keppel Galleries last Spring. However, it is the show to see. These exhibitions are difficult to arrange, and it may be some time again before so much of his work is gathered in one room.

THE most interesting thing in the regular field of art shows is the retrospective showing of the work of Robert Edmond Jones at the Bourgeois Galleries. Here are some thirty-seven color sketches made by Jones for

stage sets, costume designs and so on. It is a show well worth seeing, whether you are interested in art or the theatre. To our way of thinking Jones is the only authentic artist working at the trade of scene designing. On second thought we would amend that to include Reynolds. But Jones has been the pioneer, and through sheer foolhardiness has stuck to his flag until the managers could catch up with him. He is a poet and dramatist as well as an artist and a practical technical man. A combination that is seldom met with. Jones may have been hungry now and then, but that is all past. He can now sit back and choose which show he will help by designing the sets, meanwhile amusing himself by reading the reviews of his *Macbeth* and trying to solve the bewilderment of the critics in those pre-Fruedian days.—M. P.

### Books

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S new novel says in full his say as both artist and seer. It is the book to which his others have led up: the short stories that pictured life's surface and suggested its deeper currents, the experimental novel that tried to reveal the depths through symbolic drama, the "Story-Teller's Story" that did reveal Anderson himself. You can think of the last as a study for this "Dark Laughter," for writing it seems to have shown him how to make

a novel what he wished, and essentially the *John Stockton*, alias *Bruce Dudley*, of "Dark Laughter" is the Story-Teller used in his own fiction.

Like *Stockton*, at least until *Stockton* gets in contact with the Earth-Mother, Anderson is Antaeus viewing her wistfully from the air. As seer, he doesn't impress this department greatly; his vision of what life is all about and how it works did not originate with him, and it strikes us as half-truth anyway. But as artist! Whatever he sees at the bottom of the drifting human world, here is what he sees adrift, represented beautifully and faithfully. Here are men and women hopelessly "far from their bodies;" others too far at present and so muddling, groping, dreaming; others, like little *Sponge Martin* and his old woman, happily close; still others, the negroes, right there, never anywhere else, and voicing their physical wisdom in the laughter that sounds through the book and mockingly points a moral at the end.

Here is the mysterious "freemasonry" of sex, and the obscure experience that has shaken the dreaming *Stockton* and the torpid *Aline Grey* into consciousness of it, and prepared them as initiates. And here somehow, without much description, is the authentic feel and savor of humanity and the earth in the Ohio valley and down the Mississippi.

"Dark Laughter" (*Boni & Live-right*) is one of our three choices as



the best American novels of this year, the others being "The Professor's House" and "Arrowsmith."

A TRUE epic of the wheat belt soil would have to be a collaboration, for no American could "do" the Scandinavians among the pioneers, and Johan Bojer, who can, has demonstrated in "The Emigrants" that not even he—next to Hamsun, the best qualified Scandinavian—could really "do" the post-pioneer stage of a Norwegian Dakota town. Up to that stage "The Emigrants" (*Century*) makes ever so pleasurable reading. It begins in Norway, and nothing could be better than the way it acquaints you thoroughly with each of nine young people who are to follow a local Moses to a New World Canaan. Their early years on the prairie are as good, in the main; so long as their settlement is transplanted Norway, Bojer writes rings around most of our own soil-epickers.

MARTHA OSTENSO is twenty-five, and her "Wild Geese" (*Dodd, Mead*) shows it. Also considerable promise; it has a strong situation very youthfully brought about, and in the miser-sadist *Caleb Gare* and his daughter *Judith*, two excellent characters. But, apart from promise, the most striking thing about "Wild Geese" as a whole is that it won a \$13,500 prize.

THE Scribners have brought out Stevenson in a 16mo edition equally complete with the de luxe Vailima, obtainable by single volumes, and low-priced.—TOUCHSTONE

### Motion Pictures

FRAULEIN VILMA BANKY, who has arrived here from the Hungarian dark places, shows conclu-

sively that her charms will bid fair to set the local film ladies looking to their laurels. In "The Dark Angel," (*Strand*) a delicate love story of war times and after, the Fraulein reveals herself as being a strikingly sweet and personable young blonde, with a quiet winsomeness and a fragile loveliness that is somewhat reminiscent of our Miss Lillian Gish. Moreover, the Fraulein exhibits a fine gift for emotional portrayal, being quite capable of rendering her feelings intelligently before the camera's eye, besides merely standing there upright and being content to look pretty as is the prevalent custom amongst our homebred beauties. Her performance and that of Mr. Ronald Colman make of the picture as poignant a sentimental tale as we have known. Which is saying a great deal, since the inexorable scenarists have again seen fit to slash an original, powerful ending in the interests of Public Service.

AND so forward to further discussion of Haysian tutti-frutti with which we have been amusing ourselves these recent days. For instance, Harold Bell Wright's little offering, "A Son of His Father." If you can manage to locate this one at your favorite theatre, and should you come under the heading of Editor, Drunkard, Radical, Prodigy, Nathanite, Magnate, or Unborn, it will fill you with unutterable Strength and Boredom. Then we recall a glittering William Fox-John Golden rhinestone, entitled, "Thank You." Here is a pregnant scene from it. The Hero has climbed on the water wagon at the behest of the bucolic minister. He walks to a rustic pump and fondling it philosophically, utters poignantly, "From now on you and I are going to be good pals, Old Pump." Now we ask you.

EXCHANGE of Wives," was slightly more interesting. It based its thesis on the trenchant assumption that Good Eating and Sex are the great fundamental determinants of happy married life. An exchange of wives and husbands is effected amongst a quartet of restless married folk. What goes forward from then on, clearly proved that a good deal more vulgarity goes on behind closed conubial doors than anybody cares to do more about than laugh lasciviously. "Lovers in Quarantine" gave as much as you might have expected. There were lovers and there was quarantine. There was Miss Bebe Daniels as the young thing who couldn't win the desirable young man because she wore her hair so frousilily and acted so un-repressedly. Accordingly she read a paragraph from Elinor Glyn and did her hair properly. She got the man.

THE Everlasting Whisper" brought Mr. Tom Mix to town. He might as well have remained in the clean hills. The fellow insists on pranking about as the poetic, rough-riding, whimsical, bashful strong man of the Western skyline. We much prefer the overcivilized Raymond Griffith of the closed-in spaces to this sort of God's person.

THE Midshipman," with the Arrow-collarish Señor Ramon Navarro, recounted the tale of The Rover Boys at Annapolis or How Frank Merriwell won the Belle of the Naval Academy Hops. Scenes and traditional flavoring were taken first hand from the actual Naval College, but the affair was but artificial college comics rather than intelligent insight into the lives of our future Admirals.—T. S.

GOING ON, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 26, the list of new books worth while on page 27.

### LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE

SOME gossellers up the West Fork  
Of Salt River, begorrah!  
Would like to abolish New York  
As the modern Gomorrah.  
Ah, spare us, impeccable men!  
For, besides our banditti,  
There may be a virtuous ten  
In the gosh-awful city.  
Why burn the whole dog for his fleas?"  
Said the small Pekinese.

"Our land was discovered, they say,  
By a certain Columbus  
Who came in a boat that to-day  
Would be classed as a bum bus.  
And that's why we made him a bow  
On the Twelfth of October,  
Though Nordics disdain to kowtow  
To this continent-prober  
And swear that they did it on skis,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

"My master will show little zeal,  
I'm afraid, as a voter;  
The candidates hardly appeal  
To a man with a motor.  
A Waterman, everyone knows,  
On the land is a gawker;  
And oh, how the motorist crows  
When he runs down a Walker!  
To me they're as like as two peas,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

**F**OOTBALL in a baseball park always seems somehow like a Broadway show in Stamford, Connecticut. The players are there, the lines are there, the scenery is there; but yet there is something not just right. Maybe it's the sight of the diamond and the yawning aperture in the green turf around what was once second base and is now the twenty-five yard line. Or perhaps it's the atmosphere of those collegiate stadia, in which football is so generally and so elaborately celebrated, which is missing.

Not that atmosphere was lacking at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday when Northern and Southern football teams representing Penn State and Georgia Tech held their annual battle. On the contrary, atmosphere there was a plenty and to spare; but of a kind that brought out the ladies' new 1926 model fur coats from the furriers, and the gentlemen's old 1925 model ulsters from the moth bags. Very likely last Saturday the tenth of October will be remembered as the coldest day of the present football season.

And I am remembering that the football season is unfinished until the Army and Navy do battle at the Polo Grounds on the twenty-eighth of next month. It was, therefore, no wonder that our Southern visitors from Georgia were so congealed during the first thirty minutes of play that they allowed the lighter Penn State backs to gain pretty much at will. Lungren a shifty ball carrier, turned the Georgia ends with some quick starts several times for substantial gains. But it was really Wycoff, the Georgia captain, who presented Penn State with their scoring opportunity.

Wycoff, who had been playing a fine game as a defensive back, was handling his opponent's punts entirely alone. In the gusty wind, blowing gales alternately up and down the field, this proceeding was dangerous. Nor was it any surprise when a long, rolling kick by Captain Gray of Penn State got away from him. He bobbled with it under the goal posts,



and finally was down on his three yard line, lucky in avoiding a safety.

His kick on the next play from behind his goal line went only thirty yards into the field, and with time for only one play left in the half, the Penn State quarter threw a perfect forward pass down the sideline to Dangerfield. That young gentleman went marching through Georgia for a touchdown while the stands cheered. And that was the end of the first half.

**T**HE intermission was spent by the players and officials in steam heated dressing rooms under the grand stand. For the Georgia team, it must have been a relief after those glacial winds out on the field. The umpire and referee were a trifle inappropriately clothed in linen knickers, and had there not been steam heated dressing rooms for them to thaw out in, it is probable they would have frozen stiff. Unfortunately there were no steam heated apartments for the congealed occupants of the stands. Most of them did hundred yard dashes up and down the promenades back of the seats, while the hundreds scattered in what was of yore the center field bleachers, crouched high up in the shelter of the board fence which protects the field from the profane gaze of the curious passers-by in the subway that happens to be an elevated at 168th Street.

Came, as they used to say in the movies, that second half, and none too soon,

either, for the frozen thousands in the stands. Shortly after the kickoff Penn State got the ball on its own twenty yard line and started at once a series of rushes with Lungren, Dangerfield, and Pincura carrying the ball that brought them well into Georgia territory. Perhaps this sustained rush told on their team. At any rate, when they were held on the Georgia thirty yard line, and the Southern backs began to rip through their line, they appeared to have nothing left to fight off Murray, Barron, and Wycoff. Wycoff in particular tore them to shreds with his furious rushes, and though Penn State made a stand a few feet from the goal, he managed to cross the Mason and Dixon line and tie the score.

Using the Heisman shift which has meant disaster to so many football teams since 1914, the three heavy and by no means slow Georgia backs again marched down the field. Coach Bezdek rushed in a half dozen substitutes into his line, to no avail. The Penn State team seemed dazed, their tackling became feeble and ineffective. On the other hand, as the Southerners became used to the icy weather of a Northern October, they improved steadily. Once acclimated, they showed that they were a first-rate football eleven; heavy, fast, with a line that was opening up holes for the backs most effectively. Toward the end of the game, it was merely a question of how great Georgia's score would be. That they were held to sixteen points was in all probability due to the weather. If they can play that kind of football in freezing weather, what a terrible team they must be on a balmy fall afternoon in Atlanta, Georgia!—J. R. T.

#### Influence of New York Police Methods

A boy was hit by an auto on Ferry Street Saturday afternoon and so badly injured that Patrolman O'Gara shot it.

—Massachusetts paper

A gelding, we understand.

What we need next is a car that is fast enough to run from under the mortgage.



That Gusty Wind



# THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

## X. The Magazine's Punctuation Farm

**P**UNCTUATION is one of the prominent features of THE NEW YORKER; and no one of our sentences is complete without at least a comma or a semi-colon. Indeed, it is estimated roughly that approximately 1,050 colons are used in every issue; while exclamation points, quotation marks and apostrophes are frequently included, and question marks are often demanded among the editorials. In fact, if all the periods on one page of an issue of THE NEW YORKER were laid end to end, they would probably have been written by Michael Arlen.

With so great a demand for punctuation in every issue, the reader may form some conception of the vast work of producing a sufficient quantity to supply the weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER. All this punctuation is raised at our own farms under hothouse glass, and is carefully cultivated by a trained staff of farm hands, 3,000 in the Long Island Gardens alone, who are recruited from almost every State in the Union. Only trained hands are employed in this delicate work, the very latest processes of irrigation, fertilization, pruning, and dry-cleaning being installed in all our nurseries. Every punctuation bed is inspected daily by THE NEW YORKER's representative, Mr. Tilley.

The *period* (.) is perhaps the simplest form of punctuation, since this is the seed, and from this is raised virtually every other form of punctuation upon the farm. The periods are set out in shallow pans under glass in the early Spring, and carefully watered; and after six weeks of sunshine each sends down a tiny root no bigger than a bean (,) which is called a *comma*. These commas are gathered in this stage, dried and shipped to the presses.

In another section of these nurseries, these *periods* are planted upside down, either separately or in pairs, and a strong light is burned night and day beneath them to confuse the seeds even further. As a result they send their

roots into the air, in the form of single or double *quotation marks* (" or ").

Contrary to popular opinion, *colons* (:) are not derived simply by placing two periods together. On the contrary, a period must be allowed to flower and go to seed; and in the long pea-shaped pod the colons are found fully developed in the Fall.

Let us suppose that some of these sprouts are not gathered and dried for commas and semicolons, but are brought into the greenhouses instead. Here they are carefully nurtured and cultivated; and with the most painstaking care they are raised into the more intricate figures of punctuation. Sometimes they are cross-bred with asparagus, and the tall shoot is used for an *exclamation point* (!). A handsome bed of crocuses may be seen as you enter the greenhouse, and immediately to your right is a plot of *% % % %'s*, which are employed frequently in these very statistics. To your left is an attractive bed of full-blown *ats* (@@@@) In the very center is a flourishing garden of mixed blossoms ! !b % & ? § ? % !b Powie! Zam! Ouch!!!, occasionally used to denote profanity or anger.

Asterisks (\*\*\*\*) flourish most profusely in a good, black loam. They are found in quantities in rich dirt, and a hardy flowering perennial, the "Elinor Glyn," blooms the year round, the tips of its dainty white petals suffused with a passionate pink glow.

A most intricate punctuation mark faces you as you leave the greenhouse. To achieve this difficult figure, two stakes are driven into the ground, immediately to the left of a figure five, thus: II5. Now a period is planted at the foot of the stakes, and the vine is carefully trained in and out the wire meshing; and when fully grown the result is \$5. This figure is employed in THE NEW YORKER circulation ads, as it equals the price of a year's subscription.



A scene at one of THE NEW YORKER's punctuation farms in South Carolina. Vljajmur Tolstoisson, Chief Waterboy, is seen pouring water down the backs of a bed of exclamation marks and so breaking their spirits and bending them into question marks. The work, as always, is carefully observed by two professors from Harvard. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, General Superintendent at the farm, may be seen in the background severely but politely reprimanding a sub-waterboy for grimy finger nails.



# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, October 16, to Friday October 23, inclusive.)



## THE THEATRE

**THE VORTEX**—A bitter social pill dispensed by the versatile Noel Coward and concerning your looser-living Britons. HENRY MILLER'S, 43d, E. of B'way.

**HAMLET**—Revived by Walter Hampden, with Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN'S COLONIAL, B'way at 64th.

**THE PELICAN**—Showing that British authors still worry themselves theatrically over that matter of illegitimacy. A heavy drama for a heavy mood. TIMES SQUARE, 42nd, W. of B'way.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**—A trim little triangle play worked out courageously and humanely in Californian setting by Sidney Howard, prize author. KLAU, 45th, W. of B'way.

**THE GREEN HAT**—A perfect dramatization of a best seller—intense, sentimentally tragic, true to the original word, and with Katharine Cornell at her super-best. BROADHURST, 44th, W. of B'way.

**ACCUSED**—The distinguished Mr. E. H. Sothorn in a dignified play of legal difficulties and ethics. BELASCO, 44th, E. of B'way.

**THE GORILLA**—The mystery play, man's best known of theatrical friends, done into burlesque for a screaming change. SELWYN, 42nd, W. of B'way.

**AMERICAN BORN**—Reviewed in this issue. HUDSON, 44th, E. of B'way.

**IS ZAT SO?**—Something genuinely American, written in American, as a welcome refuge from a stormy sea of imported plays. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46th, W. of B'way.

**OUTSIDE LOOKING IN**—Picaresque hoboes rampant on the Western skyline, providing a slangy feast of comedy dramatics. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.

**ARMS AND THE MAN**—An eternal war play, or words to that effect, spoken forth by George Bernard Shaw. The Lunts aid in the revival. GUILD, 52nd, W. of B'way, until it moves to Forty-ninth Street, Mon., Oct. 19th.

**THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN**—The lad from Chillicothe, O., has a small and profitable experience with the institution generally known as the theatre. LONGACRE, 48th, W. of B'way.

**ARTISTS AND MODELS**—Fun amidst the more elemental appeal of a Shubert Revue. And the Hoffmann Girls. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th.

**MERRY MERRY**—An intimate music show with all hands, voices and limbs contributing to the intimacy. VANDERBILT, 48th, E. of B'way.

**ROSE-MARIE**—This particular musical comedy lady shows no signs of aging. IMPERIAL, 45th, W. of B'way.

**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Good entertainment from George White's carefully picked staff. APOLLO, 42nd, W. of B'way.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE**—A glorious and maudlin score attached to a glamorous setting and a so-so book, done over from "Old Heidelberg." JOLSON'S, 59th, at 7th Ave.

**GARRICK GAETIES**—The merry spirit of Guild youth being merry at times and imitative at others. GARRICK, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.

**SUNNY**—A stock musical comedy crammed full of lovely, humorous and tuneful creatures. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42nd, W. of B'way.

**DEAREST ENEMY**—You'll like the John Murray Anderson color and beauty and forget the humor of this Colonial musical piece. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38th.

**LOUIE THE 14TH**—Leon Errol and his funny legs in this Ziegfeld opus. COSMOPOLITAN, B'way and 59th.

**NO, NO, NANETTE**—An internationally-known thing with the music that even Kings and Queens must have danced to. GLOBE, B'way at 46th.

**BIG BOY**—Al Jolson, raconteur, singer, statesman, LL.D., poet, gentleman and mystic, at his greatest. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44th, W. of B'way.

**THE VAGABOND KING**—An ornate musical show with pleasant tunes and a real plot. CASINO, B'way at 39th.

## Openings of Note

**THE GLASS SLIPPER**—A play from Molnar's Hungarian, with June Walker. GUILD, 52nd, W. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 19.

**ARABESQUE**—A Norman-Bel Geddes-Richard Herndon production of a comedy of Algerian manners. NATIONAL, 41st, W. of B'way, Mon., Oct. 19.

**THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**—Sheridan's play, with Gladys Wallace. LITTLE, 44th, W. of B'way, Tues., Oct. 20.

**LUCKY SAM MACCARVER**—A play by Sidney Howard, with Clare Eames. PLAYHOUSE, 48th, E. of B'way, Wed., Oct. 21.

## MOTION PICTURES

**THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**—Fantasy, satire, and sanity find their way into the nickelodeon at last via Messrs. Kaufman, Connelly, and Cruze. At LORW'S EIGHTY-THIRD STREET, Wed., Oct. 20.

**THE FRESHMAN**—Harold Lloyd, or the Merton Gill of the Great American College, foils those cuttuping sophomores most humorously. At the COLONY, Fri., Sat., Oct. 16, 17.

**THE DARK ANGEL**—Reviewed in this issue. At the STRAND, Fri., Sat., Oct. 16, 17.

**THE GOLD RUSH**—See this at once, you lagards. It's Charlie Chaplin's latest. At LORW'S FORTY-SECOND STREET, Fri. to Mon., Oct. 16 to 19.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**—Guaranteed to give you the willies with its assorted Parisian horrors and the deathly cynicisms of Lon Chaney. At the Astor.

**THE PONY EXPRESS**—A vigorous, thunderously bloody Wild Western, built about a lesson in American History. At LORW'S BOULEVARD and LORW'S NATIONAL, in the Bronx, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 16, 17, 18.

No Manhattan showing of "A Regular Fellow" scheduled for this week.

Opening of Note: Mary Pickford in LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY. STRAND, Sun., Oct. 18.

## AFTER THE THEATRE

**BARNEY'S**, 85 W. 3d.—Somewhat Bohemian revelry in most attractive surroundings. Midnight entertainment by Arthur West and the merry proprietor.

**DEL FEY**, 104 W. 45th—Texas Guinan and her galaxy of "Little Girls" providing a maudlin place to go until the dawn. Not for grey haired mothers.

**CLUB LIDO**, 808 7th Ave.—The smartest dancing club in New York. With Maurice and Barbara Bennett.

**CLUB MIRADOR**, 200 W. 51st.—Also the smartest dancing club in New York and not as crowded as the Lido. With Moss and Fontana.

**KATINKA**, 109 W. 49th—Jovial Russians taking a well dressed crowd into the family. Vaudeville along Chauve Souris lines. Dancing late.

**LIDO-VENICE**, 35 E. 53d—Not much excitement, except for delightful decorations and an exceptionally good clientele.

## MUSIC

**SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY**—CENTURY THEATRE.

Final performances Fri., Oct. 16, La Tosca; Sat. afternoon, Oct. 17, Hansel and Gretel.

**WITH THE ORCHESTRAS**—CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic, Mengelberg conducting; Fri. afternoon, Oct. 16. Philadelphia, Stokowski conducting; Tues. evening, Oct. 20. State, Dohnanyi conducting; Wed. evening, Oct. 21.

**RECITALS**—TOSCHA SEIDEL, violinist, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. afternoon, Oct. 17. One of the best of the Auer products, returning after a year abroad.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 18. A brilliant pianist of the sensational school.

ELENA GERHARDT, AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 18. A famous lieder singer in her first recital of the season.

SASCHA JACOBSEN and HARRY KAUFMAN, TOWN HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 21. Sonatas for chamber music lovers.

FLORENCE EASTON, CARNEGIE HALL, Thurs. evening, Oct. 22. The Metropolitan's versatile soprano in songs.

JOSEF LHEVINNE, CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. evening, Oct. 23. An acknowledged master pianist.

CHARLOTTE LUND, TOWN HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 18. Opera excerpts.

## ART

**BELLOWS**—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. A conscientious exhibition of the life work of one of America's finest men and greatest painters. Lasts until Nov. 22.

**JONES**—BOURGEOIS GALLERIES, 693 5th Ave. Sketches showing the great contribution made to the American stage by its pioneer in scene designing.

## SPORTS

**FOOTBALL**—Sat., Oct. 17, games start at 2 p. m. ARMY vs. NOTRE DAME, Yankee Stadium (Jerome Ave. Exp., East Side Sub., to 161st St.). The most important football game of the year in New York.

YALE vs. PENNSYLVANIA, New Haven. The Elis in an early test probably well worth commencing to see.

**RACING**—EMPIRE CITY TRACK, YONKERS. Daily at 2:30.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- DARK LAUGHTER**, by Sherwood Anderson (*Boni & Liveright*). An even better book than his autobiographical "Story-Teller's Story," and an infinitely better novel than his "Many Marriages."
- SUSPENSE**, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). As much as Conrad lived to write of a monumental Napoleonic romance.
- FIKACRACKERS**, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). An ideal novel for readers who like 'em "sophisticated." Each will get something out of it, depending on what he brings to it.
- THE VENETIAN GLASS WINDOW**, by Elinor Wylie (*Doran*). A fable, demurely satirical and exquisitely written, in which flesh mates with brittleness and something has to be done about it.
- MUSCHKEE**, by Ben Travers (*Doubleday, Page*). Farce, with episodes easily as funny as any you ever saw staged.
- THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE**, by Willa Cather (*Knopf*). "A turquoise, set in dull silver"—otherwise, Tom Outland's story set in Professor St. Peter's. One of the very best American novels of this year.
- CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER**, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). Little Mr. Preamby's delusion that he's here to rule the world, and Christina's illusion that she is the captain of her soul.
- POROV**, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). A group of negroes, strongly and beautifully sketched, and what you might call a Winslow Homer hurricane.
- THE RED LAMP**, by Mary Roberts Rinchard (*Doran*). Breaks all records for suspense in a mystery story.
- SAMUEL DRUMMOND**, by Thomas Boyd (*Scribner's*). A novel about a farmer and against war and war time hysteria; as authentically "human" as any on this list.

SHORT STORIES

**THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES** (*Harper*). Twelve prize-winners, grading downward from those by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Alice Brown, Conrad Aiken and Margaret Culkin Banning to the usual thing in "best magazines," well written.

GENERAL

- WEEK-ENDS**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). A third volume of Milne's *Punch* sketches and burlesques. There is also a fourth.
- H. L. MENCKEN**, by Ernest Boyd (*McBride*). For admirers of Mencken who want to know more about him.
- ALONG THE ROAD**, by Aldous Huxley (*Doran*). Travel papers, agreeably revealing their author in citizen's clothes, so to speak.

THE WALL STREET BARD

Lady, laugh not when I woo;  
Please don't feel it funny  
That I cannot make for you  
Magic songs; I've money.

Poets prate of precious things,  
Pretty dreams that burn them,  
Cloth of gold and ruby rings—  
I don't write; I earn them.

Though I be a prosy knave,  
Yet there is no rarer  
Sense in Homer's finest stave  
Than my "pay to bearer!"

—JOHN MCCOLL

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NATURALLY

STEP into Fifth Avenue at one any day this week, and you will notice the limousines and taxi-cabs of bank presidents and actresses, brokers and successful interior decorators blocking the traffic which flows toward Forty-eighth street. Why? you may ask yourself, avoiding a collision with Doris Stevens of South Orange.

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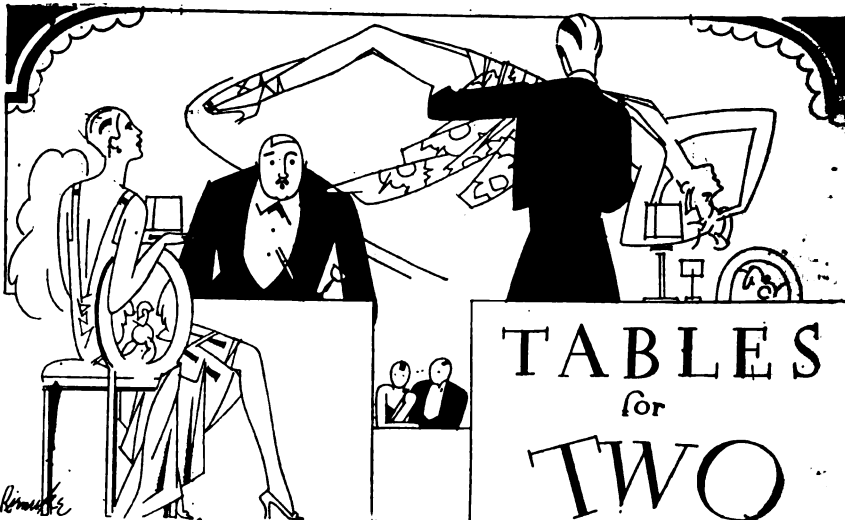
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**A**LL the great minds who used to be absorbed solely in worrying about whether or not to order chicken salad, whether or not to Ask Him In, and the correct method of eating asparagus, now seem to have concentrated on but one vexing problem—"Are they dancing the Charleston at the smart night clubs?" At present (not that I want to set myself up as an authority on etiquette) the answer is No. And the reason, undoubtedly, is not that nice people disapprove of this pastime, but that nice people do not yet know how to do it.

Unlike the Toddle and the Camel Walk, which had their origin in finale hoppers looking for a new thrill, this dance came down from Harlem into the revue chorus last Summer, while all rich idlers were busy perfecting their golf games in the country. If the college boys condescend to take up a dance they did not originate, the Charleston will appear, via their debutante acquaintances, in the smart night clubs and dances late this Winter. But it is safe to predict that no decision can be reached on its future until the Christmas holidays.

At the Mirador, the other night, there was a most discreet suggestion of the Charleston in the dancing of several couples, but it was a suggestion that did not involve distorting the feet along grotesque angles. Incidentally, either the Mirador management has acquired a great deal of sense, or the place is not as uproariously popular as it was last year. Either way, it is all right with me. Because reservations are respected, you are not asked to feel lucky if they give you a drafty table out in the lobby, the dance floor is comfortably filled with very attractive people, the music is good, and Mar-

jorie Moss, quite aside from her dancing, has the nicest personality New York has seen in many a long day. I would go there more frequently were it not for the fact that at least five night clubs are opening daily, and each announcement sounds more alluring than the last. And what are you going to do if you happen to be the kind of person who wants to see everything that is going on?

**T**URN about is fair play, and the only way I could persuade a particularly adventurous youth to take me to Phil Baker's Rue de la Paix after the theatre was by a solemn promise that I would accompany him downtown afterwards to gaze on the wonders of the Club Caravan, for reasons which he did not disclose at the time.

The Rue de la Paix is the largest night club in town and, despite the presence of a Venus covered with silver radiator paint, shuddering in a grove of lilacs at one end, one of the most attractively decorated (in a very Continental manner). Furthermore, there is a startling innovation in the fact that the dance floor is sufficiently raised so that even those at the outside tables can see what is going on. The Jackie Taylor music is very good, and the show, which appears casually at intervals until quite late at night, is fair enough. Frankly, I do not know what the place lacks, but it is not very stimulating to me at present.

Phil Baker, being prohibited by the Shuberts from entertaining there, has consoled himself with the discovery that great wealth can result from buying shares in night clubs and selling them at a profit, and will undoubtedly be out of the thing, with bulging

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pockets, by the time that this little piece sees the light of day.

As for the Club Caravan—*sacré bleu*, and all that sort of thing! It advertises "daringly yet charmingly lovely little stars of the stage, in costumes which are strictly Continental in conception and have made Parisian cafes the talk of the 'world.'" Now you know! And it presents perfectly adorable girls (especially one called Estelle Lavelle, and another named Marjorie Leet, just about the best-looking thing I have ever seen) in a manner that is strangely, and somewhat tepidly, reminiscent of Texas Guinan's treatment of the Del Fey Club. I discovered that my escort's discontent with the place was due directly to the fact that he was on an artistic mission to investigate the first-night reports of a young woman strolling about clad in a single red rose—a real one! And what had they gone and done but draped her in green chiffon by the time we got there! He was so upset by his tardiness in seeing the sights of the town that it completely ruined his evening. You might have thought that I had dragged him there, the way he carried on.

**T**HE Everglades Club is on Broadway. They are now presenting a new show called "Ship Ahoy" and have done the place over in a nautical manner. Having seen said show and the new decorations and the audience I can only repeat—the Everglades Club is on Broadway.

**B**RIM full of loyalty to the eager public who have been standing on tiptoe for one whole week to hear my promised verdict on 10 East Sixtieth Street, I walked up there one balmy evening at one forty-five and found it closed for the night—at a quarter to two! Is this a system? Having as usual postponed my sightseeing trip until the last minute, I can only tell you that it is closing very early—probably only until a sufficient number of the élite who patronized it last year get settled in their apartments and get their theatre and supper parties organized. Emil Coleman is playing there at tea-time and after the theatre, which ought to be sufficient recommendation for anybody.—LIPSTICK

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Taxis called in vain;  
Taxis come out stronger—  
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## FOR ACCESSIBILITY

As New York has expanded northward, its street planning has been executed with increasing logic. The numbered streets and avenues are a distinct advantage over the twisted, oddly named streets down town. However, business of every sort is in a fluid state, and without some form of guide it is almost impossible to locate the best shops.

THE NEW YORKER, for the sake of establishing accessibility, furnishes its readers with a list of many of the charming places about town. These are confidently recommended as "finds" in respect to the shopping amenity which each one supplies.

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# FIFTH AVENUE



FULLY one week before the Yale-Pennsylvania football game, Jerry, friend of my girlhood and perpetual adorer of sophomores, actually had her mind all made up as to what she was going to wear to the momentous battle.

"Well," said I, "what is it to be this time? I seem to recall that, on the occasion of the great Yale-Harvard mud-slinging classic at New Haven last year, your elegant costume consisted of (1) an aged flannel skirt and sweater (2) a leather wind breaker (3) a polo coat (4) a fur coat (mine) and (5) a large yellow slicker, somewhat reminiscent of the Uneeda Biscuit boy. Oh, and I forgot,—a battered felt hat with twelve layers of newspaper over it. But what is the little fashion leader of the younger set going to wear next Saturday?"

"You see," said the bright girl, gazing about wildly for something of mine she could borrow, "I had that new evening dress of mine copied—in tweed. With sleeves, of course. That's the only difference."

Quite suddenly, I found myself looking upon the girl-friend with admiring eyes. Because the very newest thing about smart clothes this year is that you can wear virtually the same model—two-piece of course—sixteen hours a day in as many different materials. Tweed, velveteen, kasha or wool crêpe for morning or sports; velveteen, crêpe, or velvet combined with lamé or elaborated by touches of gold or silver for formal afternoon and informal dinner wear; lamé or velvet for evening. It makes life extremely simple, and makes it possible for a woman to buy one very good model and have it copied indefinitely.

The trouble is that the shops are full of two-piece dresses, and real discrimination must be exerted to be sure that the blouse is of exactly the right length to suit the individual figure, the neckline is cut to suit the neck, and the skirt fulness achieved in any way that is most becoming. So, instead of buying the uniform that was so prevalent last year, you are thrown upon your own good taste. Which is a great way of separating the fashion sheep from the goats.

In New York the prevalence of office hours even among the élite makes it perfectly possible to wear exactly the same costume all day long, and even well into

the evening. It is not necessary to dress at most restaurants, though you will get a better table at the particularly smart ones if you do so. It is not necessary to dress for the theatre, though on first nights and in the first ten rows it is a good idea. It is absolutely necessary to dress at night clubs like the Lido and the Mirador. But, since even the most exquisite evening dress looks a little silly where no one else is dressed up, and a perfect morning costume looks well at almost any time, it is better to err on the side of informality than formality.

IN a charmingly worded announcement which attracted much attention in the newspaper advertisement, and even more when it was posted in his windows, H. Jaeckel proclaimed his intention of closing his store every day between one and two o'clock, thereby ensuring that his organization "will be at its highest efficiency level during every single hour of the day." A delightful continental touch, impractical for department stores, but good for specialty shops, where the personal contact between the customer and the employee is so much to be desired.

ABOUT faces: Helena Rubenstein has recently put out a new rouge and lipstick in a shade called red geranium, which exactly describes the color. Recommended for blondes in the daytime, and eminently successful, as far as I am concerned, for brunettes as well in the evening. The trouble with the orange rouges that were flooding the market in such quantities last year was that they contained so much yellow that artificial lights removed nearly all the color. This disadvantage is not present in Miss Rubenstein's new concoction. And don't be alarmed by the color when you see it in its little red box (it is a compact, by the way) because it really isn't violent when you put it on!

ELIZABETH ARDEN is selling quantities of tricky little boxes, containing several Babani perfumes, an empty bottle, and a miniature measuring cup for women who love to mix their own individual fascinator in perfume. Many women habitually do this, but this is the first attempt, as far as I know, to cater to this hobby. Miss Arden is also struggling

# FORE!

INTO the hazards of club life in New York City (although this by no means includes all clubs), on the sweep of a long drive, comes The Nineteenth Hole Club, the ideal tryst for golfers, at last.

This club will be a rendezvous for fans, fanners, pros, and cons—those who go 'round under twenty, those who go nine holes in four thousand. It will be the best place in town to recount the story of the time you made a long hole in one, bounced out and carried on to the next cup for a hole-in-one-half.

Playing privileges in several exclusive Metropolitan Clubs will be enjoyed. "The Nineteenth Hole Club" will be indispensable to the lover of golf. Not only will the atmosphere be one of golf written enhancingly upon a well-ordered club life, but the Club will be frequented by the celebrated champions of the sport. It is thought by some that Deems Taylor, Elinor Glyn, Calvin Coolidge, Edgar Rice Burroughs and Nita Naldi will spend much of their time there.

Headquarters of the Club at present are located at The Roosevelt, a hotel, on Madison Avenue. Among the first activities of the Club will be a Supper Dance—one of a series—to be held in the Hendrick Hudson Room of The Roosevelt on election night.

"Everybody who is Anybody" in the golfing world is joining this club. The membership fee, for a limited number, is ten dollars. Further particulars about membership may be obtained from the Membership Committee of

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

The 19<sup>TH</sup> Hole Club

NEW YORK

valiantly to keep up with the demand for her new leather overnight cases, containing every possible cosmetic, from orange sticks and hairpins to liquid powder. This is simply wonderful for travelers, though, as an overnight bag, it has the disadvantage of having no room in the bag for anything except, perhaps, a French nightie. If you are a self-sacrificing girl, however, you can probably manage with fewer than three different kinds of rouge and make room, by the removal of one or two of them, for an evening dress. Hint to wealthy fiancés and well-wishers—what a Christmas present this case would make! Ah, me!

**WANAMAKER'S**, smart store that it is, has imported one of the loveliest evening dresses of the Winter—Chanel's youthful model of black chiffon, with a slim foundation fitted slightly to the figure in the new manner and four circular panels fluttering from the shoulders to the hemline.

**BUY Your Boy One**—(for yourself.)" Such is the slogan of one of the most fascinating of the thousand fascinating shops on Madison Avenue—Boucher's, where every possible article for the construction of model ships is on sale. There are airplanes, locomotives, and, best of all, tiny motor boat engines that really work, for boys to put together; and complete materials and plans for every possible kind of miniature ship, from the comparative simplicity of a Viking vessel or the *Mayflower* to the most elaborate three-masted schooner.

Boucher's does not sell the old models made in days gone by by fisherman, but it will build a model ship for anyone willing to pay the four or five hundred dollars necessary for the acquisition of such a treasure. With an outlay of thirty or forty dollars and a trifling matter of devoting your spare time for two or three months to the pastime, you can make your own quite as well as they can make one for you. This is what they are encouraging. To anyone who is in the slightest degree interested in mechanical things, it is a treat merely to browse around. And if you happen to be bored with solitaire or whittling of an evening, I would suggest turning your mind and your fingers to the intricate and absorbing detail of a model ship.—L. L.

### THE PAGEANT OF HUMAN PROGRESS

**A GREAT** temple rises severely above a broad, treed avenue. On the splendid vastness of its unbroken flank, there is carved a creed of mankind's hope for all to read, and incised letters proclaim the legend: Society for Ethical Cul-

ture. The temple looks as with the calm, bright gaze of Pallas Athena. In the avenue there is but one man. He is seated on the low gray wall of the temple, immediately under the carven legend. Beside him there is a baby carriage and a wailing baby. But the man, whose coat collar is turned up, gives it not a glance. He is absorbed in his reading; he hunches over, all his energies absorbed in the bit of print clutched eagerly in his bare hands. It is the comic section of the *New York Sunday News*.—THOMAS MUCH

### RAZE NEW YORK AS MORAL BLOT, CHURCH MAY BEG OF CONGRESS

—Headline in the *World*

The West wants to know if New York is a menace,

The West looks askance at this den of delight.

The youth have deserted their croquet and tennis,

Their chess and backgammon and Harold Bell Wright,

To delve in erotica, fed from this city,

That leaves on their souls an indelible smirch.

And the West eats it up by the ton, more's the pity—

According to the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

New York makes the dramas with racy digressions,

New York writes the books dealing boldly with sex,

New York prints the magazines crammed with confessions—

Neurotic New York makes the rest of us wrecks.

New Yorkers carouse as they flout Prohibition;

Aloft on their smug, metropolitan perch

New Yorkers call morals a quaint superstition—

Or, at least so says the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Then blot out New York and reduce it to ashes!

Send Broadway and Chinatown crumbling to dust!

All publishers, managers, night club apaches,

Expunge from the earth in the wake of their lust.

Demolish the studio dens in the Village, And leave its iniquitous Art in the lurch.

Then tack up a sign o'er the scene of the pillage:

"By order of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

—H. C.

### ACTORS' THEATRE

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Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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