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THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

INTRODUCTION

Some Statistics, the Funny Little Things

BEFORE we attempt to show the Reader the vast process that lies behind the making of a great magazine like **THE NEW YORKER**, it is no doubt wise to give him first a bird's eye view of the tremendous circulation which so vitally depends upon each weekly issue (for if it were not for these weekly issues, there would simply *be* no circulation of **THE NEW YORKER**). It is our hope here to open his eyes to the stupendous organization of which he forms a part, ere we acquaint him with the more detailed aspects of that organization and the size and scope of its equipment.

Let us suppose for the nonce that each issue of **THE NEW YORKER** is a red corpuscle and all the readers are fingers, toes, etc., on the great body politic. This means that Uncle Sam has 8,657,000 fingers and toes, and every week these extremities must receive their red corpuscles regardless of wind nor rain nor storm on their appointed rounds. Have you any conception of the size of that heart which must pump so vast a circulation of red corpuscles through all (a) the veins and (b) arteries extending up and down the great body of Uncle Sam until they reach you, the fingers and toes? What is this heart that so faithfully beats for us each week, pumping us our weekly subscription?

Here it is Friday; and at a rough estimate there have been probably thirty or eighty millions of people who have bought **THE NEW YORKER** since last night; and the returns from Maine are not due till to-morrow. This means that if you add all these figures together and multiply them by the number you just thought of, then the card there in your hand is the eight of clubs.

Perhaps the following illustration may serve to bring home to the average mind the magnitude of these figures: First, conceive in your mind's eye the entire populations of New York, New Haven, Hartford and a fourth city about the size of Pittsburgh (let us say, Pittsburgh), and picture them arranged kneeling side by side single file in a long line, all blind-folded, and holding in their hands the combined

output of the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Dr. Frank Crane. Now suppose that someone were to sneak up and give the first man in line a sudden shove. Why, over they all would go like so many nine-pins, and wouldn't it be fun though?

Perhaps it will make our point clearer if we borrow a few statistics; and for our purpose let us borrow the statistics belonging to the Willimantic (Conn.) Iron Pipes and Gadgets Company. According to these statistics, there was an increase of 10,000 over 20,000 the year before (or $\frac{10,000}{20,000}$, and cancel the noughts = $\frac{1}{2}$ = 50% = increase for 1925, *Ans.*) On the other hand the Stickum Rubber Company in the same city was forced to shut down its factories a week during the hot spell, at a loss of \$3,650.

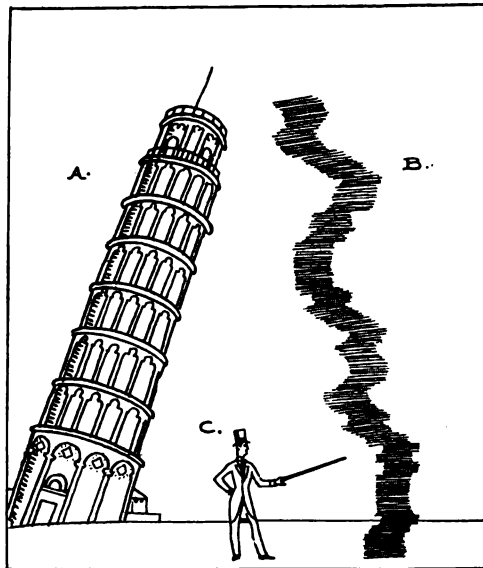
Returning these statistics again to the Willimantic Iron Pipes and Gadgets Company, with many thanks, we shall now take up the production of wool in Mesopotamia in January.

We shall now abandon the production of wool in Mesopotamia in January (which didn't turn out to be so very interest-

ing after all; and no one more surprised than we were, either) and from the foregoing statistics we may draw our own conclusions. There is no need at this time of going more fully into the conclusions that were drawn, but suffice it to say that the winning conclusion was drawn by Miss Etheline Lint, stenographer, of 31 Archer Street, Mott Haven, who held number eighty-seven.

Now that this little glimpse into Statistics Land has given you some idea of the vast circulation of **THE NEW YORKER**, let us start on our little tour through the great organization behind that circulation, making stops at Tennessee and other points of interest along the way, and observing as we go the industry, the cleanliness and system of this paper. For this trip we should advise a complete change of clothing, two blankets, and comfortable footwear, since there is nothing so important on a journey as easy feet except (ah yes) —

THE NEW YORKER.



A—The Leaning Tower of Pisa
B—THE NEW YORKER
C—Our Mr. Tilley



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Invasion

SOME for rags and some for tags and some for velvet gowns. The buyers have come to town! The chairs in the restaurants facing the Avenue groan in touching memory of the Van Bibbers who only yesterday, it seems, were leisurely finishing their liqueurs while the hansom cabs waited without. And now fattish men from Wichita and Wilkes-Barre and even Chicago sit amply where once there were Van Bibbers, and boom: New York is all right to visit but not to live in, say, I wouldn't take the town for a gift, that was sure a hot party we had last night, Mr. Kinkelstein, I couldn't sell that line you stuck us with last year, so why should I pay twenty-seven-fifty for that imitation wrap. . . . And the chairs groan and groan and over the room there passes the sobbing wraith of an old New York that had places for its visiting buyers and kept them there, but that has not now where to lay its head. Even in the shadow of Grant's Tomb do they discuss a gross of lead pipes, thirty days, two per cent off for cash; in the Metropolitan Museum and what was the drawing room of Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer, but is now the foyer of Abe Smulyan's co-operative apartment, there is talk of the very latest thing from Paris, and amenable young women and why positively twenty-five dollars is the lowest price even my own father would be offered in job lots.

Their trade-mark is their leer. For months and months they have been the upstanding, the prominently moral pillars of their communities, leading noisily righteous lives while within them festered the poison of discontent—and yearning for the fleshiest pots. And so, one morning, at the time of year that suits not the conveniences of the business world but

that has been fixed with both eyes on the business of escape, they depart for the modern Gomorrah, repeating over and over again the assurance to the little women that they will positively call up Cousin Jennie and have dinner with her on Friday night. . . . And then the three o'clock gets under way and the semi-annual Great Adventure lifts its lurid head above the advancing horizon.

The buyers we shall have always with us, and it were well to remember in our wrath that they are buyers, after all, primarily because we are sellers.



The Week

WASHINGTON police ordered to enforce law forbidding immoral music and Judge E. H. Gary conducts inquiry into cause of crime prevalence in United States. Man in Hackensack draws ten-spot needed to fill royal flush and London Bridge really is falling down, slipping into Thames. American reporter expelled from Italy by Mussolini for cabling unflattering accounts of government there and Mr. Frank Munsey, on eve of sailing home, praises France highly. Bank savings increase one hundred twenty-four millions in month and clerk is arrested for stealing thirty dollars from till to pay alimony. Cardinal Gasquet, Vatican Librarian, in London, denounces women showing their spines and Egyptian importer sees

danger in Mohammedans converting Christians to their faith. Christie's sale of Sargent's works sets record figure for modern painter and King George orders private movie there in Balmoral. Coast Guard denies their machine gun bullet wounded woman on yacht in lower bay and President Coolidge plans to call new arms conference in Spring. Yankees win three straight baseball games and Japanese cabinet

resigns. Mrs. Gute Fox, aged one hundred five, wants to live forever and death of eighteen-year-old girl is attributed to germs on earrings.

Saxophonizing

MR. VINCENT LOPEZ had on his musical hands the press and music publishers of London after he had aired his fox trot paraphrase of tunes from "H. M. S. Pinafore," and the protests against the injunction, alleged to have been made by Americans, drew a caustic squib in the *Daily Mail*. A "horn rim" is quoted as saying, "I reckon your Arthur Sullivan would have liked it if he had been alive to hear it, and that he would have put his own music into jazz form if he had been clever enough when he was alive."

This American comes straight from the pages of Wells, with his "reckon," "your Arthur Sullivan" and "clever," but it may be, as the *Daily Mail's* writer continues, that Sullivan hated the saxophone. Nevertheless, the saxophone was in good symphonic society even before Sir Arthur Sullivan was good form. You can hear it in Bizet's first "L'Arlesienne" Suite, and when Mr. Mengelberg played it with the Philharmonic last Winter he engaged none other than the celebrated Nathan Glantz to play the saxophone passages. Richard Strauss has listened to it and found it good, and it's becoming fashionable in modern French scores.

Sullivan might not have been "clever enough" to write jazz, but among the European jazz writers of to-day may be listed Stravinsky, Casella, Poulenc, Hindemith and Milhaud. The only trouble with them, say our American critics, is that they aren't quite clever enough to write real jazz.

Welcome

AT the celebration welcoming Mr. Lopez, returned to the Pennsylvania Hotel, it was his employer, Mr. Statler, who tendered supper to one hundred and some odd welcomers, the list beginning with Mr. John H. McCooney and trailing through journalistic representatives. And great was the babble thereof when Mr. Statler seated his "personal guests" in the Roof Garden, across the floor from several hundred of the paying variety.

One after another the entertaining artists were stormed under by the confusion; not even Mr. Julius Tannen's announcing voice was loud enough to ride the din. Thus the welcome to the musical conquerer of Kings!

Dropping down in the elevator, the regular visitor to the Pennsylvania was heard to remark loudly and clearly:

"Well, they think that's a good show in New York. We wouldn't book it a night back in. . . ."

Heavenly Rest

HERE and there amongst the surging tourists of August stroll a few of us who are in town because we like New York for itself, Summer or Winter. And the price of devotion is to watch the demolitions which kind contractors have scheduled for months when no one should be in town.



Thus I have long regretted the sight of a huge sign across the old Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, which read, ON THE SITE OF THIS BUILDING WE SHALL ERECT A THIRTY-ONE STORY OFFICE BUILDING. And this week its prophecy began to be fulfilled . . . crow bars and sledge hammers were flung at last into the tired skeleton of the hallowed structure.

It was hardly beautiful, the Heavenly Rest, and under three score years of age, and yet it was a landmark, only a block from the tradition that was Delmonico's. It had grown dull with the city's grime as the decades passed and had watched the tall, white marts of commerce rise around it. Contemporary neighbors had already

fallen before steady choking pressure—old Doctor Tyng's church of the Holy Disciple with its oilcloth patterned tower of black and white checks, gone under the Liggett Building; more recently St. Bartholomews, retreating to Park Avenue and Fiftieth.

ONCE Doctor Howland's church owned the whole wide corner on the Avenue, its parish house setting far back towards Madison Avenue. But bit by bit it had relinquished its grip until, upon its capitulation, there remained only the main building, squeezed tightly, and the parish ground in Forty-fifth Street.

Manhattan has grown up around its churches—and grown away from them. Only here and there, the length of our long, slim city, have landmarks been left behind—Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Mark's In-The-Bouwerie, others. The churches which once led their congregations into the wilderness, now follow them into metropolitan wildernesses uptown. The papers cry of a new Heavenly Rest so far north as Ninetieth. Perhaps when I come to live there I shall humor myself with melancholy as my friends drift away to the "exclusive hundreds."

TO the evening stroller, the stately dignity of our only avenue sans electric signs is shattered by the flashing red light on the Forty-fifth Street corner which claims, for the company which succeeds the Heavenly Rest, "The Most Preferred Stock in the World." A fit companion in tone to the garish placard across the old church.

One wonders if the mere fact that the lights are behind glass windows mitigates the insult in the critical eyes of the Fifth Avenue Association. And further, under the forceful feeding of this information,

just what they mean by "the most preferred stock," anyway.

Connections

FOR some years the travelling salesman had seen former President Taft breakfasting at the table next his own several times a week, when the present Chief Justice held the Kent Chair of International Law at Yale. The scene was that favorite haunt of commuters and early travellers, Mendel's Restaurant in Grand Central.

A genial soul was the former President, replying affably to his waitress' gum-choked efforts at small talk.

Then, after President Harding had draped Mr. Taft's ample shoulders with the ermine, the salesman saw him no more at those early and solitary breakfasts, for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, naturally, no longer travelled periodically to New Haven.

One morning the familiar figure bulked large again in the doorway and Justice Taft proceeded to his customary table for breakfast.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," commented his waitress. "What's th' matter; ain't you with them New Haven people any more?"

"No," replied the Chief Justice, gravely. "I'm back with the first people I used to work for. Good job, and better hours."

The Law

A RECENT Grand Jury was good enough to indict Mr. Horace B. Liveright and Mr. Thomas B. Smith for publication of "Replenishing Jessica," by Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, a procedure always appreciated by such victims as are, among other things, business men. Two limbs of the law—Central Office operatives, which is a term also used in the cloak and suit industry—arrived at 61 West Forty-eighth Street to escort Mr. Liveright and Mr. Smith to the hoosegow, in the event they were unable to furnish bail.

The Messrs. Liveright and Smith were informed that they were at once to accompany the detectives to the subway, for transportation to the legal downtown.

"We prefer to go by taxi," said Liveright and Smith as one man, Smith.

The guardians of the law went into earnest and executive conference on this request. Finally they emerged with an irrevocable decision.

"You will have to pay the taxi fare," they said.

And so the taxi started on its jolting way to the dread Bastille. Smith and one gendarme sat on the back seat, Liveright and the other gendarme on the emergency seats facing them.

Mr. Liveright remarked that he proposed immediately to get in touch with his friend and counsel, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hayes. Silence. Mr. Smith intimated that his first phone call would be to Jimmy Walker (which would be the State Senator James J. Walker of whom there is such frequent and odd mention in the public prints as our possibly next mayor).

Mr. Smith's guard turned to him.

"Do you know Jimmie Walker?" he asked.

"Very well," said Mr. Smith, with a simple dignity.

The constable sighed and pressed his ample body against the side of the taxi.

"You sure you got enough room there, buddy?" he asked anxiously.

POSSIBLY new: Two golfers reach the green of a blind two hundred-yard hole and are earnestly putting, when from over the hill comes a third ball. It thuds just off the green, bounces on, rolls and finally wiggles to the edge of the cup—drops softly in. Great Heavens, hole in one!

Over the hill, after his ball, comes the owner. Golfers on green shout the great news to him. His ball is in.

"Hey, Harry," he turns and shouts behind him. "It's in. I holed out in nine."

Diplomacy

IT was the Universal Film Company's London agent who duped a British territorial officer—akin to our National Guard—into furnishing a military escort for a moving picture negative, all in the interests of publicity, and thereby provoked the English War Office into ordering a court-martial for the too trustful victim.

Mr. Carl Laemmle, who signs all Universal's pronouncements in the advertising columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*, was in Paris when British resentment against this trick reached its boiling point. He decided that, in an affair of such world-wide import, the British government deserved nothing less than an apology from the highest sources; that is to say, himself. Accordingly, he despatched his apology to the Foreign Office, which bureau leisurely replied, professing never to have heard of Mr. Laemmle and not to know what he was apologizing about.

However, some thin-lipped Under Secretary further advised, if Mr. Laemmle insisted that an apology was due His Majesty's Government, for reasons unknown, the place and time for making it would be at a Consular office next time Mr. Laemmle wished a British visé on his passport.

In Our Midst

IN town, Mr. Charles Chaplin, famed parent, for opening of much-delayed, "The Gold Rush." Silver rush expected at Strand Theatre . . . Mr. and



Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, in large limousine, fresh from collecting material for a new blue booklet, to be issued about Dayton doings. . . . Irene Castle, shopping, and 2,500 milliners after banquet, *sans* wine. . . . Desperate Desmond Adams, under sombrero. . . .

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News received: In Glacier National Park, Montana, Mr. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, best known as Irvin Cobb. With Josef Hofmann, in Adirondacks, Miss Neysa McMein. . . .

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Popular name, Embassy, for a theatre is thus christened, one wherein Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop will continue to pursue career. . . .



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THE son of a well-known English actor recently arrived in New York, some fifteen years after his father's death.

In the course of events he found himself a guest of the evening in the hospitable air of acquaintances living on Park Avenue, and there was duly entertained.

He was sitting sipping a cocktail and chatting with his host, when suddenly his hostess turned on a phonograph about which she had been mysteriously busy for some minutes.

The gentleman sipping the cocktail suddenly went white.

For the record was one of those that have a recitation on each side—and the voice was that of his father.

The Charleston

FOR the Man in the Street and the Man in the Supper Club, the Charleston is for to see and to admire—or condemn. Not since the Tango provided luscious livelihoods for many svelte youths has so devastating a dance agitated the town. Your casual devotee is lost. The thing is altogether too intricate for those males who can merely make passable efforts in the shuffling ease of the one-step and its variants.

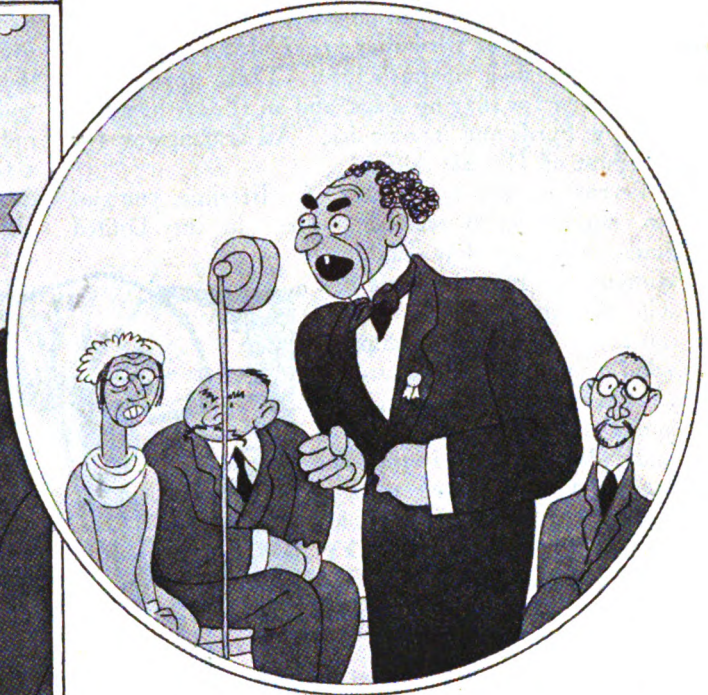
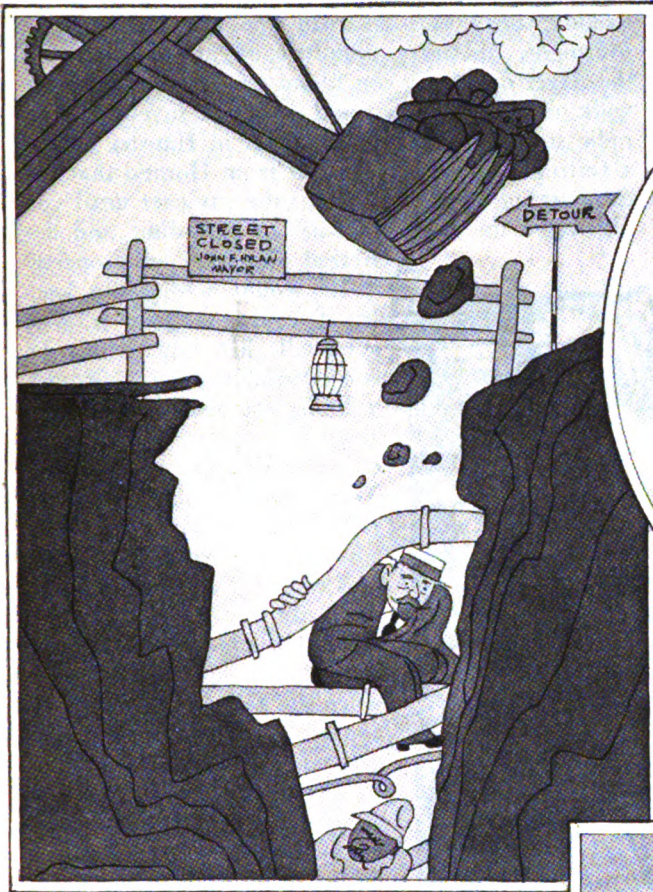
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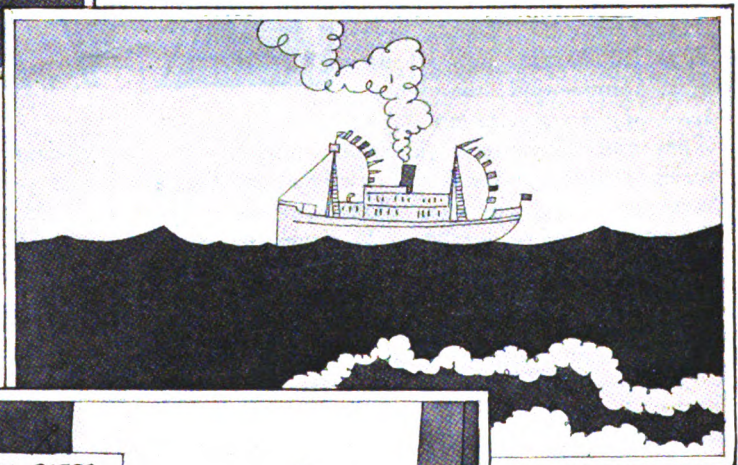
—*The New Yorkers*

The Graphic Section



SUPER RADIO WEEK. Ten thousand nuts with messages to deliver, who, thanks to the invention of broadcasting, are no longer obliged to live in Los Angeles, attend the special seances in New York.

TRAFFIC PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST. Commissioner John A. Harriss, the traffic wizard, inspecting Manhattan streets last week reported that traffic of any kind was no longer possible in any of the streets between Washington Square and Harlem. Dr. Harriss then sailed for Europe.



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NEW DEFY TO THE TRACTION INTERESTS. Mayor John F. Hylan has adopted the roller skate as a means of conveyance to and from City Hall.



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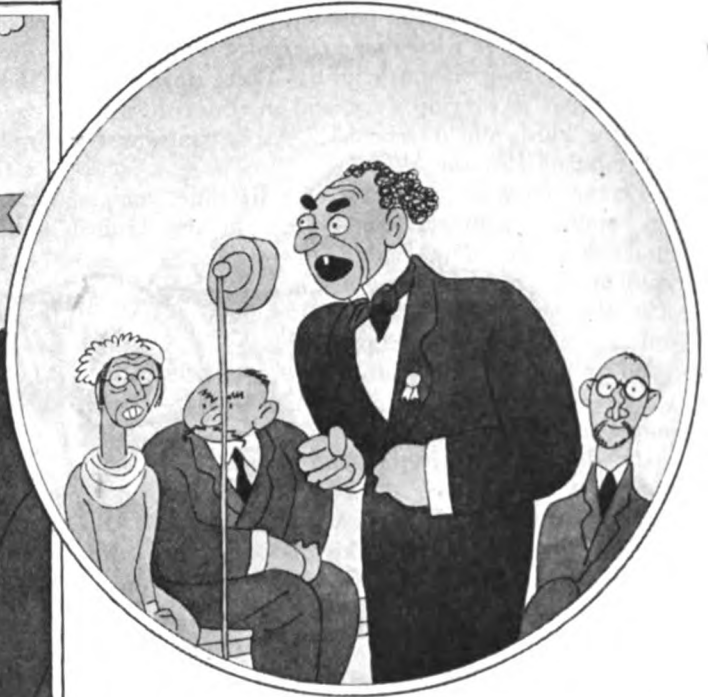
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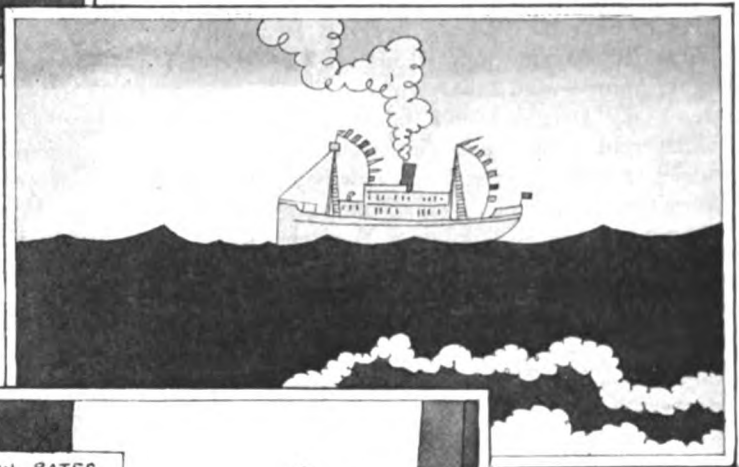
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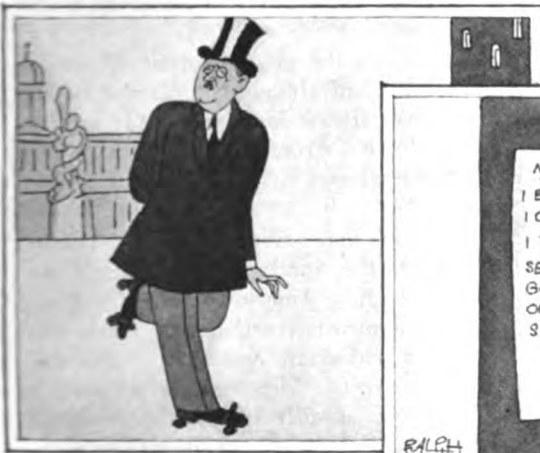
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THE ALGER COMPLEX

INTO all things that bear the marks, "Made in U. S. A.," has been woven, hammered or distilled a curious, imperative, hyperbolic idealism. None of the ten thousand products of which America is proud would be what they are if idealism were not mixed into their manufacture. There must be a moral even for shaving soaps, and an ethical justification for Fords and insecticides. All is gangway for the ghost of Horatio Alger.

Perhaps, across the counter of a lifetime, you can buy nothing with idealism. Here in the United States you can buy nothing without it. It is the bleat inside the mama-doll in every nursery. It is the worshipful wind around our hugest architecture. It is the code of our home morals, of our diplomatic dealings. It is the sob in each Congressman's throat, and the starch in the collar that holds every little stock clerk's head higher. All things are said and unsaid, done or demolished, in a desperate idealism's name.

Lugging Horatio Alger's name into it is no wild misadventure. You must remember those brave, sanctimonious books for juveniles which Alger wrote. They were shovelled by tons into all the best homes—and the worst, too—of a generation ago.

They told with sweet, glamorous simplicity the histories of little bootblacks and newsboys, and they made romance of the one great American discovery that sobriety is the best policy. We who were urchins thirty years ago, and now are either millionaires or ash can experts, know that our success or failure can be traced to the seriousness with which we did or did not assimilate the morals of Horatio Alger.

Of course the psychiatrists will go further back and blame it all on the Puritans. But then, nothing baffling happens in modern American affairs which is not sooner or later traced back to the heelmarks on Plymouth Rock—and, as a gentleman with such a name as Tanntenbaum was overheard to remark between acts of "Desire Under the Elms," "This is certainly a terrible indictment of our New England ancestors!"

But from the Puritans (our guides into the subconscious tell us) the American inherited a need to be always self-reliant and superior. From the attitude of the godly he has switched only to the attitude of the superlatively and righteously successful. No author managed to instill idealism into street corner existence as nicely as Horatio Alger did. It is thanks to "Ragged Dick" and "Tom the Bootblack" that the firecracker of our dream has been tied to the tail of our daily business. Each of us, willy-nilly, is a

character unto himself from out of Alger.

Those were the days before the *Saturday Evening Post* discovered the possibility of turning a good-looking young shoe salesman into a pickle magnate overnight. Industry admitted of no paradoxes in the Alger days. If you found ten cents on the sidewalk, then, you never could dream of investing it in radio stock and opening a cabaret in Havana within a fortnight. No, you learned from Horatio that the canny thing to do was to hunt the city over until you discovered the rightful owner of that dime and delivered him back his property.

He would not let you keep it, of course, because it was, after all, his dime. But he was invariably a merchant with a kindly eye and a glossy shirt front and a pretty little daughter about six years your junior. Your career would be made from then on, but it would be a slow and pure and uprighteous career. You would go to work for the merchant as an office boy, and you might happen to rescue his little daughter when she fell off a ferry-boat, and the grateful family might give you a gold watch, and you would work harder, and be purer and more righteous than ever, and in time—in good and decent time, mind you—you would become the husband of

the pretty daughter, and papa's partner, and have a kindly eye and a glossy shirt front of your own.

Well, that was your ideal at the age of ten. Probably it still is. Because at ten we have laid in our stock of ideals, and must spend the rest of our lives giving them away. Or rather, here in America, trading them off.

Almost a century ago the most theoretic Brahmin in America, Emerson, had already complained to his diary that Americans "always idealize!" Of everything and everybody, he wrote in a sad huff, "we tinge them with the glories of that Idea in whose light they are seen."

Yesterday, deep in the heart of another great American institution, the Sunday Paper, (itself an idealistic means of helping Americans to dodge their horror of leisure and meditative thought) there was an interview with a real estate operator. "Has another Era of wonderful Metropolitan expansion started?" he was asked. Oddly enough, he answered that it had. And that "changing conditions are making every man in every walk of life a realtor, and Real Estate is King." This is no cruel, delusive highfalutin. It is simply the ability and the necessity of every American to tinge his semi-detached life in Floral Flats with "the glories of that Idea."

Foreigners think they are forever finding us out.



Time and again you will have to read them remarking on the American romantic. Nothing happens naturally over here, they claim. What they smile at, wonder at, what awes and angers them most, is this wardrobe of ethical optimism in which we clothe our commonest, most obligatory acts.

All requirements of our daily life, stockyards to skyscrapers, have in them the crow of godly triumph, the consecration of sober and great intentions. Had Horatio Alger been translated more frequently into other languages, these foreign critics would know the why and the how-much of American philosophy.

For Elbert Hubbard was only Alger dipped in caramel, and Dr. Crane is only Alger pickled in syndicate. No people in the history of civilization has blown the dream so passionately in business, nor had so much business blown back at them from out the dream. England may be a nation of shopkeepers, but America is a sanatorium of sufferers from the Alger complex. We have founded our future on the lives of his little, industrious, abstemious, joyless boys, who never could leap out of the page and scream at him: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio. . ."

—Gilbert W. Gabriel



OF ALL THINGS



MESSRS. SINNOTT AND CANTY have performed valuable services to the city at great financial sacrifice. That statement saves us from a libel suit, and we are not one who enjoys going home on Saturday night with \$750,000 missing from our pay envelope.

+ + +

At the picnic of the Downtown Tammany Club the two most enjoyable features were the presence of Governor Smith and the absence of Mayor Hylan. A good time was had by Al.

+ + +

The high powered Tammany machine seems to be having a hard time finding a parking place. Mr. Hylan, on the other hand, lacks third terminal facilities.

+ + +

As we understand the Coolidge pronouncement, politicians will never be allowed to interfere with General Andrews's dry administration. P. S. Well *hardly* ever.

+ + +

Mussolini has ousted an American

reporter for telling unwelcome truths. The young man evidently forgot what he learned in high school—"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

+ + +

In the words of a *Times* headline, "Vatican Librarian Denounces Scanty Attire; Calls Queen Mary a Model for British Women." True; but not a 1925 model.

+ + +

The two great drawbacks to the happiness of the motor tourist are the billboard and the board bill.

+ + +

The Government is still having trouble disposing of those junk ships. Have they, one wonders, tried the Chinese?

+ + +

Houdini, charged with disorderly conduct after smashing up an office, replied: "They locked the door and I had to fight my way out." Bang goes another illusion! We thought he could open anything but a car window.

+ + +

Within fifteen years, says Richard

Washburn Child, the average age of persons committing crimes of violence has decreased ten years. At this rate we shall soon be able to arrest them under the child labor laws and speak sharply to their parents.

+ + +

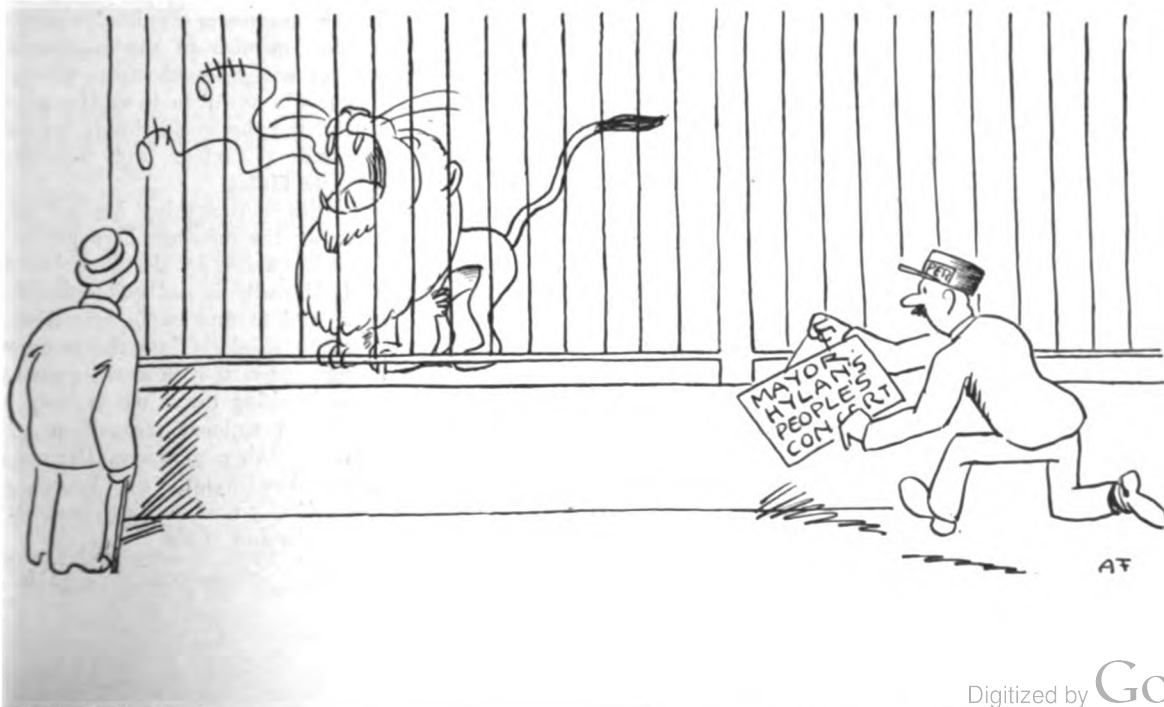
Sometimes we almost wish we were back in the good old days of the Scopes trial. Discussion is now raging in the metropolitan press as to the relative merits of huckleberry and blueberry pie and whether a dog should be put to death for chewing a flag at Stamford, Conn.

+ + +

Mr. Schepp has had four or five thousand letters, but no good, disinterested suggestions as to how to spend his money for the public welfare. The milk of human kindness seems to be about Grade C.

+ + +

"How much of your pay check is really yours?" asks an advertisement of the National City Bank. For most of us, none. It is merely a short term loan.—Howard Brubaker



Metropolitan Monotypes

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

THERE is, for instance, The Amateur Drinker. Nobody on the party seems to know him very well, Which doesn't make much difference at first, Because he sits around innocuously enough Asking those who drift his way If they saw that joke in *Life* about the man who wanted a berth, Or what they think of the American Wing. It is only after the cocktails have circulated several times That there is any concern as to his identity, And then it turns out that he is a cousin of the big man in tweeds, Or one of the host's business acquaintances Here from Pittsburgh for a day or two. The first release of The Amateur Drinker's inhibitions Results in a decided raising of the voice And a good deal of guffawing. Speedily he becomes *en rapport* With persons whom he has never seen before, Slapping them affectionately on the back And making free and easy use of their first names. Diffidence drops from him like a cloak;

He begins to tell strong and successful steel men How much better they would have made out at fruit farming. The most unattractive woman in the room Hears that she looks like Ethel Barrymore, And the entire company is informed that this or that celebrity, Who happens to be t.a.d.'s most intimate friend, Would be glad to have them all to tea any day. The cocktails circulate again, And so does The Amateur Drinker. This time he knocks over a few small tables And leaves a lighted cigarette On a piece of Renaissance brocade. Just as he is about to become the death of the party, Somebody leads him quietly away and doses him With one of the stock remedies for inebriety, And he fades out of the picture Almost as quietly as he entered it. There are some, unfortunately, Who can neither take it nor leave it alone.

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

—Baird Leonard

Protest

OF course it would be the height of impertinence for me even to hint at the thought that my unobtrusive presence in any of the three cities which are the subject of this essay has added so much to their merits that they have become, as they apparently now are, the *causis belli* in another ministerial controversy.

But anyhow, and being just as modest as I can about it, here are the facts.

While I was living in Brooklyn, some time back, a preacher arrived in that city, was introduced to me and immediately thereafter clambered into his pulpit and, in righteous, ringing tones, announced to his exulting congregation that "Brooklyn was the Gateway to Hell." I say "exulting congregation" because I am positive that all the members of that parson's flock—and likewise the entire Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce—were overwhelmed with joy at finding out that their village, so long unknown to the outside world, was in reality so advantageously situated at the entrance to such a popular resort. With me, though, it was different. I thoroughly dislike crowds and, being fearful that I would be crushed to death in the rush that I felt sure this kind of gaudy advertising would bring to the burg beyond, I got on a train and went just as far away as I could get with what money I was able to borrow.

I landed at El Paso, Texas, looked the place over, found that it was, for several reasons, rather to my liking and decided to remain peacefully therein. But there was simply nothing doing. Hardly had I got well settled by establishing proper relations with a gentleman who was first bootlegger in waiting to his majesty, the Mayor, than I was introduced to another preacher. This one was a Methodist revivalist whose name was nothing more or less than just Jones, and on the very next morning after he had given my hand the regulation parochial shake, I saw in the paper where the pious one had risen in the rostrum and showered praises upon the metropolis of the Rio Grande by asserting that "a letter addressed to Hell could not be delivered anywhere except in El Paso."

This pure-minded man also honored the city of my choice—and caused the chests of the prominent citizens thereof to stick afar out—by saying that the "twinkling, dancing feet of all its pretty school girls were carrying them straight into the arms of the Devil," and, as this last remark had a sort of a personal ring to it that I did not like, I once more hit the road. I packed up and moved to New York City.

This last change was made only a few months ago and now, see what has already happened.

Most recent of all, the Reverend

C. F. McCoy, doubtless knowing of my presence in the city by having seen my name somewhere on the docket, endeavored to demonstrate to the faithful, in the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, wherever that is, that Brooklyn is not the Gateway to Hell and that El Paso is not its proper post office, but that New York itself is the only real, genuine, honest-to-God Gehenna that there is.

Under the circumstances I think that I ought to refuse to move again. Every time I try to get myself quietly settled down in a pious community in which I can be properly supplied with the necessaries of life, along comes some member of the ministerial alliance who takes advantage of my presence in town to bawl the place out and tell the world that it has now become a perfect and unadulterated little Hades.

Either this thing has got to stop: either the ministers have got to settle their quarrel by deciding just where Hell really is and quit following me around to find out or else I'm going to go regularly into the business and sign contracts with small, growing and enterprising towns which want to attain to national recognition and increase their populations. I'm not going to allow myself, any longer, to be used as an advertising medium just for the fun of the thing.

—Owen P. White

PROFILES

Poet's Progress

THE late Indian Summer had finally gone its way. A cold wind from the north sprang up suddenly, preceded only by little whirling gusts that took the leaves and tumble weeds of the parching prairie up into the quickening night. Along the weedy railroad track that threaded its way through the meaner streets into the little town, there strode a man. He seemed gaunt in the twilight, as he was. But he also seemed powerful, with the build of an athlete, and as he walked he threw his chest out and swung his arms in long rhythms. He was without a hat and his unkempt hair was flowing in the wind. For clothes he wore a sort of smock, made of gunny sack, tied around the middle, and sandals on his feet.

A yardman, putting lights along the switches, turned to stare at the strange thing coming through the dusk. He had seen thousands of hobos in his time; they at least wore pants. The stranger greeted the yardman as an old friend, slapping him jovially on the back. Then he inquired the way to the home of Charlie Vernon. And it being a small town, where folk were friendly, the yardman pointed out the way: "Up Commercial Street to Sixth then out to State." The stranger hurried on.

The scene changes. Twenty years have passed. It is New York and the reporters are down the bay meeting the *Orca*, interviewing the returning passengers. One of them speaks, to quote the *Sun*:

"I am more patriotic than I ever thought I could be. Despite such things as the Scopes trial and prohibition, America is the only country in the world with vitality. The future of all art and culture lies in the hands of the United States. After my observations abroad, our government seems to be the best form of democracy. There are groups that are trying to stifle our liberty, but I trust the young Americans to fight for it and keep it safe. Bolshevism of course has proved itself a flat failure."

The man in the first paragraph was a student in a Western university, a youth of genius and great gifts and looked upon by some as the "white hope" of American poetry—Harry Kemp. The man in the second paragraph was—Harry Kemp.

Somewhere between there is the unrecorded death of a man, or there is the record of what we Ameri-

cans are taught is the greatest thing in life—success.

I had been somewhat prepared for the blow. Prior to his sailing I had seen Harry in his publisher's office. Great men were about and great subjects were under discussion—the price and verity of Scotch, places one dines at in Paris and so on. Harry wore a striped shirt and striped collar to match, a neat business suit, tan socks and shoes. He had just been to the barber. A natty hat reposed on a nearby chair. Your chronicler is one who weeps at recognition, using the word as theatrical folks use it. Harry's neat attire brought back vividly the Autumn day he first hove on my horizon.

It was the following Spring, I believe, that Harry came to make us a visit. The university was closed, the wheat had not yet ripened and Harry had a few weeks to spend before going to the harvest fields. And he was in two minds about it. Perhaps that year he would try the ore boats on the Great Lakes. Kansas, as you may know, is flat. Poets, as you do know, are rare. Harry Kemp

rose above us in his great promise of stature. He was not only a poet, but a romantic one. He had sailed the seas in lumber schooners, had tramped Australia, lived among hobos, had been beaten, jailed. He had seen every corner of life and he had written about it with the same zest that he had put into its living. Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*, who had discovered Sidney Lanier, had become patron to Kemp and thought he was the one true voice then in America. Harry at that phase wrote of labor, of the great sweating country of whirring reapers, steel infernos, boats peopled by swarthy, cursing men before the trade wind. Now and then he grew lyrical, singing of nature, and he knew about all there was to know of nature.

The magazines were taking him up. He was almost able to live on what he sold. Now and then some one found him a patron and that would eke out his necessaries. He lived in a little room above a hardware store in the school town of Lawrence. The few who liked him found him there in the unheated room, frying bananas in olive oil or concocting some such dish. Under his unmade bed were two huge valises, filled with manuscripts. There must have been thousands of poems and some plays. We would



Harry Kemp

sit around the room and listen to him read. He read dramatically, tensely and with cadence and rhythm.

Gradually he acquired clothes. He refused however to wear a hat, making it a symbol somehow of his freedom. The school was proud of him, pointing him out to visitors as he strode along the street. We took him around to fraternity houses. The boys liked his vigorous phrases, his contact with life in the raw. The conservatives hated him, of course, and the non-imaginative. Although he sometimes accepted help from some rich patron he quickly struck his balance by a vigorous protest to the donor, assuring him that what the patron did, was done for art. He, Harry Kemp, could not be bought and intended to keep on writing about labor and revolt and unrest. Trotsky and Lenine were little lambs ranged alongside Harry Kemp in his vocal days. Bolshevism was not dead then, because it had not been born. But Harry Kemp, the poet who had traveled the country across three times in box cars and who could read you Horace from the Latin and Homer from the Greek, had a political scheme that made the Bolshevik method seem legal and complicated.

Babbitt had not been born then, but Kemp hated Babbitt's father and all that he stood for. He loved to shock. Only one regent, William Allen White, kept Kemp in the school. The faculty couldn't bear him. No rule was strong enough to hold him. A timid professor's hour was gone before he knew, Harry meanwhile regaling the class with his idea of things social.

Upton Sinclair was then his god. That writer came through town one day and the University permitted him to speak to a selected few, at Harry's urging. It was bootleg stuff and too strong for the professors. They would hardly hear Sinclair out. Harry followed him about all day and on to the next town, bumming his way back that night.

When Harry did not like classes he cut them and there were no marks against him. The teachers were glad when he was absent; he could ask too many ques-

tions they could not answer. He knew Karl Marx backward and Mill and Kant, Huxley, Darwin, and Nietzsche. When not in class he would roam the rolling hills or make a rude camp where he would live along the Kaw. Or he would spend days in the stack rooms of the library, the precincts permitted only to seniors. There was nothing he had not read.

A sequel to Sinclair's visit to the school came when Harry went to Arden. Then he became front page stuff and food for the comic strips. Kansas didn't like him so well then. He wasn't exactly nice. But he was becoming known and he liked it. "It's a great life" was his pet phrase; and he always shouted it raucously.

The last time he had gone to Europe it was as a stowaway in the first cabin. A newspaper, jealous at not having the story, wired the captain and Harry was found lolling in the salon and put to work peeling potatoes. When he came home, after a marvelous time with Shaw, Moore, Rasputin and such like Babbitts, Harry said nothing then about governments or culture of America. He was all for going back. It was the greatest place on earth. But next time he would fly back in an airplane. Where would he get it? Why, learn to drive one, then steal it. "It's a great life if you have courage to face it."

And this is not written down in bitterness, unless perhaps it is bitterness against a system, or an ideal. Harry Kemp wrote a great book. Unfortunately he made money from it. Now he returns from a Summer in Paris and gives interviews to reporters on governments and culture.

What has become of Harry Kemp, he who used to write good poetry and roam with me the Kansas hills spouting the eternal verities? The girl across the court has closed her window and I no longer hear her thrumming Rachmaninoff. It is something like that with Harry—music heard afar off and then no longer, as someone slowly closes the door between. "It's a great life," says Harry—and "a great country."

—Murdoch Pemberton

The New "Old New York"

YOU are now passing," megaphoned the announcer, "New York's oldest cafeteria."

The company in the touring bus fluttered with interest and looked unanimously.

"This cafeteria," continued the announcer, "was opened to the public away back in 1925, when the building it's in was completed. There is not another cafeteria in New York city with such a record—ten years in one spot. Even the employees are noteworthy for length of service. The night cashier has been there four years, and one of the sandwich makers almost since the place was opened. In all of the cafeteria's ten years, it has had but six proprietors.

"Ladies and gentlemen, a visit to this cafeteria is suggested on account of the extraordinary collection of old New York and old theatrical prints on display there. The oldest of the New York prints came from

the press at least eight years ago; and serve to show by contrast the amazing changes which have taken place in the town in that time. Some of the theatrical prints are even older, going back, it is not too much to say, fifteen years.

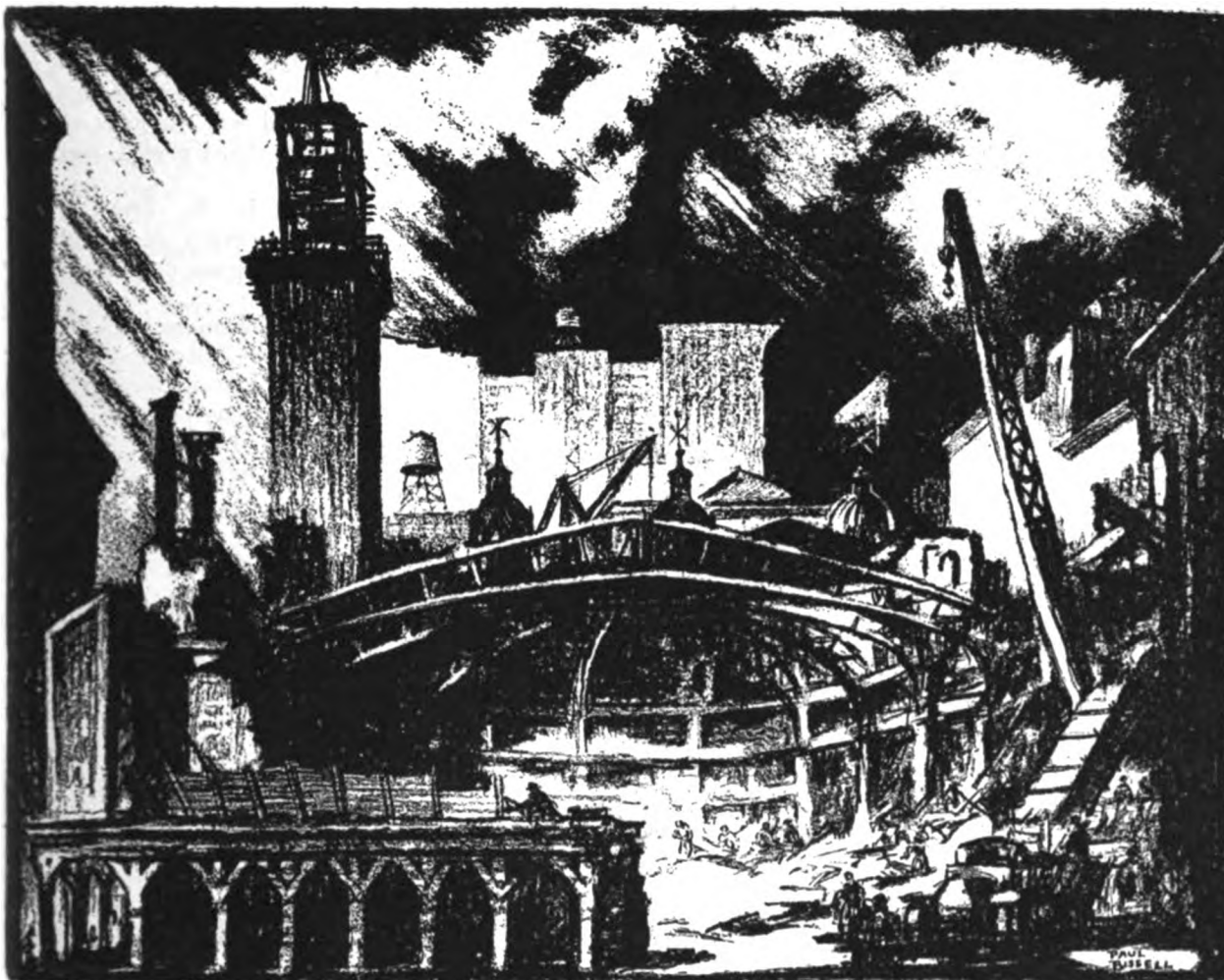
"Aside from the prints, a quaint feature of this cafeteria is its wall decoration of food trays. Patrons so wishing may reserve individual trays which are catalogued in their names and kept subject to their call. This gives him status and standing as a man-about-town.

"The extreme age of the building—ten years—makes unlikely the continuance of the place much longer. Already a syndicate is negotiating to purchase the entire block and to substitute a modern structure for the venerable edifice in which the cafeteria has been housed so long.

"We now pass on to . . ."—A. H. F.

The End

1890—1925



HARLEQUIN is dead and gone,
Strew confetti on his grave,
He was a gay and wicked knave,
Only the doves are left to mourn.

Rain drips on the cabs that edge the square,
Misty-gold the gas lamps flare.
To-night the Horse Show opens. The horse as King
(No motors to dispute his reign) rules the sawdust ring.
Young Bloods wear gardenias, the latest fashion.
While some for yellow gloves admit a passion.
The scene shifts. A blazing arc of light—
Bowery toughs and millionaires see Corbett fight.
Bicycle races, Flower Shows, and Dog Shows,
Buffalo Bill, wearing Wild West clothes,
Shoots twelve ways at once. He ropes the whole town in.
A murder on the Garden roof—the Mirror Room of Sin,
Set the whole town talking. The Greatest Show on
Earth—
Side-Splitting Clowns, Mad Merriment and Mirth,
Elephants, Calliopes, Pink Lemonade and Green
Ladies with Two Heads, the Worst Freaks Ever Seen;
What did the great Barnum say about a fool?

The Atlantic is rivaled by the Garden Swimming Pool.
The end draws near—the longest convention staged—
Young men grew old and died as the convention waged.
The doomed garden, fallen from high estate,
Waits wearily for the last curtain call of fate.
Now it looks like a giant's smashed porridge bowl,
Bereft of beauty, a shell without a soul.

Gone the Goddess of the Square
Who will sigh to see her go?
Only poets, for they know
How it feels to draw a bow
At a star,
Not reckoning it might be too far
To be brought down
In spattering fire on the town.
All in vain, the golden face of the moon will stare
At the empty air,
When he comes like an eager lover to the tryst.
Each moonlight night, Diana will be missed.
Harlequin is dead, Diana gone.
Only the doves, the poets, and the moon
Are left to mourn.—*Dorothy Homans*

POST-WAR MORALS

THE pronouncements of New York clergymen, notably the Reverend John Roach Straton and the Reverend Christian F. Reisner, concerning what they term variously the post-war moral let-down and the dangerous trend of the younger generation, have always seemed to me to be based upon inexact or hearsay knowledge. I feared that they believed all they heard and read in the papers without taking the time to conduct any exhaustive research to learn the precise state of the morals and manners of the younger elements.

To make up for this deficiency, the other day I resolved to conduct an investigation in the street in which I maintain my town house (two rooms, bath and kitchenette, \$100 a month). I did so, and the results I hereby place before the clergy, to ponder and do as they see fit. These gentlemen have been right as far as they went, but they appear to have had only an inkling of the whole truth. Conditions in New York are simply terrible.

My street is two short blocks in length, but a number of children live there, and they all play in the streets. When I stepped out of the house on my muckraking tour I was met by two unkempt youngsters who said:

"Give us a nickel, Mister!"

There you are! These children are growing up to be mendicants. Then, when they saw I wouldn't give them a nickel, they asked for a penny. A sign of a weak, compromising character in the making. I spurned them and passed on.

Two boys were playing catch. A negro janitor, beloved in the neighborhood for his cheerfulness, although he is suspected of being lazy, walked between them.

"Get out of the way, you big black — — —!!!"

Now there you are again! Bad language, racial prejudice, intolerance, bad manners, all in one. And these, it occurred to me, are the lads who will be the statesmen and truck drivers of to-morrow. The thought is staggering.

On the front steps of another house I observed four small boys shooting craps. They couldn't have been more than eight years old. Frightful! These are the lads who will be the gamblers and race track touts of to-morrow unless something is done.

On the first corner a hydrant had been opened, flooding the pavement. Two little girls were hold-

ing an even smaller one under the flow of cold water, despite her cries of protest. There you see the cruel, cocktail drinking, child beating mothers of to-morrow!

Near the last corner of the street there is an olive oil store, with the shining cans piled neatly in a row in the window. A girl about four years old was walking with a woman who, I judged, was her mother.

Suddenly the little girl stopped, caught her mother's hand and pointed to the window display.

"Oh, Mamma, look!" she cried, obviously in delight. "Just look at all the gin!"

The mother pulled her away quickly and hurried down the street. That was enough. There is an example of the home life which causes an innocent babe to believe that everything in a shiny can must be gin. What will that girl grow up to be? The very contemplation of the thing is terrible.

Here, at last, are the statistics of one short street, and they may mean something. When one considers the number of streets in New York the situation becomes downright appalling. Saving the younger generation is out of my line, but I hurried at once to my pastor and laid the facts before him.

And I now leave the case with the whole New York clergy before I forget about it.—Stanley Walker



The Conclusions of a Visitor

That the most interesting sights are not those usually specified.

That everyone in New York City is always in a hurry.

That English is not the principal language spoken here.

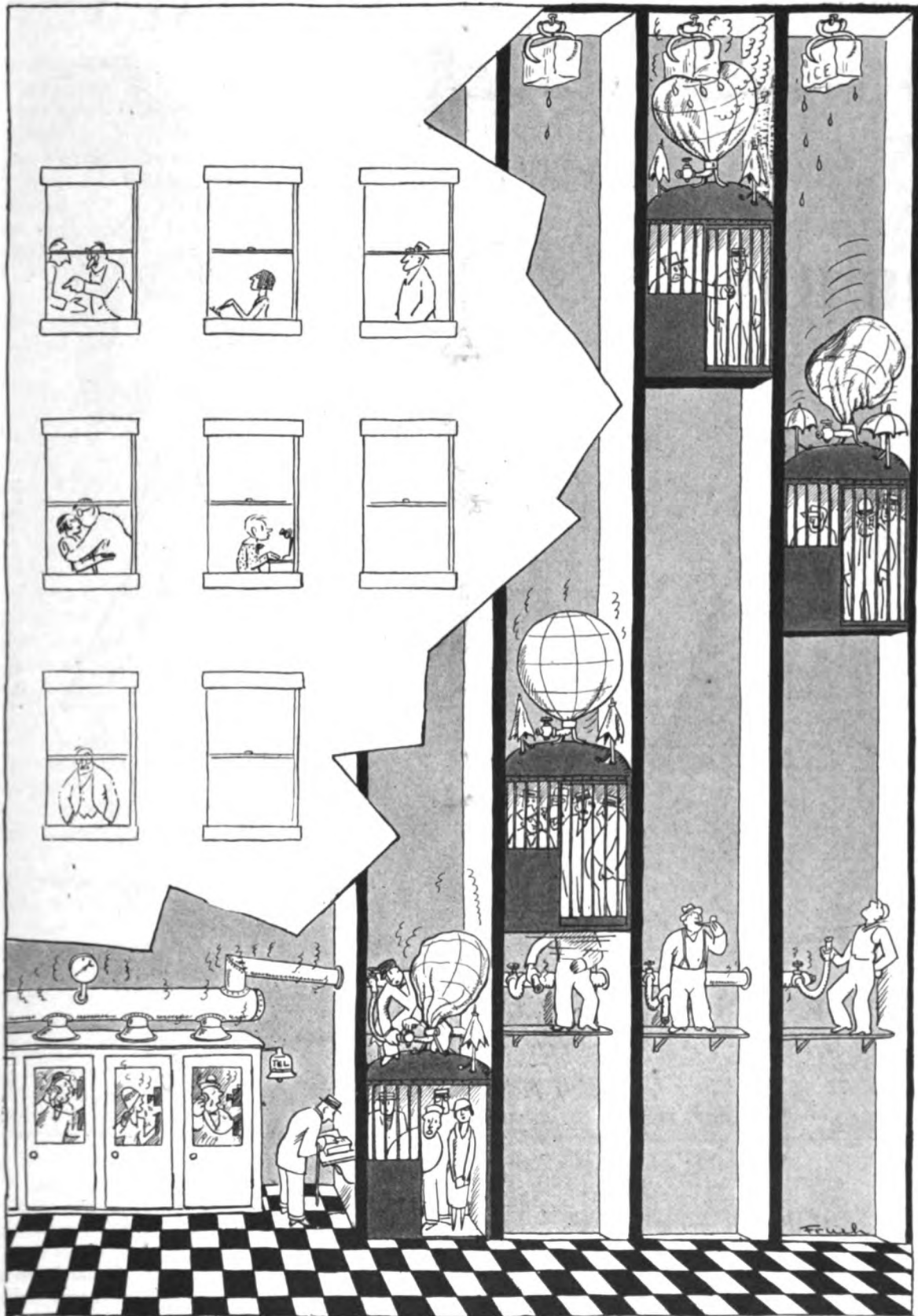
That there is a new skyscraper hotel built every month.

That there is a new taxicab company formed every week.

That there are several places in town where one can procure the Real Thing.

That it is impossible to obtain a table in a Broadway supper restaurant on Saturday night.

That the population of New York is made up chiefly of visitors.—C. G. S.



ANOTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

An interesting device worked out in one of our local office buildings whereby the heat generated by the telephone booths is utilized to operate the elevators.



ARTISTS AND MODELS

Mr. Phil Baker and Two of the Eighteen Gertrude Hoffmann Girls

A HIGHLY respectable home journal like THE NEW YORKER dares reproduce no more of the Winter Garden show than the above, but the rest of it can be seen by anyone strong enough to penetrate to the box office. It is, in our estimation, the best little thing in the way of stupendous revues that the Messrs. Shubert have accomplished to date.

Thanks to "Artists and Models," New York seems

to be assured of a reasonable quota of naked gals on the stage every season cavorting about in true Folies-Bergères form, so that Paris no longer has a thing on New York, except the most agreeable life in the world, the most excellent selection of wines and food, the gayest dinners, the most beautiful streets, the greatest liberty of thought and action, and a few other like items—and we have the Shuberts to thank.—R. B.



The Theatre

IF Hecuba has tears, let her prepare to shed them now. They will produce "The Morning Afters." Nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done about it. Strong, brave, brilliant men deliberately turn their backs upon the acquisitions of fortunes in Wall Street, upon the conquests of empires, upon the frenzied plaudits of grateful republics, all that they may become dramatic critics and spend their lives in the earnest attempt to improve the theatrical taste of their *Heimat*, to raise the standards of its offerings. And then, as they lie upon their lonely cots and the last breath lingers maliciously as if to prolong the torture of its departure, their gaze falls upon the theatrical advertisements and they read that not one but four "The Morning Afters" are announced for production during the week to come. . . . Wearily, they turn their faces to the wall and sleep the eternal sleep of frustration.

This particular "The Morning After," which had its purple patch of production at the Hudson Theatre on the night of July 27, has to do with the great *Tuerai* that always ensues when a farce author can get his characters into a limited area from which they cannot depart, anyhow overnight. In this case, it's an island and all the boys and girls wake up and don't know what has happened, because people kept on putting all kinds of things into the punch the night before. The wistful speculation of the gentleman in B-2, about the happy night when just a little bit more will be put into that pre-Act One punch bowl and the merry house party won't wake up at all until the final bugle, was declared brutal by his companion.

With that hint, then—it's been a house party and everybody has been more or less blotto and there's a Rosetta Duncanish colored maid—THE NEW YORKER declares the competition open to every subscriber listed on its books as of July 15. Send in your solutions. You may send as many as you please. You need not use the coupon, which is printed merely for your guidance. Employees of THE NEW YORKER and their families are barred. The first solution received that does not exactly parallel the solution arrived at by the authors of "The Morning After" will be proclaimed a miracle and given a special day of its own in future histories.

The cast is very good, which leads to a revival, this dreary morning, of the doctrine that not only American actors, but actors everywhere are for the

most part far superior to the plays with which they are provided. The superiors in this instance are Arthur Aylsworth, Anne Morrison, Donald Foster, A. H. Van Buren, and Kay Johnson.

BIT by bit the passions are subsiding and it is to be hoped that the ensuing paragraph will definitely put an end to the argument that has split New York City into thousands of little groups endlessly and even bellicosely arguing on the street corners of the town.

To wit, in a recent NEW YORKER, one "Lipstick," in the rubric known as "When Nights Are Bold," offered the opinion that Earl Carroll's "Vanities" is a particularly bad show, despite the previous week's proclamation by the undersigned that Mr. Carroll's offering would be agreeably tolerable entertainment once obvious repairs were made. The solution of this apparent contradiction is that so is "Lipstick's" old man.

While one is on the subject, moreover, one would hurl a few poisoned posies in the direction of Mr. Ralph Barton. It is Mr. Barton, and not Baby Peggy or Roy K. Moulton, as some suppose, who provides the captions for the Barton drawings of things theatrical. Readers with the least bit of tolerance in their hearts will not titter at the judgments these captions express, but will sympathize with Mr. Barton and will include him in their prayers.—H. J. M.

Music

THE National League "Aida" at the Polo Grounds, under the consulship of Maurice Frank, had one indisputable advantage over the American League opera of the same name offered at the Yankee Stadium by the Maestri Salmaggi and Acierno. Mr. Frank's boys and girls could be heard. The stage was parked near the plate instead of in center field, and the "L" service refrained from contributing melodies not indicated in Verdi's score.

Musically, Mr. Frank's performance had many merits, with particular honors to Miss Dreda Aves, a young American soprano who sang a first-rate Ethiopian slave. Miss Aves's histrionism probably will take a turn for the better when she has more opportunities to exercise her gifts on the stage. In any case, not necessarily the subjunctive, she sounds like a white hope—even in "Aida."

Miss Carmela Ponselle, who is to join her illustrious sister at the Met next season, was handicapped by the cruelty of fresh air to low voices, but there's no doubt that the other half of what used to be the

Ponzilli Sisters is ready to achieve a reputation of her own in opera. The young tenor who intoned the music of "Rhadames" has a fine voice, but his vocal tactics— Too bad. If the opera had been named "Rhadames," we could have handed you something about the tighal rôle! Luigi Dalla Molle was the best King of the current dynasty, and there was more good singing by the Messrs. Valle, Sjovik, and De Cesaro. Mr. Valle, however, followed the tradition of making up "Amonasro" to look like a fundamentalist cartoon of Clarence Darrow. The invisible Priestess was sung off-stage, and, for once, on key, by Miss Florence Leffert, who is so capable that the management might have junked the silly publicity stunt about a "mystery singer."

In view of the many obstacles which fell in the way of the Municipal Opera Company's first venture, we offer no comment on the staging and the ubiquity of handsome straw hats somewhere in Thebes. Mr. Frank's aggregation holds one honorable record: the performance started at the time advertised and the intermissions were short and to the point.

ONE of the gamest exhibitions seen hereabouts of recent years was that of Nikolai Sokoloff when he made his début as guest conductor of the Stadium Concerts. He had injured his hand on the morning of his first concert and also managed to catch cold in his principal conducting arm. About half way through "Scheherazade" a cramp developed in this same arm, but Mr. Sokoloff dropped his baton and finished barehanded.

Mr. Sokoloff, being a somewhat unorthodox musician, made no capital of his disability, and if a sympathetic soul hadn't whispered the story to a few reporters, his fortitude would have been known only to the musicians of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

WHAT must have been an unusually resounding operatic performance was staged in Jefferson Park two weeks ago come Saturday. The city—or Mayor Hylan, or somebody—tossed at the public a free open-air showing of the Park & Tilford of opera—"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." From our loud-speaker we gathered that it was the noisiest business ever put before the taxpayers, who came early and brought the housing problem with them; and there were innovations in the form of frequent addresses in Italian by unidentified orators.

In keeping with this Summer's tradition, the show was rained out of business before its close. We don't know much about Jefferson Park, but we take it that it isn't dedicated to baseball. The opera wasn't "Aida."—R. A. S.

Art

THE Howard Young Galleries have an August show built along the lines of the movie house—show 'em snow in Summer and it will make them forget the heat. The selection is a pleasant one and worth an idle half hour at the time of the year when art seems to be resting up for the onslaught that will start next month.

The high note of the exhibit is by Gustave Wiegand, a striking composition of silver birches, or is it beeches, anyway the trees that artists paint. The lonely sentinels stand out against a valley and hillside, misty and soft and full of life. It is one of the best of Wiegand, say the Galleries, and we are willing to take them at their word. The canvas is as pleasing a picture of that school as we have seen in a couple of fortnights.

A hot note in the snow ensemble is the Spanish girl by Lillian Genth. Boldly executed, it is a fairly successful picture. It has the air of freshness, the great gobs of red in the shawl and the splotches of blue in the background give it

a certain sort of brilliance. Anyway there she is, a lady in a red-hot shawl who will probably leave you as cold as she did us.

Then there are the usual pleasantries that have attained brass name plates. We have never discovered just what degree of the fraternity this represents—the brass title plate. When it becomes cooler we expect to look up this matter; it should be good for at least a paragraph. Whether the picture that sports it has passed all the examinations, or whether it connotes lineage we do not know. Three of the Phi Beta Kappa boys are there with some of their characteristic things—Bruce Crane, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Albert.

IF you are good at the subway thing, or live in the neighborhood, the Avery Library at Columbia University has an exhibit of etchings that might interest you. Of the seventy odd examples shown the range is indeed catholic, starting with Rembrandt and ending with Troy Kinney. Corot is represented, as is Millet. Then there is Callot's "La Petite Vue de Paris" and Della Bella's "L'Arc Constantin et Colloseum," some of Zorn, Whistler, Marin, Mary Cassatt, and Haden. The show is provided for the Summer sessions of the University but is willing to spread its light even to the casual New Yorker.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

THE smug gray derby, the foolish nose-tickling moustache, the smugger white waistcoat, those racetrack trousers, the precious gloves and spats and



*James Stephens and His Mountains
That "Stand and Stare"*

those supercilious mountebank airs, all of which are the property of Mr. W. C. Fields, bid fair to write his name indelibly across the face of the platinum sheet. The marvelous clowning qualities of the erstwhile cigar box chopper of Longacre have been usurped by Mr. D. W. Griffith for use in "Sally of the Sawdust" (formerly "Poppy") and they do not fail in the close-ups. Mr. Fields's pantomimic nature was meant for the screen and given the excellent chance that this picture does, his performance admits him into that marble temple with the custard walls which harbors Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton.

As you know, Mr. Fields does not do the sad harlequinning of Chaplin, the pleasing go-getting of Lloyd, nor the deathlike pessimising of Keaton. Rather he is a snooty sort of superclown. He is a snob of the shadier side of life. He is a buffooning edition of Burlington Bertie. As Professor Eustace McGargle in "Sally," he plays about with the law in fine fashion, showing a remarkable aptitude for getting himself into foolish scrapes and just managing to extricate himself as the guillotine is about to descend.

This picture seems to be the first comedy done within our memory by Mr. Griffith. For one with as strong a love for the sentimental as that director, it comes as a surprise. The humor of the piece (thanks to the antics of our hero above) is lifting all along with the exception of a few possible moments when one wonders what the Pennsylvania Board of Censorship will have to say about the use of portions of the anatomy and little dogs for comic effects.

Perhaps the sentimentality that has crept into the thing spoils it just a little—but then anyone will tell you that it belongs there. Miss Carol Dempster is largely responsible for getting that sticky substance across. This she does with the usual assortment of Griffith tricks which are pleasant now and then, but painful most of the time.

But we wax critical. Miss Dempster is fragile and pretty to look on most of the time despite that strange gentleman that plays her lover. And there is Mr. Fields.

THERE have recently been added to Haysiana the following *chef d'oeuvres* of burning, smashing, vital, moral and holocaustic cinema drama. "Under the Rouge," clearly indicating that "under the rouge" of every crook beats the heart of a bank president of Frank Merriwell dimensions; "Ranger of the Big Pines," being big, clean doings in the big, clean woods; "Never the Twain Shall Meet," an intensive study in Polynesian and Caucasian miscegenation by the charmingly inconsistent hokum-dispenser, Mr. Peter B. Kyne; "The Half-Way Girl," presenting a formula by which life's outcast philosophic ladies may retain their virtue though surrounded by Singapore prostitutes; "Wild Wild Susan," splendid research into the insanity of the degenerate New York

rich, with Miss Bebe Daniels, who always looks as though she had just finished a Reuben's sandwich, playing her part to psychopathic perfection; "Not So Long Ago," tiresome and longdrawn 1850 comedy, and, finally, "A Woman's Faith," in which Mr. Carl Laemmle, superjewel producer, films a miracle.

And yes! All these pictures formed an appropriate setting for Greater Movie Season, in which we all are now sharing the joy, dear readers, but not the profits.—T. S.

Books

GALSWORTHY has gathered fifty-six of his short stories, all he wrote from 1900 to 1924, into "Caravan" (Scribner's), which every devotee of his or of the short story's will want. He has arranged them by dates and by "theme or mood," pairing older with similar newer ones, so that readers can "mark such difference as Time brings to technique and treatment." One reader's impressions is that Time, without diminishing his power, has made him much more at home in the short form. As to power that is relatively obvious, that any one can feel, a majority of the stories that have most of it are those that wartime's brutalities wrung from his characteristic sympathy.

We shall always think that Galsworthy is naturally a novelist, that to be certain of doing himself full justice he must have full length. But no one could call his short stories mere chips from a workshop. The best are as good, and as Galsworthy, in their ways as "The Forsyte Saga," and they are perhaps one in three of these fifty-six. His inclusion of a few flat failures adds to our respect for him; they were honest experiments outside his range, and having published them before, he puts them in and lets the record stand.

IT was the year of grace 1483," and Silvain de St. Lo was an iron-bound rover seeking naught but honor, carving up a caitiff and a brace of churls for breakfast every morn, delivering a beleaguered castle or a damosel ere lunch, and then riding on, superbly unrewarded and unappreciated. We had a little trouble getting into this novel, "Knight at Arms," partly because H. C. Bailey was giving his writing the flavor of the period, and we couldn't always gather from his distant relative pronouns who had crashed the stroke on whose unguarded helm, and partly because Sir Silvain's squire suffered from a habit of being quaintly funny, and we suffered with him. Later, the style cleared up while the derring-do kept fast and furious. We are no judge of a tale like this. At twelve we might have loved it.

—Touchstone

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK



S EABRIGHT this year was a tournament of upsets. The thirty-ninth annual meeting at this famous tennis center on the Jersey coast was the occasion for a series of results which, to say the least,

were somewhat startling to the large galleries thronging the clubhouse, the stands and the spaces around the twenty fine turf courts of the Seabright Tennis and Cricket Club. For one thing, the national doubles champions were defeated in straight sets. For another, the captain of the Australian Davis Cup team was beaten in the finals of the singles by the second ranking American, dropping two love sets. And not least important of all, the woman's singles champion was beaten in both singles and doubles without taking a set from her adversaries.

TO be sure, the women's events which furnished no small part of the week's interest, were not entirely in the nature of an upset. Those of us who have played against Miss Elizabeth Ryan in Europe during the last few years, were certain of her victory over Miss Wills when they went out on the gallery court Saturday morning. Torrential rains on Friday rendered the Seabright turf heavy, yielding and soft. A surface more to Miss Ryan's liking is hard to imagine; her chops barely came a foot off the ground, sometimes they simply fell where they dropped. So slippery was it that in the second set of their match both women were playing in their stocking feet. It was turf Miss Ryan was accustomed to

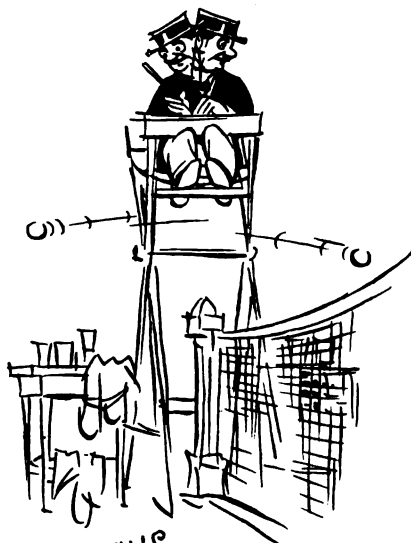


MISS RYAN DIVES INTO A SERVICE

JOHAN BULL

after ten years in England, and under these circumstances there was little in the nature of an upset in her victory over Miss Wills.

But it was in the women's doubles on Saturday afternoon that Miss Ryan shone. Ably supported by Miss Goss she defeated Miss Wills and Miss Browne, one of the strongest women's teams in this country, in straight sets. In this match the former



THIS UMPIRE BUSINESS

Californian proved herself to an American gallery the finest women's doubles player in the world. I know this is a large claim, but I make it despite the fact that Miss Ryan's partner in Europe is none other than the great and only Suzanne Lenglen. For she is severe and deadly where at times Suzanne is merely tentative. Miss Ryan is the only woman playing tennis who plays doubles as do the best Continentals. Her poaching, her jumping into a rally to bring off a decisive volley at her opponent's feet is worthy of Borotra, of Brugnon, or of that master of doubles, Pat O'Hara Wood of Australia.

Time and again last Saturday she would end the point with a smash or a volley so conclusive that it left no answer. Poaching, as she well knows, is justifiable only when, and if, the point is won. So she makes sure to win it.

BUT her victory over Miss Wills in singles, the first match in tennis that young lady has lost since she was beaten by Miss McKane at Wimbledon in 1924, must not be taken as conclusive. Miss Ryan, with her devastating chops and drop shots that barely clear the net and fall dead, has just the game to beat Miss

Wills. So insidious is her attack, so hard is it to defend against, that it is likely to break up Miss Wills's fine driving game as it did last week at Seabright.

The next time they meet, however, the match will certainly be closer. For one thing, given ten days or two weeks of sunshine, the turf in the center of that sun-baked enclosure at Forest Hills will be very different from the lush surface at the New Jersey coast town. It will render Miss Ryan's chops much less effective; it will render Miss Wills's drives to the corners far more effective. Miss Ryan has, I repeat, the game to beat Miss Wills. Whether she can do so in the championships at Forest Hills this week is something only time can tell us. Do not by the way, forget that Miss McKane will be playing at Forest Hills. Miss McKane has beaten Miss Ryan before this. She may do so again.



THE men's singles at Seabright was in the nature of an anti-climax. Our first glimpse of Anderson, the tall Australian, revealed him this year in a disappointing mood. His shots, especially at critical moments, had a tendency to fly out over the baseline. His control was anything but sure. For two sets the match was mildly interesting. Richards won the first rather easily before the Australian steadied down: then Anderson with some delicate stop volleys ran out the second. After this he did not win a game. Richards won twelve straight in about the same number of minutes. During which time Anderson did not seem to be trying.

Was Anderson actually trying? Did



MISS WILLS NEVER LOSES HER TEMPER



WHAT THE LATECOMERS SAW AT SEABRIGHT

he hold something back? Memories of a match in the national championships several years ago in which Patterson and Wood let Tilden and Richards beat them rather easily, only to smear their adversaries in the Davis Cup matches, come to mind. One therefore asks whether this match of Anderson's at Seabright was just another case of tactics.

If so, it was perhaps justifiable. But a trifle hard on the gallery, several thousand of whom had paid money to see a tennis match and actually saw something less than an exhibition during those last two sets. Oh, the galleries don't count, someone will remark. Maybe not. But if there were no galleries, there would be very few tournaments. And Mr. Anderson would not be playing tennis in this country. As a man well up in tennis said to me afterward: "At least he could have chucked it more artistically."

NO sporting writer in this country ever calls a prominent athlete by anything but his first name in print. It is, "Pavvo" Nurmi, "Big Bill" Tilden, "Little Bill" Johnston, "Jack" Dempsey, and so on. Often with ridiculous consequences. If by chance one does not know a first name, it is invented. As several years ago when Miss Kathleen McKane of England was coming over for the first time, she was called everything from Phyllis to Rachel. A sports writer in one of the metropolitan dailies spoke of Miss Ryan all through Seabright week as "Miss Elizabeth." Her name happens to be Elizabeth, but she is known to her intimates as "Bunny," although just why anyone who doesn't know her should call her that is hard to see.

A Summer or two ago an officious reporter who had a trick of calling prominent athletes by their first names both in print and in public, was introduced to Mr. Schlesinger of the Australian Davis Cup team. The second time they met he was genially addressing him as "Bob,"

supposing that the letter "R" in Schlesinger's name stood for Robert. The other members of the Australian team stood this as long as they could. Finally one spoke up:

"Look here, if you feel you must address Mr. Schlesinger by his first name, please call him Dick. That's what we do at home."

DID you notice at Seabright: Miss Ryan's pink towel which she used as a towel during the matches and a muffler afterward; the national champion sitting on an upturned umpire's chair watching his rivals in action in the finals; the members of the Davis Cup Committee who will select the coming players for the big International matches in September watching the matches; the changing of the service linesman in the third set of the Richards-Anderson match; Patterson and Anderson playing in doubles together and failing to get by the second round; that the finalist at Seabright in 1923, Bill Johnston, and the finalist in 1924, Howard Kinsey, were both put out early in the week; Sam Hardy, captain of the famous 1920 Davis Cup team which went to Australia and brought back the Cup, calling footfaults on Miss Ryan?

—J. R. T.

New Haven and Long Island commuters are laying down their bundles and taking up arms against the rate rise. A commuter is never happy unless he is carrying something.

* * *

Won't it be pleasant when Henry Ford gets us back to the days before these hectic modern dances—and motor cars and everything?

* * *

We understand that there is a movement on foot to change the name of Fifth Avenue to Water Main Street.

P

68
West
58

Take A Look
And You'll Take
A Suite

PARK CHAMBERS is the kind of apartment hotel that people take to—most of its present guests secured their accommodations on their first visit—they didn't spend ten days making up their minds—they just liked everything about it, from the restaurant to the roof—and if you'll pay us a visit we believe you'll feel the same way about it.

Let MR. LEONARD, the manager, show you what's available

PARK
CHAMBERS

EDWARD H. CRANDALL, President

WHAT SHALL WE DO
THIS EVENING?

THE NEW YORKER'S "Goings On" page lists all public events likely to interest the discriminating New Yorker and constantly is ready with an answer to the foregoing question. Only through THE NEW YORKER is such a service obtainable, a service indispensable to the person who knows his way about.

WANTED—BACHELOR APARTMENT

Two rooms and bath, one open fireplace essential. Location between Washington Square and 80th Street.

Communicate Room 1404, 347 Fifth Avenue—or telephone Ashland 6660.



The Astor Roof

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

THIS week there was more than the customary scurrying and scampering about in search of new material in the night life line, and the round of pleasure that my envious friends credit me with indulging in had several very jagged edges. It all started with an attempt to barge into the new Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, a cosy little seaside resort between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in the fond belief that it was just another one of those "clubs" which are open to almost everybody. It may have been, but the impervious (look it up in your dictionary) doorman claimed that he had never heard of me, and this appalling lack of good taste, discrimination, and *savoir faire* on his part discouraged me to such an extent that I decided that I didn't want to go there anyway.

If you happen to have a 'satiabie curiosity, you might scout around among your taxi driver, society, or theatrical friends until you find one who is a member and would be willing to be responsible for you.

THERE seemed nothing for my wounded pride except the nearest roof garden, which happens to be at the Astor, or the Roosevelt Grill, which I insist upon attending every so often because I like the music. The Astor gets under way early in the evening, because it is still a rendezvous for actors and New Yorkers bound for the theatre. And it is all fixed up this year with fountains, and waterfalls, and trailing vines, and hedges, and country estate atmosphere in general. It is an excellent choice for dining before the theatre, and avoiding the harrowing half-hour ride around and around Times Square at 8:30.

The Roosevelt Grill gets going for a rather later dinner hour. The floor is pleasantly inhabited by young things in sleeveless Summer chiffons and printed crêpes, with lithe and assured escorts.

In the low gallery surrounding the dance floor, older people, more or less benevolent, chew meditatively and marvel. I can't help preferring grill rooms to roofs, except in the hottest weather, because



At the Roosevelt Grill

they supply an atmosphere of intimacy that a roof rarely attains. The food here is good, and the Ben Bernie orchestra is something to write home about, though the folks there have probably acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the Bernie jazz, via the radio, long ago.

AFTER several hours of following temperamental arrows through Westchester, I finally arrived, at nine-thirty the following evening, at the Briarcliff Lodge, thirty miles up the Hudson River. (One hour and a half by motor, if you have the intelligence to follow the main New-York-to-Albany road, and don't speed through Yonkers.) The first thing that greeted my hungry eye was none other than Ned Williamson, formerly the genial clerk of the Algonquin, looking over the display of grey-haired heads-of-large-families in the lobby with a weary

eye. Refined, to outward appearances at least.

The grill room fulfills the necessary requirements of grill rooms (see above) and is most intimate. The large dining room and verandas are open until eight o'clock for a table d'hôte dinner. Dancing takes place in the ballroom four nights a week, a concert on Sunday nights, and a movie, think of it! once a week.

On the way up there, we passed Longue Vue, which is several miles nearer New York, without hesitating, because my loud cries of hunger startled my boy friend's pocketbook into complete silence. The food there, however, is known to justify any expense, and the view of the Hudson is all that it is advertised.

ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL undoubtedly spends her evenings in a happy chant "From a Coffee Shop to a National Institution." The Forty-seventh Street Piazzetta is very, very Italiano in decoration and very, very business-and-professional woman in its clientele. Your white-haired mother, who isn't taking a train to Pelham until 9:11, will dote on the place. So, in fact, will you, if you happen to be in a calm and quiet mood and want to spend the rest of the evening among your books. Three jovial Neapolitans with guitars, gay voices, and comic faces serenade you sweetly from the balcony, or march merrily among the tables singing the Italian equivalent of roundelays.

Furthermore, it is not a tea room in the accepted sense of the word, as is proved by the fact that men are to be seen there in large numbers.—*Lipstick*

The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

From Friday, August 7, to Friday, August 14, inclusive

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

If you haven't seen "What Price Glory," it's safe to assume that you're still looking for a barouche to take you to the Hoffman House. And be sure not to miss the Eden Musée—and take that straw out of your mouth!

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden

Eighteen Hoffmann Girls is just eighteen times as much as the occupants of the first ten rows have a right to hope for. And then there are Phil Baker and Brennan and Rogers and snappy songs and dancers.

IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

The funniest show in town, but don't take a logician with you.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Here, too, is an amusing comedy, better constructed and probably consequently less diverting than "Is Zat So?" Good acting by Ernest Truex.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

Still the season's most sensational musical play. Desiree Ellinger is now the prima donna, vice Mary Ellis.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

The Grape Grower's Bride, or They Do That Kind of Thing So Much Better in California. The Pulitzer Prize play, with exceptional acting by Pauline Lord.

GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick

A very entertaining semi-pro revuelet, put on by the junior players of the Theatre Guild. Merry and sparkling.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A two-acted burlesque of the mystery farce, itself a burlesque.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

Mr. Ziegfeld's finest "Follies," with the spirit of comedy in command. Items, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

A gorgeously beautiful production, with some comedy by Leon Errol.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

George Gershwin's score, Fred and Adele Astaire, Walter Catlett, and Adele Astaire, in the order named.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan

Attendance upon O'Neill is obligatory, anyway, but in this case you're lucky and will probably like most of the show.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

Mr. White offers a fast-moving and merry revue, as always.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

Another one of the big musical plays that suddenly made their reappearance last year. This one has a nice, maudlin book—based upon "Old Heidelberg"—and first class music, sung by first class singers.

MOVING PICTURES

DON Q

An excursion to Spain with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks who climbs many walls, does some heavy sword slaying and fights only one bull. At the Globe. Closes Sunday, August 9.

KISS ME AGAIN

The vying of two legs of a triangle for the third leg. At the Piccadilly Friday, August 7 and following days.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

Mr. W. C. Fields making his cinema debut in a glamorous story from the modern fairy tale books. He is well worth two visits. At the Strand Friday, August 7 and following days.

THE UNHOLY THREE

A novel piece in and about the circus with Mr. Lon Chaney in a normal makeup. At the Capitol Friday, August 7, and Saturday, August 8.

ART

HUNTINGTON COLLECTION—Metropolitan Museum

One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room.

FRENCH PAINTERS—Durand-Ruel

Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

AMERICANS—Howard Young Galleries

Pleasant Summer show of Wiegand, Hassam, Genth, Crane.

MUSIC

CONCERTS—Lewishohn Stadium

The Philharmonic Orchestra in symphonic programs nightly. Rudolph Ganz conducts Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, with Fritz Reiner following for a week, beginning Monday.

GOLDMAN'S BAND—Hall of Fame

New York University campus nightly, except Tuesdays and Thursdays. No admission fee.

CITY CONCERTS—Central Park

Bands on Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Orchestras on Fridays.

MUNICIPAL OPERA—Ebbets Field, Brooklyn

Saturday evening, August 8. "Faust," with Josiah Zuro conducting. Tickets may be obtained at the City Chamberlain's office, but no seats are reserved after 8 o'clock.

SPORTS

DOG SHOW—Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton, L. I.

Saturday, August 8, annual Dog Show of the Southampton Kennel Club.

POLO—Rumson Polo Club, Rumson, N. J.

Saturday, August 8, and following days, annual Junior Championships of U. S.

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.

Friday, August 7 and Saturday, August 8. Annual East vs. West Matches. Bringing together the leading players of East and West.

BASEBALL

At Yankee Stadium, New York vs. Detroit, Friday, Saturday, August 7, 8. New York vs. Chicago, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, August 9, 11, 12, 13.

At Polo Grounds, New York vs. Brooklyn, Friday, August 14.

GOLF—Shackamaxon Country Club, Westfield, N. J.

Tuesday, August 11, and Wednesday, August 12. New Jersey State Open Championship.

Theatre Guild Productions

Garrick Gaeties

Sparkling Musical Revue

Garrick Theatre

65 West 35th Street.

Evenings, 8.40.

Matinees, Thurs. & Sat.,

2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play

They Knew What They Wanted

with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo

Klaw Theatre

West 45th St.

Evenings, 8:40

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

West 42d St.
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirs.
458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

NEW SUMMER EDITION

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

of 1925—Glorifying the American Girl
WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDS

Eugene
O'Neill's
Greatest Play

DESIRE

UNDER the ELMS

With WALTER HUSTON

39th WEEK

Now at
GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE,
B'way & 43d St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of
events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after
4 A. M.

PROFILES

Interesting personalities,
brilliantly dissected

These Regular Features and a
Hundred and One Other Newsy
Items Appear Weekly in

THE NEW YORKER



WHERE TO SHOP

AN INDIAN PRINCE

or a prince of an Indian, a roaming traveler or a "stay-at-home" would be as knowing as the sawdust sprinkled on a butcher shop's floor, were it not for THE NEW YORKER's delectable directory of desirable shops.

Some plebeian minds might call the enticing little shop notices on this page, "ads." But neither you, dear Reader, the Indian Prince, the prince of an Indian, the roaming traveler nor the "stay-at-home" who have delved into some of the earth's treasures nestling in these shops, would ever call the notices anything but selected passwords to the town of "Quality," situated between the Rivers East and Hudson.

<p style="text-align: center;">Antiques</p> <p>HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Books</p> <p>HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Golf School</p> <p>EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Arts and Crafts</p> <p>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p>First Editions, American & English Literature. Early Printed and Private Press Books. Manuscripts, Autograph Letters. Catalogue on request. HARRY STONE, 137 Fourth Ave.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE SHORTEST DISTANCE</p> <p>in New York City is a line drawn showing the path of a person from the place where he or she reads THE NEW YORKER's classified page to the quality shop to which he or she goes after reading. No mathematics is needed to travel this distance to a happy termination. It's a "Street of Rare Surprises" when you shop with THE NEW YORKER's aid.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns, Frocks and Dresses</p> <p>"SMILE" HOUSE-FROCKS—artistic Crepes, Fou-lards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95 Gloria Browning, 156 E. 47th St., N. Y. Mur. Hill 4513</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Auction Bridge</p> <p>ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10641 New York City</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Dancing</p> <p>MR. OSCAR DURYEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances Ballroom, Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 67th St., N. Y.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns Made to Order</p> <p>DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture</p> <p>ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Flesh Reduction</p> <p>ANA de ROSALES Chickering 4174 128 West 34th Street REDUCING REBUILDING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FASCINATING SHOPS</p> <p>that would grace a King's Highway, glorify a peasant's road or, as they do, foresooth, make a shoppers' treasure house of the sidewalks of New York, are posted within these columns for your wise selection. Therefore, O Shoppers, wander ye no more o'er the desolate city streets, in a fog of indecision, but let THE NEW YORKER serve as a guide to some quiet shop, of a million sweet delights.</p>
<p>Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FOUND—</p> <p>a light on the subject of finding one's way through the "Maze of Streets" and the "Labyrinth of Shops." Aladdin's lamp was a mere wisp of light compared to the glow which this guide throws on the streets of New York Town. Open THE NEW YORKER to the classified page and presto—the shop windows of New York are brightly visible to one's eyes.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hair and Scalp Treatment</p> <p>THE PARKER METHOD known for 40 years as the most scientific treatment for all hair & scalp disorders. Visit our New York establishment or write for list of licensed shops. 47 W. 49th St., N. Y.</p>
<p>SUPERFLUOUS HAIR can now be permanently destroyed thru the TRICHO SYSTEM. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., New York.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Footwear</p> <p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Restaurants</p> <p>AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.</p>
<p>Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electrolysis. Expert in charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768</p> <p>FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contours Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS' ENDORSEMENT. Regent 1303. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson 601 Mad. Ave.</p>		<p style="text-align: center;">Swimming Instruction</p> <p>SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST. RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Wedding Stationery</p> <p>WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, visiting cards, etc., that look and feel like engraving, at half the price. Write or phone Circle 8360 for samples and prices. Non-Plate Engraving Co., 115 West 56th St., N. Y.</p>

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

- PRAIRIE FIRES**, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). A new realist portrays North Dakota at the time of Townley's activities.
- THE GREAT GATSBY**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). A pearl of chivalry, hidden in its shell, is cast before North Shore Long Islanders.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP**, by Cyril Hume (*Doran*). An open-minded presentation of a young man blighted by his sex complex.
- SEA HORSES**, by Francis Brett Young (*Knopf*). A romance for those who enjoy the substantial, Conrad-esque variety.
- THE OLD FLAME**, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Edna Millay's line, "We were very mournful, we were very merry," lightly and charmingly orchestrated in prose.
- THUNDERSTORM**, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). As good in its way as her "The Matriarch," and as simple as that is intricate.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY**, by Marcel Proust (*Selver*). By exploring labyrinthine paragraphs, you learn what French high life looked like to a youth of genius thirty years ago.
- DRUMS**, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). The best book going for those who want a really good long novel devoid of this Modern Sophistication business.
- THE PROUD OLD NAME**, by C. E. Scoggins (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A "long-short" story (scene, Mexico) by an artist at light romance.
- UNVEILED**, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Selver*). A clever, caustic novelist takes up the Ibsen cudgel against fool idealism in domesticity.

SHORT STORIES

- CARAVAN**, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). All his short stories, 1900 to 1923, arranged by him in pairs, old-and-new, according to their themes.
- MR. BISBEK'S PRINCESS**, by Julian Street (*Doubleday, Page*). A "long-short" story to read on a train, and two short stories to take more seriously.

GENERAL

- ORANGES AND LEMONS AND THE HOLIDAY ROUND**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Collections of the best things Milne regularly contributed to *Punch*.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS** (*Boni & Liveright*). Rosa Lewis's story in her own words as recorded by Mary Lawton. Rosa is a famous London caterer who has known everybody, and is as lively an "original" as you could ask to meet.
- CREDO**, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A most readable proof that science still leaves room for "mysticism."
- PAUL BUNYAN**, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). The lumberjacks who first spun all these Gargantuan cook-house yarns never dreamed that a good writer would one day make a good fantastic book of them.
- JUNGLE DAYS**, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Essays by him who has lately spread Nature all over the *Times's* front page.

From the Book of Etiquette

WHEN a person inadvertently jars against another, should he say, "Pardon me" or "Excuse me?" He should say neither. The correct thing to do is to grin cheerfully and say, "Serves you right, you idiot, for being in my way. Use your eyes next time." These words may serve as introduction

for further conversation depending on who the person is you have bumped into. If it is an elderly lady you may shove her aside without more waste of words; if a prosperous gentleman, jot down his name and address and call on him next morning for a job. Should the person happen to be a weak, consumptive type, punch him in the jaw and send him quickly about his business. Perchance your victim is a doctor. In that case the safest thing to do is to pay the damages and ask for a receipt. Contact with medicine men is costly.

At one time or another you may count on bumping into a charming young lady, then it is a sure sign of fate that you must marry her. To save courtship expenses and other incidentals it is a wise thing to grab her gently but firmly by the arm and lead her to the nearest justice of peace and have the ceremony over with.

In rare instances you may jar into the President of the United States. It is then of the utmost importance to have your wits about you and show the spirit of true Americanism. Keep your hat on tight, slap the President playfully on the back, and begin discoursing the outlook for the next election. Your independence and interest in public affairs may win you a place on his staff.

—Clara Janson

A Theatre-goer's Reflections

IF I were a veteran star I would not succumb to the fallacy that a little applause at the end of the second act calls for a few remarks.

If I were an antiquated actress I would not consider it necessary to continue the fetching little mannerisms that made me popular in my youth.

If I were a young emotional actress I would not in my dramatic scenes become throaty after the Ethel Barrymore manner. I would not even do it if I were Ethel Barrymore.

If I were an ingénue I would not kick up my left heel when being embraced by the juvenile.

If I were a juvenile I wouldn't be so darned peppy.

If I were a gray-haired mother type I would not act so pathetically helpless.

If I were a grande dame I would not cling to the prehistoric lorgnette.

If I were a Shakespearean actor I would not try to be too different from the rest.

If I were a producer I would not follow every hit with a production just like it, nor would I force my stars to go on playing the same types year after year.

If I were a librettist I would respect the age of certain jokes.

I'd probably starve!

—Herbert J. Mangham

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NEITHER SLUMBER NOR SLEEP

NOT the roar of the city's traffic, not the jangling of overhead trains or the surging rumble of trucks or the din and clatter of the underground, may disturb my slumbers. These were but to woo me deeper into profundity. Sleep. That gentle seductress from a world of care. Sleep. As soft as a maiden's glance; as billowy and engulfing as a Summer cloud. Except in a New York hotel.

Rap-rap-rap.

The man said: "This is the vacuum cleaner man. Kin I come in?"

I said . . . drowsily, uninterested: "No. Go away."

Sleep. Dreamless, childlike, luxurious.

Rap-rap-rap . . .

The woman said: "I'm the bath maid. Kin I come in?"

I said: "Stop that knocking and go away."

Sleep. Exotic, intoxicating, supreme.

Rap-rap-rap . . . torturingly.

The woman said: "This is the chamber maid. Kin I make your bed?"

I said: "Madam Chamber Maid: I am

a patient person. I am glad to know you are concerned in my welfare. But it is only 10 o'clock in the morning. Go away. Else I shall choke you. And hide your body under the dresser. And plead a murder complex. Go away."

Sleep. For nearly five minutes. Invigorating, soul-satisfying sleep.

Rap-rap-rap. Painful . . . forever breaking in.

The woman said:

"This is the maid with the towels and soap. Kin I come in?"

I said: "Dammit-No!"

Only louder.

She went away . . . muttering. I think she said something about me, too.

Sleep. That encompasses one—shuts out the maudlin world.

Rap-rap-rap. Dinning into my consciousness.

"I'm the man that polishes the faucets. Kin I come in?"

I said: "By the knee pants of Judas Iscariot."

I said: "I know six different ways to kill you. I am on my way to the door.

Which do you choose?"

He fled. Dear sleep. I would woo you more. Return to me from out that land where Morpheus reigns—

Rapping . . . startlingly.

"This is the man to fix the awnings. I gotta fix your awnings. You gotta let me in to fix your awnings."

I said: "I promised to kill the other man. But he was a coward. He ran away. I want you to come in. I implore you to come in. And I will beat you, batter you and kick you. Then this will I do for you: I will place the artificial flowers in your hand and open the Gideon Bible beside you. Yes, do come in."

Cowards all. They would not fight. I closed my eyes. Sleep, suffering indignity, had vanished.

Not the roar of the city's traffic, not the jangling, the surging rumble, the din and clatter, may disturb my slumbers. But sleep in a hotel? Almost I am tempted to hire a bungalow in the suburbs, with tomato plants in the back yard, and a garden hose. . . . Almost!

—Harold Standish Corbin

Search for Civilization

I WAS possessed by a feeling of unrestrained superiority that night as I swung jauntily down the street, my new and shiny cane clutched in my right hand, my tie carefully, oh! most carefully, tied, and the first copy of the first edition of my first novel, my very own, pressed tightly under my arm. Deep in the contemplation of the sudden erection of my Hall of Fame I wandered on, pay-little heed whither. Eventually I halted, confused. Surely this was not where I was going. I searched about for a street sign.

"Mott Street," it read.

Mott Street, I reflected. Now where might that be? But, and more pertinently, where might it not be? A young Chinaman lounged by, his feet pointing suspiciously outward. I hastily summoned my courage and all of my Bowery vernacular to address him.

"Say, buddy," said I. "How can a feller get to civilization from this part of town? I mean—" I paused.

He looked at me for a moment, for a long moment, and now, in those rare instants of retrospection that I allow myself, I recall with a blush, that his oval eyes became ovaler, and that his left eyebrow elevated in a most perceptible twitch.

"Civilization?" he repeated in a somewhat Oxfordian tone. "Civilization?" His voice was soft, soothingly gentle. "Oh yes: you undoubtedly came down on a Bronx express. I should advise you to return to the station and take a similar train back. Really."

"But, I say—" I stammered.

"So do I," said he gently, and he raised his hat.

Slightly red about the back of the neck, I watched him until he disappeared

among a crowd of Chinamen.

Presently another Chinaman passed. Gathering a prodigious amount of courage, I stepped forward and raised my hat slightly.

"Pardon me," I said politely, and with a considerable degree of éclat, "but can you direct me to Fifth Avenue and Washington Square?"

He, too, looked at me for a long moment, a long, long moment, but it seemed to me that into those slanting eyes crept a look of supreme insolent contempt.

"Fline out f'um cop," he said finally, with gutteral curttness.

Slightly red about the back of the neck, I watched him until he disappeared among a crowd of Chinamen. Now, I ask you: I have been to college, but, honestly, how is anyone to know—?

—Dwight Kason Tripp



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